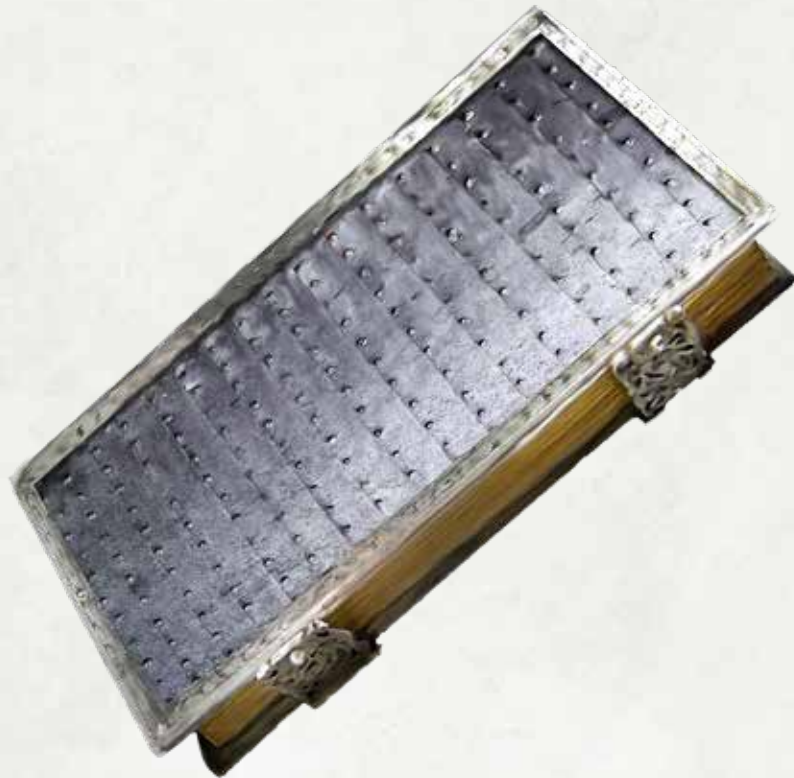


CODEX OF THE INFINITE PLANES

MULTIVERSE OF WONDER AND ADVENTURE



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ON THE COVER

Jack Kaiser illustrates the Orrery of the Infinite Planes in the Great Modron Cathedral on Mechanus, while a group of planar sages consult their copy of the Codex of the Infinite Planes.

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INTRODUCTION

“Infinity is too large a concept for most to grasp. And, when added to the complexity of a philosophical mapping of existence itself, most people’s brains simply cannot process the sheer scope. It’s endless. It’s vast. It’s ... well, infinite. We few who have chosen to dedicate our lives to the study of the infinite in terms of the planes of existence may seem like we know a lot, but rest assured, this is simply an act. The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* is a mystery, even to us, and though we know a lot and have added our words to that collected tome, there is so much more the book holds. There are always more pages to be turned and more mysteries to discover. Infinitely more, it seems.”

Astromarchus the Sage

Your world is about to get much bigger. Infinitely bigger, specifically.

Codex of the Infinite Planes is a Dungeons & Dragons supplement expanding upon the various planes of existence. The planes have been a presence in Dungeons & Dragons since the earliest days of the game, with multiple sourcebooks (and even an entire setting) dedicated to describing the fantastic worlds that exist beyond the Material Plane.

Most of these previously released sourcebooks are constrained in scope and content by serving multiple purposes. *Codex of the Infinite Planes* is dedicated to detailing exciting and usable content centered around the known planes of existence for the purpose of using in memorable adventures. The known planes of existence, in this case, includes the four elemental Inner Planes and their intersections, the two transitive planes, three echo planes, and sixteen Outer Planes.

Each plane receives a detailed description, including game mechanics handling hazards and phenomena, notes on traveling to and within the plane, a look at the powerful people and organizations operating on the plane, a review of the monstrous inhabitants, a host of interesting sites and treasures, random encounter tables for each plane, and adventure hooks providing examples of using the plane in a scenario. The information is largely aimed at Dungeon Masters looking to craft exciting adventures utilizing the planes, but the information is valuable to players looking to create characters tied to the greater multiverse of the campaign setting.

Other releases in the Infinite Planes series provide content useful in different ways. *Monsters of the Infinite Planes* provides creature statistics for over 200 monsters inhabiting the planes along with helpful generic statistics for planar NPCs. *Heroes of the Infinite Planes* includes new subclass options for each class along with new feats, spells, and magical items. Look for these releases on the DMs Guild!

CODEx OF THE INFINITE PLANES

This book provides information for the Dungeon Master helpful to utilizing the known planes of existence in their campaign settings. Alternately, it can be used as a complete campaign setting in itself! The contents of the book are roughly defined as follows. Much of the information is meant to supplement the content in the *Dungeon Master’s Guide*, specifically Chapter 2: Creating a Multiverse.

Chapter 1 Essence of the Infinite Planes outlines the general principals of the planes of existence as they exist within Dungeons & Dragons, along with definitions for common terms used throughout the book.

Chapter 2 Using the Infinite Planes provides tips and suggestions on how to use the planes of existence in your campaign, along with details on traveling through them and a glossary of keywords that can be helpful to find useful information in the book.

Chapter 3 Gazetteer of the Infinite Planes forms the bulk of the book and includes detailed descriptions of 26 planes of existence.

Chapter 4 The Codex and Its Keepers describes the Codex of the Infinite Planes itself, along with the planar sages dedicated to studying its mysteries.

Chapter 5 Toolbox provides information for crafting new planes of existence. It includes a master list of all hazards and phenomena from Chapter 3 along with suggestions on how to build new planes of existence. They’re not known as the Infinite Planes for nothing!



ESSENCE OF THE INFINITE PLANES

“Those of us who have dedicated our lives to studying the Codex have strived to organize the planes of existence into understandable components. It’s not particularly useful from a traveling standpoint I’ll admit – it won’t matter that the Abyss is considered a Plane of Chaos when you’re being hunted by a pack of slavering demons, for example. But as an esoteric thought exercise, it helps us better understand the nature of existence to try and classify the qualities of the planes. Our goal is not just academic here, as we believe by finding the core of the multiverse we can understand the mystery of creation itself.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

Most adventurers travel the length and breadth of their land, facing an array of challenges from a variety of sources, such as monsters, dastardly villains, corrupt organizations, and even the perils of the landscape itself. These challenges, though daunting and difficult at times, are nonetheless rooted in the reality of the land around them. Magic can twist and distort to add an extra dimension to the challenges, but the scope of such power is necessarily limited by the hands that wield it.

These are all but a tiny fraction of the whole picture, however. They occur on the Material Plane, a sort of conjunction of extraplanar powers governed by invisible forces beyond the vision or even understanding of most people in the Material Plane. Beyond the boundaries of the Material Plane, what most accept as “reality,” the wider multiverse opens with an infinite array of options that stretches the boundaries of what’s possible – or breaks it entirely.

Beyond the Material Plane, a multiverse of adventure awaits – and the **Codex of the Infinite Planes** offers a guide to that adventure for those willing to travel beyond the shackles of “reality” and experience the truly fantastic and wondrous places that exist beyond.

WHAT IS A PLANE?

In the context of this book, a plane is broadly defined as any reality separated by metaphysical borders. They could be infinite or finite in size, but each plane is a self-contained dimension with its own laws governing existence. They usually cannot be accessed by physical means, though exceptions exist. Most of the known planes of existence are not inherently hostile to life, though again exceptions exist.

DEFINITIONS

The following terms are used frequently throughout this book.

Codex of the Infinite Planes. An enormous book that contains information on all of the planes of existence. The original book is an artifact of supreme but uncontrollable power that not only contains information about the planes of existence, but can be used as a gate to them! A group of planar sages have dedicated themselves to studying the wonders of the Codex and have created mundane copies of the original that contains their notes and theories regarding the nature of the multiverse and the known planes of existence.

Demiplane. A pocket dimension of finite size created from the raw protomatter of the Ethereal Plane. Certain spells can create demiplanes, usually as temporary locations, and some magical items access demiplanes as part of their enchantment. Many demiplanes can be accessed directly through a portion of the Ethereal Plane known as the Deep Ethereal but others are locked except through specific portals or gates.

Echo Plane. A reality “adjacent” to the Material Plane that includes some parallel aspects of the Material Plane, but usually not all. Each of these planes are an “echo” of the Material Plane that most planar sages believe are under the effect of a powerful exterior force. The Plane of Shadow is connected to the Negative Energy Plane while the Plane of Faerie is connected to the Positive Energy Plane. The other known echo plane is the Plane of Dreams, which contains a distorted version of the Material Plane affected by the dreaming minds of sentient creatures. The Ethereal Plane consists of two regions, the Border and Deep, and the Border Ethereal can be considered an echo plane as well.

Energy Plane. A plane that consists wholly or partially of pure energy. The two known Energy Planes are the Positive and Negative Energy Planes, which contain the source of radiant and necrotic energy respectively. These planes are hostile to life though accessible pockets exist. The Energy Planes touch the Inner Planes and Material Planes, creating regions of mixed aspect that generally can be visited.

Inner Plane. A plane that contains the source of one of the four basic elements of existence – air, earth, fire, or water. These are referred to as the Inner Planes because they form the nucleus of the multiverse itself, and on a metaphysical level are believed to be the core of all known reality. Each element is held within its own infinite plane, but the Inner Planes also “bleed” together, creating border elemental planes with non-opposing elements. Where air and fire meet, the Plane of Ash exists; where air and water meet, the Plane of Ice exists, and so on.

Great Wheel. The most commonly understood grouping of the planes understood by planar sages. Wheels, spheres, and circles are a common theme found amongst the planes of existence, so planar sages have connected the greater multiverse to the idea of the Great Wheel. At the center of the Great Wheel is the Material Plane, surrounded by the Inner Planes, and then orbiting around them are the Outer Planes. This is just one theory of the multiverse, however, and others exist that may be just as valid.

Layer. A subset of a plane of existence defined by different physical or metaphysical traits. Many of the known planes contain multiple layers, which function largely as separate planes themselves but connected to the broader plane by easier accessed portals and gates.

Material Plane. The plane of existence that sits at the conjunction of all the other planes. Also known as the Prime Material Plane, each Material Plane is comprised of elements from all the other planes, in varying degrees and amounts. They are infinite in size and scope and as varied as the rest of the multiverse, but they form the core of what most inhabitants call “reality.”

Multiverse. A generic term used to describe all of the known planes of existence. There are multiple theories of how the multiverse is connected together; the most common is the Great Wheel cosmology, but others exist as well.

Outer Plane. A plane of existence defined by a broad philosophical force. Most planar sages identify sixteen Outer Planes as part of the Great Wheel that correspond roughly to the intersections of good/evil and law/chaos. An Outer Plane in this sense contains strong philosophical influence along these spectrums, which can include its absence as well. Mechanus, for example, is the plane of ultimate law devoid of good or evil, while the Abyss is the plane of ultimate evil and chaos. Some Outer Planes, especially the ones at the extreme, help those that align with it philosophically but rarely are they directly hostile to non-aligned travelers.

Planar Sages. A sage that specializes in planar knowledge. In the context of this book, the planar sages include Astromarchus the Sage, Emirikol the Chaotic, Issilda the Unbreakable, Lilllandri the Moon Mage, and Malakara the Warden. They provide the intros for each chapter and gazetteer, and their full descriptions can be found in Chapter 5.

Transitive Plane. A plane that exists primarily as a means to an end. There are two known Transitive Planes – the Astral Plane and Ethereal Plane. The Astral Plane is a strange realm where time functions differently and serves as the connective “tissue” between all of the other planes of existence. The Ethereal Plane is considered a Transitive Plane as well though it only directly connects to the Inner and Material Planes.



USING THE INFINITE PLANES

“What’s the point of knowing so much about the planes? For me, it’s not just theory and philosophy – I want to understand how the planes feel, in my bones and my spirit. I read and write about their traits, yes, but this is based on the visceral experiences I have had by actually traveling to these places, talking with the inhabitants, and facing the dangers. Some of my colleagues who study the Codex are content to simply read about these experiences and to generalize what it must be like. For me though? It has to be experienced to be real, and when you’ve experienced as much about the planes as I have, it helps to write it down to remember it.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

The planes of existence can be daunting to tackle from a Dungeon Master’s perspective. The sheer amount of information out there, content both new and existing across multiple editions of the game, makes finding a good place to start difficult. This book covers a vast amount of detail spread out across 26 planes of existence.

This chapter is designed to be that starting point. The information here is to help the Dungeon Master create stories featuring the planes, whether they are fully realized adventure sites or simply influencing the core campaign setting already established. Chapter 3 provides the gazetteer information for the known planes of existence with helpful guides on powerful and influential NPCs and organizations, notes on monsters, rules for hazards and phenomena, a list of mysterious sites and treasures, adventure seeds, and random encounter tables. All of that information is fun to read and digest, but it doesn’t help if you don’t have an idea of how you’re going to use any of it.

CAMPAIGN USE

Taken either individually or as a whole, the planes of existence provide a rich backdrop for adventures and stories of an infinite variety. There are multiple ways they can be used in a campaign setting, whether the setting is based on a Material Plane or not.

PLANAR CAMPAIGN FRAMEWORKS

There are as many ways to use the planes in a campaign as there are planes in existence (i.e., infinite), but they can be roughly categorized into four campaign frameworks depending on how they are used and introduced. The frameworks outlined here are Planar Influence, Temporary Visit, Focused Plane, and Across the Planes.

PLANAR INFLUENCE

The planes of existence contain powerful forces, and these forces can directly influence the Material Plane in profound or subtle ways. Campaigns that focus on a single Material Plane can still feature influences from the other planes. These often take the form of confluences – places or times in the setting that have a strong connection to one of the other planes of existence. In these situations, you can use the hazards and phenomena described under the selected plane in Chapter 3 as a feature of the region, perhaps in a lesser degree as necessary.

A planar confluence from Hades could leech the color out of the area, leaving only gray, while a cave under the influence of Pandemonium may have light-devouring darkness. The descriptions of the various hazards and phenomena in Chapter 6 can be helpful in finding the right influence for the story you’re looking to tell.

TEMPORARY VISIT

A group of characters may need to visit one of the planes of existence for a specific purpose. Perhaps the villain behind the campaign has a fortress in the Outer Planes that needs to be destroyed, or perhaps the villain originated from one of the Outer Planes and the party needs to travel there to learn more about their foe or to retrieve an item helpful in defeating them.

The Glossary of Interest in this chapter includes points of interest related to keywords that can be helpful in finding the right location based on the nature of the need. Need a prison? Carceri is known as the prison plane for a reason, but other places exist, such as the fourth layer of Pandemonium, Agathion. Want to know some major deserts, or the key metropolises? Look to the Glossary of Interest to help guide you through the infinite planes.

FOCUSED PLANE

For a major change of pace the entire campaign could be focused on one of the planes other than the Material Plane. Each plane of existence has enough mystery, danger, and excitement to fuel an entire campaign without having to rely upon the standard tropes. The planes with major metropolises, such as the City of Glass on the Plane of Water or Mithrendain the Autumn City on the Plane of Faerie, could easily support this type of campaign, serving as the backdrop for thrilling urban adventures with a unique planar twist.

ACROSS THE PLANES

In a multiverse of infinite planes, why limit yourself to just a few? Why not encompass the entirety of the multiverse as the setting? The incredibly varied content available across the planes, from the Inner Planes to the Outer Planes to everything in between, is enough to sustain multiple campaigns of many different types. A key component in a campaign of this nature is the feasibility of travel. Characters would need to use portals or gates frequently, but it may be useful for them to have access to a resource that allows them to move around with relative ease.



A vast array of options are available in this situation. One of the easiest to use is the concept of a plane traveling ship or vessel. The Demonwing is a ship known in the Abyss that has the capability of sailing on the planes, but even a regular boat traveling down the River Styx or River Oceanus would make for thrilling adventures. The roots of Yggdrasil could easily provide access to the planes as well.

SCALE AND SCOPE

It's not uncommon for some campaigns to move to the planes once the characters achieve a high enough level, generally 11th level and higher. The party has enough resources at their disposal to deal with most threats, environmental and monsters, but there is still room to challenge them. The planes often have the benefit of expanding the scope of adventures as well – other heroes may deal with threats facing the Material Plane, but characters that move about the planes deal with threats to the multiverse itself!

There is nothing wrong with this mentality, and there certainly are extraplanar powers and threats that could easily scale to such a level if you wanted to go down that route. However, this is not the only way to use the planes. Like anywhere else in the multiverse, not every threat on the planes is a cosmic one that has the potential to tear down reality itself.

The Adventure Hooks section of each planar entry in Chapter 3 provides story ideas on how to utilize elements of the plane in smaller adventures. Many of these can easily be expanded upon to fit with the ongoing campaign or just as a one shot, and they are designed to highlight the nature of the plane in a usable format. They can be used as a springboard to get the party into the plane, or to bring the element of the plane to the party wherever they may be.

ROLE OF GODS

Historically, the planes of existence have been known primarily as the realm of the gods. For the purposes of this volume, that presence has been reduced, largely because most of the related content is already mapped out in previous products. The *Deities & Demigods* books are good resources on utilizing the gods and their homes across the planes.

How much of a presence the gods have in your campaign is up to you, but for planar campaigns this should be a consideration more than most typical Material Plane campaigns. Perhaps the gods have a greater reliance on worship with fluctuating power based on the number of mortal worshippers they have; the rules for Piety in *Mythic Odysseys of Theros* can be helpful in crafting such a campaign.

The default assumption in this book is that the gods exist but their power and stature put them largely above the struggles of lesser beings. They are aloof and inscrutable, though many of their planar sanctuaries hold priests and other devotees who are more than interested in engaging with “lesser” beings, being lesser beings themselves.

TRAVELING THE PLANES

Each plane exists as its own self-contained reality, with separate laws governing how time, magic, and energy interact. As part of the larger multiverse, though, each plane is connected through a convoluted series of invisible pathways that crisscross the dimensions in varied and surprising ways. A campaign that starts out on the Material Plane needs to have a means of accessing the rest of the multiverse just as much as a planar based campaign, so the information outlined here can be useful in many scenarios.

It should be noted that these definitions are simply suggestions. Feel free to mix and match the rules as you see fit – with infinite planes, there's an infinite variety of options available!

PORTAL

Portals are the most common way to access other planes of existence. Simply put, a portal is an invisible locked doorway that directly connects two stationary points on different planes. To pass through a portal, a traveler needs to have the correct key. Certain spells known to planar sages allow for the close examination of a portal in order to ascertain the nature of the key which could be anything – an object, a phrase, a motion, or anything else.

The nature of the key is usually related to the destination of the portal. For example, a portal to the Plane of Air may be a feather, while a portal to Acheron may be a small iron cube. A portal to Nishrek, the home of the Horde of Gruumsh on Acheron, may be an iron cube inscribed with the Orc word for “war.” Portals typically remain open for 1 minute before closing, though certain conditions and portals may extend or shorten this. The information found in the Getting There section of each plane in Chapter 3 provides some examples of portal keys.

Once opened, most portals show the destination point as clearly as though a viewer were on the same plane, so it can be easier to ascertain the nature of the destination once the portal is opened. This isn't a universal truth, however; some portals are opaque, revealing nothing about their destination, while others are simply swirls of vapor, perhaps colored in the same way as a color pool (see below). Most portals are the size of a typical door, requiring larger creatures to squeeze, but other sizes exist as well. And some stretch to fit the size of the creature passing through it!

Typically, portals that lead from one layer of a specific plane to another layer are easier to open, and most function as simple gates.

GATE

A gate is very similar to a portal with one primary difference – using a gate doesn't require a key. Some gates are open constantly, creating a permanent link between two planes, while others are based on time, opening or closing based around seasons, the phase of a moon, or other external factors.

On a plane, access between layers is usually through open gates. For example, the Abyss and its infinite number

of layers are all theoretically accessible through the Plain of Infinite Portals, the first layer. Gates there appear as vast yawning pits with no clear way of determining which one leads to where.

Like portals, open gates typically appear as windows with full view to their destinations, though this does vary. The size of a gate also varies more than a portal, and the typical gate is large enough for a Huge creature to go through without having to squeeze.

Two special types of gates exist in the transitive planes that make them unique. The Astral Plane consists of an infinite number of color pools, which function just like gates but are color-coded to their destination. For example, all color pools to Mount Celestia are gold, while color pools leading to Carceri are olive colored. The exact destination is obscured but fixed, so finding a specific color pool is as hard to find as anything else on the Astral Plane.

The Ethereal Plane holds a special type of gate called an ethereal curtain that separates its two broad regions, known as the Border Ethereal and the Deep Ethereal. The Border Ethereal functions similarly as an Echo Plane and overlaps the Material and Inner Planes, while the Deep Ethereal is a soupy mix of protomatter where demiplanes are born. Ethereal curtains separate the two. A creature moving from the Border Ethereal to the Deep Ethereal passes through the curtain without noticing it, but from the other side the curtains are colored based on their destinations. They do not require keys and are always available.

VORTEX

A vortex is a special type of gate that leads to one of the Inner Planes. They usually appear naturally as part of a particularly powerful or supercharged weather event, such as a storm, earthquake, tornado, or typhoon. They typically last only a minute or so at the apex of the event, but the elemental denizens on the other side have an innate sense of their appearance and often swarm through them to spread their influence across as many planes as possible.

CONDUIT

The Astral Plane is considered by many to be the “backstage” of the entire multiverse. One of the reasons for this thought are the conduits – nearly invisible tubes that connect two points in the multiverse, like a gate or portal, but do so through a long channel that uses the Astral Plane as a “bridge.” Accessing a conduit may require a key or not and they stretch to fit any size creature passing through it. The journey is not as instantaneous as a gate or portal, and traveling through some conduits may take minutes or even hours.

On the Astral Plane, conduits can be seen but usually only faintly and at a distance. They twist in the silver void, largely invisible, and mostly indestructible. Some planar sages believe conduits exist to transmit the souls of the dead to their final resting place, and that mortal creatures can use them in an accident.

MAGICAL TRANSPORTATION

Powerful magical spells can be used to transport creatures across the planes as well. Most of these are the purview of elder archmages and learned spellcasters, but for the right price a party of adventurers may be able to convince the spellcaster to weave the necessary spell.

Astral projection allows for instant access to the Astral Plane, which functions as the “hub” of the multiverse in many ways. *Plane shift* can take a party to a specific named location as well, and *gate* is the more powerful (expensive) variant. The *etherealness* spell takes the party directly to the Ethereal Plane which can be useful in accessing the Inner Planes or the Deep Ethereal with its multitude of demiplanes.

MAPPING THE PLANES

Maps of the planes tend to be unreliable at best. Some aspect of the infinite nature of the multiverse twists space in constant and unusual ways. Certain smaller regions can have reliable maps, especially on planes with a strong lawful influence, but largely most planar sages don't bother with them. An entire organization called the Planar Cartographic Society exists to dispute this fact, though their claims of authenticity ring a bit false in more places than not.



GREAT PLANAR PATHS

Gates and portals are great ways to navigate the planes, but finding and accessing them can be tricky or unreliable at times. There are three “great planar paths” that run like an undercurrent through the multiverse, making travel in specific regions much easier. They are the River Oceanus, which links several of the Upper Planes; the River Styx, linking most of the Lower Planes; and Yggdrasil the World Tree, a vast planar tree on Ysgard with roots and branches that extend across the planes.

A fourth planar path, known as the Infinite Staircase, exists as well, but its properties are not well documented by the planar sages that study the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*.

RIVER OCEANUS

A sparkling river of deep blue water, the River Oceanus runs a revitalizing, gentle course through several of the Upper Planes. It's meandering course both starts and ends on the vast sparkling ocean of Thalsasia, the fourth layer of Elysium. From there, it winds up the layers of Elysium, crossing into Krigala on the Beastlands and winding through Arvandor and Aquallor on Arborea.

The path of the River Oceanus is not as straightforward as one might expect. There's no direct current directing its flow from one plane to another – it curves, twists, and doubles back on itself an infinite number of times. Passing between the planes and layers generally requires sailing down the river for 1d6 x 12 hours and making a DC 10 Wisdom check; users with proficiency in navigator's tools can add their proficiency modifier to the roll. A success puts the sailing vessel in the desired plane, while a failure results in no change of plane.

No river routes exist that jump layers, and transport from one plane to another requires sailing from the top layer of the plane. For example, a boat sailing on the River Oceanus on Thalsasia can only move to Belierin, and from there to Eronia, and then to Amoria; once on Amoria it can sail to Krigala on the Beastlands or Arvandor on Arborea.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Most of the encounters along the River Oceanus are with friendly travelers or river-dwelling beasts who wish to be left alone. Sometimes, however, a stranger thing happens. You can use the below table to add some randomness to a trip down the River Oceanus. It is recommended not to roll on this table more than once per traveling day.

1D100	RIVER OCEANUS ENCOUNTER
01-05	A pod of playful dolphins
06-10	Group of lizardfolk hunters on the banks
11-15	A sea elf princess and retinue traveling to a remote location
16-20	A curious octopus near the surface
21-25	The song of a school of nearby delphons
26-30	A merchant barge sailing towards a river town
31-35	A small boat with mysterious mercenaries
36-40	The territory of a giant crocodile
41-45	A vibrant cloud of sunflies from Elysium
46-50	A pair of lupinal guardianals on patrol
51-55	A hungry plesiosaurus from the Beastlands
56-60	The pleasure barge of a storm giant
61-65	A swarm of quippers scavenging the bones from a large fish
66-70	A triton knight on a small vessel
71-75	An intelligent hulking crab curious about the world around them
76-80	Giant toads croaking from the riverbank
81-85	A rotten gar swimming in an expanding pool of filth
86-90	The beastwraith of a dead dolphin haunting the area
91-95	A pack of hunting gar from Arborea
96-99	A scylla serpent on the hunt from Aquallor
00	An adult gold dragon submerged amongst reeds

RIVER STYX

The River Styx is a dark, malevolent watercourse that winds through the Lower Planes. Its waters are oily and wine red, churning with dark bubbles and filled with unidentifiable refuse and flotsam. The waters are dangerous, capable of robbing creatures of their memories temporarily or permanently, though fiends and the native Styxian monsters are immune to this effect. In the planes it flows through the River Styx creates a flash point of activity, especially in places like Carceri which make travel out difficult for those sentenced to the plane.

A creature that touches or drinks from the River Styx must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, they suffer the effects of the *feblemind* spell. Fiends and native creatures to the River Styx are immune to this effect. Creatures that become fully submerged have disadvantage on this saving throw, and there are rumors that certain areas of the River Styx permanently steal memories.

The River Styx flows through the top layers of Acheron, the Nine Hells, Gehenna, Hades, Carceri, the Abyss, and Pandemonium. It's not a straight line, however, and it winds up and down through the planes in a confusing, meandering path. Traveling along the River Styx is more difficult than the River Oceanus. To travel from one plane to another along its bloodred waters, a navigator must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom check after 1d6 x 12 hours. On a success, the vessel successfully passes into the destination plane of choice, but it must be the top layer. On a failure, the vessel makes no progress, and likely something bad happens (it is suggested to roll on the random encounter table below or for the corresponding plane).

A special type of yugoloth called a merrenoloth are renown for sailing the River Styx. These cruel and greedy fiends are willing to take on passengers for the right price, and they do not need to make checks to pass between the planes along the River Styx (though the time requirement remains the same).

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The River Styx has a well-earned reputation for foul creatures of all kinds. The fiends that swim in its blood-red waters are immune to the effects of the river and actively seek to cause mayhem and mischief to any traveler. You can use the below table to randomly determine an encounter while characters sail on the River Styx. Like the River Oceanus, it is not recommended to roll on this table more than once per travel day.

1D100	RIVER STYX ENCOUNTER
01-05	A group of hungry vrocks looking for an easy meal
06-10	A fiendish giant shark on the prowl
11-15	Sahuagin raiders on their way home
16-20	A hydroloth waiting in the water
21-25	A pool of fetid corruption with a wastrilith at its center
26-30	A boat piloted by a merrenoloth with no passengers
31-35	The remnants of a wrecked ship
36-40	A swarm of vargouilles picking at a fresh kill
41-45	Acolyte servants of a demon lord in a boat on a mission
46-50	A pack of hell hounds patrolling the riverbank
51-55	A boat piloted by a merrenoloth with suspicious passengers
56-60	A seemingly abandoned ferry floating down the river
61-65	A deviously curious imp watching invisibly
66-70	A flat-bottomed barge filled with larvae piloted by a night hag
71-75	Vast abyssal chicken flock flaps angrily in a shallow pool
76-80	The decadent pleasure vessel of a rakshasa lord
81-85	Swarms of fiendish quippers churn the waters
86-90	Several bloodbloats drifting in the water
91-95	A Stygian ice serpent up from Stygia
96-99	A screamwraith rising from a nearby wreckage
00	A fiendish adult red dragon looking to cause mayhem

YGGDRASIL THE WORLD TREE

The plane of Ysgard is a realm of heroic proportions, where everything takes on a bigger and grander scale. The best example of this is Yggdrasil the World Tree, an enormous tree that sits on one of the plane's floating earthbergs. Its branches extend out into the very fabric of Ysgard, allowing quick transportation between the earthbergs. Similarly, its roots stretch out to encompass the lower Ysgardian realms of Muspelheim and Nidavellir – and beyond. Yggdrasil's roots actually penetrate the weave of the multiverse, creating a maze-like system of root tunnels that allow for access to many planes.

Yggdrasil's roots path link up to existing trees in mysterious ways. The older the tree, the better the chance of it holding a secret entrance into Yggdrasil's roots. The best known planes with World Tree connections include Arborea, the Plane of Faerie, the Beastlands, Bytopia, Hades, and the Material Plane, but any place with an ancient forest could have a connection to Yggdrasil.

Accessing Yggdrasil's roots requires a key, similar to a portal, though the key is always related to some aspect of the entrance tree. The entrance usually sits in a hollow part of the tree or possibly below ground in the roots, and it smells distinctly like sticky sap. Inside, the root appears as a tunnel made of gnarled, twisted wood, immune to any damage, that leads into darkness. Travelers seeking an exit along the root path to another destination must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) group check after traveling for 1d4 days. There's no sense of time in the maze, and branching tunnels constantly break off leading to other places. On a successful check, the party arrives at their destination, but a failure puts them at a different exit entirely.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The roots of Yggdrasil are weird and wild, and numerous beasts and plants roam through the hollow tunnels. Most are simply looking for food, but more than a few are sinister creatures that would cause problems for a group of travelers. You can roll on the below table to randomly determine an encounter while the characters travel through the roots of the World Tree. It is not recommended to roll more than once per root travel instance unless the characters were actively lost or seeking a hidden location within Yggdrasil itself.

1D100	YGGDRASIL ENCOUNTER
01-05	A patch of assassin vines clinging to the ceiling
06-10	A gas spore floating menacingly through the tunnel
11-15	An adjacent cave holding a corpse flower
16-20	The luring sweet smell of a nearby mantrap
21-25	A swarm of needle blights
26-30	A wounded dryad looking to return home
31-35	Wandering berserkers from Ysgard
36-40	Meenlocks causing fear and mayhem from the Plane of Faerie
41-45	A storm mole digging at a root wall
46-50	A shambling mound following its instincts to food
51-55	A garden of shriekers tended by a mad druid
56-60	Tribe of vegepygmies on the hunt
61-65	The skeleton of a traveler watched over by a wood woad
66-70	A crave horror stumbling through the dark
71-75	Seeds of a demonic tree that lead to a Zrintor walker
76-80	Colony of myconids trying to live in peace
81-85	A ranger leading a mysterious group to Ysgard
86-90	A procession of fey creatures commanded by an autumn eladrin
91-95	A swarm of bleak rats that broke in from Hades
96-99	A yellow musk creeper clinging to the wall
00	An adult green dragon out for a walk

GLOSSARY OF INTEREST

The planes of existence are vast, and there are countless fantastic and interesting places hidden all over the multiverse. Each plane described in Chapter 3 includes a description of at least a dozen sites and treasures that can be found on there! The sheer volume of content can be overwhelming especially if you have an idea of what you're looking for but are uncertain where to start.

This section lists a glossary of keywords associated with Dungeons & Dragons along with a brief information on how it might fit into the planes as described in this book. This is by no means an exhaustive list, and part of the fun of a planar campaign is upturning these kind of general expectations. Use the information here as a springboard for your imagination, or as a reference guide to help build interesting adventures and stories for your game.

Aberrations. The source for many aberrations can be traced to the Far Realm, and there are several key planes that have been the focus for incursions from that alien plane. The Plane of Dreams, specifically the Moonscape, sees a lot of activity from aberrations, and the Windswept Depths of Pandemonium contains ruins that suggest Far Realm influence. The Astral Plane was the home of a vast mind flayer empire at one point, and many of their experiments still roam the Silver Void. The Glass God is an alien entity trying to penetrate the vast logic of Mechanus.

Arcane. Arcane magic is a powerful force in the multiverse, and its influence spreads across many planes. On Arcadia, magical law is governed and enforced by Nomos Prime, and its practitioners – nomomancers – seek out the truth of arcane magic wherever it may lie. The elves of the Arrathalass Conclave on Arborea practice ancient traditions of supremely powerful high magic.

Arctic. The Plane of Ice, also known as the Frostfell, is a vast realm of desolate cold that sits between the elemental Planes of Water and Air. The fifth layer of the Nine Hells, Stygia, is a frozen wasteland amidst a black sea where the River Styx flows unimpeded.

Beasts. Each plane is inhabited by a wide variety of creatures, many of which fall under the category of beasts. They often develop unique traits suited to their environment, but the creatures of the Beastlands are unique among all the planes. They are intelligent, and many of them have developed into powerful servants of the Animal Lords that rule the vast wilderness.

Celestials. The powerful embodiment of the Upper Planes are the celestials, who come in a wide variety of forms. A few subtypes have emerged in the multiverse as true embodiments of their individual planes. On Mount Celestia, the archons are powerful warriors of truth and justice; the guardinals of Elysium are hunters and wardens of evil wherever it may hide; and the jotuns of Ysgard are giant-like beings with a wide variety of dispositions who change forms based on their strong emotions.

Chaos. Chaos is a powerful primeval force in the multiverse. The planes that closely align with it include Arborea, Ysgard, Limbo, Pandemonium, and the Abyss. They are wild unpredictable places.

Cities. There are numerous cities in the multiverse that rise to planar metropolis status. The City of Brass on the Plane of Fire is run by greedy, cruel efreet, but they

welcome trade from all over the planes. Conversely, the City of Glass on the Plane of Water is one of the most cosmopolitan locations in all the planes. Mithrendain the Autumn City on the Plane of Faerie is a neutral location where elves and fey of all kind come to mingle and discuss politics. The Plane of Dreams' Dylath-Leen is a strange city of dreams and nightmares with a sprawling, bewildering architecture that defies all sense of style and form. Ravnica, City of Guilds, is perhaps the largest city in the multiverse and serves as the hub for ten powerful guilds with machinations that stretch out across the planes.

Constructs. A construct can be found anywhere in the multiverse, serving whatever purpose it was built for, but special attention should be paid to Mechanus. In that realm of vast gears and cogs, constructs are native inhabitants, and many simply coalesce out of the unending machinery of the plane. Mechanus is the home to inevitables and modrons, two construct species that have become fully sentient on their own.

Darkness. Light and darkness can be found all over the multiverse. In Pandemonium, the darkness takes on a more sinister feel, and it actually eats light brought into its windswept tunnels.

Desert. The layer of Mithardir on Arborea is a vast desert of unusual white sand, while the third layer of Carceri, Minethys, is filled with crimson sand and buried mysteries. The Cinder Wastes that comprise the bulk of the Plane of Fire is an endless ash-covered desert.

Dragons. Due to their long life and knack for magic, dragons are among the most powerful creatures in all the multiverse. There are ten greater "planar" dragons identified by the sages who study the Codex; these include Ignashendre on the Abyss, Voldrethass the Sleepless on the Plane of Dreams, and Fimbulvinter on the Plane of Ice.

Dungeons. There are countless sprawling complexes that count as dungeons in the multiverse, including the Salt Dungeons of the Great Khan on the Plane of Earth and the Blood Maze of the Charred Horn beneath a rocky slope of Gehenna. The Labyrinth of Baroness Razza in Limbo holds a great number of surprises within its twisting halls, and for those seeking fey secrets the ruins of Cendriane, City of Fallen Stars, sits in the Onyx Woods of the Feywild.

Dwarves. The realm of Erackinor on Mount Celestia is the greatest center of dwarven civilization in all the planes and serves as the home for most of their deities. Mount Clangeddin on Arcadia is another notable dwarven stronghold, and the Library of Dumathoin in the Plane of Earth holds much of their secret knowledge.

Elementals. The Inner Planes are the home of the elementals in the multiverse, from the mephits to the incredibly powerful elemental lords that rule over the regions. Each Inner Plane hosts a specific type of genie as well – efreet on the Plane of Fire, dao on the Plane of Earth, marid on the Plane of Water, and djinn on the Plane of Air. They consider themselves the undisputed masters of the elemental planes.

Elves. Many legends tell different versions of the origin of elves, but the realm of Nasselaitness on Arborea hosts the majority of their gods so most believe they originated there. Elves have a strong presence on the Plane of Faerie where the eladrin developed, while the elves of Ysgard tap into their wilder nature.



Evil. The malicious power of evil is well represented in the Outer Planes in the array known as the Lower Planes – Acheron, Carceri, Gehenna, Hades, and Pandemonium.

Fey. Fey creatures have a strong otherworldly feel that puts them at home in many planes. Their strongest bastion is the Plane of Faerie, also known as the Feywild, but they are also well represented in the Twin Paradises of Bytopia. The Queen of Air and Darkness, a malevolent fey ruler cast out of the Feywild, resides in the caves of Pandemonium.

Fiends. Fiends are the native inhabitants of the Lower Planes, and they represent evil, wickedness, and cruelty in all their forms. There are three key subraces of fiends that have designs on the larger multiverse: the devils of the Nine Hells, the demons of the Abyss, and the yugoloths of Gehenna (though the yugoloths have a strong presence on Hades as well). Fiendish creatures swim through the River Styx and prowl through all of the Lower Planes.

Forest. Many vast forests can be found in the multiverse. Some of the most noteworthy include Arvandor, the top layer of Arborea, which is perhaps the largest forest in all the planes; all of the layers of the Beastlands, each a primeval jungle stuck forever in day, twilight, or night; the Viper Forest of Zrintor on the Abyss, which serves as the home of Graz'zt; and the crimson jungle of Cathrys on Carceri with its acidic air that eats away at material things.

Giants. Giants have a strong elemental connection so many of their fortresses and colonies can be found in the Inner Planes, such as fire giant strongholds on the Plane of Fire and frost giant camps on the Plane of Ice. They can also be found on Ysgard, working with or even worshipping the jotun celestials of that plane, and trolls can be found in abundance in the chilly pine forests of Hades' second layer, Niflheim.

Gnomes. Gnomes are a surprisingly industrious people who have managed to insert themselves into many places across the planes. Their strongest presence is on Bytopia, where their sprawling families have formed clans that operate massive industry that spreads across the multiverse.

Goblinoids. Goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears can be found in any climate on any plane at any time, usually surviving as raiders or soldiers of greater powers. Their roots stretch back to the iron cubes of Acheron, where mighty goblinoid armies march and wage war in an eternal conflict at the behest of their bloodthirsty gods.

Good. As a philosophical idea, the force of good is embodied in the range of Outer Planes known as the Upper Planes – Arborea, Arcadia, Bytopia, Elysium, Mount Celestia, and Ysgard. These planes are the home to celestials of all kinds and the inhabitants generally care about the wellbeing of other creatures.

Grassland. Gentle grasslands of all kinds can be found across the planes. The Greenway is a snaking “river” of grassland that cuts through the forest of Krigala, the first layer of the Beastlands, and hosts vast tribes of centaurs. On Arborea, the Golden Plains of Kanidis are an isolated realm given wholly over to the leonin who fiercely guard their territory.

Halflings. The typical halfling is a lover of comfort and home, and they've managed to carve these places out of the multiverse just as easily as the Material Plane. Yondalla, chief goddess of the halflings, lives in the Green Fields on Mount Celestia along with countless families in comfortable burrows. They can also be found as travelers and merchants, aiding the Great Guildclanns of Bytopia in ventures across the multiverse.

Hill. The gentle hills of Elysium sweep across the landscape, while the Mud Hills on the Plane of Earth close to the Plane of Ooze is a muck-filled realm of slippery slopes. Many earthbergs floating in the skies of Ysgard hold rocky hills as well, though the most famous of all are the Golden Hills of Dothion on Bytopia where the gnome gods dwell.

Justice. As an idea, the punishment of criminal activity is strong across many of the planes of law. The Court Castles of the Lex on Arcadia are a vast, sprawling complex of fortresses and strongholds, all built to uphold the laws of Arcadia, known to be some of the most strict and esoteric. On Mechanus, the Word of Law is an entity that uses liquid metal agents to bring justice to lawbreakers across the plane, while inevitables are concerned with the higher laws of the multiverse – cheating death too many times is bound to bring one of them around to your door!

Law. The force of law, constantly in an unseen struggle with chaos, is dominant in a swath of Outer Planes. These planes include Acheron, Arcadia, the Nine Hells, Mechanus, and Mount Celestia, and each adheres to the rigid power of order in different ways.

Libraries. Many open and hidden repositories of lore can be found scattered across the multiverse. The Library of Dumathoin sits somewhere in the Stony Expanse of the Plane of Earth, holding untold mysteries of the dwarven god of secrets, while the Golden Library of the Great Wyrms on Mount Celestia is open to all seeking knowledge – that can stand to deal with Semrassa the Ancient, the ancient gold dragon who keeps the library safe. The Tower Arcane in Gehenna holds a record of every contract signed by any yugoloth, and the arcanaloths that live there keep their secrets safe for prying eyes.

Madness. The very nature of the multiverse is enough to drive anyone mad if they think too much about its infinite scope, but there are special strains of madness that can be found as well. The howling winds of Pandemonium are enough to drive any traveler into the arms of wholesale madness, and the few cities there are filled with paranoid inhabitants each suffering from their own form of insanity. The copper dragon Menndryntaerth is a unique case – his mind has been fractured into three distinct personalities, and he wanders the Astral Plane as a lost soul.

Mercenaries. Where there's war, there's a need for soldiers of fortune, and there's no better place than Acheron to find and recruit such a force. The Nameless Legion is one of the most renowned mainly because they recruit monsters of all types to join their ranks. Clann Fennid on Bytopia is a unique type of mercenary group that independently patrols much of the realm for troublemakers, and have been known to travel across the planes in their quest for justice.

Merchants. Trade and commerce are powerful forces, and there are many planar merchant companies that work to bring goods from one plane to another. The City of Glass on the Plane of Water is one of the greatest mercantile hubs in the multiverse and it sees merchant traffic selling everything from weapons and armor to jewels and magic. The Great Guildclanns of Bytopia are merchant superpowers, dominating trade within their specific purview, with knowledge and resources that make them nearly indispensable in some planes.

Monstrosities. The monsters that don't quite fit nicely into other categories can be found in abundance across the planes. Nearly every plane features a native monstrosity, including the astral dreadnoughts of the Astral Plane, the dangerous xill of the Ethereal Plane, and the wild flavabeek of Limbo.

Mountain. Mount Celestia is the tallest mountain in the multiverse, though it is so vast as to stretch the definition of mountain considerably. Mount Olympus on Arborea is a mysterious place where powerful gods once ruled, but it is now cloaked in mist and difficult to climb. The Void Peaks of the Plane of Earth are fit for no traveler but can be used to access the Negative Energy Plane if no other route could be found. Elysium's second layer, Eronia, is a mountainous paradise with countless channels of the River Oceanus running through rapids and great canyons.

Oozes. Primeval sludges and jellies can be found in dark places throughout the planes. Prismatic clouds float through the Plane of Air studied by the wizards of the Prismatic Order, while oil jellies squeeze through the machinery of Mechanus and naturally lubricate the plane's gears to keep things running smoothly. On the Plane of Ooze between the elemental Planes of Water and Earth, hidden tombs of ancient Slime Lords await discovery by explorers and adventurers.

Plants. Weird and wondrous vegetation grows under the unusual conditions found in the planes of existence. The Beastlands sees the most extreme versions, with dangerous flora fill the jungles of the lair, while Cathry's, the second layer of Carceri, uses plants as a means to keep prisoners on the plane.

Prisons. Carceri is the most famous prison in all the multiverse, and with good reason. Powerful beings from both the Upper and Lower Planes have used the seven layers of Carceri to keep monsters and criminals locked away from the rest of the planes. A lesser known though no less effective prison is Agathion, the fourth layer of Pandemonium, where creatures are kept in sealed vaults completed separated from each other and the rest of the plane.

Prophecies. Prophecies are key currencies with many diviners and seers. The Ivory Oracles on Arborea are said to hold secret knowledge of the past and future, and for those willing to brave the slopes of Mungoth on Gehenna, the hag Laughing Jane in her Hut of Eyes can grant any traveler a glimpse of what's to come for the right price. Hhallashaa the Great Jellyfish, in a vast trench on Elysium's ocean of Thalsasia, keeps an otherworldly eye on the goings on across the multiverse as well.

Psionics. Creatures and beings that harness the power of their minds are active in many places across the planes. The Astral Plane, which once served as the seat of a vast mind flayer empire, still boasts the largest number of psychically active creatures, though few are as renowned as the githyanki. Their counterparts, the githzerai, have managed to stabilize their own realms in the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo.

Storehouses. Demiplanes are regularly used to store items of all kinds, and the Etherfarer Society in the Ethereal Plane are among the most learned sages regarding demiplanes in all the multiverse. On the Astral Plane, the Midnight Prison is a special storehouse dedicated to keeping cursed artifacts and magical items from wreaking havoc.

Swamp. A number of noteworthy swamps can be found in the planes. The Plane of Ooze is also known as the Swamp of Oblivion, and with good reason, and orbs of Othrys, the first layer of Carceri, are filled with bleak swamps beneath a crimson sky. Minauros, the third layer of the Nine Hells, is a fetid marsh ruled over by Mammon, the devil prince of greed.

Undead. Undead are creatures inherently fueled by a connection to the Negative Energy Plane. The Plane of Shadow is a realm with close ties to that Energy Plane, and undead of all kind flourish across the length and breadth of the Shadowfell. Powerful undead creatures can be found elsewhere as well, such as Mellifleur the Lich-Lord on Gehenna, and ghosts are frequently encountered in the Ethereal Plane. Bleakmore is known as the Castle of Ghosts with good reason.

Underground. Endless realms forever locked away from natural light can be found all across the multiverse. The largest is the Plane of Earth with its twisting series of tunnels inhabited by elementals and goliaths, but other notable underground realms exist as well. Pandemonium's dark tunnels are filled with howling madness while Nidavellir, the third layer of Ysgard, is an isolated underground place of strangely undulating stone.

Underwater. The Plane of Water is the largest body of water in the multiverse, and many believe it is the source of all water in the planes. Other aquatic realms include Aquallor, the second layer of Arborea, and Thalsasia, the fourth layer of Elysium and source of the River Oceanus. The River Styx flows through the Lower Planes and pools largely on Stygia, the iceberg-riddled fourth layer of the Nine Hells filled with a sea of insidious black water.

Volcano. Great volcanoes fill the Fountains of Creation on the Plane of Fire and extend into the Plane of Magma. Few volcanoes compare to the plane of Gehenna, which is also known as the Fourfold Furnaces – each of its four layers is an enormous volcano floating in a void of darkness, whether active (Khalas) or dead (Krangath).

War. The greatest conflict in the multiverse is the Blood War, a never-ending feud between the demons of the Abyss and the devils of the Nine Hells. The devils see themselves as the only force keeping the slaving demonic horde from overwhelming all of the multiverse, while the demons engage for the sheer joy of slaughter.



GAZETTEER OF THE INFINITE PLANES

“The bulk of the Codex of the Infinite Planes is a deep review of the planes of existence, or at least as deep a review as one can expect considering the sheer enormity of the task. They’re not referred to as the ‘infinite planes’ for nothing, and most quite literally encompass a space that is incalculable in scale and scope. We scholars who have dedicated our lives to the study of the Codex have dedicated our lives to furthering the knowledge of the multiverse and sharing it with others, but even our vision is limited by mere mortal vision. Use this information as a guide but understand also that the planes have an endless appetite for surprise and mystery.”

Malakara the Warden

Each of the planes of existence in the Great Wheel gets an overview and thorough review. This includes the four Inner Planes along with their intersections in the Border Elemental Planes; the Astral Plane and Ethereal Plane; the echo planes, consisting of the Plane of Shadow, the Plane of Faerie, and the Plane of Dreams; and the sixteen Outer Planes. The Outer Planes are listed alphabetically.

READING THE GAZETTEER

Each plane presented in this chapter follows a similar formatting. A description of each subsection is provided below.

OVERVIEW

The opening of each entry provides an overview of the plane, highlighting key functions or purposes.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

This section provides some features of the plane that a character may note upon arriving and traveling around the plane.

LAY OF THE LAND

Most planes are comprised of layers, and this section provides a detailed look at each layer along with information on the plane’s cycle of time, such as whether or not there is a sun, and notes on threats to survival.

GETTING THERE

Each plane is connected to the rest through various gates and portals, and general notes on what those gates may look like can be found in this section.

TRAVELING AROUND

Once the characters are on the plane, this section provides an overview of travel considerations, including any difficulties in moving between layers.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The planes play host to a wide variety of powerful creatures and organizations. The most noteworthy on the plane can be found in this section.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Monsters and creatures of all sorts populate the planes. New monsters are detailed in the *Monsters of the Infinite Plane* book, but this section highlights monsters by type that can be commonly encountered on the plane. It also includes suggestions for humanoid races native to the plane for insights into available character options.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The game mechanics around each plane’s features can be found here, such as wilderness hazards and constant effects.

SITES & TREASURES

This section provides a dozen or more interesting sites and treasures to be found on the plane. Each can be used as the basis for an adventure or as a way to highlight the wonders of the plane.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Adventure abounds across the infinite planes, and this section provides five adventure seeds the DM can use to utilize the plane in question, either directly or indirectly in their campaigns.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

A unique random encounter table is provided for each plane, and many have multiple tables covering the regions or layers of that particular plane. Use these as springboards for adventures or elements to note during travel on the plane.

PLANE OF AIR

“Of all the Inner Planes, the Plane of Air is easily the most pleasant. Endless azure skies punctuated by multicolored clouds above and below with absolutely no end in sight – it truly is a sight to behold. Islands of earth and ice float through the air and provide enough stable ground for travelers to put their feet down every once and a while, but the real joy comes in soaring across the boundless blue. And if you can avoid the nosy djinn or the life-threatening storms of colossal size, all the better.”

Astromarchus the Sage

The Plane of Air is the most hospitable of all the Inner Planes, and because of that sees the most traveler traffic from across the multiverse. All manner of creatures visit, sometimes without even realizing it – perhaps as a result of the increased traffic, more natural portals and vortexes exist to the Plane of Air than almost any other plane. Flying creatures of all variety seek out the endless azure skies of this realm, but that doesn't mean it's without its dangers.

Navigating the plane requires the power of flight, but contrary to most rumors falling is not really a problem. Where is there to fall to? If a creature or object in flight loses its ability to fly while in the air, it simply hovers or is picked up by one of the strong wind gusts that permeate the never-ending sky. Larger objects, such as the various earth motes that dot the azure landscape or even a sailing ship, generate their own gravity, but escaping those bounds can be deceptively easy. Being stranded and caught in one of the dangerous storms that pepper the plane in regular intervals is the real danger.

Because of its relative safeness, the Plane of Air is home to a large variety of creatures. Many Material Plane natives with the ability to fly can be found around, but the true masters of the realm are the djinn. They keep magnificent castles built upon solid clouds, and most can be depended upon to do the right thing when pressed – but not all. Navigating the Labyrinth Winds without a guide can be frustrating for travelers, but only by doing so can such wondrous sites be visited, such as the cloud city of Calypso, the Citadel of Ice and Steel that serves as the home to the Great Caliph of the Djinn, the realm of Aaqa and its aarakocra guardians, the massive Storm of Chaos, or the mysterious Borealis Radiance.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Air as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Air.

Never-Ending Sky. The most obvious and pertinent feature of the Plane of Air is its lack of ground and sun. The brilliant azure sky is everywhere at all times, and unimpeded a visitor could see for miles and miles. Multicolored clouds drift through the space, creating a brilliant prismatic panoramic view in some views, but the absence of a ground or ceiling is disorientating for non-natives.

Constant Wind. Wind constantly blows in all directions across the Plane of Air, creating updrafts and downdrafts within the blink of an eye. It is omnipresent, and sometimes its howling can make conversations difficult. Skyship sailors have learned to “feel” different breezes differently, so that a particularly experienced sailor can tell when the wind is going to shift directions before it does. Or so they claim, at least.

Everything Flies. In order to survive on the Plane of Air, a creature has to possess the ability to fly. The native species of the plane include numerous birds of all kinds, along with insects and winged beasts, but flying through the region are other unusual creatures. Schools of winged fish maneuver through the Labyrinth Winds, and some cloudstone islands hold tribes of winged apes.

LAY OF THE LAND

The Plane of Air is an endless boundless sky, but it does have broadly defined regions defined largely by their proximity to neighboring Inner Planes.

LABYRINTH WINDS

The vast majority of the Plane of Air is comprised of a complex maze of wind gusts and air streams known as the Labyrinth Winds. This creates invisible paths that push and pull travelers and natives alike along certain courses, and the canny flyer knows to use the currents as a propellant rather than trying to move against them. Finding the right channel and then following its gale is a difficult skill for non-native creatures to master, but with a combination of magic, training, and luck, the Labyrinth Winds can be navigated.

The Labyrinth Winds holds various independent realms, such as Aaqa, the Confederation of Calypso, and various djinn citadels and strongholds. Many of these realms are hidden away from view by magic and the natural properties of the plane, requiring specific actions or magic to reach. Great clouds of all color, from blue to purple to red and orange, dot the never-ending landscape of boundless blue, and behind some of them lurk treasures and dangers of all sorts.

MISTRAL REACH

Where the Plane of Air nears the Plane of Water, the azure sky grows colder and the earth motes are joined by large ice chunks. This region is known as the Mistral Reach and is infrequently traveled – the snowstorms and blizzards that occur with only a moment's notice are dangerous for flying creatures and vessels to handle. Beyond the Mistral Reach a traveler can eventually arrive at the border between the planes of Air and Water known as the Place of Ice.

SIROCCO STRAITS

At the opposite end of the endless plane, the Plane of Fire heats up the air and creates an area known as the Sirocco Straits. Hot gusts whip sand and grit around, polishing the earth motes that dot the region, but it is a favorite staging ground for gargoyles and the Elemental Lords of Earth to mount attacks on their sworn flying enemies. The Grand Sultan of the Efreet is known to have a remote palace in the Sirocco Straits. The Plane of Ash, with its continual lightning storms and ash-choked sky, rests beyond the Sirocco Straits, and native creatures avoid getting too close to it.

CYCLE OF TIME

The Plane of Air has no cycles of day and night, which can be unnerving for travelers that are used to the regular setting and rising of a sun. Some natural aspect of the plane keeps the skies deep blue at all times and all around as well – up, down, left, right, in all directions an endless azure sky. Clouds billow up and blow around at random, and some can reach hundreds of miles in size. These clouds can drift into an earth mote or harden into cloudstone to darken the view of the azure sky for a period, but they're not an accurate form of time measurement.

The djinn and most realms such as the Confederation of Calypso are less interested in the telling of time, living in the moment and taking things as they come, so the need has not come up for them to accurately tell if it's been 12 hours since they last slept or only 11. If they are sleepy, they sleep. If they are hungry, they eat. The major exception to this is Aaqa, home to the vaati, a powerful race of elementals dedicated to law and order. They have developed complex wind-up devices to track the passage of time and they meticulously synchronize these devices with a large clock in the center of their realm.

SURVIVING

While the Plane of Fire can burn, and the Plane of Water can drown, and the Plane of Earth can suffocate, the Plane of Air simply allows creatures to breathe and live without too much interference. There are still the dangers of the elemental storms, angry natives, and powerful winds, so it's not quite all safe, but the basic properties of the plane are not directly harmful to travelers.

GETTING THERE

More portals exist to the Plane of Air than any of the other Inner Planes, and this is likely due to the abundance of air and sky in the Material Plane and nearly every other plane in the multiverse. Natural portals on the Material Plane are known to spontaneously appear near the tops of tall mountains, but sudden and intense storms can also contain a vortex to the Plane of Air. Some vortices are permanent and travel around the Material Plane in the center of normal-seeming clouds.

The djinn maintain a number of portals to the Material Plane and other regions that they use to experience the wonders of the multiverse first hand. In the Citadel of Ice and Steel, the Great Caliph is said to have an entire citadel level dedicated to portals to his favorite realms. The caliph's personal bodyguards keep these portals a secret and guard them with their life, so travelers are warned about their use.

The cloud city of Calypso boasts a guild of wizards that specialize in creating and controlling portals, a skill that they use to keep intruders from invading the city whenever they want. As the cloud captains have a tendency to raid and pillage from all they can, including the djinn, the Guild of Portals is kept very busy maintaining the city's defenses by preventing unwanted portals from opening.

TRAVELING AROUND

For creatures with a flying speed, movement in the Plane of Air is as simple as taking off and flying in a direction, navigating the winds in a similar manner as the Material Plane. Creatures without a flying speed are usually stuck on an earth mote or cloudstone island, but it should be noted that gravity does not behave normally on the Plane of Air. Outside the gravitational bounds of a large object (generally about 50 feet), an object or creature simply hovers to be picked up by the winds that push and pull everything.

The sailing ships of the Calypsonian cloud captains are large enough to hold gravity, and most earth motes and cloudstone islands are as well. The winds of the plane push these objects around as well, but since there's no permanent reference point on the Plane of Air few creatures notice or care when this happens. For the cloud captains, sometimes it takes longer to reach an earth mote than it did before, and sometimes you never find the same one again. Such are the mysteries of the Plane of Air.

Clouds are a regular feature of the plane and they come in all shapes and colors. Many produce storms, some incredibly violent, and there are some storms that have been raging for decades – others last only a few minutes before they exhaust themselves of their energy. Passing through or hiding in a cloud can be an effective strategy, but it can also be the home of any number of native creatures, such as hostile air elementals, great swarms of cloudworms or skymites, or even a sky ship from Calypso looking to ambush an unsuspecting target.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

As wild and free as it presents itself, the Plane of Air does have its fair share of powerful entities and organizations that seek to impose its own sense of order upon the realms. Some are more deliberate in this endeavor than others, but all could use the services of a party of skilled adventurers from time to time.

CONFEDERATION OF CALYPSO

There are only a few permanent settlements in the Plane of Air, and the cloud city of Calypso prides itself on being the most mysterious, at least to the outside. It is a city that sits in a permanent blue cloud built upon cloudstone that serves as the central base of power for the Confederation of Calypso. The Confederation is a loose alliance of pirate captains, each with their own sky ship, that call the city of Calypso their neutral home. Whatever blood feuds and ancient enmities exist outside, inside the bounds of the city there is a peace truce.

At least, that's the idea. The Confederation does meet irregularly, usually only when the city is threatened by some force, and then its only the sky ship captains that happen to be close to Calypso at the moment that are invited. Each captain registered with the Guild of Ships in Calypso is entitled to a seat on the confederation council, which allows them to vote and pass laws as necessary. As the council is made up of murdering, thieving pirates who ply the air currents of the plane seeking treasure and plunder, little actual governing is done and the council has thus far only enacted one law. Known as the First Law, it is what keeps Calypso as neutral ground for all confederation members.

The cloud captains of the Confederation of Calypso range far and wide from their home, and encountering one in the wilds of the Plane of Air usually has no lasting consequences beyond dealing with the single pirate sky ship. Theoretically, the council could take some large-scale action against a force that attacked one of their members, but thus far no such concerted effort has even been brought forth as a proposal. The pirates seem content to raid on their own and return to Calypso, happy in the knowledge that the First Law protects their ship from deliberate harm.

Several members of the Confederation of Calypso have hired themselves out as mercenaries to other powers in the plane, such as Yan-C-Bin or the Prismatic Order. The Wind Dukes of Aaqa want nothing to do with the pirates, however, and Memnor the cloud giant god pays them no heed, though at least one cloud captain is a cloud giant scoundrel of dark reputation. Other captains include an aarakocra sorcerer, an air genasi bravado, a gnome priestess, a grim tiefling thug, and a charming half-elf bard with a legion of loyal pirate followers.

ELEMENTAL LORDS OF AIR

The Elemental Lords of Air are the princes and princesses of the elementals, owing allegiance to none but themselves and working towards their own ends. The most famous is Yan-C-Bin, the Prince of Evil Air Elementals, who dwells in his massive Cyclone Palace in a remote section of the Labyrinth Winds. Yan-C-Bin is a wise and malicious creature with patience to spare and a simple desire to destroy the Material Plane in a whirlwind of total chaos. While he is worshipped by cultists across the multiverse, Yan-C-Bin pays them no heed – he has no allies beyond the air elementals he commands and that suits him just fine.

Yan-C-Bin's seat of power is his Cyclone Palace, but he has built up quite a collection of destroyed Material Plane chunks in a region called the Hurricane Boneyard. There his "good" works across the multiverse are catalogued, haphazardly and without apparent order, and he keeps a force of elite air elemental guardians around the site to keep travelers from stealing from him.

At the other end of the spectrum, Chan is the Princess of Good Air Elementals, but she takes a more hands-off approach to the multiverse. Within her glass-walled Palace of Unseen Contemplation, Chan observes and monitors a great many things. She is engaged with a secret war with Yan-C-Bin, and the two make subtle moves against each other that are nearly invisible to comprehend for non-elementals. Chan is on good terms with the Great Caliph of the Djinn and the two meet for tea on a regular basis to discuss the state of affairs in the Plane of Air and beyond.

GREAT CALIPH OF THE DJINN

The wild and free-willed djinn recognize few leaders and no formal hierarchy, but the power and influence of the Great Caliph is without question. Great Caliph Husam al-Balil ben Nafhat al-Yugayyim, Master of the Clouds, Son of the Breezes, Secret Keeper of the Four Winds, Prince of Birds, Storm of the Heavens, Defender of the Righteous, Emperor of Gales, Commander of Monsoons, and Master of the Air, keeps court in the fabulously appointed Citadel of Ice and Steel, the largest djinn stronghold and one of the greatest seats in the Plane of Air. From his icy palace, the Great Caliph receives visitors and news from across the realm, which he sees as under his protection. Like most djinn, the Great Caliph takes a pragmatic view towards possessions – if something can be used, it should be used, and the ownership is determined by the best suited person.

Though arrogant like the rest of his kind, the Great Caliph can be kind, especially when something threatens the freedom of an individual or group. He hates the efreets and dao for their slave-taking policies, and believes that all creatures great and small should have the opportunity to perform great deeds and have them recognized. The Great Caliph and the rest of the djinn do hold a great number of servants, but these beings are treated well and paid for their time. A servant of the Great Caliph in the Citadel of Ice and Steel is a great privilege fought over by many.

The Great Caliph rarely keeps to a schedule, and even with important emissaries awaiting introduction in his court he has been known to take leave on a whim to deal with some manner or event. He enjoys tea and keeps a heated fountain that pulls pure liquid from the Plane of Water in his private chambers, and he has treated kindly with the Great Padishah of the Marid from time to time.

MEMNOR, GOD OF EVIL CLOUD

GIANTS

Unlike most other giant races, cloud giants have a philosophical split that pulls them in two separate directions, good and evil. This split is represented in their deities by the blood feud between Memnor and Stronmaus, two of the siblings of Annam, greatest of giant gods. While Stronmaus keeps his fabulous palace in the Beastlands and counts storm and cloud giants as among his worshippers, Memnor sees himself as the true heir to their father's legacy. He is cruel, charming, and wicked to the core, and only counts the evil cloud giants as his worshippers and followers.

Memnor's realm in the Plane of Air is the Scarlet Sky, a collection of red- and white-hued clouds peppered with fierce rainless lightning storms that continually arc between them. Here he has built grand palaces for himself and his most loyal followers, but due to some curse the lightning strikes continually destroy the buildings. Never deterred, Memnor simply rebuilds with renewed effort and views the entire affair as a symbol for his struggle to see his chosen cloud giants ascend in the Ordning to become the greatest giants across the multiverse.

PRISMATIC ORDER

Wizards have always been drawn to the Plane of Air, whether to remove themselves from the multiverse's troubles or to study the unique elemental effects found only in this realm, but these are usually loners that setup isolated towers and castles away from the eyes of others. For the Prismatic Order, however, hiding is something they cannot do – they use the seven colors of the prism to harness magical energy for their own purposes.

The wizards, sorcerers, and librarians of the Prismatic Order are dedicated to magical research of all kinds, but membership is only awarded to a handful of apprentices in any annual cycle so their numbers are not great. Nonetheless, they wield considerable influence on the Plane of Air, and the Great Caliph of the Djinn is known to consult with them on magical matters from time to time. The Prismatic Order tries to keep itself neutral in terms of the maneuverings of the planar powers, and they keep to their eight citadels and castles spread across the Labyrinth Winds. Each citadel is dedicated to a color of the prismatic spectrum, in ascending order of importance and power – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Each citadel is governed by a master mage (Red Master Mage, Orange Master Mage, etc.), and the order's central headquarters is the fabulous Prismatic Fortress. There, the Prismatic Master keeps their work, which is usually focused on greater applications of the magical color spectrum.

PLANE OF AIR

Though it is referred to as a single organization, the individual master mages of the Prismatic Order vary wildly in their goals and views. The current Yellow Master Mage is a dragonborn wizard dedicated to experimenting on djinni blood, which has put him in poor graces with the Great Caliph and his kin. The Indigo Master Mage is a female drow wizard focused on ways to blanket the Plane of Air in eternal darkness, and the Red Master Mage is a human wizard seeking to map all of the portals of the multiverse for archival purposes.

As long as each master mage is working to advance magical prowess in the Plane of Air and beyond, the Prismatic Master allows all such work to continue. The current Prismatic Master is an enigmatic human of considerable old age, considered by many in his own ranks to be feeble-minded and frail but capable still of fending off various coups in the Prismatic Fortress.

WIND DUKES OF AAQA

While most of the Plane of Air is a wild, chaotic mess of wind currents, air streams, and storms of indeterminate length and power, such unfettered chaos has no place in the rigid realm of Aaqa. Home to the Wind Dukes, an ancient race of elementals known as vaati, Aaqa is a bastion of order and law in the Plane of Air that offers tranquility and serenity at the price of personal freedom. A fair trade off for the Wind Dukes, who have dedicated their existence to standing against the forces of pure, unfettered chaos.

Within the bounds of Aaqa in the Labyrinth Winds, a simple cool breeze flows at all times, and the earth motes hold beautifully simple structures of organized architecture rarely seen outside the plane of Mechanus. Gardens are neatly groomed and meticulously tended to by lesser vaati, who are organized in a rigid caste system based on age and duty. The central earth mote is known as the Valley of Aaqa, and it is there that the Wind Dukes themselves discuss the laws of the multiverse and their eternal conflict against chaos.

The Wind Dukes are a noble and powerful race, but they are dwindling in number. They once numbered in the thousands long ago, but their war against the forces of the Queen of Chaos and her champion, Miska the Wolf-Spider, drained Aaqa of its inhabitants. The vaati number much less now, but they believe their efforts have not been in vain. With the creation and use of a powerful artifact, they have managed to keep the Queen of Chaos at bay – though in doing so, the relic was sundered and scattered, creating what is now known as the *Rod of Seven Parts*.

The vaati count the aarakocra as their staunchest allies, and the winged birdfolk are the rank-and-file warriors and soldiers of Aaqa that keep the various forces of chaos from invading the idyllic realm. Across the Plane of Air, the aarakocra maintain Aeries of Vigilance, each attuned to another so that threats can be assessed quickly and dealt with appropriately by the Wind Dukes.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Plane of Air is home to all manner of creatures, including many from the Material Plane. From air elementals to arrowhawks, vaati to wind walkers, the denizens of the Plane of Air can be dangerous, helpful, or simply mysterious – or all three, depending on the circumstances!

ELEMENTALS

The original inhabitants and native creatures of the Plane of Air are the air elementals. They are formed of the primal material found naturally in the plane itself, and most planar scholars believe them to be a natural manifestation of the plane's power. Air elementals are common encounters, and many display animalistic tendencies that make them dangerous if provoked. A rare few exhibit intelligence and cunning, and some have been documented with the ability to speak in their own wispy, airy language.

Birds are common encounters across the Plane of Air, including eagles, owls, hawks, and ravens, but as part of their evolution they have been transformed into elementals. Many of these creatures have blue or white colorations, allowing them to blend in with the endless azure skies of the plane. The birds usually dine upon the swarms of insects that buzz about the cloudstones, mainly stormworms, so most sailors and natives view the birds as helpful more than harmful. It isn't uncommon for djinn to have menageries in their homes filled with all manner of exotic birds from across the plane.

Arrowhawks are also native elemental creature with an aggressive attitude and dangerous lightning strikes, but they are little more than large monstrous birds. Nyth are intelligent, cruel glowing balls of light that feed on energy; they seem drawn to places close to the Positive Energy Plane. Sylphs are gentle female spirits of the Plane of Air, often mistaken for faeries, with an adventurous spirit and a naïve attitude that gets them into trouble in most places.

Elder tempests are incredibly powerful beings formed from the raw core of the Plane of Air. They are living windstorms always on the move, and the Elemental Lords of Air and the djinni both fear the wrath of these tempestuous elementals.

Djinn. The elemental genies of the Plane of Air are the noble djinn. They consider themselves the true masters of the plane, exhibiting a level of arrogance that defines their relationship with “lesser” creatures. Djinni citadels and castles are found throughout the layers, often setup to be as conspicuous and obvious as possible, with dazzling diamond exteriors that reflect the endless blue. These grand structures are filled with servants, though they are not slaves – djinni masters pay their staff well, though in unconventional ways. Favors, trinkets, and personal items are common forms of payment.

Vaati. There's a wild, unpredictable nature to the Plane of Air that infuses the attitudes of the residents. The exact opposite is true of the vaati, also known as the Wind Dukes, who have developed a rigid outlook based around absolute law and order. At one point they commanded numerous fortresses across the Labyrinth Winds, but time has worn down their legions and reduced their strongholds to just Aaqa, their ancestral home.



HUMANOIDS

Entire communities of humanoids from across the multiverse can be found among the cloudstone islands of the Plane of Air. Most are pirates and sailors that have learned to navigate the invisible currents of the Labyrinth Winds in order to travel around, as little natural food can be grown on the cloudstone islands.

Aarakocra. Aarakocra are an avian race of bird-like humanoids. They trace their origin to the Plane of Air, where many clans still serve the Wind Dukes of Aaqa as loyal soldiers. As the legendary vaati have had their influence reduced over the centuries, mainly from attrition in the eternal war against chaos, the aarakocra have spread out across the planes. Some of them have gone out in search of sources tainted with Elemental Evil, a primordial power of ultimate chaos that has opposed Aaqa since the beginning of time. Those aarakocra remaining on the Plane of Air are usually advance scouts and soldiers for the Wind Dukes.

Genasi. Genasi are descendants of genies, and the air genasi trace their lineage back to the noble djinn of the Plane of Air. They are welcome offspring of their genie parents, and many air genasi form enclaves within the larger djinni citadels that can become just as influential and powerful as any court noble. Many take to adventuring outside their palatial homes, however, and air genasi are common crew members aboard the pirating vessels that sail out of Calypso.

MONSTROSITIES

Great winged monsters such as the mighty roc, proud griffons, and voracious hippogriffs are frequently found in the Plane of Air. They make nests or lairs in cloudstone islands, jealously guarding them from intruders, and enjoy the freedom of life in the endless azure skies. More dangerous are the cruel perytons that plague the frequently traveled travel routes in the Labyrinth Winds, picking off pirates and sailors from the decks of their ships.

Perhaps the rarest creature to swim through the skies is the aptly named skyswimmer. These monstrous leviathans feed on rocs and griffons, along with anything else they can get a hold of, and are known to take on well-armed galleons in fights to the death. The sky pirates of Calypso watch out for signs of skyswimmers, who are so large as to cast shadows from miles away.

Horuth. Horuth are believed to be an offshoot of the aarakocra race. They are large, owl-like beings that have resided on the Plane of Air for as long as the vaati. They prize knowledge above all other things and rarely take action lest they interfere with the flow of history; their wondrous libraries are well-hidden but filled with lore from across the multiverse.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

While falling isn't as big of a threat as many think, the Plane of Air still holds its share of dangers and threats. And sometimes, in a plane where vision can extend for miles, these dangers can appear suddenly and without warning.

UNUSUAL CLOUDS

Most travelers don't think of clouds as dangerous, and most of them are not, but a cloud on the Plane of Air is defined as a collection of gases separate from the rest of the plane. Most of the time, these gases are simply water vapors, harmless and easily breathed, but other times they can be distracting or lethal. Clouds are ubiquitous on the Plane of Air and they can be added to any other encounter as background or distraction.

Three random tables help define the mighty clouds of the plane. The first is the cloud's size, ranging from under 100 feet in diameter to several miles long. Each cloud is roughly ovoid, though the size chart references diameter – use it as a general guide. The second table determines the cloud's color, which can be fluffy white to steely gray to dull red. The third table determines what kind of cloud it is – water vapor cloud, posing no threat, or other type, which can pose some threat to creatures and travelers passing through it.

CLOUD SIZE

1D20	CLOUD SIZE
1-5	Small (50-foot diameter)
6-12	Medium (500-foot diameter)
13-18	Large (1-mile diameter)
19-20	Colossal (5-mile or larger diameter)

CLOUD COLOR

1D20	CLOUD COLOR
1-10	White
11-12	Gray
13-14	Yellow
15-16	Red
17-18	Green
19-20	Black

CLOUD TYPE

1D20	CLOUD TYPE
1-16	Water vapor cloud. No threat or danger
17	Dream mist. The first round a creature starts their turn in the cloud they must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or fall asleep for 1d6 hours.
18	Poisonous cloud. Creatures that start their turn in the cloud must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, suffering 18 (4d8) poison damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save.
19	Noxious cloud. Creatures that start their turn in the cloud must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failure they gain one level of exhaustion.
20	Cloudmite cloud. Creatures that start their turn in the cloud must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) piercing damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save, as the ravenous cloudmites strip flesh from bones.

CLOUDSTONES AND EARTH MOTES

Sometimes, clouds that float through the Plane of Air become supercharged with enough elemental energy that they actually stiffen and become hard surfaces. They continue to float and be pushed around by the winds of the plane, but they cease becoming storm-riddled clouds and instead become solid masses. They still look like clouds but they support buildings and infrastructure as if they were regular earth. Many creatures build homes and settlements on these objects, the largest of which is the cloud city of Calypso.

Similarly, earth motes are simply chunks of earth and dirt that have collected together over time, generally as a result from multiple elemental storms. They can also appear from planar portals and vortexes, especially in the Mistral Reach and Sirocco Straits regions, where earth motes become more common. They are solid ground upon which creatures can rest and build homes as if it were Material Plane earth.

LABYRINTH WINDS

The bulk of the Plane of Air is made up of a series of air channels known as the Labyrinth Winds. Navigating these invisible pathways is chaotic and confusing, and there is no straight path to any single destination. Some djinni and certain shops in Calypso have maps detailing various sections of the Labyrinth Winds, but these can change with little notice.

Navigating the Labyrinth Winds requires two things – a starting point and a destination, and on the Plane of Air a destination can include a length of time (1 day, 1 week, 1 month, etc.). The wind gusts and breeze ways are strong enough to pull objects and creatures along the way without the need for special equipment, though the ability to fly or harness the winds effectively (such as a sky ship) can greatly decrease travel times.

Perception is key in the Labyrinth Winds, and traveling it requires keen senses and a sharp lookout. At least one creature in a group must be devoted to navigating, who must make one or more Wisdom (Perception) checks throughout their journey in reach their destination. Like all of the elemental planes, the Plane of Air is vast, and travel time in the Labyrinth Winds is divided into legs. Each leg lasts a variable length of time as determined by the below table, after which the person on lookout must make a Wisdom (Perception) check against a variable DC based on the strength of the air currents.

LABYRINTH WIND LEG DURATION

1D12	LEG DURATION
1	2 hours
2-4	6 hours
5-8	12 hours
9-11	1 day
12	2 days

LABYRINTH WIND CURRENT STRENGTH

1D20	AIR CURRENT STRENGTH
1-7	Breeze – DC 12
8-13	Gale – DC 15
14-17	Storm – DC 18
18-19	Cyclone – DC 21
20	Tornado – DC 21 at disadvantage

Total travel time is measured as a number of successful legs. For example, a sky ship leaving Calypso bound for the Citadel of Ice and Steel might need to complete 5 legs to reach their destination. The DM sets the number of successful legs needed and keeps that information secret unless the party has some advanced knowledge of the route.

The individual making the Wisdom (Perception) check at the end of each leg must be awake and conscious for the entire length of the leg. Passing off duties to someone who has not been monitoring the travel causes the check to be made with disadvantage, though doubling up on the duty and taking shifts can negate the penalty.

ELEMENTAL STORM

It is not uncommon for even normal clouds to unleash an elemental storm on the Plane of Air with barely a moment's notice. These storms are churned up by powerful forces contained within the Elemental Chaos, and they manifest with bolts and rains of energy just as often as water. Elemental storms always manifest from clouds; randomly determine the type using the cloud tables earlier. Use the table below to determine the nature of the elemental storm as well as the storm's duration.

ELEMENTAL STORM

1D20	ELEMENTAL STORM
1-8	Light rain storm. Visibility within the storm is reduced to half distance.
9-12	Heavy rain storm. The area within the storm is considered lightly obscured.
13-14	Lightning storm. A bolt of lightning strikes a random target each round, who must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 28 (8d6) lightning damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save.
15-16	Fire storm. Fiery globs rain down from the cloud. Every creature that starts their turn in the storm must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 14 (4d6) fire damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save.
17-18	Ice storm. Razor-sharp icicles fill the area. Every creature that starts their turn in the storm must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 9 (2d8) slashing damage and 9 (2d8) cold damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save.
19	Grit storm. Particles from the Plane of Earth are flung in the radius of the storm. The area within the storm is considered heavily obscured.
20	Double threat. Roll twice on this table, re-rolling duplicate results and this result.

ELEMENTAL STORM DURATION

1D20	ELEMENTAL STORM DURATION
1-4	2d6 rounds
5-10	2d6 minutes
11-14	2d6 hours
15-17	2d6 days
18-19	2d6 years
20	2d6 decades

VOID MAELSTROM

Of all the environmental effects on the Plane of Air, void maelstroms are the most dangerous and least understood. Most planar scholars agree that a void maelstrom is the result of a spontaneous vortex to the Negative Energy Plane, drawing energy and light into it and creating a swirling maelstrom that sucks in debris, earth motes, and creatures. Why do void maelstroms only occur on the Plane of Air? There are some that theorize that since air is so ubiquitous across the multiverse, it touches more of the cosmic forces that hold everything together. Others say it has to do with meddling by ancient powers, such as the ones that built the original Sky Temples.

Whatever their cause, void maelstroms are dangerous and rare. When encountered, they appear as monstrous tornadoes, with a planar vortex to the Negative Energy Plane at its peak, drawing everything in. Void maelstroms are usually the same size, encompassing a rough cone about 1 mile long and 1 mile in diameter at its mouth, narrowing down to about 100 feet in diameter at the vortex. Creatures and objects caught in the maelstrom are sucked towards its center at an astonishing rate of 1/5 of a mile per round.

Creatures can try to escape a void maelstrom by making three successful DC 20 Strength checks before reaching the maelstrom's vortex. The check is made at disadvantage if the creature is more than halfway as the force gets stronger the closer targets are to the end. Unless acted up by some powerful force, sky ships have no chance of escaping the void maelstrom, and are usually demolished in the few rounds leading up to the vortex.

Creatures and objects that do not escape are sucked into the Negative Energy Plane. This realm is the antithesis of life and existence, and all creatures and objects suffer 55 (10d10) necrotic damage at the beginning of each round they stay in the Negative Energy Plane. Undead creatures are unaffected.

Mercifully, void maelstroms are volatile and ultimately collapse upon themselves in 1d6 minutes.

SITES & TREASURES

Battered by constant winds and shuffled about by the unseen forces, the Plane of Air still holds a great number of mysteries and treasures that draw travelers from across the multiverse. Its general accessibility followed by the abundance of sights and wonders combines to make it the most traveled elemental plane in the multiverse.

AAQA

Home of the Wind Dukes, Aaqa is an idyllic realm of law and order in every aspect. It is hidden from travelers of the Labyrinth Winds by elaborate illusions and elemental magic, so that only the vaati and their allies can locate it. While the vaati are the rulers of Aaqa, they number very few, and they rely heavily on aarakocra to take up most duties. The aarakocra are the eyes and ears of the Wind Dukes across the Plane of Air and the multiverse, and they communicate simple messages back and forth through the use of attuned Aeries of Stewardship.

Aaqa is shielded from the chaotic gales of the Labyrinth Winds by ancient vaati magic, and within its borders a peaceful serenity gathers around the gentle breezes that kiss the skin. Several earth motes are anchored to the realm, each containing idyllic gardens and marble columned buildings of radiant white stone. The earth motes are connected to one another by well-crafted stone bridges carved with the images of vaati legends.

The main earth mote is known as the Vale of Aaqa and houses the majority of vaati, working and going about their orderly lives according to ancient sacred laws. The seven castes of the vaati each have their role to play in the maintenance and defense of Aaqa, and the focal point of each caste is found in the Seven Houses located on the main earth mote. The Great Congressional Hall is the largest building in Aaqa, and its doors are sealed by vaati decree, only to be opened when the realms are threatened by the forces of utter chaos.

It has been centuries since the Great Congressional Hall was opened, but some Wind Dukes believe chaos is gathering strength across the multiverse and the time for action is approaching. Others preach patience, and the schism growing in the ranks of the vaati creates an opportunity for chaos to flourish.

AERIE OF ANCIENT FEATHERS

While the aarakocra primarily serve the Wind Dukes of Aaqa, they do have their own beliefs and legends. Chief among these stories is the legend of their creator deity, Syranita, who once flew the azure skies of the Plane of Air in majestic freedom. She created the aarakocra out of a rare cloud she discovered, and the result were a race of noble bird folk with a strong belief in good and justice. Like her people, Syranita never settled down, and the beat of her wings took her from the elemental planes and beyond.



Through some calamity, Syranita's power and influence declined rapidly. Different tribes of aarakocra have different versions of this downfall. The aarakocra of Aaqa blame Syranita's fall on the forces of chaos, while others say she fought a mighty battle against a powerful Elemental Lord of Earth, destroying her foe but losing much of herself in the process. Whatever the truth, Syranita returned weakened to the Plane of Air, and she knew that her time was running low. She flew higher and farther than any creature had gone before, and there she discovered a cloudstone island far removed from much of the realm.

With her most loyal followers at her side, Syranita laid down upon the cloudstone island and never woke up again. Her body became a holy aerie, sacred to the aarakocra and tended to by her loyal followers and their descendants. The Aerie of Ancient Feathers was born from the passing of Syranita, creator of the aarakocra, and sometimes an actual feather descends from the distant site to visit good fortune upon one of her people. Some aarakocra don't believe the Aerie of Ancient Feathers is real, and that it is only a myth, while others claim to have set clawed foot upon its sacred ground.

BOREALIS RADIANCE

Deep in the Labyrinth Winds, an unusual brilliant light sits suspended in the air, unaffected by the gales and storms, acting as a sort of stationary sun for miles and miles around it. The light is known as the Borealis Radiance, and planar scholars say it is a permanent vortex between the Plane of Air and the Positive Energy Plane. The radiant light shifts colors at times, always blindingly bright but changing from yellow to white to pale green on no set schedule.

Earth motes hang suspended around the Borealis Radiance, and the light from the vortex's heart gives rise to unusual vegetation and formation found nowhere else on the Plane of Air. Enormous stalks of vegetation of brilliant hues, fields of serpent-like grass, rocks that spontaneously shift from solid to liquid, and massive trees sprouting huge bunches of strange fruit are just some of the unusual occurrences reported around the Borealis Radiance. Living creatures that approach too close to the vortex risk being burned by the positive energy, but most of the earth motes are far enough away to only mildly irritate visitors.

And the region is not uninhabited. Strange creatures called nyth dance around the earth motes in the light of the planar vortex. These normally solitary hunters have developed some unknown truce in the Borealis Radiance, perhaps because they are formed as a result of the planar confluence. Most planar scholars point to the Borealis Radiance as their birthplace, and certainly the nyth act as guardians of the entire area. Visitors are warned to be wary of the creatures, which act with naked aggression towards any trespassers.

CALYPSO, CITY OF CLOUDS

If the Plane of Air had a capital city, Calypso would be a strong contender for the title. This sprawling city sits on a series of massive cloudstone islands in a magically supported cloud that obscures it from casual view in the Labyrinth Winds. Ramshackle buildings, opulent towers, grand villas and terraces, and dozens of shops and stores lay haphazardly scattered about the uneven cloudstone streets of Calypso, and all manner of creatures live, eat, and die in the City of Clouds, which has become a lawless haven for thieves, pirates, and unscrupulous merchants.

The city is nominally governed by the Confederation of Calypso, a group of the most influential sky ship captains that call the city home, but they have passed only one law, known as the First Law, the makes Calypso neutral territory for the purposes of pirate rivalries. The law is maintained by no regular militia, and fights regularly break out, but they are between individuals with problems with one another, not ship crews fighting ship crews.

Several influential guilds and organizations in Calypso keep things running as smoothly as possible. The Guild of Mages are the first line of magical defense for the city, and they maintain the portals that lead into and out of Calypso with a tight rein. The city's Guild of Thieves runs gambling institutions, protection rackets, and other activities considered unsavory in more respected places. The most powerful guild on Calypso, however, is the Guild of Shipwrights. These are the craftsman that make and repair the sky ships that support the activities of the Confederation, and this guild wields its power with tyrannical authority. Most residents understand that though the Confederation of Calypso supposedly runs things, it's the Guild of Shipwrights that operates the in's and outs of the city on a regular basis.

CITADEL OF ICE AND STEEL

The djinn have the strongest presence in the Plane of Air, with a great number of freeholds and citadels scattered about. These genies believe in personal freedoms, so they don't owe much loyalty beyond themselves and the people around them, but they do recognize the power of the Great Caliph of the Djinn, who dwells in the magnificent Citadel of Ice and Steel. This metropolis is constructed on a massive chunk of ice and earth, sculpted by the legendary crafters of the djinn harnessing the natural winds of the plane around them to form a massive oval shape. No less than 15,000 djinn dwell in the opulent citadel, which is one colossal building built over the entire sheet of ice and stone.

Walls are carved of magically reinforced ice set with steel beams and doors, and dozens of towers and minarets stand tall across the citadel. The center of the city is known as the Palace of Fortune and holds the court of the Great Caliph himself. The top of the palace reaches higher than any other point in the Citadel of Ice and Steel, a crowning symbol of the Great Caliph's eternal standing as steward of all the djinni. The Great Caliph's court is attended by dozens of noble djinni, some of whom live in the citadel but many of which are visiting from across the plane. Dragons, emissaries of elemental lords, celestials, and other powerful creatures have also been known to pay the Great Caliph a visit.

The Citadel of Ice and Steel is guarded by a well-trained cadre of loyal genie soldiers known as the Thunderbolt Legion. Service in this well-respected order is a high honor, and the Great Caliph has made honorary members of mortals that have come to the aid of the djinn in the past. To date, the Thunderbolt Legion has been called upon only once to defend the Citadel of Ice and Steel from a hostile force – a surprise attack by efreeti warriors and dao assassins nearly brought the citadel to ruin. But the heroes of the Thunderbolt Legion stood their ground, and many veterans of the legion still serve that remember the Battle of Boiling Stone.

Non-hostile visitors to the Citadel of Ice and Steel are brought to the Hall of Welcome, a custom for all djinn freeholds, but here the opulence is beyond measure. The finest food and the most delicate of wines are served to guests while they await their summons to the Great Caliph's court, and there have been some visitors that have simply decided to live in the Hall of Welcome rather than move on. The djinni welcome such guests as long as they don't inflict their beliefs on other travelers or residents of the citadel, a grave crime in the eyes of the Great Caliph. Personal freedoms are to be protected and treasured.

CLOUD OF THE NIGHTWINGS

Black clouds on the Plane of Air are rare but not unheard of, but there's at least one unusual specimen that appears so black it looks like a hole in the azure sky. Travelers and natives refer to it as the Cloud of the Nightwings, and many believe it holds either a planar vortex to the Plane of Shadow or the Negative Energy Plane. Bone-numbing cold radiates from the massive cloud, and strange ray-shaped monsters dart in and out of its great expanse.

The cloud captains of Calypso know to avoid the Cloud of the Nightwings when possible, but some rogue scholars with a flair for adventure have taken up its study in a shadowed guildhall in the City of Clouds. They propose that there are more than one such cloud floating through the Plane of Air, and that it holds not a planar vortex in its center but a portal to a previously unrecorded demiplane. Thus far, the scholars have sponsored three expeditions into one of the black clouds, but none have returned. Few captains seem willing to take them up on their lucrative offer for further study, however.

CYCLONE PALACE OF YAN-C-BIN

The Prince of Evil Elemental Air, Yan-C-Bin is a greedy and destructive lord who sees little value in the aid or assistance of others. His home, the Cyclone Palace, is a reflection of this – a swirling cyclonic torrent of winds several miles wide and tall, at the center of which sits a cocoon of silence that Yan-C-Bin sits in to contemplate his actions and next moves. The movement of the Cyclone Palace draws in all sorts of things, including creatures and earth motes, but by exerting his powerful will the elemental lord can force out any intruders to his gust-filled realm.

The exception to Yan-C-Bin's self-induced isolation are air elementals, who do not communicate with the sullen lord and instead simply obey his every wish and command. Yan-C-Bin cultivates a sense of wickedness in his air elemental servants by pitting them against one another, rewarding creativity and punishing failure. A small cadre of powerful air elementals serve Yan-C-Bin as sounding boards, assassins, thugs, soldiers, or whatever else he needs, and he often sends them to wreak havoc in a targeted region of the Material Plane and return with some desired treasure.

There are rumors of certain smaller objects caught in the Cyclone Palace that Yan-C-Bin has either not noticed or simply not cared enough about to deal with. It's also possible that the elemental lord has created these rumors himself in order to lure gullible travelers to his realm so that he can smash them to pieces with the force of his slashing winds. It certainly would not be past the famously petty Prince of Evil Elemental Air to lay such a trap for the foolhardy.

HURRICANE BONEYARD

Yan-C-Bin's Cyclone Palace is a whirling maelstrom of chaos and winds, but the elemental lord still enjoys collecting trophies from his eternal war on the rest of the multiverse. These trophies include rubble from destroyed kingly palaces, the smashed remnants of towers that once belonged to powerful wizards, debris from temples dedicated to gods of all types, and many others, and they are all deposited in a secret cloudstone island known as the Hurricane Boneyard. To the most people, however, the cloudstone island is simply filled with mountains of detritus with no rhyme or reason.

Yan-C-Bin is not most people, however, and he knows every piece of rubble and ruin he deposited in the Hurricane Boneyard. Here he keeps memories of past victories, and he has assigned a unit of his elite air elemental guardians to protect it from invaders that would steal his precious debris. Few generally care about the Hurricane Boneyard, but occasionally Yan-C-Bin scoops up lost treasures along with the broken masonry of his conquests. Several outstanding bounties still exist in Calypso for rumored lost treasure dropped somewhere in the boneyard, but none have taken up a ship to risk Yan-C-Bin's wrath to find them.

PRISMATIC FORTRESS

The impressive home of the Prismatic Order, the Prismatic Fortress is an imposing castle built of stone and glass upon a multi-colored cloudstone island. The fortress has seven towers, each colored and dedicated to one of the colors of the order, with a massive central citadel serving as the home of the Prismatic Master. The individual towers hold representatives of the seven master mages, who dwell in their own castles and citadels elsewhere on the Plane of Air, and they work to secretly spy on each other's activities.

Visitors to the Prismatic Fortress are rare, but the current Prismatic Master is more accommodating than his predecessors. Guests are allowed to land in the Central Courtyard before the master's citadel where they are greeted by the golem guardians and apprentice wizards that serve the order in the fortress. Obtaining an audience with the Prismatic Master is difficult as he is usually deep in his studies, but the appearance of travelers spreads quickly to the other master mages around the plane, so intrigue and rumors catch like wildfire.

Against attackers, the wizards summon elemental guardians to defend the Prismatic Fortress, and automated defense systems trigger spell effects that mimic the most powerful of prismatic spells in a wizard's arsenal. Glass golems are common on the ground troops in the case of a hostile invading force, which to date has not happened.

SKY TEMPLE RUINS

The Plane of Air holds many mysteries, and one of the most frequently discussed in the taverns and bars of Calypso and even the courts of the Citadel of Ice and Steel are strange ruins scattered about the plane. Located on unusual purple colored cloudstone islands, these colossal ruins contain iconography and images wholly unknown to the scholars of the current age. Long ago, some traveler called them ruins of an ancient Sky Temple, and the name stuck, but there is little evidence to suggest all of the ruins were once part of a holy site.

The ruins themselves are massive blocks of stone that look like granite but weigh one hundred times as much. The cloudstone islands that they are built upon should not even be able to support their combined weight, but somehow they do, though whether it's a natural phenomena of the Plane of Air or something inherent to the unusually colored cloudstones is a mystery unto itself. The mysterious horuth usually keep their library lairs hidden near Sky Temple ruins, but the connection between the two is simply another piece to the whole baffling puzzle.

Some planar scholars believe the ruins to be the result of ancient giants who once ruled over the elemental planes, but little evidence in the other Inner Planes exists to support this wild theory. Others say it was a massive empire of horuth that collapsed due to some eldritch calamity, but without confirmation or information from existing horuth it remains unconfirmed. Sky ship pirates from Calypso generally avoid the ruins, considering them bad luck, and travelers that have visited the Sky Temple sites and returned tell strange stories of disembodied voices, ghostly apparitions, and unnerving feelings of "wrongness." Few cloud captains are willing to venture to the unusual sites.

STAR CLOUD ISLANDS

Near the Mistral Reach, travelers have noticed groups of strange black clouds that seem studded with multicolored lights, as if reflecting a night sky that never appears on the Plane of Air. For those willing to brave the cold and the winds of the region, these Star Cloud Islands hold a great number of unique properties not found elsewhere in the plane. They are solid, functioning as cloudstone for all intents and purposes, but when exposed to direct light the cloudstone softens and can be broken apart. It instantly reverts to its solid state when the light is removed, and some djinni near the islands have commissioned statues and ornaments to be constructed of the unusual material.

Nevari Sorraxon, the female tiefling Violet Master Mage of the Prismatic Order, is currently obsessed with cataloguing and understanding the properties of the Star Cloud Islands. She keeps several teams of apprentices and surveyors around them at all times, and Nevari has moved her personal fortress closer to the region to facilitate faster access. Of the Prismatic Order master mages, Nevari has been considered one of the most ambitious, with her tiefling sights set on the position of Prismatic Master, but the obsession with the Star Cloud Islands has consumed her in the past year. What does she hope to find there? And why do some apprentices go mad experimenting with cloudstuff from the islands?

STORM OF CHAOS

The Storm of Chaos is a primordial and powerful phenomenon traveling across the Plane of Air at random speeds and intervals. It is a massive elemental storm, several miles across, and consumes all of the clouds and air in its radius when it appears. Fire, lightning, earth, ice, acid, poison, all and more have been reported to be whipped about by the violent winds produced by the Storm of Chaos. The eye of the traveling storm is a colossal object that few have ever witnessed.

The truth is that the Storm of Chaos is fed by a living creature, driven mad by chaotic forces beyond its control, and this living creature was once one of the most powerful Wind Dukes of Aaqa. Before being wracked by chaos, the Wind Duke was instrumental in the creation of the Rod of Law and the battle against the Queen of Chaos. Something happened afterwards, something that the vaati do not talk about, and this Wind Duke fled Aaqa and was consumed by the very chaos it fought so hard to keep at bay. Then the chaotic forces of the Plane of Air combined with vortices from other planar realms and exploded out in a storm of titanic proportions.

If the Wind Duke is still conscious in the eye of the Storm of Chaos, it gives no indication, and none have reached the eye with their wits and skills about them to make any contact attempt. The Wind Dukes consider this a mark of personal shame and do not talk about it, but some aarakocra that guard Aaqa still mourn the loss of such a great general for the forces of law and good.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

As one of the most frequently traveled Inner Planes, the Plane of Air can offer near limitless opportunities for adventure and danger for adventurers able to reach its lofty heights.

Sylph in Need. A cry from a nearby woman draws the characters to the aid of a sylph who angered a group of orcs by being uncooperative. After dealing with the orcs, the sylph thanks the party and asks for their assistance in tracking down her sister, who came to the Material Plane seeking an elven noble whom she had become infatuated with. It turns out the noble had less than honorable intentions and captured the sylph, keeping her locked in his manor dungeon. The characters must break the captured sylph out of the dungeon and return her to the Plane of Air while avoiding the elven noble's guards, traps, and pets.

Turn of the Stormworm. A strange storm rains unusual worms down on the countryside, and from the same storm screech arrowhawks intent on eating the worms or other creatures for a meal. The storm does not dissipate, and more unusual things continue to appear out of the cloud. The characters must find a way to close the portal to the Plane of Air sitting in the center of the storm, a feat requiring research and no small amount of bravery and luck!

A Sincere Thank You? While in a large city, the characters rescue a simply dressed half-elf from a gang of thugs who turn out to be cultists dedicated to elemental fire. The half-elf thanks them profusely and takes them to his master, a djinni visiting the city, who wishes to take them to his personal citadel on the Plane of Air to thank them in style. The characters are whisked away to the djinni's Hall of Welcome and treated to all manner of fine delicacies and wine, but during the feasting the citadel comes under attack by a force of fire-themed monsters. The djinni asks for their aid once again, and the characters find themselves in the middle of a feud between the djinni and a rival efreeti.

My Ship, My Rules. The characters defeat a drunk pirate captain in a game of chance, and as part of their winnings they take ownership of a sky ship. Unfortunately, the pirate captain's ship is in possession of a band of cultists dedicated to Yan-C-Bin on the Plane of Air, and the characters must find them and clear them out if they wish to take possession of their new vessel. With a sky ship at their command, the party can take to the Plane of Air and find all sorts of adventure!

By Invitation Only. The Great Caliph of the Djinn is holding a sumptuous feast and masquerade ball to commemorate his reign, and the characters find themselves in possession of an invitation. The Citadel of Ice and Steel is decorated to the hilt in preparation for the festivities, but dangerous forces move among the djinn to overthrow the Great Caliph. The powerful djinni lord suspected this and enlists the characters to help root out the traitor, who turns out to be a noble djinni from the Sirocco Straits working with nefarious powers in the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Plane of Air. Four separate tables are provided – one for a djinni citadel (which can include the Citadel of Ice and Steel), one for the Labyrinth Winds, one for the Sirocco Straits, and one for the Mistral Reach.

DJINN CITADEL

1D100	DJINN CITADEL ENCOUNTER
01-05	Elf servants fetching wine
06-10	A visiting marid genie and entourage
11-15	Sylph musicians playing delicate instruments
16-20	A pack of griffons being saddled
21-25	A cloud giant ambassador
26-30	Secret cultists of Yan-C-Bin
31-35	An apprentice wizard serving a master mage of the Prismatic Order
36-40	A lesser djinni lost in the halls
41-45	A gang of dust mephits cleaning
46-50	An androsphinx waiting for an audience with the djinni
51-55	Merchants from the Material Plane selling rare goods
56-60	A cloud captain and crew from Calypso looking for shelter
61-65	Aarakocra bounty hunters looking for a fugitive
66-70	A djinni visiting from another citadel
71-75	Air elemental servants
76-80	A dwarf wizard entertaining a group with riddles
81-85	An elemental storm
86-90	A storm giant looking for entertainment
91-95	A famous artist painting a masterpiece
96-00	A noble djinni investigating a mystery

SIROCCO STRAITS

1D100	SIROCCO STRAITS ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d6 hostile air elementals
11-20	1d6 hostile fire elementals
21-30	2d8 gargoyles
31-40	1d4 efreet
41-50	1d6 air element native displacer beasts
51-60	Earth mote
61-65	1d4 invisible stalkers
66-99	Elemental storm (always fire)
00	Void maelstrom

LABYRINTH WINDS

1D100	LABYRINTH WINDS ENCOUNTER
01-05	1d4 hostile air elementals
06-10	A prismatic cloud
11-15	1d4 cloud giants
16-20	2d6 arrowhawks
21-25	1d4 sylph
26-30	A sky ship from Calypso
31-35	1d8 perytors
36-40	An adult silver dragon
41-45	An adult green dragon
46-50	1d4 air element native ropers
51-55	2d6 griffons
56-60	Cloudstone island
61-65	1d4 djinn
66-70	An invisible stalker
71-75	1d4 air element native octopi
76-80	1d4 swarm of stormworms
81-85	Earth mote
86-99	Elemental storm
00	Void maelstrom

MISTRAL REACH

1D100	MISTRAL REACH ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d6 hostile air elementals
11-20	1d6 hostile ice elementals
21-30	1d4 air element native remorhaz
31-40	1 air element native purple worm
41-50	1d4 prismatic clouds
51-60	1d6 frost giants mounted on rocs
61-65	Earth mote
66-99	Elemental storm (always ice)
00	Void maelstrom

PLANE OF EARTH

“The Underdark? A child’s toybox compared to the twisting labyrinths, caves, passages, and wonders of the Plane of Earth. In the Underdark, there’s an innate sense of the world above that colors the experiences of travelers and inhabitants, but this does not exist on the Plane of Earth. It is suffocation and brutality defined and stands as one of the least hospitable of the Inner Planes. Still, the realm is ripe with treasures and secrets buried beneath the rock and stone.”

Astromarchus the Sage

Earth is a fundamental component of the multiverse and perhaps the most visible to most inhabitants of the Material Planes. Continents, islands, mountains, hills – these are all concrete examples of this ubiquitous element across the realms, and it shows up in all of the other Inner Planes as well in one form or another. And the root for all that rock and dirt is the Plane of Earth.

Much of this plane is solid mass making it difficult for non-native creatures to move around or even breathe. However, limitless tunnels, passages, and caves wind their way through the stony realm, the result of both incursions from other Inner Planes and determined digging efforts by the native creatures. The dao, genies of the earth, are the cruelest of slave drivers and constantly seek out veins of rich minerals and ore to adorn their fabulous abodes.

Getting lost in the Plane of Earth is perhaps the greatest threat to travelers beyond a collapsing tunnel or marauding beast as there is no clear indication of any cardinal direction. Tunnels wind up and down, cross between each other, and cut into massive caves with no discernable pattern or thought. For travelers willing to risk the journey, however, great treasures and wonders can be found, whether it’s the prize opal Koh Nur in the center of the dao’s Sevenfold Mazework or searching the chaotic Tunnels of Madness for the Heart of All Mountains or trying to escape the infamous Salt Dungeons of the Great Khan.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Earth as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Earth.

Cave After Cave. The Plane of Earth is a titanic sprawling complex of tunnels and caves created both from natural effects and deliberate hands. The caves are filled with stalactites and stalagmites, though water is a rare sight – what then creates these natural formations? No one knows the answers for sure, and most simply believe they rise and fall from the will of the plane itself. Any cave feature in the Material Plane can be found on the Plane of Earth even if it has no logical explanation.

Strange Sounds. Sound travels strangely in the endless underground of the Plane of Earth. Echoes bounce around expansive natural caves, distorting wildly before traveling down tunnels miles away from their original source. Drips, drops, cracks, groans, crashes, collapses, and more all can be heard at times, some close by while others far away.

Stagnant Air. The incredible weight of limitless rock and stone stifles the very air. Earth and air are diametrically opposed elements, and perhaps because of this the breathable air in the Plane of Air is stale and stagnant at most times. It’s usually not hostile enough to cause problems but it’s definitely something travelers notice immediately upon arrival. Even in the largest caves, such as the Great Dismal Delve, the air carries a foul taste noticeable to outsiders.

LAY OF THE LAND

The Plane of Earth is best described as the largest chain of mountains in the multiverse both in height and breadth. For those brave or foolish enough to try and reach the top, they find only the Void Peaks – the mountain tops pierce a veil of airless black that is inhospitable to living creatures. Most planar scholars agree that the Void Peaks are a breach from the Plane of Earth into the Negative Plane, the multiverse source of death and decay that enfolds all of the realms.

STONY EXPANSE

Below the Void Peaks and encompassing the vast majority of the Plane of Earth is the Stony Expanse. Great veins of minerals and rich ore cut through the rocky layers of the Stony Expanse and over the countless centuries tunnels and caves have been carved out by time or force. The dao consider this their eternal realm, though their numbers are realistically too few to effectively control the entire region, but this overriding philosophy is what drives them to command scores of slaves from the native sandlings, pech, and other creatures.

The dao hold numerous outposts throughout the Stony Expanse and each one is built around a mazework. A dao mazework is their first line of defense – a confusing series of passages meant to confuse and trap intruders. One of the largest open quarries in all the Plane of Earth is the Great Dismal Delve, a massive cave carved out by the slaves of the dao, and at its heart sits the fabulous Sevenfold Mazework, also known as the City of Jewels. Therein dwells the Great Khan in the Hidden Fulcrum, his personal palace and one of the most complex maze in the Inner Planes (and rivaled across the multiverse only by the mazes of Baphomet, demon lord of beasts and minotaurs, in the Abyss).

MUD HILLS

Beyond the Stony Expanse, where the Plane of Earth approaches the other Inner Planes, the region becomes more diverse. The Mud Hills are a vast region of bubbling, churning dirt and muck close to the Plane of Water – between the two sits the distinct Swamp of Oblivion (also known as the Plane of Ooze). The Mud Hills are open to the sky and the tunnels that cross beneath are treacherous and prone to constant shifting at a moment's notice, so most travelers avoid this region entirely. It is known that the dao have several outposts in the Mud Hills to search for rare mineral deposits that are known to show up only in that area.

FURNACES

The heat intensifies on the other side of the Plane of Earth in a region known as the Furnaces, close to the Plane of Fire. Lava seeps up and creates dangerous terrain, but the dao have harnessed the raw potential of the Furnaces to power their forges. Beyond the Great Dismal Delve, the largest concentration of dao and slaves can be found here.

CYCLE OF TIME

There is no natural way to tell time across the Plane of Earth. Even the Void Peaks have no sun to mark the days, though the Mud Hills are lit by a dim pale light that darkens slightly every twelve hours. This lack of time and the general closeness of the tunnels in the Stony Expanse leads many travelers to madness and despair.

However, the dao have developed a way of telling time. Each outpost and most buildings are furnished with a clock gem, an enchanted jewel of nearly any size that changes color gradually from red to blue and back again to mark the passage of time. Unfortunately for travelers used to the cycle of time in most Material Planes, the dao clock gems are based on a 13-hour cycle (13 hours of red time followed by 13 hours of blue time) creating a 26-hour day.

The source of power for all attuned clock gems is Koh Nur, opal of the Great Khan in the center of the Sevenfold Mazework in the City of Jewels. An attuned clock gem continues to be synchronized even when taken outside the Plane of Earth, though they need to be re-attuned to the opal every one hundred years.

SURVIVING

The tunnels and passages that cut through the Plane of Earth are breathable, so one of the greatest threats to travelers are cave-ins and earthquakes that can suddenly send tons of rocks crashing down. Digging out of such a burial can be dangerous depending on the type of earth involved (see the Hazards & Phenomena section for details).

Fresh water is scarce and edible food for non-natives can be hard to come by, so travelers are encouraged to have a source of sustenance before venturing out into the Stony Expanse. A common feature of dao outposts are gardens to grow food for their various slaves, but these are jealously guarded behind their mazeworks.

In the Void Peaks, there is no air so anyone that penetrates the surface of the Plane of Earth here begins suffocating immediately unless they hold their breath (or do not need to breathe). The closer a traveler gets to the Void Peaks, the less air is available so ascending to this region is not advisable.

GETTING THERE

The dao do their best to control or shut down unwanted portals to the Plane of Earth, so the number of known gates to the plane is relatively small. The City of Glass on the Plane of Water contains a known gate, along with the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire. The dao occasionally have dealings with the fiends of the Lower Planes so it is known that the City of Jewels contains gates to the Abyss and the Nine Hells.

In the Material Plane, natural gates and portals have been known to appear in the deepest mines dug by dwarves. Many dwarven strongholds consider themselves the first line of defense against incursions from the Plane of Earth, whether it be by natural monsters or planned invasions by the dao. For their own interests, the dao consider dwarf slaves the best the Material Plane can provide (followed by gnomes) and actively raid dwarven outposts and strongholds to replenish their slave pens.

Some deeper dungeons in the Material Plane have been known to contain gates to the Plane of Earth as well, whether stumbled upon accidentally or deliberately opened by wizards and priests eager to use earth elemental creatures as guardians and workers. Below the city of Waterdeep on Faerun, the sprawling megadungeon Undermountain is known to hold a few permanent portals.

TRAVELING AROUND

Once a traveler reaches a cave or tunnel in the Plane of Earth, moving around becomes as easy as following a passage – and as frustrating when that tunnel leads to nowhere! Most native creatures, such as the xorn and earth elementals, can move through the earth of the plane as easy as a fish moves through water, leaving no tunnel in their wake. Powerful magic can allow an adventuring group to do the same, but for most the zigzagging passages that cut through the Stony Expanse are the most accessible means of transportation.

Many of the tunnels do connect to other regions, owed in large part to the never-ending machinations of the dao. They constantly hunt for greater sources of ore and gems and use teams of slaves to accomplish this, but moving so many creatures across the Plane of Earth can be difficult. The dao use magic and slaves to create tunnels and passages that can be used to access the richer veins of minerals.

Digging around the Plane of Earth can become a necessity for travelers, especially if they've been trapped in a cave-in or earthquake. You can use the below table to determine randomly what kind of earth is being dug through, which determines the progress and difficulty of the digging.



PLANE OF EARTH DIGGING RATE

ID10	TYPE OF EARTH	DC	PROGRESS PER 10 MINUTES
1-3	Soil	12	10 feet
4-6	Very soft rock	14	5 feet
7-8	Soft rock	16	4 feet
9	Hard rock	18	2 feet
10	Very hard rock	20	1 foot

Digging is a Strength-based ability check. Using and being proficient with mining tools adds a user's proficiency modifier to digging checks. Other characters can assist with the Help action under the appropriate circumstances.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Though the dao would have travelers believe they are the greatest power in the Plane of Earth, the truth is more complex than that. It is true that they control the most concentrated territory of any sentient denizen of the realm, but the plots and machinations of other influential creatures continue to occur throughout the plane.

These powerful creatures can be used as villains or patrons for a party of adventurers that seek to explore the domains of the Plane of Earth. Most are treacherous, however, with evil intent, so adventurers are encouraged to tread carefully in their halls and homes.

ELEMENTAL LORDS OF EARTH

The greatest and most powerful earth elementals on the plane are the Elemental Lords of Earth. Sometimes referred to as archoments or primordials, these immense beings are comprised of the very stone and earth that makes up the plane. There are at least three elemental lords known – Ogmoch, Entemoch, and Sunnis. The plane is vast, however, and others may still exist, dormant or waiting.

Ogmoch is the best known of the earth elemental lords and he is known as the Prince of Evil Earth Elementals. He dwells in a stone spire deep in the Stony Expanse that is surrounded by airless void, and from there he contemplates his next move. His cultists are known to spread destruction across the Material Planes in accordance with his will, which can be confusing to most. But Ogmoch is nothing if not patient, and while he seems slow to act it is only because he is considering how best to utilize his forces to accomplish his goals of crushing all living creatures beneath stones. He has a special hatred for flying creatures, and uses squads of gargoyles to harass aarokocra in the Plane of Air on a regular basis.

Ogmoch's twin, Entemoch, is less known but no less powerful. Unlike his brother, Entemoch is a Prince of Good Earth Elementals, and works to thwart Ogmoch's schemes as much as possible. He travels throughout the Stony Expanse, moving from passage to passage to stamp out his brother's followers, though to date he has not moved much beyond that simple strategy. Ogmoch's schemes are larger than his twin realizes. Gnomes are well regarded by Entemoch.

Sunnis is a Princess of Good Earth Elementals and she dwells in a palace called the Sandfell. She keeps a lower profile than Ogmoch but opposes the dao at every opportunity – the two have an intense rivalry on the Plane of Earth. Sunnis believes that the native creatures of the plane such as the pech and sandlings deserve freedom and she works with her followers to break the slave chains of the dao in their outposts across the plane.

GARGOYLE PRINCES

Gargoyles are a common encounter in the Plane of Earth along with margoyles, their wingless cousins. These stony creatures are normally born as a byproduct of the Elemental Lords of Earth, who leave behind shards as they move through the plane that grow into gargoyles. Ogmoch is fond of using gargoyles in his never-ending war with the forces of the Plane of Air.

But not all gargoyles are born this way. Some are descendants of a line of fiercely intelligent creatures known as ancient gargoyles who were born from the plane itself. The most powerful of these native denizens are the Gargoyle Princes, each ruling a principdom in the Plane of Earth carved to their specification. The exact number of Gargoyle Princes is unknown, though at least four are known to exist. Each is thoroughly evil and represents the most ambitious aspects of the ancient gargoyle race.

The most prominent of the Gargoyle Princes is Prince Krongrud. Physically, Prince Krongrud is powerfully strong and views strength as his best asset – his plots are usually direct and involve total destruction. He rules from the subterranean Castle Kronguard and keeps company with his Legion of Stony Doom, an army of well-trained gargoyle warriors. Prince Krongrud pushes the boundaries of his principdom continually and does not get along with the dao or the Elemental Lords of Earth.

The other well-known Gargoyle Prince is Princess Zadhey. She is cunning and manipulative, and though her principdom is relatively small, from her Basalt Citadel she leads an elite force of ancient gargoyle assassins. Princess Zadhey is on good terms with the dao who sometimes contract her assassins out for attacks on rivals, both internal and external.

GREAT KHAN OF THE DAO

In the center of the Great Dismal Delve sits the Sevenfold Mazework, the largest dao settlement in the multiverse, and in the center of that (beyond the first five maze layers) rests the palace of the Great Khan known as the Hidden Fulcrum. When a dao ascends to the role of Great Khan he or she forsakes their name in favor of the title, so it is difficult for an outsider to know when the power in the dao khanate shifts.

The current Great Khan is a massively loathsome, greedy, and paranoid dao who rarely leaves the inner sanctum of the Hidden Fulcrum. He surrounds himself with stone and iron golems along with other constructs as these are the only personal protection he trusts, and he communicates his wishes through a select cadre of seneschals that operate outside his personal chamber. But even the seneschals rarely gaze upon the Great Khan in person – the Great Khan makes his wishes known through specially enchanted mirror gems that allow for communication between tuned gemstones.

The Great Khan has an insatiable appetite for everything, from slaves to jewelry to art and treasure, and his greed has pushed his surveyors to find more and more veins of precious ore and mineral across the plane. He treats well with the Grand Sultan of the Efreet and the two have a mutual business partnership – the efreet come to the City of Jewels to purchase slaves, and the dao use efreeti techniques and masters in the working of the ore they mine. The Grand Sultan comes personally to the Great Dismal Delve to watch and bet on greater basilisk races organized by the dao.

KEEPERS UNDER THE MOUNTAIN

Dumathoin, dwarven god of secrets, does not dwell on the Plane of Earth, but his followers maintain a stronghold dedicated to his teachings and worship there. The Library of Dumathoin is maintained by a devout order of dwarven monks and clerics called the Keepers Under the Mountain, and they trade in secrets of all kind. The halls of their hidden fortress are said to contain one of the largest collection of scrolls in the multiverse, and the Keepers maintain the sanctity of this holy site against all intruders with zealous ferocity.

To that end, the Keepers maintain a secret presence throughout the Plane of Earth and try to keep up on events throughout the Inner Planes. Several dwarf slaves in the service of the Great Khan are secretly members of the Keepers Under the Mountain, and they communicate knowledge through the very stone of the plane itself. Several deep cover Keepers are assigned to the Gargoyle Princes while others travel as independent merchants between the Sevenfold Mazework, the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire, the City of Glass on the Plane of Water, and even in the Citadel of Ice and Steel on the Plane of Air.

Leadership in the Keepers is determined by the number of known master secrets, which are the great mysteries of the multiverse according to Dumathoin. The teachings of the Keepers Under the Mountain say there are thirteen master secrets, and only Dumathoin knows all of them. The highest ranking Keeper, the Seventh Master Librarian, is said to know seven of the master secrets.

Recently, however, a splinter faction has grown within the ranks of the Keepers. Some of the librarians and monks believe the secrets of Dumathoin are not meant to be hoarded but instead should be shared with all sentient creatures. These radicals call themselves the Liberties Under the Mountains and work to subvert the work of the library and its keepers. So far, a dozen members have been expelled from the Keepers, and rumors persist that at least one of them held the rank of Second Master Librarian.

DEEPSTONE KING OF THE PECH

The pech were not always hunted down by the dao and used as slaves. At one point, they held their own land and served a wise and great leader of their own kind in a fantastic realm of peace and tranquility. This mythical place is called Deepstone and it has passed completely into legend, along with the role of Deepstone King.

But to the pech slaves of the dao, the myth of Deepstone and its legendary king is a wellspring of secret hope. Pech workers toiling in the mines and tunnels of their genie masters believe that the Deepstone King is destined to return, and when he does he will free all of the pech from their bonds of servitude and lead the elemental people to their legendary homeland. Some say that this king will rise up from the ranks of the enslaved pech, while others say he will come from outside the Plane of Earth to save them all in a massive revolt.

For their part, the dao do their best to quash any stories they hear about the Deepstone King, and this tactic has worked for many hundreds of years. But the pech have long memories, and they pass the story of their legendary leader from one generation to the next in the hope that one day, their stories become true and they are led to their ancient homeland.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Plane of Earth is a dangerous realm with monstrous denizens capable of sneaking up on travelers through the very rock. Cunning dao, ruthless sandlings, and voracious eaters such as the greater basilisks and tunnel worms are all creatures capable of ending a traveler's journey through the Plane of Earth.

ELEMENTALS

The most common inhabitant of the Plane of Earth, like all of the Inner Planes, are elementals, specifically earth elementals. They range in size from small rolling boulder-like creatures to enormous behemoths comprised of rock and stone. They travel effortlessly through the depths of the plane without the need for breathing in a conventional sense, and while they do move through the earth they leave no path. Tracking earth elementals is incredibly difficult because of this.

Xorn are native creatures as well, though they are often found around veins of crystal or gemstones which they eat for sustenance. They can be as difficult to track as well and they are highly protective of their food sources, and the other denizens have learned to watch for xorn signs in the tunnels. Other creatures include khagra, known as stone fish, which pass through the Plane of Earth in great schools and can be overwhelming in their large numbers, along with semi-sentient earth weirds that serve Ogres and the other Elemental Lords of Earth. Flail snails are naturally occurring elemental denizens with highly coveted prismatic shells, though the creatures can be dangerous to deal within in the confined spaces of the plane.

Zaratans are the most feared elemental creatures in the Plane of Earth. These enormous beings owe fealty to nothing, and even the Elemental Lords treat them with respect. They slumber for years or decades at a time, cocooned within impenetrable fortresses of solid stone, and when they wake they devour entire regions of the Stony Expanse.

Dao. Genies are the oldest and most noteworthy sentient inhabitants of the Inner Planes, and the dao are the genies of the Plane of Earth. They are generally cruel, selfish, and incredibly greedy, and they love gemstones of all kind. They use gems to decorate their homes, wear as jewelry, and also enjoy as delicacies. They live in small communities across the plane known as mazeworks, usually consisting of a single family of dao and their numerous servants and slaves, with deliberately confusing networks of tunnels and passages. The greatest settlement of the dao is the Sevenfold Mazework, also known as the City of Jewels, where the Great Khan of the Dao dwells along with his royal retainers. Dao trade regularly with efreeti from the Plane of Fire and the two have numerous joint outposts in the Plane of Magma, though the dao try to turn every deal in their favor in all circumstances.

Gargoyles. Ancient gargoyles are a secretive, powerful race of elemental beings that trace their origins to the original formation of the Plane of Earth. Or so they claim at least, and they also claim that all gargoyles and margoyles (wingless variants) found across the multiverse are descended from their own lineage. Gargoyles exist in a strange space – they are creatures of earth and air, elements normally in diametric opposition. They have been used to wage a never-ending war against the djinni of the Plane of Air, and the ancient gargoyles are often the architects behind these endeavors. Ancient gargoyles and dao are rivals in all sense, but the dao and their slave forces vastly outnumber the ancient gargoyles.

HUMANOIDS

The dao are notorious slave-takers, and their mazeworks are usually populated with humanoids of all types pulled from across the multiverse, by force or in the nefarious slave trade. Dwarves and humans are preferred targets, but every humanoid offers something for the dao to exploit for their own personal ends. Numerous hidden communities exist in the tunnels of the Plane of Earth filled with descendants of dao slaves that purchased or stole their freedom long ago.

Genasi. Earth genasi are the descendants of dao, but since they are not dao themselves the arrogant genies ignore their offspring and treat them as outsiders. If a first-generation earth genasi chooses to remain in the mazework with their genie-kin they can expect poor treatment at the bottom of the social ladder. Some work fervently to impress their dao leaders, but just as many strike out on their own, becoming wanderers and adventurers. There are no known earth genasi settlements in the Plane of Earth, though the Sevenfold Mazework boasts a large community that have formed a mercenary force renowned for their skill in battle.

Gnomes. The svirfneblin, or deep gnomes, have built numerous cities in the Plane of Earth, and their natural abilities make them preferred targets for dao slave takers. For this reason, most deep gnome colonies are located in hidden alcoves behind layers of rock, both real and illusionary, and they befriend earth elementals for mutual protection. The greatest svirfneblin city on the plane is Makranaanek where all gnomes are free to live their lives in peace and solitude.

Goliaths. Goliaths are a tall, proud race most associated with mountains peaks and valleys, but a subrace called deep goliaths have become well-adapted to the lightless tunnels of the Stony Expanse. They live in small tribes, never settling in one place but able to traverse great distances over their personal territories. Deep goliaths are hairless, with pale or albino skin, but just as strong and athletic as their above-ground kin. They've developed a number of unique practices, most notably the art of stonemancing, which allows them to use vibrations in the rock to communicate over vast distances in the Plane of Earth.

MONSTROSITIES

Numerous monstrous creatures stalk the tunnels of the Plane of Earth. Basilisks are common, though thankfully the more serpentine greater basilisks are a rare if deadly encounter that even the dao try to avoid. Purple worms are responsible for a great number of the passages that snake through the Stony Expanse, and large colonies of kruthik can be found in the Furnaces close to the Plane of Magma. Dangerous umber hulks burrow through the Plane of Earth as well, helping to expand the network of tunnels used by other creatures, and patient ropers wait in the darkness for their next meal.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The Plane of Earth holds numerous threats to travelers beyond its lack of breathable air for most of the realm! From collapsing tunnels to falling rocks and flows of magma and ooze, the plane holds no small amount of danger for the unprepared.

EARTHQUAKE

Despite its reputation, the Plane of Earth is constantly in motion. Normally this motion is slow and grinding, but occasionally it is sudden and dangerous. When an earthquake occurs, it strikes in a 100-foot-radius centered on a random nearby point to the party. For 1d10 rounds, the area is struck by the effects of the *earthquake* spell, which has the following additional effect. The below effect occurs with any casting of the *earthquake* spell as well.

Every round, rocks and debris rain down from the ceiling unless the area has been specially fortified against such events (most pech and dao settlements are protected by earth magic against the effects of the planar earthquakes). At the end of every creature's turn in the radius of the earthquake they must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 14 (4d6) bludgeoning damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save.

There is a 10% chance per round of the earthquake that a collapse occurs across the entire area of effect. See below for the results of a collapse.

CAVERN COLLAPSE

The Plane of Earth is treacherous to the unwary and it can bury travelers in a moment's notice. A collapse occurs when something causes the ceiling of the tunnel or cave to crumble, sending rocks and debris crashing down in a heap of rubble. Most collapses occur in a 30-foot-radius, though collapses caused by an earthquake fill a much larger area.

When a collapse occurs, roll on the below table to determine the type of earth that fills the area. Creatures in the collapsed area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, suffering the listed bludgeoning damage on a failure along with being completely buried. A successful save results in only half damage along with being restrained by the rubble.

CAVERN COLLAPSE

1D10	TYPE OF EARTH	DAMAGE
1-3	Soil	14 (4d6)
4-6	Very soft rock	21 (6d6)
7-8	Soft rock	28 (8d6)
9	Hard rock	35 (10d6)
10	Very hard rock	52 (15d6)

Creatures buried must dig their way out using the digging guidelines in the Traveling Around section, and they are buried beneath 1d10 feet of earth. Suffocation begins immediately unless the character can hold their breath or otherwise function without breathing. A character that is only restrained by the rubble can remove themselves with an action to make a Strength (Athletics) check against the digging DC of the earth type restraining them.

When a collapse occurs, roll for a random encounter to see what else might come through as a result of the opening. After a collapse the area is considered difficult terrain for movement purposes.

Ooze Flow

Some large swaths of the Plane of Earth have mixed with moisture from the Plane of Water to create dangerous ooze flows. These are common in the area below the Mud Flats, but any portion of the plane can contain a planar vortex to the watery realm.

Ooze flows contain dangerous levels of acid and spread out to fill a 100-foot-radius area, or whatever equivalent open area exists. Every round a creature is in an ooze flow they must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, suffering 13 (3d8) acid damage on failure, or half as much on a successful save. Ooze flows are normally only 2 feet deep. The affected area is considered difficult terrain and the ooze flow remains until released by a collapse or earthquake.

MAGMA RIVER

Similar to an ooze flow, a magma river is an incredibly hot flow of earthen material mixed with elements from the Plane of Fire. The Furnaces are filled with magma rivers, which cut great swaths through the caverns in that region of the plane, but they are not unheard of across the Stony Expanse.

A magma river is normally 20-feet wide by 200-feet long and pours into any open space, where it pools for a time before collapsing the earth below it and flowing out of the area. Any creature that starts its turn in a magma river must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, suffering 22 (4d10) fire damage on a failure, or half as much on a successful save. A magma river is normally 5 feet deep, but this can be raised depending on the area in which it flows into.

PULSE CRYSTALS

Pulse crystals are normally found in clusters of 3d6, and each crystal is 7 to 10 feet tall. They occur naturally where vortexes exist between the Plane of Earth and the Positive Energy Plane – most planar scholars believe them to be extensions of one of the quasi-elemental planes that are theorized to exist close to the energy planes. Whatever their origin, they are welcome respite for travelers, especially those not used to underground living.

Each pulse crystal glows with dim light in a 20-foot-radius of a random color, shifting every hour or so between green, red, blue, and yellow. Some planar predators know to seek out and hang around clusters of pulse crystals, as many creatures are drawn instinctively towards the lights.

ROCK ROT

Some sections of the Plane of Earth are infested with microscopic pests known as mineralmites. They are not harmful to living creatures not made out of stone as they feast on the rich internal consistency of rock and stone. As they do so they pass through it, leaving the area chalky and unstable. Dwarves and gnomes are familiar with the resulting rock rot as the mineralmites are not uncommon outside the Plane of Earth as well.

A floor infested with rock rot can be spotted by a dwarf or native earth creature with a passive Perception of 13 or higher, or by any other creature with a passive Perception of 16 or higher. The rock rot infested area is brittle, and crossing them requires a DC 14 Dexterity (Acrobatics) check. Characters unaware of the presence of rock rot suffer disadvantage on the roll. Failing the result sends the character plummeting through the hole down a distance of 1d10 x 5 feet. An area infested with rock rot extends out to a radius of 50 feet.

SITES & TREASURES

Despite the many dangers posed by the Plane of Earth, travelers still seek out its wonders and treasures. Some are like the dao, greedy and always hunting for the next big vein of rich ore or minerals, while others search for buried treasure, hidden secrets, or the very bones of the past.

BONES OF THE EARTH

When an earth weird feeds on a living creature, its digestive process and stony makeup strips the victims of all flesh. The elemental creature then proceeds to devour the only part of the meal it cares about – the calcium in the victim's bones. Once complete, the earth weird discards the remnants, which have taken on a stone-like substance. These stone bones are called fossils, and deep in the Stony Expanse the earth weirds have gathered together a massive collection of these discarded victims in a place called the Bones of the Earth.

Fossil remains of all manner of creatures from all across the multiverse, from dinosaurs to demons to humanoids and dragons, lay scattered about the cavern. Earth weirds crawl over the piles of stone bones scavenging for whatever morsel they can find. Rare monsters and their fossilized skeletons can be found in the cave, and for some cabals of necromancers, the powdered remains of certain fossilized creatures can be used as potent spellcasting components. Finding the Bones of the Earth is only the first problem, as some stories suggest that a massive earth weird king lurks in the cave that devours all intruders.

DEEP CRYSTAL LABYRINTH

The Stony Expanse holds many buried secrets, but one of the most beautiful is a series of tunnels and passages cut into one very massive chunk of crystal. No one really knows if the caves are a natural formation of the crystal or if they were carved deliberately, but the Deep Crystal Labyrinth has attracted travelers from across the multiverse to seek out its wonders. Mapping the confusing maze has been a challenge for those that visit as the passages have a tendency to shift and change over time, sometimes dramatically. Entire teams of explorers have become lost in the beautiful labyrinth of soft blue crystalline walls, but rumors of priceless diamonds in the Deep Crystal Labyrinth's heart keeps drawing people in.

Some who have found the Deep Crystal Labyrinth and return tell of strange creatures that emerge from the very walls to harass and destroy intruders. Sometimes humanoid shaped, sometimes animal, these crystal guardians seem to have no means of communication and seek nothing but the total eradication of any intruders. The hardened nature of the crystal makes the guardians difficult to defeat in combat and some natural property of the labyrinth makes them resistant to most magic.

GHOST TUNNELS

Among the slaves of the dao, the legend of the Ghost Tunnels is a cautionary tale of how dangerous greed can become. Among the dao, it is a source of a rich ore of rare minerals that is still sought out to this day. Long ago, a daled excavation team uncovered an untapped vein of pale white mithril in the depths of the Stony Expanse. Refusing to recognize the warning signs around the vein, the dao immediately set the slaves to digging out the valuable ore, which seemed to possess strange otherworldly properties.

Unfortunately, those properties brought about the ruin of the dao and his teams of slaves. The mithril vein was infused with energy from the Ethereal Plane, and as they cut into it with picks and shovels, the unstable nature of the pure ore collapsed. But it didn't just collapse the tunnel, it trapped the diggers and the dao in a pocket of Ethereal Plane energy that separated their spirits from their bodies permanently. Several slaves who had been sent away to fetch more gear returned to find the tunnels gone as if nothing had happened, but when they were invariably recaptured by the dao and forced to explain what happened, the genies realized they had found a highly coveted ore called ghost mithril. And thus the legend of the Ghost Tunnels was born.

Finding the Ghost Tunnels is a dangerous prospect, as the unstable nature of the ghost mithril means it can shift into the Ethereal Plane with dramatic results at any moment. And, if the rumors are to be believed, the ghostly remains of the dao and the diggers still haunt the tunnels, acting as ceaseless guardians to the untapped treasure.

GREAT DISMAL DELVE

The largest natural cave in the Plane of Earth is the Great Dismal Delve, which forms the epicenter of the dao and their enterprises. The delve itself is a massive cavern shaped like a crevasse, about 60 miles wide and 120 miles long. The ceiling stretches up to a height of a half mile and is filled with stalactites of all shapes, though their natural formation is a mystery as there isn't enough moisture or condensation in the cave to support the quantity or size of the stalactites. The Great Dismal Delve's walls are honeycombed with passages and tunnels dug by the slaves of the dao, and the floor is a rocky mixture of natural stone structures, edifices, and bizarre fungal gardens.

In the center of the Great Dismal Delve is the Sevenfold Mazework, the capital of the dao khanate and home to the Great Khan. It sits inside a massive circular column in the delve, stretching from floor to ceiling and about 10 miles wide. Around the Sevenfold Mazework the dao maintain large farms for feeding the slaves that maintain the delve and the city. The farms consist of a sickly pale fungus that smells awful but keeps creatures alive.

The delve is filled with the sounds of work at all times, and the gemstones studding the side of the Sevenfold Mazework provide dim light for most of the expansive cave. The brightest lights are from the clock gems that report the time, shifting from red to blue and indicating when slave drivers must switch out their teams of diggers and miners. The dao consider the entire delve to be their territory but the truth is the cave is too large for them to



effectively patrol and maintain. Monsters from the plane and elsewhere are a common problem in the outskirts of the delve where dao maintain soldier slaves to protect their mining slaves.

KOH NUR, OPAL OF THE GREAT KHAN

In the Sevenfold Mazework in a massive central chamber, the final two maze layers sit in a magnificent bejeweled dome. Gemstones of all kinds stud the outside of the dome, inside of which sits the Great Khan and his most trusted advisors, but the crown jewel of the structure – and indeed of the whole dao khanate – is a truly wondrous opal resting atop the dome. This is Koh Nur, the opal of the Great Khan, and it is one of the largest valuable gemstones in the multiverse. The opal sits thirty feet long and half that wide and rests in a specially constructed brass holder, a gift from the grand sultan of the efreets long ago.

Koh Nur is more than just a spectacularly expensive gemstone. It also functions as the ticking heart of the dao khanate, as it serves as the central focus for all of the attuned clock gems. Koh Nur sheds a brilliant radiance based on the 26-hour day of the dao, shifting from scarlet during the day to a deep midnight blue at night.

Over the centuries, there have been several attempts by enterprising thieves to steal Koh Nur from its resting place atop the Dome of the Great Khan. The gem's size makes such attempts logistically difficult, but the most successful actually managed to perform a feat of magical subterfuge. The thieves – a team of planar adventurers – somehow replaced Koh Nur with a glass replica and shrink the original to pocket-sized during a blackout that plunged the

Sevenfold Mazework into darkness for several minutes. The Great Khan's personal bodyguards stopped the thieves before they were able to leave the City of Jewels, but the audacity of the attempt has pushed the dao to implement insane measures to ensure it never happens again. Few outside the Great Khan's personal retinue of seneschals know the traps and perils placed around Koh Nur now.

LIBRARY OF DUMATHOIN

Though he resides on another plane, Dumathoin – dwarven god of secrets and mining – maintains a storehouse of knowledge on the Plane of Earth. It's one of several planar libraries around the multiverse, but the dwarven monks that maintain it, the Keepers Under the Mountain, hold that this one is the largest. It sits in a tall cleft hidden somewhere in the Stony Expanse, protected by ancient dwarven magic to prevent unwanted prying eyes. The walls of the cleft are lined with shelves upon shelves of books, papers, scrolls, sheaves, and other records of note, ranging from the mundane to the fantastic.

Access to the Library of Dumathoin is restricted to only guests invited by one of the master librarians, but that hasn't stopped powerful forces from trying to break in forcefully. The enchantments placed around the library are said to hold the strength of Dumathoin himself and thus far have held against attackers, but a growing splinter faction within the Keepers Under the Mountain may undermine the efforts to safeguard the secrets. There is at least one greedy dao in the Sevenfold Mazework who will stop at nothing to claim the knowledge held within the library and she is hunting down every dwarf she can find to unlock the secrets.

MAKRANAANEK

Deep gnomes, or svirfneblin, are a common race in the underground regions of Material Planes, and there they carve out wonderful cities to dwell in. Few would guess that their greatest city, Makranaanek, actually exists on the Plane of Earth! Dao favor deep gnome slaves over other gnome types, and many have fallen victim to dao slave-takers over the generations, but in Makranaanek all gnomes are free to live their lives. It is a realm of gnomish wonder cut into solid bedrock over countless decades, with towers and halls housing thousands of deep gnomes.

It is said that there is a portal to Makranaanek in every svirfneblin settlement in the Material Plane, but if that's true than it's a closely guarded secret even among gnome standards. The city is run by a king who oversees the protection of Makranaanek, enforced primarily by a well-trained and loyal force of gnomish warriors called the Deep Titans. Serving in the ranks of the Deep Titans is an honor bestowed to only the most skilled warriors of the deep gnomes, but over the years they have awarded honorary membership to a handful of planar travelers that have helped the city in times of crisis.

MOTHERLODE

It is a whispered legend among the dao, a fabled location that moves across the Plane of Earth, defying all logic and explanation. It is the Motherlode, a glittering vein of prismatic ore with powerful natural magical properties. Some dao craftsman say that it can be used to imprison gods, while others believe it is the secret to conquering the djinn of the Plane of Air once and for all. Finding the Motherlode has consumed the lives of many dao seeking to make a name for themselves, and more than one dao believes it has the power to unseat the Great Khan himself.

But discovering the Motherlode has proven difficult. The dao have found it only a handful of times, and each time they were able to take away only small chunks of the prismatic ore. But those chunks have turned into priceless artifacts and relics, most of which sit in the vault of the Great Khan in the heart of the Sevenfold Mazework. At least one ring and an amulet has found its way outside the City of Jewels, however, and into the hands of scheming dao who believe the relics hold the key to rediscovering the Motherlode.

One planar scholar believes the Motherlode to be an ancient deity of minerals and ore that has been consumed by the Plane of Earth, forever now an elusive piece of the plane that served as their home since time immemorial, but there is no evidence to back this claim up. It has persisted as the story of choice for many noble dao, however.

SALT DUNGEONS OF THE GREAT KHAN

The laws of the dao are the will of the great khan, or so the saying goes, and for those who break the laws there are three primary punishments. The simplest and most common is enslavement, while the second most used punishment is a swift death. The third, reserved for those the Great Khan believes to have some hidden value, is to be imprisoned within the Salt Dungeons – a sprawling series of cells and chambers carved inside of a spike of acidic salt deep beneath the Sevenfold Mazework. Exposure to the acid salt is dangerous to living creatures and even the dao jailers tread carefully when placing or extracting prisoners.

As with many locations in the Plane of Earth, access to the Salt Dungeons is restricted, or at least supposedly. Several influential noble dao also use the location to torture prisoners and escaped slaves outside the purvey of the Great Khan. The deepest pits of the salt spike contain the crusted bones of the dead, animated into unlife by some ancient power, who roam the sealed halls beyond the control of even the Great Khan. Emissaries of the Great Khan do everything they can to discourage these rumors.

SAND PITS OF SKATHA

For the sandmen, existence is pain and suffering, though they constantly struggle to break free of their bonds of servitude. Those bonds extend to their birthplace, a broad cave filled with sand that bears a singular intelligence calling itself Skatha. Planar scholars debate over the nature of the sandmen and Skatha – are they all simply a manifestation of this one entity? Or are they splinters of an insane sand god trapped in the Plane of Earth? Or are they individuals with hopes and dreams separate from the pits of their birth?

Whatever the truth, the sand pits that hold the sentience of Skatha are usually avoided by most canny travelers. Skatha is a cruel entity bound forever to its sand pit, though it does manifest physically when intruded upon. Sometimes portals and vortexes from across the multiverse open up into Skatha's realm, depositing strange treasures and befuddled guests to the sand pits. Dealing with the intelligence is usually an endeavor fraught with frustration, as Skatha doesn't know all the time what Skatha wants. Sometimes it simply surges the sand dunes to devour intruders, other times it converses in with an inquisitive mind.

It is rumored that Skatha is bound by the will of the dao, which would explain the genies' use of sandmen as their slave-takers across the multiverse. If this were true, freeing Skatha would weaken the dao khanate and free an imprisoned mind from a tortured existence.

SEVENFOLD MAZEWORk

The beating heart of the dao khanate spread across the Plane of Earth is the Sevenfold Mazework, a massive column of stone in the center of the Great Dismal Delve. Also known as the City of Jewels, the mazework's exterior is studded with all manner of gemstones. The clock gems, attuned to the opal of the Great Khan, are the brightest and are a common site even within the structure.

Inside, the Sevenfold Mazework reveals itself to be a confusing mess of tunnels, passages, rooms, chambers, wings, and halls. The structure has over two dozen levels, and each level is divided into five rings of increasing wealth and privilege. Crossing between each layer of the mazework requires the completion of complex tasks and the recitation of esoteric phrases, but few outside the dao have breached the second maze layer. The two innermost maze layers known as the Hidden Fulcrum house the private realm of the Great Khan himself and his chosen slaves, though the current Great Khan is paranoid and trusts only golems and their like to enter the seventh maze.

Visitors to the Sevenfold Mazework are normally restricted to the first maze layer, which is an opulent display of the dao's unmatched greed and flair for gemstones. Some ancient enchantment on the entire mazework causes every dao in the city to be instantly aware of any theft of a placed gemstone, a crime punishable by death. For those travelers able to withstand the lure of the gems, however, the halls and balconies of the dao and their markets are open for business at all hours.

The largest region of the first maze layer is the Free Market, an ironic name considering it trades mostly in slaves of all types. The dao do not discriminate against travelers within the first maze layer, and welcome all who desire privacy and secrecy in their dealings. The Sevenfold Mazework is not a more popular planar destination simply because the dao believe everyone to be as untrustworthy as they are, and they keep a long list of grudges against anyone who behaves even the slightest bit out of order. Thousands of dao and hundreds of thousands of slaves live, work, and die in the Sevenfold Mazework, and the constant earthquakes and collapses of the plane keep teams of slaves busy repairing and rebuilding sections of the city at all times.

TUNNELS OF MADNESS

Loneliness can drive anyone into the arms of insanity, but in the wind-infused Tunnels of Madness, the shrieking cacophonous gales do the trick without any assistance. Most planar scholars agree that the Tunnels of Madness are not so much a single location as a series of caves and intersections that cross a wide stretch of the Stony Expanse. Exposure to the madness-inducing winds in the area can drive even the most stalwart traveler to perform savage acts of random behavior, and it is theorized that the winds originate from the Plane of Pandemonium as the effects are similar to those that permeate that entire Outer Plane.

Some creatures have stumbled into the Tunnels of Madness and have lost their way, forgetting who and what they are in favor of a slaving insanity that drives them further into the wind-filled halls.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Despite its inhospitable nature, the Plane of Earth holds enough adventure ideas to keep any party of adventurers busy for years and years. Below are some suggestions on using the sites and denizens of the Plane of Earth for the tiers of play, both in the Material Plane and elsewhere.

The Sandman Comes. A sandman has come to a village seeking a special slave chosen by its dao master. The characters find themselves in the same village as the sandman makes its way from house to house, keeping quiet and putting its targets into a deep unnatural slumber. Can the party stop the sandman before it reaches its intended target? And what makes the target in this village so important to the dao that its willing to send a sandman slave-taker to the Material Plane to fetch?

A Svirfneblin in Need. A wounded deep gnome stumbles into the camp of the party one night out in the wilderness. The deep gnome explains that he was one of only a handful to escape a raid by dao forces that took his small settlement in a single sweep. He wants the party help in tracking down his captured deep gnome family and promises that he can take them to Makranaanek, legendary svirfneblin city in the Plane of Earth, for safekeeping.

Wrath of the Gargoyles. On the Material Plane, a scheming noble has contacted one of the Gargoyle Princes and enlisted the ancient gargoyle's services to help eliminate his rivals. A band of ancient gargoyles travel to the Material Plane along with a force of gargoyles, but they betray the noble and turn against him. The party can become involved when the gargoyles strike the noble's rival or when the tables turn against the noble and he's forced to seek outside help to help deal with his previous outside help that has now gone rogue.

The Crystal Plague. A strange sickness strikes a community of dwarves dwelling underground, and they call for aid from the characters. Magical research indicates the cure for the wasting disease can only be created by grinding up the powder of a special crystal found in the Deep Crystal Labyrinth in the Plane of Earth. Finding the bewildering site becomes a problem in and of itself, but once discovered the party must deal with the crystal guardians before they can obtain the specific crystal needed to create the antidote to stop the spread of the disease.

Slaves of the Dao. The dao have captured an entire community of humans as slaves, dragging them all to the Great Dismal Delve to be auctioned off as valuable commodity. The party gets involved when an important NPC is discovered to be among the taken, and they must travel to the Plane of Earth and rescue the captured humans. Navigating the Great Dismal Delve, entering the Sevenfold Mazework, and securing the slaves becomes a challenge when a noble dao has decided that owning the slaves could help him locate the Motherlode. The characters must find a way to break into the noble dao's home in the Sevenfold Mazework and escape with the slaves.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Plane of Earth. Four separate tables are provided – one for the Sevenfold Mazework, one for the Stony Expanse, one for the Furnaces, and one for the Mud Hills.

SEVENFOLD MAZEWORk

1D100	SEVENFOLD MAZEWORk ENCOUNTER
01-05	Pech slaves on an errand for their master
06-10	An efreeti noble inspecting goods
11-15	Margoyle thugs
16-20	Mining crew of pech slaves working on a tunnel
21-25	A group of vrocks
26-30	Gargoyle cultists of Ogremoch
31-35	A dwarf warlock seeking material components
36-40	Human necromancers with zombie servants
41-45	Gnome gem merchant
46-50	Hill giant slaves fighting over a piece of meat
51-55	Stone giant selling fungal moss
56-60	A drow priestess and drow warriors
61-65	A band of imps whispering among themselves
66-70	A high-level gnome fighter seeking his family
71-75	An ancient gargoyle assassin stalking a target
76-80	A succubus artist and a group of charmed art slaves
81-85	Two dao arguing over a recent sale
86-90	A dao seneschal of the Great Khan on an errand
91-95	A dao accompanied by a host of bodyguards
96-00	A noble dao looking for spies

STONY EXPANSE

1D100	STONY EXPANSE ENCOUNTER
01-05	1d4 hostile earth elementals
06-10	School of 2d10 khargra
11-15	1d4 stone giants
16-20	1d6 xorn
21-25	1d6 earth weirds
26-30	1d6 gargoyles

1D100	STONY EXPANSE ENCOUNTER
31-35	1d4 margoyles
36-40	1d4 sandmen
41-45	1d4 creeping stone
46-50	1d4 roppers
51-55	2d6 lost pech
56-60	Rock rot
61-65	1 greater basilisk
66-70	1d6 basilisk
71-75	2d6 galeb duhr
76-80	Pulse crystals
81-85	Magma river
86-90	Ooze flow
91-95	Collapse
96-99	Earthquake
00	Ghost Tunnels

FURNACES

1D100	FURNACES ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d10 duergar
11-20	1d6 hostile earth elementals
21-30	1d6 hostile fire elementals
31-40	1d6 hostile magma elementals
41-50	1d4 efreet
51-60	1d4 dao and 2d6 dwarf slaves
61-65	Earthquake
66-99	Magma river
00	1 ancient red dragon

MUD HILLS

1D100	MUD HILLS ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d6 hostile earth elementals
11-20	1d6 hostile ooze elementals
21-30	A marid and slaves taking a mud bath
31-40	2d10 pech fleeing their slave master
41-50	1 purple worm
51-60	1d6 gelatinous cubes
61-65	Earthquake
65-99	Ooze flow
00	1 ancient black dragon

PLANE OF FIRE

“The very concept of fire, one of the most fundamental elements of existence, is born and reborn in a never-ending cycle on the Plane of Fire. It is a landscape of ashen black sand and grit, pitted and gutted by gouts of flame and the burning eye of the overhead sun, with an impossibly great sea of heaving conflagration, dotted by islands and continents of scorched rock burnt black. Ash and smoke fill the air, and though that raging semblance of a sun hangs in the sky, shadows and darkness permeate the landscape. It is a realm hostile to life, yet life thrives here, and dies, and is reborn again, just as a flame can die and reignite.”

Astromarchus the Sage

The Inner Planes are comprised of the universal building blocks of existence - earth, air, water, and fire. There is so much more to these planes of existence than just their dominant trait, and each holds a wealth of treasure, danger, and excitement just waiting to be discovered. And, for the unwary, death, which the Plane of Fire carries in abundance.

But it's not all danger. For travelers who can find their way to this place great treasures and mysteries abound. The fabled City of Brass, home to the greedy efreet, offers shelter within its bazaars and marketplaces from the constant dangers of the land. However, foolish travelers are just as likely to end up with a knife in their back from some scheming merchant in the city's streets as they are to burn to death in the scorching heat of the wilderness.

Elemental monsters live and die in the scorched wilderness of the Plane of Fire, the most common of which are the elementals themselves. These living columns of flame are simple animals of the plane with low intelligence, though some of the larger ones do exhibit greater semblances of thought that propels them further towards sentient beings.

At the top of the elemental chain are the Elemental Lords of Fire. Massive, powerful, and ancient, there are only a handful of known lords but they each command legions and move with deliberate purpose and thought. Imix is the most well-known, largely for the cults that have spread across the multiverse worshipping the primal power of destruction, but the others are just as formidable.

Though ever present, the threats are still not enough to stop the curious and brave from seeking the Eye of Murzak, the Crimson Shield of the Ashen Palm, or plundering the storied depths of the Obsidian Tower, the Everburning Forest, or the Treasure Vaults of the Fire Giant God.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Fire as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Fire.

Hazy Air. The incredible heat generated by the Plane of Fire distorts vision, especially in the larger wilderness regions of the Cinder Wastes and the Sea of Fire. Objects become warped, elongated, or even elastic as the heat ripples just barely visible in the air. Groups traveling overland across the Cinder Wastes may see mirages appear as well, which exist as reflections of the crimson sky on the incredible temperature of the air. Perhaps some monsters in the wilderness have learned to use this effect to their advantage.

Always Thirsty. The Plane of Fire attacks water directly, evaporating it at a quicker rate than one would normally expect. Non-native creatures find themselves thirsty almost immediately as their mouths dry up and their skin becomes dry and flaky. This effect is just cosmetic and doesn't impact the amount of water they must consume while traveling, but creatures that travel to the Plane of Fire that naturally live underwater – such as tritons and sea elves – immediately feel the effect all over their bodies.

Constant Heat. It stands to reason that the plane comprised entirely of the element of fire would be hot, but the heat on the Plane of Fire takes many shapes that some find surprising. Burnberries, for example, are not hot to the touch but are incredibly spicy in flavor, while scorch onions are an angry red color and actually get searing hot the longer a person holds them. Every natural element of the Plane of Fire possesses a level of heat nearly unheard of anywhere else in the multiverse.

LAY OF THE LAND

As the name suggests, the Plane of Fire is hot – very hot. The air is suffused with fire, so creatures and objects that are not protected against the extreme temperatures are going to suffer. The suffering is enough to require travelers to take precautions without burning them to a crisp upon arrival, usually magically imbued fire immunity.

The nature of the plane has created a realm where the landscape is dominated by several distinct geographic features.

SEA OF FIRE

The Sea of Fire is a molten ocean of burning lava. The fiery waves crash against rocky islands and eventually wear those down to lava as well, and as some waves crest high enough they cool quickly enough to form new islands. This pattern of cooling and melting is common, and wise travelers know not to rely on any given island of burnt rock for too long.

The efreeti have developed brass boats treated to withstand the heat of the Sea of Fire, and they use these to sail the burning waves in search of new islands to conquer. Multiple efreeti outposts stand on lonesome islands through the sea, standing watch over their expanding fiefdoms.

Massive fire whales swim through the burning ocean, but they also ride the air currents above the sea. These majestic creatures are a rare peaceful sight in the Plane of Fire, though they still pose a real danger due to their enormous size and sheer volume. A handful of efreeti legions have trained the fire whales as mounts to ride into battle.

CINDER WASTES

Beyond the Sea of Fire lays the bulk of the plane known as the Cinder Wastes. This vast plain of baked and arid dust is dangerous to traverse, with titanic cracks in the earth appearing with a moment's notice to spew lava from the plane's depths onto the surface. This effect is known as a lava geyser, as the result is often spectacular and dangerous for anyone nearby.

A fine black sand covers the length of the Cinder Wastes, scouring the blackened crust as great heat waves billow across the region. The sand piles up regularly, creating treacherous dunes of unknown depth, but they also are known to hide and reveal secrets in a moment's notice.

Ancient efreeti citadels, lost azer strongholds, fire elemental birthing basins, and more lay hidden beneath the Cinder Wastes. The efreet of the City of Brass have established a route through the Cinder Wastes known as the Inferno Road. It links to the Fountains of Creation where the Plane of Fire meets the Plane of Earth along with countless smaller settlements. Constructed of nearly indestructible black basalt, the Inferno Road is the lifeblood of the efreeti's expanding reach across the Plane of Fire.

FOUNTAINS OF CREATION

The largest chain of volcanoes on the Plane of Fire are known as the Fountains of Creation, which is the realm's closest point to the Plane of Earth. The azer are known to dwell here, working titanic forges in the hearts of the most violent volcanoes to create wondrous items sought after across the multiverse. Many red dragons are known to make their lairs among these volcanoes as well.

Ash is another problem, and in some areas great billowing clouds – some as large as a city – spread across the burnt landscape. Choking is a real danger for anyone caught in one of these ash clouds, and the sky is filled with slowly moving black masses of them. They can obscure light just like a regular cloud and can reduce visibility from hazy to nearly black.

CYCLE OF TIME

The Plane of Fire has what passes as a sun in its sky and it cycles around in a 24-hour cycle, similar to the Material Plane. At noon, the sun blazes a brilliant orange and the heat becomes nearly unbearable, while at midnight a spectral deep red twilight descends across the land.

SURVIVING

Nonmagical and unprotected paper of any sort catches fire immediately on the Plane of Fire. During the noon hour, the hottest of the day, nonmagical and unprotected metal including armor and weapons melt in 1d4 rounds, and those unfortunate enough to be caught holding such items suffer 10 (3d6) points of fire damage. During this time, nonmagical and unprotected liquids evaporate in 1d4 rounds. Magical varieties of paper, metal, and liquid are immune to these effects. Characters and creatures on the Plane of Fire suffer 22 (4d10) fire damage each round during the noon hour as well.

GETTING THERE

Portals to the Plane of Fire can exist spontaneously in the hottest areas of the Material Plane, with volcanoes being the primary source. Characters wishing to transport themselves to this elemental realm must either possess the appropriate magic (which is usually reserved for more powerful or advanced characters) or risk themselves finding one of these open portals. Occasionally a portal will spontaneously appear in the heart of a raging forest fire, though these instances are rare.

There are more stable portals that lead to the few civilized areas in the Plane of Fire. These are usually policed and guarded by the efreet as the portals are how powerful efreeti merchants and lords come to the Material Plane for treasures, trade, or slaves. These portals are nearly always marked with brass of some sort, which would include a brass knocker on a secret door, a brass arch over a gateway, or a brass lining around a window or door. Woe be to the uninvited traveler who stumbles by accident upon one of these efreeti portals unprepared!

TRAVELING AROUND

Much of the Plane of Fire is hardened, black earth covered with a fine layer of ash, so creatures capable of walking are not impeded much by the land itself. Wheeled slave caravans driven by cruel efreeti masters travel from outpost to outpost, selling their “goods” to buyers willing to pay their high prices. Mountain ranges are tall and rife with volcanoes of all sizes, and in the valleys between the peaks fierce salamanders – half-snake, half-humanoid intelligent denizens of the plane – have formed tribes.

Across the Cinder Wastes, the efreet built and maintain a long stretch of black basalt pavements known as the Inferno Road. This links up the outlying outposts of the City of Brass to the magnificent city, allowing caravans filled with raw material, slaves, and other gear to travel with relative ease back to the seat of efreeti power on the Plane of Fire.

One of the most dominant features of the plane is the Sea of Fire, which is not filled with water but molten magma. The temperatures of the plane are so extreme that the lava that fills this sea is as liquid as water, roiling and boiling, creating huge waves that crash down upon the islands that form the solid ground. Specially designed ships have been developed by travelers that can withstand

the extreme heat of this sea – distilled essence of wood from the mythical Everburning Forest is required to make these boats float, which is a rare ingredient indeed. The efreeti sail the Sea of Fire on brass ships that are immune to the heat.

The air is ash and dust filled, so breathing is a problem for any creature wishing to take to the skies. Clouds of ash pose serious problems to everyone and can be created in the blink of an eye. Great fire rocs are known to hide in these ash clouds, waiting for the right moment to strike at easy prey.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Though much of the Plane of Fire is uninhabited or uncontrolled, a few powerful creatures hold sway over some parts of the realm. Crossing these monstrously powerful leaders, including gods of fire and their ilk, can have dire consequences for a band of adventurers.

However, though most of these powerful beings are evil, a few have more pragmatic views of their land, and some have keen interests in the Material Plane. A group of adventurers may find themselves unwittingly working for one or more of these entities as patrons, either inadvertently or as means to a greater good.

AMAIMON, KING OF THE AZER

Though he holds no true castle or home, Amaimon is regarded as the highest authority among the azers of the Plane of Fire and beyond. He is immeasurably old, and for an azer quite immense, standing just shy of fire giant size. He holds a handful of castles in the Fountains of Creation as his own personal lands, but rarely can he be found there. Instead, he travels the length and breadth of the volcanic mountain chain, staying with azer lords for weeks at a time.

Amaimon is strong and wise, and always gives fair counsel to his azer lords as long as they welcome him into their homes. He travels in a huge iron carriage drawn by an entourage of finned-back fire beasts, similar to oxen but much larger and much more powerful. He is attended by only a small number of azer, all of whom are his children by the forge. Amaimon is known to build a son or daughter once every ten years and send it out into the Plane of Fire for no less than fifty years, and any that survive he welcomes back into his traveling troupe.

To a non-azer, Amaimon can be confusing. He is unusually friendly in the company of other azer, boasting about great deeds and laughing about tall tales. He shows much more emotion than a typical azer, but when dealing with an outsider he grows quiet and contemplative. His travels throughout the Plane of Fire and beyond have given him great insight, and he counts many wondrous treasures in his personal storehouse. The iron coach he travels in is said to be enchanted similar to a bag of holding, though he allows only his children inside.

In the presence of an efreeti, Amaimon shows his boisterous nature can turn to a raging cauldron of fury. He has never forgiven the efreet for trying to enslave the azer after the construction of the City of Brass, and he views the genies as squabbling, petty insects not fit for life.

ELEMENTAL LORDS OF FIRE

The Plane of Fire is dominated by the Elemental Lords of Fire. These are near-deity level entities that possess great power, though their exact nature and history are mysterious. Some planar scholars say that they are simply the most advanced form of the native elementals, simply having survived longer than others of their kind and thus attained greater power and sentience. Others sages persist that these Elemental Lords are guardians of the plane's true nature and maintain stewardship over the fabric of fire and flame across the multiverse. The truth may even be unknown to the lords themselves.

There are at least four Elemental Lords of Fire – Imix, Luzzur, Zaraan, and Kra. These are the most active in the affairs of the plane, each with a large “kingdom” carved out for their own personal territory. Imix and Zaraan are the two most powerful and each see itself as the rightful ruler of Elemental Fire. Their castles are formidable structures of black and crimson where they hold court over hundreds of lesser creatures. They are each an embodiment of evil's destructive nature and care very little for the lives of anyone but themselves.

Dealing with one of the Elemental Lords of Fire is a risky business but few would argue that they are the most knowledgeable and oldest beings on the plane. But they each have their own unique agendas towards reaching their goals; mortals should be very cautious when dealing with them.

GRAND SULTAN OF THE EFREET

In his Charcoal Palace within the bustling City of Brass, the lord and master of all efreet sits. His titles are long, and include Grand Sultan of All the Efreet, Lord of Flame, the Potentate Incandescent, the Tempering and Eternal Flame of Truth, the Most Puissant of Hunters, Marshall of the Order of the Fiery Heart, the Smoldering Dictator, and the Crimson Firebrand. Currently the efreeti Marrake al-Sidan al-Hariq ben Lazan stands as the Grand Sultan, though there are challengers among his court that would see him deposed.

The current Grand Sultan does not spend much time in his harem consisting of one hundred and one courtesans. Instead, he is a lover of gambling, especially on nightmare races. His stable of nightmares is a source of great pride, and he has gone to great lengths to procure the strongest, fastest, and most noble beasts to race in the great games. Under his rule, organized gaming in the City of Brass has dramatically increased, and rarely does the tenday go by without a fantastic nightmare race across the Obsidian Fields outside the city itself.

As far as the day to day ruling of the City of Brass, Grand Sultan Marrake leaves that to his viziers, opening him to treachery down the road. And some of those viziers have wildly different ideas for what's good for the City of Brass, creating opportunities within the Charcoal Palace for a group of enterprising adventurers.



SHAHBANU SHADHAA

If ever there was a power to threaten the Grand Sultan of the Efreeti himself, it was his most favoured consort Shadhaa. A powerful efreeti with mastery over deep elemental magic, Shadhaa rose to prominence hundreds of years ago and found favor in the court of the Charcoal Palace. There, she curried favor with the Grand Sultan, who almost fell prey to her cunning trap meant to replace the Grand Sultan with a new Grand Sultana, but the wily old efreeti lord was able to escape. Mustering his most loyal guards, the Grand Sultan moved against Shadhaa and found that she had amassed quite a following of her own within the palace walls.

The resulting battle nearly split the City of Brass in two. Thousands of combatants fought in the streets, and it was not obvious who would come out on top. Shadhaa had done a masterful job recruiting followers and planting seeds among both the nobles of the Charcoal Palace and the residents of the City of Brass, so she was ready to overthrow the Grand Sultan. However, the Grand Sultan still wielded immense power and influence, and after weeks of open combat, secret assassinations, and guerrilla strikes, Shadhaa and her loyal forces were finally driven out.

Shadhaa retreated to a distant island in the Sea of Fire while the Grand Sultan repaired the damage done by the open rebellion. She refers to herself as Shabanu Shadhaa now, a title denoting high rank in efreeti society, but the Grand Sultan has forbidden her name be uttered in the Charcoal Palace in his presence. For now, Shadhaa waits patiently and gathers her forces on Ember Island, awaiting the day to strike again – and this time, she intends not to miss.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Plane of Fire is filled with life of all kinds. Most of it is dangerous, some just accidentally, so travelers are urged to exercise caution when dealing with any native creature of the Plane of Fire.

ELEMENTALS

The living extension of the plane's destructive power are the fire elementals. Numerous, wild, and generally ill-tempered, most fire elementals live out in the Cinder Wastes, consuming everything they come across. It's a natural process that creates a rich environment for new life to thrive, which in turns grows and becomes consumed in a never-ending cycle of life, death, and rebirth.

Fire elementals come in all shapes and sizes, and many of the intelligent denizens of the Plane of Fire have learned to domesticate the creatures. No one has been able to tame the greatest elemental forces on the plane, known as a phoenix, which fly through the smoke-choked air on wings of living cinder. Imix and Zaraan, the most active of the Elemental Lords of Fire, constantly try to convince phoenixes to join in their destructive causes, but these majestic creatures obey their own wild and chaotic whims.

The Plane of Fire is filled with variants of Material Plane creatures that have adapted to life in the fiery landscape. These creatures have immunity to fire but otherwise share the same statistics as their Material Plane brethren, and most are orange, crimson, or black in color. Fire whales swim through the Sea of Fire, and fire rocs soar through the skies. Fire flies buzz in great swarms across all the regions of the plane, and packs of fire hounds often serve efreeti masters as hunting dogs.

Azer. Hammered into existence under immense pressure and power, azers are flame-bearded creatures with metal skins and iron-hard outlooks. They are industrious powerhouses who build and maintain enormous forges in the mountains of the plane, and their incredible skill at forging powerful items has made them prime allies of the efreet. The azer are a cautious lot but their passion lies in their work not in the hand that wields it, so as long as they are rewarded most azer are happy to work for efreet merchants. Some are captured and held as slaves, a shameful mark on any azer and one they work tirelessly to break.

Efreet. Massive, powerful, arrogant, and vain, efreet are the native genies of the Plane of Fire. Most are sadistic monsters who delight in torture of all kinds, but rarely do they exhibit rampant destructive tendencies. They are calculating monsters who carefully weigh choices and decisions to ensure their own needs come out on top in any transaction, but they often fall prey to their powerful emotions. Love, joy, anger, and sadness rage through an efreet's heart like a tornado of fire. Their greatest city is one of the fantastic metropolises of the planes, the City of Brass, built on an enormous brass disk hammered by azer slaves long ago. It sits on the shores of the Sea of Fire, and the Grand Sultan of the Efreet in his Charcoal Palace oversees scores of nobles in his court.

Salamanders. Few creatures embody the destructive tendency of fire better than salamanders. These large, snake-like elemental beings are obsessed with power and delight in their own fiery abilities, inflicting pain on lesser creatures out of sheer delight. Most serve the efreet as slaves in their outposts as soldiers and commanders, and they've developed their own societal structure that holds scheming nobles in the same vein as their genie masters. The salamanders hold a never-ending grudge against the azer, whom they blame solely for their enslavement.

GIANTS

Fire giants have a notable presence on the Plane of Fire. Their chief god, Surtur, once lived in the rocky mountains of the Furnaces before he was finally driven out by forces of Imix, Elemental Lord of Fire. Since then, many fire giant families have put down roots across the plane, from imposing castles on the sides of volcanoes in the Furnaces to grand palatial estates in the City of Brass itself. They are a noteworthy power in the Plane of Fire, generally loyal only to their immediate families, and willing to sell out their services as mercenaries, soldiers, and pyromancers if the price is high enough.

A devout sect of fire giant clerics keep the flaming memory of Surtur's power alive in the Cathedral of Blackfire, a secret temple in the mountains of the Furnaces. Here, powerful priests and priestesses search for the lost vault of Surtur while working to undermine the forces of Imix and the Grand Sultan of the Efreeti in their evil god's name.

HUMANOIDS

The cosmopolitan City of Brass sees thousands of travelers from across the multiverse and houses many more in its grand charcoal avenues and basalt buildings. According to ancient law, any creature can petition to become a citizen of the City of Brass if they are willing to undergo scrutiny by the efreeti lords, and there are many who have chosen to settle here – or are forced to live on the streets, eking out a life of poverty in the shadow of grand palaces and lofty towers.

Dragonborn. Red and gold dragonborn are found in large highly respected guilds in the City of Brass. They are well-regarded in the city as both mercenaries and sages, and many guilds feature a true dragon as their patron (secret or not). Dragonborn from the Plane of Fire usually wear revealing, loose-fitting clothing of wild and vibrant colorations, a style that has caught on in many circles in the City of Brass, and they favor elegant weapons for delicate cuts and slashes. A trademark of the Plane of Fire dragonborn are their unusually long head, neck, and facial tendrils, which are often elaborately decorated like braided hair.

Firenewt. Firenewts are a race of militant-minded lizard-like creatures with bright orange skin and foul tempers. Most worship Imix, one of the most evil and active of the Elemental Lords of Fire, and the firenewts have built their societies around zealous devotion to this cruel and capricious fiery prince. They are cruel soldiers and taskmasters, often building outposts across the multiverse to further the schemes of Imix, and they are often led by fearsome warlocks.

Genasi. Fire genasi are the offspring of efreet and mortal humanoids, and most are viewed as unwanted bastards by their genie parents. Sizable communities of fire genasi exist in the City of Brass, and if they were ever to truly unite they could become a reckonable force that the Grand Sultan would have to at least recognize. As it is, however, fire genasi often inherit the reckless emotions of their genie parentage, traits that keep them squabbling and fighting amongst themselves and everyone else rather than uniting. Some families of fire genasi travel the Cinder Wastes as merchants in fire-proof caravans, living lives of freedom on the open road, and many choose to take to the life of an adventurer out in the wild of the multiverse.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Traveling on the Plane of Fire is a harrowing experience in and of itself. The realm is full of dangers that can cook unprepared visitors with barely a moment's notice.

ASH CLOUD

Great billowing black clouds of ash dot the ember-lit sky and they can suddenly bear down on a location without a moment's notice, threatening everyone in a large area. Those caught inside an ash cloud must survive choking in near-blackout conditions that lasts 3d10 minutes. Magically produced wind can move an ash cloud out of (or into) an area.

LAVA GEYSER

This can either be by an eruption from the cracked ground or a sudden uprising in the ocean of fire, but in either situation it can be deadly. Those caught in the blast suffer extreme fire damage (20d6) and are hurled away 1d6 x 10 feet from the blast. A lava geyser can last up to an hour, reaching heights of one hundred feet into the air. Rumors persist of some lava geysers reaching hundreds of feet across and thousands of feet into the air, though thankfully these are rare occurrences.

INFERNO WAVE

The great flaming sea hosts its own share of natural phenomena, and one of the most dangerous is an inferno wave. These rolling waves of lava can rise hundreds of feet in the air, cresting and falling with tremendous force and power onto unsuspecting vessels. Creatures and ships caught in the inferno wave suffer 35 (10d6) fire damage, and the wave itself can encompass an area 1d10 x 100 feet wide.

HOT ZONE

Pockets of hotter than normal temperature frequently appear all across the Plane of Fire. These hot zones produce more heat and damage than the normal air and can spread across miles of terrain. They are often the harbingers of a future lava geyser, but occasionally they can be the result of some titanic battle between native forces.

RAIN OF FIRE

Ash clouds are not the only threat from the sky. Sometimes the sky rains fiery debris onto the ground, the result of a particularly large lava geyser or other natural occurrence. This rain of fire hurls flaming boulders and rocks which can crush the strongest of opponents for one round. Creatures in the affected area must make DC 14 Dexterity saving throws, suffering 35 (10d6) fire damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.

BLACKOUT

Periods of deep black can stretch across the Plane of Fire, miles across, the result of the natural light dying out as would an ember in a fire pit. These blackouts normally do not last more than several hours, during which superstitious salamanders and other intelligent natives know to stay inside lest they risk the wrath of some unknown being. Legends say blackouts are caused by the elemental lords gathering power, sucking the energy out of the air.

SITES & TREASURES

Why would non-natives visit the Plane of Fire? To plunder its treasures and secrets of course! Countless millennia of inhabitants and civilizations have created many legends of lost magic to lure the greedy or foolish to an early grave.

CATHEDRAL OF BLACKFIRE

Surtur, god of fire giants, was once a mighty power on the Plane of Fire. His palace was an enormous iron-wrought castle on an obsidian platform so large it spanned three mighty and active volcanoes. Thousands of fiercely loyal fire giants lived, worked, and died in this fabulous castle, but in the end Surtur and his followers pushed too far for total planar dominance and were ultimately defeated by Imix, Elemental Lord of Fire. The castle, called Blackfire, collapsed and was buried.

But Surtur's memory lives on in the Cathedral of Blackfire. Hidden within the raging volcanoes of the Furnaces, the Cathedral of Blackfire is tended by the descendants of the fire giant gods' most loyal servants. They stoke the embers of his memory and keep his dream of total domination over the Plane of Fire alive, though their own forces requires less straightforward approaches to this goal. They work with networks of spies and informants in key positions, always watching Imix and the other Elemental Lords of Fire for weaknesses, and work to undermine their influence in subtle ways.

The priests of the Cathedral of Blackfire have no love for the efreet as well, for the Grand Sultan at the time of Surtur's downfall made no effort to aid his one-time ally. Surtur's worship is looked down upon in the City of Brass though not strictly forbidden, so the clerics and pyromancers of the Cathedral of Blackfire have to keep a low profile while maintaining a foothold in this prominent position on the plane.

CITY OF BRASS

Perhaps the most hospitable location on the plane, the City of Brass is the greatest of the efreet outposts and one of the oldest cities in all the planes. It is home to the Grand Sultan in the Charcoal Palace (see below) who is attended by numerous squabbling noble efreet of decreasing importance and power. The city itself sits on a great disc of molten brass roughly forty miles in diameter, on top of which squats towers and citadels to house the numerous efreet and their slaves. Great markets welcome merchants and travelers from numerous planes, with the exception of the djinn of the plane of elemental air – they are never welcome except bound by a brass slave collar, the traditional mark of an efreeti-owned slave.

The City of Brass is also protected from the extreme temperatures of the plane by ancient efreet magic so even those without elemental protection can visit and mingle with the residents. While ostensibly in charge, the Grand Sultan does little to actually control the city – there are no city guards, though only the foolish would be without bodyguard protection. Intrigue and murder go hand-in-hand in the back alleys of the City of Brass.

There are dozens upon dozens of ministers in the City of Brass, all efreet, who use bureaucracy, lies, and subterfuge to manipulate everyone they can. It's a great game for most of them, with the ultimate prize being the position of Grand Sultan on the Charcoal Throne. Powerful grand viziers trade favors with nazirs who command beys to perform duties that are then contracted out with a third party. No one takes responsibility for anything, for the City of Brass is a city of lies and deceit within a complicated legal system.

The City of Brass has numerous neighborhoods, ranging from the opulent obsidian manor houses around the Charcoal Palace to the poorest slums and alleys where beggars and thieves ply their trade. All buildings are made of rock, such as granite or basalt, as nothing lesser could withstand the intense heat of the Plane of Fire, and the streets are unkempt stone cobblestones in the lowest sections and paved brass, copper, and iron in the wealthier districts. Canals of molten lava cut through some areas, flowing from the raging Sea of Fire through and around the mounds and spires that make up the city's tallest structures.

CHARCOAL PALACE

The home of the most powerful efreeti on the Plane of Fire is the fabled Charcoal Palace. It sits at the center of the City of Brass, an imposing edifice of gray and black marble. The Grand Sultan rules here, though rarely does he have to engage in any sort of day-to-day activity.

He spends his time languishing with a harem of exotic slaves or attending to his spymasters. Below the Charcoal Palace it is rumored the Grand Sultan keeps his treasure chamber, which is said to contain the greatest wealth of any of the geniekind across the elemental planes. Golems, giants, and other magical creatures guard the palace and the life of the Grand Sultan.

CRIMSON SHIELD OF THE ASHEN PALM

The Knights of the Ashen Palm were a large group of genie-descended humans dedicated to the faith of the Elemental Lords. Generations of living on the Plane of Fire had given these men and women red-tinged skin and a tolerance for heat along with a fanatic devotion to what they saw as the rightful rulers. They rarely if ever had any direct contact with the Elemental Lords who likely never noticed their adoration, but these knights were at one point a military power in certain regions of the plane.

Citadels and strongholds were built to house the knights as they went on crusades against those who would defy the will of the Elemental Lords, or at least the will as interpreted by the holy members of the order. They used an ash palm as their symbol and wielded shields made of a curious crimson metal forged somewhere in secret. These crimson shields became noteworthy for their defensive and offensive properties – scholars say that ordained Knights of the Ashen Palm could summon forth blasts of fire from the shields and create large domes of protection.

The knights eventually faded into obscurity, though few could say exactly why. Perhaps they got too devoted to the Elemental Lords and overstepped their boundaries, or perhaps they simply provoked a more powerful opponent. In markets across the plane, a Crimson Shield of the Ashen Palm still fetches a high price and is a sought-after item for warriors willing to carry a symbol of a dead order in exchange for great protection and power.

EVERBURNING FOREST

Trees and wood are not native to the Plane of Fire, and yet the Everburning Forest exists. It is a forest hundreds of miles across where the trees crackle and burn constantly and yet never become fully consumed. Upon closer examination travelers discover that the blaze produces no ash or waste and further investigation shows that the flames function as leaves on a normal tree. The bark of these trees is blackened and hard, and it is prized for its toughness in shields and other wooden materials.

Strange creatures dwell in the Everburning Forest, including dryads who are immune to the plane's normal heat levels. The flames on the trees give off no heat but otherwise seem to function as regular fire, including reacting to water – the only way to fell one of the trees is to completely douse it in water of sufficient volume to not evaporate immediately on the plane. Only a handful of trees have been cut down so the bark is highly sought after.

EYE OF MURZAK

Murzak is a legendary figure among the native salamanders of the Plane of Fire. He was a great military leader who was originally enslaved by a powerful efreeti in the City of Brass. Forced to fight in the slave arenas, Murzak grew strong as he won battle after battle using his innate cunning and ferocity. His successes bought him a greater range of freedom though still he was bound by the brass collar of his master. Over the years this powerful salamander amassed a ring of informants and spies, and when the time was right he and his forces struck at the City of Brass. It was a fevered fight but it bought Murzak his freedom when he killed his efreeti master in single combat.

He fled with less than a tenth of his force from the city and into the burning wastelands. There he gathered the tribes of salamanders, proclaiming himself Murzak the Flameserpent, and promised to end the tyranny of the efreet over the Plane of Fire. Thousands upon thousands of salamanders converged on the City of Brass, but the Grand Sultan of the Charcoal Throne was not caught unprepared. The battle that was fought in the streets of the city is still remembered as the Flameserpent's Uprising.

Murzak was defeated, however, and as punishment the Grand Sultan had the salamander beheaded and his two eyes cut from his head. Arcane magic was used to transform the eyes into shining yellow crystals, each the size of a large man's fist, and with one or both of them the possessor could control nearly any creature on the Plane of Fire. One of these gems was known to be destroyed by the Grand Sultan, but the whereabouts of the other are currently unknown.

FIREHEART'S LEGION

While not actually a site or treasure, the mercenary company known as Fireheart's Legion still deserves a special mention. They are known across many planes as an effective and ruthless military organization that sells its services to the highest bidder, though they never break contract first. They are led by an enigmatic and powerful efreeti named Fireheart. Evil to the core and ruthless as any of his kind, Fireheart is also a skilled negotiator and can be flamboyant at times – he's known to dress in outlandish yet expensive clothing and has a fine appetite for splendid hats and rare cigars. The mercenary legion is made up of warriors from across the planes, though a fair number of efreet also count among their numbers. Utter devotion to Fireheart is all that is required to join, and this utter devotion comes with an iron contract that none so far have been able to get out of with their lives – and some have even had to stay in undeath!

FOUNTAINS OF CREATION

The greatest range of volcanoes and mountains on the Plane of Fire are the Fountains of Creation. These tall, craggy peaks are marked by constant eruptions and lava flows, with lakes of molten rock cooling and reheating constantly. Red dragons and fire giants dwell here in caves and labyrinths, but the greatest achievements belong to the azers. These fire-bearded dwarves are as industrious as their Material Plane-dwelling cousins, and work constantly at massive forges and bellows to produce the most exquisite works of art, architecture, weapons, and magic.

Traveling in the Fountains of Creation is deadly for anyone, however. Traversing the region by foot requires navigating the paths that wind around volatile volcanoes capable of spewing magma with a moment's notice and avoiding the beasts and monsters that call the peaks their home. Flying is little better, as the lava geysers from the volcanoes can reach hundreds of feet into the soot-filled sky. Many a traveler on a winged beast or airship has been lost to a sudden blast of magma from what appeared to be a quiet volcano.

On the edge of the Fountains of Creation, the Plane of Fire is said to give way to the Plane of Magma, one of the paraelemental planes that border the Plane of Earth on the other side. Great azer outposts dot this region as many clans claim as much earth heritage as fire.

LAVA PALACE OF EMBER ISLAND

Shahbanu Shabhaa is one of the most accomplished efreeti sorcerers in all the Plane of Fire, and when she was exiled from the City of Brass for a failed coup attempt against the Grand Sultan she took her followers and a small fleet of brass ships out into the Sea of Fire. But they did not go aimlessly - Shabhaa had planned for this contingency, and sought out Ember Island far across the molten sea. There, on that blasted island, she conjured up her Lava Palace using powerful sorcery unknown to any efreeti before her.



Shahbanu Shabhaa receives few visitors, and part of the enchantment on her home hides Ember Island from visitors who have not set foot in the Lava Palace previously. For those privileged enough to dock there, though, a marvelous sight awaits. The Lava Palace is a colossal palatial structure that takes up nearly the entire blackened island, with white- and red-hot glowing walls made from magma. Towers and chambers hold the shahbanu's servants, slaves, and military powers along with a host of magical treasures and a library that some say rivals the one possessed by the Grand Sultan himself.

OBSIDIAN TOWER

Somewhere in the lonely blasted landscape stands a tall tower made of reflective black obsidian. Legends of this Obsidian Tower say that it has no doors or windows but that its insides hold the magical secrets of a sorcerer-king from some prime material world. Greedy treasure hunters and zealous explorers have searched for the site across the plane but few claim to have actually seen it. The mystery of its contents continues to drive fantastic stories. Does a phylactery of a powerful lich sit inside? Perhaps the arcane formulae to unlocking the Plane of Fire's deepest and most powerful energies? Or maybe gold and jewels to make the Grand Sultan blush? No one knows for sure.

SEA OF FIRE

Much of the Plane of Fire is a rolling sea of molten rock and magma, constantly moving and crashing against the islands of rock that are created when a large enough wave slams down and cools. Foolish travelers can charter or purchase boats capable of sailing the Sea of Fire to travel to remote islands, though the journey is far more perilous than a typical sea voyage. Inferno waves are a constant threat as are a myriad of dangerous denizens – fire whales are mean-tempered and prone to striking out at anything they deem as food (i.e., anything smaller than they are!).

Because of their rare nature, if a vessel is lost at sea it becomes a valuable prize for any willing to take the risk of finding it. What lies at the bottom of the Sea of Fire is anyone's guess. Perhaps simply nothing, or perhaps the molten core of the plane itself hides itself beneath the flowing lava.

TITANFORGE

Among the azer, the tale of the Titanforge is one of sorrow, regret, and a keen lesson in not delving too deep. According to legends told by azer merchants and blacksmiths, a city was built beneath the Titan's Kiss, one of the most violent volcanoes in the Fountains of Creation. In those tunnels dug into the volcano's deepest roots, the azer built a forge capable of producing works of great strength and magic.

The heat provided by the Titan's Kiss was said to come from a slumbering primordial god of ancient elemental fire, dormant in the rocks, and the rhythmic rise and fall of its breath is what gave the forge its great potential. The azer called this the Titanforge, and with it they built some of their most powerful relics. Many were specially commissioned by influential patrons, including the Grand Sultan of the Efreeti, who is said to possess today some colossal weapon created from the heart of the Titanforge.

And though the azer clan that ran the Titanforge were successful, they let their pride become their downfall. In order to create a suit of armor for Surtur, god of the fire giants, the azer worked the bellows of the Titanforge with such a fury that the volcano woke up. Some say that it was that ancient primordial who stirred, while others say they simply tapped into an unstable vein of magma beneath the volcano that created a powerful chain reaction. Truth and myth may never be separated, for whatever stirred there collapsed the Titan's Kiss in a massive explosion that rocked the Fountains of Creation.

Many azer bands have gone in search of the Titanforge, while others believe it is a myth. Who knows what secrets might still be buried in the crushed remnants of the ancient volcano?

TREASURE VAULTS OF SURTUR

Fire giants roam the plane and often settle in the craggy peaks that dot the blackened landscape. Their chief god is an imposing and powerful creature called Surtur, but he does not dwell on the Plane of Fire – few deities do as the true powers are the Elemental Lords of Fire. He did at one point, however, and his castle was an impregnable stronghold of fire-hardened basalt high in the peaks of some unknown mountain range. Long ago, rumors say, Surtur waged war with the Elemental Lords, sending wave upon wave of fire giant legions to beat back the forces of Imix. Titanic battles were fought on the crimson plains, but in the end Surtur's fire giants were defeated.

Harried by Imix, Surtur was forced to flee so quickly that he could not take the bulk of his accumulated wealth with him. The fire giant god had his castle demolished and his treasure buried beneath it in the mountains. Gold and magic of the highest caliber were said to rest in Surtur's treasure vaults now lost to the ages. This fabled site has brought many adventurers into the Plane of Fire but so far none have returned with any of the treasure.

VOLCANO OF THE DESTROYER

The impressively gigantic Volcano of the Destroyer is an imposing sight on the horizon for hundreds of miles in any direction. It sits in the center of a rugged mountain range where the lava flowing from its wide opening creates rivers and lakes in the surrounding valleys. Long ago this was the home of Imix, one of the most powerful of the Elemental Lords of Fire, and some scholars say it was where the great being was born (or created, depending on the philosophical viewpoint). The details of why Imix departed the site are unknown.

Titanic forces of a planar nature continually spew lava from the volcano's top, making this a dangerous site for visitors. The heart of the Volcano of the Destroyer may be the hottest point on the Plane of Fire – the heat is capable of harming creatures who are normally immune to fire. It is rumored that only an Elemental Lord can withstand the dangerous temperatures, though special high-level magic may be of use for characters wishing to get to the center.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Plane of Fire is rife with adventure opportunities for all types of characters of all levels. Below are some examples that can be expanded upon by an enterprising Dungeon Master.

More Than Firewood. A magic-user associate of the characters requires some exotic items from the Plane of Fire in order to complete a new powerful potion. The objects can send the characters all across the plane searching for such rare objects as wood from the Everburning Forest, a few dozen fire fly carapaces intact, burnberries from the slopes of the Volcano of the Destroyer, and other exotic elements.

Slaves of the City of Brass. Efreeti slave caravans pass into the Material Plane on a regular basis, and on their last trip an up and coming efreeti managed to kidnap someone of importance to the characters. Bound by a slave collar and hauled off to the City of Brass the characters must follow and negotiate for their friend's safety, likely without violence – the efreeti is well positioned in the city's society but needs a favor or two completed before it can be willing to release one of its new slaves.

Wreck of the Raging Star. The characters are approached by a stranger who has managed to get a map showing a secret island in the Sea of Fire that holds the wreck of the *Raging Star*, a treasure-bearing vessel of the Grand Sultan. The stranger needs brave heroes to accompany him to the Plane of Fire to find a boat, and then to assist him in sailing the sea to recover the treasure. Such an adventure would be filled with all manner of dangerous encounters and creatures, including the rightful owner of the wreckage.

Call of the Ashen Palm. The Grand Sultan of the efreet may seem ignorant and lazy, but this is just a façade to hide his multiplanar schemes. Currently he has his eye set on a fabulous prize – achieving Elemental Lord of Fire status. Towards that end he has been seeking out citadels of the defunct Ashen Palm knighthood through proxies, and the characters find themselves answering a distress call from the Plane of Fire. One of the citadels is still occupied by a handful of Ashen Palm knights and they are besieged by mercenary forces. The characters must break the siege and then rescue the good-aligned knights, but this is but the first step into a widespread move of the Grand Sultan.

Blazing Heart. On the Material Plane a mysterious forest fire rages out of control despite rain and magical attempts to stop it. The source at the heart of the blaze is a fire elemental of immense proportions driven to consume the entire Material Plane at the behest of one of the Elemental Lords of Fire. Stopping the titanic fire elemental takes an intervention from the Elemental Lord whose alien intelligence is difficult to comprehend and work with. What does such a being want?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below table can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source for inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Plane of Fire. Three separate tables are provided – one for urban encounters, one for wilderness encounters, and one for the Sea of Fire. Creatures marked with an asterisk (*) are modified versions of the regular variety adapted to elemental fire.

CITY OF BRASS

1D100	CITY OF BRASS ENCOUNTER
01-05	Efreeti and entourage
06-10	Drow matron and house guards
11-15	Lich and skeleton warriors
16-20	High-level adventurer (level 10+1d10)
21-25	Group of mid-level adventurer (1d4+1, each level 5+1d6)
26-30	Skilled pickpocket
36-40	Efreeti slave driver with slaves
46-50	Cultists of an Elemental Lord of Fire
51-55	Fire giant princess
56-60	Red dragon polymorphed into a wealthy human
61-65	Ogre mercenaries
66-70	Salamander flamekeeper
76-80	Group of demons (choose randomly)
81-85	Group of devils (choose randomly)
86-90	Pair of efreeti khedives
91-95	Fire elemental minions of the Grand Sultan
96-00	Roll again twice
86-90	A dao seneschal of the Great Khan on an errand
91-95	A dao accompanied by a host of bodyguards
96-00	A noble dao looking for spies

CINDER WASTES

1D100	CINDER WASTES ENCOUNTER
01-05	An efreet slave caravan bound for the City of Brass
06-10	A salamander raiding party
11-15	Pack of cinderbones
16-20	Ash Cloud
21-25	A fire roc looking for a meal
26-30	Rain of Fire
31-35	A crater containing a dormant magma ooze
36-40	Lava Geyser
41-45	Cloud of fire flies
46-50	Hot Zone
51-55	Fire hounds on the hunt
56-60	Blackout
61-65	A raging group of wild fire elementals
66-70	Firenewt soldiers on patrol
71-75	A wing of fire griffons cleaning themselves
76-80	River of lava (1d100x10 feet wide)
81-85	Fire giant pilgrims on their way to a holy site
86-90	An efreet outpost on an obsidian plateau
91-95	Double-sized Lava Geyser
96-00	A phoenix flying overhead

SEA OF FIRE

1D100	SEA OF FIRE ENCOUNTER
01-10	Inferno Wave
11-20	A fire roc protecting its territory
21-30	Angry fire griffons ridden by firenewts
31-40	Lava Geyser
41-50	A breaching fire whale
51-60	A wave dumps lava zombies in a crash
61-70	Rain of Fire
71-80	Hot Zone
81-90	Ash Cloud
91-00	The wreckage of a seaworthy vessel

PLANE OF WATER

“The greatest ocean in all the Material Planes is but a drop of water compared to the fathomless depths of the Plane of Water. I believe that it is the source of all water in the multiverse, that at some point every raindrop and every stream began in this watery paradise. But, just like any body of water, the real interesting things are located below the surface, where fantastic treasures and creatures swim in an aquatic wonderland that is both calming and terrifying at the same time.”

Astromarchus the Sage

The Plane of Water is a vast realm of deep mysteries, shadowed darkness, and wondrous life, all combined into one of the most recognizable elements across the multiverse. Life flourishes in this plane, which many travelers can relate to on some level – after all, most Material Plane worlds have seas and oceans, so it's too hard to imagine a vast, endless version of it.

But the Plane of Water holds so much more, and it is one of the most hospitable of the Inner Planes to natural life (second only to the Plane of Air). With a little magic, travelers can dive into the Sea of Worlds and seek out the wonders and treasures of the Great Coral Forest, the wrecks of lost ships in the Graveyard of Sails, the reckless and arrogant halls of the marid genies in the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls, or even trade goods and services under the icy dome of the City of Glass. Deeper still lies dangerous lairs of cold, unyielding monsters, such as the Fathomless Caves and the Trench of Death.

Sahuagin, marid genies, kuo-toa, merrow, and all manner of other creatures occupy the Plane of Water, and some have built cities and bases beneath the waves. And while most of the planar activity is underwater, contrary to most beliefs, the Plane of Water has a surface, and this surface is broken by several islands. The most famous of these islands is the Isle of Dread, surrounded by a fierce storm that extends to many Material Planes, which has the capability to draw in ships and strand them. The island itself is a dangerous, jungle-filled wilderness with great dinosaurs competing for food.

The treasures and sites of the Plane of Water are there for travelers willing to brave the monsters and dangers of an endless sea of unrelenting change.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Water as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Water.

Water, Water Everywhere. Below the surface of the Sea of Worlds, the Plane of Water is a vast endless ocean suffused with its own light. The brilliant azure waters are clear and pure unless tainted by some force, but there is a discernable “up” and “down” in the ocean – above the waters are lighter, and below the waters are darker. Waterbreathing creatures from other planes immediately notice the clean quality of the Plane of Water as well.

Stream of Bubbles. Bubbles of endless sizes rise up constantly from the depths of the Plane of Water, the result of any number of thousands of possibilities. These harmless effects ebb and flow to the events that have happened elsewhere on the plane, and many native creatures have legends about them. Locathah believe them to be moments of history from somewhere deeper below rising to greet the surface, while sea elves view them as warning signs.

Pull of the Current. The currents on the Plane of Water constantly pull and tug invisibly at beings in the water. They are less whimsical than the winds on the Plane of Air and more steady, though they can still shift and turn with surprising speed. Following a current is the fastest way to travel underwater, but most predators realize this as well.

LAY OF THE LAND

The Plane of Water has three major layers to its endless geography and two side regions where it borders other Inner Planes.

SEA OF WORLDS

The first is actually above the waters of the Sea of Worlds, where a sun and stars sit similar to most Material Planes. Ships that inadvertently travel through a portal to this Inner Plane can drift forever on the waves, though it is more likely they run afoul of one of the many terrible storms that rocks the region. This elemental realm is a plane of constant change, with seas shifting dramatically from calm to stormy in the blink of an eye.

Islands comprised of rock, earth, and even coral break the surface of the Sea of Worlds, though few are permanent. The nature of the watery plane breaks down hard surfaces, eroding them and sending them back to the depths. Few things last above the sea, as super storms are known to suddenly appear without warning to drag everything back down. There are no native creatures that do not swim in the Plane of Water, though swarms of winged quippers break the surface of the sea to ride the stormy winds.



SEA OF LIGHT

The upper region of underwater is known as the Sea of Light. Here, much of the sunlight from above the sea filters down, creating a brightly lit aquatic wonderland. Great swaths of coral reefs clinging to unanchored rocks dot the Sea of Light, and within these are found the fortresses, strongholds, and cities of the most common planar natives, including the sahuagin and kuo-toa. Nominally, the marid genies rule over much of this layer, but they care little for the machinations of non-marid.

Even at night, the Sea of Light is illuminated, bathed by a soft green light that seems to infuse the water. The water temperature is near perfection at all times, not too hot and not too cold, though pockets of intense heat, slime, and chill float through the currents. Throughout the waters, “up” is considered to be towards the surface of the Sea of Worlds, while “down” is considered away from the light. In all portions of the Plane of Water below the surface, however, it can be difficult to easily determine “up” from “down.”

DARKENED DEPTHS

The deepest sections of the Plane of Water are reserved for a lightless realm known as the Darkened Depths. It is here dwell the greatest and most monstrous of creatures, including elder krakens and the lairs of the elemental lords of water. Olhydra, the Princess of Evil Water Elementals, is the best known among these primordial powers, and she is fickle and without mercy. Light from above the Sea of Worlds does not filter down to the Darkened Depths, and whatever infusion illuminates the Sea of Light above is lessened here.

SEA OF ICE

The Plane of Water borders two other Inner Planes at its extreme edges. Where it borders the Plane of Air, the Sea of Worlds grows frigid and great icebergs bob slowly in the water. This is the Sea of Ice, and travelers that continue through it eventually reach the Frostfell (also known as the Plane of Ice). White dragons and remorhazes are known to lair in the icebergs of the Sea of Ice. Particularly large rogue icebergs have been known to break from this area to float into the Sea of Worlds, though the warmer waters ensure the massive ice formations don't last forever.

SILT FLATS

At the other end, the sea grows shallower where the Plane of Water is near the Plane of Earth. This area is known as the Silt Flats before giving way to the Swamp of Oblivion (also referred to as the Plane of Ooze). In the Silt Flats, the water is thick and sludge-like, and it is not uncommon to have acidic globs float out into the Sea of Worlds to wreak havoc on all life. Unnaturally large and aggressive insects, such as mud mosquitos, are known to occupy the Silt Flats. Because of its thick, shallow water, most regular inhabitants of the Plane of Water avoid the Silt Flats, though travelers have been known to scour the region looking for lost treasure sites, such as the Mud Tombs.

CYCLE OF TIME

A sun rises and sets over the Plane of Water in a regular 24-hour cycle similar to most Material Planes. It is often obscured by thick storm clouds, but when it passes in the azure sky overhead it creates light and very little heat. Some planar scholars theorize it is a massive portal to the Plane of Fire, though no definitive research has been done to prove this. Attempts to reach it have been thwarted by the unnaturally intense thunderstorms that gather.

At night, a deep blue twilight settles over the Sea of Worlds and the night sky is covered in twinkling stars. The night sees no change in temperament for the storms, unfortunately.

SURVIVING

The Plane of Water offers normal, breathable air above the water. Many sailors have passed into this Inner Plane during a freak storm and didn't even notice a difference! Beneath the water, the greatest threat (besides monsters and natural hazards) is drowning, so traveling without the aid of magic is ill-advised. However, considering most Material Planes have their own oceans and seas, the availability of water breathing magic is generally considered high.

GETTING THERE

There are likely more portals to the Plane of Water than any other Inner Plane (with the possible exception of the Plane of Air), though opening them can be tricky if the traveler is not prepared. Many portals are two-way, and thus opening a portal to a realm of endless water can create a real drowning hazard for the unprepared.

Permanent portals to the Plane of Water are known to exist in enchanted waterfalls, in the mouths of deep rivers, and in the lowest trenches of seas and oceans. Sudden storms on oceans can create spontaneous portals, and one such storm ravages the Isle of Dread at all times. That portal is capable of pulling in entire vessels and depositing them on the shores of the famed island, stranding the sailors on another plane of existence entirely.

Most wild portals lead to locations in the Sea of Light, or for the really dark ones to the Darkened Depths. However, many stable portals are known to lead to the City of Glass, the trading hub for the entire Inner Planes (and some would say all the planes). These portals typically lead to one of the many market squares in that city, tightly patrolled and governed by the Aquatic Council so as to ensure goods and services are brought in fairly and recorded accurately. However, secret portals are rumored to exist leading to the shady underbelly of the City of Glass, a frozen region known as the Freezer. Officially, the Aquatic Council does not recognize the existence of the Freezer, but for those in the know it can be a place to acquire goods that people don't want tracked or monitored.

TRAVELING AROUND

As long as a traveler can swim, traveling around the Plane of Water isn't difficult, though navigating can be tricky. Some of the advanced aquatic races, such as merfolk and sahuagin, have developed echostones to help locate common locations. Echostones are magical devices attuned to each other, so that a sahuagin raiding party in the Sea of Light can use one to return to their fortress in the Great Coral Forest.

Using a mount is a common means of transportation in the Plane of Water for non-natives, and herds of seahorses are known to swim wild and majestic across much of the Sea of Light. In the City of Glass, such mounts can be purchased with little difficulty, though taming one out in the wild can be a real challenge for a non-native.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Like the might of the ocean itself, the Plane of Water is wild, powerful, and above all else, untamed. That doesn't stop powerful creatures and entities from trying to exert control over it, but the most intelligent among them understand that the mercurial nature of the water element works against their best efforts. The most successful of the powerful and mighty on the Plane of Water learn to move with the tide and adapt to the inevitable changes.

This creates interesting opportunities for adventuring groups willing to deal and negotiate with unsavory characters of all nature. The marid genies, while not wholly evil, are certainly selfish, but through powerful emissaries and the Padishah herself, a party may find information, secrets, and the dirt on what's happening in this watery realm. Other beings, such as the shark god Sekolah or the eldritch entity Great Cthulhu, offer potential villains to thwart and work against.

AZURE COUNCIL

In the cosmopolitan City of Glass, no individual king or queen rules over the factions that inhabit the area. Instead, rule of law has been given over to the Azure Council, a semi-secretive group of merchants, traders, and demagogues representing the diverse nature of the City of Glass. The Azure Council was created in response to the absence of the marid who were responsible for building the magnificent city, but to whom the responsibility for governing became too tedious. In their absence, some merchant princes stood up to assume responsibility, and in response the marid placed a magical decree over the council's true power – monitoring and controlling the many portals that lead in and out of the City of Glass. This decree ensures no two councilors can be the same race and that the Azure Council must consist of at least five members.

Since that original proclamation by the marid in the distant past, the Azure Council has had representatives from the following Plane of Water native races – merfolk, sahuagin, kuo-toa, locathah, and sea hag. The marid hold a seat on the council though a representative rarely attends, even when the great padishah visits on her irregular vacation from the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls. Recently, the Azure Council has welcomed an aquatic elf as a member, but to date the petitions of the lizardfolk community in the City of Glass for representation has gone unheeded.

The Azure Council appoints a speaker from its ranks to act as the voice of the council's will to the citizens and visitors to the City of Glass. The role of speaker rotates every three years, and it is the speaker that approves new topics and rules for the council to consider. In the case of a tie vote, the speaker is the one to determine the final result, though in most cases a consensus is reached long before a motion gets to that point. Laws and decrees by the council are recorded in the Book of Records and made available to all city citizens.

The Azure Council meets on a regular basis in the Glittering Tower which sits in the heart of the Royal District of the City of Glass. For their time on the council, each councilor is given well-furnished accommodations in the Glittering Tower with enough room for a reasonable-sized support staff. Intrigue and subterfuge in the tower is commonplace though the councilors each treat each other with respect in public. The commander of the Knights of Glass, the peacekeeping guard force in the city, has an advisory role on the Azure Council and takes guidance from the speaker. Large scale deployments or mobilizations of the Knights of Glass requires full council approval, however.

EADRO, GOD OF THE MERFOLK

In the Sea of Light, Eadro is a shining beacon of hope and bounty in the aquatic paradise of Shelluria. As a god, Eadro created and is revered by the merfolk and locathah, who both live freely together in the bright, warm waters of Shelluria, where thousands upon thousands of fish swim and eat peacefully. Though he doesn't take an active hand in the activities of the Plane of Water very often, Eadro is well-regarded among the marid and a hated foe of the sahuagin.

Unfortunately, he's also missing. Clerics worshipping Eadro still receive spells and can channel his power, but in the paradise city of Shelluria he has been absent for many years. In his place, a trio of powerful servants makes decisions. This trio is comprised of the most senior merfolk and locathah in Shelluria along with a good-aligned kraken who acts as Eadro's voice in the god's absence. What happened to Eadro? The trio have gone to great lengths to hide his disappearance from the residents of Shelluria, but it gets harder all the time.

ELEMENTAL LORDS OF WATER

The greatest manifestation of the natural power of the Plane of Water are the Elemental Lords. Some sages believe these entities to be the highest form of elementals that inhabit the plane, but there are others who doubt this theory. They are all universally incredibly powerful, intelligent, and attuned with the Plane of Water, though only three have been documented or encountered. Others may exist, especially in the shadowed corners of the Darkened Depths.

The three that are known as Olhydra, Ben-hadar, and Alvovoy. Olhydra is the best known among them as her evil machinations have reached the Material Planes on multiple occasions. Wicked cults and dangerous priests worship Olhydra as the Princess of Evil Water Elementals and seek to drown cities and kingdoms in a tidal wave of destruction and death. On the Plane of Water, Olhydra dwells in the Black Coral Citadel in the Darkened Depths.

Ben-hadar is known on the Plane of Water as a force for good and wages constant war against the powers of Olhydra, but his influence is limited. He is rumored to command a flotilla of enormous dragon turtles with which he patrols the Sea of Light, seeking out Olhydra's minions and keeping her in the Darkened Depths. Least is known of Alvovoy, though references in ancient Olhydra texts refer to him as a subjugated elemental lord in the princess' command.

GREAT CTHULHU

There are entities in the multiverse that are older than some of the planes of existence. Scholars disagree on many facts about these alien intelligences, but most agree that they originate originally from the depths of the Far Realm, and most still live there now. One does not, however, and that is Great Cthulhu, a blasphemously monstrous elder god who slumbers in the Sunken City of R'lyeh in the Darkened Depths.

Great Cthulhu is said to possess the physical qualities of octopi, squids, and fish, though those that gaze upon its titanic bulk are usually driven insane. Something happened in the eons before most gods existed that drove Great Cthulhu and the sunken city out of the Far Realm and into the Plane of Water, and that same something keeps the elder god sleeping. But in its sleep, dark dreams dance, which extend out to the Material Plane when the stars are right. What are Great Cthulhu's goals? None can say for certain, though secret cults and depraved priests all around the multiverse claim to speak for it.

GREAT PADISHAH OF THE MARIDS

The marid are the greatest power in the Plane of Water or any of the elemental planes, or so they would have you believe, and none hold more influence than Kalbari al-Durrat al-Amwajs ibn Jari, Great Padishah of the Marids, the Keeper of the Empire, the Pearl of the Sea, the Mother of Foam, the Maharaja of the Oceans, and Emir of All Currents. She holds elaborate court in the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls, a magnificently appointed structure in the Sea of Light that functions as the heart of the marid empire. Or it would, if there were a marid empire or even functioning government to speak of.

The marid are boastful, proud, even arrogant genies, and while there is only one Great Padishah in the Plane of Water, she doesn't hold much sway over other marid. Like many marid, she has slaves, but these slaves do not perform menial labor (the genies have magic and aquatic beasts to do that). Instead, the slaves are meant to entertain, though the whims of the Great Padishah are as wild and fluid as the ocean itself. Dozens of marid outposts, castles, and settlements lay scattered across the Plane of Water, but never has a Great Padishah assembled or commanded them all towards a single goal. They are all free to do whatever they like, which suits the Great Padishah just fine.

Physically, Great Padishah Kalbari is a beautiful marid by any standard, tall and imposing but lithe and flexible at the same time. Her brightly colored garments are made from the finest silkweed and serve only to accentuate her enchanting form. While in the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls, she has trained schools of multicolored fish to dance around her constantly, accentuating her actions and moods. Her generosity can be legendary, as can her sudden wrath. Those willing and able to endure her constant grandstanding, boasting, and showmanship find Great Padishah Kalbari charming, elegant, well-versed, and a shrewd negotiator.

At random times, Great Padishah Kalbari and her trusted court appointees and confidants leave the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls to travel the Plane of Water on a tour of her "kingdom." A favorite stop on this tour is the City of Glass, which throws the Azure Council into a frenzy every time. They have little power to stop her and her followers, however, so they simply try to endure her visits, which can last weeks or months depending on her mood.

SEKOLAH THE JOYFUL HUNTER

Sharks are the ultimate expression of purity according to the sahuagin, and no being embodies this belief more than their god Sekolah. Known as the Joyful Hunter, Sekolah is one of the largest sharks in the entire Plane of Water, measuring hundreds of feet long with black, cold, calculating eyes. He seeks only to hunt and he moves through all the waters of the plane with single-minded determination. Sahuagin priestesses chart his path and derive meaning from his actions, but truly Sekolah is a monster of the oldest order with little thoughts towards the sahuagin that worship him.

Woe be to the prey that finds itself in Sekolah's sight, though normally the great shark occupies itself with hunting the largest krakens, octopi, and other massive creatures in the Darkened Depths. He is a solitary hunter and his drive inspires the sahuagin to greater acts of savagery and barbarism.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Plane of Water is home to a multitude of monsters and inhabitants. Because of the plane's infinite nature, sea creatures are allowed to grow as large as they can, so it is not uncommon to find massive squid, octopi, and sharks swimming in the Plane of Water.

BEASTS

The Plane of Water is home to a larger variety of commonly encountered Material Plane creatures than any other Inner Plane. Sharks of all sizes prowl the endless waters, and the immense megalodon is a terror to behold for any denizen. Giant octopi, including some specimens that can reach gargantuan proportions, also lurk in the darker depths. Dolphins, giant sea horses, crabs of all kinds, and great schools of quippers can all be found in the Plane of Water. All manner of aquatic beasts can be encountered, whether they're freshwater or saltwater, and there are many that move between the Material Plane and the Plane of Water without even realizing it.

Sea worms are found in abundance on the plane as well, and they are often used as mounts by the humanoids living in the waters. Electric and elder variations are more rare, and the vast herds of sea worms move about the endless sea in a meandering, grazing lifestyle.

ELEMENTALS

The living extension of the Plane of Water are the primordial water elementals, which are found in all shapes and sizes across all layers of the plane. Most are simple creatures concerned only with survival and finding food, though exactly what they eat has been the subject of some debate among planar scholars. They can be trained, and many of the native sentient creatures use them as trained guards. Water weards are also native to the plane and naturally attach themselves to sites all across the ocean.

The greatest and most feared elementals are the leviathans. These creatures are living walls of water that can drown ships or settlements, and some serve the Elemental Lords of Water – but just as many are simple agents of the natural flow of the Plane of Water. Merfolk tribes make offerings to the leviathans but it is unclear if these actually work to appease the great elementals.

Marids. Of all the genies of the Inner Planes, marids are the most wild and capricious. They can be cruel or kind, gentle or harsh in the blink of an eye, often rapidly shifting between powerful emotions in the course of a single conversation. They are the most arrogant of the genies, and they love to adorn themselves and their immediate surroundings with gaudy displays of wealth and status. Their natural form is piscine but most tailor this look to suit their own whims, sculpting their features like a crafter working with clay. They are greatly respected by the other intelligent denizens of the Plane of Water for their wrath and generosity are both legendary, and the Great Padisha of the Marids in her Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls nominally rules over them all. Most secretly (some openly) believe themselves to be superior.

HUMANOIDS

Any humanoid that can breathe underwater can be found in abundance in the Plane of Water, including sea elves, locathah, merfolk, and sahuagin. The City of Glass is one of the great metropolises of the multiverse, far more welcoming than the oppressive City of Brass and more open to lucrative trade from merchants regardless of their origin. This cosmopolitan trait attracts people from all across the planes, including the Material Plane.

Elf. Sea elf cities and colonies are found through the Plane of Water. They tend to settle in coral forests or drifting aquatic stone islands, crafting their buildings to blend in perfectly with the surrounding terrain. This natural camouflage keeps them safe from the numerous predators in the ocean, though the sea elves hold a special hatred for sahuagin. The two races have been at war since time immemorial and their connection has created a special variant called a malenti. Malenti are sahuagin that look like sea elves superficially but have shark-like teeth and a wicked disposition, and are often sent into sea elf communities as spies and undercover agents.

Genasi. Flamboyant and gregarious, water genasi inherit much of their personality from their marid parentage. Unlike other genasi in the Inner Planes, most marids welcome their offspring with mortal creatures as family members, and most marid citadels and courts have numerous water genasi nobles and counts among them. Despite this welcoming attitude, many water genasi choose to take up the life of an adventurer, seeking out the new experiences and wonders that the multiverse has to share.

Locathah. Locathah are the wandering nomads of the Plane of Water, rarely settling down in any single place, letting the currents of the great ocean carry them to their next destination. They have a strong belief in destiny and fate and honor the currents of the plane as living entities to be respected and thanked. Locathah are skilled traders with a keen eye for things that others want, and they often drift into the City of Glass to trade their goods before letting the waters carry them out again.

Merfolk. There are fewer merfolk settlements in the Plane of Water than most realize, mainly due to the incredible ocean depths. Merfolk prefer to keep their homes closer to the surface, and on the Plane of Water there are only a handful of ideal locations in the Sea of Light. Submerged islands and coral shelves provide the best places for merfolk to live, though they are found in abundance in the City of Glass. Their difficulty in walking and moving on land makes their out of water presence scarce, though the inherent magic in the City of Glass that allows swimming creatures to fly allows them to move about freely.

Sahuagin. Dangerous, territorial, and voracious, sahuagin are one of the most feared forces in the Plane of Water. They are cruel expansionists who believe the entire ocean is their birthright, and they war with everyone else. Sahuagin communities are found usually in the Darkened Depths within black caves, but they've been aggressively expanding into the Sea of Light as well. Their clashes with sea elves are the most noteworthy, but they are avoided by almost all other creatures as well. A small enclave have established themselves in the City of Glass but even these relatively peaceful groups are treated with suspicion and fear.

Triton. Tritons see themselves as the first and last line of defense against the evil things that dwell in the Darkened Depths. They take pride in this, but it also tends to create a sense of self-importance that grates on non-tritons. Nonetheless, they are proud of their long tradition of guardianship and watchfulness over the potent monstrous evils lurking in the darkness, and they often go on quests and missions across the multiverse to stop the spread of evil aquatic monsters such as aboleths and underwater incursions from the Far Realm.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

There are many natural hazards in the Plane of Water that can derail or end a traveler's journey. Even the native creatures of the realm know to avoid some of these dangerous phenomena.

POWERFUL CURRENT

The waters of the Sea of Light and the Darkened Depths are pushed and pulled by random, chaotic forces, creating currents that act like roads. Canny planar natives learn to detect these currents and use them to get to one place or another more quickly (or to avoid them altogether if they happen to be flowing in an undesired location). The strength of a current can randomly be determined on the below table, which determines the DC for Strength (Athletics) checks to swim out of a current. Swimming directly against a current requires a Strength (Athletics) check against the listed DC made at disadvantage. You can roll on the table to also determine the size of the current as represented by the number of Strength (Athletics) checks needed to escape.

A special note is needed for the doom tide. Somewhere in the Plane of Water sweeps this massively powerful current. The doom tide shifts haphazardly, sometimes flowing in a single direction for months at a time and other times changing direction several times in an hour. Some planar scholars believe the doom tide originates from the depths of the Darkened Depths in some mysterious hole, perhaps a permanent vortex to the Plane of Air, but to date no one has found its source. The doom tide is always massive (4 checks necessary to get out).

On the random encounter tables for the Plane of Water, a current is identified as either helpful or hindering. A helpful current is one that is flowing in the direction the party is traveling, which can speed up time considerably. In this situation reduce travel time in half. On the other hand, a hindering current is one that is flowing in a different direction than the one the party wants, requiring them to pass through it or go around it. Going around a current requires more travel time - one hour for a small current, four hours for a medium current, eight hours for a large current, and sixteen hours for a massive current. Trying to swim through a current requires a number of Strength (Athletics) checks against a DC set by the current's strength.

Because the current in the Plane of Water can be so fickle, roll on the below table for any other hazard encounter on the plane.

WATER CURRENT STRENGTH

1D20	CURRENT STRENGTH	DC
1-4	Light	10
5-11	Moderate	13
12-15	Strong	16
16-19	Brute	20
20	Doom Tide (see text)	25

WATER CURRENT SIZE

1D10	CURRENT SIZE
1-3	Small (1 check)
4-7	Medium (2 checks)
5-9	Large (3 checks)
10	Massive (4 checks)

HOT SPOT

Vortices and planar pockets exist all across the multiverse, and that is no different for the Plane of Water. Sometimes, those pockets lead to a much hotter location, such as the Plane of Fire, Magma, or one of the Lower Planes. This creates a floating hot spot in the sea. A hot spot is typically a rough sphere 2d10 x 50 feet in diameter. Creatures in a hot spot suffer 5 (1d10) fire damage each round.

ICE POCKET

Similar to the hot spot, an ice pocket is a supernaturally cold vortex that travels in the Plane of Water. The watery conditions are more conducive to the cold than the heat, and as such the ice pockets are large spheres 2d10 x 100 feet in diameter. Creatures in an ice pocket suffer 3 (1d6) cold damage each round and they must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failure they suffer a level of exhaustion. Ice pockets often have floating ice chunks drifting along with the current making identification of this danger a little easier.

SLIME WATER

Sometimes the never-ending tide of Sea of Worlds pulls large swaths of the Swamp of Oblivion away, sucking them into the sea. There, they are sometimes picked up by currents and pulled further into the sea's depths, creating large pockets of dangerous slime water. The mud from the Swamp of Oblivion mixed with certain aspects of the Sea of Worlds creates a corrosive mixture that harms creatures caught in its path. A patch of slime water is typically a sphere 2d10 x 5 feet in diameter. Creatures in the slime water sphere suffer 4 (1d8) poison damage per round.

RED TIDES

Red tides are dangerous patches of fungi and spores that drift through the Plane of Water, causing panic and chaos where the current takes it. Native creatures know to avoid red tides with all possible haste as the consequences of being inside of one can be deadly. As rare as they are, a red tide can cover a substantial area. Each red tide fills a sphere 2d10 x 50 feet in diameter. Living creatures inside of a red tide must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or suffer the effects of the *contagion* spell, inflicting a random disease from that spell's list of possibilities.

WHIRLPOOL

When two currents meet they form a whirlpool, which can be dangerous for travelers in the Plane of Water. If a whirlpool is encountered, roll twice on the Current Strength table to determine the overall whirlpool strength. The highest current strength DC determines the DC for Strength (Athletics) checks made to escape a whirlpool. The real danger is being buffeted by the powerful force of the currents. The strongest current level determines how much damage is dealt each round - light (1d6), moderate (2d6), strong (3d6), brute (4d6), or doom tide (5d6).

SITES & TREASURES

To the planar traveler, the Plane of Water holds a multitude of wondrous sites, dangerous lairs, and mysterious treasures to seek out, explore, and possibly plunder. From the magnificent Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls and the seat of the great padishah of the marids to the unplumbed depths of the Trench of Death, opportunities for adventure are as boundless as the sea in the Plane of Water.

BLACK CORAL CITADEL OF OLHYDRA

In stark contrast to the marid's Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls, Olhydra keeps a lair in the Darkened Depths known as the Black Coral Citadel. This imposing structure is a tall, twisted spire made of pure black coral, a rare form of coral in the Plane of Water that holds great evil. Most of the interior of the Black Coral Citadel is reserved for prison cells – the elemental minions of Olhydra enjoy torturing the multitude of aquatic elves, locathah, and merfolk locked away in the dark citadel.

The top of the citadel is reserved for Olhydra's royal throne room where she plans her conquest of the Plane of Water and all the seas of the Material Plane. She and her followers work to drown all the worlds in a torrent of black water to wash away all traces of life, leaving her to claim ownership of the abandoned lands. A handful of favored cultists across the Material Planes have been allowed to visit the Black Coral Citadel, and in each case they were gifted with some portion of Olhydra's watery power. A handful have stayed in the Plane of Water to serve the Princess of Evil Water Elemental Creatures and act as her proxy or spy on the plane. The Azure Council of the City of Glass has worked long to make sure the destructive followers of Olhydra do not succeed in their various plots to destroy the crystalline dome that gives the city its name.

In the Black Coral Citadel, Olhydra keeps an unusual pool of silver liquid. Through it, she can view nearly any ocean or sea on the Material Plane, and she uses it to keep tabs on her servants and underlings. The pool can act as a portal, but doing so requires a portion of Olhydra's mighty elemental power that is forever sacrificed, so she usually refrains from using it.

CITADEL OF TEN THOUSAND PEARLS

The home of the great padishah of the marid is the fabulous Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls. Here, the pride and vanity of the marid is put on full display, with hundreds of beautifully carved air fountains, multicolored curtains of rare kelp, and splendidly appointed pearl-studded housing domes filling the aquatic halls. In the center towers a spike of gilded coral wherein rests the great padishah herself and her royal court. Throughout the citadel, glowing orbs of various size and hue illuminate the darkness, and from a distance they appear as pearls in the sea, thus giving the magnificent palace its name.

Normally, the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls is occupied by about two hundred marid genies and one thousand servants. Even for marid, the ones in the citadel are haughty and pompous, and every action must be announced and honored by someone in a higher station. While visitors are welcome in the citadel, they must be polite and operate within the bounds of marid etiquette. Offending a marid within the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls is a capital offense, and a marid can take offense at anything given the right mood and circumstance.

The great padishah's treasure room, however, is said to house the most splendid collection of valuable and rare pearls ever to be found in the Plane of Water, along with the prized possessions of dozens of defeated foes and conquered heroes. While the marid do not put much stock in large-scale military offenses, duels are common, and it is customary for the winner to take something valuable from the loser. This can be their life, but most often it's a valued possession that the marid wanted in the first place.

CITY OF GLASS

Without a doubt, the greatest metropolis on the Plane of Water is the City of Glass. It is by far the most populated city on the plane, with roughly 30,000 residents and visitors at any given time. The city takes its name from the titanic dome of translucent crystal that hangs over the interior, all resting on a great disc of eternal ice. This dome holds trapped air, and by a natural process of the eternal ice disc the air is constantly refreshed and recycled. Buildings constructed of ice, waterblocks (a kind of melted ice cube that retains its shape), fortified kelp, and coral sprawl about beneath the dome, with many being completed filled with water to accommodate occupants.

The City of Glass was constructed originally by the marid long ago, but they quickly abandoned it after the project was complete. But even then, the nature of the city drew many to it, as the marid worked with planar architects to make sure the City of Glass could be accessed from anywhere in the multiverse. Dozens upon dozens of permanent portals were constructed which the marid held control over, and when they left they did not leave the portals unguarded. The great padishah of the marid at the time decreed that a group of representatives from the city would rule with control over the many portals. Thus the Azure Council was born.

Since then, the Azure Council has guided the City of Glass to become a merchant paradise where all manner of goods and services could be bought and sold. The city's position as a neutral ground, free of the hostilities of the outside seas and worlds, is maintained by a peacekeeping force known as the Knights of Glass. Like the council itself, the Knights of Glass are made up of many representatives of the city's inhabitants, and the high commander takes orders from the speaker of the Azure Council. The delicate balance of peace has been broken several times in the past, but the knights have always managed to restore order with minimal issues.



Over the years, the Azure Council has enacted many laws to govern trade and commerce in the city, and they do that by controlling what passes through the many planar gates. Merchants delivering goods have them inspected thoroughly by the Knights of Glass and the entire system has become a bloated bureaucracy – but one that works, albeit slowly. Although nearly any good or service can be purchased in the City of Glass, merchants that wish to avoid the scrutiny of the knights and the council have created a “black” market for those who know where to go. This illegal marketplace operates in the Freezer, the poorest and least patrolled area of the City of Glass that exists in the disc of eternal ice itself.

Dozens of marketplaces sprawl about the City of Glass, with many devoted to one type of good or another. The Steel Market buys and sells weapons and armor, the Seabed Market trades in the natural resources of the Plane of Water, the Chain Market deals with the selling of slaves, and many others. While nearly any good or service can be bought in the city, the Azure Council long ago decreed that the buying and selling of souls was strictly prohibited. Possessing a soul in a vessel was not a crime, but the Knights of Glass keep a watchful eye on anyone detected as possessing them.

The markets are scattered about the four districts of the city – the Royal District, containing the richest and most well-appointed manors and villas, including the Glittering Tower of the Azure Council; the Crystal District, the largest of the city’s regions, holding the major trade companies and guild houses that keep coins coming in and out; the Flow District, a hub for travelers, transients, and non-mercantile guilds in the city; and the Tide District, home to the most warehouses. Unofficially, the Freezer sits in the disc of eternal ice below the city’s streets, though the Azure Council does not recognize it as an official city district.

Open hostilities are discouraged by the presence of the Knights of Glass, but in any city of this size crime and murder become an issue. Gang warfare spilling out of the Freezer and mercenary companies competing for business in the Flow District keep the knights busy enough with maintaining order. Travelers are advised to keep to themselves and steer clear of any trouble that might involve the Knights of Glass – they have a reputation as ruthless enforcers of the Azure Council’s will.

FATHOMLESS CAVES

The Darkened Depths hold any number of lightless, dangerous sites, and one of the most notorious are the Fathomless Caves. It is widely assumed that the Plane of Water has no bottom, but the further down one travels the more rocks and earth debris are encountered, and a great shelf of black rock holds the series of tunnels that make up the Fathomless Caves. Aquatic dragons, krakens, aboleths, elder sea worms, morkoth, and more lurk in the shadowed darkness of these caves. Rumors persist of certain caverns holding air, though it is agreed that most of the Fathomless Caves are flooded completely.

Several portals to the Plane of Earth can be found in the Fathomless Caves leading to flooded areas of that neighboring Inner Plane. Earth elementals, mud mephits, and other border elemental creatures wander the caves as well, and the dao genies regularly send teams of slaves through to steal away pearls and other treasures of the Plane of Water. Most slave teams do not return alive.

THE FREEZER

Inside the great disc of eternal ice that the City of Glass rests upon squats a region known as the Freezer. The Freezer is an open secret among the city's residents, and it contains a myriad of frosty tunnels dug into the ice over the course of hundreds of years by malcontents, gangs, and people who didn't want to live under the thumb of the Azure Council. The region spread quietly until it became too big to ignore, though the Azure Council still does its best to ignore it. Many attempts have been made to shut down the Freezer, including collapsing the entire sheet of ice and crushing all within it, but the ancient marid magic has kept most options out of reach.

There are several secret portals from other worlds and city's that lead directly into the Freezer and these portals exist outside of the City of Glass network that the Azure Council maintains. One such portal is known to exist in the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire, though agents of the council have been trying to shut them down for countless years. In the Freezer, merchants sell their ways away from the prying eyes of the council and the knights, and though the prices might be higher, many buyers are willing to pay the extra for the discretion. The main commodity that can be found in the Freezer that is strictly unavailable in the markets of the above city are souls. Yugoloth merchants, bargaining devils, and unscrupulous demons seek out specialized soul traders in the Freezer.

GRAVEYARD OF SAILS

Floating in the Sea of Light is a mass graveyard of sunken ships and broken debris. The entire mass is held together by a swirling vortex leading to the Plane of Air at its center, and this whirl is what pulls in the wreckages like a magnet. Dozens upon dozens of wooden ships have sunk and collected in this Graveyard of Sails, and because of the water's nature the wood does not break down naturally. Undead pirates, fierce elementals, and countless scavengers prowls the great wrecks, but for the brave traveler a wealth of treasure and information can be plundered.

GREAT CORAL FOREST

In the Sea of Light, the sprawling Great Coral Forest stretches out for hundreds of miles. Some property of the coral forest keeps it from rising or sinking too far from its position, which is only several miles below the surface of the Sea of Worlds. The entire mass of brightly colored coral rests underwater where it provides food and shelter for countless native creatures. Schools of fish swim in and out of the natural coral "caves" along with predators, such as sharks, eels, and numerous elementals. Several outposts rest on or in the forest, including a sahuagin settlement and an aquatic elf village.

ISLE OF DREAD

The legend of the Isle of Dread has been spread across the seas of the Material Plane for generations. Most sailors believe it to be an island somewhere on a distant ocean, but the truth is that it exists on the Sea of Worlds on the Plane of Water. Powerful storms surround the Isle of Dread, and these storms become so violent that they create planar vortexes to the Material Plane on a regular basis. These planar vortexes exist only during similarly violent storms on the Material Plane, and they are big enough to pull through a sailing vessel. Ships that pass through find themselves on a planar ocean looking upon an island of danger and death.

A steamy jungle fills most of the Isle of Dread along with a rough chain of mountains. Great monsters inhabit the island – dinosaurs and their like dominate the food chain at every level. Several tribes of savage humanoids eke out an existence as well, and the center of the island holds a large mysterious lake. Travelers that make it ashore find that they must fight to survive but that a greater secret sits on that central lake. There are some captains that have found the Isle of Dread and returned back home to tell their tale, passing through another vortex by some stroke of luck or providence, but most that find it are never heard from again.

THE PEARL OF BLOOD

Among the sahuagin, few stories invoke such reverence and awe as the ones that involve the Pearl of Blood. This massive pearl is blood-red in color and is said to hold the wisdom of the most powerful sahuagin priestesses that have died in the service of Sekolah the Joyful Hunter. Legends about it claim that it can summon a great tornado of sharks in the ocean to devastate opponents, or that it can serve as a beacon for all megalodons in a ten-mile radius. The possessor of the Pearl of Blood is said to be able to control the megalodons, commanding a near-invincible army of titanic sharks. The relic itself was formed by a drop of Sekolah's blood that crystallized and formed a perfect sphere, if the stories are to be believed.

But these are all legends. The truth likely is somewhat different, but the item has been lost for generations. Nobody knows the current location of the Pearl of Blood, though sahuagin priestesses are always on the hunt for signs and portents to its eventual return. Did the powerful relic get swept up in a storm and pushed to one of the Material Planes? Does it sit somewhere in the Great Coral Forest? Perhaps the marid found it and are keeping it locked away in a storeroom somewhere in the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls. Or perhaps Thrym, god of frost giants, found it and it sits now in his secret vault in the Sea of Ice. Wherever it is, if the Pearl of Blood were to return to sahuagin hands it would herald a sweeping invasion of much of the Plane of Water.

RAFTLAND

Many ships have been pulled into the Plane of Water, and most of the time they do not find their way back. Most are boarded by sahuagin or other vicious planar raider or sunk by one of the many storms that rock the Sea of Worlds, but some manage to survive on the ruins of their boats. Over the years, these survivors that pulled together other flotsam and wooden debris, and they pulled these together to form a massive floating “island” of broken ship parts known as Raftland.

Raftland travels with the tide and its size has helped it survive the storms that continually appear in the volatile skies overhead. Through it all, sailors and fishers of all races have managed to survive and even thrive in Raftland. They fish for food and the lack of salt in portions of the Sea of Worlds creates plenty of drinking water. They've been floating long enough on the Sea of Worlds that they've developed into a small kingdom. King Atwood the Gray Beard is the latest in the line of succession to rule the Independent Kingdom of Raftland, and by all accounts he is a murderous thief and a liar. Unfortunately, most of the residents of Raftland are bloodthirsty pirates, so infighting and bickering is common. But when the storms roll in, they put aside their differences and work together to keep their own slice of freedom from breaking apart and floating away.

REEF OF NIGHTMARES

The most populated city of the sahuagin in the Plane of Water is a dangerous region known as the Reef of Nightmares. It sits in the Sea of Light close to the surface, where the sahuagin raid ships pulled through portals for food and treasure, and it stretches out for several miles. Hundreds of sharks prowl the waters, and more than a few megalodons are known to swim between the broken coral pieces of the reef in search of food and prey. Several sahuagin outposts rest on the Reef of Nightmares, each competing with one another for total dominance and the favor of Sekolah the Joyful Hunter.

SUNKEN CITY OF R'LYEH

Titanic monoliths stand in a submerged crumbling landscape of tumbled buildings too large for anyone but a giant somewhere in the Darkened Depths. This is the Sunken City of R'lyeh, where the elder god Great Cthulhu slumbers to this day. Where did R'lyeh come from? Who built it? Did Great Cthulhu construct it along with his alien-minded kin in the Far Realm? Or was it built by servitors of the elder god? Why does Great Cthulhu slumber in its depths?

Truthfully little is known about this dangerous site except that those that swim to it find the alien landscapes defy all manner of logic. The eerie and unsettling masonry has driven some travelers to madness, but worse are the guardians of R'lyeh that slink over its fallen stone arches and monoliths. These shambling monstrosities known as shoggoths are little more than beasts, or so it is thought, and they share certain characteristics with Great Cthulhu itself. They are alien in thought, fierce in combat, and entirely blasphemous to behold.

In rare circumstances, when the stars are right, the Sunken City of R'lyeh rises from its position in the Darkened Depths to pierce the veil of the planes and rise in some distant location on the Material Plane. Deranged cultists of Great Cthulhu herald the arrival of R'lyeh with sacrifice and savagery, hoping that the slumbering elder god awakens and devours the world. The Sunken City has risen on several occasions, but for whatever reasons Great Cthulhu usually only awakens for a very brief time before being called back to his prison.

TRENCH OF DEATH

Without a doubt, the deepest portion of the Plane of Water is a great crevasse in a massive shelf of rock known as the Trench of Death. Deep, deep in the Darkened Depths, this pitch-black hole is cold and lightless (the entire region function as an ice pocket). What monstrous entity dwells in this trench? The marid avoid the region above all others, and certain legends among them speak of a creature that existed before time. This creature, a titan of the highest and oldest order, created the Plane of Water by ripping a hole in the fabric of the world, spilling the contents of another realm entirely and filling up this one. Does this legend hold any truth? And if it does, what does it have to do with the Trench of Death?

The Trench of Death does hold some inhabitants, but they dwell in the caves and niches along the slope leading down the endless abyss of darkness below. Many eyes of the deep keep lairs along the trench's walls, along with morkoth and a handful of degenerate krakens. Even these great monsters refuse to swim into the darkness of the trench mouth itself, where a strong current can suddenly pull swimmers down into its gulf of endless night.

Vault of Thrym

One of the massive icebergs floating in the Sea of Ice is not like the others. This is the Vault of Thrym, created by the god of frost giants to house some of his most secret and powerful possessions. Rumors say that the only way to access the vault is to possess a special key also crafted by Thrym, though few know any details on this key. What wondrous treasure rests in the Vault of Thrym? The guardians of the iceberg vault are said to be among the deadliest creatures from the Frostfell, and even inside the halls and passages hold traps, dangers, and creatures beyond death itself. Many travelers have died scouring the Sea of Ice for this lost storehouse.



Adventure Hooks

Adventure abounds in the Plane of Water for those able to withstand its aquatic nature. Below are some adventure hooks that can be expanded upon by an enterprising Dungeon Master looking to incorporate the Plane of Water into their campaign.

Welcome to Dread. While aboard a ship, the party and the crew encounter a terrible storm. Battered but alive, the party wakes up to find they are on the beach of some mysterious jungle island. The Isle of Dread lays open to them, and now they must venture further into the island's interior to find a way out. The lake in the island's center holds a secret that could transport them home, but finding it is going to take all of their cunning and wits (and no small amount of luck!).

The Mysterious Locket. In a waterfront tavern, the party is confronted by a beggar trying to sell a small golden locket containing a mysterious wavy symbol. Regardless of whether or not they purchase it, the beggar drowns suddenly and violently with no obvious cause. What part did the locket play in the beggar's death? How does a man drown in the middle of a tavern with no drink in hand? The locket once belonged to a sailor, who was gifted it by a nereid long ago as a sign of love and friendship. Over the years, however, the sailor became bitter and angry, and that resentment turned the locket into a tool of evil.

Gold and Glory in the Graveyard. In the City of Glass, the party is approached by a merchant guild with some information they'd like to act on. A ship was pulled into the Plane of Water by one of the storms, and this ship was loaded to bear with gold, silver, and trinkets from the treasury of some Material Plane king. The merchant guild knows the name of the ship and that it now rests in the Graveyard of Sails, but they need a discrete band of adventurers to reach the mass ship graveyard before other guilds find out about it. Do the characters trust the merchant guild? What dangers await them in the Graveyard of Sails?

Nightmare of Blood. Something has riled up the sahuagin in the Reef of Nightmares recently, and rumors persist that they've uncovered information about the Pearl of Blood. Holding this relic would be bad for all peace-loving denizens of the plane, so the Azure Council of the City of Glass pulls the party in to have them investigate. Has the Pearl of Blood surfaced? How do the characters get into the Reef of Nightmares without alerting the sahuagin colonies of their presence?

Rise of the Great Flood. A hydromancer wizard on the Material Plane, obsessed with the power of water, has made an agreement with a greedy marid shah. The terms of the agreement were not what the wizard bargained for, and he found himself a prisoner of the marid's power. Now, with access to a wizard's tower and a portal to the never-ending Plane of Water, the marid seeks to flood the Material Plane and pick through the ruins for treasure. The party must get through the portal and shut it down, which can only be done from the Plane of Water side, but there they must contend with the marid's personal slaves and fighting forces.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Plane of Water. Four separate tables are provided – one for the City of Glass, one for the Sea of Light, one for the Darkened Depths, and one for the Sea of Worlds.

CITY OF GLASS

1D100	CITY OF GLASS ENCOUNTER
01-05	Kuo-toa merchants
06-10	Sahuagin priestess and entourage
11-15	Lizardfolk thugs
16-20	Marid and attendant sycophantic slaves
21-25	Planar traveler looking to get out
26-30	Locathah traders
31-35	Aquatic elf herbalists
36-40	Human merchants selling wares
41-45	Elf pickpocket
46-50	Storm giant seeking a treasure
51-55	Sea hag and water elemental servants
56-60	Eadro followers
61-65	Cultists of Olhydra
66-70	Water sphere holding merfolk traders
71-75	Knights of Glass on patrol
76-80	Polymorphed bronze dragon enjoying the day
81-85	Quasit demon running an errand
86-90	Dwarf bard with an octopus assistant
91-95	Locathah mercenaries
96-00	Polymorphed green dragon looking for trouble

SEA OF WORLDS (SURFACE)

1D100	SEA OF WORLDS ENCOUNTER
01-10	Abandoned ship
11-20	1d6 giant sharks
21-30	Ship with dehydrated crew
31-40	2d10 sahuagin raiders
41-50	1d8 locathah
51-60	1d4 nereid
61-80	Powerful storm
81-90	Slime water
91-99	Uncharted coral island
00	1 megalodon

SEA OF LIGHT

1D100	SEA OF LIGHT ENCOUNTER
01-05	2d6 merfolk
06-10	Red tide
11-15	2d8 sahuagin
16-20	Hot spot
21-25	1d4 merrow
26-30	Ice pocket
31-35	1d4 reef sharks
36-40	Slime water
41-45	1d4 hunter sharks
46-50	Whirlpool
51-55	1d4 hostile water elementals
56-60	2d8 locathah
61-65	2d4 sea worms
66-70	1d4 electric sea worms
71-75	1d4 nereid
76-80	1 marid
81-00	Powerful current

DARKENED DEPTHS

1D100	DARKENED DEPTHS ENCOUNTER
01-05	1d6 sea hags
06-10	1d6 giant sharks
11-15	Ice pocket
16-20	1d10 hostile water elementals
21-25	1 morkoth
26-30	Slime water
31-35	1 kraken
36-40	1 dragon turtle
41-45	2d6 swarms of quippers
46-55	Whirlpool
56-60	1 eye of the deep
61-65	1 megalodon
66-70	1 caller of the deeps
71-75	Red tide
76-99	Powerful current
00	1d4+1 kraken

BORDER ELEMENTAL PLANES

“Imagine for a moment that the four Elemental Planes of the multiverse form a sphere, with each plane rolling into one another. This is an oversimplification of course, but it helps to illustrate the nature of the border elemental planes, or paraelemental planes as they’re referred to in older texts. Where each plane “touches” another, a distinct realm is created. It’s worth noting that this behavior is quite unique in the multiverse – there are no other similar border planes known to exist anywhere! Each of these border elemental planes holds its own dangerous properties and creatures, but for the most part these planes are not as expansive or as settled as the core four. Exploration is not recommended for the weak of body or will.”

Astromarchus the Sage

Wild and unruly, the border regions between the Elemental Planes create distinct realms that act as a hybrid between the neighboring regions. Where Air and Water meet, the Plane of Ice is created; the border of Fire and Earth creates the Plane of Magma; the meeting of Earth and Water results in the Plane of Ooze; and the combination of Air and Fire births the Plane of Ash. These realms are smaller in scale than the core four, yet remain expansive nonetheless – they are still each larger than most Material Plane worlds!

Some planar scholars say that the Border Elemental Planes are relatively new in the multiverse, which is why they don’t have dominant species of genies. Others say that the constantly shifting nature of the Elemental Planes keeps these border regions from settling, resulting in regular patterns of activity that is unsuited to the formation or continuation of intelligent species. Certainly there are native creatures in these planes, but they tend toward the animalistic in nature rather than intelligently civilized, though certain exceptions exist (mephits, for example, but they generally lack the discipline to craft lasting legacies).

It has been theorized that the core energy types – fire, acid, cold, and lightning – are birthed from the Border Elemental Planes and not from their core Elemental Plane counterparts. Like many things in planar lore, the truth is likely never to be known and the facts remain debatable in scholarly circles. For example, the cold energy type certainly makes sense to originate from the Plane of Ice, and it’s not too far of a leap to connect acid to the Plane of Ooze. But how is fire a byproduct of the Plane of Magma? And though lightning is common on the Plane of Ash, it is not what most consider a dominant trait of the plane. Debates continue.

The Border Elemental Planes still contain enough adventure potential to lure travelers and bands of heroes to its inhospitable lands, though. Whether searching for the lost Halls of Blazeheart in the Plane of Magma, running from the frozen terrors in the City of the Elder Things on the Plane of Ice, hunting for the secrets of the Slime Lord Tombs in the Plane of Ooze, or picking through debris across the Battlefields of Smoke on the Plane of Ash, excitement and treasures abound for those brave enough to seek them out.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Border Elemental Planes as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Border Elemental Planes.

Raging Elements. The four Border Elemental Planes sit at the crossroads of the Inner Planes, and their very existence is the result of powerful elemental forces clashing on an almost inconceivable scale. The individual elements of each Border Elemental Plane are constant presences, from the titanic waves slamming into the icebergs on the Plane of Ice to the fiery tornadoes whipped up on the Plane of Ash.

Constant Change. Nothing is static in the Border Elemental Planes. Even the Plane of Ice, which most picture as simply frozen in place, is a place of constant and never-ending change, from water to ice and back to water again. Mud bubbles and flows on the Plane of Ooze, roiling lava eats away at porous earthen tunnels on the Plane of Magma, and billowing choking clouds fill the skies of the Plane of Ash. Everything is in motion on these planes, far more than the Inner Planes.

Strange and Wild. The awe-inspiring and raw elemental forces that create the Border Elemental Planes find a way to surprise travelers in new and strange ways. Whether it’s a brilliant multi-colored icicle forest on the Plane of Ice, a towering mountain of sludge on the Plane of Ooze, sticky lava that clings to the ceiling of a vast cavern in the Plane of Magma, or twinkling shards of obsidian dancing in a firestorm on the Plane of Ash, there’s always something amazing to see here. Some of it may only last a moment and then be gone.

LAY OF THE LAND

Each of the Border Elemental Planes is a distinct realm, though there isn’t as much variation in the landscape as the prime Elemental Planes.

PLANE OF ICE

The Plane of Ice sits between the Planes of Water and Air, and it is one of the coldest planes in the multiverse. The bulk of the Plane of Ice is comprised of a region known as the Frostfell – broad, wind-carved tundras and mountains hiding ice-locked lakes of unknown depth. The skies are gray with constantly churning storm clouds pushed in from the Plane of Air mixing with the heavy moisture from the Plane of Water, and it is always snowing somewhere across the Frostfell.

PLANE OF ASH

Between the Planes of Air and Fire is the Plane of Ash. Scorching winds blow constantly through the Great Conflagration, the main region, which is dominated by a firestorm of immense proportion. The smoke-choked air obscures vision to only a few dozen feet, and blackened earth motes drift chaotically through the swirling ash. Unlike the Plane of Air, gravity has an effect here, but the supercharged heat from the Plane of Fire keeps even large earth motes and objects afloat, though unstable. A red glow from the fiery realm filters through the ash-filled sky.

PLANE OF MAGMA

Towering peaks and volcanoes pierce the Plane of Magma on the borders of the Planes of Fire and Earth. Mighty underground channels of lava cut through the rock, creating a cycle of cooling and re-heating that keeps the area full of dangers. The area is also known as the Fountains of Creation, and in the deep caverns great seas of magma are known to hide dangers and threats beyond the real possibility of burning or drowning.

PLANE OF OOZE

The bubbling, rumbling Plane of Ooze rests between the Planes of Water and Earth. Dominated by the aptly named Swamp of Oblivion, this plane is difficult to travel on the ground because of the sludge-like pools that dominate the terrain. It's not friendly to air travel either, though, as great insect swarms act as dark clouds that block out the meager light from the Plane of Water.

CYCLE OF TIME

The Border Elemental Planes share dim ambient light energy from the Planes of Fire and Water, which both have regular day/night shifts. It isn't as distinct as on those Elemental Planes – a slight darkening of the sky at night, and a brighter tinge to the air during the day. Most of the travel and interesting sites on the Plane of Magma takes place underground, and the Plane of Ice hides its fair share of secrets below the surface as well, so in these regions no exterior force exists to assist in recording the passage of time.

SURVIVING

Each of the Border Elemental Planes offers its own interpretation on ambient danger that travelers must be aware of and contend with. The most straightforward is the Plane of Magma. Falling into or being immersed in the raw magma of the plane results in 55 (10d10) fire damage. If a creature starts its turn in the magma, it takes the same fire damage.

On the Plane of Ice, the dangerous temperatures can drive unprepared travelers into frosty graves. Creatures and characters that complete a short or long rest anywhere on the Plane of Ice must succeed at a Constitution saving throw (DC 12 for a short rest, DC 18 for a long rest). Creatures that fail gain one level of exhaustion. Bundling up in Material Plane winter gear reduces the DC by 2. In the Cloud City of Calypso on the Plane of Air, specialty clothing shops make ice-repelling fur gear that can

offer advantage on the saving throw, but acquiring them requires more than just gold.

The Plane of Ash offers a similar hazard due to the thick choking clouds. Creatures that need to breathe air must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw every hour; on a failure they gain a level of exhaustion from the soot-filled clouds that dominate the plane. Wearing a strip of cloth over the mouth moves the required saving throw to once every 8 hours, but the cloth must be replaced at the end of those 8 hours as it ceases to provide any benefit afterwards.

Traveling the Plane of Ooze offers no special threat to living creatures, but the entire plane is considered difficult terrain for the purposes of traveling on the ground. The insect swarms and mudsinks are another matter entirely (detailed under Hazards & Phenomena).



GETTING THERE

The easiest access point for all of the Border Elemental Planes is to travel to the Elemental Planes, reach the region closest to the border, and keep traveling, though the distance is variable and highly subjective to the whims of the multiverse. If you are on the Plane of Earth and travel to the Mud Hills, if you keep going through that area you'll eventually reach the Swamp of Oblivion and be on the Plane of Ooze. Such travel is not without its inherent dangers, as the natural properties of the Elemental Plane give way eventually to the hostile nature of the Border Elemental Plane, but the trip can usually be accomplished by going in a certain direction.

Portals exist to various points on each of the Border Elemental Planes, but these tend to be spontaneous events as much as purposely constructed permanent gateways. Savage blizzards in hostile arctic terrain on the Material Plane can create a sudden vortex to the Plane of Ice, and the appearance of the right conditions in a particularly nasty swamp can create a temporary gate to the Plane of Ooze for a short period. The wizards and sages of the Prismatic Order on the Plane of Air, specifically the Red Master Mage and his apprentices, have one of the most complete collections of known portals to the Border Elemental Planes known to exist.

TRAVELING AROUND

Traversing the Border Elemental Planes carries its own risks depending on the specific plane. The Plane of Ice is dangerous because of the numbing cold and powerful blizzards that spring up without warning, but beyond that travel is relatively straightforward, on foot or flying. The Plane of Ooze holds hidden dangers in its endless swampy domain and moving about is difficult because of the thick morass of sucking mud and slime – using a boat or finding another way to stay above the muck is the fastest way to move about from one location to another.

The Plane of Ash is hazardous to breath and difficult to see, but aerial creatures can fly relatively unimpeded (avoiding the earth motes that dot the region and the searing hot winds). The Plane of Magma offers the most difficulties to traditional travel, as the entire plane consists of underground shifting molten rocks. Creatures that need to breathe the air are going to be in for trouble, and those without the ability to swim through lava or shift through rock naturally need to find some magical means of getting around outside of portals or gates.

It's worth noting that the Border Elemental Planes, like the Elemental Planes, do not have the traditional "compass" directions of north, east, south, and west. Among planar cartographers, direction is usually identified as inner – meaning towards the center of the Elemental Planes, which is the Material Plane – or outer – towards the absolutely realm known as the Elemental Chaos.

Each of the Elemental Planes uses its neighboring Border Elemental Planes as a navigation point for travelers. For example, on the Plane of Fire, efreet use the terms "magma-ward" and "ash-ward" to designate the two opposite ends of the plane, and on the Plane of Water cartographers in the City of Glass refer to the opposite ends as either "ice-ward" or "ooze-ward."

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Few creatures or groups have claimed dominion over large territories on the Border Elemental Planes. Rumors persist of an Elemental Lord of Ice named Cyronax who dwells somewhere in that frosty realm, but its plans and desires have not yet been revealed to the multiverse. If other elemental lords exist they have kept quiet to date, and the generally hostile nature of the Border Elemental Planes has kept others from making significant progress in controlling regions.

FIMBULVINTER THE WHITE DOOM

The oldest and most powerful white dragon known to exist in all the planes is a venerable great wyrm known as Fimbulvinter, the White Doom. Fimbulvinter's extensive series of caves on the Plane of Ice is a sprawling masterpiece of icicle mazes miles across filled with traps, guardians, and no small amount of treasure, which the dragon protects fiercely. Several cavernous systems attach to the main lair, and these Fimbulvinter has installed his progeny – white dragons infused with the power of the elemental plane itself.

Fimbulvinter has lived longer than any white dragon has been recorded, and he has done so by being canny and careful. His long life has given him wisdom, but he is still prone to rage at the slightest frustration, a rage he takes out by hunting packs of yeti and frost giants that roam the Plane of Ice. Fimbulvinter is obsessed with collecting artifacts that relate to his most hated foes, the giants. Long ago, on some Material Plane, Fimbulvinter fought against the forces of Thrym alongside scores of white dragons, but the cataclysmic battles ended with the frost giants pushing the dragons out.

Fimbulvinter has never forgotten this, but rather than trust blindly to his rage he has decided to study his hated opponents. To that end, the White Doom employs a network of planar treasure hunters and seekers, and he is careful not to reveal himself as the secret proprietor of these endeavors. What Fimbulvinter plans on doing with his collection of giant artifacts is unknown at this point.

MEPHIT MONARCHS

As far as is understood by planar scholars, no elemental lords rule over the Border Elemental Planes. But that doesn't mean that no creature claims dominion over them, if you count the loosely organized Mephit Monarchs in that reckoning. Mephits are minor elemental creatures from the Inner Planes, more intelligent than regular elementals but possessing little actual power, even when they travel to the Material Plane. They are petty, cruel, capricious creatures, and four of them have decided to carve up the Border Elemental Planes into their own private fiefdoms.

Each of the Mephit Monarchs rules over a small dwelling on their respective plane, claiming ownership over a much larger area but only able to control a small portion. They each hold "court" attended to by numerous minor mephits, each one of which schemes for control over the throne. These squabbles and bickering keep the Mephit Monarchs from mobilizing and becoming a real force, at least so far, but there is a possibility for one to stand out and truly unite the minor elemental pests into a single power.

Krakk the Boisterous is the King of Magma, and he stole the throne from Krakk the Quiet, who killed the previous Krakk the Mischievous during a skirmish, who lured Krakk the Confused into a trap, and so on. Their home is the Palace of Molten Delights, which is a fancy title for an otherwise simple large cave crisscrossed with magma rivers.

Huranna Toecurler is the Queen of Ash, and she has ruled the longest out of any of the Mephit Monarchs. Her paranoia keeps her from establishing any true power to date, but she has the most potential to affect an alliance with the others – if she could get over her mistrust of everyone. Huranna Toecurler and her court dwell in Everember, a clump of ash tumbling through the Great Conflagration with numerous tunnels carved into its bulk.

Juro Joru is the King of Ice in the Frostfell, and he is perhaps the most cruel of all the Mephit Monarchs. His ice mephit subjects are all dreadfully afraid of their king, who has been known to torture mephits and intruders with the slightest of provocations. He holds court in the Dreadfrost Fortress on the Plane of Ice, buried deep beneath the tundra wasteland.

The laziest of all the Mephit Monarchs is Lazzara the Queen of Ooze. She is so enormous that she cannot even fit through the exit to her Hall of Slime and Sludge, and she must rely on the other ooze mephits to provide her sustenance. Unfortunately for Lazzara, most ooze mephits are just as lazy as she is, so she is constantly hungry and in search of her next meal.

SLIME LORDS

The power of the Plane of Ooze is not readily apparent, but beneath its murky surface lies a wealth of untapped potential – or so believe the cabal of ooze manipulators known as the Slime Lords. The group was founded by an orc druid on a distant Material Plane, a sole survivor of a raid by a rival orc tribe. Forced to fend for himself in the swamp, this orc became enthralled with the natural power of his surroundings, and he devoted his life to studying the potential of the swamp around him.

The orc lived a lonely life and grew powerful in his solitude, but the lifespan of an orc is not long, and so he sought to extend his vitality. This research led him to the Swamp of Oblivion, where some property of the plane could be tapped to extend one's life. He communicated with other scholars of planar lore and together they traveled to the Plane of Ooze, where they built dwellings out of mud and slime hardened by magic. The orc and his fellows distilled potions and elixirs from the swampy plane around them, and developed deep magical understandings of the natural properties of the Swamp of Oblivion. He and his fellows called themselves the Slime Lords.

Over the years, the Slime Lords began to develop sinister uses for their newly found power, and this attracted newer members from across the multiverse. The orc who founded the band cut himself off from physical contact with the rest of the Slime Lords, but others stepped up to take his place, including an ogre sorcerer, a mephit, and an exiled dao. Their single building grew into a large complex, called the House of Slime, and they continued their work to perfect the secrets of slime and ooze.

In their research and application, the Slime Lords sought to steal secrets known only to Juilblex, the Demon Lord of Slimes, from its wretched layer in the Abyss. The effort did not go as planned, and in retaliation Juilblex used its vast power to turn the House of Slime in the Swamp of Oblivion into a permanent tomb for the Slime Lords and their secrets. The mud-hardened tomb sank into the swamp, taking with it the secrets of the Slime Lords and their magic.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Border Elemental Planes have no shortage of native creatures, such as the beetle-like dripping crawlers of the Plane of Ooze, the mysterious elder things in the Frostfell, the ever-hungry lava sharks in the Plane of Magma, and the cruel smoke-like belkers in the Plane of Ash.

BEASTS

Numerous creatures found in the Material Plane can also be encountered in the Border Elemental Planes. Insects of all kinds crawl or buzz around the Plane of Ooze, though of note are the dangerous dripping crawlers that lie in wait in the mud before hurling acid at their victims and devouring the remains. The Plane of Ice contains ice spiders, aurochs, cave bears, crag cats, and other predatory creatures found in extreme arctic zones.



Several well-adapted species of giant bats and bloodhawks wing through the Plane of Ash. Fewer commonly encountered beasts live in the harsh and extreme regions of the Plane of Magma, though some heat-resistant giant badgers and crayfish have been found.

ELEMENTALS

The raw power contained in the border elemental planes creates unique elemental creatures along with the standard varieties. The Frostfell holds numerous water and air elementals along with ice elementals; fire, earth, and magma elementals are found in the Plane of Magma; earth, water, and ooze elementals populate the Plane of Ooze; and the choking environment of the Plane of Ash hides air, fire, and ash elementals. These elementals are found in greater abundance than the other Inner Planes and are usually hostile, perhaps owing to the raw and untamed nature of the border elemental planes.

Some unique creatures can also be found in these hostile regions. Belkers are cruel monsters of the Plane of Ash, though they often enjoy talking with their victims before ripping them to shreds with their smoke claws. Lava sharks swim through the currents of thick molten rock in the Plane of Magma, devouring everything in their path with enormous appetites. Mud serpents crawl through the Plane of Ooze but are thankfully rare, as their polymorphic spit can create problems for any traveler. Frostmites drift in enormous clouds throughout the Plane of Ice and can become quite the hazard due to the black chills disease they spread.

Mephits. Mephits are small beings comprised of pure elemental energy, similar to genies – a comparison genies are quick to dismiss. These smaller beings have claimed all of the border elemental planes as their home, though in truth they have little authority or power to enforce these bold claims. The Mephit Monarchs work to expand the reach of their own little empires and feud with each other constantly, creating an environment where no one gets ahead because they're all pulling each other down. Mephits are often summoned to the Material Plane by conjurers, which give the elemental creatures a chance to spread mischief and mayhem outside their own little territories.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Like the rest of the Inner Planes, the Border Elemental Planes have hazards that can wreak havoc on travelers and natives at a moment's notice. From chokeclouds on the Plane of Ash, to deep freezes on the Plane of Ice, to magmafalls on the Plane of Magma, to insect swarms on the Plane of Ooze, each one of these realms holds dangerous ways to threaten life and limb.

PLANE OF ASH: CHOKECLOUDS

While the entire Plane of Ash is dangerous to creatures that breathe air, the phenomena known as chokeclouds can be particularly threatening. This is primarily due to the fact that a chokecloud is near invisible on the plane – it appears as little more than another cloud of ash and embers in the red-lit endless sky.

Creatures that encounter a chokecloud can make a DC 14 Wisdom (Perception) check to smell its presence, which is made at disadvantage if a bandage or cloth is covering the creature's face to protect from the plane's natural hazard. Chokeclouds have a faint odor of brimstone, stronger than the rest of the plane, and canny travelers that detect the presence of the hazard can attempt to change course to avoid direct contact with it. Creatures that breathe air that run into a chokecloud, which is usually miles across, must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failure they suffer 18 (4d10) poison damage and gain a level of exhaustion, while on a success they suffer only half damage and no exhaustion.

The saving throw must be repeated for every round spent in the chokecloud. Escaping a chokecloud with a flying pace of 30 feet or more requires a DC 14 Wisdom (Perception) check and 1d6 rounds; flying at lower speeds doubles the amount of time to escape.

PLANE OF ASH: RED LIGHTNING STRIKE

The Plane of Ash is riddled with streaks of red lightning that dance between the thick ember-filled clouds that fill the Great Conflagration. Some strange property of the plane draws the red lightning to non-natives, so encountering a burst of it while traveling involves a short window of dangerous activity.

A random non-native member of the party is targeted by a bolt of red lightning, and the target must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) lightning damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. The lightning waits 1d4 rounds before it strikes another random target, and it continues the cycle until 1 minute has passed.

Native creatures are often attracted by the red lightning strikes. Roll for another random encounter, re-rolling any non-creature result. The random encounter arrives 5 rounds after the red lightning strikes begin.

PLANE OF ICE: BLIZZARD

A wind constantly blows on the Plane of Ice, and it is perpetually snowing at least a little throughout the bleak days and bitter nights on the Frostfell. When a blizzard picks up, however, it blankets a very wide region in high-speed winds and heavy snow. A blizzard on the Plane of Ice lasts for a variable amount of time based on the below table.

PLANE OF ICE BLIZZARD DURATION

1D20	BLIZZARD DURATION
1-10	8 hours
11-14	1 day
15-17	4 days
18-19	1 week
20	1 month

During a blizzard, a whiteout occurs in a radius of 1d6 x 50 miles. During a whiteout, visibility is reduced to 30 feet and every 1 foot of travel requires 2 feet of movement pace, which includes flying speed (but not burrowing) because of the heavy snow. Any ranged attack in a blizzard suffers disadvantage, and Wisdom (Survival) and Wisdom (Perception) checks are also made at disadvantage. Dexterity (Stealth) checks are made at advantage, however.

PLANE OF ICE: DEEP FREEZE

Snow and ice are constant threats, but one of the real terrors of the Plane of Ice are the sudden drops in temperature. Called deep freezes, these polar plunges occur without warning and can freeze even the most careful of travelers in a matter of minutes. A deep freeze lasts 1d8 hours, during which creatures that are not immune to cold must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw every round. On a failure they gain a level of exhaustion. No amount of winter gear assists against a deep freeze, only complete immunity to the cold.

The only known way to escape a deep freeze is to get underground. Some particularly unhinged guides that have been to the Plane of Ice claim to have survived a deep freeze wrapped in the body of a dead frost salamander, but such prospects seem skeptical at best.

PLANE OF MAGMA: MAGMAFALL

The most dangerous hazard on the Plane of Magma is the magma itself, and some travelers think that by avoiding the rivers of lava that cross the realm they are safe. Unfortunately, magma has a way of shifting the landscape, and sometimes that can happen above an unlucky group of travelers. When this happens, a magmafall occurs, which dumps scalding lava in an area 1d10 x 10 feet wide from the ceiling or wall (determine randomly if necessary). Creatures caught in a magmafall must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure they are caught fully in the cascading material, suffering 55 (10d10) fire damage and becoming immersed in a sudden pool of lava 5 feet deep. On a success they suffer half damage and are pushed to the edge of the newly created lava pool.

PLANE OF OOZE: INSECT SWARMS

Moving about the Plane of Ooze is a dangerous prospect, and not just because of the monsters that inhabit the realm or the slow pace that overland travel must take. Enormous swarms of insects feed off the muck and slime of the plane, and they enjoy nothing more than a fresh meal of flesh and blood. The first sign of these swarms is a drone-like buzzing on the air that grows louder over the course of 1 minute, at which point a veritable black cloud of flies and other airborne insects descend out of the gloomy sky.



An insect swarm in the Swamp of Oblivion fills the area with a heavily obscured cover, making sight difficult, and the droning causes every Wisdom (Perception) check to made at disadvantage. Spellcasters must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw while concentrating on a spell in an insect swarm every round or lose their spell, and conversation becomes impossible at distances greater than 20 feet. Every minute spent in the insect swarm, creatures suffer 10 (4d4) piercing damage from countless bites.

The insect swarms on the Plane of Ooze last for 10 minutes and follow groups of travelers relentlessly until driven away by some means. A strong blast of wind can disperse the swarm, and creating a fire to smoke the swarm out reduces the duration by half. Spells and effects that affect normal insects also affect these swarms.

PLANE OF OOZE: MUDSINK

While avoiding the great clouds of biting insects that infest the Swamp of Oblivion, travelers may stumble blindly into the other big hazard of the plane – mudsinks. A mudsink appears as a normal region of swamp on the Plane of Ooze, roughly about 50 feet in diameter, but any creature walking into must succeed on a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure they are pulled down into the mudsink up to their waist as the sucking mass surges around them, affecting other creatures within 10 feet of the original victim. Creatures that succeed on the saving throw avoid

falling into the mudsink entirely.

Escaping a mudsink requires a DC 15 Strength check, which can be aided by someone with a branch or pole long enough to reach from the bank, granting advantage on the check. A stuck creature is able to move 5 feet on a successful check, so two such successes are necessary under normal circumstances to escape. However, at the end of a stuck creature's turn, it must succeed at a DC 15 Strength saving throw. On a failure they are pulled further into the mudsink, up to their shoulders, and further attempts to escape are made at disadvantage (which can be cancelled out through the aid of a non-stuck helper).

After a third failure the mudsink pulls the victim down bodily into the slime, forcing DC 15 Constitution saving throws to avoid gaining a level of exhaustion every round. Escape is only possible by succeeding at the DC 15 Strength check to climb out but it cannot be assisted once the victim is fully submerged in the mudsink.

SITES & TREASURES

With all the hazards and monsters on the Border Elemental Planes, why would anyone go there? To seek out treasure and wonders from the various mysterious sites of course! There are numerous reasons to travel to one of the Border Elemental Planes, and below are a sample list of some of the most legendary that may pique the interest of any adventure-seeking band.

BATTLEFIELDS OF SMOKE

On the Plane of Ash, djinni and efreeti forces clash regularly in a broad region that has become known as the Battlefields of Smoke. The Diamond Citadel of the djinn sits at one end, while the efreet Choking Palace is on the other, and between them is a dense field of floating rocks, debris, and swirling ash storms. The two opposing elemental forces battle for control of this region because, at its center, is a huge floating dormant volcano known as the Mountain of Smoke. Long ago when it was pulled up into the Great Conflagration the lava drained out, leaving countless tunnels, tubes, and chambers inside, along with a rare mineral known as jaspum.

Jaspum grows in the hottest of lava tubes and is generally only found on the Plane of Magma, but through some combination of factors the mountain in the Battlefields of Smoke contains rich veins of the smoky rose quartz-like mineral. Both the djinn and efreet covet jaspum for the creation of magical jewelry, and thus the battle for its control has raged for many years. Neither side gains dominance for long, but over the years each side has managed to mine away small portions of the mountain. Rumors in the City of Brass and the Citadel of Ice and Steel say that some primal guardian stalks the hollow lava tunnels as well, making mining expeditions extra dangerous.

BOG OF THE DEAD

Creatures die all the time in the Plane of Ooze, and their bodies are consumed by the swampy terrain and returned to the landscape as food for the various plants that grow and thrive. In the Bog of the Dead, however, this natural cycle is interrupted by the sheer volume of dead creatures dumped into it. The source of the dead bodies, humanoids generally but also monsters of a wide variety, is a portal that flares to life above the bog, from which pour the fallen soldiers and foes of a powerful necromancer somewhere on the Material Plane.

Many of the bodies are former zombies and skeletons, and some spark of necromantic energy mixes with the natural power of the Swamp of Oblivion to create a particularly dangerous region. Undead monsters grasp and pull down travelers, and sometimes the portal opens and dumps more dead creatures, or parts of them in some cases, creating a grisly rain of decaying flesh. Treasure has been known to be found among the fallen in the Bog of the Dead, and the lure of discarded items is too much for some scavengers on the plane.

CHOKING PALACE

The border of the Battlefields of Smoke in the Plane of Ash closest to the Plane of Fire is monitored and patrolled by the efreeti forces from the Choking Palace. Currently, the efreeti bey Zaahid Bilaal el-Diabris commands the troops from the palace, which sits on an unstable floating island made of burnt ash. Zaahid's forces include ash elementals, an elite squad of efreet warriors called the Five Flaming Falchions, gargoyle mercenaries, and the best fighting slaves pulled from the markets of the City of Brass. They fight for control over the Mountain of Smoke and the rich veins of jaspum contained in its depths, warring with the djinn and their allies in the Diamond Citadel on the other side of the great battlefield.

The Choking Palace is an imposing gothic structure built to inspire fear rather than hope. The forges run by azer slaves beneath the onyx towers belch black smoke into the air, mixing with the already toxic fumes of the Plane of Ash to create massive clouds that settle around the palace. Bey Zaahid is an ambitious efreeti noble from the City of Brass who sees the conquest of the Mountain of Smoke as his ticket to greater glories, perhaps even a place in the Grand Sultan's court, so he drives his forces into more and more conflicts in an effort to overwhelm the djinn. He knows he's fighting an uphill battle – the djinn have more allies in the region that are able to fly, but Bey Zaahid tries to make up for that difference in sheer numbers.

CITY OF THE ELDER THINGS

Frozen in a wind-swept valley in an area of low mountains on the Plane of Ice sits a sheltered site of madness and monsters. This City of the Elder Things possesses cubic architecture unlike any seen elsewhere, either on the Plane of Ice or beyond, and the slumbering inhabitants are alien creatures utterly beyond the understanding of most beings. These elder things sleep in deep hibernation in the vaults and catacombs beneath the curious stone buildings and arches that make up the frozen city, but their guardians remain active and alert to intruders.

The most chilling accounts come from adventurers and travelers that came upon the city by mistake while searching for something else, and they tell of great bubbling slimes with unnatural intelligence that move about the city's halls and chambers. Some elder things have been encountered above ground as well, either having been disturbed out of their hibernation or plotting some nefarious scheme, and they command traps and puzzles that utilize powerful elemental forces completely unheard of across the Inner Planes.

Yet, some planar scholars seek to catalogue and unearth the true secrets of the City of the Elder Things. Where did it come from? What are the true motivations of its builders? Why do the elder things hibernate and what are they waiting for? The answers to these questions may lie somewhere in this frozen city of death and madness on the Plane of Ice.

DIAMOND CITADEL

At the opposite end of the sprawling Battlefields of Smoke on the Plane of Ash from the efreeti Choking Palace stands a gleaming spike of architectural marvel known as the Diamond Citadel. In a plane filled with soot and ash, the gleaming walls of this djinni citadel are always clean and sparkling, a beacon of light and hope standing in stark contrast to the darkness belched out by the Choking Palace. The djinn pulled a cloudstone island from the Plane of Air into the Great Conflagration, and through magic and regular upkeep the island and diamond walls are kept meticulously clean.

The djinni forces at the Diamond Citadel are commanded by Shahinji Tahaani Randa al-Muraji, a female djinni working her way through the military of the Great Caliph. She has sworn in the presence of the Great Caliph to control the Mountain of Smoke, and to that end she has been given control over the hippogriff-mounted unit known as the First Scimitar Air Cavalry, along with aarakocra soldiers from Aaqa. Shahinji Tahaani has her entire campaign planned out, and to date her forces have been performing exactly as she planned. Her plan does require a lot more time, however, something that is getting the Great Caliph and his advisors very nervous about the prospects of actually controlling the Mountain of Smoke. Only time will tell if they can prevail against the efreeti forces gathered at the other end of the great battlefield.

THRONE OF BLAZEHEART

Long ago, the azer of the Plane of Fire sought to settle new lands away from the raiding parties of the efreet. Several large clans of azer left their mountainous homes in the Fountains of Creation and traveled deeper into the Plane of Magma. They crossed rivers of lava and caverns of wonder before finally settling into a massive chamber that once fed a titanic volcano. The azer carved homes and forges from the walls and founded Blazeheart, a kingdom to call their own.

The exact details of what happened to Blazeheart are unclear, but something tragic happened and the city of the azer was consumed by powerful forces that could melt all of their mighty works. All except the throne of the azer king of Blazeheart, which now sits somewhere in the Plane of Magma in a buried chamber. The rumors say the throne is possessed with the souls of all the azer dwellers of Blazeheart, and they are imbued with knowledge of the planes beyond the understanding of most scholars and wizards. Some azer have gone out in search of the throne to learn of what befell of Blazeheart and its structures, but so far none have returned from the journey deep into the Plane of Magma.

LAIR OF FIMBULVINTER

One of the oldest and most powerful dragons in the multiverse is a truly ancient white dragon called Fimbulvinter the Winter Doom. He claims a sprawling series of frozen caves below the wind-swept tundra of the Plane of Ice as his lair, which he has continually expanded and built out over the centuries. Many of the passages are large enough for the great dragon to fly through, and he has secret side tunnels that lead to hidden portals that allow him to access much of the multiverse. Ice golems and ice elementals patrol much of the lair as well, keeping intruders out, but it is rumored that Fimbulvinter becomes aware of any unwanted entry to his lair at any time.

Some parts of the massive megalair are given over to Fimbulvinter's offspring, ancient and powerful dragons in their own right, and they squabble with one another over their father's unbelievably large treasure horde. Fimbulvinter's obsession with gathering artifacts related to his most hated foes, giants, means he spends little time watching his children, but he also knows that if anything truly valuable were stolen he has the might to take it back with little effort. Several tribes of yetis worship Fimbulvinter as a dragon god, something that amuses the Winter Doom, and he allows them to live in sections of his lair and provide another level of security.

LOST MIRE

The Plane of Ooze is a vast, unwholesome swamp, filled with insects and monsters that want nothing more than to eat travelers and spit out their bones. It is also a realm where things can go missing for a long time, and nowhere is that truer than the Lost Mire. Deep shadows hang over this foreboding region, leading some to believe it holds a strong connection to the Shadowfell, and dark voices can be heard on the winds that howl through the stands of gnarled trees.

Some ancient force holds sway over the Lost Mire, and any object that is thrown into its depths becomes trapped for a period of 1,000 years. What force keeps it away from the multiverse is unknown, but it is strong enough to keep even deities from retrieving them. After the century has passed, the object is regurgitated back into the Plane of Ooze, usually violently and in a random direction. Shadow creatures patrol the region and seem to do the bidding of whatever force keeps things lost in the Lost Mire, but that hasn't stopped adventurers and treasure seekers from seeing what bubbles up every now and then.

OBSIDIAN OBSERVATORY

The Plane of Magma is a very inhospitable place, but for the wizard Tressafyne it also might hold the key to understanding the multiverse. She and a small band of apprentices learned of ancient lines of magic that run through the Plane of Magma, and they believe these lines connect up to every portion of the multiverse in some way. In order to study the strange phenomena, which many in the planar scholarly community do not believe really exist, Tressafyne commissioned a building where she could conduct her research. The azer that built it considered her mad, but they did as they were paid, and the Obsidian Observatory was constructed to Tressafyne's exact specifications.

The Obsidian Observatory is a large dome made of shiny black obsidian, magically treated to withstand the power of the lava around it, with several towers protruding along its top. Tressafyne chose a cavern in the Plane of Magma that seemed to be the focus of the magical lines she believed would unlock the multiverse's secrets, though over time the cavern has collapsed and reformed due the flowing molten rock of the plane. The observatory remains anchored in place, however, which seals her and her apprentices off for years at a time. Has Tressafyne found something? Or has she truly gone mad?

RIVER OF RAGE

Magma is often viewed allegorically linked to anger, but on the Plane of Magma that link has manifested as a tangible location. The River of Rage is a magma flow river that cuts its way through the rocks of the plane with a passionate fury, and it hungrily devours any and all that get in its way. It is theorized that some elemental intelligence commands the River of Rage, and that it can redirect its flow at any time in any direction in pursuit of new victims to consume. The bubbling river of lava is more volatile than most on the plane, with great bubbles of crimson erupting from its fast-flowing surface, and it splashes and moves more like water, allowing it to move swiftly through slower moving pools of magma.

And it's not just the lava that travelers must worry about. Sentient victims of the River of Rage turn into ghostly apparitions that follow its course and goad other creatures into falling into its path. These ragewraiths are spirits of elemental fury, consumed with adding more numbers to the ever-hungry River of Rage. They are the embodiment of furious evil, though they have been known to appear in other planes when a particularly angry individual perished while holding on to their internal rage.

SLIME LORD TOMBS

The Slime Lords were a group of wicked spellcasters that used powerful transmutation magic in new and devious ways. They built a complex on the Plane of Ooze called the House of Slime to conduct experiments and magical research, pulling power from the very plane around them, and they were very successful at their efforts. Each of the individual Slime Lords had a wing of the House of Slime that was theirs, though infighting and treachery were common. The leader of the Slime Lords was an orc wizard from the Material Plane whose sheer will and determination kept the rest of his fellows in line.

Until they interfered with Juiblex, Demon Lord of Slime, in his lair on the Abyss. What secrets were stolen have never been known, but when Juiblex learned of the thieving efforts he brought down a terrible wrath upon the Slime Lords. The Swamp of Oblivion rose up at the command of the demon lord and encased the House of Slime, trapping them inside, and then it sank beneath the muck of the plane. Did any Slime Lords escape? What happened to their research and magical powers? Some wizards have sought out the sunken House of Slime, now referred to as the Slime Lord Tombs, but to date none have found it and lived to tell the tale.

The region of the Plane of Ooze that sits above the Slime Lord Tombs is known to have bizarre magical properties and strange construct-like guardians. Acidic rain, slime from the swamp that moves up into the sky, geysers of muck, and more keep the unwary from finding the sunken home of the Slime Lords.

TUNDRA PITS

On the Plane of Ice, the frozen tundra that stretches across the realm is broken up periodically by ice-covered mountains. But in one spot, the landscape dips down and creates a broad bowl-shaped depression that stretches for more than a hundred miles. The howling wind is lessened inside the depression, the interior of which is dotted with countless holes. This region is known as the Tundra Pits, and the ice sheet on the floor sits over a curious porous stone that creates pits with a depth from 10 feet up to 100 feet or more.

Travelers and explorers of the Frostfell have taken refuge in the Tundra Pits from the unrelenting cold and wind of the plane, only to find themselves trapped in a surprisingly deep pit. Some of the pits lead to a series of caves, while others sit in frigid zones that can freeze a creature in a matter of moments.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Like the rest of the Inner Planes, the Border Elemental Planes can be an exciting location for an adventure, or a lingering power originating from one of the realms can affect the Material Plane. Ash, ice, magma, or ooze, these places hold a wealth of adventure possibilities and dangers just waiting to be uncovered.

Storm of Frostmites. As winter descends, a strong blizzard kicks up, dumping swarms of frostmites from the Plane of Ice onto the unsuspecting people. What drew the frostmites through the spontaneous portal from the Frostfell to the Material Plane? Turns out it was deliberate and a priestess to an ice deity opened the portal deliberately, and the characters find themselves in the unique position of tracking the priestess down in her icicle tower and stopping her reign of icy terror.

Oozemaster's Staff. A band of bullywug thugs have been harassing travelers along a swampy road with renewed vigor, and the characters are asked to put a stop to them. The bullywug leader holds a staff that allows him to channel the power of the Plane of Ooze, making their lair a difficult place to navigate. Who gave the bullywug the staff? What other powers does it hold? And why do the ooze elementals keep popping up to try and take it back?

Crashing the Ashen Party. The Mephit Monarch on the Plane of Ash is looking to build an alliance with her mephit cohorts across the Border Elemental Planes, an alliance that threatens to destabilize a trade deal with a planar merchant company operating out of the City of Glass on the Plane of Water. The characters are drawn into the mix when they rescue a member of the merchant company, who asks the party to travel to the Plane of Ash and disrupt the meeting between the representatives of the Mephit Monarchs in Everember. How they go about disrupting the meeting is up to them, but it's likely to create some long-lasting enmities with the Mephit Monarchs.

Dagger of Smoke. The characters find themselves in possession of a curious dagger made of jaspum, a smoky rose quartz, mined from the Mountain of Smoke on the Plane of Ash. The dagger draws unwanted attention to the party from efreet strike forces, but they also befriend an undercover djinni who explains the source of the material. The djinni is looking for help in a secret strike into the Mountain of Smoke to destabilize the mining operations established by the efreet, and the characters seem like just the capable type to take on the mission.

Armageddon Under Ice. A band of diviners have learned of a doomsday machine in the City of the Elder Things that must be stopped, and so they seek out the characters to help stop the impending disaster. The diviners are vague on the details, but the sense of impending doom is strong enough for them to charter the characters to travel into the Plane of Ice, find the City of the Elder Things, and stop whatever mechanism is poised to end life across the multiverse. But what truth is really lurking in the frozen megalithic city of curious cubic buildings? The characters must brave madness and death to find out!



RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Border Elemental Planes. Four separate tables are provided – one for the Plane of Ash, one for the Plane of Ice, one for the Plane of Magma, and one for the Plane of Ooze.

PLANE OF ASH

1D100	PLANE OF ASH ENCOUNTER
01-10	1 belker
11-20	1d6 hostile ash elementals
21-30	1d6 hostile fire elementals
31-40	1d6 swarms of ash rats
41-50	1d4 efreet
51-60	Chokecloud
61-65	Red lightning strike
66-99	1d4 djinn
00	1 ancient blue dragon

PLANE OF ICE

1D100	PLANE OF ICE ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d4 frost giants
11-20	1d6 hostile ice elementals
21-30	1d6 hostile air elementals
31-40	1d3 frost salamanders
41-50	Blizzard
51-60	Deep freeze
61-65	1d6 yeti
66-99	1d4 remorhaz
00	1 ancient white dragon

PLANE OF MAGMA

1D100	PLANE OF MAGMA ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d6 lava sharks
11-20	1d6 hostile magma elementals
21-30	1d6 hostile fire elementals
31-40	1d6 hostile earth elementals
41-50	1d4 efreet
51-60	1d6 azer miners
61-65	Magmafall
66-99	1d4 ragewraiths
00	1 ancient red dragon

PLANE OF OOZE

1D100	PLANE OF OOZE ENCOUNTER
01-10	1d6 hostile ooze elementals
11-20	1d6 hostile water elementals
21-30	1d4 dripping crawlers
31-40	1d6 mud serpents
41-50	Insect swarm
51-60	1d6 gelatinous cubes
61-65	Mudsink
65-99	1d4 green hags
00	1 ancient black dragon

ASTRAL PLANE

“The Astral Plane is an anomaly. Even thinking about it as a plane is technically wrong, as it is simply the space between the planes, but the nomenclature can be made to work if it is thought of as transitive space. Between the Material Plane and the Inner Planes, and between the Inner Planes and the Outer Planes, the Silver Void of the Astral sits, facilitating not just travel but life itself. Or at least intelligent life, which likely draws cognitive essence from the Astral in some way not yet understood. However, whatever its original intention, it has become a place of breathtaking wonder and limitless danger.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

The Astral Plane is the connective tissue between the multiverse, a place both within and outside most of it. For most Material Plane natives, the Astral Plane is little more than a conduit that is used to access the rest of the planes, and even then it may not register as a place worth visiting. But as a realm of powerful thought and pure belief, it can hold wonders and treasures from bygone times and eras just waiting to be discovered.

Those wonders are guarded by some fierce monsters, including creatures such as the githyanki, perhaps the most famous of the Astral Plane residents. The curious thing about them is that they are not natives – they were refugees from some other place, where they escaped bonds of servitude at the hands of illithids. They’ve gone on to colonize portions of the Astral Plane, and have learned to harness their impressive mental capabilities to power great ships that sail the Silver Void as quickly as worldly ships travel an ocean.

And while at first glance the Silver Void earns its name as being empty, travelers that go long enough and far enough can find islands of material from across the multiverse. Great physical masses float tranquilly through the Astral Plane, the husk-like remnants of gods the multiverse forgot about or were defeated by others. Islands of earth, clouds of water, and more have been pushed or pulled into the Astral Plane by a host of events, accidental and deliberate, from a multitude of other planar destinations.

Adventure seekers drawn into the Astral Plane may find the githyanki city of Tu’narath, explore the vast Field of Stars, search for the legendary Colorless Pool, or mine for rare astral diamonds within the Silver Mountain. These places and more lay scattered about the Astral Plane, just waiting for explorers to uncover.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Astral Plane as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Astral Plane.

Silvery Vapors. The Astral Plane is filled with endless silvery vapors, constantly swirling and reforming in a vast unending landscape. There is no up or down, no sense of direction at all, and nothing solid to get a bearing from. Sailors and travelers used to more traditional navigation usually find this disorientation distracting, but the githyanki have learned to train their senses to watch for the nearly imperceptible shifts that occur within the Silver Void to navigate.

Time Stands Still. The Astral Plane is a time-locked plane of transitive nature. Things move and drift, and even the astral conduits that weave through the multiverse tend to twist in the silvery nothingness, but a mortal creature doesn’t need food, air, or water for as long as they are in the Astral Plane. Natural aging ceases altogether – hair and fingernails don’t grow, skin doesn’t flake off, and creatures neither increase nor decrease in height due to age. Similarly, wounds don’t heal while in the Silver Void, though magic and other replenishable abilities still need to recharge.

Thought-Powered Action. A thought has a physical connection on the Astral Plane. The very nature of the Silver Void connects it with the latent psychic powers of all beings. The actual physical movement of walking, for example, is incredibly difficult on the Astral Plane at first – the person has to think about the action to have it realized in the smoothest and easiest possible way. Naturally psychic creatures, such as illithids and the gith, find this transition natural, while most others flounder for a bit especially upon first arriving in the Astral Plane. An adventurer has to think about their action as deliberate movements, something most mature beings have long ago mastered in other planes.

LAY OF THE LAND

The Astral Plane is a vast realm of eternal silver twilight, with no discernible direction or regional break across the entire plane. Planewalkers call the plane the Silver Void for a good reason, and upon first contact it presents an empty silvery sea, devoid of any substance. But it is not empty, and the plane operates on thoughts and willpower more than the elemental building blocks of the multiverse. This basis creates a lot of strange situations that can understandably confuse new travelers.

And, contrary to this first impressions, the Astral Plane is not even empty of locations and phenomena. The most commonly encountered feature are color pools – two-dimensional circles of varying color that allow easy transportation to other planes in the multiverse. As one of the most frequently traveled planes across the multiverse, it's also not uncommon to run into other planar travelers, usually on their way to somewhere, but the sheer size of the Astral Plane makes such encounters rare.

How big is the Astral Plane? Planar scholars have debated this question for ages, and the most common answer is “forever.” There is no end to the Silver Void, where time and direction are meaningless, and the nature of the plane means that finding places to go requires expending mental energy and having a clear vision rather than knowing a specific path or route.

Besides color pools and the detritus of the multiverse, travelers on the Astral Plane are likely to see astral conduits – ribbons and tubes of various color that wind through the Silver Void. These conduits are sealed portals linking the planes of the multiverse, and are used normally by the souls of the dead moving from their place of death to their final resting place. On other planes, astral conduit openings are difficult to find and often have unusual means of accessing them.

CYCLE OF TIME

On the Astral Plane, time does not pass the same as it does across the rest of the multiverse, so there is no measure of time that is useful or meaningful. This means that a creature on the Astral Plane does not age for as long as they remain on the Astral Plane, and they also do not feel hunger or thirst. Travelers still “feel” the passage of time – a minute that passes feels like a minute anywhere else, and this time distortion doesn't affect spells or other time-based effects.

SURVIVING

The Astral Plane is not hostile to life, and some quirk of the “air” in the plane means that any creature that breathes anything can breathe in the Silver Void. Creatures that can only breathe water can travel side-by-side with another creature that breathes only rock. In this way, there are few friendlier planes in the multiverse for simply existing.

However, because time does not pass as it normally would, creatures cannot regain hit points by spending hit dice during a rest and they do not regain hit points during a long rest. Magical healing functions as normal, but bodies do not register time as passing so they don't heal naturally. Certain areas on the Astral Plane, such as the Inn of the Silver Lantern, have special properties that overcome this aspect of the plane.

GETTING THERE

The simplest way to enter the Astral Plane is through the use of the *astral projection* spell. Using this spell, travelers into the Silver Void have their spirit forms transported only, leaving their material bodies behind. A special connection called a silver cord links the spirit form to the physical body, allowing the targets to traverse the Astral Plane at will. If the traveler's spirit form is reduced to 0 hit points, the silver cord simply pulls back the person back to their physical body. Unfortunately, one of the most frequently encountered hostile creatures on the Astral Plane – the githyanki – have special weapons that allow them to cut a silver cord, severing the tie and killing the target immediately.

Gates exist across the multiverse linking the various planes to the Astral Plane as well, but these are generally hidden and require a key of some sort to activate. The key for such a portal does not need to be a physical object, it can possibly be a gesture or series of actions instead. Volumes of gate lore are recorded by planar scholars across the multiverse; the most extensive catalogue belongs to the library of Arx Infinitus, home to the Codex Keepers in the Ethereal Plane.

Once a traveler has reached the Astral Plane, finding a way out is very straightforward. Floating portals exist in the Silver Void called color pools which link to other gates in other planes. The colors of these pools reflect their destination – ruby for the Nine Hells, emerald green for the Beastlands, jet black for Limbo, and so on. This makes the Astral Plane an ideal stopping point for finding a portal to another plane, as it is the only place where such gates are easily identifiable and discovered.

TRAVELING AROUND

As a realm of thought, moving around in the Astral Plane is not so much a physical act as a mental one. Creatures on the Astral Plane have a flying speed equal to 3 x its Intelligence score while traveling on the plane. Physical movement is possible as well, but it's clumsy, so a creature relying on its walking speed has a flying speed equal to half its walking speed. Creatures that can swim or fly can move normally, choosing to use their Intelligence, swimming, or flying speed to move around.

Distance is a very abstract concept on the Astral Plane as well. While the plane is theoretically infinite, reaching a specific destination relies more on willpower and a clear mental picture than anything else. Traveling to a location on the Astral Plane requires a number of hours based on how familiar the traveler is with their destination. Use the following chart as a guide.

ASTRAL PLANE TRAVEL TIMES

FAMILIARITY	TRAVEL TIME
Very familiar	2d6 hours
Studied carefully	1d4 x 8 hours
Seen casually	2d4 x 8 hours
Viewed once	1d6 x 16 hours
Description only	2d6 x 16 hours

A “very familiar” location is one the traveler has been to multiple times. “Studied carefully” is a well-known place that the traveler has been to at least once. A color pool used previously would usually fall under the “studied carefully” category. “Seen casually” is a place witnessed from a distance, or one that is similar to a better-known location – a color pool of the same color as used previously, for example. “Viewed once” would be a place seen through magic, and “description only” could be related to the traveler verbally or written by a third party.

The nature of the Astral Plane means that there are no encumbrance penalties for travel.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

To date, no overarching power has been found to be lurking behind the Astral Plane, and most planar scholars agree that no such entity or intelligence exists. That doesn't mean other organizations and powerful creatures haven't found the Silver Void to their liking, and travelers into the Astral Sea should best be knowledgeable about these groups and their desires.

GODSBLOOD FELLOWSHIP

Across the history of the multiverse, there have many gods that have perished. Some violently, but most through simple loss of worshippers, depriving them of their deific power until they eventually fade away. Or at least, they fade away from their plane of residence. As a god's power wanes and fades, a peculiar island appears in the Astral Plane, representing the memory of the fallen deity coalesced as a rocky formation. They bear little resemblance to their former power, but each is unique and contains untapped potential for power.

Or so the members of the Godsblood Fellowship believe. These researchers, wizards, scholars, treasure hunters, and necromancers have gathered together to study and utilize the god-isles that float through the Astral Plane. They were founded by a pair of priests who had lost faith in their god long ago, but after some tragedy returned to the faith – only to find the faith gone as the god had “died.” They scoured the Silver Void until they found their deity's god-isle, and upon it they built a home to live and watch over their fallen god. During this time they discovered strange creatures called husks that manifested some power, and fascinated they began to research what properties lay in the physical remnant of their god's power.

What they learned surprised them, and eventually they came across others of like mind, and together they formed the Godsblood Fellowship. They turned their home into

the Godsblood Citadel, a center for learning, though not all members were interested in simple research. The two priests still operate the fellowship as stewards but they keep the doors to their citadel open for any that show an interest in the god-isles of the Astral Plane and the power that they may hold.

HOLDERS OF THE SILVER LANTERN

It is not uncommon to find travelers lost in the Astral Plane. Perhaps they were searching for a color pool and got lost in a psychic storm, or they got caught up in a time ripple that robbed them of their memories. The most common problems though are lost travelers that run afoul of one of the plane's many dangers – githyanki raiders, psurlon psychics, soul leeches, and other monstrous creatures that prowl the Astral Sea. But, for the lucky, a visit from the Holders of the Silver Lantern can be a true beacon in the Silver Void.

The Holders of the Silver Lantern are a loosely organized band of monks dedicated to protecting travelers across the Astral Plane through any means necessary. They were started by an astral deva named Monaccus who rescued an elder monk grandmaster from a githyanki raiding ship. The two formed an instant friendship, and together they worked to protect those not ready or able to face the threats of the Astral Plane, guiding lost souls and travelers through the Silver Void. Hearing of the grandmaster's work, other monks came to his side, and more astral devas joined in as well.

On a rocky chunk of Material Plane sucked into the Astral Plane long ago they built a home for wayward travelers called the Inn of the Silver Lantern. The monks and astral devas use this as their base of operation, and magical spells cast over the multi-storied building allow rest and relaxation to benefit those inside. The grandmaster of the Silver Lantern was captured by the githyanki long ago, and the astral deva Monaccus has been searching for him ever since in his ongoing quest to keep the Astral Plane safe for the innocent.

LICH-QUEEN OF THE GITHYANKI

Without a doubt, when most people think of the Astral Plane they think of the githyanki, and with good reason. The githyanki have taken to the Silver Void and claimed it as their own as much as possible, with their astral ships seeking out threats of all kind and well-constructed fortresses lending support to invasions across the multiverse. They have developed powerful magical advances since arriving in the Astral Plane, and most of that can be attributed to the will and might of their leader, the Lich-Queen Vlaakith. She has ruled the city of Tu'narath, built on the hollowed-out god-isle of some forgotten deity, with an iron-like grip, and under her rule Tu'narath has grown into the largest metropolis on the Astral Plane.

Vlaakith is a power-hungry despot whose word is absolute law in Tu'narath. The githyanki call her the Revered Queen, and most follow her commands without question out of blind loyalty. She is a powerful necromancer and wields formidable magic in her god-skull throne room atop the spire of Sussurus, the Palace of Whispers. From there, it is said that she hears any word whispered by a githyanki anywhere in the Astral Plane, and she is known to strike quickly and decisively against would-be rivals to her throne.

Vlaakith wields her power for the glory of the githyanki, and she yearns to conquer the rest of the multiverse. As an immortal lich on a plane where time stands still, she has learned patience, and she is careful not to overextend the impressive military might of the githyanki too hastily. But over the centuries, Vlaakith has been plotting invasion forces, and she sees the Material Plane as the perfect location for housing the base of her multiversal empire. Already teams of githyanki assassins and spies have scoured the portals of the Silver Void, charting the destinations and learning the secrets of the other side. She was thwarted once in the past in her invasion attempt, so she has learned to be more cautious and to account for meddling teams of heroes that may interfere.

THREE MINDS OF MENNDRYNTAERTH

Some travelers in the Astral Plane have reported encounters with a very large, very strange dragon. He is a copper wyrm of ancient descent known as Menndryntaerth, but something has happened to his once formidable intellect that has created a mental schism. The result are three distinct and separate personalities within the mind of Menndryntaerth, each with its own goals and agendas.

The copper dragon keeps to himself, moving about the Astral Plane and never settling in one place, so tracking Menndryntaerth down has proven difficult if not impossible for those seeking him out. And when found, it is never known which of the three minds of the copper dragon are going to be in control. One of the minds is known to be that of Menndryntaerth as he always was – a good-natured prankster with a sharp intellect and a love of riddles and good conversation. In this personality, the copper dragon seeks only to help, though he is constantly searching for his lost treasure hoard.

The second mind of Menndryntaerth is greed, miserly, covetous, and suspicious. When this personality is in charge, the copper dragon shies away from company and has been known to strike out at githyanki astral ships and innocent travelers in search of lost treasure. Though unpredictable, this mind of Menndryntaerth usually keeps the dragon hidden from sight.

The third mind is the most dangerous, and it is one possessed with primordial anger and rage. Menndryntaerth in this mind sees everyone as enemies and spies and doesn't hesitate to use all of his powers to destroy them as punishment for stealing his lost hoard. He has been known to work with fiends of all kind in this mind, and it is rumored the copper dragon is owed a great favor by a demon prince of the Abyss.

All three of Menndryntaerth's minds are occupied with finding the dragon's lost treasure to some degree, leading some planar scholars to believe it was something in that hoard that caused the great dragon's fractured mental state. No one has so far been able to piece together enough information about Menndryntaerth's background to find more information on his lost treasure, however.

REDFANG REAVERS

It's not just the githyanki that have discovered the Astral Plane's amenable position as a base of operations for raids into the multiverse. Smaller outfits with a bit of planar knowledge utilize the Silver Void as well, and the most successful so far has been a group known as the Redfang Reavers. The leader of the Reavers is a cunning gnoll warrior named Redfang from the Material Plane, and his raiding crew of goblins, hobgoblins, ogres, and other humanoids has grown in size since he stumbled upon a portal to the Astral Plane decades ago.

Part of Redfang's success comes from his patience. He and his most trusted advisors, which include twin goblin sorcerers and a minotaur priest, have charted many portals in the Silver Void, and they are careful not to over raid one too much. They cycle through them as much as possible, raiding and pillaging in one for a period before moving on for years at a time. The spoils of their raid are kept in a secret base somewhere in the Astral Plane, the location of which is kept from all but Redfang's most trusted lieutenants. The rest of the raiders are blinded leading to and from the base using the goblin sorcerer's magical powers.

In truth, Redfang and his reavers are still pretty small when compared to the might of the githyanki army, but they are growing fast and have enjoyed great success over the years. The raiders are ruthless and cunning, and Redfang has learned many tricks of the Astral Plane to avoid complications with his more powerful neighbors.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Though it is commonly understood that few monsters are inherently native to the Astral Plane, over the ages many creatures have settled on it as their permanent place of resident.

ABERRATIONS

The Astral Plane has become home to numerous creatures from across the multiverse who have found the thought-powered realm a natural fit for their unnatural existence. Aboleths have been encountered in some of the floating dead god islands, having created a nice personal territory from which to expand their influence, and the slave-taking neogi have used the Astral Plane as a regular conduit for generations. Astral stalkers glide through the Silver Void, striking silently at their prey, and even beholders have been found from time to time. Berbalangs are skulking hoarders of secrets that constantly scour the dead god islands for new tidbits to gather and steal away.

Mind Flayers. Mind flayers and their ill, including elder brains and neothelids, have carved out large sections of the Silver Void for their own personal empires, and many planar scholars believe the Astral Plane was the central bastion of the mind flayer empire that once dominated vast swaths of the multiverse. Their rule was broken and now only fragments remain, but there is a dream among some of the Astral Plane mind flayers to once again rise up and conquer. The githyanki, former slaves of the illithids, do their best to keep this from happening.

Psurlons. Psurlons are wicked, worm-like beings that have managed to avoid outright confrontation with the rest of the multiverse. They are, nonetheless, thoroughly evil and bent on total domination, and they have spread into the Astral Plane from their original home without ever looking back. They are psychic monsters with considerable powers at their disposal, but for the time being they are content to put long-reaching plans into motion and not draw attention to themselves. They possess hidden crystalline fortresses all across the Silver Void, but few have seen or encountered them and lived to tell the tale.

HUMANOIDS

Humanoids from across the multiverse use the Astral Plane as a convenient travel route between the planes of existence, and some of them have stopped to stay awhile. The time-freezing nature of the Silver Void makes it especially tempting for older mortal beings who have try to prolong their life outside unnatural means. Wizards, sorcerers, and warlocks often setup homes within floating fortresses on the Astral Plane, as they usually have the magical means to travel to and from the plane without needing to search constantly for a portal.

Githyanki. The only humanoid race to truly make the Astral Plane their home are the githyanki. Raiders, pirates, and reavers, the githyanki were once part of a single race, the gith, and served as slaves under a mighty mind flayer empire long ago. They threw off their shackles of servitude but the race was split by different ideologies. One, the githzerai, wanted only to find peace and serenity, and they left to colonize the plane of Limbo. The githyanki wanted revenge and they stayed in the Astral Plane to hunt down the illithids, and over time that mentality has extended to much of the multiverse. They've become excellent raiders and soldiers who have honed their fighting techniques to take ultimate advantage of their surrounding terrain. Most githyanki recognize the ultimate authority of the Lich-Queen in the city of Tu'narath, built on the corpse of a dead god, and they serve her whim without question. Others see different paths for themselves, though the authority and reach of the Lich-Queen is long and her memory vast.

MONSTROSITIES

Numerous creatures that defy easy categorization make their way through the vast silvery wasteland of the Astral Plane. The most dangerous of these are the astral dreadnoughts, enormous forces of appetite and destruction originally created by a deranged god to devour creatures using the Astral Plane as a waypoint in the multiverse. Soul leeches may be one of the only actual native creatures of the Silver Void, and while they don't seem sentient they do possess instincts of survival that put them above mere beasts. They gestate in a larval stage before consuming mortal beings and growing larger, and they often lurk around color pools in order to trap travelers.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Travelers to the Astral Plane should be aware of the various hazards that can wreak havoc on their journey, such as psychic storms and time ripples. Remembering which color pool leads to which plane can be helpful as well, along with knowing what to expect from the tubes of astral conduit that crisscross the Silver Void.

ASTRAL CONDUIT

The Astral Plane has few natural occurrences, but the conduit system that connects up the various planes of the multiverse is considered one of them. Conduits are similar to portals in that they link two locations on separate planes to each other, but the difference is in the transportation. Portals are like doors – start in one plane, step through a portal, and you're now somewhere else entirely. Conduits are tubes that can be viewed and interacted with outside of their entrances and exits and they all use the Astral Plane as a middle ground.

The most common use of an astral conduit is invisible and unknown to most people. When a creature dies, its soul instinctively moves to the nearest conduit that correlates to their plane of final rest. They move into the conduit, travel through the Astral Plane, and are deposited at their destination. Simple as that. Living creatures can use astral conduits, and the effect can be disorientating as the mind and body of the traveler is hurled through the length of the conduit for several minutes before reaching the exit.

Astral conduits are difficult to locate as they don't show up on typical searches, and many conduits only allow travel by physical bodies under certain circumstances, like a specific moon phase or time of day or night. They don't require keys as a rule and they tend to be more stable than standard portals. They also only allow one-way travel.

Astral conduits can be directly affected on the Astral Plane. The githyanki are known to have a special spell that allows them to pierce an astral conduit, and it's through these tears that drift souls are known to spill out of. An astral conduit self-heals over time, leading some planar scholars to theorize they are living organisms, but no definitive conclusion has been reached.

ASTRAL TRAVELER

As the Astral Plane touches all of the other planes of the multiverse, it is a natural pathway for many creatures seeking other planes. Whether it's Material Plane wizards exploring new portals, raiders and pirates choosing their next target, fiends mounting assaults on faraway fortresses, or celestials watching over the order of the multiverse, almost any other type of intelligent creature can be encountered in the Silver Void.

You can use the table below to inspire an astral traveler randomly encountered in the Silver Void. Some can be encountered alone (such as a beholder or lich), while it makes sense for others to have a group of one or more with them (such as the pit fiend or hobgoblin warlord). You can also roll on the Astral Traveler Purpose table to help outline the nature of the encounter.

RANDOM ASTRAL TRAVELER

1D100	ASTRAL TRAVELER
01-03	Deva
04-06	Planetar
07-09	Solar
10-12	Beholder
13-15	Cambion
16-18	Death knight
19-21	Balor
22-24	Marilith
25-27	Erinyes
28-30	Horned devil
31-33	Pit fiend
34-36	Drow priestess of Lolth
37-39	Dao
40-42	Djinni
43-45	Efreeti
46-48	Marid
49-51	Githzerai monk
52-54	Night hag
55-57	Hobgoblin warlord
58-60	Lich
61-63	Mind flayer
64-66	Mummy lord
67-69	Oni
70-72	Rakshasa
73-75	Death slaad
76-78	Succubus
79-81	Vampire
82-84	Arcanoloth
85-87	Ultraloth
88-90	Archmage

1D100 ASTRAL TRAVELER

91-93	Assassin
94-96	Chromatic dragon
97-99	Metallic dragon
00	Roll twice

RANDOM ASTRAL TRAVELER PURPOSE

1D20	ASTRAL TRAVELER PURPOSE
1-4	Searching for a color pool
5-8	Hunting a target on the Astral Plane
9-12	Hiding from a rival
13-16	Looking for a specific site
17-20	Meeting another creature (roll again on the Astral Traveler table)

COLOR POOL

The Astral Plane is famous for its color pools – easily discovered portals to all of the other planes in the multiverse. Each color pool appears on the Astral Plane as a two-dimensional circle, 1d6 x 10 feet in diameter, completely filled in by a single dominant color. The colors match to other planes, though each color pool has a unique and fixed destination point on the other side. Unfortunately, these are general traits, and there are some color pools that do not behave as expected.

Most color pools are one way, which means there is no return journey possible. A rare few are two-way portals, and these tend to be jealously guarded by creatures native to the plane on the other side (for protection against invading githyanki if nothing else!).

Roughly 5% of color pools are incorrect in color, so where a traveler might think the amber color pool they're moving through is going to take them to Bytopia, it could in reality deposit them somewhere in the Nine Hells.

Also, some color pools do not have a fixed location and instead drop the traveler at a random location on the destination plane. It's about 5% of color pools that fall into this category as well.

When a color pool is encountered, roll 1d20. If the result is a 1, the color of the pool does not match the destination; roll randomly on the Color Pool Table below to see where it actually leads. If the result is a 2, it's a color pool without a fixed location. When the characters move through it, they arrive in a random location on the destination plane. Look to the destination plane for possibilities. If the result is a 20, it's a rare two-way color pool with a way to access it from the destination plane.

COLOR POOL DESTINATION

1D100	PLANE	POOL COLOR
01-04	Ysgard	Indigo
05-08	Limbo	Jet black
09-12	Pandemonium	Magenta
13-16	The Abyss	Amethyst

1D100	PLANE	POOL COLOR
17-20	Carceri	Olive
21-24	Hades	Rust
25-28	Gehenna	Russet
29-32	The Nine Hells	Ruby
33-36	Acheron	Flame red
37-40	Mechanus	Diamond blue
41-44	Arcadia	Saffron
45-48	Mount Celestia	Gold
49-52	Bytopia	Amber
53-56	Elysium	Orange
57-60	The Beastlands	Emerald green
61-64	Arborea	Sapphire blue
65-68	The Outlands	Leather brown
69-72	Ethereal Plane	Spiraling white
73-76	Plane of Air	Pale blue
77-80	Plane of Earth	Moss granite
81-84	Plane of Fire	Fire emerald
85-88	Plane of Water	Dark blue
89-00	Material Plane	Silver

DEAD GOD

The rocky remnants of gods floating in the Astral Plane aren't really the bodies of gods – gods have no true physical form. Instead, they are the physical remains of memories, heroes, wars, promises, regrets, hopes, and so much more, and the Astral Plane is where these powerful fragments coalesce into solid matter. God-isles, as they are sometimes referred to as, look at first glance to be made of rock and unworked stone, and though they occasionally offer a hint in their formation they are just as likely to be large unidentifiable chunks of terrain.

The Godsblood Fellowship and certain sects of the githyanki are obsessed with cataloguing these godly fragments and understanding what powers can be pulled from them. Some god-isles spawn husks, undead monsters that hold a spark related to the dead god upon which they roam, but not all of them do. Most god-isles have “godquakes” that shake them violently, occurring every few dozen decades or longer, and during these catastrophic events strange things can happen. Godsblood scholars believe a godquake to be a memory shuddering through the physical remains, and there have been occurrences of creatures and effects appearing as a result.

Some god-isles have been mined to reveal veins of otherworldly metal, while others possess strange auras and properties that defy description. Each one is unique, and learning the nature of the god that it represents can offer insight into what treasures and dangers might be lurking beneath the rocky surface. The Godsblood Fellowship is dedicating to uncovering as much about the god-isles as possible, and the self-serving githyanki are always looking for an edge in their extraplanar conflicts.

PSYCHIC WIND

The Astral Plane is not completely devoid of natural phenomena. Psychic winds are not actual storms, but instead a wave of lost memories and thoughts that gather naturally in the Silver Void from points all across the multiverse. What causes a psychic wind to form is not understood, but they travel through the Astral Plane and can wreak havoc on travelers and natives alike.

The arrival of a psychic wind is preceded by a darkening of the silver landscape, but by that point there is no escape – the phenomena moves too quickly and encompasses too broad of an area for creatures to escape. Within minutes of the darkening, the force hits, sending travelers tumbling in a wild chaotic jumble of powerful thoughts and battering emotions.

Psychic winds have two effects. The first is a disorientation, which cannot be avoided. Roll on the Psychic Wind Location Effect table to determine the result. The second is a mental one, and intelligent creatures caught in a psychic wind must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw or suffer a random effect from the Psychic Wind Mental Effect table.

PSYCHIC WIND LOCATION EFFECT

1D20	PSYCHIC WIND LOCATION EFFECT
1	Pushed forward; reduce travel time by 1d6 hours
2-8	Diverted; add 1d6 hours to travel time
9-12	Blow off course; add 3d10 hours to travel time
13-16	Lost; at the end of the travel time, characters arrive at a location other than the intended destination
17-20	Sent through color pool to a random plane (roll on the Astral Color Pools table)

PSYCHIC WIND MENTAL EFFECT

1D20	PSYCHIC WIND MENTAL EFFECT
1-8	Stunned for 1 minute; you can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of your turns to end the effect on yourself
9-10	Short-term madness (see the <i>Dungeon Master's Guide</i> for details)
11-12	11 (2d10) psychic damage
13-16	22 (4d10) psychic damage
17-18	Long-term madness (see the <i>Dungeon Master's Guide</i> for details)
19	Unconscious for 5 (1d10) minutes; the effect on you ends if you take damage or if another creature uses an action to shake you awake
20	You suffer the effects of a failed saving throw against the <i>feeblemind</i> spell

TIME RIPPLE

Time behaves strangely on the Astral Plane, and one of those strange effects is a time ripple that moves through the plane. A time ripple appears as black and white tear in the Silver Void, miles wide and dozens of feet tall. It moves rapidly and is preceded by the sound of crackling. Unlike a psychic wind, characters can avoid a time ripple if they know what it is by making a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw. On a success, they are able to propel themselves out of the way of the incoming anomaly and do not suffer any ill effects.

On a failure, the character is caught in the time ripple. Roll on the below table to determine the effect.

TIME RIPPLE EFFECT

1D20	TIME RIPPLE EFFECT
1	You age 1d100 years
2-4	You age 1d6 years
5-8	You lose all hit dice; they are regained after a long rest spent outside the Astral Plane
9-12	You lose access to any ability or effect that is usable one per short or long rest; they are regained after a long rest spent outside the Astral Plane
13-16	Any spell slots for levels 4 or higher you have are reduced to 0; they are regained after a long rest spent outside the Astral Plane
17-19	Any spell slots of any level you have are reduced to 0; they are regained after a long rest spent outside the Astral Plane
20	You gain insight into the future. Roll 1d20 and record the result. You can replace the die roll of any ability check, saving throw, or attack roll you make with that result. Once you do so this ability is lost.

TIMELESSNESS

The Astral Plane exists outside of normal time. Creatures on the Astral Plane do not need to eat, breathe, or drink, and they do not age naturally. The flip side of this is that wounds do not heal naturally; a creature that takes a short rest cannot expend Hit Dice to regain lost hit points, and no hit points are regained after a long rest. This does not affect other abilities that are regained after a short or long rest.

SITES & TREASURES

The Astral Plane may seem like an empty place, but it holds more mysterious locations and hidden treasures than most planar travelers give it credit for. Whether it's uncovering the secrets within the Corpse of the Blood Lord, searching for the mythical Colorless Pool, or infiltrating the githyanki capital of Tu'narath, there is plenty of opportunity for adventure and danger in the Silver Void.

BONECLOUD

Relatively mindless undead like skeletons and zombies have a difficult time on the Astral Plane, a plane where the power of one's intellect drives many aspects. At some point in the past, a large quantity of zombies and skeletons were pulled into the Silver Void in a single event by mistake, and they floated together without purpose or direction. This marked the beginning of the Bonecloud, and it's only grown since then.

Essentially, the Bonecloud is a mass of writhing zombies and bony skeletons held together by some unknown force. It is now miles across and moves slowly through the Astral Plane, directionless and without inherent purpose. The individual undead creatures inside the Bonecloud have no need to feed and feel no passage of time, so they simply float on psychic winds. The formation has grown so large that it has begun to pull new mindless undead creatures into its bulk, and for those travelers brave enough to try the Bonecloud can actually be walked upon. There are so many skeletons and zombies that the threat from any one individual to a visitor is nearly nullified.

But that doesn't mean the Bonecloud is safe. When the collective mass senses life nearby, it moves to engulf it. It's still very slow, so it's possible for reasonable travelers to avoid it, but that also means it hides a mass of secrets under its undead bulk.

COLORLESS POOL

The legend of the Colorless Pool started with a drunk wizard, who swore that he had found a massive portal that could lead anywhere on the Astral Plane. The rumors said that it was not made of color, but instead sound, as it was connected to every other plane in the multiverse through some unknown link. The drunk wizard's claims of having found it were scoffed at, but some planar travelers took note of it, and it turns out it's not just a rumor.

The Colorless Pool exists, and it is a strange phenomena in a plane that redefines strange on a regular basis. It is several hundred feet wide and completely invisible, but it can be heard for miles around it. The sounds of whispers, scratches, yelling, talking, fighting, and so much more originate from it, all contained within a dull cacophony that sits just below normal hearing. Some trick of the plane keeps travelers from finding it the normal way, but getting close enough by happenstance can lead someone with sharp hearing to the location.

Using the Colorless Pool requires only thinking about a destination and then moving through, which otherwise functions as a normal color pool. The githyanki have been searching for the Colorless Pool for years, but the rumors say it is watched closely by the mind flayers.

CORPSE OF THE BLOOD LORD

God-isles float through the Astral Sea like great rocky debris, each a unique memory fragment of a fallen god. The Godsblood Fellowship keep careful records of each that they find for identification and exploitation, but one in particular stands out among the rest. It's been dubbed the Corpse of the Blood Lord, and its red rock bulk is unusually large for a god-isle. The Godsblood Fellowship has established a base nearby to study the god-isle, one of the few ongoing research efforts they have across the Astral Plane.

It's pretty clear from the spawned husks that the Corpse of the Blood represents a fallen god of blood, but there seems to be more to it than that. Debates rage, but the prevailing theory is that it was a god of blood and vengeance, as godquakes on the god-isle have resulted in a strange crimson mist that drives visitors insane with rage. But, those same godquakes have revealed trickles of a thick black syrup that holds unique healing properties.

The Godsblood Fellowship holds a strong position overlooking the Corpse of the Blood Lord, but they must continually defend their claim from githyanki warlocks and greedy fiends. The Holders of the Silver Lantern refuse to go near the site, claiming that the god-isle moves and breathes, a trait not shared by any other dead god in the Astral Plane. The fellowship maintains that its just a period of unusual godquake activity, but even they have been unable to adequately explain some of the stranger occurrences that have been recorded on the Blood Lord's Corpse.

FIELD OF STARS

One of the more curious sights in the Astral Plane is a site known as the Field of Stars. Encompassing an area dozens of miles across, the region is filled with multicolored spheres of pulsating energy. Each sphere is about 10 feet in diameter and produces no harmful energy, and they each change color at random intervals, shifting between shades of blue, red, orange, yellow, and purple. A creature can move inside one of the spheres, a sensation not unlike moving through a color pool, but no transportation occurs and nothing adverse has been known to happen.



What are the balls of light? What purpose do they serve? A team of githyanki surveyors studied the Field of Stars for several years until they finally concluded that it was simply a natural phenomena of the Silver Void with no intrinsic value. However, other travelers in the region have spotted psurlon activity in the Field of Stars, and there is evidence that one of their hidden crystalline fortresses is nearby. Did the mysterious psurlons create the spheres of light? Or is it a byproduct of something they did – or are doing?

FROZEN FIRE FOREST

As a general rule, elemental energy from the Inner Planes behaves normally on the Astral Plane. Fire burns, water flows, earth exists, and air floats. But occasionally, some quirk of the plane, perhaps an errant time ripple interacting with a color pool, creates something truly strange. The Frozen Fire Forest is one such example. It is a shifting area containing tall pillars of red and orange flames, each suspended in time. They retain all of the properties of fire, so they burn objects and creatures that touch them, but they consume no more or less than what they did when they arrived on the Astral Plane. Each pillar of fire is between 5 and 20 feet tall and they float through the Silver Void, clustered together to form the “forest.”

In recent years, the Frozen Fire Forest has become a popular meeting spot for clandestine gatherings in the Astral Plane, as it's unique features make it easy to describe and for others to find.

GRAYHOLDE THE STOLEN CITY

Long ago, the city of Grayholde sat on the Material Plane. It was a center for learning, and boasted the impressive College of Wizardry that catered to magical research and study. Everything in Grayholde was centered on the College of Wizardry, from the shops and commerce to the students and faculty. Then, one day, something happened within the college, and in the blink of an eye Grayholde was transported wholly from the Material Plane to the Astral Plane.

But the residents of Grayholde were not so lucky. Whatever effect pulled them into the Silver Void attracted or created a huge quantity of soul leeches. The voracious eaters descended upon the stunned city and in a matter of hours no one was left alive. Some of the more prepared wizards and students of the College of Wizardry managed to flee, but most succumbed to the soul leeches. Now, Grayholde floats in the Astral Plane, its buildings and college devoid of any life except for the soul leeches that haunt the empty streets. It is said that a monstrosity huge soul leech sits in the College of Wizardry's center and feeds upon the ambient magical energy of the place along with the souls of those lost, but few have dared entered Grayholde to risk the wrath of the new residents.

INN OF THE SILVER LANTERN

Few places on the Astral Plane offer open hospitality, but the Inn of the Silver Lantern is one of them. It is a three story inn built on a floating rock island, with a tranquil stone garden in front and doors that open freely. A radiant silver and gold light spills out from the top of a slender tower that extends above the inn's roof. Above the door hangs a sign bearing the silver lantern symbol of the inn and the monks that operate it. Inside, a feeling of peace and welcome washes over visitors, and the monks that tend the place greet all who come in with a smile and a wave. They do not serve alcohol, but simple foods and beverages are available, and an enchantment has been placed over the entire inn to allow travelers to gain the full benefits of a long and short rest, as their time dictates. Astral devas are a common site in the inn's common room.

At all times, an astral deva sits in the tower that stands over the Inn of the Silver Lantern. They maintain a relic called the *Silver Lantern* that prevents the safe haven from being found by those wishing to do harm to it or to someone held inside. In this way, the Holders of the Silver Lantern have built a neutral refuge for people fleeing githyanki or other terrors of the Astral Plane, and beyond. In exchange, the monks that operate the inn ask only that peace be maintained within the inn's grounds. They accept donations but the operating costs for the inn are covered through the aid of the astral devas and the monk volunteers.

KA'LA'TAA SHIPYARD

Githyanki astral ships are a magnificent sight. Each one is built in a similar style to a sailing ship found on a Material Plane ocean, but the githyanki use a special wood and enchant the vessel so that it is receptive to the collective mental power of the onboard githyanki. The result is a ship capable of delivering large numbers of raiders and soldiers across the Astral Sea vaster than they would be able to travel individually.

These ships are engineered and constructed in a secret base called the Ka'la'taa Shipyards, the location of which is jealously guarded by the githyanki. The shipyard is built around a rare two-way color pool to a Material Plane forest that grows the unusual trees used in astral ship construction. Githyanki workers toil tirelessly to build the ships of the Lich-Queen's fleet, but working with the rare wood is a delicate process and they do not produce as many ships as their queen would like.

Nonetheless, Ka'la'taa Shipyards represents a vital component in githyanki supremacy on the Astral Plane, and it is protected from attack by the finest warriors and defenses. Visitors are not allowed on site, but there was an uprising by the native Material Plane population in recent years that caused a slowdown in astral ship construction. The natives were put down by ruthless githyanki enforcers and they have not had any trouble since.

MIDNIGHT PRISON

There is a strange region of the Astral Plane known as the Deadmind, where no psychic winds blow. It is not very large, but at its center is a granite fortress meant to house cursed magical items from around the multiverse. The dwarf clan that runs it calls it Hornpike Hall, but across the Silver Void it's known as the Midnight Prison. The Hornpike Clan has operated the Midnight Prison for centuries, starting out as a simple experiment to see the effects of the Astral Plane on a cursed magical battleaxe that had been in the family for generations.

Over the years, their reputation for being able to contain cursed items has grown to the point where they need to build more containment cells within Hornpike Hall in order to house the increasing number of dangerous items. From bloodlust-filled swords, to amulets that turn their wearer inside out, and a host of other terrible items, the Hornpike dwarves have devoted their efforts to understanding and eventually dismantling these items. The current clan matriarch, Helenna Hornpike, is a shrewd negotiator who demands top coin for her clan's efforts from any potential client. The previous clan leader was held responsible for a cursed magical mirror getting loose, sending dozens of evil doppelgangers of everyone in the Midnight Prison through the halls. Helenna has vowed never to let such a lapse in security happen again.

RIVER OF MEMORIES

The River of Memories isn't a traditional river in the same way the Astral Sea isn't a traditional sea, but it exists nonetheless. It snakes its way through the Silver Void, appearing as a misty ribbon of multicolored turbulent energy, bending and winding to some unknown will. The River of Memories is the dumping ground for stolen memories on the River Styx, which is a planar feature that connects the Lower Planes together.

When an intelligent creature loses its memories to the River Styx, the River of Memories grows wider as it absorbs those lost thoughts. If a creature moves into the River of Memories, they are bombarded with a multitude of stolen psychic fragments and must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw, suffering 36 (8d8) psychic damage on a failure, or half as much damage on a success. The saving throw and damage repeats every 1 minute.

It is rumored that there is a way for a person to retrieve lost memories stolen by the River Styx, but it takes more than simply swimming into the River of Memories to get them back. Finding the exact strain of memories among the jumble is one thing, and then extracting them into the original mind is another. It's a tricky process and one that only a few claim to have completed. One of them is the master elven bard Dalynn Moonsong, who can often be found at the Inn of the Silver Lantern, entertaining guests with her soothing music.

SHATTERED LAND

Random chunks of earth, whether from god-isles or just planar debris, are not uncommon in the Astral Plane, as over time physical fragments gather together in clumps that have been pulled through various color pools. It's rare to find more than a few together, but in the region known as the Shattered Land, a great field of rocky detritus floats for miles and miles. It is widely assumed that the rock chunks are the result of meddling by a dao wizard on the Plane of Earth, which created a one-way ever-spewing fountain of stone, but none have witnessed new rocky island being pulled in. Perhaps the color pool is invisible, or perhaps it was a one-time incident.

Some of the earthen fragments are hundreds of feet across, and the largest one observed was over a mile wide, but most are much smaller. They float aimlessly together, knocked about by psychic winds and time ripples, and the rocky islands have become a popular vacation spot for dao nobles from the Sevenfold Mazework. Perhaps some larger secret lies hidden in the heart of the Shattered Land, and recently agents of the Great Khan of the Dao have been seen scouring the debris field for some unknown reason.

SILVER MOUNTAIN

Astral diamonds are rare precious gemstones with unusual magical properties that make them ideal for holding powerful enchantments. Githyanki love them and use them as a sort of "super" currency, and the vaults of the Lich-Queen are said to be overflowing with hundreds of thousands of stored astral diamonds. These gemstones come from one place on the Astral Plane, a site known as the Silver Mountain, but it's not a typical mountain as most think about. It's a massive semi-solid cloud of silver vapors, nearly invisible in the Astral Plane. Within its bulk, the githyanki have created tunnels propped up by special braces that keep them from collapsing, and they dig through the ooze-like substance of the Silver Mountain to unearth the astral diamonds.

Githyanki have undisputed control over the Silver Mountain, but it is a very large feature – about three miles tall and wide – so its near impossible for them to assert their dominance across its entire surface. Raiders of all sorts sneak into abandoned tunnels and try to get away with some astral diamonds of their own to sell or trade, and enough have made it into regular circulation that the githyanki cannot rightfully claim sole ownership of them all. Several astral stalkers are known to lair in the Silver Mountain as well, and they hunt indiscriminately any that cross their path or get their attention.

TU'NARATH, GITHYANKI CAPITAL

Built on the husk of a vaguely humanoid-shaped dead god, Tu'narath is the largest and most important of the githyanki cities on the Astral Plane. Its fortified buildings and ominous towers are examples of the githyanki mindset – simple, effective, and built to last. The arms and legs of the god-isle are adorned with mooring towers and landing platforms that allow astral ships to dock, and the city is protected by the largest single githyanki fleet in the Astral Sea. Over 100,000 githyanki call Tu'narath home, and they all serve at the whim of Vlaakith the Lich-Queen.

The Lich-Queen's home is an obsidian palace at the head of the god-isle known as Susurrus, the Palace of Whispers. From there she surveys her Astral dominion and through magical effects and items she is able to see and hear nearly any point she chooses to focus on across the plane. Her royal palatial guards are picked from the elite of the elite of the githyanki military, and she commands a cadre of assassins that have claimed more lives than the Lich-Queen has had years of unlife. The obsidian palace of Susurrus is said to trap the souls of any who die inside, the whispers of which can be heard by anyone inside.

While githyanki dominate the city streets of Tu'narath, the merchant district does welcome other astral traders as long as they adhere to the codified laws of the city. Blood enemies of the githyanki, such as the githzerai and the mind flayers, are killed or captured onsite, and harboring such fugitives is punishable by the same, but the rest of the laws are strict but tolerable. A secret spy network run by the psurlons is said to operate in the merchant district, but to date the githyanki secret guards have not uncovered proof of its existence.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Most planar-savvy creatures consider the Astral Plane devoid of any interesting features, but they are missing out on a whole realm of adventure and possibility.

Strike of the Redfangs. The characters find themselves traveling through a region on the Material Plane when they run into a family fleeing for their lives. They are running from raiders that stole their goods and burned their home, and these raiders have appeared every 10 years out of nowhere. Tracking the bandits down reveals them to be members of the Redfang Reavers that operate out of the Astral Plane, and there's a two-way color pool not far from the ruined farmhouse. The characters have a chance to strike back at the nefarious raiders and help make the region safe for future generations.

The Lost Souls. While staying at an inn, the characters are awakened by a commotion, and when they go down to investigate they find a group of displaced drift souls making inadvertent trouble downstairs. One of the drift souls is aware enough to explain that they were all lost on their way “home” and they beg the characters to help. The way “home” for the drift souls is through an astral conduit, but once it's found a tear is discovered in it that needs to be closed. What monster has chewed its way through the conduit on the Astral Plane?

Curses and Corpses. The characters are at the epicenter of a magical disaster that causes all sorts of problems. Getting to the bottom of the disaster reveals a dead thief and a strange cursed magical item that defies destruction. A sage points them to the Midnight Prison on the Astral Plane as a safe location to deposit the item, so the characters must travel to Hornpike Hall and convince Helenna to take the item.

Fear and Loathing in Tu'narath. Githyanki raiders steal a valuable item from a local noble, and she desperately needs it back to ward off some calamity to her family. She hires the characters to follow the githyanki into the Astral Plane and recover the item, which leads the party to Tu'narath itself. Navigating the laws and streets of the githyanki city requires caution and finesse, and it turns out the raider is part of a larger network of thieves operating a smuggling ring inside the city's walls.

Island of Memories. The Godsblood Fellowship has found a new god-isle in the Astral Sea and it bears a strange connection to one of the characters. Through divination and research, the fellowship connect the worship of the dead god to the character's past, and they come asking for more information about their family tree. A trip to the god-isle reveals a rocky island adrift in the Silver Void with husks protecting something hidden beneath the surface.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below table can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Astral Plane.

ASTRAL PLANE

1D100	ASTRAL PLANE ENCOUNTER
01-05	Time ripple
06-10	Psychic wind
11-15	1 bebilith
16-20	1d4 mind flayers
21-25	1 astral stalker
26-30	1d4 psurlon
31-35	2d6 githyanki warriors
36-40	1d8 githyanki knights
41-45	2d6 drift souls
46-50	1 devourer
51-55	1 astral deva
56-60	Dead god
61-65	Color pool
66-70	2d6 larva soul leeches and 1d6 adult soul leeches
71-75	1 greater soul leech
76-80	1d6 nightmares
81-95	Astral traveler
96-00	1 astral dreadnought

ETHEREAL PLANE

“What is the purpose of the Ethereal Plane? The question has plagued scholars for countless generations, but the question helps to frame the discussion around the Ethereal Plane. Its comparison to a great waveless sea is not without merit, with the shallow or border sections touching the Material and Inner Planes while the Deep Ethereal holds undreamt of mysteries and dangers, and in this comparison we find a potential answer. Is the Ethereal Plane the breeding ground of existence itself? Certainly demiplanes spawn in the Deep Ethereal, giving us glimpses to the raw potential contained in those gray depths. Was the Material Plane once a demiplane like the others, adrift in the waveless sea? We may never know for sure, but the Ethereal Plane holds wonders and mysteries like none other.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

The Ethereal Plane is a realm out of phase with the rest of the multiverse. In this way, it is similar in minor ways to the echo planes (Shadow, Faerie, and Dream), but the Ethereal Plane is more than a mirror of the Material Plane. Where it touches the Material Plane and the rest of the multiverse, in a region known as the Border Ethereal, the gray vapors and swirling mists obscure the natural features of the Material Plane but do not offer substantial differences.

Savvy planar travelers view the Ethereal Plane as simply a means to an end, a plane to visit when you want to get somewhere else. In this way, it shares several traits with the Astral Plane, and these two are known as the transitive planes for this exact reason. But the Ethereal Plane holds more than just a mode of planar travel.

The Border Ethereal can offer sanctuary to travelers seeking a quick escape from the Material Plane, but other creatures have adapted to use this tactic as well. The most common are ghosts, who exist in both the Border Ethereal and the Material Plane and can “manifest” in one or the other as a means of defense and attack. Ethereal filchers, thought eaters, xill, and all manner of other creatures call the Ethereal Plane home, and those that live off the flesh of living things learn to hunt in the Border Ethereal.

Beyond the region of the Border Ethereal, the plane becomes deeper, and here is where it earns its nickname as the “waveless sea.” The Deep Ethereal is a fathomless, endless region of dark gray misty tendrils, and it’s there that the demiplanes of the multiverse reside. What creates them? Who creates them? Powerful wizards and clerics are known to create small demiplanes, but the bigger ones have more mysterious origins. Who created the Nightwalker Pit, the Demiplane of Chains, or the Engulfing Hunger? What sustains them?

Other regions in the Deep and Border Ethereal are just as mysterious, such as the Pyramid of the Lost, the Tower of Iron Will, and the ghostly metropolis known as Bleakmore. Travelers that find themselves lost in the waveless sea of the Ethereal Plane can encounter plenty of mysteries and dangers to keep them interested in the fog-shrouded plane.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Ethereal Plane as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Ethereal Plane.

Echoes of Life. Most visitors interact with the Ethereal Plane in its “shallow” end, the Border Ethereal, and here the plane reflects a shadowy, indistinct echo of the adjacent plane. Everything is washed out in shades of gray before dissipating into nothingness at a short distance, but the actions and movements of creatures on the adjacent plane can be viewed while on the Border Ethereal. They appear as wispy, shadowy versions of their original forms, but this strange effect – a stronger echo than the echo planes like the Plane of Shadow – is very disconcerting for travelers at first.

Protomatter. Beyond the Border Ethereal, the Deep Ethereal is a vast gray realm of possibility. Elemental chunks float in globular chunks known as protomatter, and these eventually combine with other chunks and germinate into demiplanes. Protomatter is a strange substance comprised of all the elements at once – It’s solid, liquid, gas, and flame all at once, constantly morphing and re-morphing as it drifts through the endless gray sea.

Slow Weightlessness. Physical form has no direct impact on the Ethereal Plane, and the best way visitors have to describe this sensation is a feeling of weightlessness. Creatures on the plane can move up, down, left, and right through otherwise solid echoes on the adjacent plane, though moving up or down is somewhat more taxing due to the unusual nature of the Ethereal Plane. Gravity extends to the Border Ethereal, however, so unattended objects fall though at a slower rate. Everything moves at a slightly slower pace, as if moving through thick mud.

LAY OF THE LAND

In the larger view of the multiverse, the Ethereal Plane surrounds the Material Plane and Inner Planes and provides a link between them all. Some planar scholars theorize that the only reason the Material Plane exists at all is because of the Ethereal Plane, which transfers the raw elemental building blocks of the Inner Planes to the worlds that make up the Material Plane. In fact, it is thought that the demiplanes in the Deep Ethereal could one day become fully fledged Material Planes, they just need some sort of “push” to get them out of the deep region.

BORDER ETHEREAL

The region of the Ethereal Plane that overlaps with the Material and Inner Planes is known as the Border Ethereal, and this is the “shallow” end of the waveless sea. The Border Ethereal is like looking at the world through a smoky crystal – everything is distorted and gray but most of the features can be made out. Swirling gray vapors fill the Border Ethereal, limiting vision. Weather events on the Material Plane or Inner Plane can be viewed from the Border Ethereal but do not affect creatures or travelers fully in the Ethereal Plane.

Distance is very relative in the Ethereal Plane, but beyond the Border Ethereal the vapors grow thicker and the Deep Ethereal starts. The Border and Deep Ethereal planes are separated by a strange colorful force known as an ethereal curtain. A traveler moving from the Border Ethereal into the Deep Ethereal passes through one of these curtains without realizing it, but the return trip requires locating the specific ethereal curtain that leads back to where they came from. The curtains are colored based on the plane that it leads to.

DEEP ETHEREAL

Entering the Deep Ethereal, a traveler comes to the part of the plane without end, with globs of protomatter floating casually around. Vision is even more limited here due to the dark gray tendrils of thick fog that envelop everyone and everything. The Deep Ethereal is where the demiplanes are born, either by deliberate magic, accidental power, or through some other unknown force. Each one is unique, though many carry the aspects of one or more Inner Planes. Life often forms in a demiplane, usually nothing more intelligent than an elemental, but exceptions have occurred.

Each demiplane in the Deep Ethereal appears as a great mass of swirling protomatter, changing color wildly, but they are all unique. A traveler can study the patterns on a demiplane to help determine what elements may be more dominant, which function as ethereal curtains for all intents and purposes. Passing through one typically requires only the will to do so, and in doing so the traveler feels as though they are walking through thick slime for a moment before they emerge on the other side into the demiplane itself. Demiplanes have defined borders, unlike normal planes, but the size outside is not necessarily indicative of the size inside.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time in the Border Ethereal passes the same as it does for the adjoining plane, which is normal for the most part. Creatures feel hunger and thirst at the normal rate while in the Border Ethereal, and rest provides the normal benefits. Similarly, in the Deep Ethereal, creatures age and grow hungry at the normal rate, though there is no mechanism on the plane to mark the passage of time.

SURVIVING

Perhaps owing to its nature as the primordial soup of the planes, creatures that breathe air have no difficulty breathing in the vapors of the Ethereal Plane. Creatures that breathe water have no difficulty breathing either.

GETTING THERE

The most straightforward way to travel to the Ethereal Plane is through the casting of the *ethereality* spell, which transports the spellcaster (and others, if the spell is cast at a higher level) directly into the Border Ethereal. Magical items also exist that allow users to transport themselves into the Border Ethereal, and some characters – such as the spectral warden ranger and the ghostwalker sorcerer – can view and interact with creatures in the Border Ethereal.

Portals and gates exist scattered about the Material Plane and Inner Planes that lead into the Ethereal Plane. Some of these portals require specific actions or items to open, while others act as cracks between the planes that allow some of the ethereal to bleed out. Such areas usually have a gray pallor to them, choked with strange thick mists, and are often found at the site of horrendous magical accidents involving transmutation magic.

TRAVELING AROUND

Movement in the Ethereal Plane, both Border and Deep, is unrestricted by gravity or physical objects and creatures on the mirroring plane. Creatures can move up or down, though doing so costs 2 feet of movement for every 1 foot moved. Flying or swimming speeds have no special affect on the Ethereal Plane, though a creature can use its fastest movement speed regardless of the mode while traveling.

In the Border Ethereal, the mists are thick and swirling, limiting vision to 60 feet. Traveling within the Border Ethereal is otherwise unrestricted by the physical objects or terrain of the adjoining plane, though notable exceptions exist. Spells or effects that create or manipulate force magic, such as the *wall of force* spell, can affect creatures in the Border Ethereal. The wealthiest and most paranoid of residents in the Material and Inner Planes have paid alchemists large sums of gold to mix gorgon’s blood into traditional mortar and built rooms or even whole castles using the mixture, which also stops ethereal travel. The private chambers of the Grand Sultan of the Efrete in the City of Brass is said to have been constructed using these materials.

Gravity does exist in the Border Ethereal, so non-animate objects fall at regular rates and seem affected by physical objects and barriers as if they were on the adjoining plane. Planar scholars agree that the presence of life in the Ethereal Plane is what supersedes the object permanence of the adjoining plane, though exactly how or why is still a hotly debated topic.

In the Deep Ethereal, the thicker gray mists limit vision to just 30 feet. Distance becomes very relative in the Deep Ethereal, and traveling to a specific location requires concentration in the form of a group Wisdom (Insight) check and 1d10 x 10 hours of travel. The DC is based on how well known the location is among the group using the following chart as a guide.

DEEP ETHEREAL TRAVEL DIFFICULTY

LOCATION FAMILIARITY	INSIGHT DC
Frequently visited	10
Visited once	13
Second-hand account	16
Visually described	19
Vaguely outlined	22

Failing the group check has a 10% chance of stumbling upon a similar but different location, as determined by the Dungeon Master. Otherwise, the time is simply spent and the characters are no closer to arriving at their intended destination.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Though the Ethereal Plane appears empty save for some wandering monsters, great and powerful beings still work behind the scenes. Most of them are located in the Deep Ethereal, creating a space for an advanced creature to rule a section in the Border Ethereal.

ETHERFARER SOCIETY

Few organizations have studied the Ethereal Plane and its mysteries as well as the Etherfarer Society, and few libraries across the multiverse are as complete on the nature of demiplanes and other wondrous sites in both the Border and Deep Ethereal. The society was founded several hundred years ago by a gnome wizard Erskin Figfallow who traveled into the Ethereal Plane searching for the Seed of Creation, a legendary item that is said to give its possessor untold command over protomatter. Erskin did not find it, but he did find a semisolid chunk of ethereal matter in the Deep Ethereal that seemed unique. He explored it, found it to be benign, and then worked with his industrious family to construct a home there.

Eager to learn as much as he could about the Ethereal Plane, Erskin called upon scholars to join him in the plane, and some did, adding their knowledge to that of Figfallow. They formed the Etherfarer Society as a joint venture in scholarly learning and adventurous pursuits in the Ethereal Plane, and Erskin's small home grew considerably. The grandest building became known as the Motherhouse, containing the library of the society and the private residences of its most esteemed members, but the rest of the community grew up quickly around it. It gained the name Freehold after a band of radical priests seeking divine enlightenment arrived, having been banished from their own Material Plane for unpopular beliefs in the nature of ghosts and the Ethereal Plane.

Today, Erskin Figfallow still functions as Member First of the Etherfarer Society, but many others have joined over the years. Induction into the Etherfarer Society requires approval by two-third members, and they are all ranked according to the order in which they joined. Membership is for life, and they have to date never re-ordered – Member Third and Member Fourth both died while cataloguing an unknown demiplane in the Deep Ethereal, and others have fallen in the line of duty. The Etherfarer Society believes in the free transfer and sharing of information as long as it is between society members, who all must agree to document their findings and writings of the Ethereal Plane in the Motherhouse of Freehold.

ROYAL COURT OF BLEAKMORE

Across the width and breadth of the Ethereal Plane, no greater bastion of civilization exists than Bleakmore, Castle of Ghosts. It hovers at the ephemeral edge between the Border and Deep Ethereal regions, allowing it to exist just outside of every Border Ethereal in some strange and unknown way. The sprawling castle is ruled by members of the royal court, including a king, queen, and several princes and princesses. They bicker, argue, fight, and maneuver politically against one another, but their ghost forms and strange nature of Bleakmore keeps them from ever truly dying.

In name at least, the royal court is ruled by King Tristan Whitlock, a bitter and miserly old man who lost his crown long before Bleakmore was pulled into the Ethereal Plane. His wife, Queen Geraldine Whitlock, has a face like a prune and an attitude like a snake. In life on the Material Plane, the king and queen had two sons and a daughter, but their eldest son was killed in battle under mysterious circumstances. His betrothed, Lady Zola Nisbett, is filled with vitriolic rage at the circumstances of being denied rulership of Bleakmore, which passed to Prince Foster and his wife Sibyl. Foster is a hollow shell of a man controlled completely by his wife, who gloats over Lady Zola at every opportunity. The feuding between Lady Zola and Lady Sibyl is the most acrid in the castle.

The youngest daughter of the king and queen is Mable Whitlock who is possessed by some outside power and is wracked by fits of powerful and chaotic magic. Other times she is the most lucid of the royal court, and it is through her intervention that keeps the worst of her family at bay. The royal court keeps ghostly soldiers in defense of the castle and a small number of dukes and duchesses that dwell in the outlying sections of Bleakmore, but these are just pawns in the petty efforts of the Whitlock royal family.

As splintered as they are, the ghosts of the royal court of Bleakmore have some control over lesser ghosts, and since the time that their castle was pulled into the Ethereal Plane they have mounted assaults on outside regions. The nature and purpose of those assaults has varied over the centuries as one member of the royal court gains influence. For example, for a period King Tristan held sway, and during that time ghostly warriors were sent out to conquer a neighboring kingdom he was convinced was moving against him. This “neighboring kingdom” turned out to be an unassuming nation in the Material Plane that found itself under attack by phalanxes of ghost warriors!

THE SPLINTERSOUL

In the Deep Ethereal, it is widely known that the protomatter floating around forms the basis for the demiplanes that spawn there. Most of the demiplanes are landscapes filled with wildly varying environments, but occasionally something else is born in the ethereal mists. The Splintersoul is one such anomaly. It is a massive crystalline structure composed of irregular diamond-like towers and spires floating in the Deep Ethereal, and it has a singular intelligence. It can communicate telepathically with beings that stand upon its surface as well as anyone holding a shard of it, which tend to break off naturally and float through the mists. In this way, shards of the Splintersoul have reached across the multiverse, and those that pick them up hear a faint voice telling them what to do. Some shards wield mental powers that allow them to control weaker willed targets, but most are simply the voice of the Splintersoul.

What does the Splintersoul want? This has been difficult to determine. Some of the shards seek to return home and bring as many intelligent creatures with them, which has led some planar scholars to believe the entity feeds on intelligence somehow. Other shards sow chaos and dissent without a need for reunification with the whole, and others seem benign and offer genuinely helpful advice to their holder. Most Splintersoul shards do have the ability to create humanoid shapes made up of ethereal mists, creatures known as Splintersoul slaves, that obey the will of the shard.

In the Deep Ethereal, the Splintersoul itself is just as maddening to deal with, but there is some effect that leeches intelligence from creatures that remain in contact with the structure for periods of time. Splintersoul slaves are common on the structure, moving around to correct fractures in the structure or to reunite lost shards back into the collective.

One consistent quirk of the Splintersoul is its reference to itself as a group. It uses “we” and “us” when speaking of itself, leading most to believe there is perhaps a group intelligence at work. So far, the Splintersoul has remained an enigmatic mystery with tendrils across the multiverse, with plans and plots that have yet to reveal themselves on the smaller scale.

TATHA’NALLA THE SPINNER OF SECRETS

Secrets are a precious commodity across the planes, and there are numerous brokers and traders of them in the major planar metropolises, including the City of Brass, the City of Glass, Dylath-Leen, and the Sevenfold Mazework. The demiplane known as the Web of Worlds, bobbing in the Deep Ethereal, is the home to a powerful figure in the secret business. She is Tatha’Nalla, the Spinner of Secrets, and she is a phase spider of tremendous size, age, and power. Tatha’Nalla uses her powers to spin portals across the multiverse from the Web of Worlds, and has an army of informants and a network of spies in every major place.

Tatha’Nalla is a selfish and cowardly creature at heart, however, and she has made sure that certain protections keep her from harm should the wrong secret pass into the wrong hands. Demon lords, devil princes, elemental kings, celestial guards, and more have learned to trust the Spinner of Secrets only so far as they must, but her information is reliable and she tends to have the right piece of data at the right moment to squeeze the most out of a needy person. Tatha’Nalla isn’t interested in gold or jewels, though certain magical items and relics have caught her attention. Her main commodity is in favors, and she uses her well-placed network of spies, assassins, and informants to work for her when she needs to call in a favor. Few resist, and the Web of Worlds has special pits for those that dared cross the Spinner of Secrets.

XILL HIGH CLANS

The xill are a strange race, and one of the few intelligent native species of the Ethereal Plane. They are divided into two types. The low clans are the barbaric, savage marauders of the plane, using their powers to shift into and out of the Border Ethereal in order to steal humanoid creatures to use as living incubators for their egg sacs.

The high clans, however, are civilized, and dwell in caves made of random protomatter across the Deep Ethereal. The largest is a region known as the Scarlet Caves, so named because of the extensive tunnels carved into the red clay, and it goes on for several miles. The xill high clans communicate with one another telepathically, across any distance, and they coordinate their actions like a highly efficient single organism. The low clan xill serve the high clans as workers, soldiers, and slaves, allowing the more advanced creatures to plan for grander scale movements. What is their ultimate goal? Some say it is a total takeover of all Material Planes, while others say they are searching for something more tangible across the multiverse.

High clan xill are easily recognized from their low clan brethren because of their radically different skin color. Low clan xill have a deep crimson skin color, while high clan xill can have nearly any other color. Midnight blue, dull yellow, mottled green, pale white, and more have been documented. There doesn’t seem to be an obvious hierarchy to the coloration, and it seems as though no high clan xill is more in charge than any other. Psychically attuned adventurers that have probed into the mind of a high clan xill have uncovered a vast mental array where all the minds of all high clan xill are linked, but the intruder was detected almost immediately. In the city of Freehold in the Deep Ethereal, there is a tavern called the Thirsty Pagan that now serves as the home of this brain-fried adventurer.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The Ethereal Plane is populated by monsters that can affect both the Material Plane and their native plane, so they can strike unsuspecting creatures from positions of surprise. From the massive dharculus to the smaller but no less deadly ethereal marauders, attacks from monsters dwelling in the Border Ethereal keep many paranoid warriors up at night.

ABERRATIONS

There are strange creatures that dwell in the Border and Deep Ethereal Planes, lurking and waiting for their moment to strike. The dharculus is one of the largest and most feared, with a mass of tentacles that draws in victims to satiate its never-ending hunger. Spectral lurkers are invisible predators that wait in the misty, shadowed halls of forgotten castles on the Border Ethereal before reaching out to suck in victims, draining them of their nimbleness and leaving nothing but a dried up husk behind.

Perhaps the strangest inhabitant of the Ethereal Plane is the thought eater. It can exist only in the Ethereal Plane, and it feeds off magic on the Material and Inner Plane. It appears as a skeletal platypus, sickly gray in color, with a cowardly tendency and a voracious appetite.

MONSTROSITIES

The monsters that stalk through the Ethereal Plane are well-adapted to the strange and somewhat spiritual nature of the realm. Ethereal marauders are aggressive triangular-shaped creatures that can leap in and out of the Ethereal Plane to ambush prey and drag them in to the Border Ethereal to feast away from any of the victim's allies. Similarly, phase spiders are adept at injecting victims with a paralytic poison before dragging them into the Border Ethereal.

Xill. One of the most fearsome foes in the Ethereal Plane are four-armed, reptilian xill. They are dangerous monsters, exhibiting features of both reptile and insect, and are renown across the Material Plane for leaping suddenly out of the Ethereal Plane and implanting their eggs into unwilling victims. It isn't commonly known that the xill actually divide themselves into two castes, high and low xill. The low xill are the common savage marauders with little more thought than survival. High xill are much rarer and possess a level of culture and civilization on par with most humanoid cities. They remain dangerous monsters, but a high xill often has larger ulterior motives behind its atrocities.

UNDEAD

Most scholars and adventurers associate the Ethereal Plane with its best known inhabitant – ghosts. If a living creature dies with powerful emotions left unattended, it's possible their spirit gets trapped in the adjacent Ethereal Plane and remains there as a ghost, an undead apparition caught between the land of the living and that of the spiritual dead. Regular ghosts can come from any

source, but the more powerful ancient ghost have used their undead state to increase their own personal power and can live for centuries on end. Hunger ghosts are the savage undead spirits that can take the form of a skeletal humanoid or a great black mastiff, but they are always hungry for life and brutal in their methods.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Some planar travelers claim the Ethereal Plane is a barren wasteland, devoid of real hazards, but these travelers are simply wrong. From ether cyclones to elemental gashes, the realms of the Ethereal Plane are filled with strange phenomena and hazards capable of challenging any who would sail its waveless sea.

DEADWAVE

The Positive and Negative Energy Planes stand adjacent to the Ethereal like the rest of the Inner Planes, but their connection is unique and not fully understood. Ghosts and other spiritual beings are both a part of the Ethereal Plane and have strong ties to the Negative Energy Plane, but other undead creatures do not share this trait. And occasionally, deadwaves rock out from the Deep Ethereal, which are powerful currents of necrotic energy that originate from some rippling of the border between the Negative Energy and Ethereal Planes.

A deadwave appears as a black ribbon of crackling energy, almost like lightning, that washes over creatures and objects with two effects. The first is a forceful push as strong as a hurricane. Parties traveling through the Border Ethereal are pushed back by the deadwave 1d6 x 500 feet, and in the Deep Ethereal the deadwave adds 1d6 hours to any travel time. The second effect is deadlier. Living creatures must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw, suffering 22 (4d10) necrotic damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.



The deadwave has no effect on the adjoining planes, though creatures with connections to death may feel a wave of cold wash over them.

DEMIPLANE

The Deep Ethereal is a primordial sea of protomatter which can form budding new realms of existence known as demiplanes. Demiplanes can form naturally or deliberately through powerful magic, though in theory they follow the same basic principles. Demiplanes are distinct regions of semi-stable protomatter within the Deep Ethereal that exhibit unique traits. No two demiplanes are exactly alike as the forces that create them are unique as well, so even with two formed primarily of elemental fire differences arise in the exact nature. Accessing a demiplane from the Deep Ethereal requires passing through a multicolored ethereal curtain with no easily discernible marks, though canny planar travelers have learned to pick up some of the elemental traits by observing the flow of the curtain for a period of time.

Beyond the curtain, the demiplane reveals itself. Some, like the Demiplane of Chains and Web of Worlds, are filled with strange terrain that makes moving around difficult or impossible. The Engulfing Hunger is a unique demiplane that is possessed of a supernatural intelligence craving living material, but its natural geography looks like an idyllic Material Plane region. The Nightwalker Pit is a bleak demiplane of howling darkness reminiscent of the Abyss or the Nine Hells.

Demiplanes can be randomly generated using the below tables for inspiration. To randomly generate a demiplane, start with the planes of influence. You can roll on this table one or more times to help give the demiplane a basic outline. Once you've settled on the influential planes, roll 1d4+1 times on the demiplane characteristics table to guide the core idea of the demiplane. Many demiplanes are inhabited by creatures, which you can roll for in the demiplane inhabitants table. Generally only a single roll is required on that table. The final table determines the rough size of the demiplane, from 10 feet in diameter to 50 or more miles.

Some of the results may not make sense, but such is the nature of the Deep Ethereal. Trying to tie disparate elements from random tables together can yield surprisingly interesting results.

DEMIPLANE INFLUENTIAL SOURCE

1D20	PLANE OF INFLUENCE
1-2	Plane of Air
3-4	Plane of Earth
5-6	Plane of Fire
7-8	Plane of Water
9-10	Positive Energy Plane
11-12	Negative Energy Plane
13-14	Plane of Faerie
15-16	Plane of Shadow
17-18	Plane of Dreams
19-20	No influential plane

DEMIPLANE CHARACTERISTICS

1D20	DEMIPLANE CHARACTERISTICS
1	Dead magic – Magic spells and effects don't function
2	Gelatinous
3	Swampy
4	Mountains
5	Forested
6	Storm-wracked
7	Oceanic
8	Jungle
9	No landmass
10	Poisonous
11	Ordered
12	No gravity
13	Sentient
14	Dry
15	Metallic
16	Wild magic – All spells cause wild magic surges
17	Frozen
18	Misty
19	Fast – All creatures act as if affected by the <i>haste</i> spell
20	Slow – All creatures act as if affected by the <i>slow</i> spell

DEMIPLANE PRIMARY INHABITANT

1D20	DEMIPLANE INHABITANTS
1	None
2	Mundane Material Plane creatures
3	Mundane Inner Plane creatures
4	Demons
5	Devils
6	Elves
7	Dwarves
8	Gnomes
9	Humans
10	Minotaurs
11	Goblinoids
12	Illithids
13	Beholders
14	Giants
15	Dragons
16	Undead
17	Yugoloths
18	Lycanthropes
19	Sahuagin
20	Powerful adventurers

DEMIPLANE SIZE

1D20	DEMIPLANE SIZE
1	10 feet diameter
2	100 feet diameter
3-4	1,000 feet diameter
5-6	2,000 feet diameter
7-8	1 mile diameter
9-11	2 miles diameter
12-13	3 miles diameter
14-15	6 miles diameter
16-17	12 miles diameter
18	25 miles diameter
19	50 miles diameter
20	50 miles + roll again and sum the results

ELEMENTAL GASH

Sometimes, catastrophic events in the Ethereal Plane or Inner Plane can cause fissures to open up, bleeding raw power from the neighboring plane into the ethereal. These elemental gashes can be dangerous when they occur, though the natural properties of the plane heal such planar wounds within an hour. Roll 1d4 to determine the nature of the elemental gash, which spews forth elemental damage in a 500-foot diameter cloud. Creatures in the cloud must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) damage of a type determined by the gash origin on a failure, or half as much on a success.

ELEMENTAL GASH DAMAGE

1D4	ELEMENT	DAMAGE TYPE
1	Air	Lightning
2	Earth	Acid
3	Fire	Fire
4	Water	Cold

ETHER CYCLONE

Despite its nickname as the waveless sea, the mists of the Ethereal Plane hold an energy in their twisting and moving that can surge suddenly and without warning. The result is an ether cyclone, birthed under unknown circumstances in the Deep Ethereal, that moves through the realm as a serpentine column of powerful force and energy. An ether cyclone can be detected 1d4 rounds before it appears with a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check, marked by a low hum in the surrounding ethereal mists. Unless a creature can move out of the Ethereal Plane in that short window they are struck by the ether cyclone. Roll on the below table to determine the effect.

ETHER CYCLONE

1D20	ETHER CYCLONE EFFECT	DESCRIPTION
1-12	Extended journey	Make a group DC 15 Charisma saving throw. On a success, travel is extended by 1d10 hours, while failure doubles travel time
13-19	Pushed into curtain	The party is pushed into a nearby ethereal curtain (roll randomly to determine which one)
20	Astral rift	The party is flung into the Astral Plane

Being blow off course by the ether cyclone is the most common occurrence, but it is not rare to be hurled into a nearby ethereal curtain and pushed into the Border Ethereal of a strange region. Rarely the fabric of the multiverse is ripped and a rift into the Astral Plane is created, but it has been known to occur.

ETHEREAL CURTAIN

The Border Ethereal regions of the various overlapping planes are separated from the Deep Ethereal by great barriers known as ethereal curtains. Ethereal curtains are colored based on their origin and are seen only by creatures in the Deep Ethereal; passing from the Border Ethereal deeper into the plane passes no clear markers, only a spectral darkening of the surrounding mists. From the Deep, however, the ethereal curtains are known as the Wall of Color and they ebb and flow like the tidal waters of a massive ocean. However, owing to the vision limiting nature of the Deep Ethereal, creatures only see a small portion of the curtain at a time.

The known colors of the ethereal curtain are listed below in a random table.

ETHEREAL CURTAIN DESTINATION

1D20	PLANE	CURTAIN COLOR
1-2	Material Plane	Bright turquoise
3-4	Plane of Shadow	Dusky gray
5-6	Plane of Faerie	Opalescent white
7-8	Plane of Dreams	Deep sapphire
9-10	Plane of Air	Pale blue
11-12	Plane of Earth	Reddish-brown
13-14	Plane of Fire	Orange
15-16	Plane of Water	Green
17	Elemental Chaos	Swirling mix of blue, brown, orange, and green
18	Positive Energy Plane	Radiant yellow
19	Negative Energy Plane	Reflective purple
20	Demiplane	Maelstrom of all colors

Passing through an ethereal curtain is like moving through breathable gelatinous material for a few rounds, the material resistance of the planar boundary pushing against the traveler for a moment before ultimately yielding.

LIGHT FALL

Deadwaves are the result of the Negative Energy Plane affecting the Ethereal Plane while light fall is the result of the Positive Energy Plane's influence. A light fall is a harmless event where drops of luminous white and yellow drops of pure light streak down in a cloud roughly 1d4 miles in diameter. The light fall lights up the Ethereal Plane and increases vision to 120 feet in both the Border and Deep regions. Light falls last for 1d4 hours before fading away.

PROTOMATTER

The raw building blocks of demiplanes are the hunks of protomatter drifting through the Deep Ethereal. They appear as multicolored globules of jelly-like substance with little mass and almost no weight, and they range in size from fist-sized to as large as a continent. Sometimes, when a chunk of protomatter drifts too close to an ethereal curtain leading to one of the Inner Planes, it stabilizes and forms a solid landmass, and it's upon this that some structures can be built or anchored to. The city of Freehold is built on one such mass of protomatter, and the Scarlet Caves of the High Clan xill are carved into another. To date no one has successfully transported protomatter out of the Deep Ethereal – the small samples that have been taken out simply collapse into liquid form as soon as they enter another plane of existence.

SITES & TREASURES

The Ethereal Plane is filled with sites of adventure just waiting for parties of heroes to explore and catalog, along with numerous relics that are unique to this strange transitive plane.

BLEAKMORE, CASTLE OF GHOSTS

Floating in a strange realm between the Border and Deep Ethereal is an extensive castle, towers, and battlements known now as Bleakmore, the Castle of Ghosts. It is a hauntingly beautiful site now as the stones that make up the structures have become faded white from the swirling mists. The castle and towers were ripped from the Material Plane hundreds of years ago by some unknown force, and it pulled the residents with it. Nothing living lives in Bleakmore now – only the ghosts of the Whitlock family occupy it.

On the Material Plane the site was known as Bluemore Castle, and it was the seat of the Whitlock royal family for generations. Over the years, infighting and squabbling overtook the members of the family and, in the current generation the corruption and petty malevolence ran the deepest. How did Bluemore get pulled into the Ethereal Plane? The prevailing theory is a ritual gone awry that was likely meant to kill or incapacitate one or more members of the Whitlock family, though none of the ghostly court now remember any of the details. They are each consumed with ruling Bleakmore at the expense of everything else.

Bleakmore is composed of a magnificent castle around which stand a dozen smaller towers. The courtyards are filled with dead trees and plants now sustained by the same hate and loathing that keeps the ghosts from moving on, and since their arrival in the Ethereal Plane the Whitlock family has been busy at creating new and terrible ways to maim each other. Little that they do affects each other in their ghostly forms, but for any mortal trespassers a host of traps, dungeons, and mazes await.



THE CITY THAT WAITS

Few know anything about the unusual cityscape floating in the Deep Ethereal. It's not a demiplane but it appears as if an entire city was pulled up from its roots and tossed into the ethereal mists. The scale is broader than Bleakmore, but the City That Waits as it is referred to now is not occupied by ghosts. Its population are neither living nor undead, but instead construct-like beings frozen in their last moments before being pulled into the Ethereal Plane. The cobblestone streets are filled with residents going about their normal day, each one stopped in mid-action.

It is rumored that one of the demon lords of the Abyss stole this city and placed it into the Deep Ethereal for some unknown reason. Perhaps it was meant to be a sacrifice, or perhaps as a secret storehouse away from prying eyes. The frozen occupants of the City That Waits do not respond to pain or any other external stimuli, though they can be killed. Adventurers that have stumbled upon the eerie site claim a dangerous ephemeral monster lurks amid the waiting citizens, a vestige of some powerful entity – or perhaps the collected anger and resentment of the population itself.

DEMIPLANE OF CHAINS

Outside of the prison plane of Carceri, the Demiplane of Chains is one of the most secure prison sites in the multiverse. It is a demiplane in the Deep Ethereal, only about 6 miles in diameter, but filled completely with intelligent but non-verbal links of chain. It is widely believed the demiplane is alive, similar to the Engulfing Hunger, and that each chain link acts towards the central will of the plane itself. For all intents and purposes, that central will seems dominated with holding prisoner anyone or thing that enters its ethereal curtain. Angels, devils, sorcerers, warlords, and more have become trapped in the Demiplane of Chains.

Is there a way out? A legendary thief now hiding out in the City of Brass claims to know a way and he has the link of chain from the demiplane to prove it. Getting someone out of the Demiplane of Chains would prove a monumental task as the sentient links move like great metal serpents to ensnare and imprison anyone that enters.

ENGULFING HUNGER

Few demiplanes are as alive as the Engulfing Hunger. This massive, 50-mile diameter demiplane in the Deep Ethereal is controlled by a single primitive intelligence that seeks to devour anything and everything living that comes within its borders. It has the intellect of a canny predator, and those travelers that have escaped the Engulfing Hunger with their life claim the demiplane enjoys toying with its victims. Beyond its ethereal curtain, visitors are greeted with a lush landscape of tropical jungle, but no birds or natural critters can be seen or heard.

When the Engulfing Hunger moves to strike it uses the trees and even ground to swallow victims, pulling them down into the heart of the demiplane where it crushes them with stones and digestive acids. The demiplane can manifest extensions of itself to chase and drive targets into specific areas, all the while the sky darkens above and the face of the alien entity can be seen looming like a god. Why would anyone visit the Engulfing Hunger? Some are pushed into it by an ether cyclone or stumble upon it by mistake, but others seek it out deliberately. Rumors persist that a rare and potent flower grows in the Engulfing Hunger's jungle interior with powerful restorative capabilities. The exact nature of those capabilities hasn't been documented but it seems to respond to the needs of the person who eats it.

Is this a lure by the Engulfing Hunger to draw fresh victims into its mass? Or is it a natural byproduct of the demiplane's existence? For those that need the flower in the heart of the Engulfing Hunger, the answer is irrelevant.

FREEHOLD

The city of Freehold is built on a floating mass of protomatter in the Deep Ethereal and serves as one of the only havens for scholarly learning in the plane. It is the home of the Etherfarer Society, a group dedicated to studying and cataloguing the wonders of the Ethereal Plane, but they have a very casual attitude towards travelers. The society runs the Motherhouse in Freehold, the largest and oldest structure in the settlement, but other smaller buildings have been built or conjured around it to serve various needs. The Gallant Ghost Tavern serves exotic wines and beers from around the multiverse, and the Freehold Market holds numerous merchants that cater to travelers and explorers.

There is some friction among the older generations of Etherfarers and newcomers that creates interesting opportunities for adventurers of all types. The newer society members believe that the group's works should be more accessible, and they work towards making their findings public and available across the multiverse. Older members believe that only Etherfarers should have access to the information, thus keeping it restricted and valuable for seekers of knowledge.

Freehold is not a refuge for regular open conflict or bare-knuckle fights, though an occasional stabbing or magical assassination has been known to occur. For the most part, the residents of Freehold keep up appearances as civil students devoted to the common good, though secretly all have some detail they wish changed about the settlement.

GOBLET OF ETHER

Crafted at the behest of a powerful king on the Material Plane, the Goblet of Ether is a magnificent silver cup adorned with opals and white diamonds along its rim. The handle is smooth and supports the oversized cup by balancing the weight with a polished platinum base. Overall the relic gives the impression of opulence and simplicity, but its real value comes from its magical properties. The king who ordered its construction used it as his personal wine vessel for many years, but when his queen died the king sought a way to conquer death so that he could see his lost queen. An enigmatic wizard offered to enchant the king's goblet to give him such a power, and so the Goblet of Ether was born.

When any amount of liquid is poured into the goblet, it evaporates into ethereal mists that can be consumed by the person holding the goblet. Doing so allows the drinker to see and interact with creatures and objects in the Border Ethereal as if they were on the Material Plane. Unfortunately for the king, his deceased queen was plotting against him and had returned as a ghost, so when he drank from the Goblet of Ether he found himself at the mercy of her fury. The Goblet of Ether passed away from the king's hands and fell into the lap of a trader, who took it faraway without realizing its power. Where it is now is anyone's guess.

HATCHERY OF UL'LULAA'MU

High Clan xill enjoy their civil societies and look down upon their Low Clan brethren as barbaric, savage, and backwards. However, all xill reproduce by laying eggs in a living humanoid host, but for the High Clan xill they have kept such unpleasantness contained within a number of secret locations. The largest is the Hatchery of Ul'lulaa'Mu, a word pulled from an ancient dialect of Elven that roughly translates as "place of life and tranquility."

It is, however, far from that. The Hatchery of Ul'lulaa'Mu is a breeding ground for slaves of the High Clan xill. Rumors persist that it is located in the Border Ethereal of the Plane of Earth in a secluded cave cut off from the rest of the realm, but few have even heard of the hatchery let alone returned from it. The xill masters use all manner of guards and traps to keep the stock of breeding slaves docile and willing, going so far as to concocting powerful magical drugs to sedate them. Caves are dedicated to the hatching of eggs by powerful individual xill across the Ethereal Plane, most of whom come to visit to lay their eggs and perpetuate their species. The Hatchery of Ul'lulaa'Mu is a nightmarish place of suffering and subjugation that the High Clan xill do not openly admit to outsiders even exists.

MASK OF THE FACELESS ONE

This evil item was found originally by a member of the Etherfarer Society cataloguing a new demiplane in the Deep Ethereal. It appears as a wooden mask meant to fit over the face of a regular humanoid creature, but it has no eyes or mouth holes. The wood is colored purple and gives off a slight electrical hum when held by a living creature. Wearing the mask bombards the holder with visions of cyclopean cities, ancient pyramids of timeless stone, and a deep-seated loathing for all living creatures. The mask typically takes over its wearer in an instant and drives them to commit horrendous acts of violence on as grand a scale as it can muster.

The society member that found it put it on in the Motherhouse in Freehold, and the subsequent attacks killed a dozen individuals and bystanders before the wearer could be subdued. The Mask of the Faceless One, as it became known as, gave its wearer supernatural strength and endurance. It was taken into the vaults below the Motherhouse of the Etherfarer Society for further study, but it has thus far given no concrete clues as to who made it or where it came from. A rare few have been able to put on the mask for a short time and resist the murderous urges brought on by its psychic control, and those that have done so believe it is linked somehow to the Pyramid of the Lost located in the Deep Ethereal.

NIGHTWALKER PIT

Few darker demiplanes exist in the Deep Ethereal than the Nightwalker Pit, both figuratively and literally. This isolated realm is 12-miles deep but it's not shaped like a typical demiplane. Instead, the opening through the ethereal curtain leads into a pitch black tubular realm about 1 mile in diameter. It extends into nightmarish darkness for 12 miles which is filled with horrible monsters culled from the most shadowed corners of the Abyss and other lightless regions of the multiverse. Does some malevolence draw these creatures to the Nightwalker Pit? Or are they spawned naturally? What lays at the bottom? None have found out and returned.

The Nightwalker Pit is also the best example the members of the Etherfarer Society have given showing the Ethereal Plane can spawn demiplanes on its own that are just as deep and varied as any created by a powerful wizard or priest on the Material Plane. Nothing seems to lay claim over the Nightwalker Pit, and the horrors inside have no desire beyond tearing travelers limb from limb that stumble into its feared ethereal curtain. Others say that such an evil-tainted demiplane must have been created by some external force, such as a devil prince or yugoloth warlord, as no other demiplane of such pure evil has been found since. Is there a strong connection to the Negative Energy Plane in the Nightwalker Pit? Such a presence would be suggested but so far not yet been proven.

PYRAMID OF THE LOST

It's not uncommon to come across bizarre sites in the Deep Ethereal, but the massive structure known as the Pyramid of the Lost is one of the most compelling and mysterious. It is a truly enormous stepped pyramid with its pyramidal nature reflected back on itself at its base, creating a structure with a distinct pinnacle at the top and the bottom. The "top" half is made of an unknown bluish-gray stone, while the "bottom" half is a reddish-brown color. It floats among the ethereal mists without resting on any protomatter, and in fact the natural protomatter of the Deep Ethereal seems repelled by it somehow. Four doors are set on its exterior, one on each side along its center where the blue and red stones meet, and the doors have no discernable top or bottom. They are made up of an unknown golden metal and are marked with raised symbols that have defied identification.

The Etherfarer Society believes the Pyramid of the Lost was built by a race of being called the ethergaunts in the time before the Material Plane existed. Other smaller structures have been found across the Deep Ethereal and even in some Border Ethereal regions of the Inner Planes that show these creatures to be vaguely humanoid with stooped shoulders and long, thin arms and legs. Their heads were set on skinny necks that rested in their chest rather than atop it. The Mask of the Faceless One has been linked to the ethergaunts and seems somehow connected to the Pyramid of the Lost, though scholars in Freehold are baffled as to how or why.

What happened to the ethergaunts? Are any still alive in the Pyramid of the Lost? No one to date has been able to open any of its doors, but it radiates powerful necromantic and enchantment magic under sorcerous scrutiny.

SCARLET CAVES

The largest home of the High Clan xill on the Ethereal Plane are a series of tunnels and towers carved out of a large red island of protomatter. Known as the Scarlet Caves, the xill here live in opulence, drifting in the Deep Ethereal and confident in their own mastery. They forge weapons and armor in one cave fed by elemental gases to the Plane of Fire, and in other complex they greet guests with art and sculptures depicting the greatest in xill philosophy and aesthetic design. Each High Clan xill dwelling in the Scarlet Caves has a well-appointed home attended to by numerous slaves, such as umber hulks and other mindless beasts, but they do their best to pacify any visitors that come to trade.

As much as the xill in the Scarlet Caves like to pretend at playing civil for the sake of appearances, they are not above abducting visitors with brute force and carrying them away to one of the many hatcheries across the Ethereal Plane. Sometimes the xill keep unique prisoners in elaborate dungeons within their cavern complex to be used as bartering tools when dealing with visiting dao or efreet from the Inner Planes. It's worth noting that the High Clan xill do not employ or use Low Clan xill to do any of the work or defense of the Scarlet Caves – the two factions of the race barely acknowledge one another's presence in the multiverse, and the High Clan xill seem perfectly content in letting their Low Clan brethren raid and scavenge in the Border Ethereal.

SEED OF CREATION

The Seed of Creation is the kind of artifact that drives regular explorers to travel to remote regions of the multiverse on just the hint of its location. Even its exact powers aren't known, as tales vary wildly from one legend to the next. Most agree that it contains a divine spark normally reserved for the hands of gods, but exactly what it can do is more nebulous. One story tells of a peaceful monk that used the Seed of Creation to remove the fury from 10,000 raging barbarians intent on destroying a single monastery. Another legend claims a cleric used the relic to restore life to a dead god floating in the Astral Plane.

Even the description of the Seed of Creation is vague at best. Most stories claim it to be about the size of a watermelon, oval, and possessing an inner light that pierces any darkness. Holding it allows the possessor to shrink the side, or perhaps it is the possessor and the rest of the multiverse that grows in comparison? Perception becomes distorted around the artifact, though it doesn't seem to possess an intelligence of its own.

The gnome wizard Erskin Figfallow followed stories about the Seed of Creation and believed it to have originated in the Ethereal Plane. And not just anywhere, but at the theoretically center of the Deep Ethereal from which everything in the plane spreads. Erskin founded the Etherfarer Society to help fund and shape his expeditions, all of which were focused on finding the center of the Ethereal Plane and its connection to the Seed of Creation. He never found it, but tantalizing rumors have kept him on the trail.

THE SPLINTERSOUL AND SHARDS

The Splintersoul is a complex crystalline structure free floating in the Deep Ethereal. It has walkways, towers, arches, and paths, all made out of a pale blue crystal that curiously does not reflect light – it absorbs it. One of the most curious things about the Splintersoul is it seems to have a psychic intelligence attached to it somehow, and it can speak telepathically to creatures both on it and within sight of it in the Ethereal Plane.

What it wants, however, is much more of a mystery. It refers to itself in the third person as “we” and “us” and claims to have no name for itself, though it uses Splintersoul as the title bestowed upon it by travelers. It was first discovered by a pair of Etherfarer Society members who got blown off course by an ether cyclone, and they were astonished at what they uncovered. The Splintersoul created humanoid representatives of itself which the pair dubbed splinter slaves, and it used these to guide the travelers around the complex tunnels and mazes of blue crystal architecture. However, things took a dark turn when they reached a hub of some sort and the two society members tried to flee. One escaped, but the other was caught and kept by the splinter slaves. Her fate is still unknown.

One of the curious things about the Splintersoul are the large number of shards that have broken off from its main “body” and drifted into the Ethereal Plane and out into the multiverse. These shards are usually only fist sized, but they each contain a fragment of the Splintersoul's personality and power. The shards can create splinter slaves away from the Ethereal Plane, and they each seem to want something else entirely. Some want to reunite with the Splintersoul, others seek to bring peace and harmony, while others are interested only in warfare and bloodshed.

WEB OF WORLDS

Tatha'Nalla, the Spinner of Secrets, is a phase spider of enormous bulk that lives in the demiplane known as the Web of Worlds. She is a broker of information, and from her small realm in the Deep Ethereal she has created secret portals to much of the rest of the multiverse. Exactly how is a mystery and one that Tatha'Nalla has not divulged, but some planar scholars believe the webs of her demiplane interact with the mists of the Deep Ethereal in a unique way that allow her to “phase” into other planes of existence.

Inside, the Web of Worlds is a gray sticky mess, only about 6 miles in diameter, with Tatha'Nalla spinning more webs and plots from its center. She has a large number of phase spiders completely devoted to her and the Web of Worlds at her beck and call, but the information broker has on occasion invited guests into her demiplane home. Such guests report being ushered into rooms that resemble large cocoons of thick webbing, and that Tatha'Nalla was always guarded by protective armor made from the same webs.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Despite its reputation as a simple means to planar travel, the Ethereal Plane has much to offer a band of adventurers of nearly any level.

Unusual Excavations. A local baron begins to act strangely, ordering crews of servants to dig in a remote forest at the edge of his domain. The party becomes involved when the baron's mercenaries come to round up more slaves and won't take “no” for an answer. It turns the baron has a shard of the Splintersoul, and it's commanding him to dig into the earth at a specific location in order to find “the truth.” The baron and the shard are inexorably linked now and drawn to the site. What is revealed in the excavation? Why does the shard of the Splintersoul want it uncovered?

The Karlsholm Ghost. A particularly intelligent and cunning plasm is pushed from the Ethereal Plane into the Material Plane, and it finds the plane to its liking. It takes residence in a mining complex close to the remote settlement of Karlsholm, and from there the plasm uses stories of a local ghost legend to bully the populace. A family leaves Karlsholm after their patriarch is killed by the “ghost” and the party begins investigating. The plasm has a superstitious tribe of mountain warriors that it uses to keep people from the mine. With luck and determination the characters can root out the plasm and restore the mine to working condition for the people of Karlsholm.

When Ethereal Tentacles Attack. While staying in a favored tavern, the characters witness a stranger burst in with a wild look in her eyes. She rushes over to the party and explains she is from the Etherfarer Society, and that she is being followed by some ethereal stalker that has dogged her every movement. She offers to pay the party to protect her, but during the offer the creature strikes – a dharculus! The party can take up her mission by laying claim to an Etherfarer charm that allows them to travel to Freehold. What was the member investigating? Why did she draw the ire of a dharculus?

Ghost of a Chance. The royal squabbles of the royal court of Bleakmore spill over into the Material Plane as Lady Zola and Lady Sibyl move via proxies against one another. They have chosen two tribes of orcs as their pawns and the characters find themselves in the middle of the struggle. On one side is the Hollow Tusk Tribe orcs under the sway of Lady Zola who is possessing the tribal chief, while Lady Sibyl controls the eldest shaman in the Black Blood Tribe. The two ancient ghosts must be expelled before the orc war spills over into the nearby communities.

Favor of the Xill. The characters receive an invitation from a strange source asking them to arrive at a certain place at a certain time for a gala extraplanar celebration. The invitation is from Kla'ta'naka, a High Clan xill seeking to make friends with the party so that it can ask them a favor. Kla'ta'naka lives in the Scarlet Caves and believes one of its rivals is plotting against it – it wants the party to act as bodyguards and spies in the xill home to help uncover the plot. But is Kla'ta'naka being honest? And what about the secret caravans being sent deeper into the Ethereal Plane with cages of humanoid slaves? The High Clan xill offer nothing more than innocent explanations for the sinister doings.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below table can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling around the Ethereal Plane. Two tables are provided covering the Border Ethereal and the Deep Ethereal.

BORDER ETHEREAL

1D100	BORDER ETHEREAL ENCOUNTER
01-05	A dharculus
06-10	A pack of ethereal marauders hunting prey
11-15	A pair of hunger ghosts seeking a meal
16-20	A lonely ghost wandering
21-25	A vengeful ghost looking for action
26-30	A nest of phase spiders
31-35	Phase spiders on the prowl
36-40	A single Low Clan xill lost
41-45	Low Clan xill returning with captives

1D100	BORDER ETHEREAL ENCOUNTER
46-50	A plasm
51-55	A spectral lurker waiting in ambush
56-60	A thought eater sprinting away from a predator
61-65	Deadwave
66-70	Light fall
71-75	Two basilisks
76-80	The cache of an ethereal traveler long dead
81-85	A cockatrice
86-90	A small band of ethereal travelers looking for someone
91-00	Ether cyclone

DEEP ETHEREAL

1D100	DEEP ETHEREAL ENCOUNTER
01-05	An ancient ghost with servants
06-10	A host of hunger ghosts lost in the mists
11-15	A lich returning to its demiplane
16-20	Several plasm traveling towards an ethereal curtain
21-25	A thought eater hiding behind protomatter
26-30	A High Clan xill traveling in a carriage pulled by umber hulks
31-35	A caravan of captured slaves bound for a xill hatchery
36-40	Demiplane
41-45	Elemental gash
46-50	Deadwave
51-55	Light fall
56-60	Great hunks of protomatter
61-65	A pair of elementals (randomly determine the type)
66-70	A noble efreeti looking for a xill outpost
71-75	A tiny pocket demiplane holding the remains of a wizard
76-80	An expeditionary force from the Etherfarer Society
81-85	The lost journal and possessions of an explorer
86-90	A noble djinni hunting xill slavers
91-00	Ether cyclone

PLANE OF SHADOW

“The Plane of Shadow, also referred to as the Shadowfell, is an echo of the Material Plane. It overlaps the known world but it remains separate, and a great gloom and sense of dread holds sway over its gray, shadow-filled landscape. It is the opposite of the Plane of Faerie, and there is strong evidence to support the two echo planes are linked in some ephemeral way. I surmise that the Plane of Shadow is a byproduct of the Negative Energy Plane influencing the Material Plane, and that it represents a decaying of the natural order inherent to all things and places in the multiverse. Certainly the prevalence of necrotic energy and undead horrors in the Shadowfell lends credence to this theory.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

Gloom, despair, hopelessness, and loss are just some of the words that can be used to describe the feelings that weigh down travelers that enter the Plane of Shadow. It is an echo of the Material Plane, but it holds only a dark reflection filled with darkness and a creeping sense of being watched. Forests hold sinister shadows, mountains loom taller and more ominous, and everywhere the natural order seems twisted and bent towards a darkly malevolent end.

The nature of the Plane of Shadow draws evil and undead creatures to it, and this attraction has led many planar scholars to link the realm to the Negative Energy Plane. There certainly seems to be some truth to this connection, and it's worth noting that the Plane of Faerie – another echo plane, but one filled with vibrant and often violent life – seems just as strongly linked to the Positive Energy Plane. Are these two sides of the Material Plane the result of the Positive and Negative Energy Planes? Or are the Positive and Negative Energy Planes a result of the Shadowfell and Feywild? Debates continue in scholarly circles.

From a more conventional standpoint, the Plane of Shadow is a place where fell creatures dwell, and its location on the other “side” of the Material Plane makes its interference much more common than other decidedly evil outer planes, such as the Abyss or the Nine Hells. A pervasive gloom in a forlorn crypt, the shadow cast by a tombstone in the moonlight, or the yawning darkness beneath a creaking gallows all can contain portals to the Plane of Shadow, allowing monstrous creatures to slip between the cracks and wreak havoc.

The Shadowfell is also the home to the Domains of Dread, unique and isolated realms locked away from the rest of the plane by insidious Dark Powers. These unknown macabre masters of darkness draw powerful men and women away from the Material Plane at their darkest moment, trapping them and their lands. Barovia, home of the vampire lord Strahd von Zarovich, is the most famous, but other domains exist, scattered across the Plane of Shadow.

Monsters of all types stalk the gloomy wilderness of the Shadowfell, and between them havens of civilization are hard to come by. The most famous is the city of Gloomwrought with its legion of mysterious keepers maintaining order. Other famous sites include the Nightwyrm Fortress, the Onyx Palace of the Raven Queen, the Moon Towers, and the Circle of Midnight Stones, just to name a few. Truly, in a realm possessed of so much darkness and despair, heroes are needed to push back the encroaching shadow at every opportunity.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Shadow as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Shadow.

Hidden Menace. The Plane of Shadow is infused with a sense of dread and menace lurking just behind what's visible. Tree branches take on the shape of long claws, a soft wind feels like the breath of a dangerous stalker, and a thousand other sounds and sensations all add up to a very real feeling of hidden terror. Whether it's in the wilderness or in a city, the Shadowfell conveys the idea that travelers are being watched by sinister eyes at all times, and that anything could jump out at any moment.

Dark Mirror. As an echo plane, the Shadowfell is a dark and twisted mirror of the Material Plane. This mirroring is broad and can easily become distorted – a forest of lush trees in the Material Plane may be a gnarled wood of dead branches, or a mountain may hold innumerable caves filled with darkness and chilling winds. Cities on the Plane of Shadow are gloomy places where inky pools gather in otherwise empty streets and sinister alleys.

Perpetual Twilight. No sun or moon hangs in the sky over the Plane of Shadow. Instead, a perpetual twilight blankets the land in shades of gray and black, bathing everything in monochromatic tones that heighten the sense of dread throughout the entire plane. Time passes here but there's little to mark its passage, though occasionally a noteworthy event – such as a full moon – may create a disturbing equivalent in the Shadowfell, something most view as a sign of ill portent.

LAY OF THE LAND

As an echo of the Material Plane, the Plane of Shadow holds many of the same basic geographic features of its mirror. However, they are distorted, often more brooding and sinister in appearance. The sky is always dark, cloaked often in thick gray clouds, but even when they pass there is no moon, sun, or stars that shine overhead. Most major natural features in the Material Plane have a “shadow-analogue” in the Shadowfell, such as mountains and forests, and even cities have a dark mirror. Few of them are inhabited in the Plane of Shadow, however.

Just as in many Material Planes, twisting below the ground of the Plane of Shadow is a labyrinthine maze of tunnels and caves. Known as the Shadowdark, in the Plane of Shadow this region is unnaturally cold and only gets colder the further into the ground one explores. Some planar scholars have theorized that there is a massive portal or vortex leading to the Negative Energy Plane somewhere in the Shadowdark, but if it's true it has yet to be found.

There are some strange exceptions to these general guidelines. The most prominent of which are the Domains of Dread, each an isolated realm surrounded by obscuring fog that reaches beyond the planar border. These pockets of the Shadowfell are held together by powerful entities known as the Dark Powers, though their exact makeup and nature are a mystery, and each domain serves as a prison for those trapped inside. The center of each domain is a darklord – a creature, usually sentient but not always, that has gained the favor of the Dark Powers and exercises some control over the mists that bind the domain and even some denizens within it. Each darklord is as much a prisoner as other inhabitants, however, but through the influence of the Dark Powers they have extended or even immortal lifespans.

The most famous Domain of Dread is Barovia, a gothic land ruled by the powerful vampire darklord Count Strahd von Zarovich. From his imposing seat of power at Castle Ravenloft, Count Strahd works towards multiple ends, including how to break free of the mists and return to the Shadowfell proper. Another well-known and feared domain is the Necropolis, a bleak region dominated by countless mindless undead under the direct control of the region's scheming master, the lich Azalin.

Finding one of these Domains of Dread is rarely a chance encounter, and the mists the surround and bind each one seems to be a direct extension of the Dark Powers themselves. The mists can extend through the multiverse, though they rarely move beyond the Material Plane, and they can draw in unsuspecting people into their prisons.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes in the Plane of Shadow exactly the same as the Material Plane, but not sun or moon exists to mark the passage of time. Day and night are filled with the same inky twilight with no discernible difference between the two. Each of the isolated Domains of Dread within the Shadowfell behave under their own rules, however. Most do have a day-night schedule with a sun that rises and sets, but it's all part of the prison built by the Dark Powers and maintained by the domain's darklord.

SURVIVING

The Plane of Shadow seems to share the same air as its mirror so creatures that can live and breathe in the Material Plane have no inherent problems in the Shadowfell. A creature can survive in the Plane of Shadow as long as they can live off the brackish foul-tasting water that runs in the lakes and rivers, and find food that hasn't spoiled (something that happens at an accelerated pace). Any non-native humanoid that takes a short rest in the Plane of Shadow risks fell despair (described under Hazards & Phenomena).

GETTING THERE

Spontaneous portals to the Plane of Shadow from the Material Plane are common, and they only appear at night. Few permanent portals are known to exist, and the ones that are known exist below ground where the sun never shines and darkness prevails. The appearance of a spontaneous portal to the Shadowfell is difficult to predict, but certain organizations such as the Tenebrous Cabal and the Shadow Hand Guild have worked to understand and catalog the triggers.

A spontaneous portal appears in a place of darkness and shadow and usually only when certain conditions are met. Some of those conditions are known. For example, nights where the moon or moons are obscured in the sky on the Material Plane are prime triggers for spontaneous portals, as are certain festivals and holidays that honor the gods and goddesses of shadow and darkness. Cemeteries, graveyards, and crypts can all hold portals to the Plane of Shadow, often in new construction over old ground.

Certain spells in older tomes and spellbooks are known to pierce the veil between the Material Plane and Shadowfell as well, but the secrets of these have been lost to most of the current arcane world.

TRAVELING AROUND

Movement is no more hindered or helped in the Plane of Shadow than the Material Plane, but distance becomes a somewhat elastic concept over time. A group of travelers that enters the Shadowfell from a forest within the Material Plane may find themselves in a similar forest, though dark and twisted. Traveling outside the forest, however, the travelers can find the landscape take on larger deviances, but these differences are fluid. Maps are usually without merit on the Plane of Shadow.

However, this landscape distortion can be a boon when utilized properly. Great distances can be traveled over much shorter timespans if an entrance to the Material Plane can be found in the right region.

While on the Plane of Shadow, light sources are greatly diminished. Every light source provides radiance in half of the normal area while in the Shadowfell, and spells and effects that provide illumination have their durations reduced by half. The ever-present darkness of the plane seeks to snuff out all light that enters.

Characters that take a short rest in the Plane of Shadow risk suffering from fell despair; see the Hazards & Phenomena section for details on this effect.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

While there are no definitive rules of the Plane of Shadow, there are enough powerful entities and influential organizations to keep adventurers on their toes.

DARK POWERS

What are the Dark Powers? Few know exact details. They are malevolent entities of near god-like status that dictate the creation of the various Domains of Dread. Within each individual domain, a darklord or group of darklords hold supreme power, including controlling the mists that form the border between the realm and the rest of the multiverse. But the Dark Powers are the true masters behind the scenes, and it is by their will the darklords suffer and rule in their pocket prisons.

Some warlocks have reached out to the Dark Powers to make bargains for power and influence, but these deals are always done through a proxy of some sort. There does seem to be multiple Dark Powers and sometimes they seem to operate through agents against each other, but for the most part their machinations are difficult to discern. Shadow demons, shadows, and nightshades are common representatives of the Dark Powers across the multiverse, and there are some scholars who believe they are advanced nightshades of monumental power.

Gaining the attention of the Dark Powers is rarely a boon to mortals. They tend to have a cruel sense of irony when dealing with lesser creatures, a trait exhibited by all of the darklords they choose to imprison within a Domain of Dread. There are some wild theories that say the Dark Powers are actually agents of benevolence, and by removing powerful individuals and imprisoning them in misty realms within the Shadowfell they are tipping the scales of balance towards good.

Warlocks and other beings that have dealt with the proxies of the Dark Powers know that this is probably not the case, or at least not the case with all of them. Perhaps they are moving towards a cosmic balance, but it's not out of some sense of justice or temperance that they infuse evil beings with great power and elevate them to the status of darklords.

THE RAVEN QUEEN

One of the great powers of the Plane of Shadow is the enigmatic figure known as the Raven Queen. She has the powers of a god, and she possesses great influence over the spheres of death, winter, and fate. In the Material Plane, cults have sprung up to worship her, and from these followers the Raven Queen draws great strength. Does that make her a god? It certainly seems to qualify, but some planar scholars are not so sure.

Little is known about the Raven Queen's background. Rumors says she was a mortal sorceress who impressed an ancient god of death. Did she betray the god of death and steal his power? Or did she simply claim what was left behind? Can a god of death die? These questions all swirl around the background for the Raven Queen, but regardless she seems to have stepped into the mantle of a deity with dominion over death.

In the Plane of Shadow, she rules from the Onyx Citadel, a massive structure that moves around the Shadowfell at the Raven Queen's wishes. Several temples run by deranged cultists lay scattered about the plane as well, and she has an ongoing feud with Orcus, Demon Prince of the Undead. The two have sparred through proxies countless times across the multiverse, but the Plane of Shadow is where their most fierce showdowns have taken place.

SHADOW HAND GUILD

Thieves and rogues have a natural affinity towards darkness, and many of them find solace in the gloomy twilight of the Plane of Shadow. The Shadow Hand Guild takes that a step further, however, and has actually established a home on the Shadowfell in Gloomwrought, the City of Midnight. Gloomwrought is a dark city ruled by various factions of petty and corrupt nobles, but underneath it all operates the Shadow Hand thieves. They rule from an elaborate series of sewer tunnels beneath the streets of the City of Midnight, and from there they run an extensive network of spies and informants. They watch not just the actions within Gloomwrought but as many major cities as they can.

Within their sewer tunnels, powerful wizards in the Shadow Hand Guild have constructed viewing portals that allow them visual access to many other cities. They operate a series of two-way portals as well, partnering with thieves' guilds in major cities to provide easy access. Few but the most powerful members of each of these external guilds even knows about the Shadow Hand's existence – most just feel a slight breeze as a shadow passes from a darkened corner into the night-filled streets.

The masters of the Shadow Hand Guild seem interested in accruing magical items and trinkets from across the multiverse, and they hoard these in secret vaults hidden within their sewer tunnels below Gloomwrought. Some of these they use as tests for initiates into the guild, while others are meant to deter or destroy uninvited guests.

TENEBOUS CABAL

The Tenebrous Cabal is a loosely-knit organization of wizards and clerics dedicated to death and necromancy. They do not have much of a formal power structure and usually operate as individuals with their plans and schemes, but they do have one grand resource – the Bleak Academy. This large school in the Plane of Shadow is dedicated to the art of necromancy, and all members of the Tenebrous Cabal are graduates of the academy.

The Tenebrous Cabal was founded long ago by devotees of the archlich Acererak, and they constructed the original Black Academy over the site of the infamous Tomb of Horrors as a means of honoring their patron and teaching their skills to new generations. Through the actions of heroes and the indifference of Acererak, the Black Academy in the Material Plane was destroyed, but not before much of the knowledge was secreted away by the school's vampire masters. They worked to recreate the academy in the Shadowfell, and there they built a dark and magnificent campus shaped like a great skull. They renamed it the Bleak Academy and created the Tenebrous Cabal to continue the study of the necromantic arts.

Most members of the Tenebrous Cabal are evil, and many are undead creatures seeking to expand their mastery over magic. Many horrors have been birthed in the shadowed halls of the Bleak Academy over the years, but not all who pass through become undead-loving necromancers. Some students and teachers are dedicated to understanding necromancy and its place in the grand arcane scale, and this kind of study does not lend itself towards evil actions directly.

THE UMBRAL CHIEF

Long ago, on a distant Material Plane, there was a great barbarian chief from the savage tribes of the windswept steppes. He rose up and united his people, and drove them forth to conquer the civilized lands. He did this through influence from the Shadowfell, and he commanded great powers of shadow and deceit that he used in his bloody path of conquest. His enemies called him the Umbral Chief, and his legions of shadow-touched barbarians were ruthless and without mercy.

Eventually the Umbral Chief was defeated, but in defeat he was pulled into the Plane of Shadow for all eternity. Now he serves as a force for destruction and change in the Shadowfell. The Umbral Chief still leads his shadow-fed army, and his most loyal followers are known as umbral ones far and wide. They thunder on black shadow steeds across the gloom-filled landscape of the plane, and occasionally they cross into the Material Plane to wreak havoc and vengeance against the light.

The Umbral Chief is an undead behemoth of frightening strength and cunning. The final resting place for his bones lies in a secret barrow somewhere in the Plane of Shadow, and rumors say that a single bone shard from the Umbral Chief's physical remains can grant fantastic powers to mortal warriors. Few have found the barrow of the Umbral Chief, but those that have sought it out say it lies somewhere in a great valley of darkness, guarded by hideous shadow monsters like no other.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Undead monsters are common in the Plane of Shadow, owing to its strong connection to the Negative Energy Plane. Other monsters do prowl the Shadowfell, however, so travelers should be on the alert for more than just undead.

ABERRATIONS

There are many monsters that slither, lurk, or crawl through the Shadowfell that defy easy categorization. One of the most insidious are the balhannoth, who create elaborate illusions by tapping into the memories of nearby travelers in order to lure them into their lairs. Bone weirds resemble vaguely-serpentine shaped piles of bones that lurk in cracks and other darkened holes. They have the ability to subsume the bones of victims, leaving them paralyzed and weak. Few creatures compare to the vile appetites of the banderhobbs, who are created under rituals that infuse shadow with flesh; they are thankfully rare even in the Plane of Shadow.

The smallest of the Shadowfell's native monsters is the odem. Physically, they appear as little more than wisps of grayish vapor, but they have the ability to completely uproot the mind of a victim and take over for their own devices. Their motives are mysterious, and there are some that take their host bodies on "joy rides" of wanton mayhem and destruction, but just as many use their time in control of a physical body to study and learn about the world at large.

HUMANOIDS

The Plane of Shadow is populated largely by humanoids, many of whom transitioned to the Shadowfell generations ago and simply made a life for themselves. Many cities, such as Gloomwrought, are populated with a wide variety of people that fall into this category. Humans, dwarves, gnomes, dragonborn, and more all can be found among the native inhabitants of the Plane of Shadow.

Elf. A rare subrace of elves known as shadar-kai have dwelled on the Plane of Shadow for generations. They serve the Raven Queen, a powerful entity with command over life and death, and watch the border between the Shadowfell and the Material Plane for the choicest souls to take to the palace of the Raven Queen. Physically, shadar-kai appear as withered pale elves, with ashen gray skin and an overall corpse-like appearance. They are fearsome foes who have mastered a wide variety of unique weapons and combat tactics, making them dangerous in a fight.



Meazel. Humanoids that escape into the Plane of Shadow sometimes devolve into hateful creatures known as meazels. These cowardly beings have given themselves over to the hate and rage of the Shadowfell completely, and they lurk near known gates and portals to the Material Plane as “guardians” of their new home against any that come in bringing hope or joy.

Nagpa. The nagpa are among the most powerful of the Raven Queen’s servants. They are hideous bird-like beings, bent and corrupted by foul magic, who meddle in grand affairs meant to bring calamity and catastrophe to the world at large. They are power-hungry schemers with far-reaching goals of utter destruction, and they work behind the scenes on an almost inconceivable scale to put plans into motion.

Skulks. Meazels are the result of travelers giving over to the hate of the Shadowfell, but more often mortal creatures simply succumb to the relentless despair. These unfortunate victims become skulks, invisible wanderers in the Plane of Shadow possessed of little more than simple cruelty at any costs. Summoners can pull a skulk into the Material Plane, but in the Shadowfell they gather in large numbers in hollow ruins and the empty mirrors of populated cities.

UNDEAD

The Plane of Shadow has a strong connection to the Negative Energy Plane, and it is widely believed that its creation is the result of that plane’s influence over the Material Plane (and by contrast, the Plane of Faerie is from a similarly close connection to the Positive Energy Plane). Regardless, undead of all sorts haunt the ruins and dark wilderness of the Shadowfell, from zombies and skeletons on up to the more powerful types. A crumbling fortress may be the lair of a lich, while a death knight may dwell within a castle it once held in life. Gwiddons are undead druids who have given themselves over to the dark power of the Plane of Shadow and tend to gardens filled with dangerous plants, including shambling graveyards and corpse flowers.

Of special note are the nightshades. Massive and powerful creatures born of necromantic energy and shadow given form, there are three known types – nightwalkers, nightcrawlers, and nightwings. They are monsters of pure nightmare given form and anti-life agents who seek nothing more than total annihilation of living creatures.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The Plane of shadow is a dangerous place for the unprepared. The very air saps the will to live out of visitors, and spontaneous hazards like necromantic seepage and darklands can cause sudden and very real problems. Travelers to the Shadowfell be warned!

DARKLAND

Darklands are regions of intense cold and dread in a concentrated area on the Plane of Shadow. Typically, a darkland covers a radius of 1d20 miles, but larger and smaller zones have been encountered across the plane. Creatures that take a short rest in a darkland cannot spend any hit dice for healing and must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or suffer one level of exhaustion from the deep numbing cold. Creatures that finish a long rest within a darkland automatically gain a level of exhaustion and do not regain any hit points or spent hit dice.

This effect is more than just a physical cold, however. If a creature is immune to both necrotic and cold damage it is immune to the effect of the darkland, but only if it is immune to both damage types.

It is theorized that darklands are regions where the border between the Plane of Shadow and the Negative Energy Plane is thinnest. Sometimes this has an obvious source, and sometimes the source can be stopped so that the power of the darkland eventually fades away. In the Shadowdark below the surface of the Shadowfell, darklands are much more common and less obvious in their causes.

FELL DESPAIR

An intangible but omnipresent feeling of dread and despair hangs over the entire Plane of Shadow. Creatures entering it from the Material Plane feel it immediately – an oppressiveness, as if the darkness had weight and was pressing in from all sides. It's been described as suffocating and insufferable. For characters, spending too much time in the Shadowfell risks an effect known as fell despair.

After each short rest spent in the Plane of Shadow, characters must succeed on a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, the character is affected by fell despair. Roll 1d20 and consult the following table to determine the fell despair effect.

FELL DESPAIR EFFECT

1D20	FELL DESPAIR EFFECT
1	Clumsy. Whenever you roll a 1 on an attack roll, saving throw, or ability check, you fall prone.
2	Distracted. You suffer disadvantage on initiative.
3	Drowsy. You cannot make opportunity attacks.
4	Fatalistic. You suffer disadvantage on death saving throws.
5	Hopeless. You suffer -2 on all saving throws.
6	Indifferent. You cannot use Inspiration.
7	Lethargic. You suffer disadvantage on Constitution saving throws.
8	Sluggish. Your speed is reduced by 5 feet.
9	Unconcerned. You suffer disadvantage on Dexterity saving throws.
10	Craven. You suffer disadvantage on Strength-based ability checks.
11	Insomnia. You regain only half normal hit points from Hit Dice spent.
12	Mistrustful. You cannot move through allies' spaces.
13	Paranoid. You suffer disadvantage on Wisdom saving throws.
14	Forgetful. You suffer disadvantage on Intelligence-based ability checks.
15	Jealous. You cannot take the Help action.
16	Squeamish. You suffer disadvantage on your first attack in a round against an opponent who is at or below half their starting hit points.
17	Delusional. You suffer disadvantage on Wisdom-based ability checks.
18	Jittery. You suffer disadvantage on Dexterity-based ability checks.
19	Quarrelsome. You suffer disadvantage on Charisma-based ability checks.
20	Surge of Hope. You gain a point of Inspiration.

If a character is already suffering a fell despair effect and fails the saving throw, the new despair effect replaces the old one. Removing a fell despair effect requires spending half of the character's Hit Dice during a long rest and succeeding at a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. The *calm emotions* spell removes despair, as does any spell or other magical effect that removes a curse.

NECROMANTIC SEEPAGE

Pools of black and purple sludge occasionally bubble up from the ground in the Plane of Shadow, creating necromantic seepage. This thick fluid is lethal, and any living creature that touches necromantic seepage must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failure the creature contracts a debilitating disease known as soul rot.

Soul rot takes effect immediately. Creatures suffering from soul rot lose all of their available Hit Dice, and cannot regain Hit Dice or spend Hit Dice while suffering from the disease. They regain only half the normal hit points from magical healing sources and regain no hit points on a long rest. Victims show signs immediately as their skin becomes pale and deep shadows appear under their eyes and around the corners of their mouth.

At the end of each long rest, the infected creature must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the character suffers necrotic damage equal to one half of their maximum hit points. The infected creature must succeed on two saving throws to end the soul rot. If the necrotic damage suffered reduces the character's hit points to 0 or lower, they die immediately and rise as a wraith in 1d4 rounds.

SHADOW STAIN

The Plane of Shadow's connection to the Negative Energy Plane is strong, and in certain areas that vibrancy can increase the potency of undead creatures. These regions, known as shadow stains, usually cover 60-foot radius areas, and any undead creature inside the area of effect regenerates 5 hit points at the start of their turn as long as they have 1 or more hit points. In addition, any necrotic damage suffered by a target in a shadow stain deals maximum damage. It has been theorized that shadow stains are the result of powerful undead creatures expiring in the Shadowfell, and that some remnant of their strong link between the two planes remains and empowers similar creatures.

SITES & TREASURES

The Plane of Shadow is rife with wicked locations, evil cultists, and all manner of dangerous places, and sometimes characters have a need to pierce the veil of worlds and find these locations. Other times, they may find that the borders between the Shadowfell and the Material Plane are thin enough to draw out some of these fell sites and objects!

BALEFIRE

A sword forged by death giants long ago, Balefire is a relic of ancient design and terrible purpose that drifts through time according to some unknown will. It is possessed with an intelligence that rivals many mortal wizards and has the ability to transform itself from one type of sword to another. It often disguises itself as a mundane dagger or shortsword, waiting to be picked up by the right wielder, before it latches its psychic tentacles into a target and consumes them with a burning rage.

Balefire can be commanded to ignite in purple flames, similar to a *flame tongue* sword, but its flames deal psychic damage rather than fire. The sword's name also refers to the curse of balefire that consumes wielders that choose to hold on to it for too long – the insidious weapon causes madness as its power burns through the brain of the holder.

Balefire seems consumed with destroying every last vestige of death giant architecture and design, and drives its wielder to hunt down and demolish strongholds and cities once held by the powerful creatures. It holds some unknown connection to Kazzak'tul, and it is rumored that it was originally forged there and played some part in the great castle's downfall. The secret to unraveling Balefire might be found somewhere in its vaults.

BARROW OF THE UMBRAL CHIEF

The Umbral Chief is a legendary figure within the Plane of Shadow, an individual of great strength and conviction who passed over from the Material Plane by sheer force of will. Long ago, the Umbral Chief was a barbarian king who united disparate tribes of the eastern lands in a distant Material Plane, and he used the powers of shadows and darkness to enhance his abilities. His horde conquered, but eventually he fell and was interred in a great lavish barrow high in the mountains of his homeland.

Then, unexpectedly, the Umbral Chief rose in the Shadowfell from where he was laid. He summoned forth spectral and shadowy forces and now wanders the darkened realm as a force of chaos. His barrow still remains, however, but it has passed fully into the Plane of Shadow. It holds the original bones of the Umbral Chief in an elaborate and richly decorated burial chamber deep beneath the mountains. It is guarded by the shades of the great chief's most loyal bodyguards, but inside lay the treasure the conqueror collected in his legendary campaigns.

BLEAK ACADEMY

Founded by a trio of vampire masters, the Bleak Academy is a gothic school built in the Shadowfell focused on advancing the arcane and divine arts of necromancy. It was recreated from the pieces of the original site after being destroyed in the Material Plane due to its location above the legendary Tomb of Horrors, but since then it has seen quite a revival in faculty, students, and forbidden lore. The vampire masters formed the Tenebrous Cabal to help further their goals, and over the years they have attracted a large number of individuals with interests in the darker magical arts.

The Bleak Academy is built from bone white stone, but the vampires that control it can cloak the ground in a shadowy field to hide it from prying eyes. It also moves, though it's unclear if this is just a natural part of the Shadowfell or if it's a deliberate action by one or more of the Tenebrous Cabal leaders. Several towers spike up around the main building, which is shaped like a grinning skull, and in the center sits a planar observatory that only views the Negative Energy Plane. Intelligent undead of all kind populate the halls, along with would-be necromancers, death domain clerics, and others with an interest and aptitude in necromantic magic.

The library of the Bleak Academy is relatively small but contains the largest collection of dark tomes known in the Plane of Shadow. It is the prize of the Tenebrous Cabal, and one of the vampire masters can always be found within its book-laden chambers. Students and faculty are allowed to peruse the library's collection, but visitors are not allowed to touch any of the books lest they risk the wrath of the Bleak Academy curse (which may be just a rumor, but so far has deterred most would-be thieves).

CIRCLE OF MIDNIGHT STONES

Scattered through the Plane of Shadow are curious circles of tall, monolithic stone blocks carved out of a unique and otherwise unknown rock. Known as midnight stones, these circles have been found all over the Shadowfell, from mountainous valleys to shadow-haunted forests to dismal swamps. It isn't even known if there are multiple circles, or if there's just one that moves around with greater frequency than the rest of the plane, but wherever it lands great evil manifests nearby. The prevailing theory is that a (the?) Circle of Midnight Stones is a direct communication tool to the Dark Powers that rule behind the scenes and create the Domains of Dread.

Thick billowing mists have been reported around the stones as well, lending credence to the connection with the Dark Powers, but to date no traveler or scholar has discovered the truth and lived to tell the tale. Evil creatures in the Shadowfell seem naturally drawn to the Circle of Midnight Stones, and it's not uncommon to see nightshades in great number congregating around them. Do the nightshades have something to do with the midnight stones? No one knows for certain.

EVERNIGHT

Cities on the Material Plane usually have a dark reflection in the Plane of Shadow, but often these are empty, eerie locations filled with ghostly sounds but no actual inhabitants. One of the exceptions is the city of Evernight. Some strange plane-warping property of the Shadowfell creates a single Evernight but it is linked to every Material Plane, usually as a mirror of a major Material Plane city. On Faerun, the city of Neverwinter is located on the other side.

Evernight is a city ruled by undead monsters with no regard for law or order. The living are viewed as nothing more than chattel and food for the masses. Vampires, liches, mummies, ghosts, skeletons, zombies, and more wander the streets, and through some unknown accord peace is kept within the confines of Evernight. They trade and work in the shadow-filled city and though killings and murders are commonplace events there are no formal guards or laws.

Rumors persist that certain nobles within Evernight can grant living creatures a special boon that allows them to pass as one of the undead within the monstrous city, but finding and convincing one of the undead lords to do this has thus far proven impossible. Evernight is viewed as a safe haven for the living dead, but most of the inhabitants are selfish, cruel, hate-filled creatures so “safe” should be regarded as a very relative term.

GLOOMWROUGHT, CITY OF MIDNIGHT

Gloomwrought is a thriving metropolis in the Plane of Shadow that exists uniquely in the plane only. It does not have a mirror in the Material Plane, and its construction hints at greater mysteries within the Shadowfell itself. It is situated on the shores of a storm-wracked sea of darkness, and its gloom-filled streets are oppressive and cold. The city is shaped like a crescent along a bay of similar size, with the streets and buildings dipping lower the closer it approaches the water's edge, creating a bowl-like depression.

The city is ruled by Prince Rolan the Deathless, a human noble who has ruled for many more years than a human normally lives. He and the nobles of Gloomwrought govern with the help of the mysterious keepers – strange, somber, normally silent guardians and stewards of the city itself. The keepers were there before the residents, and the warlocks and priests claim they will be there after all the mortals have been consumed by the darkness of the plane. For their own part, the keepers seem interested in maintaining the city itself rather than enforcing any laws or keeping the peace.

The Double Dagger Tavern is a popular watering hole for travelers from the Material Plane seeking guides and information about the Plane of Shadow. Most of Gloomwrought's citizens are transplants from other planes, though a fair number of shadowborn beings call the city home as well. The Raven Queen has a large following in Gloomwrought, and the Tenebrous Cabal maintains a strong position among the nobles as well.



KAZZAK'TUL

Death giants are dangerous wanderers of the Plane of Shadow, but once long ago they commanded great respect from impressive castles. Kazzak'tul was one of their greatest strongholds, and its ruins still dominate the icy shadow-filled peaks where it now resides in ruin and collapse. It was ruled over by four death giant warlords of great power long ago, each one controlling one quarter of the massive stronghold, but infighting and treachery tore the death giants apart. Two were killed, one was driven out, but it is rumored Kazzak'tul still holds the fourth, who wanders the now empty halls, madness claiming her mind and body.

The vaults below Kazzak'tul were said to hold a great treasure coveted by the death giants, but the stronghold's remote location has deterred most adventurers from finding the site. Those that have found Kazzak'tul report that ancient wards still protect the lowest levels, and the remaining death giant warlord driven mad by some force vexes travelers.

MOON TOWERS

The Plane of Shadow is the home to a subrace of elves known as the shadar-kai. These mysterious beings keep to themselves, usually shunning the company of other creatures, and their works are rare and just as confounding. Moon Towers are perfect examples of this. These tall thin towers stand in remote regions of the Shadowfell, the result of ancient shadar-kai construction and shadow weaving. They are each roughly 300 feet tall made of pale gray stone, and at the top sits an orb. The orbs shed dim light in a short radius around the Moon Tower, but within that light the shadows are deeper and darker than the rest of the plane.

No doors or windows exist to access a Moon Tower, but somehow the shadar-kai are able to get in and operate the orb on top. They can direct its light towards a target up to several miles away, and the result is a deep well of shadows that grants a shadar-kai enhanced power. The exact nature of this power isn't known, but it is thought that these shadow elves have found a way to tap into a true source of shadow power. Not just an aspect of Negative Energy, but a profoundly deep darkness.

NIGHTWYRM FORTRESS

Constructed before much of the Material Planes were even formed, the legendary Nightwyrm Fortress is the colossal home of the ancient shadow dragon Urishtar. It sits not on the Plane of Shadow but above it, in a titanic shadow storm that swirls miles and miles above the ground. Within the eye of the storm, the Nightwyrm Fortress moves across the Shadowfell, resting on fossilized stones from the time before the Inner Planes collided and formed much of the multiverse. Urishtar is one of the oldest beings known to exist, and it has collected treasures and secrets since time immemorial and placed them within the walls of its flying home.

Urishtar rarely leaves the Nightwyrm Fortress, instead using agents of shadow to do its bidding across the multiverse. What the shadow dragon's goals are is anyone's guess, as it seems to collect both powerful and mundane items and transport them back to the fortress via powerful shadow teleportation magic.

ONYX CITADEL OF THE RAVEN QUEEN

Hidden away within the realm known as the Shadow of Shadows is the seat of the Raven Queen herself. Rising from a torrential tornado of souls stands her Onyx Citadel, a grim and monolithic structure constructed of polished black ice that resembles onyx at a distance. The soul storm that surrounds the citadel keeps most intruders at bay, but at the Raven Queen's whim the storm can be abated to allow for travelers to enter her sacred home.

Within the Onyx Citadel the Raven Queen holds court. The cold is so great that any living creature that remains with its walls for more than a day freeze into solid blocks. She is attended to by monstrous consorts of all sorts, including massive undead shadows that she sends to do her bidding across the Plane of Shadow. The Raven Queen holds supreme power within the confines of the Shadow of Shadows and it is whispered that she sees everything that transpires within the Shadowfell through the use of her raven spies that can be heard but rarely seen all across the land.

Sitting at the edge of the soul storm that surrounds the Onyx Citadel is the Raven Queen's greatest temple, Zvomarana. Here, acolytes of the Raven Queen come to attempt the grueling steps necessary to become one of her chosen, a sorrowsworn. Most die in the process, but those that succeed ascend to the Onyx Citadel and are tasked with specific duties across the Shadowfell.

SHADOWDARK

Below the ground of the Plane of Shadow lurks a labyrinth of tunnels and darkness deeper and more sinister than most things found on the surface. This is the realm known as the Shadowdark, and its tunnels stretch on for miles and miles in twisting, confusing pathways. The tunnels cross into massive caverns with lakes of necromantic sludge, or shadow ice filled chambers of supremely evil power. Most of the Shadowdark is enshrouded in a darkland, making travel difficult if not impossible for the unprepared, and monsters of darkness and death lurk in the night-filled caves.

There are rumors of a city of undead drow elves somewhere in the Shadowdark along with illithid elder brains and vampiric versions of normal Underdark denizens. Few have found good reason to explore the Shadowdark, and those that do come back with nightmares and little to show for it. Legends say the source of the Shadowfell, a great portal to the Negative Energy Plane, sits deep beneath the Shadowdark, which would explain the qualities of the underground realm. Could this portal be closed? Could the connection between the two planes be severed? It seems unlikely, but some planar scholars believe the only constant in the multiverse is change.

SHIP OF HORROR

Oceans of dark water exist in the Plane of Shadow, the mirror images of Material Plane waters, but the storms that wrack the shadow oceans are constant and rough. Few travel them deliberately, but there is one vessel that has been seen that heralds dark and foreboding times. Sailors on the Material Plane refer to it as the Ship of Horror, and it is a moving portal to the Shadowfell that travels the seas, trapping ships in its shadowy wake and sending them to a watery grave in the Plane of Shadow. The Ship of Horror is said to be crewed by undead sailors under the command of a necromancer of terrible power, who is himself trapped aboard the vessel.

The Ship of Horror is only encountered at night, and it is always accompanied by thick mists that cut visibility. It is thought that the ship is itself a Domain of Dread and its captain a darklord, and certain aspects of the vessel bear this theory out. Rare is the encounter with the Ship of Horror that does not result in all hands being lost at sea in the Plane of Shadow. What does the enigmatic captain want? Some say he searches for a lost love that was swept overboard by a rogue wave, while others say he seeks fresh victims for his crew on their journey of the damned.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Plane of Shadow holds a wealth of adventure opportunities for would-be heroes and treasure seekers. It can inadvertently pull unsuspecting characters into its depths, or powerful beings could try to push their way into the Material Plane. The plots of the Raven Queen and the Tenebrous Cabal can also lead to exciting adventure opportunities.

A Different Person. An acquaintance of the characters begins to act very out of character and seems preoccupied with death. It turns out the acquaintance is possessed by an *odem*, and that its seeking to link up with others of its kind in the city. How far has the *odem* infestation gone? Who can be trusted? The characters are going to have to investigate and keep their findings to themselves until the time is right if they hope to expunge the parasitic forces.

The Merchant's Curse. A stranger comes to visit the town the characters are in, peddling art and trinkets from the Plane of Shadow. The stranger is trying to get rid of the items but by curse cannot give them away – he must sell them. When he tries to break the curse a pack of shadow mastiffs show up and attack, and he begs the characters to help him. Where did he find the cache of shadow items in the first place? Is he telling the truth?

Path of the Lost Soul. A shadowborn family in Gloomwrought reaches out to the characters for help. They are devotees of the Raven Queen, and when one of their own passed away recently they learned the soul never made it to the Onyx Citadel. The characters can track down the missing soul, discovering that it was stolen by a devil hiding in a remote shadow mountain castle along with hundreds of others that it plans to sell on the soul market in the Outer Planes.

Sanctuary of Evernight. The characters face a powerful undead foe, but their opponent flees to the sanctuary of Evernight, taking valuable information and items with it. In

order to get into Evernight, the characters must somehow disguise themselves as undead, and they can work with a disenfranchised mummy lord who is looking to strike revenge against other forces in the city. Can they trust their new undead friend? What dangers lurk in a city full of monstrously evil denizens?

Wrath of the Shadow Horde. A horde of undead barbarians breaks from the Shadowfell to the Material Plane. They move only at night but they are merciless in their ferocious rage. The only thing that can stop them is a bone from the resting place of the Umbral Chief, and the characters must hurry to find the item before the horde decimates more innocent lives. The characters must track down more information about the Umbral Chief before they can find his final resting place in the Plane of Shadow. The barrow is guarded by the warlord's greatest bodyguards, now undead shadow warriors, along with traps meant to protect the treasure and final bones of the great Umbral Chief.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through the Plane of Shadow. 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.

PLANE OF SHADOW

1D100	PLANE OF SHADOW ENCOUNTER
01-05	A pack of zombies recently risen
06-10	A pool of necromantic seepage
11-15	Darkling thieves looking for easy marks
16-20	A necromancer and bodyguards
21-25	A pack of shadow mastiffs
26-30	A bone weird
31-35	A tribe of ghoul scavengers
36-40	An odem searching for a victim
41-45	A pair of shadow demons on assignment
46-50	The garden of a gwiddon
51-55	A bone golem gone berserk
56-60	A shambling graveyard
61-65	A pool containing several slime shadows
66-70	Darkland
71-75	A vampire teacher from the Bleak Academy
76-80	Shadow stain
81-85	A death giant searching for lost ruins
86-90	A tunnel caused by a nearby nightcrawler
91-95	A pair of nightwings seeking fresh prey
96-00	A nightwalker rising from a pool of shadows

PLANE OF FAERIE

“The Plane of Faerie, sometimes referred to as the Feywild, is a vibrant echo of the Material Plane, and in this it is similar to the Plane of Shadow. Along with the Plane of Dreams, these echo planes coexist with the Material Plane, highlighting and accenting different aspects, and for the Feywild, life, nature, and its various dangers are pushed to extreme levels. The seasons are varied and static, changing from one to another in stark contrast in varying regions, and the capricious archfey that rule over it all have their own petty squabbles and political discourse. Lost relics and overgrown ruins of ancient primordial elven people litter the Feywild, but travelers should be warned that rarely are these treasures left unprotected.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

On the other side of a thin planar barrier surrounding the Material Plane sits a place of wonder and beauty, terror and darkness, hope and fear. It is the realm of ancient archfey and powerful elves from times long since passed where the seasons stand frozen at the whim of bickering fey courts. This is the Plane of Faerie, also known as the Feywild, and it is a place of terrible beauty and glittering shadows.

Like the Plane of Shadow and the Plane of Dreams, the Plane of Faerie is an echo of the Material Plane, sitting like an overlay over the entire plane. Most people do not know it exists, though in certain areas known as ley lines the border becomes blurred, and in other regions spontaneous gates and portals open up allowing free travel between the two. Capricious fey creatures, from sprites and pixies to hags and quicklings, populate the realm. Many owe allegiance to one of the faerie courts, including the Summer Court, the Gloaming Court, and the Winter Court, but not all do, and some actively work against the powerful archfey that rule these powerful organizations.

Fey are not the only inhabitants of the Plane of Faerie. Long ago, a race of giants pierced the planar veil and marched a mighty army through with intents to conquer the lush and bountiful land. They were not successful, and for their transgression they were cursed. These fomorians lurk in the darkness and shadows of the Feywild now, striking against all native creatures with as much power as they can muster, and their ruined fortresses still dot the landscape.

The Plane of Faerie is a place of natural danger, where the weather can turn deadly with no warning and the beasts of the forest prey on travelers with malice and hunger in their hearts. Time is a strange thing in the Feywild as well, and some travelers that leave find that more or less time has passed since when they left. For immortal fey creatures, this isn't a problem, but mortal short-lived creatures can find their lives wasting away the instant they leave. This is one of the many reasons travelers to the Plane of Faerie end up staying.

There's also an intoxicating flavor that permeates the plane, and for non-fey it can prove an addicting experience. It's difficult to describe – the air is thicker, more alive, and all scents and aromas are enhanced a hundred-fold. Beyond this olfactory enhancement, the very land of the Feywild is lush and vibrant, filled with life and beauty, but there's always a trick in the Plane of Faerie. Sometimes, a verdant forest clearing dappled with pure sunlight turns mortals into gold, as is known to happen in the Golden Glade, while in the vast swamp known as Murkendraw creeping yellow vines obey the commands of the hag covens that fill the region, choking and pulling down travelers.

Treasures abound in the Plane of Faerie as well, relics from ancient kingdoms of primordial elves known as eladrin. The Scepter of Starlight, the Diamond Staff, and the Leaves of All Seasons all originated from the Feywild and have found their way across the multiverse at one point or another, yet they always seem to find their way back to the Plane of Faerie.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Faerie as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Faerie.

Vibrant Life. The Feywild is a plane of vibrant life in all forms. Flowers are full and enormous, the grass is lush, and the air teems with electric energy. Bird sing beautiful melodies from barely hidden branches that fill the air with songs that shift subtly between a chorus of joy to discordant notes of sadness. A gentle breeze blows through at all times, rustling trees and carrying the sweet scent of powerful flowers. Everything in the Plane of Faerie is alive and almost humming with energy.

Striking Colorations. Everything in the Plane of Faerie is colored with a palette from a mad painter with no singular vision on the canvas. The grass is electric green and shifts to shades of blue and red with the breeze, and a valley filled with flowers contains every color in the rainbow. The colorations of the objects around the Feywild shift with the emotions of nearby travelers, the stronger the emotion the stronger the color variance, so that a person in deep mourning over the loss of a loved one creates a color ripple of blue, black, and violet wherever they go, while the thrilling touch of a romantic interest can shoot rays of red and pink through the surrounding foliage. The unsettling vibrancy of the color to otherwise mundane objects chills travelers from the Material Plane and reminds them that they are in a very different realm.

Dream-like Wonder. To an outsider, the Feywild is a plane of shimmering beauty as if seen through a thin gauze, and that thin gauze ripples and changes with each breath and blink of the eye. A flower may suddenly grow eyes and wink, while a bird's song could whisper the words of a long lost loved one before vanishing on the wind. There is a very real sense of wonder that infuses everything on the Plane of Faerie, creating moments that seem pulled directly from a dream.

LAY OF THE LAND

The basic geography of the Plane of Faerie is an echo of the Material Plane, at least in rough shape. The further one travels from a fey crossing or portal, the more varied the landscape becomes, but when the two planes become more in sync the spontaneous crossings appear. These usually occur in out of the way places, where a bit of the magic and wonder of the Feywild crosses over into the Material Plane to create a magical if temporary bridge.

Seasons and the sun's cycle can vary wildly, however. Geographic regions across the Plane of Faerie are frozen in a season's particular grasp, usually summer or winter. The same holds true for the position of the moon and sun – some areas never see the sun dimming, while others are bathed forever in moonlight. The borders between these regions can be extreme. A group of travelers may enter the Feywild in a summer-filled forest where the sun never sets, and while exploring they come upon a mountain range frozen in winter's fury where the moon hangs high and full in the sky at all times.

It is natural to connect these extreme seasonal changes and day-moon phases to the powerful archfey that rule much of the Feywild, but the truth is that only a few of the mightiest exert any real influence over the plane itself on such a grand scale. The Queen of the Summer Court has been known to change a region from winter to summer, or night to day, but these events are rare and usually catastrophic to the natural beings that have taken up residence in the affected area. Locally, however, the mood of the most powerful denizen of a particular small area can affect the surroundings in minor ways, such as the gathering of storm clouds, the movement of brambles, or the rushing of rivers with no apparent outlet.

Below the ground in the Plane of Faerie twists an endless maze of brightly lit tunnels known as the Feydark. It is a mirror of the Underdark on the Material Plane, but a natural light, akin to that of a star, infuses the stone and prevents total darkness from blanketing any large subterranean realm. Foul things dwell in the Feydark, from the twisted fomorians cursed by the archfey for their transgressions long ago to goblins and other unsavory beings.

There are regions beyond the strong seasonal variations of summer and winter. Known as the Wild Lands, clouds fill the twilight sky in these areas, and dark and twisted things fester outside the domains of the archfey. Some planar scholars say that the Wild Lands are what the Plane of Faerie would be like without the influence of the fey, and that it is held back only by the combined will of the courts. Sometimes, the Wild Lands breach the barrier between the planes and encroach upon the Material Plane, creating an overgrown tangled nightmare that threatens all creatures.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time is a strange thing on the Plane of Faerie. The sun does not set if it is risen, and the moon does not wax while it is in the air. Time passes normally for creatures in the Feywild, though it can be difficult to mark its passage considering the unusual and stagnant cycles of day, night, and the seasons. Leaving the Plane of Faerie, however, is when time can catch up to a non-native suddenly. Refer to the **Fey Time Loss** hazard for more details.

SURVIVING

There is nothing inherently violent or threatening in the landscape of the Plane of Faerie, or at least nothing that permeates the entire plane. Winter regions are cold and unprotected travelers can certainly succumb to the elements if they are not prepared, but this is typically no worse than a winter on the Material Plane. Some specific regions of the Feywild do have more localized threats that travelers should be wary of, however.

GETTING THERE

As an echo plane, the Plane of Faerie exists simultaneously with the Material Plane, which can make passing between the two surprising and sometimes frequent. There are differences between the two, sometimes wildly different, but when particular geographic and environmental features line up, a temporary gateway opens up. This is referred to as a crossing, a fey crossing specifically, and they can last anywhere from minutes to days.

Fey crossings are two-way portals between the Plane of Faerie and Material Plane, allowing denizens of both planes to cross over into the other. Often times, wicked archfey and powerful hags follow the signs in the Feywild and watch for these events to occur, timing their plans and schemes to coincide with the appearance of a fey crossing. Some of these plans involve conquest, but just as often it's to escape a curse or other magical detriment the fey crossing bypasses.

Portals and gates exist that lead to the Plane of Faerie as well. Notably, Bytopia, the Beastlands, and Elysium in the Outer Planes contain many portals leading to the Feywild, allowing the good-aligned and often fey-aligned denizens of those planar destinations to travel and trade freely with the archfey and their fickle courts. The Ethereal Plane contains numerous color curtains that lead directly to the Plane of Faerie as well, and some planar travelers have found color pools in the Astral Plane that can transport them directly to the realm of the fey.

In the Material Plane, a gate may exist to the Plane of Faerie under specific circumstances. For example, when morning sun pierces a halo of verdant leaves in an ancient forest, the shimmering haze may just be a one-way portal to the Feywild. Dormant gates may be activated by the possession of a particular type of leaf or forest berry, or by singing the correct incantation honoring the ancient elves who founded many of the great cities in the Plane of Faerie.

TRAVELING AROUND

Travel within the Plane of Faerie is unimpeded by any natural planar effect or hazard. Daylight dazzles brilliantly, and even regions blanked by night are usually illuminated by an unnaturally large moon (the exact definition of which defies all logic, as it is not the moon of any Material Plane and doesn't appear to be any true celestial body). Summer regions are the easiest to travel, and the winter-dominated sections are no more difficult to travel than particularly cold or snowy geographies in the Material Plane.

Weather effects can be fierce and dramatic, however, but these do not follow predictable or even logical patterns. Instead, the weather of a region of the Plane of Faerie is dictated by the whims of the most powerful archfey in that region. Cloudless skies with light breezes are usually the result of a content or happy archfey, but raging storms with driving rain, howling blizzards, or other extreme effects can spin up suddenly and without warning.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Powerful archfey, wicked hags, twisted fomorian kings, and more lurk in the Plane of Faerie, each with their agenda and plots. Some of those plots involve invasion, some heroes would be wise to learn all that they can about the movers and shakers of the Feywild before they blunder into a castle belonging to someone much more powerful than they are!

BLIGHTED MOTHERS

Hags are as much a part of the Plane of Faerie as any of the other fey creatures. They are typically solitary beings, owing loyalty to themselves or a small group of sisterly hags known as a coven. But in the vast swamp known as Murkendraw, the most powerful and wicked of the hags in all of the Feywild have combined forces and formed the Blighted Mothers, a particularly ruthless coven that demands fealty from all other hags. There are four hags in the Blighted Mothers, each representing a different type commonly encountered in the Plane of Faerie. Mother Brona is an annis hag, Mother Blagovesta is a bheur hag, Mother Zabyna is a sea hag, and Mother Vaclava is a green hag.

The Blighted Mothers work in the deepest darkest heart of the Murkendraw, and they honor the greatest hag of all time – Baba Yaga. In her name, the four have performed terrible atrocities across the Feywild and beyond, and they have networks of spies and informants from the courts of the archfey to the most influential nobles of the Material Plane. Nothing moves in the Murkendraw without the Blighted Mothers knowing about it, or so it is whispered, and they are known to cast their spirits far and wide to oversee their plots and schemes personally.

What do the Blighted Mothers want? Their motives seem rooted in spreading chaos and disorder in the name of Baba Yaga as far and wide as possible. But the four hags do not always see eye to eye, and they occasionally work against one another. Direct conflict is forbidden by Baba Yaga's ancient decree, but the Blighted Mothers still use their pawns to thwart or delay the plans of the other hags in the coven. But when they are united, such as to recover a stolen item or to fulfill some obscure prophecy, their powers are formidable and their wills like iron.

COURTS OF THE ARCHFEY

Great swaths of the Plane of Faerie is under the direct influence of powerful archfey, fey beings of enormous power and age. Some are noble, some are wicked, but many of them obey ancient traditions of the Feywild that organize their powers into distinct courts. There are four primary courts – the Court of Summer, the Court of Winter, the Court of Green, and the Court of Coral. A fifth, the Gloaming Court, was cast out originally for crimes against the Feywild, but it remains an influential and important member of the balance of power.

The Court of Summer is ruled by Queen Titania, arguably the most powerful archfey in the entire plane, and her powers are near infinite while on the Plane of Faerie. She is amused by the actions of mortal creatures and often sends her agents to bring specimens back from Material Plane to act and cavort for her and her attendees. But her wrath when crossed is deadly and her moods can shift suddenly and without warning. Queen Titania rules from Senaliesse, a city built within towering silver trees.

The Gloaming Court is ruled by the Queen of Air and Darkness, whose real name has been lost to time. She commands legions of unseelie faeries to do her bidding, and she has engaged in a life-long cat-and-mouse game with Queen Titania and the Court of Summer. Sometimes, the Queen of Air and Darkness is able to convince one of the other archfey courts to ally with her, especially the Court of Winter which often finds its needs aligned with that of the Gloaming Court. Truces and pacts among the archfey are fleeting at best, however, and these alliances rarely last more than a few decades.

The Courts of Green, Winter, and Coral do not have dedicated leaders, but they count many powerful archfey among their members. Rarely do these lesser courts convene together, as the individuals hold more sway over local forces and regions, but Queen Titania has called all of the courts together several times to discuss matters of importance that affect all of the Feywild. Unseating the Gloaming Court and casting out the Queen of Air and Darkness was one of these times.

All of the courts, and many independent archfey, operate across the multiverse through the actions of proxies and agents. Some of these agents are warlocks dedicated to the power of the archfey, while others are simply mortals caught in the wrong place at the wrong time. Often times, the communicated desires of their patron to a fey agent make little sense, such as moving a certain stone in a certain place several feet in a single direction. There is always meaning in these actions, however, it just requires a level of perspective that most mortals do not possess.

KING OF MAG TUREAH

Long ago, a force of giants entered the Plane of Faerie with dreams of conquest. They pushed into the Feywild through faerie crossings and forced gates, and they established several strongholds to fortify their positions. The largest and most complete of these was the fortress-city known as Mag Tureah, and from there the giants struck out against the archfey with murderous intent. Ultimately, however, the giants were defeated, but the archfey were not content to simply cast out the invaders. They cursed the entire race, turning them into hideously twisted fomorians and spreading madness among their ranks. Mag Tureah, once a beacon of conquest, was cast down deep into the Feydark.

A fomorian king has ruled Mag Tureah since, but each has been afflicted with madness and insanity that seems to far outstrip the rest of their kind. The current ruler is King Jarrhild, and he is determined to master the network of portals that exist below Mag Tureah. Fortunately for the Material Plane, Jarrhild's faculties are fleeting and his mind scattered, so he continually seeks and finds the same passages. Over the years, the fomorian presence in Mag Tureah has been reduced, but other sinister and evil forces still lurk within the fortress-city's walls and tunnels. But King Jarrhild is concerned with none of that.

QUEEN OF THE FAERIE DRAGONS

Faerie dragons are native beings to the Feywild, and they claim to be the first and oldest creatures of the entire plane. This type of boasting is not uncommon for faerie dragons, so few pay them any heed, but there is one that might just prove it all to be true. Tasmiira is the oldest faerie dragon in the multiverse, and she rules as the de facto queen of the faerie dragons in the Plane of Faerie. Her memory is long and flawless, but unlike many of her kind her arrogance and pride do not cloud her judgment. Tasmiira is interested in only two things – keeping her subjects safe, and protecting the great treasure hoard of her people.

For years, Tasmiira has been the custodian of a great treasure hoard, representing the accumulated wealth of all faerie dragons everywhere. It is rumored that anytime a faerie dragon gains treasure, a portion is given over to the collected hoard through ancient magic, and the gathered wealth has become quite legendary among certain seekers and adventurers. Tasmiira and a small contingent of loyal faerie dragons are the only ones that know the location of this fabulous treasure, but it hasn't stopped them from being hunted down. To this end, the Faerie Dragon Queen and her loyal subjects move from place to place within the Feywild, sometimes even crossing into the Material Plane, never settling in one location for too long. Their forced exile is necessary to protect the wealth of their people, but it wears on Tasmiira that she cannot find a home for the faerie dragons.

STAR CHILDREN

Stars are a funny thing in the Plane of Faerie. Those regions that are blanketed under darkness have skies filled with stars, but they are not the same stars as seen in the night sky of the Material Plane. These stars, it is said, are the spirits of powerful beings that have died in the Feywild and have ascended to pure light. This may be true for some of the lights in the night sky, but the Cult of the Star Children believe that there is more up there than meets the eye.

The Star Children believe the night sky in the Plane of Faerie opens up to a place of madness and utter chaos known as the Far Realm, and that some of those stars are actually openings between the planes. The Far Realm exists outside the accepted boundaries of the multiverse, or so most planar scholars believe, and it is an alien realm home to beings that operate on completely different levels of existence, mentally and physically. Most cannot even exist outside the Far Realm, but the Star Children claim to have seen and communicated with these entities through the holes in the Feywild night sky.

Followers of the Star Children are patient and thoroughly malevolent, waiting in their twisted citadel for the day when the stars are right and the Far Realm can invade the Plane of Faerie once and for all. Membership in the cult requires undergoing a secret ceremony, the most prominent result of which is the hollowing out of the member's eyes and replacing them with black nothingness. Most Star Children can disguise this unsettling feature for a period to blend in with others, but in their citadel their madness and cruelty hold supreme.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Numerous creatures inhabit the Plane of Faerie, from dryads, pixies, and satyrs, to blink dogs, yeth hounds, and faerie dragons. Some of these creatures are intelligent, many are playful, and more than a handful hold a dim view of mortal life. Travelers to the Feywild should trust no one, as illusion magic is common and enchantments can sometimes fall like rain.

BEASTS

There are a great number of beasts prowling around the Plane of Faerie. They resemble their Material Plane counterparts in abilities but they often have striking colorations and sharp, angular features that mark them as natives of the Feywild. A bear may have green fur, while a pack of wolves possesses striped bodies of alternating black and purple lines. Many of these beasts are under the direct sway of the fey that rule the plane and obey their whims without question. Eladrin druids are especially renowned for having packs of wild animals at their beck and call in the wilds of the Plane of Faerie.

FEY

The fey are the original inhabitants of the Plane of Faerie, and they come in an astonishing array of shapes, sizes, colors, and temperaments. Every type of fey creature in the multiverse can trace its origin to the Feywild at some point in their past. Many dryads emigrate to the Material Plane, but their bond with their chosen tree extends to the same tree in the Feywild as well. A great number of fey pledge allegiance to one of the Courts of the Archfey and serve as spies, warriors, and guards to the archfey lords that rule over the great cities.

Outside the cities the overgrown forests and lush wilderness is populated with creatures of all kinds. Blind dogs run in packs, and many of the oldest regions are protected by the boar-like triath. Gnashers are evil monsters that prey on lost travelers but can be driven away by sunlight. Nightlocks are fey spirits bound to poisonous plants with a mean disposition that serve an agent of the Queen of Air and Darkness.

Though she does not dwell on the Plane of Faerie anymore, the influence of the Queen of Air and Darkness can still be keenly felt all across the Feywild. Gremlins skulk about in the streets of the archfey cities, spying and reporting back to their queen, while packs of yeth hounds fly through the air on missions of cruelty and malice. Quicklings are cursed to serve the queen and get into no end of mischief within the Plane of Faerie and the Material Plane.

The Wild Lands, beyond the borders of the fey courts and largely disconnected from the echo nature of the Plane of Faerie, are dangerous realms filled with all manner of dark and twisted fey creatures. Brambles are the main denizens of these parts, with equal parts hate and overconfidence filling their blackened hearts. Madcaps can appear almost anywhere, springing from spilled blood to run around in murderous glee.

Darklings. The thieves and assassins of the Feywild are the darklings. These shadowy hunters were once a proud house of the Summer Court, but they betrayed Queen Titania and were cursed by the vengeful archfey. Queen Titania's curse made sunlight age a darkling rapidly, turning them into withered husks, and so they quickly adapted to their new lifestyles in the darkness. Nonetheless, they possess a great love of art in all its forms and often find themselves taking risks in order to appreciate a moment that may remind them of their former lives in the Court of Summer.

Eladrin. Eladrin are to elves as humans are to humans. They possess powerful impulses and live passionate lives around the seasons of nature in the Feywild, and they often serve the archfey as ambassadors, diplomats, generals, and lords. Eladrin are dangerous and whimsical, and their moods are as difficult to predict as the weather of the day. They do tend to look down upon lesser fey, and consider elves of the Material Plane nothing more than common rabble.

Hags. The Feywild is home to all kinds of hags. They are hateful, spiteful monsters who dwell in dark and ugly parts of the plane, such as the Murkendraw and other fell places. Annis hags, dusk hags, green hags, and bheur hags are the most commonly encountered types, and they often form covens out of greed and necessity. Their numbers

are large and their powers great, but they often bicker and squabble among their kind, fighting over petty differences instead of uniting to take on the archfey whom they loathe. It is not uncommon to find hags allied with fomorians and agents of the Queen of Air and Darkness, though these relationships rarely last long.

HUMANOIDS

Most humanoids that live in the Plane of Faerie have been adopted by the fey, often times at an age where they're too young to protest. Many fey creatures, including sprites and nymphs, adopt a mortal child from the Material Plane and raise them as their own in the Feywild. The Autumn City of Mithrendain is the most cosmopolitan of the great archfey cities, and there are numerous families of humanoids living and working in the sculpted boughs of that wondrous metropolis.

Elf. Elves have a natural connection to the Plane of Faerie that draws many of them with its mysteries and ancient wonders. Some elven myths claim that the Feywild is the original home of all elves (others say it is in the forests of Arborea where the elves originally made their home), and the truth is likely a mix of all these stories. Some of the archfey have elven houses in their court, and a great number of elves and half-elves live in the Autumn City as well. Drow are especially common in the darker regions of the Feywild, often lurking around the ruins of Cendriane.

Firbolg. Firbolgs are well known as the gentle shepherds of forests and other natural surroundings, but they have a sizable presence in the Plane of Faerie as well. They usually shy away from the grand splendor and opulence of the archfey cities, preferring instead the untamed regions of the magical wilderness. They are allies of many fey creatures, and the skill of firbolg rangers and hunters in tracking down lost things in the Feywild is legendary.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Travelers to the Plane of Faerie need to be wary of the natural hazards that come with the region. The most prominent and obvious is the forgetfulness and time loss that can occur when leaving the Feywild, but other phenomena should be known and avoided as well.

BEFUDDLING RAIN

Falling rain is not an uncommon feature in the Plane of Faerie, especially around archfey or other powerful denizens that have a deep sense of melancholy or loneliness. Occasionally, however, the falling rain takes on an otherworldly quality with an ability to confuse and bewilder travelers. This befuddling rain is usually the result of an archfey's sour mood mixing with a natural weather phenomena in the Feywild, so it's difficult to predict or control. Befuddling rain does not fall hard, but the falling rain shimmers with all the colors of the rainbow giving it a beautifully distinct look.

Non-fey creatures caught in an area of befuddling rain must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they are affected by the *confusion* spell for 1 minute. Befuddling rainstorms last only 1d4 x 10 minutes, but some denizens of the Plane of Faerie have learned to watch for the signs of the phenomena and strike affected travelers. Gremlins especially love this tactic.

FORGETFULNESS

The Plane of Faerie is a land of magic, beauty, and strange wonder, and for non-natives their memory of time spent in the echo plane can fade to a simple dream-like remembrance. This forgetfulness affects any non-fey creature leaving the Plane of Faerie, though creatures with the Fey Ancestry trait (like elves) are also immune. Other creatures must succeed on a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw when they leave the Feywild. On a failure, their memories of their time spent on the plane quickly fade away and are easily confused with dreams and fanciful imagination.

OBLIVION MOSS

Some darker forests and mountains in the Plane of Faerie grow a strange plant known as oblivion moss in shadowed corners. It never grows in full or partial sunlight, and some innate defensive mechanism within the non-intelligent plant retreats from such light automatically (albeit slowly).

Oblivion moss can sense creatures with memories around it, and when it does so it shoots spores into the air in a 30-foot radius sphere. Any living creature must succeed on a DC 12 Intelligence saving throw or have some of their memories leached from their mind. While affected, the target must roll a d4 and subtract the number rolled from any ability check or attack roll it makes. The memory loss becomes worse quickly, and after each minute affected targets must succeed at additional DC 12 Intelligence saving throws. For every failure, the memory loss penalty die increases, from d4 to d6, d6 to d8, d8 to d12, and d12 to d20. The memory loss saving throws stop when the target succeeds at one of the saving throws, and the effect lasts until the target finishes a long rest. A *greater restoration* or *heal* spell also restores lost memories.

TIME LOSS

Time behaves differently on the Plane of Faerie than it does on the Material Plane or elsewhere in the multiverse. Non-native creatures that depart the Plane of Faerie after spending at least 1 day on the plane roll 1d20 on the Faerie Time Loss table below.

PLANE OF FAERIE TIME SHIFT

1D20	TIME SHIFT
1-2	Days become minutes
3-6	Days become hours
7-13	No change
14-17	Days become weeks
18-19	Days become months
20	Days become years

Some powerful archfey have the ability to reverse this effect, though none do it out of charity. Parties that find great lengths of time have passed may need to deal with one of the archfey courts in order to regain their lost time.

WILD THORNS

Between the lush and verdant lands of the Plane of Faerie exists a twisted, gray region known as the Wild Lands. Harsh thorns tear at flesh, hungry for blood and eager to pull down living creatures into its dull expanse. The pain-filled nature of the Wild Lands affects creatures traveling overland or flying over them, as the thorns and brambles expand out to surround and pull down even flying targets. Creatures that are not native to the Wild Lands traveling through such regions must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw every hour of travel. On a failure, they gain one level of exhaustion from the draining power of the wild thorns that permeate the land. Any creature that takes a short rest in the Wild Land automatically gains one level of exhaustion as well, and taking a long rest results in an agonizing death that only a *wish* spell can restore life from.



PLANE OF FAERIE

SITES & TREASURES

The Plane of Faerie is an echo plane filled with wonders, strange sights, powerful denizens, and exotic treasures from ancient fey kingdoms. It's close proximity to the Material Plane draws all sorts of adventurers and treasure seekers into its realm, but all such travelers should be cautious of the dangers and monsters that lurk in the Feywild.

ARCHFEY CITIES

The greatest cities on the Plane of Faerie belong to the courts of the archfey. While each member of the court can hold sway over a castle, refuge, or individual site, the leaders of each rule from sprawling cities that have become beacons across the Feywild. Queen Titania of the Summer Court rules from Senaliesse, a city built in the boughs of towering silver trees the likes of which have never been seen elsewhere in the multiverse. Rope elevators lead guests honored enough to be invited to Queen Titania's home up into the heights of the treetops, where the true breathtaking beauty of Senaliesse is beheld. The city is constructed of delicate crystal stone that blends naturally and effortlessly into the silver trees, creating a sense of otherworldly wonder.

Lord Oran of the Green Court rules from Shinaelestra, a city that has become nearly engulfed by the Howling Forest around it. The transition has been natural and harmonious, with more and more of the city's once elegant stone streets and pavements becoming forested woodland. It was claimed by Lord Oran as his home for its peaceful quality and he does nothing to stem the flow of the Howling Forest. It is rumored that Shinaelestra was once a Material Plane city that was transported into the Plane of Faerie by some ancient elven magic, but that was long before Lord Oran took over.

The Winter Court's greatest archfey, the Prince of Frost, rules from beneath a titanic mountain of crystal-clear ice called the Summit of Stars. Kathrius, City of the Ice Moon, sprawls beneath the mountain's peak where night reigns supreme. The brilliant moon and star-filled sky provide ample illumination for the Prince of Frost's court, who take time to regularly gaze out through the icy mountain's clear exterior and into the wild night beyond.

Elias and Siobhan Alastai are the archfey twins that rule the Court of Coral and they command the smallest of the archfey cities. The Lake of Dreams is a deep body of water that pulls in currents from the twin rivers Azure and Cerulean, creating a natural whirlpool in the center that constantly draws objects and creatures to the bottom. There, the city of Shale Dothore sits at the bottom, with the Coral Court commanding the lake, current, and surrounding region. Shale Dothore is constructed of multicolored coral crystals naturally harvested from the bed of the Lake of Dreams.

The Queen of Air and Darkness rules the Gloaming Court from no city, but she and her kin once held the city of Cendriane as their home. When the other archfey courts cast them out, Cendriane fell into ruin, and has since become the home of numerous evil creatures, including drow, spiders, and a powerful elven vampire.

Each of these wondrous cities holds a common feature – they do not allow visitors unless explicitly invited. The archfey are capricious and follow their own strict sense of morals and honors, but one of the threads learned by planar sages is a disdain for mortals that do not follow protocol. Accessing the greatest lords and ladies of the Plane of Faerie requires no small amount of courtesy for those that seek an audience with them for one reason or another.

CENDRIANE, CITY OF FALLEN STARS

Cendriane was once the beautiful home of the Queen of Air and Darkness, in the time before her banishment from the archfey courts. Its spires and towers were delicate and radiant, and the wonders of Cendriane were unmatched by any other city across the Plane of Faerie. Then, darkness struck, and the Gloaming Court was created. The Queen could no longer dwell in such a place as Cendriane, and so she moved herself and her followers out in haste. Were they pushed out? Did some ancient ward prevent her from holding on to the ancient throne? None know for sure.

Cendriane is now a dark, shadow-haunted ruin of elven wonder. Giant spiders of all sorts can be found lurking in the ruins, along with bands of drow from House Vrammyr who have vowed to claim the ruined city for their own home in the Plane of Faerie. Much of the city's ancient elven vaults still remain sealed in darkened tombs and ancient holdings, protected by potent magical power. An elven vampire, an original consort to the Queen of Air and Darkness, commands a cult of blood-thirsty undead that rule over a portion of Cendriane, with intentions of reclaiming all of the city in his queen's name. Rumors persist that the city's Great Library has yet to be recovered by any faction, and that its knowledge could further arcane and divine studies of all kind.

Cendriane is hidden in a twisted forest covered in summer night known as the Onyx Woods. Magical protections keep the city from being discovered by accident, but those that seek it out deliberately can navigate the hidden forest pathways to the ruined archway leading into Cendriane's Avenue of the Gods.

CITADEL OF THE STAR CHILDREN

The most deranged cult in the Plane of Faerie are the Star Children, who believe the stars in the sky of the Feywild are actually gates and holes that lead to an otherworldly alien place called the Far Realm. They believe this so fervently that they work to bring their alien masters out of the Far Realm, and they believe the Plane of Faerie is the best chance for an invasion to start. The epicenter of their efforts is a pulsating red crystal citadel where the most favored Star Children tend towards the cult's goals.

This citadel is located on a rocky mountain, and the unnatural work done by the denizens inside has driven all natural life from around the region, an unusual site in the Feywild. The red crystalline structure was built by the founder of the Star Children, an elven diviner now known only as Hollow Eye, and the architecture of the citadel defies logic and natural form. Angles inside and out are incorrect, and anyone with an eye for engineering can tell right away that the building should not stand upright. But yet it does, in defiance to the natural order, and this architectural oddity is but a taste of the terrors held inside.

DIAMOND STAFF

On the Material Plane, in the realm of Toril, an artifact has recently surfaced that has grabbed the attention of numerous factions. Known as the Diamond Staff of Chomylla, it was discovered to be in the lair of an ancient dracolich, and forces moved to reclaim and study its secrets. The exact location of the relic is currently unknown, but rumors persist that it could unlock an ancient elven vault. The truth is that it is one of a set, built by ancient elves of the Plane of Faerie, and that its true potential has yet to be revealed.

Each Diamond Staff appears as a slender quarterstaff constructed entirely of pale blue diamond. It is topped with a transparent globe and carved from a single enormous crystal. The construction of the Diamond Staves dates back to a time when the line between the Feywild and the Material Plane was thinnest, and the realm of Uvarean straddled the line between the two planes. Ultimately Uvarean was destroyed by a falling star, but the legendary Diamond Staves survived the cataclysm. One of them, possessed by the wizard Chomylla, was kept on the Material Plane, but the others were scattered across the Plane of Faerie. Their whereabouts are currently unknown, but with the appearance of one in recent years, the others are likely to turn up as well for good or ill.

GOLDEN GLADE

The Plane of Faerie contains its fair share of strange and unexplainable phenomena. One of these is a small forest meadow known as the Golden Glade hidden in the center of the Heart's Wish Woods. The summer sunlight that dapples the region passes through the boughs of a series of enchanted trees, with bark like gold, and when the filtered light touches any material object it turns to gold. This includes creatures as well as objects. Objects transformed to gold through this process disintegrate when removed from the Plane of Faerie, so would-be treasure seekers have written the site off as a curiosity rather than a get rich scheme, but the truth behind it has eluded planar sages.

The golden oak trees seem to be the catalyst for the transmutation power of the Golden Glade, but some argue that the truth is hidden in the forest around it. The Heart's Wish Woods earned its name from a nymph who fell in love with a mortal man. Their love was forbidden by ancient decree, but they managed to conquer the odds and the mortal moved into the Feywild to be with his beloved. Or so she thought, for when he arrived, his heart's desire was not the nymph, but instead material goods. Stories of the region say a golden statue of a man has been passed around from collector to collector in the Plane of Faerie, but so far it has not found a permanent home.

LEAVES OF ALL SEASONS

The seasons of nature have a profound influence on the Plane of Faerie, owing to its strong connection to the Material Plane and the Positive Energy Plane. Spring to summer, summer to autumn, autumn to winter, each has its place and a distinct power over the landscape of the Feywild. Ancient elven legends actually attribute this connection to a single source, a tree of great power that the elves held in highest reverence. The exact location and nature of this tree has not yet been found, but leaves from it have been uncovered across the Plane of Faerie, and they are potent items in the hands of those who know about them.

Each Leaf of All Seasons appears as a broad oak leaf, about a foot across, with a thick stem. The membranes of the leaf are strong and course with radiant power, giving off a scintillating glow that can illuminate as well as any torch. When held by an elf or other creature with a strong connection to the natural world, the leaf shifts quickly between bright green, lush red, vibrant orange, and sparkling white, representing the power of the four seasons. The exact abilities of the Leaves of All Seasons have not been catalogued, but stories say that possessors have been protected from elemental damage and can in turn command great elemental power, reflecting the season of choice – acid for spring, lightning for summer, fire for autumn, and cold for winter.

Many assume that since the Leaves of All Seasons are real, they must have originated from somewhere. Parties have scoured the Plane of Faerie in search of the source of the leaves, a mystical tree with command over the seasons of the plane itself, but to date no one has found it. If the archfey of the plane know its whereabouts, none so far have revealed it, and no one fey lord claims dominion over multiple seasons.

MAG TUREAH

The greatest fortress of the giants that came into the Plane of Faerie with dreams of conquest was undoubtedly Mag Tureah. Built to be impregnable and to serve as the giant's base of operation in the plane, it was constructed using powerful magical processes the giants had perfected. The iron walls and towers were elegantly engineered, ruthlessly beautiful and ornately purposeful, and it became a beacon for the giants' campaign of slaughter and conquest.

Until the curse befell them, transforming them into fomorians and casting aside their mighty weapons of war. In a flashy display of power, the archfey courts banded together and created a rift in the earth below Mag Tureah, sending it tumbling into the Feydark. Most of the residents were killed or driven off in the process. The world sealed around the tumbled fortress-city, which now lay deep in the Feydark, and the fomorians have been trying to reclaim it ever since.

By some strange quirk of the Feydark, Mag Tureah sits on top of a massive network of portals that connect to many other places in the multiverse. King Jarrhild currently occupies the ruins with a force of goblins and fomorians, but his mind and the minds of those around him are corrupted by chaos, and so far they have been unable to fully utilize the network of portals and gates beneath Mag Tureah. Lord Oran and his consorts of the Green Court keep an eye on the Feydark, and Mag Tureah in particular, to ensure that the fomorians or any other force do not reclaim the iron fortress-city or its portals.

MAZE OF FATHAGHN

Dryads are no stranger to the Plane of Faerie, and many owe allegiance to one of the archfey courts across the land. But few argue that the strongest among them is Queen Fathaghn, who guards the most sacred tree in all of the Feywild – the Mother Tree. Fathaghn and the massive sprawling oak tree lay hidden in the center of a maze that bears her name.

Travelers who stumble upon the Maze of Fathaghn find themselves trapped in a forest of thick undergrowth that resists fire and chopping. Passages open up suddenly, allowing travel deeper into the maze, but the magic of the maze keeps most from finding the Mother Tree or the dryad queen at its heart. Minotaur warriors, more wood than flesh, act as guardians of the Maze of Fathaghn as well. It is said that a staff fashioned from a branch of the Mother Tree has tremendous druidic potential, and that the acorns that fall from it can be used to grow entire forests. Queen Fathaghn takes her charge seriously, however, and few have managed to deal with the testy dryad and return alive.

MITHRENDAIN THE AUTUMN CITY

Senaliesse, Shinaelestra, Kathrius, and Shale Dothore are the greatest cities of the archfey, each holding the most powerful and influential members of the courts that rule much of the Plane of Faerie. These cities are off limits to strangers, however, so few have laid eyes upon them. However, in stark contrast to this policy, the Autumn City of Mithrendain welcomes all travelers from across the planes to its forest-halls.

Long ago, the Court of Spring held as much influence as the others, but their leader found the bickering and infighting among the archfey to be more and more distasteful. King Oberon wished to open up the Plane of Faerie to more trade and exchange ideas with the other powerful races of the multiverse. This view was not shared by any other archfey, so Oberon broke with tradition and disbanded the Court of Spring and opened the gates of his fair city of Mithrendain to the world. In doing so, the City of Spring transformed overnight into the Autumn City, and Oberon has ruled it ever since.

Mithrendain is built in the boughs of the treetops within the Sunset Forest. Like most ancient elven cities, it is a beauty to behold, but unlike others King Oberon welcomes travelers to Mithrendain. One quirk of the city is its timeless nature – Oberon has a deep hatred for time, and does everything he can to ensure no one notices and sees the passage of time within the Autumn City. Magical wards ensure time keeping devices and methods simply do not function.

In recent years, King Oberon's forces have been occupied with a growing connection beneath the Sunset Forest to the Feydark. He has sent numerous expeditions to cleanse the tunnels of goblins and fomorians in order to keep Mithrendain safe, and so far his efforts have kept travelers and his people safe. Oberon is loathe to ask for help from the other archfey, most of whom have shunned him and his ways, so he often turns to outside help to deal with threats.

MURKENDRAW

The largest swamp on the Plane of Faerie is the Murkendraw by far. As large as any sea, it stretches out for miles, filled with weeping willows and gnarled roots of the dead or dying plants. Night holds permanent sway over the entire swamp, where unprepared travelers can easily get lost or swallowed by patches of broad quicksand. Numerous beasts prowl the Murkendraw as well, including swarms of bloodthirsty insects and alligators the size of dragons.

The Murkendraw is the home of the hags, and many dwell in the dank sodden swamp, living in magically enchanted huts and hovels. The most feared hags are the Blighted Mothers, who dwell in the darkest heart of the Murkendraw, but it is rumored that the witch Baba Yaga keeps a chicken-legged hut in the swamp on the rare occasion of her visit. The Blighted Mothers do a good enough job of keeping tabs on creatures coming and going into the vast swamp, so travelers that wish to remain unseen by the powerful hags had best take extra precautions against their potent divination abilities.



SCEPTER OF STARLIGHT

The symbol of Cendriane's ruler is a potent relic known as the Scepter of Starlight. It is a thin silver rod, roughly 2 feet long, topped with a scintillating blue and white crystal shaped like a flaring star. The handle is decorated with delicate golden runes that glow under detection spell with abjuration and enchantment magic. The Queen of Air and Darkness held the Scepter of Starlight when Cendriane was at its height, but when she and her kind were banished from the archfey courts the scepter was lost. Rumors persist about its possession in the hands of the drow of House Vrammyr who seek to occupy the City of Fallen Stars and claim it as their own, but so far none have come forth with the relic.

Whomever possesses the Scepter of Starlight is said to control the magical wards in and around Cendriane itself, as well as command powerful bolts of star light that can burn foes. It is also said that there are secret vaults beneath the ruined Palace of Twilight that can only be opened by the possessor of the scepter, and considering how much the drow have controlled the city districts around the palace and have not claimed such treasures there seems to be truth to that rumor. Other tales say that the possessor of the Scepter of Starlight can also ascend to the status of archfey and rule a new court, thus making it an attractive object for ambitious fey seeking to ascend to higher heights.

SILKEN STEEL FOREST

The strongest fibers and ropes found in the Plane of Faerie originate from the spiders that call the Silken Steel Forest home. Spiders of all kind can be found in the dark forest, from giant spiders to puppet spiders, but the true gem are the steel spiders that weave delicate yet immensely strong webs. With the appropriately skilled craftsman, such webbing can be turned into armor that is a light as leather but as strong as plate, making it a valuable item for fashion-minded fey seeking protection. A gnome armorer in Mithrendain is said to be the only known artisan capable of such a feat, and she works for King Oberon himself as his personal crafter.

TEARS OF ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

Few sites in the Plane of Faerie are as breathtaking as the coming together of the Azure and Crimson Rivers over a near mile-high cliff face, creating a spectacular waterfall of deep blue and bright red waters. Known as the Tears of Endings and Beginnings, the mixing of the two water sources cascading down over the cliff face creates a magical place where memories can be cleansed or returned. The stories about the waterfall say that anyone that sheds tears at the top and then tumbles over the edge with the water will have ancient memories restored or painful memories erased. Unfortunately, there's no way to guarantee one or the other, and some creatures that choose to take the plunge do not survive the fall to the lake below.

Behind the Tears of Endings and Beginnings lay a series of caves carved into the cliff. Some say these caves hold portals that lead through time itself, allowing travelers to walk back to the days when the Plane of Faerie was young and more wild. Shadowy guardian creatures stalk those caves, however, and some magic of the waterfall prevents straight transportation through the curtain of blue and red waters.

TREASURE-HOARD OF QUEEN

TASMIIRA

The faerie dragons of the Plane of Faerie are playful and enjoy cavorting around with no real purpose or direction. They are carefree and truly belong in the Feywild, and few things seem to bother them. Some owe fealty to one of the archfey courts, but they all honor Tasmiira, the queen of the faerie dragons, as their one and true sovereign. Tasmiira doesn't ask much of her subjects, except for one thing – to never reveal the secret location of the treasure-hoard of their people. Few faerie dragons know the exact location of the vast treasure, but most are aware that it exists and that it holds wonders and splendors of all kind.

Queen Tasmiira's greatest charge is ensuring that their treasure hoard does not fall into the wrong hands. Its location is truly a secret, with some say that it exists in a pocket dimension only accessible by faerie dragons, while others whisper it has been shrunk down to miniscule size and carried around in the stomach of the faerie dragon queen herself. Many creatures have tried to pry the secrets of the treasure out of Tasmiira and her loyal faerie dragon knights, but to date none have successfully prevailed. And with each passing year, the treasure of Queen Tasmiira grows as faerie dragons across the multiverse send back a portion of their own treasure to join the collective.

What wonders does this massive treasure contain? The rumors are beyond counting, but include powerful magical items, ancient relics, and gold and silver beyond counting. Queen Tasmiira knows all of the contents of the faerie dragon hoard, down to the last copper, so if there is an item that someone seeks that happens to be in the treasure, the good-natured queen can sometimes be inspired to part with it – for a good cause and under the right circumstances.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Plane of Faerie holds adventure opportunity aplenty for heroes of all experience levels. Its relative ease of access allows even inexperienced adventurers to traverse its wonders and deal with its dangers, while higher level heroes contend with commensurately higher stakes.

Fate of Old Tomarr. Nobody has heard from Old Tomarr in a few months. He's a hermit who spends most of his days in a cave in the nearby hills, tending to a small flock and coming into town once every month or so to trade stories and restock his meager supplies. A local family is worried and asks the characters to investigate, where they find Old Tomarr's cave empty save for strange oily puddles. Investigating reveals a boggle, a small fey creature attracted to loneliness, who torments the characters before revealing that Old Tomarr angered a nearby warlock who served the archfey. The boggle, Old Tomarr's only companion, asks to accompany the group to the warlock's cavernous abode nearby to help rescue his friend.

Blood Mushrooms. The characters race to stop a deranged cult in the forest, but arrive at the ritual site too late to prevent all the sacrifices. The shed blood and murderous intent summons a field of blood-red mushrooms that sprout into redcap faeries. The characters must deal with the cultists and the redcaps before the murderous fey escape the area to wreak more havoc and death. The mushrooms themselves are the key to stopping these redcap as their summoning mingled with the cultist's plans.

Turn of the Leaf. A curious oak leaf is offered for sale to the party from a vendor with no knowledge of its qualities. The item is a Leaf of All Seasons, having been passed through collector to collector, and eventually came to the merchant by way of a large auction lot. Taking the leaf, the characters find themselves visited by a heavily cloaked stranger who tries to steal the leaf. The darkling elder and his darkling followers are agents of an exiled archfey trying to get back in the graces of the Gloaming Court by collecting the Leaves of All Seasons. Keeping the leaf leads the characters on a path to stop the greedy archfey from using the leaves with ill intent.

Hag of Murkendraw. Local legends say that the nearby swamp is haunted by the spirit of a powerful crone, but it's also the only place where a special herb grows that can cure a burning fever running through the region. The characters enter the swamp and find that the haunting is actually a permanent fey crossing to the Murkendraw, and that monstrous insects and other creatures pass through regularly to feed. The herb the party seeks is in the garden of a hag, who desires something from the characters before she gives it up. There's another hag that she wishes to be destroyed in exchange for the herb, leading the party deeper into the vast Feywild swamp.

Vault of Fallen Stars. An object sought by the party is determined to be in an ancient elven vault below one of the libraries of Cendriane, City of Fallen Stars. The characters travel to the Plane of Faerie and hunt down the ruined city, where they must contend with drow and a host of giant spiders and ettercaps in order to find the vault they need.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through the Plane of Shadow. 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.

PLANE OF FAERIE WILDERNESS

1D100	PLANE OF FAERIE WILDERNESS
01-10	1d6 faerie dragons
11-20	1 triath
21-30	2d6 nightlocks
31-40	1d4 gremlins
41-50	1d8 satyrs
51-60	1d4 korred
61-70	Befuddling rain
71-80	Oblivion moss
81-90	1d6 clawrgs
91-99	1d4 fomorians
00	An archfey and retinue



MITHRENDAIN THE AUTUMN CITY ENCOUNTERS

1D100	MITHRENDAIN ENCOUNTER
01-05	An autumn eladrin working for King Oberon on a mission
06-10	A gang of satyrs playing music
11-15	A pixie taking three blink dogs out on a walk
16-20	Two dryads arguing over philosophy
21-25	A faerie dragon drunk on wine
26-30	A group of adventurers seeking employment
31-35	A band of elven knights protecting a box
36-40	A green hag and a sea hag haggling with a merchant
41-45	A gnome archmage looking for spell components
46-50	A winter eladrin agent of the Prince of Frost
51-55	A grig fiddler enchanting everyone with a song
56-60	An elven druid selling honey from her personal bee hives
61-65	Several sprites playing games
66-70	A darkling elder spying on King Oberon
71-75	A warlock of the archfey being mysterious
76-80	Goblin pickpockets looking for their next mark
81-85	A sprite champion in service to King Oberon
86-90	A curious feystag hiding in an alcove
91-95	A quickling on a dire mission
96-00	King Oberon and personal bodyguards

PLANE OF DREAMS

“Most creatures dream, some more intensely than others, but few realize the true reach that their dreams can achieve. There is a unique echo of the Material Plane we call the Plane of Dreams, also known as the Dreamland, where sleepers touch upon in their deepest slumbers. It is a place that can be visited by those with the means and knowledge, however, and it’s so much more than just the imaginings of the sleeping. Nightmares, beauties, wonders, and more all wait in the Dreamland, in a place where prophecy and divination can take real and terrifying form.”

Lillandri the Moon Mage

What happens when people dream? Most people assume their dreams are simply the product of their imaginings, and this is partially true. But they can also tap into a much broader realm, where sense is expanded and the world is similar but not quite the same. This is the Plane of Dreams, also known as the Dreamland, and it sits like a mirror over the Material Plane – and beyond.

Most dreams exist in tiny fragments of the Plane of Dreams known as dreamscapes. These are small bubbles that form around the dreamer specifically, and from the Dreamland they appear as hazy incomplete shadows and forms for those that know where to look. Interacting with a dreamscape is a dangerous prospect, but some gods and powerful entities do it to send messages and warnings to their followers. Nightmarish creatures can sometimes do it as well, producing sweat-soaking terrors capable of sending the most hardened warrior into shrieking fits.

But the Plane of Dreams can be visited, through portals and gates similar to the Plane of Shadows and the Plane of Faerie. The Dreamland shares fewer traits with the Material Plane than the other echo planes, perhaps owing to the malleable nature of dreams themselves, but sometimes dream crossings can appear when the landscapes line up close enough. Everything is heightened in the Plane of Dreams – shadows loom larger, light shines brighter, sounds echo further, and emotions are felt stronger. Incidents and events in the Dreamland can trigger powerful emotional responses in visitors.

Powerful entities have crawled, slithered, or awoken within the Dreamland as well, so travelers should be wary of them as well as the natural elements of the plane. In places where the Plane of Dreams touch the Plane of Shadow, Nightmare Lands are created, and though no one being presides over them the sinister and enigmatic figure known as the Nightmare Man always seems to be present in them. Creatures that generate and feed on fear are known to dwell in Nightmare Lands as well.

One curious aspect of the Plane of Dreams is the moon that appears at night. It is large and singular, regardless of the number of moons on the corresponding Material Plane, and can actually be visited through magical or flying transportation. The Moonscape is a strange land where moon-beasts howl in service to their dark god, who is said to dwell in the center of the Dreamland moon.

Incursions from the Far Realm are an altogether too common occurrence in the Plane of Dreams, where the crawling unfathomable entities of that outer place have found the terrain more suited to their forms. The Dweller in Darkness is the greatest and most feared among the things that have slithered out of the Far Realm to take residence in the Dreamland, and on the Plateau of Leng horrendous spiders and goat-like folk worship the foul god-like being with abhorrent savagery and sacrifice.

Not all of the Plane of Dreams is dismay and evil, however. The port city of Dylath-Leen sits as a beacon of trade for travelers of all kind across the multiverse, though its docks are dry as the adjoining Sea of Mists hold silvery fog for as far as the eye can see. The dream cats of the city of Ulthar are known to befriend lost wanderers from time to time, assuming one doesn’t offend or attack one of their own, and a host of other strange beings – some hostile, most not – populate the forests, mountains, and valleys of the Dreamland.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Plane of Dreams as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Plane of Dreams.

Warping Mirror. Everything in the Plane of Dreams is a warped mirror of the Material Plane. Some of it is whimsical, such as endlessly curling flowers and twisting buildings built at impossible angles, but just as much is disturbing. And everything moves in subtle ways, reacting in innumerable small ways to the countless creatures sleeping in the Material Plane, so the landscape itself undulates and writhes in an unsettling fashion.

Cloaked in Mists. Water is a scarce resource on the Plane of Dreams for some unknown reason. In its place, the realm has misty vapors that act like water, flowing through creek beds, down mountainsides, and even filling lakes and seas. In the morning and evening, the mists rise up to envelop the landscape before dissipating back down, and many monsters of the Dreamland use these times to stalk and hunt unsuspecting prey.

Emotional Responses. More than any other echo plane, the Plane of Dreams reacts to the emotions of travelers. Within a specific dreamscape the effect is pronounced and obvious, but even just passing through the landscape, the Dreamland senses the emotional state of outsiders and reacts accordingly. Frightened creatures manifest shadowy forms behind every tree and bush, while joyful visitors blossom flowers and create rainbows. The ebb and flow of changes to the landscape in response to the emotional state of creatures makes navigating the Dreamland difficult and disturbing at times.

LAY OF THE LAND

As an echo plane, the Plane of Dreams shares some physical characteristics with the Material Plane, similar to the Plane of Shadows and Faerie. However, perhaps due to the evolving nature and power of the plane itself, it differs in many more ways than the other echo realms. Mountains on the Material Plane may be a desolate desert of white sand dunes in the Dreamland, and water especially doesn't translate well across the thin planar barrier.

Nonetheless, common geographic features can be found across the bulk of the Plane of Dreams. Most of them have some exaggerated feature – a unique color, a strange and unseasonable weather pattern, or unusual size. These regions do not correspond to natural laws, and owing to the malleable nature of the plane itself any region is subject to sudden change, usually minor but enough to make a difference. Maps are near useless in the Dreamland.

The Plane of Dreams is home to a number of small settlements of humans mainly, but they all pale in comparison to the port city of Dylath-Leen. It is a metropolis built on the ruins of at least three other metropolises, creating a maze of collapsed tunnels, ruined buildings, and abandoned streets, but the harbor district remains lively. No water laps at the docks of Dylath-Leen, as it sits on the Sea of Mists where thick fog takes the place of water. Specially enchanted ships sail the misty sea, and those that fall overboard plunge into an endless abyss of misty doom from which there is said to be no return.

MOONSCAPE

During the overlong night of the Plane of Dreams, one of the most startling features of the realm can be seen hovering in the starless sky. There, the moon of the Dreamland hangs huge, gray, and craggy, appearing so large because it is unusually close to the surface. Flying creatures and others with such capabilities can actually travel to the Moonscape, as it is known, and the moon-beasts that live there are vile, evil-minded creatures that worship loathsome gods from the Far Realm. It wasn't always that way, and there are still ruins of past civilizations above and below the Moonscape.

The Moonscape is a sphere in the sky of the Dreamland, marking it different from the base plane itself which is theoretically infinite. The thin air is breathable on the moon, where the surface rocks range in color from pale gray to pitch black. Looking up from the moon presents the viewer with an impenetrable black starless wall, obscuring the land and sun of the plane. Some natural brightness in the rocky terrain illuminates half of the Moonscape, but on the other side darkness and shadows prevail. Even moon-beasts rarely travel to the Dark Side, where it is said the Dweller in Darkness lurks, a harbinger of the alien gods from the Far Realm.

UNDERWORLD

Beneath the terrestrial Dreamland is an echo of the Material Plane's Underdark known as the Underworld. The twisting caverns are filled with all sorts of terrible, horrendous, and hungry creatures, but none are so voracious or as plentiful as the ghoul. These savage humanoids have pale hairless skin, a canine-like jaw, and a hunger for flesh. They have been compared to ghouls but the ghouls are not undead. They once built large cities and communities in the Underworld but they have recessed to a savage state.

CYCLE OF TIME

Day and night passes in the Plane of Dream in a rough 24-hour cycle, but the days last only about a quarter of that time. Night in the Dreamland is rarely pure black, as the luminescent and ever-present moon provides ample illumination, and during the day the relatively small sun is distant and provides little warmth.

SURVIVING

Beyond emotional pulls that can drive travelers to action, the atmosphere and landscape of the Plane of Dreams is not hostile to denizens of the Material Plane. Same goes for the Underworld, though the air is usually stale and motionless, and even in the Moonscape the air is thin but breathable.

GETTING THERE

Visitors to the Plane of Dreams come in two forms. The first is the most frequent and easiest to do – simply fall asleep, and if the plane is aligned well enough with the Material Plane, a small dreamscape forms in the adjoining Dreamland and the sleeper's mind wanders there. Dreamscapes are small isolated bubbles that house a dreaming sentient creature from the neighboring plane, and they are mostly invisible. In a dreamscape, few things can harm the dreamer physically, but psychic or mental attacks are possible.

The other way is to visit the Plane of Dreams bodily through a portal, gate, or similar opening. Spontaneous portals known as dream crossings occur, usually at night, when the Dreamland and the Material Plane are closely aligned. These are usually found in shadowed alcoves, darkened stairwells, and beneath beds of older homes that have an echo in the Plane of Dreams. Unlike the Plane of Shadow and Faerie, most crossings into the Dreamland occur in buildings or around constructed monuments. The physical landscape in the Plane of Dream usually differs too much for a dream crossing to occur naturally.

The Underworld of the Plane of Dreams also contains numerous stable gates to the Material Plane, and through these the ghoul travel freely. Some gates are only usable by the cannibalistic savages of the Underworld, allowing them to pass between the two worlds freely, but others are open for any to cross. These usually end up in the upper regions of the Underdark on the Material Plane, close to towns, hamlets, or cities.

TRAVELING AROUND

Movement on the Plane of Dreams is unhindered except by unusual geographic feature, so the plane offers no abnormal obstruction to travel. The residents of the Dreamland usually do not travel outside their cities or towns, so coaches and other conveyances are uncommon. The largest body of “water” is the Sea of Mists, which contains no water at all, but ships constructed and enchanted by the harbor mages of Dylath-Leen float on the mists as well as any liquid.

The Moonscape that hangs perpetually overhead in the night sky can also be visited, a journey of roughly 50 miles from any point on the surface. An unknown number of wind “roads” connect the Moonscape to the surface as well, allowing much quicker travel, and some Dylath-Leen ships are enchanted to float on these invisible currents. Few captains of such vessels are willing to risk the journey, however, owing to the dangerous and untamed nature of the Moonscape’s inhabitants. Flying creatures, such as the terrifying moon-beasts, travel regularly between the two regions, detecting and catching the same currents by some unknown sense.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The Plane of Dreams is home to a number of powerful creatures and organizations, both malevolent and benign. Many have existed in the Dreamland for a long time, perhaps dating back to the plane’s creation whenever that was, making them invaluable resources for travelers seeking lost secrets of the land and beyond.

CATS OF ULTHAR

Ulthar is a rugged settlement of plain stone and brick buildings, well-constructed if slightly underwhelming in architectural design. It is populated by a degenerate race of albino goblins, but these creatures bow down to the true masters of Ulthar – the largest concentration of dream cats in the Plane of Dreams. These psychic cats rule Ulthar and the surrounding region, commanding the Ultharians to do their bidding when necessary, but otherwise they behave very similarly to Material Plane cats.

Who rules the cats of Ulthar? The dream cats speak in third person and refer to themselves and each other as master, making distinguishing the actual chain of command difficult if not impossible for outsiders. The cats mobilize only rarely for anything, but they always remember kind gestures. They have an ongoing feud with the zoogs of the forest that surround Ulthar, but at the moment an uneasy truce exists between the dream cats and rat-like zoogs.

Any dream cat encountered in the Plane of Dreams claims to be from Ulthar, and maybe that’s true. They use their wits and powers to cajole others to do their bidding, and though a few have turned out to be cruel and malicious monsters, most just want a specific type of food or shelter for an evening.

DWELLER IN DARKNESS

If anyone knows this entity’s true name, they do not say it, for it is whispered in rumors that simply saying the true name aloud summons the Dweller in Darkness. It is a loathsome, alien god from the Far Realm that has invaded the Dreamland, perhaps as a vanguard to a larger invasion or perhaps just on a mocking whim. The Dweller in Darkness created the moon-beasts of the Moonscape, and it is said the creature dwells on the Dark Side where no light shines. Is this because the Dweller in Darkness lurks there? None know for certain.

Idols have been found scattered around the Plane of Dreams, usually in possession of loathsome cultists who believe honoring the Dweller in Darkness with sacrifices could grant them power and pleasure in return. These idols take the form of another name for the entity, the Crawling Chaos, and some do not even link the two names together as one foul god. It goes by many names, however, and can change its shape and size to match whatever it desires. Its favorite form is that of a massive flat shadow against the wall or floor, with too many arms and heads to be natural, and a series of multicolored eyes blinking in and out of existence along its bulk.

The Dweller in Darkness seems to deride pleasure from spreading utter chaos around, and it’s chosen the Dreamland as its claimed turf. The true extent of its powers and followers is not known, as it has so far been willing to operate from the shadows and use its moon-beasts and various cults to perform its bidding. Lately, though, the Dweller in Darkness has been encountered in the night of the Plane of Dreams, invading dreamscapes like no other creature seems to be able to do, planting seeds of fear and horror across the multiverse.

GRANDMOTHER MAMU

Sometimes, travelers or dreamers in the Plane of Dreams may be visited by a matronly old woman, somewhat hunchbacked and carrying a gnarled bleached white staff. A bewildering array of bags and pouches hang from her belt and backpack, and she always seems to have the right tonic, potion, brew, or powder to get the traveler or dreamer out of a bad situation. She is kind, if a bit stern, but also wise and gentle, and usually only later does one realize that they’ve been visited by the legendary Grandmother Mamu.

Grandmother Mamu seems to be perpetually wandering the Dreamland, offering advice and trinkets to those in need, and she can be encountered nearly anywhere, including the depths of the Underworld. She seems to have true good in her heart, and offers her aid while refusing any payment, often telling such forceful individuals to simply “pay it forward” to the next person in need. Grandmother Mamu also seems to possess a natural attunement to the Plane of Dreams, and she can manipulate certain elements of the topography and climate by sheer will. Most assume she is a god of some sort, and she regularly opposes the machinations of the Dweller in Darkness and the Nightmare Man.

KING OF THE DREAMERS

When most people dream and touch the Dreamland, they create small dreamscapes that form and protect their dream-state. Some individuals, mainly wizards who study the obscure school of oneiromancy, train and study to break free of their dreamscape, and while some have they still only last as long as their dream-state is maintained. The body requires food and water, which pulls the dreamer back to the Material Plane. Only the oneiromancer Slyvras has overcome this limitation, and he has become the greatest sleeping dreamer on the plane, proclaiming himself King of the Dreamers in the process.

Slyvras dwells in a fantastical region he calls the Kingdom of Kings, and he has gone quite insane over the years. He's been in a dream-state on the Plane of Dreams for several hundred years, and nobody knows how he's done it – his physical body must have deteriorated long ago, assuming that his human form matches that of his physical body. Slyvras usually appears as a wild-bearded old man with a crooked golden crown on his head, and within the bounds of his kingdom he maintains absolute control. He can change the weather, create mountains, shoot geysers, even turn day into night and vice versa. The people that populate the Kingdom of Kings are all illusory creations of Slyvras.

So far Slyvras has not pushed his influence beyond his small domain, and perhaps that's because of his absolute insanity. Still, as far as dreamers go, he is the longest known and most well-versed in the inner workings of the Plane of Dreams, at least in his most lucid states, and it is said that he converses with Grandmother Mamu on a regular basis.

THE NIGHTMARE MAN AND THE SHADOW COURT

The Plane of Dreams sits over the Material Plane, but in another sense it occupies the same multiversal space as the Plane of Shadows and Plane of Faerie. Little seems to have come from the connection to the Feywild, but the Shadowfell does interact with the Dreamland in unusual ways. Where the two bleed together, dangerous regions known as Nightmare Lands are created, and the most influential figure in these realms is an enigmatic figure known as the Nightmare Man. He seems to be able to take whatever shape he wants, but his favorite form is that of an incredibly tall, lanky human, with a finely tailored suit and an enormous top hat. His skin is albino and his nose is much longer than it should be, with a jutting chin to match.

What the Nightmare Man wants and is capable of doing are complete mysteries, as his actions often contradict themselves. He seems strongest and most malign in a Nightmare Land, perhaps where his true form is allowed to spread its diabolic wings, but when encountered elsewhere he can be a charming if somewhat off putting conversationalist. He knows a great deal more than he should and seems able to tap into dreamscapes at will.

The Nightmare Man has a cabal of powerful underlings at his disposal that he calls his Shadow Court, members of which range from an achingly beautiful enchantress to a scaly lizard-like bipedal monster of pure terror. Sometimes the Shadow Court work independent of the Nightmare Man, spreading the influence of the Nightmare Lands as much as they can, though how much is truly hidden from their feared master is unknown.

VOLDRETHASS THE SLEEPLESS

It's not commonly known, but dragons dream, and like everything they do they dream on a scale different from humanoids. The dreamscape of a dragon is said to be a thing of wonder and beauty, but they are notoriously hard to find and even more difficult to penetrate. One dragon, a powerful and ancient green wyrm named Voldrethass, has made it her goal to find and tap into all the dreamscapes of the Dreamland, including those of her powerful kin. To date she has made little progress, but she continually works to study and understand the untapped magical power of oneiromancy, the wizardly school of sleep and dream magic.

Voldrethass' ultimate goal is to implant visions of herself in the dreams of everyone and subjugate an entire realm of people as her servants and playthings, so she does not have good intentions at heart. In the Plane of Dreams she is normally found in the polymorphed form of an elven woman with emerald green hair, working to obtain and understand the works of the dream wizards. On numerous times Voldrethass has attempted to bargain or outright steal from the King of the Dreamers, Slyvras, but his mastery over his own kingdom has thwarted her attempts thus far.

In the Dreamland, Voldrethass has advanced her power beyond that of most of her fellow green dragons, and it could be argued that she is the most powerful of her kind. Nonetheless, she strives for greater control over the masses, and in her pursuit she has learned to give up sleep entirely. Voldrethass the Sleepless could become a real threat to the Material Plane if she ever achieved what she was seeking.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Numerous creatures reside in the Plane of Dreams. Some of them, like the dream cat and zoog, are natives of the plane, while others like the feyr and crawling mist serpent seem natural extensions of the properties of the plane. The leng spider, moon-beasts, nightgaunts, and others have come to the Dreamland from elsewhere and made it their home, and these monstrous beings seem bent on pursuing courses of chaos and destruction.



ABERRATIONS

The Plane of Dreams has long been the home of aberrations of all kinds. Many of them are born from strong nightmares or imaginations of Material Plane creatures, but just as many are invaders from a distant and alien place known as the Far Realm. The Dweller in Darkness and its minions are said to be originally from the Far Realm, where reality is fundamentally different and ultimately hostile to normal life. Nightgaunts wing through the shadows of the Dreamlands in service to the Dweller in Darkness, and gugs hunt through the Underworld.

Feyrs are the strongest natural manifestation of an aberration on the Plane of Dreams, as they are created by very strong emotions of terror and fear from large groups of Material Plane creatures. In the Sea of Mists, crawling mist serpents swim through the vapors and prey on boats of all kinds with malicious glee. On the Plateau of Leng in the dangerous wilderness of the Dreamlands, horrendous and manipulative leng spiders work to enact their goals of total dream domination.

Dream Cats. One of the oldest inhabitants of the Plane of Dreams are the intelligent, capricious creatures known as dream cats. They appear as regular cats in a wide variety of colors and markings, but they are very intelligent and communicate telepathically with other creatures. They are the rulers of Ulthar, a city in the Dreamlands, but they can be found anywhere on the plane. Often times, they invade the dreamscapes of dreamers though they rarely act maliciously.

Ghous. Ghours are the primitive descendants of some greater race that have devolved into monstrous, lanky cannibals with canid faces and animalistic urges. They dwell in innumerable caves in the Underworld, and through many permanent gates leading to the Material Plane they sneak out to steal away unsuspecting mortal creatures and devour in the darkness of their lairs.

Moon-beasts. The pale surface of the Moonscape has become the home of the dreaded moon-beasts, who came from the Far Realm on missions of conquest and terror. They are otherworldly monsters, a quadruped-like body and a head that terminates in a mass of writhing tentacles that drain away a victim's will to live. Moon-beasts are voracious slavers and work with human agents in Dreamlands cities to steal away hundreds of unwilling targets; these poor unfortunate victims are taken to the Moonscape and forced to work under the yoke of the moon-beasts, digging and unearthing for some alien reason. Moon-beasts are not servants of the Dweller in Darkness, but they do work with the mysterious eldritch evil on occasion to achieve similar ends.

Zoogs. Zoogs have been inhabitants of the Plane of Dreams for as long as the dream cats, and the two have been vicious enemies for most of that time. Zoogs resemble large rats, but a mass of tentacles drape from their snouts and they possess a keen intelligence for sniffing out danger and traps. They can speak, and do so in harsh whispers, but they are cowardly and rarely face any foe in direct combat. Zoogs are often trained by warlocks and oneiromancers (dream wizards) as familiars and servants.

BEASTS

The Plane of Dreams is filled with all manner of beasts, but most predate the current age often by centuries. Dinosaurs are common through the Dreamland, especially in the wilder regions far from the cities of dreamers. Many planar scholars believe these to be “echoes” of creatures that once ruled the continents in the distant past, and that they live on in the Plane of Dreams because they lived for so long on the Material Plane. Others say they are simply the manifestations of shared dreams, and that the dinosaurs found on the Material Plane are actually the echo of the “real” creatures in the Dreamland.

HUMANOIDS

There are quite a few communities of humanoids throughout the Plane of Dreams. Many of these are people who escaped calamity or destruction on the Material Plane by moving bodily into the echo plane, and then simply making a living in the new realm. They live and die as mortal creatures in the strange landscape, and many live in cities such as Dylath-Leen.

Unfortunately, the nature of the Plane of Dreams plays havoc with the mental stability of humanoids over time, and over the course of several generations they become less connected with reality, even the strange reality of the Dreamlands. Many turn to worshipping dark entities from the Far Realm as their weakened will makes them susceptible to outside influence, and cults dedicated to the service of the Dweller in Darkness and other alien entities are not uncommon.

Goblins. An unusual subrace of goblins live in the Plane of Dreams as servants to the dream cats in the strange abandoned city of Ulthar. The goblins' skins are all albino, and they have very large pink eyes and hairless bodies. They usually dress in rags scrounged together from refuse or stored in moldy warehouses within Ulthar, and most are completely under the direct control of the cats of Ulthar. Are the goblins the original inhabitants of the city? Or are they simply a convenient servitor race to strange telekinetic dream cats? Occasionally, an albino goblin of Ulthar breaks free from the mental control of the dream cats and strikes out on their way to explore the world. Most never leave the Plane of Dreams but are content to wander through the fantastic landscapes of the echo plane.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The Plane of Dreams holds dangers and wonders beyond the creatures that dwell in the Underworld, the Moonscape, and all the places in between. Travelers should be prepared to face powerful emotional pulls and waves of change that can alter the physical landscape around them while they move through the Dreamland, among other phenomena unique to this echo plane.

DREAMSCAPE

Rarely encountered by the casual traveler to the Plane of Dreams, dreamscapes are the small bubbles created by a creature sleeping and dreaming on the Material Plane. They are usually invisible and intangible, covering small spheres roughly 40 feet in diameter, within which sits the psychic projection of the dreamer. Especially lucid dreamers, or oneiromancers and some others, can actively control their dreamscape, but these are typically rare.

And, on the Plane of Dreams, most creatures and denizens cannot even detect the presence of a dreamscape, let alone interact with one. The Dweller in Darkness is said to be able to pierce the veil separating a dreamscape and the Dreamland, opening a hole large enough for nightgaunts and other creatures to slip through and wreak havoc in the dreamer's unconscious state. Dream cats are said to have this ability as well, perhaps psychically sensing the presence of a dreamscape, but normally they don't bother to do anything about it.

EMOTIONAL SPIKE

The Plane of Dreams plays on and triggers emotional responses as a direct result of the domain itself. With so many dreamers creating fantasies and nightmares from their own memories and desires, occasionally they converge and create a spike of emotional power strong enough to affect creatures in the Dreamland. This is known as an emotional spike, and when it occurs it affects every Dreamland creature in a 120-foot radius centered on a random point close to the party. Creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. Creatures immune to being charmed are unaffected by the emotional spike.

On a failure, they succumb to the emotional spike and each character that failed rolls 1d6 and consults the Emotional Spike Effect table to determine the ability score affected. For 10 minutes, the character gains advantage on any saving throw or ability check related to that ability score, but disadvantage on every saving throw or ability check related to any of the other ability scores.

EMOTIONAL SPIKE EFFECT

1D6	ABILITY SCORE
1	Strength
2	Dexterity
3	Constitution
4	Intelligence
5	Wisdom
6	Charisma

THIN AIR

The Moonscape has a thin bubble of air around it, thinner than is found elsewhere the Plane of Dreams, and creatures that need to breathe may find breathing difficult after a period of time. After every long rest spent on the Moonscape, creatures that must breathe air to survive must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or gain a level of exhaustion. Moon-beasts are immune to the effects of the thin air.

TERROR RIPPLE

Some powerful dreamers can have nightmares so powerful they reverberate in a rippling wave that crashes out across the Plane of Dreams. The exact range of a terror ripple is determined by the mental willpower of the dreamer that created it, but when encountered by a group of adventurers it washes over the entire landscape. Creatures caught in a terror ripple must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened of the Plane of Dreams for 1 minute.

Sometimes, the forces of the Dweller in Darkness trigger terror ripples deliberately in order to terrorize a population on the Dreamland, allowing nightgaunts to feed and nefarious schemes to be pulled off without any interfering.

WAVE OF CHANGE

It is a little-known fact that everything in the Plane of Dreams is mutable, but its geography and landscape is stabilized by the collected memories and power of every dreaming creature on the Material Plane. Visitors to the Plane of Dreams do not share in such a connection and thus cannot actively influence any changes to the plane, but occasionally a shift in the sea of dreamers creates a profound wave of change. A wave of change affects the terrain around the characters. Roll on the below table to determine the effect of the wave of change.

WAVE OF CHANGE LANDSCAPE ALTERATION

1D20	LANDSCAPE ALTERATION
1	Total terrain change. Forest becomes mountains, mountains becomes swamps, plains become desert, and so forth. The change is sudden and dramatic.
2-5	The terrain becomes thinner and less abundant. Mountains reduce in size and scale, forests become patchy, swamps develop large dry patches.
6-10	The color of the terrain changes significantly, becoming brighter. Orange, pink, yellow, bright blue, vibrant green, and white are common coloration changes that affect the natural land.
11-15	The color of the terrain changes significantly, becoming darker. Crimson, dark blue, gray, dull green, brown, and black are common coloration changes that affect the natural land.
16-19	The terrain becomes lush and denser. Forests sprout more trees that crowd one another, mountain peaks soar in height, deserts develop numerous oases.
20	Total terrain change. Forest becomes mountains, mountains becomes swamps, plains become desert, and so forth. The change is sudden and dramatic.

The terrain is altered in the affected way for as long as the characters remain on the Plane of Dreams. If they leave and return, the landscape returns back to normal as the collective dream conscious resettles back into the way it was. The terrain may be mutable, but it always seems to snap back to its original configuration.

SITES & TREASURES

There are plenty of exciting locations and treasures for adventurers to hunt down and seek out, from the mysterious abandoned Necropolis of Zax Kainox on the Moonscape, to the streets and alleys of the harbor city of Dylath-Leen, to the dangerous Nightmare Lands found all over the plane. These and more await those brave enough to cross the threshold into the Plane of Dreams.

CASTLE OF KADATH

On a vast glacier called the Cold Wastes in what passes as the northern realm of the Plane of Dreams sits a sprawling castle made of black stone from other planes. Called Kadath by the ancient people of the Dreamland, it is said to be the home of a great warlock who used infernal and outer planar slaves to help construct the massive place. Is it empty now? Few people seek out Kadath, as the Cold Wastes are bone-chilling glaciers with howling wind and unholy beasts that stalk the snow and ice.

However, some intrepid travelers are still drawn to it. Some ancient tomes in musty libraries across the multiverse reference the Master of Kadath and the terrible secrets of the Far Realm that he uncovered. Is this Master the same that built the Castle of Kadath in the Cold Wastes? Are the rumors of a fantastic library filled with all manner of books somewhere in the castle's black stone walls true? Is it haunted by the ghosts of wizards and warlocks driven to madness and death by simple knowledge? Anyone who has returned from Kadath in the Cold Wastes have not said.

DARK SIDE OF THE MOONSCAPE

The Moonscape of the Plane of Dreams hangs huge and heavy in the night sky, and its visible surface is suffused with a natural radiance that extends to the very rocks themselves. Visitors (or prisoners) that make it to the Moonscape find that the terrain of the moon is just as well lit – until it isn't anymore. The other side of the Moonscape, not visible to viewers on the terrestrial Dreamland, is a dark, cold landscape of death and shadows ruled over by the forces of the Dweller in Darkness.

It is on the Dark Side of the Moonscape where the Dweller in Darkness and its allies first came from the Far Realm, and the rent in the multiverse between the Plane of Dreams and that blasphemous land still sits like a pulsating black scar in the darkness. Creatures from the Far Realm still have difficulty crossing over the threshold, but the Dweller in Darkness found a way, and pulled through more than a few of its allies in the process. The moon-beasts, nightgaunts, and others spewed forth from the gaping wound in the worlds long ago, and the natural hunger of the Far Realm devoured the light of the Moonscape across the non-visible side. Cities of prosperous humanoids, relatives of humans and perhaps of the ghouls driven to the Underworld, were cleansed from the moon, and their ruins now serve as the home of the Dweller itself.

DREAMSTONES

Crafted by a powerful oneiromancer long ago, the Dreamstones are a set of seven smoothly polished gray rocks, about the size of a human's hand, each flat and marked with a single ever-glowing rune on both sides. Each Dreamstone harnesses the emotional energy of a part of the body, represented broadly by six characteristics and a single unifying whole. The runes on each side are the opposites of each other, and possession of a Dreamstone allows the holder and a certain number of allies to harness the effects of an emotional spike – capturing it, defusing it down to its positive qualities, and storing the negative emotional pull as a weapon to be deployed as desired.

Besides this emotional spike mitigation aspect, if the seven Dreamstones were ever to be put together, the wielder could actually alter the physical landscape of the Plane of Dreams. Similar to a wave of change, but larger scale changes could be made, and by historic accounts some of those changes become permanent fixtures of the Dreamland. It is said that the Emerald Mountains standing proud, tall, and deep green, were not always the case, and that it was the wielder of the joined Dreamstones who turned them their distinct emerald green color.

The Dreamstones were scattered long ago, and it is widely believed that none of them reside on the Plane of Dreams anymore. Likely they rest in the collections of wizards or universities as curiosities without realizing the potential for change on the echo plane such objects could have. A band of oneiromancers calling themselves the Brotherhood of Sleep, have dedicated themselves to finding and controlling all of the Dreamstones. They do not have the best interests of anyone but themselves at heart, and it is thankful that they have not yet succeeded in their task.

DYLATH-LEEN

The largest, most populated, and most stable settlement in the Plane of Dreams is the port city of Dylath-Leen. Located in a wide bay on the Sea of Mists, which holds not water but misty vapors, Dylath-Leen is a sprawling maze of buildings and streets, made all the more confusing because it's actually been abandoned and rebuilt at least three times across the centuries. The earliest records found in the deepest subterranean vaults of the city indicate the original constructors were descendants of the ghours of the Underworld, but some disaster fell, likely the same that drove the ghours into the Underworld.

The second builders of the city were lengfolk from the Plateau of Leng. Lengfolk are now maniacally evil satyrs who delight in death and torture, and perhaps they were the same during their occupation of Dylath-Leen so long ago. Remnants of their presence still linger in some of the architecture, as they preferred natural ornamentation and construction over masonry and stone. Now, the city is occupied by humans mainly, but any traveler from across the multiverse that comes to the Plane of Dreams is welcome in Dylath-Leen.

Dylath-Leen is nominally ruled by a mayor and a group of noble lords. The current leader, Lady Mayor Griselda Krehl, is a paranoid shut-in who never leaves the run-down and dilapidated mayor's manor in the city's High Ward. The noble lords of the city keep up their own personal guards, creating islands of armed and armored mansions, and the Dylath-Leen watch patrols were abandoned a decade ago. The residents of the city seem complacent enough, and most trouble is dealt with by one of the lord's bodyguards protecting their interests.



The largest industry in Dylath-Leen is shipping, and the harbor is always busy day and night. Ships floating on the Sea of Mists come in bearing goods and merchandise from around the Dreamland, and dockhands make a good living loading and unloading those goods. They make a good living because some of those goods are dangerous to hold, and on more than one occasion an incident has endangered the lives of the dockworkers. Ship captains pay well though and they are in turn paid well by the nobles. It's a confusing mess of an economic scene, but for the most part things keep moving in Dylath-Leen same as it always has.

GRINNING ISLANDS

Islands in the Sea of Mists are rare, but one set has caught the imagination of the captains and bards of Dylath-Leen for many years. Called the Grinning Islands, they are a series of bone-white stone islands jutting up from the silvery mist some distance from the port city. Some of the islands are only a mile or two wide, but others are much larger, and the biggest one visited was said to be over 100 miles across. Each of the Grinning islands seems pushed up from the bottom of the Sea of Mists, whatever lurks down there, and sometimes those islands contain monstrous denizens unknown to the Dreamland before or since.

Strangely enough, some of the islands are inhabited by a degenerate race of albino halflings. They are savage and seem stuck in a primal state, but they often possess unusual gemstones and carvings that they trade to the mist captains for food and other objects. A few mist captains have made quite a profit on these trades, and the servants of the moon-beasts that trade on their behalf in Dylath-Leen seem especially keen on possessing the gems from the Grinning Islands.

NECROPOLIS OF ZAX KAINOX

Before the moon-beasts and the coming of the Dweller in Darkness, the Moonscape was the home to an isolated society of blue-skinned humans. They built cities and monuments across the surface of the moon, but little was known about them – they did not come to the surface of the Plane of Dreams. What little is known about them now has come from explorers and escaped slaves of the moon-beasts, who have wandered the now-empty ruins of the blue-skinned humans former occupation.

The largest and most expansive of these ruins is a place known as the Necropolis of Zax Kainox. The blue-skinned humans used pictograms as their language, but the name Zax Kainox was written on a great slab of red stone serving as an archway to the complex in more than a dozen languages. Was Zax Kainox the leader who built the necropolis? Was it the name of the place? Was it the name of the people? The necropolis is filled with buildings made of the same unusual red stone, peppered liberally with black and yellow stones, and it extends deep below the surface of the Moonscape as well.

The moon-beasts have largely avoided it as ancient traps are still active, and the blue-skinned humans had a mastery over arcane magic that seemed unparalleled to anything else in the Dreamland. They fell to the onslaught of the moon-beasts who used fell powers from their far-flung realm to strike and infect them with a horrendous wasting disease that spread like wildfire. Some slaves have escaped the clutches of the moon-beasts and sought refuge in the Necropolis of Zax Kainox, but only a handful have managed to secure safe passage off of the moon. The tales they tell talk about guardian spirits, ancient magical traps, tombs of kings and priests, and monolithic statues of animal-headed figures that came to life.

NIGHTMARE LANDS

The barrier between the Plane of Dreams and the Material Plane can be thin at times, but occasionally an even stranger confluence happens – the Plane of Shadows and the Plane of Dreams drift close together. When this happens, the influence of the Shadowfell leaks through the planar barriers and creates a region of darkness fueled by terror and despair, drawing upon the darkest instincts of the Dreamland and corrupting it with the taint from that fell plane. In such places, a Nightmare Land is born.

Nightmare Lands are variable in size and scope, and could be as large as an entire forest or as small as a room in a house. Within the bounds of the Nightmare Land, the temperature drops dramatically to the point where the breath of living creatures can be seen in small puffs. Shadows cling to anything they can find, and the sun and moon's light is dimmed to the point where a spectral twilight cloaks the region. Each Nightmare Land is birthed from a tear in the fabric of the multiverse between the Dreamland and the Shadowfell, and that tear allows creatures such as nightwalkers, odem, and other fell denizens of that dark land to spill over into the Plane of Dreams. The tear can be sealed through extreme effort, but they tend to be protected by a powerful entity in the service of the enigmatic Nightmare Man.

These entities on the Plane of Shadow are usually lesser creatures, but they are bolstered by the energy of the Dreamland, becoming more powerful in the process. Some warlocks make pacts with members of the Nightmare Court, as they are known, exchanging information and a pledge of loyalty for access to dark and tenebrous powers that blend dreams and shadows.

PLATEAU OF LENG

Far from the admittedly sparsely populated regions of the Plane of Dreams wait dangerous regions where the powers of the plane have been left to run rampant. The most famous of these areas is the Plateau of Leng, original home of the nefarious and plotting leng spiders. Located in a high mountain range far to the east of Dylath-Leen, the Plateau of Leng is populated by all manner of evil, conniving, intelligent spiders. A race of degenerate satyrs known as lengfolk also live on the plateau in small villages. They serve the leng spiders and have for centuries.

The Plateau of Leng is a cold, harsh, unforgiving place, filled with crevasses stuffed with an unnatural amount of spider webs. Caves deep below the plateau's surface hold numerous chambers where the leng spiders and their ilk work out their schemes and hoard their treasure. Many leng spiders do not live on the plateau, however, instead spending their time in Dylath-Leen or elsewhere across the multiverse. Each leng spider does have a personal cave in the Plateau of Leng that they return to in order to lay eggs and spawn more of their loathsome kind.

RUINS OF SARNATH

Sarnath is whispered in taverns around the Plane of Dreams in cautionary notes, a bleak lesson in knowing one's limits and not meddling in the affairs of unknown gods. The story goes that the people of Sarnath, rich and powerful merchants, sought to expand their reach, and looked to one of their neighboring cities across the river. The city of Ib was quiet but prosperous, and in one swift motion Sarnath swept into Ib, killed its inhabitants, stole its wealth, and toppled its idols. The people took the largest idol from the city's temple as a trophy – that of a great bipedal lizard.

A year later, Sarnath was attacked by the forces of the reptilian god on the anniversary of Ib's destruction. Spectral lizardfolk poured up from the Underworld and in one night Sarnath was reduced to a ghost town. Not a single living soul escaped Sarnath, so the stories go. Now, the ruins stand on the banks of a distant river far from Dylath-Leen, with all the mercantile treasure of its former inhabitants still there. Along with the forces of the reptilian god that overtook it, and rumors say keep it from being resettled. Some merchant captains in Dylath-Leen would love to put their hands on the wealth of old Sarnath, and some have even sponsored expeditions to the lost city. None have returned with anything resembling the treasure of Sarnath, old stories of spectral lizardfolk, hauntings, and a great monstrous lizard that stalks the empty city streets.

SEA OF MISTS

Sitting like a vast silver ocean, the Sea of Mists is a massive feature that touches many parts of the Plane of Dreams. And it is not filled with any kind of water – instead, roiling currents of silvery mist fill the great basin. Enchanted ships from across the Dreamland are constructed specifically to float on the vaporous sea, which also helps capture the currents that connect the Moonscape to the terrestrial parts of the plane. Some planar scholars familiar with the workings of the Plane of Dreams claim that the sea was once water, but some powerful wave of change, perhaps linked to the original possessor of the seven Dreamstones, changed it irrevocably into an ocean of twisting mists.

Some kinds of fish swim within the mists, and the crawling mist serpents are the apex predators of the region, feared by sailors and scholars alike. Few people have tried to descend into the mists to see how far they go, or what sits on the rocky basin at the bottom. Breathing becomes incredibly difficult transitioning to impossible the further a traveler descends into the mist, which have a somewhat tangible sense to them. This tangibility slows the natural descent of anyone thrown overboard, allowing them time to try and escape back to the surface, but many sailors have lost their lives by being thrown over the side of a ship. More than a few ships have gone down as well into the silvery void.

TEMPLE OF CATS

The city of Ulthar is tended to by a race of albino goblins, all of whom are slaves to the true masters of the town – the dream cats. But in the center of Ulthar stands the enigmatic Temple of Cats, a massive stone structure clearly built by different hands than the rest of the city. The central building of the complex is a large open-air columned temple ground, and the dream cats seem to enjoy lounging around this area more than most. Statues of a cat-headed human pepper the grounds and stand before shrines and offering bowls, though the dream cats neither worship nor offer gifts to this enigmatic deity.

TUNNELS OF THE MOONWORM

A monstrous entity burrows beneath the surface of the Moonscape. Known only as the Moonworm, it creates titanic tunnels in the rock as it moves, strangely silent, without any indication of intelligence. It is theorized that the Moonworm is a construct built by the original inhabitants of the Moonscape, before the coming of the moon-beasts and the Dweller in Darkness, and that it was used to create more space beneath the surface for the growing population. Few people have seen it with their own eyes, but those that did claim it has a gaping mouth filled with churning, chewing teeth, and a ring of eyes along its mouth. Its pale yellow bulk extends more than 100 feet and it chews through stone and armor as easily as paper.

The tunnels created by the Moonworm have setup a patchwork maze below the Moonscape. Some tunnels are unstable and collapse shortly after the Moonworm passes, but others have remained for hundreds of years. The moon-beasts have attempted to master the massive beast and harness it for their own nefarious purposes, but so far the scores of slaves they've sent in to reason with, capture, or kill the Moonworm have met with utter failure.

VALE OF PNATH

The ghours of the Underworld have descended into cannibalistic, near-immortal monsters, snatching prey from wherever their portals lead to on the Material Plane. Most tribes of ghours keep the bones of their victims, and when they've accumulated so many some members of the tribe make the journey through the Underworld to a place known as the Vale of Pnath. There, ancient keepers of the ghours maintain a massively expansive pit filled with the bones of the ghours' victims, collected over hundreds of years.

It is believed by these ancient ghour keepers that the bones of every living creature hold the memories of those people, and that by keeping them in one place the ghours can eventually harness that memory energy and reclaim the lost secrets of their kind. Not all tribes believe in this, but it has become part of the ritual of their existence to make the journey to the Vale of Pnath and deposit the bones of their victims. If a ghour dies, other members of the tribe do what they can to recover the body and immediately transport it to the Vale of Pnath in order to keep the lost ghour's memories alive in the ritual chamber.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Whether by accident or design, adventurers can find themselves in the Plane of Dreams at nearly any moment. The DM can use the below hooks to introduce the Dreamland to their players as either a quick stop or a permanent home base for future adventures.

Nothing to Feyr. Rumors of bloodthirsty bandits preying on a small town have created an atmosphere of rampant fear and paranoia perfect for the generation of feyrs. The characters find themselves in the town at night when feyrs begin to appear, feeding on the populace, but it turns out this was the plan all along. The "bandits" turn out to be hired bodyguards of an oneiromancer wizard seeking to capture a feyr and study it.

The Cat's Errand. The characters stumble into a heavily cloaked albino goblin wandering through the market. The creature speaks broken Common and asks for help in procuring some items that his masters sent him to fetch. The items are strange, and include several special types of fish and a ball of high quality yarn. The albino goblin asks that the characters return with him to his master, who is revealed to be a dream cat looking for new enjoyment on the Material Plane.

Night of the Ghours. People in a small community have reported night raids by hairless ghouls and the town master puts up a bounty for their defeat. The characters take up the bounty learn that the creatures are ghours using nearby tunnels to move between the Material Plane and the Plane of Dreams. They must use their wits to follow the ghours on their latest raid and then speed and skill to save as many people from the ghours' dinner feasts as possible.



Web of the Leng Spider. The mastermind behind a series of murders and plots in a city investigated by the characters turns out to be a leng spider spinning its secret webs behind the scenes. With a powerful foe against them, the characters must decide on whether they face the horrible creature in combat or try to reason with it. The leng spider wants something, and if the characters play their part they might

The Eye of Dreams. The characters find themselves in possession of a strange gemstone as part of a recent treasure haul, and very soon after they are approached by a cloaked agent seeking to purchase it. The agent, sent by the moon-beasts, seeks the gem by any means necessary, and by defeating him the characters start a chain of events that leads them to Dylath-Leen and the Grinning Islands in the Sea of Mists in search of a missing mist captain.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through the Plane of Dreams. 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.

PLANE OF DREAMS WILDERNESS

1D100	PLANE OF DREAMS WILDERNESS ENCOUNTER
01-10	A horde of feyr s
11-20	Lengfolk (CE satyrs) dressed as pilgrims
21-30	A pack of ghours dragging a victim into the Underworld
31-40	Emotional Spike
41-50	A village of zoogs
51-60	Terror Ripple
61-70	A group of displacer beasts
71-80	Wave of Change
81-90	A trio of nightgaunts looking for victims
91-99	Nightmare Land
00	An adult dragon (roll 1d6 – 1-3 chromatic, 4-6 metallic)

DYLATH-LEEN

1D100	DYLATH-LEEN ENCOUNTER
01-05	Two mist captains arguing about the price of goods
06-10	Dockworkers loading suspicious cargo onto a ship
11-15	A pack of dream cats lounging lazily
16-20	Cloaked agents of the moon-beasts looking to buy slaves
21-25	A seasoned veteran selling his service as a bodyguard
26-30	A dozen bodyguards of a noble looking for trouble
31-35	A pack of regular cats lounging lazily
36-40	Four albino goblins buying goods for their masters
41-45	A priest preaching in the street
46-50	An assassin working for a leng spider
51-55	A sewer grate that leads to a nest of ghours
56-60	An abandoned shop being looted by thugs
61-65	Isolated Nightmare Land
66-70	An escaped manticore
71-75	Three minotaur pirates in a brawl
76-80	Emotional Spike
81-85	Terror Ripple
86-90	Wave of Change
91-95	Grandmother Mamu
96-00	The green dragon Voldrethass in disguise

UNDERWORLD

1D100	UNDERWORLD ENCOUNTER
01-10	A hunting party of ghours
11-20	A ghour settlement
21-30	The tomb of a forgotten wizard
31-40	A gug
41-50	A bone naga
51-60	A slithering horde of gray oozes
61-70	An earth elemental
71-80	A fomorian with a gang of goblins
81-90	A tribe of troglydtes warring with ghours
91-99	A hundred giant spiders
00	An aboleth

INFINITE LAYERS OF THE ABYSS

“There is no greater realm in all the multiverse for wanton murder, unchecked aggression, or unbridled chaos than the infinite layers of the Abyss. Even clueless mortals across the Material Plane have heard of it and the horrors that it holds, and those stories pale in comparison to the truth. If anything seems safe in any of the layers of the Abyss, it’s only to lure a traveler into a false sense of security. And while the demons that spawn continually from the depths of the plane itself are a howling horde of gibbering monsters dredged from the darkest nightmares of dreaming gods, the true powers to watch are the lords that crawl over each other to rule. Graz’zt, Juiblex, Orcus, Yeenoghu, and others, these are the real dangers. And everything else, really.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

Across many Material Planes, evil is an abstract concept, a description of vile acts performed with depraved purpose but generally understood. Evil creatures exist, and some seem irredeemable, but they still tend to be relatable on some level – orcs hunt and kill, but usually out of some twisted sense of honor, pride, or simple hunger.

In the Abyss, evil is a manifest energy that permeates the very fabric of the plane. This is the evil of demons and other fiends, creatures born of pure hatred, bile, disgust, wrath, and other foul thoughts pushed to the extreme, and the layers of their plane spin into infinity. How many layers are truly in the Abyss? Some planar scholars point to the number 666 as having special significance, but deeper layers have been discovered.

Each layer of the Abyss offers a unique twist on death, pain, torment, suffering, and so much more. Some layers are filled with lakes of acid, while others are endless wastes of black or red sand that strip flesh from bone. Layers with skies filled with burning fire, toxic fumes, plumes of rancid smoke, or flesh-stripping fog have been documented, along with jungles of living vipers, salt bogs that bake under a relentless heat, and jagged mountains of living hate-filled ice.

If there’s a home for chaos and evil in the Outer Planes, it lives in the Abyss.

The natives of the Abyss are the demons, known far and wide across the multiverse for their endless taste for savagery, conquest, and blood. These creatures are spawned seemingly at random across all layers of the Abyss in a great cosmic game of chance – a demon spawned is that demon forever. Some are created as titanic engines of abyssal fury, while others form the lowest mobs of gibbering monstrous hordes.

Ruling over the teeming demonic masses are the demon lords. These beings have clawed, fought, killed, and maimed their way to rule one or more layers, attaining some level of control and fealty over the chaotic realm. Many of these demon lords are remnants of some primordial order buried deep in the twisted pits of the Abyss’ foulest layers, while still others have come to the Abyss to rule. Many more are simple bestial aspects of the demons’ own depraved nature, offering little in terms of strategy or decision-making and focusing instead on insatiable desires.

Ancient sorcery and the foulest of blood magic rites can be learned from the right demons, so it is not uncommon for a spellcaster to summon one of these creatures from the Abyss to serve as teacher or spy. Adding to certain planar barriers enacted around many Material Plane worlds preventing direct demonic incursion and the result is a whole host of creatures that have learned the ways of mortal beings. Some twist and manipulate, others corrupt and destroy, but their goal is always the same – to break free and spill chaos and death across the multiverse.

This desire has put the demons and their masters into direct conflict with an unlikely source – the devils of the Nine Hells. Waging what has become known as the Blood War, the devils and infernal princes have actually managed to contain much of the demonic rage to the Abyss itself. They do not do it out of a sense of honor, however, as the devils have as much to lose as everyone else if the demonic horde is loosed fully upon the multiverse.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Abyss as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscapes and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Abyss.

Foulness Incarnate. The Abyss is a plane of pure malevolence, from the sludge that oozes from every pore in the ground to the toxic fumes that fill the air. There are near infinite varieties of foulness across the Abyss; some of it reeks of burnt hair, some of it leaves an oily filth over every surface, and some of it clings to the ground like a physical force. Every plant, animal, bird, and beast originates from the foulness here and the pure loathing it incites in travelers cannot be overstated.

Hostile Towards Life. As the pure embodiment of true and utter evil, everything on the Abyss is hostile towards living creatures. Some of it is passively hostile, like small plants that lurk in the salt jungles of the Gaping Maw, while the vast majority is simply dangerous. Subtlety is almost unknown on the Abyss, so if something can be dangerous it likely is, but the raw chaos that runs through the infinite layers can create surprising yet still terrible dangers.

Random Acts of Terror. Chaos and evil are born and born again an infinite times across the infinite layers of the Abyss. There’s no such thing as good luck here – any bad thing that could go wrong does, and in worse ways than could be imagined. However, it may surprise many to learn that these random acts of terror actually affect all creatures equally, so that rampaging goristro charging across the black dust-choked wasteland may fall into a sudden crevasse. But what lurks in the crevasse is likely worse than the goristro.

LAY OF THE LAND

There are infinite layers of the Abyss, and each offers a different perspective on the manifestation of evil. The Random Abyssal Layer generator found later can help create unique horrors for each layer, but there are some constants even in such a chaotic and unstable place.

The first layer of the Abyss is known as the Plain of Infinite Portals. This is a broken, endless landscape of blasted red stone baked under a bloated crimson sun that never sets. Innumerable pits lead into darkness, many offering one-way portals to random layers of the Abyss. The sky in the first layer is ruled by an ancient demon lord named Pazuzu, a remnant of an older order, and he commands hosts of flying demons. His fortress is the Skeleton Tree with twisted bleached branches stretching up to the sky.

The River Styx winds through the Plain of Infinite Portals as well, its brackish waters splitting off into many tributaries through the broken terrain. Some channels lead into pits, sending an endless cascade of Styx water tumbling down across the Abyss.

There are few cities in the Abyss that offer any haven for non-demons, but the succubus sorceress Red Shroud runs the outpost of Broken Reach in the crumbled remnants of an ancient fortress on the first layer as a welcome spot for travelers of all kind. She is a canny creature and always looking for the upper hand, but with the right price mortal travelers can find respite in one of the ruined houses inside Broken Reach.

The Lakes of Molten Iron offer the demonic hordes a source to craft weapons for use in their endless war against the multiverse. Numerous forge-fortresses run by powerful demons squat along the banks of the lakes, but given its importance in the Blood War, infernal legions of the Nine Hells often target the area in planar raids.

The highlights of the Plain of Infinite Portals are not wholly unique in the Abyss, but its position as the first layer and its access to the River Styx makes it better charted and mapped by planar scholars. Further down the layers, details become less reliable. Many are home to powerful demon lords that have taken on aspects of their plane, while others are endless chaotic realms of pure terror and darkness.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes normally across the Abyss, but for most layers it is not marked by the rising or setting of a sun. Some layers have a sun, some have a moon, and these vary in color and intensity as much as anything else on the plane. Travelers to the Abyss should be prepared to manage their own cycle of time as the plane offers little assistance.

SURVIVING

Survival on the Abyss is one of the few things not guaranteed to travelers. Each layer offers new and unique ways to kill, maim, or grievously injure mortal creatures (and some fiends as well!). Refer to the Hazards & Phenomena section for more details on specific hazards that can be encountered across the plane.

GETTING THERE

Perhaps unsurprising considering its many layers, the Abyss boasts more portals and gates across the multiverse than any other plane known. It is thought by some planar scholars that the Abyss forms portals spontaneously at the whim of the demonic horde itself, but if there is some intelligent design behind the portals it has not revealed itself yet.

The top layer, the Plain of Infinite Portals, is the most easily accessed. The River Styx winds through the Lower Planes and connects to the Abyss there, offering easy transportation for those seeking a leisurely journey. Gates are known to exist across the multiverse, in cities and in dark secluded forests, leading to random locations within the Abyss. Some are stable, while others fluctuate, and some can only be opened under certain conditions.

For gates to the Abyss, triggering conditions usually involve some unsavory act or possession – a tongue, a certain quantity of spilled blood, the flayed hide of a paladin, the heart of a mother, and other such terrible objects. These keys are often documented in unsavory tomes of a dubious nature, though they're common enough to be found in many Material Plane libraries focusing on planar travel and lore. The Black Cult of Ahm is known to possess a great number of tomes with this level of detail in their secret storehouses across the multiverse.

TRAVELING AROUND

There are so many ways for the Abyss to hinder travel that it's difficult to document here. For the most part, hazards to travel equate to hazards to life. For example, water is rarely just water in the Abyss. It could be acidic, freezing cold, boiling hot, toxic, gelatinous, life-leeching, soul-sucking, screaming, or all of these things at once. The same goes for the air or the land.

Travelers need to be wary and learn as much about their abyssal destination as possible before traveling. Sometimes, however, this isn't possible, especially if thrown into the Infinite Layers or when falling into a pit on the Plain of Infinite Portals.

Refer to the Random Abyssal Layer generator under Hazards & Phenomena for examples and details of travel hazards and concerns.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Demons are the most common inhabitants of the Abyss and their number is incalculable. They are ruled nominally at least by demon lords, and these monstrosly evil foes offer the most tangible obstacle to completing goals in the Abyss. However, they are not the only ones with a vested interest in these infinite realms of chaos and evil.

BLACK CULT OF AHM

No creature of any kind across the multiverse has written more about demons and the Abyss than the mortal scholar Tulket nor Ahm. Little is known about the man himself, though from his extensive writings on abyssal and demonic lore it is surmised that he was not only a powerful wizard but also an accomplished priest. He wrote more than a hundred volumes of lore collectively referred to as the Black Scrolls of Ahm, and his teachings and philosophy spawned a shadowy cabal in his name.

The Black Cult of Ahm is known by many names across the multiverse, and they operate in secret with a single goal – to amass as much knowledge about demons and the Abyss as possible. Some seek the knowledge as a path to ultimate power, while others wish to right some wrong in their past. Their lore deals with the darkest depravities of the multiverse, and it is of little wonder why they hide themselves from the eyes of the world. In the wrong hands, the information gathered by the Black Cult can do irreparable damage.

Unfortunately, though, the wrong hands is sometimes the leadership within the Black Cult itself. Tulket nor Ahm was no saint but he stared into the literal Abyss and wrote down what he saw, and that kind of corruption can taint even the brightest of hearts. Others that have followed in his footsteps have fallen harder and deeper into that well of darkness, and terrible atrocities have been performed in Ahm's name.

But still they operate, usually as small sects in larger organizations dedicated to lore and knowledge. The secretive bardic college of Ahm seeks to redeem their namesake and take their knowledge to the larger multiverse, but this is not the prevailing philosophy among most black cultists.

The Black Scrolls of Ahm form the basis for the organization and in these writings many secrets can be gleaned. Tulket nor Ahm penned each one of the true Black Scrolls, and though each is unique in form and detail they all contain a wealth of demonic and abyssal information. A member of the Black Cult must have read at least one of the scrolls penned by Ahm, leading them down a dark path to seek more and more knowledge.

DEMON LORDS

Demons, occupying every layer of the Abyss, collectively form a great teeming horde of monsters from the darkest pits of blackest nightmare. From the sludge-like manes to the vulture-like vrock, demons often take the form of twisted Material Plane creatures, though some have been transformed so completely they lack any basic commonality to known beasts.

And towering over the demonic horde are the demon lords. Each is a unique expression of evil made manifest in the Abyss. Some planar scholars argue that they are actually the physical manifestation of the Abyss itself, an explanation that offers justification behind their uniqueness. Most are ambitious as well, and some, like the Dark Prince Graz'zt, has moved to take over multiple layers, offering a different take on the nature of the demon lords – that they are simply the top of a chaotic chain that operates under no obvious rule or direct whim.

Each demon lord holds god-like power on their layer, and it is thought that in their place of greatest strength they are effectively immortal. Outside of their home layers, however, they are more vulnerable, and some demon lords have been destroyed over the countless centuries. Others have been deposed, their influence waning with the loss of their layer.

Additionally, many demon lords hold sway over a specific aspect of the multiverse, though in almost all cases they are not the sole divine claimant over such matters – while Orcus stylizes himself as the Demon Lord of the Undead, he clashes on the cosmic scale with other powerful entities that hold dominion over the undead.

While theoretically there are infinite demon lords in the Abyss, only finite number have shown themselves on the multiversal stage. The list below represents the most common, the ones that have vested interests in affecting the Material Plane and the rest of the Outer Planes with their schemes and desires. Most of them carry a title proclaiming themselves the prince, king, queen, or other epithet for rulership over their demonic kind. Many identify as male or female, though most can assume multiple forms especially in their home realm, but others are simply monstrous manifestations of the wild and chaotic nature of the Abyss itself.

Baphomet. The demon lord of minotaurs is known as the Prince of Beasts. Baphomet is an ultraviolent being who relishes physical combat whenever possible and is known to incite insatiable bloodlust in his followers. His realm in the Abyss is the Endless Maze, the 600th layer, and there he encourages the many ruthless tribes of savage minotaurs to hunt and kill in his name. Baphomet has an intense rivalry with Yeenoghu, and the forces of the two clash constantly.

Dagon. In the lightless caverns of the Shadowsea, Dagon dwells and schemes as the Prince of the Darkened Depths. It is a massive creature that harkens back to an ancient primordial era of the Abyss, and some scholars say that Dagon is the oldest of the known demon lords. For its incredible age, Dagon is renown for its insight, and other demons often seek it out in the Shadowsea to consult with the demon lord. The true motivations of the enigmatic creature may never be known.

Demogorgon. Primal rage and unfiltered chaos define Demogorgon, who stylizes himself as the Prince of Demons, and few argue that claim. Physically powerful and incredibly cunning, Demogorgon fights everyone and everything, including himself – the demon lord's twin heads are possessed of two distinct minds that often war against one another. He commands legions of demons from his home on Gaping Maw, the 88th layer of the Abyss, and he has had long standing feuds with Orcus and Graz'zt.



Fraz-Urb'luu. Illusions and trickery are the primary tools of Fraz-Urb'luu, the Prince of Deception. He is a powerful, conniving demon lord with great magical powers at his command, and his realm of Hollow's Heart obeys his every whim. As befitting his title, Fraz-Urb'luu counts no ally among his demonic kind, but he only recently was returned to his rightful place in the Abyss after an extended and unwanted stay on the Material Plane.

Graz'zt. One of the most ambitious demon lords on the Abyssal stage, Graz'zt is the Dark Prince and patron of tyrants across the multiverse. He holds more territory on the Abyss than any other demon lord, stitching together three layers to form Azzagrat, but the ever-scheming Graz'zt always seeks more. He fights with every other demon lord whenever it's convenient, but his feud with Demogorgon has become legendary. The symbol holding the Dark Prince's six-fingered hand is used by his agents across the multiverse in his quest for ultimate conquest.

Juiblex. Slimy, amorphous, and grotesque nearly beyond description, Juiblex is the Faceless Lord and commands a great many oozes from his home realm of Shedaklah. He actually shares the layer with Zuggtmoy, Lady of Fungi, and the two face off against one another in a never-ending tug-of-war for the layer's total control. Unlike some other demon lords, the Faceless Lord has no guile and holds little intelligence, instead moving with brute force on his enemies whenever he sees an opportunity.

Lolth. The Queen of Spiders is more than a simple demon lord on the Abyss – she is a full-fledged goddess, a divine being that stands at the head of the drow elf pantheon. Lolth's home in the Demonweb Pits is an endless black pit crisscrossed with titanic strands of webbing, and through these the Queen of Spiders can spy on and access many places across the multiverse. She rarely engages in the politics of the Abyss, focusing instead on her drow children on the Material Plane and elsewhere, but she is manipulative and cunning when confronted.

Nocticula. Shadows cling to this demon lord like a cloak, and Nocticula is known as the Undeniable for a good reason. Her realm of Darklight, the 72nd layer of the Abyss, is a vast landscape of jagged mountain peaks under a bloated black sun that never sets. Nocticula is often associated with vampires, and while she counts many of them as her most ardent supporters, she also commands legions of hideous bats to do her bidding. She has a honeyed voice that drips with promise, but her physical appearance is that of a true monster.

Orcus. The Prince of the Undead is one of the most active demon lords in the Abyss and holds one of the most feared artifacts in the multiverse, the wand that bears his name. Orcus is a brutish force with necromantic powers unsurpassed among his demon lord peers (none of which he considers his equal), and his legions on Thanatos, the 113th layer, are more monstrously-fused undead than typical demon. He hates Demogorgon more than any other demon lord, but his fury and sheer willpower has driven more than one demon lord to be crushed beneath his goat hooves.

Pazuzu. The first layer of the Abyss holds no true ruler, but Pazuzu, the Prince of the Lower Aerial Kingdoms, is the undisputed master of the blood-red skies on the Plain of Infinite Portals. He is a screeching bird-like demon,

a creature nearly as old as Dagon, and he has kept his position by being cowardly and opportunistic. From the massive fortress of Skeleton Tree, Pazuzu observes the happenings around him and sells the information to other interested parties, including other demon lords and gods. Rumors persist he has a direct line of communication to the devil lords of the Nine Hells as well.

Sess'Innek. The Emperor Lizard is a reclusive demon lord who dwells on the 7th layer of the Abyss, in a fog-enshrouded swamp and jungle known as the Phantom Plane. Sess'Innek's realm is populated with the crumbling ruins of the previous inhabitants, but now it crawls with the fiendish lizards and lizardfolk that owe fealty to the layer's current ruler. He appears as a massive humanoid lizard, much like a lizardfolk, with six arms in which he expertly wields longswords against opponents. Through some magical power, Sess'Innek has managed to seal the Phantom Plane from most outsiders, but in the Abyss there's always a way in.

Ugudenk. Forever burrowing, the Squirring King is a colossal demonic worm that seems possessed of no unique intelligence. Its sheer size and voracity ranks it among the more powerful demon lords of the Abyss, but Ugudenk has no goal or thought save satiating its monstrous appetite. The Writhing Realm, the 177th layer of the Abyss, is a labyrinthine network of tunnels created by the Squirring King's passing, and it is populated by no end of scavengers that follow in Ugudenk's wake.

Yeenoghu. The Prince of Gnolls is a master hunter and savage, bloodthirsty foe. It is widely accepted that the gnolls that populated the multiverse originated in Yeenoghu's wake, a horrendous transformation that created a race of monsters as ruthless as their demon lord progenitor. In the Death Dells, the 422nd layer of the Abyss, Yeenoghu hunts through the endless canyons and crafts attended by great packs of demonic servants and powerful fiendish gnolls. The Prince of Gnolls holds a never-ending grudge against Baphomet, though the original cause is unknown, and the two send wave after wave of their followers against one another in pitched battles.

Zuggtmoy. One of the more active demon lords outside of the Abyss is the Lady of Fungi, Zuggtmoy. She maintains strong cults on the Material Plane, though she has learned to disguise her true nature and hide behind religious facades in order to facilitate more worship. She was the chief architect behind the infamous Temples of Elemental Evil, an act that actually imprisoned her on the Material Plane for a period of time. Zuggtmoy eventually was freed and returned to her realm, Shedaklah, and worked to bring the Faceless Lord Juiblex under heel once again.

IGNASHENDRE, FLAME OF THE RIFT

Dragons are powerful creatures, and the very oldest can stand against demon lords and even some gods. Ignashendre is one such powerful wyrm. A red dragon of incredible age and size with magical capabilities to rival the strongest wizards, she dwells in the Rift of Ash, the 103rd layer of the Abyss, in the deepest caves of the canyon's walls above and below the bubbling magma lake at the bottom. She claims the title Flame of the Rift as a reference to her Abyssal lair.

Ignashendre has an insatiable curiosity that is currently bent towards understanding how demons function within the larger ecosystem of the Abyss. She does this for two purposes. One, to better understand the implacable foes that surround her in her chosen home. The other is much more secretive, and it is to enhance her own mighty powers with demonic traits. Thus far, Ignashendre has managed to gain some of the resistances common to demons through infusion of their blood, but she believes this is only the beginning.

The great dragon's experiments have yielded interesting results, some of which she has applied to her mindless golem-like servants. But Ignashendre lacks a vital component to push her experiments to the next level. That vital component she believes is the essence of a demon lord. She has remained quiet on the Abyssal stage, but she has not been idle, and her legion of demonflesh servants grows ever larger in the deepest bowels of the Rift of Ash. It is only a matter of time before she makes a move against one of them.

RIGHTEOUS ARMY OF THE WHITE FLAME

Evil sits at the core of the Abyss, the kind of evil that seeps into other planes and poisons minds. For some paladins and knights, the very idea of this kind of evil existing is revolting, but for the Righteous Army of the White Flame it has become a clarion call for action. This holy order of knights originated when its leader, a fierce human woman named Lady Tyranna Dawn, was given a vision of a piercing white flame that could consume darkness and evil.

Gathering a small cadre of loyal followers, Lady Tyranna Dawn pursued that dream across the planes and eventually found the White Flame. Suffused with pure yellow light, this massive crystal called out to the paladin and her followers and extracted a great oath. In exchange for powers to push back and dispel evil, the White Flame demanded that the Abyss be cleansed of all its demonic inhabitants in order to stop the tide of evil from washing over the multiverse.

Lady Tyranna Dawn took up the White Flame's call and through her actions she gathered a massive force from across the planes. With the intelligent crystal at the lead, they pushed through a gate and spilled out onto the 196th layer of the Abyss. No demon lord stood watch over that particular layer, but the plane itself rebelled against the presence of the Righteous Army.

Now entrenched in a war without end, the Righteous Army of the White Flame will not stop until they see their mission fulfilled. They have made great strides on the 196th layer, creating hospitable zones, but often times the evil grows just as quickly as it is cut down. Some members of the order have taken to less direct methods of exterminating evil, and to date the White Flame seems content as long as the main military force remains engaged in the Abyss.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Without a doubt, the most common creatures encountered in the Abyss are the innumerable demons. From quasits to vrocks to nalfeshnee and even worse, demons stand at the top of the Abyssal food chain. However, infinite layers spawn infinite possibilities, and other creatures have sprung up. Most of them are animalistic, never challenging the demons but instead picking off weak members and serving as food for other creatures.

FIENDS

The most common inhabitant of the Abyss are the fiends, and they come in an astonishing variety of sizes and shapes that can only be produced by the utter malevolent chaos of the plane. Maulers are huge, territorial demonic bears with a vicious streak and surprising abilities; some of them have iron hides, some have masses of razor-sharp tentacles, and still others can shoot beams of magma from their eyes. Rogrezen are rat-like fiends that belong to no greater hierarchy, but still manage to infest the workings of everything in the Abyss.

Flapping through the air of many of the infinite layers are the vargouilles, shrieking and cursing everything they can find. They are often controlled by the greater powers of the Abyss as watchdogs, and they constantly fight against flocks of the bat-like varrangoin over territory and food. Blackhides are fierce, competitive boar-like fiends that roam in packs across many of the Abyssal lairs, and Baphomet especially is fond of capturing them and placing them in his endless mazes.

Demons. Without a doubt, demons are the most numerous and powerful fiends on the Abyss. The demon lords that rule over them are unique beings that were either created different from their birth or rose through the ranks to carve out territory for themselves. Demons embody the willfulness of chaos and the depravity of evil in everything they do, and the wide variety of demonic types that fill the infinite layers shows that there is a limitless supply of both in the multiverse.

Demons are a force of raw power and they live and die as the forms they start with; some demons are just created more powerfully than others, and that is the distilled essence of chaos. Nonetheless, lesser powerful demons can still serve useful purposes, and demon lords have special ways of rewarding others that perform tasks admirably. Of course, they may destroy such demons instead, perhaps to set an example or simply on a twisted whim.

Most demons are obsessed with simply spreading chaos, horror, and fear wherever they go, and most have little forethought beyond these immediate desires. They are a tidal wave of terror that threatens to spill out of the Abyss and engulf the multiverse, but an unlikely source has risen to stop them – the devils of the Nine Hells. The long-standing Blood War between the two fiends has been raging for centuries and centuries as the regulated armies of the devils face off against the wild hordes of the demons. This plays out largely on the first layer of the Abyss, the Plain of Infinite Portals, where the River Styx carries countless devilish troops and the crimson ground is soaked with blood of many fiends.

HUMANOIDS

Few humanoids live in the Abyss by choice. Most are slaves of the demon lords, kept in prisons or cells as cattle to feed the endless demonic hordes, but a few communities actively serve the will of the greater demons and demon lords. These mad cults seek to please their masters, though few demon lords even bother noticing them, and any type of humanoid could have been brought up in a brain-washed cult of demon worshipping.

Tieflings. Demon-blooded tieflings rarely last long in the Abyss. The more powerful cambions see them as bastards and traitors with more “mortal taint” than demon blood, but some tieflings manage to prove their worth to the demon lords and greater powers. Often times, this worth is as spies, assassins, and elite warriors outside the Abyss.

PLANTS

The plant life of the Abyss is hostile, like everything else, but some of it is unique to the landscape of the infinite layers. Zrintor walkers are born from corrupted seeds in the Viper Forest in Graz'zt's domain, and by their nature the seeds can spread easily throughout any of the Abyssal lairs. Needle spawn and the larger needle lords can grow in surprising environments as well, and most develop immunities to any natural hazard on the layer they spawn from. Assassin vines can be deadly predators, and corpse flowers that grow from the corpse of a fallen demon are especially violent and cruel.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Every one of the infinite layers of the Abyss offers a hazard for travelers, whether it be in the terrain, a freak storm, or the very air itself.

ABYSSAL THREATS

The tables below are provided as inspiration for you to generate key threats for layers of the Abyss. As you roll on them, you may notice some of the results don't make initial sense. You are encouraged to keep them, though, and puzzle through how the random rolls can be used together. In the Abyss, chaos is an omnipresent force, and that force doesn't always have to obey commonly understood laws. Snow and ice may be present in hot environments, creating the sort of juxtaposition the Abyss is known for.

You can roll on the Threat Source table two or three times for each layer to create some abyssal threats that cause problems for travelers. Demons and other native creatures are generally immune to the effects of an abyssal threat. The Threat Type table contains a great number of nasty options with suggestions on how to implement each, but they are simply suggestions. Some of the Threat Types are simply meant to be unsettling and may not actually cause damage to travelers. Use your best judgement.

ABYSSAL THREAT SOURCE

1D20	THREAT SOURCE
1-10	Terrain. Roll for Terrain Type, Unusual Color, and 1 or 2 Threat Types. These threats are generally persistent and affect travelers of all kind passing through them.
11-13	Air. Roll for Climate Type and 1 or 2 Threat Types. These threats are generally persistent and affect travelers of all kind on the layer.
14-20	Storm. Roll for Climate, Unusual Color, and 1 or 2 Threat Types. These threats are intermittent but generally more potent.

ABYSSAL THREAT TERRAIN TYPE

1D20	TERRAIN
1-3	Wasteland, desert, or tundra depending on climate
4-6	Forests
7-8	Plains
9-10	Mountains
11-12	Underground
13-14	Swamps
15-16	Aquatic
17	Lakes, roll again to determine what type of terrain the lakes appear in.
18	Rivers, roll again to determine what type of terrain the rivers cut through.
19	Unstable
20	Massive creature

ABYSSAL THREAT UNUSUAL COLOR

1D20	UNUSUAL COLOR
1-2	Blood red
3-4	Scaly green
5-6	Pure black
7-8	Bone white
9-10	Ash gray
11-12	Dull blue
13-14	Bruised purple
15-16	Fiery orange
17-18	Bloated yellow
19-20	Roll again but the color is lush

ABYSSAL THREAT CLIMATE TYPE

1D20	CLIMATE
1-3	Blazing hot
4-8	Uncomfortably hot
9-10	Warm
11-12	Cool
13-17	Uncomfortably cold
18-20	Icy cold

ABYSSAL THREAT TYPE

1D100	THREAT TYPE
1-2	Acidic. The threat deals periodic acid damage.
3-4	Fiery. The threat deals periodic fire damage.
5-6	Icy. The threat deals periodic cold damage.
7-8	Poisonous. The threat deals periodic poison damage.
9-10	Drowning. The threat drowns travelers.
11-12	Lightning. The threat deals periodic lightning damage.
13-14	Exhausting. The threat inflicts exhaustion levels.
15-16	Life-leeching. The threat inflicts temporary Constitution damage.
17-18	Soul-draining. The threat inflicts temporary Wisdom damage.
19-20	Strength-sapping. The threat inflicts temporary Strength damage.
21-22	Mind-numbing. The threat inflicts temporary Intelligence damage.
23-24	Emotion-dulling. The threat inflicts temporary Charisma damage.
25-26	Reflex-slowng. The threat inflicts temporary Dexterity damage.
27-28	Fear-inducing. The threat causes travelers to become afraid.
29-30	Necrotic. The threat deals periodic necrotic damage.
31-32	Forceful. The threat deals periodic force damage.
33-34	Salty. The threat spoils food and ruins provisions.
35-36	Cacophonous. The threat causes madness.
37-38	Screaming. The threat prevents short or long rests.
39-40	Paralyzing. The threat seeks to slow travelers.
41-42	Imprisoning. The threat seeks to stop travelers.
43-44	Darkness. The threat creates impenetrable darkness.

1D100 THREAT TYPE

45-46	Souls. The threat is born of mortal souls.
47-48	Zombies. The threat is zombie-like (hard to kill).
49-50	Skeletons. The threat is skeletal (bony).
51-52	Beetles. The threat is comprised of beetles.
53-54	Spiders. The threat is comprised of spiders.
55-56	Worms. The threat is comprised of worms.
57-58	Maggots. The threat is comprised of maggots.
59-60	Rats. The threat is comprised of ravenous rats.
61-62	Bats. The threat is comprised of vicious bats.
63-64	Snakes. The threat is comprised of snakes or vipers.
65-66	Vultures. The threat is comprised of hungry vultures.
67-68	Lizards. The threat is comprised of lizards.
69-70	Leeches. The threat is comprised of leeches.
71-72	Steam. The threat involves poor visibility.
73-74	Ash. The threat involves smoke and fire.
75-76	Flies. The threat is comprised of fly swarms.
77-78	Blood. The threat involves blood.
79-80	Gnashing. The threat involves biting or chewing.
81-82	Snowy. The threat involves snow and ice.
83-84	Devouring. The threat involves eating or swallowing.
85-86	Dreaming. The threat involves invading dreams and nightmares.
87-88	Slimy. The threat is thick and slows travelers.
89-90	Fungal. The threat is plant-based.
91-92	Chaotic. The threat involves wild magic surges.
93-94	Sleep-inducing. The threat puts travelers to sleep.
95-96	Bleeding. The threat deals regular slashing or piercing damage.
97-98	Diseased. The threat inflicts a disease.
99-00	Styxian. The threat involves stealing memories.

SITES & TREASURES

The Infinite Layers of the Abyss hold more terrors and horror than any other plane. Each layer hides secret knowledge beneath grime, death, and decay, along with a wide variety of ways to kill and maim intruders. However, many of the layers are described in other products available, so this section focuses on the interesting sites and treasures that could draw a party of adventurers into the Abyss.

ABYSM

The twin towers of Abysm rise from the Brine Flats on the Gaping Maw, the 88th layer of the Abyss, and serve as the palace of Demogorgon, Prince of Demons. Each of the towers is tall and topped by a massive fanged skull, with multiple bridges spanning the distance between them. Demogorgon's twin nature is reflected physically in Abysm, and the contents of each spire reflect the demon lord's schemes and plots being wrought by each of his individual minds.

Abysm is constructed of salt-encrusted coral as strong as stone, and its depths go far below the Brine Flats. The many levels of each tower contain numerous experiments on the nature of demonkind, methods to craft new horrific diseases and poisons, and records of Demogorgon's numerous enemies across the multiverse. The Prince of Demons himself can usually be found wandering Abysm's many chambers and rooms, checking on the results of experiments and plots.

BLACK SCROLLS OF AHM

Tulket nor Ahm was a famous scholar who spent his life in pursuit of one thing – knowledge over demons and the Abyss they call home. He traveled more layers of the Abyss than has been recorded by any other mortal, and he wrote his findings down in hundreds of journals, notes, and papers. Collectively, his writings are referred to as the Black Scrolls of Ahm and they form the basis for the Black Cult that bears his name.

Some of the Black Scrolls contain magical knowledge Ahm discovered in his travels, and these are the most prized, but even his non-magical scripts contain worthwhile information on the nature of demons, the Blood War, and the Abyss itself. Individual chapter houses of the Black Cult hold individual collections, and the cult's hidden library in the City of Glass holds fragments from the *Abyssal Mundus*, Ahm's ultimate work.

One maddening aspect of Ahm's varied work is a magical enchantment placed on the most important pieces, which sends the scroll to a random location across the planes when its power is utilized. And some of them contain secrets of binding major demons, the hidden names of ancient demon lords, gates and passages to sealed layers, and other esoteric lore not found written anywhere else. The Black Cult only utilizes such magic in dire emergencies, instead relying on the knowledge of their individual members, but on occasion the full power of a Black Scroll of Ahm has been unleashed.

BROKEN REACH

The Plain of Infinite Portals is the most visited of the layers of the Abyss, not only because it's the first layer but also because of its gate-like nature. Visitors are not uncommon, nor rampaging armies fighting the Blood War, but all travelers know that the fortress of Broken Reach is neutral ground. The succubus Red Shroud runs the place like a tavern and brooks no violence within the grounds – more than one demon has been utterly destroyed by Red Shroud's power for disobeying this simple rule.

Yugoloth mercenaries, planar merchants, demon warriors, and adventurers are all welcome in Broken Reach, and there are dozens of visitors onsite at any given time. Red Shroud deals in secrets only, the bigger the better, but she is still the undisputed mistress of the fortress – crossing her is a sure sign of a death sentence. Her fondness and knowledge of poisons, including ones capable of rendering demons and devils low, is well documented as well. She is also an accomplished sorceress and it is widely believed she crafted the powerful enchantments over Broken Reach that trigger when violence occurs.

CAVE OF GLOOMS

The 72nd layer of the Abyss is known as Darklight, where the demon lord Noctacula the Undeniable reign supreme. Her realm is cloaked in perpetual darkness over jagged mountains of jet-black stone, and she can often be found winging through the night sky attended by great flocks of demonic bats. Noctacula's personal home is the Cave of Glooms, a massive cavern in the heart of the Midnight Mountain.

There, the demon lord rests and plays out her countless plots, using bats of all kind as spies and messengers across the Abyss. Noctacula is subtler than many demon lords, and most mortals on the Material Plane do not know of her existence – but that doesn't mean she has no eyes or ears there. It is known that daylight is shunned by the demon lord, but she seeks some treasure across the planes. Her bat minions are innocuous and fly silently through the multiverse. What does Noctacula seek?

DEMONWING

In the distant past as part of some larger scheme, Demogorgon set his demonic smiths to a seemingly impossible task – take a layer of the Abyss and bind it into a mobile vessel. After much research, magical study, and willpower, the ship Demonwing was born. A massive, triple-mast sailing ship that actually contains the folded contents of an infinite layer of the Abyss below its black wooden decks. As part of its legendary enchantments, the ship sailed not on water but on the winds of the planes.



The command of Demonwing was given over to an ambitious balor demon in Demogorgon's service, and the ship sailed on many scouting journeys across the Abyss, the Nine Hells, and other battlefields of the Blood War. The balor was eventually overthrown, and the new captain took the ship to plunder the Material Plane but was thwarted by the legendary mage Emirikol the Chaotic. Emirikol took possession of Demonwing but rarely used it, and eventually he gave it over to a group of adventurers. The current location of Demonwing is not known.

The lower decks of the Abyssal ship contain unending halls and chambers, exactly as if it were a layer of the Abyss, and it is filled with demons of all kind along with the plundered loot from hundreds of battles. The original balor captain is said to be below decks as well, plotting a return against whomever controls Demonwing, and Demogorgon himself has never forgotten about the useful vessel.

DESICCATED GARDEN OF DHALMARN

Lolth's spider-web choked home in the Demonweb Pits holds a dizzying array of individual caves and cocoons. The Desiccated Garden is one of them, tended by a drow lich named Dhalmar. When a victim dies in the Demonweb Pits as a result of spider venom, the body is brought to Dhalmar where he and his attendant servants string up the corpse and preserve it in its dried husk state for all eternity. Countless bodies hang in the garden by silken threads of delicate spider webbing, and the drow lich has gone quite insane over the centuries, talking to the bodies as if they were alive.

Dhalmar's instability is tolerated by Lolth and her priestesses because the lich commands a great deal of knowledge about undead and the process for preserving bodies. His laboratory in the Desiccated Garden contains hundreds upon hundreds of jars of fluid, the remnants of the victims that now hang, though for what purpose is not yet known.

LAKES OF MOLTEN IRON

The demonic armies that clash in the Blood War have a never-ending appetite for forged items that give them an edge. This appetite is insatiable, but it is partially fed by the furnaces and forges that sit along the banks of the Lakes of Molten Iron on the Plain of Infinite Portals. The lakes are literally boiling iron belched up from the depths of the Abyss itself, which are then funneled into dozens of forges.

The region's importance in the Blood War makes the area one of the least stable on the 1st layer of the Abyss as devilish forces and yugoloth mercenaries clash for control over the vital fortresses. Each carries its own master, though a few stand out as noteworthy.

Razorforge was the victim of a chaotic eruption that drove the demons away, and in their wake magma mephits moved in and restarted the forges. They keep their operation small and thus far have remained mostly anonymous, especially since demons trigger latent magical surges that can destroy them when they approach.

Ferrug is an imposing iron fortress run by a marilith with an eye towards selling to the highest demonic bidder. Her forges are run by manes, vrocks, and goristros and the entire fortress has been attacked multiple times by the armies of the Nine Hells. Each time, the superior craftsmanship of Ferrug weapons and armor have won the day.

Bonepot is a curious forge that focuses on reinforcing skeletons with iron plating. Its master, an especially intelligent vrock, works its teams of smiths to churn out armored undead monsters. It is rumored that the forces of Orcus keep Bonepot operating, but its iron-bodied skeletons have been seen marching in multiple demonic armies.

MAZE OF THE BONE EATERS

Baphomet's realm is the Endless Maze, the 600th layer of the Abyss, and it is as its name suggests. Endless corridors of worked stone fill the layer, and the Prince of Beasts maintains absolute control over much of the region. But he is not the only inhabitant. Tribes of savage, demonic minotaurs also roam the maze, serving Baphomet in their own cruel and sadistic way.

The Bone Eaters are a tribe of minotaurs who have served the Prince of Beasts for centuries. Their fur is the color of bleached bone and they have carved out a section of their master's domain for their own purposes. The Maze of the Bone Eaters is adorned with hundreds upon hundreds of bones, the only remnants of the minotaurs' foes, and they are all scarred with vicious bite marks. The Bone Eaters are fond of capturing and torturing their foes, cooking them slowly and enjoying the screams which echo through their maze.

The leader of the Bone Eaters is a gargantuan minotaur that traces her lineage directly to Baphomet. Known as Bonecruncher, she is a terribly savage foe with a cruel streak to match her master's.

NARATYR

For a period of time in recent memory, the demon lord Orcus was presumed dead. His spirit departed the Abyss and his realm of Thanatos was left empty, a void that did not last long. The drow goddess Kiaransalee stepped in and filled that void, and her domain of death overlapped nicely with Orcus' own. She built up the city of Naratyr as her winter palace, attracting hundreds of intelligent undead seeking to curry the goddess' favor.

Then Orcus returned, pushed Kiaransalee out, and reclaimed Thanatos as his own realm once again. Servants of the drow goddess were given two options – serve the Prince of the Undead or be destroyed. Most chose to switch allegiances, and in Naratyr the inhabitants feared Orcus would make a permanent home. He has not, leaving the undead sycophants to fight over each other to win the demon lords favor, and Naratyr has become a frozen city of the dead.

RIFT OF ASH

The 103rd layer of the Abyss is the Rift of Ash, where the entire realm is a massive scar in the black and red stone surroundings. The top of the rift is nothing but howling winds pushing everything out of the depths with plumes of thick smoke choking the air, making breathing near impossible. Numerous spontaneous fires dot the walls of the rift, burning the stone itself, and the bottom holds nothing but agitated magma.

No demon lord claims the Rift of Ash, but it is not uncontested. The colossal red dragon Ignashendre keeps her lair in the lowest section of the rift, and she is the undisputed mistress of the layer. She is older than some demon lords and has gained incredible knowledge and power in her time, but she thus far shows no inclination toward conquest. The hoard of Ignashendre stretches into the caves just above the lava pool at the bottom of the rift, gathered from demons and mortals alike from her years of conquest.

Fire and magma elementals are common servants of the ancient red dragon, and though she eschews demonic servants the power of the demons has long fascinated Ignashendre. She has tinkered with extracting demonic essence and has infused herself with such stolen power, but she seeks more subjects. And while she has thus far not moved against any of the demon lords, her impatience suggests it is only a matter of time before she puts her skills to the test and faces off against a more potent foe in the search for claiming greater and greater power for herself. Ignashendre is a force to be reckoned with and one to watch on the Abyssal stage.

SCREAMING PEAKS

Breaking up the endless savannah of the Death Dells, Yeenoghu's realm on the 422nd layer, are the jagged mountains of the Screaming Peaks. Like everyone on the layer, gnolls dominate the mountains, but they clash with advanced ghouls hiding among the caves and valleys. These ghouls pay homage to Doresain, King of the Ghouls, who is himself a vassal of Yeenoghu. The two offer aid to one another on occasion, but the savage ferocity of the gnoll tribes of the Screaming Peaks makes the ghouls a common enemy.

The Screaming Peaks hold numerous secret valleys that are older than the Prince of Gnolls. The ghouls hold several of these, but greater beings are said to sleep in dark caves hidden far away from prying eyes. The mountains earn their name from the mournful howl echoing through the tall peaks, but gnoll legends say that the screaming is punctuated by the hoarse cry of Yeenoghu's original kin. Now nothing but bones amid the stone valleys, these forgotten entities of hunger, thirst, and madness wait to reawaken once more.

SKELETON TREE

Pazuzu claims the skies above the Plain of Infinite Portals as his entire realm, and he watches over it all from the stretched-out arms of his fortress, Skeleton Tree. Thin spires of bone-white stone stretch up over the blasted pitted landscape, piercing the bloated crimson sky. It is surrounded by vrock and other flying demons of all kinds who act as Pazuzu's eyes and ears across the layer.

Pazuzu hails from an older class of demon lords, and though he shares his fellows' bloodthirsty nature, a streak of cowardice and selfishness runs strong through him. He rarely engages in the Blood War, preferring instead to bargain with the devils and mercenaries, and his stance has garnered him no allies among the demon lords. This suits Pazuzu just fine, and it is said Skeleton Tree is impregnable by any force on the ground. The secrets contained in the twisted branches and ivory vaults have been gathered over many centuries.

SPIRE OF THE DECEIVED

Fraz-Urb'luu's realm of Hollow's Heart is a masterwork of illusion and deception. Nothing is what it seems at first glance, from the trees of the Drooling Jungle that hide the souls of bound servants to the mountain lakes of the Demon's Teeth range that lure travelers to a watery grave. The Prince of Deception dwells in a sprawling city of corkscrew towers, but his secret vault is the titanic building of adamantine called the Spire of the Deceived.

In Hollow's Heart, the Spire of the Deceived moves around seemingly at random. Inside its twisted walls, Fraz-Urb'luu hides fabulous treasure and knowledge gathered from his time conquering the Abyss and collecting tithes from his many cults. The site is guarded by the bound ghosts of former thralls whose bodies still remain pinned to the outside of the grim spire.

Of course, given Fraz-Urb'luu's nature, the Spire of the Deceived could itself simply be a trap to lure travelers seeking wealth to a painful life of servitude. No one has ever returned from it, but rumors among certain planar scholars say that a great relic from a time before the demons rests in the deepest vault of the twisted tower.

WHITE FLAME

The Blood War is fought by the devils of the Nine Hells to keep the demons from spilling out across the multiverse (and invading their own plane in the process). The archdevils and princes that serve Asmodeus have crafted numerous weapons to fight the demonic hordes, but few are so clever as the White Flame. It is a 5-foot wide crystal in the shape of an immobile fire suffused with brilliant white light, and into its heart was bound the soul of a solar angel.

The White Flame was built specifically to draw paladins and other mortals into the Blood War, albeit as unwitting pawns, in order to fight the demons with power the devils could not possess. The archdevils crafted it and pushed it out to the Material Plane, where it eventually ensnared a warrior-knight named Lady Tyranna Dawn. Drawn to the words of the White Flame, Lady Tyranna became intoxicated on the holy power provided by the crystal and she summoned up a host to destroy the demons of the Abyss.

The Righteous Army of the White Flame was born, and they stormed the 196th layer from a gate torn open by the crystal itself. The knights and paladins fought their way through hordes of demons, but managed to establish a stronghold on the layer. Fort Dawn was built, where Lady Tyranna and the White Flame stand today, sending troops to stamp out the demonic presence.

The power granted by the White Flame is real, and it is very effective against demons. Does Lady Tyranna know about the relic's devilish origin? Would it matter if she did? If a tool crafted by an archdevil is useful in fighting true evil, do the ends justify the means? The White Flame seems holy, but one should never trust an item wrought in the bowels of the Nine Hells.

ZELATAR

Graz'tz the Dark Prince commands the most physical territory in the Abyss out of any demon lord. His triple realm is known as Azzagrat, but his seat of power is the confounding city of Zelatar. Zelatar extends across all three layers of Graz'tz's domain, and the streets can and do wind between all three of them. The Dark Prince's abode, the Argent Palace, defies the laws of realty even in the Abyss by existing simultaneously on all three, not just a reflection but the actual same physical site co-existing in three separate locations.

By ancient decree, Graz'tz allows merchants of all kind to enter Zelatar where his demonic thirst for conquest is somewhat muted. Assassins, poisoners, necromancers, and other dark purveyors of illicit goods can be found among the districts of the city, plying their trade and seeking employment. One exception to this leniency are servants of Graz'tz's hated demon lord foes, Demogorgon and Orcus, who are hunted down and killed publicly for sport.

Each of the three layers that hold Zelatar provide a different district for the demonic city. Fogtown is the upper borough, where slaves of all kind toil in great mushroom fields around the city and the ever-present fog robs travelers of their memory. Gallenghast is filled with the villas and manors of Zelatar's nobles, and the Dark Prince favors half-demons and tieflings above all others. Tournaments and festivals are often held in the district, drawing attention from across the multiverse. The lowest layer holds Darkflame, a strange place where flames are cold and ice is hot. The shadow-haunted streets of Darkflame are filled with blue and purple flames, chilling the air and driving travelers into the close-knit buildings.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Abyss is a dangerous place, but for travelers with access to a way home it offers a vast array of adventure opportunities. While some layers are inhospitable, not every one is so forward in its threats, and even low-levelled characters can survive the trip – assuming they don't rile the native demons and keep their noses clean.

Demons also have a way of worming their interests into the hearts and cities of mortals in their never-ending path of multiversal conquest. Often times, adventurers face off against a demon on the Material Plane are unwitting acting as agents in the Blood War, in their own small way.

Curse of the Black Scroll. A librarian comes to the characters asking for assistance. Days ago, a strange item showed up in the small library, a sealed scroll bearing the mark of a scholar named Ahm. The librarian does not wish to keep the relic, fearing the Black Cult would silence them, and asks the party to take it to another scholar who has dealings with the infamous organization. Is the scholar a black cultist? What is the nature of this Black Scroll? Who else seeks it?

Roots of Evil. The characters are approached by a druid who needs some outside help. The druid's forested enclave has become home to a particularly nasty viper tree, and the demon tree's roots have sunk down deep into the sacred ground. The roots must be cut from beneath and in short order, so the druid turns to the characters for help, but larger questions remain. Who planted the seed of the viper tree? What force moves against the druids?

What Red Shroud Knows. A temple needs answers about a mystery, and it is revealed that the succubus sorceress Red Shroud may know them. The characters are asked to travel into the Plain of Infinite Portals, find Broken Reach, and negotiate with Red Shroud for the secret. Just getting to the safe haven in the Abyss should prove challenging, but once there the succubus has a little job for the characters to perform in exchange for the secret. Is it evicting an unruly tenant from the fortress? Stopping a messenger across the Abyss? Red Shroud's missions are rarely straightforward and never without danger.

For the White Flame! The characters receive an urgent summons from an ally that has taken up the call of the White Flame. An offensive by the Righteous Army in the Abyss needs some scouting assistance and the characters make the perfect team. Lady Tyranna herself greets the party and introduces them to the White Flame, after which the characters head out into the Abyssal layer to provide advance information on the terrain. What does a small team of devil infiltrators have to do with the Righteous Army? What awaits them truly in their military objective?

Legend of Demonwing. Under a dark and stormy night sky, the harbor city the characters find themselves in receives a haunted ship visitor out of nowhere. The sleek black wood of the massive sailing ship bears no marks in a common language, but planar scholars identify it as Demonwing. What brings the legendary ship to port? What captain does it sail under currently? And why does it seem deserted?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through the Abyss. 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.

THE ABYSS

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-05	A pack of babau stalking an unsuspecting target
06-10	Several barlgura spoiling for a fight
11-15	A bulezau watching an area intently
16-20	A trio of chasme buzzing through the air on an errand
21-25	A horde of dretch wandering aimlessly
26-30	Two hezrou carrying buckets of water from the River Styx
31-35	An enraged goristro seeking vengeance
36-40	A nalfeshnee leading a swarm of manes
41-45	A pair of shadow demons arguing about a recent kill
46-50	A tiefling archmage consulting with a marilith
51-55	A shoosuva pack chasing a devil
56-60	A single vrock looking for an easy meal
61-65	A stampede of blackhides riled by something
66-70	A puddle of blood hiding a bloodbloat
71-75	An enraged iron mauler attacking everything
76-80	Group of quasits on an errand for a mortal master
81-85	Several swarms of abyssal insects erupting from the earth
86-90	A tentacled mauler stalking around its territory
91-95	A balor general assessing a potential battlefield
96-00	One of the demon lords on an unknown journey

INFERNAL BATTLEFIELD OF ACHERON

“There are few constants across the multiverse, but war is one of them. People strive for peace, but the natural state of the planes is friction and conflict, and that invariably leads to war. And on Acheron, war is literally in the air. The titanic metal cubes that fill most of the layers collide regularly, sending a clarion call of combat for the untold armies and legions. Honor, justice, mercy – these words have no meaning in Acheron, where war and strife are everything and the whole far outstrips the individual.”

Issilda the Unbreakable

The Infernal Battlefield of Acheron is a plane of conflict, armies, and open warfare. Its largest and most populated layer is filled with great metal cubes, some as large as continents, floating through a haze of gray smoke. They drift lazily, holding their own gravity but otherwise seeming to obey no known whim, and they collide with one another on a regular basis.

The ringing of these collisions echo throughout the layer, creating a siren call to arms for many of the military forces that occupy the cubes. Acheron is a realm of law and evil, but not the kind of evil perpetuated by the forces of the Abyss or the Nine Hells. Instead, this evil results from the total disregard for the consequences of actions. Suffering, pain, loss, and death are the result of constant warfare, and in Acheron these values hold no weight for most of its inhabitants.

Creatures devoted to combat are drawn to Acheron, and it has been the eternal battlefield between orcs, goblins, and bugbears since time immemorial. Great hordes of orcs clash against the armies of goblins and hobgoblins, while the war clans of the bugbears offer their services as mercenaries to both sides. The gods of these ravaging humanoids dwell in Acheron, pushing their followers into greater and greater conflicts, each side seeking to usurp the other in a never-ending struggle.

Acheron draws military forces from across the multiverse, and many rogue armies and failed rebellions linger in physical or spirit form across the plane. The Infernal Battlefield shares a close philosophical border with Mechanus, the plane of ultimate law and precision, and some union between the two created a race of mechanical humanoids known as the warforged. Alternate theories point to the warforged as simple refugees from another realm, a Material Plane world, but if this is true they offer no evidence or memory to support it.

Rakshasas lurk in the cubes of Acheron, sometimes offering their services as generals to a rogue army and other times acting in the interests of their enigmatic Maharaja of Death. Duergar dwarves are also counted among the inhabitants of the plane serving at the dour pleasure of Laduguer their exiled god.

Everyone in Acheron, the plane pushes and pulls against the concepts of peace and harmony. The lower layers hold dangers to body and mind – the second layer is the massive floating junkyard of the multiverse but it gradually turns everything to stone, the third layer’s space is largely empty save for geometric cubes, and the fourth layer is filled with razorstorms that shred flesh from bone in moments.

Still, where there’s conflict there’s opportunity for adventure. Characters can find service in the Nameless Legion, an infamous planar mercenary company that operates out of Acheron, and the junkyards of Thuldadin hold shattered remnants of war machines from across the planes, some of which may still be usable. The hordes of orcs and armies of goblins wage their wars, trying to gain the upper hand, and they can sometimes interfere with the stability of other planes in their never-ending pursuit.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Acheron as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Acheron.

Ringing of Metal. The metal cubes of Acheron slam together, and the sound of that crashing echoes for miles and miles. It’s not a constant cacophony of ringing metal, but at least once an hour the sound of great metal cubes colliding reverberates through the air. The frequency of the ringing sets teeth on edge and sends shivers down spines.

Smell of War. An acrid burnt smell fills the air of Acheron, like blood and steel mixed together with the stench of old wounds. It lingers everywhere and serves as a constant reminder of the bloodthirsty nature of the plane. Food and water absorb the smell easily, creating ill-tasting meals that many cannot stand.

Rising Tension. A vague sense of uneasiness rises steadily in visitors to Acheron. There’s a sense of breathless anticipation, as if an enemy were about to strike, and keeps everyone on edge all the times. Tempers flare with slightest provocation, and many resort to violence in their anger. It can almost be a relief when a hostile enemy does show up, but that feeling of rising tension returns almost immediately after even these quick releases.

LAY OF THE LAND

Acheron is comprised of four layers – Avalas, Thuldandin, Tintibulus, and Ocanthus. The plane's nickname as the Infernal Battlefield holds true across all, though the nature of that battlefield changes dramatically from one to the next. No traveler or planar scholar would call any of Acheron's layers as pleasant, however.

While there is no up or down on Acheron, the layers of the plane are considered to descend down, from Avalas at the top to Ocanthus at the bottom.

AVALAS

The most populated layer of Acheron is its first, Avalas. Giant metal cubes float lazily in the poorly-lit smoke-filled air. All of them are pitted and scarred from the numerous collisions with other cubes, and most are larger than a house – and some are as large as continents! They are formed of iron, and it is widely believed by planar scholars that they coalesce naturally from the ore of the multiverse.

Most cubes are hollow or riddled with tunnels, into which scurry the countless armies and military factions that fight their endless battles against one another. Each cube holds its own gravity, pulling things to their center and allowing creatures to walk along all six external faces with no impediment.

A cube collides with another in the smoky air of Avalas on an irregular basis, usually between one and four days, but whenever it happens the ringing can be heard across the layer. The goblins and orcs usually take this as a sign to mount an offensive against one another, while other military forces across the layer make plans for their never-ending wars.

The River Styx also winds its way through Avalas, a conduit to other locations across the lower planes. The river seems to obey no rational laws, however – on one cube, it may flow across a face in a deep channel, spilling over the side, only to disappear and reappear in another cube thousands of miles away. Sometimes the river's flow changes, and there are some planar scholars who track the changes and believe it holds a key to unlocking a greater mystery within Acheron.

THULDANIN

Similar to Avalas, Acheron's second layer is also filled with titanic metal cubes. On Thuldandin, however, these cubes are pitted, broken, and hollowed out. Each one contains scrap metal and stone from across the multiverse piled in great heaps with no apparent thought or design. Shattered ships, broken flying devices, siege machines, war chariots, and so much more lay hidden in the scrapyards of Thuldandin.

The amount of usable scrap draws the attention of many armies from Avalas and across the planes, but Thuldandin doesn't just hold its metal fragments. Some natural property of the layer eventually turns all objects to stone, rendering their magic and pieces inert for all time. The process is slow, usually taking thirty days or more for inanimate objects, but living creatures that visit the layer can turn to stone in as little as half a day.

The only known native inhabitants of Thuldandin are the duergar dwarves of Hammergrim. There, the protections from their dark god keep the petrification power of the layer at bay, and the dwarves busy themselves with reconstructing the junk of the multiverse for their own purposes.

TINTIBULUS

Whereas Avalas and Thuldandin are filled with cubes of varying shapes, Tintibulus holds other geometric shapes – eight-sided, ten-sided, and twelve-sided cubes are just as common there as the standard six-sided varieties. Its gray expanse is also much emptier than the above layers, making collisions between the iron shapes less frequent.

No native life is known to exist in Tintibulus and it is widely believed that this is a direct result of the layer's constant pressure on living creatures. This pressure comes from Tintibulus trying to force the living body into geometric shapes, and it can quickly result in physical exhaustion that eventually leads to being crushed to death.

OCANTHUS

The lowest layer of Acheron is the most openly hostile. Its gray sky is filled with shards of black razors, some large enough to walk on, while most are small enough to rend flesh from bone. The razors are sharp, and if there were any cubes on Ocanthus like the other layers it is likely they were destroyed long ago in one of the fierce razorstorms.

The strange thing about Ocanthus is that the shards are not iron or metal, but instead black ice. It is rumored that the bottom of Ocanthus, and thus Acheron, is actually an immense sheet of ice, and this forms the source of the razor shards that fill the layer. Some planar scholars refer to this mysterious site as the Sea of Memories as they believe it is either the source or destination for the River Styx, and that every memory stolen by the river is kept frozen there.

The theory has lured desperate travelers who have had their memories robbed by the River Styx to go in search of it, but to date no one has found it. Ocanthus has one native species, the bladelings, and in their strange walled city of Zoronar they do not offer answers to any travelers.

CYCLE OF TIME

Each of the layers of Acheron is lit by an unknown but always distant light that never wanes or waxes, so time is a difficult thing to measure. On Tintibulus, the perfect shapes of the cubes and their unusual but ordered patterns of movement actually give a measure of time the other layers lack – every 24 hours, two of the cubes connect, sending out a clear ringing.

SURVIVING

On Avalas, the only impediment to survival is the constant warfare that dominates the layer. Travelers die by orc blade, goblin spear, or any other wielded weapon, and occasionally the gravity of a cube can cause falling problems but otherwise the air and environment offers no lethal effect.

The same is not true for the lower layers. Thuldanim gradually turns everything in it to stone, though the process is lengthy. After spending a long rest in Thuldanim's scrapyards, living creatures must check against the petrifying nature of the layer. Refer to the Thuldanim Petrification hazard for exact details.

Tintibulus actively pushes against elements that disrupt its perfect order, and all travelers and non-natives fall into this category. The layer becomes physically taxing for these intruders. Refer to the Tintibulus Exhaustion hazard for exact details.

The lowest layer, Ocanthus, is filled with razor shards of metal and ice. Every minute spent on Ocanthus inflicts 11 (2d10) slashing damage. The razorstorms that spring up have the ability to sever heads and limbs with frightening frequency.

GETTING THERE

Permanent portals and gates to Acheron are usually found underground following veins of rich iron. The most common destination for these planar pathways is Avalas, but a portal to Thuldanim is not unheard of – after all, the junk and detritus of the planes has to get there somehow!

Some portals to Acheron are free-floating in the smoky sky, making them unreliable as permanent transportation without knowing there is an iron cube floating nearby. Without a passing cube, these free-floating portals are one-way, allowing entry into Acheron but denying return access. Lacking foreknowledge there is no way to determine a free-floating versus an anchored portal.

Orc and goblin tribes that have access to a portal to Acheron are among the most fearless and well-armed humanoid forces, often dominating the landscape for miles around. With access to the iron of Avalas and the teeming hordes of their deities, these tribes raid and pillage with great abandon and can often prove intractable foes for Material Plane kingdoms.

The River Styx winds its way strangely through the top layer of Acheron, making it an easily accessible route into the plane. By ancient decree, long-standing tradition, or some other powerful force, the merrenoloth fiends that pilot the Styxian ferries are neutral forces usually immune to the touch of war that inflicts the rest of the plane.

TRAVELING AROUND

Moving around on Acheron can be difficult without the aid of magic or the ability to fly. The cubes that float about the layers each hold their own gravity, pulling objects to their center, but this gravity only extends out about 300 feet from its surface. Creatures or objects that escape the gravity field are propelled through the smoky skies perpetually until they are caught by another cube's gravity force.

Traveling from one cube to another is often achieved by the armies of Acheron when the cubes collide with one another. For about an hour, the gravities of the two cubes mix allowing creatures and objects to move quickly and easily between them without fear of falling damage.

In addition, something about the collision of cubes creates a permanent gate between them, though the exact location on each cube can be difficult to discern. Often times these gates appear as shimmering fields of liquid metal, but they can appear in the solid mass of a cube's interior at times, making the connection worthless until discovered. These types of portals are known as tethered portals.

The other type is a free-floating portal, and it exists in a fixed point in the sky of Acheron. When a cube passes over it, the portal activates, and these portals can lead to other planes – Mechanus, the Nine Hells, Hades, and the Astral Plane are common planar connections.

Accessing the various layers of Acheron requires specific knowledge of the gate system, or magical flight to fly between them. Despite its infinite nature, the layers are accessible via physical travel. Regardless of their starting point, physically traveling between the layers requires a journey of 1d10 x 100 miles. The gates are much faster, but many of them are well-guarded from outside usage.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Military might is all-encompassing on Acheron. It is the only currency worth anything, and the only aspect worthy of respect or command. Most of the powerful and mighty forces of the plane are juggernauts of military prowess, waging endless war in a plane built for combat.

ARMY OF MAGLUBIYET

Goblins make up a large force on Acheron, and the bulk of them belong to the Army of Maglubiyet. Named for the goblin god who supposedly dwells in the center of the great iron cube Clangor, the goblins and hobgoblin soldiers that make up this potent army are a voracious, insatiable force constantly fighting everything they come across. Their prime foe are the orcs of the Horde of Gruumsh, but the goblins can be provoked to fight almost any opponent regardless of the odds.

The Army of Maglubiyet has an ordered, regimented structure, something that isn't found normally among goblin tribes. The goblins and hobgoblins fall into two distinct branches. For the goblins, the lowest soldiers are the ashbiters, who can move up in rank to become arroweyes (archers), bloodstabbers (warriors), or steelbiters (elite soldiers). The wolfriders are elite troops that ride steelfang worgs into battle, and some ashbiters move into the service of Maglubiyet directly as warspeakers, the shamans and religious figures of the goblins.

In contrast, the hobgoblin branch comprises the majority of the leadership in the army, and they have a more defined structure than the goblins. The ranks are identified by body part (foot, leg, belly, arm, hand, head) and then further by metal type (brass, copper, iron, steel). Thus, the lowest rank is the brassfoot who are regarded as better than the vast majority of goblins.

Special divisions within the Army of Maglubiyet exist for both goblins and hobgoblins, including scouts, assassins, advisors to devilish allies, and other unique functions.

FOLLOWERS OF THE IRON VOICE

Something new has arisen in Acheron. In a plane of warring armies and leaderless rebellions, new players on the scene are usually nothing special. But recently, elite warriors and soldiers have been seen searching the iron cubes of Avalas for something. They are golems, made of metal and wood, but imbued with a sense of intelligence and purpose not found in other creations. They call themselves warforged, and they claim to be seeking the Iron Voice.

It is rumored there is a cube somewhere in Tintibulus that spawned the race of golem-like warforged, and if true it would represent the only natural life to come out of that layer. Most warforged have no recollection of their birth, and they move from cube to cube on Avalas in a quest for the divine entity they call the Iron Voice. They hear its call, faintly at times, but always it leads them on. They have clashed with goblin, orc, and bugbear alike, but their true numbers are not known.

What is the Iron Voice? Most warforged encountered, though clearly possessing intelligence and advanced strategies, refuse to speak and fight to the death when faced with opposition. The construct humanoids have been seen with a variety of unique configurations, and despite their nature no two seem to be exactly the same. This individuality seems contradictory to their constructed nature.

HOUSE OF RED KNIVES

The lowest layer of Acheron, Ocanthus, is a fierce field of razor-sharp black shards capable of shredding flesh in a matter of minutes. The only living creatures native to that layer are the bladlings who have managed to construct a barrier around their city of Zoronar. Few would know these enigmatic creatures exist if it weren't for the machinations of the House of Red Knives.

The House of Red Knives is a secretive group of bladling assassins selling their skills to the highest bidder in Acheron's never-ending wars. The bladlings do not allow strangers in Zoronar, but getting in touch with the Red Knives requires only a message left on an iron cube's surface. Soon after, a cryptic representative arrives to negotiate the terms of the contract. A Red Knives assassin is not cheap and they never accept payment in mere coins – they always require something else of value. Magical items and weapons are common, but treasured items of any kind may be asked for in exchange for the swift death of the target.

HORDE OF GRUUMSH

From the grim cube of Nishrek, the orc tribes gather in their largest numbers across the multiverse. Forming the Horde of Gruumsh, these orcs are trained for battle and are more than willing to die in favor of their god's cause. That cause can change but the most driving goal of the assembled horde is the utter destruction of the Army of Maglubiyet.

Gruumsh, the one-eyed god of the orcs, and the rest of the orc deities dwell in the depths of the massive cube. There, the rule of might makes right dominates all, and the might of the tribe dominates above all else. There is no room for the weak in the Horde of Gruumsh, and all non-orcs and even weakened orcs are nothing more than slaves to the vast collection of tribes.

Individual tribes make up the horde, each with its own hierarchy. Slaves are below all others, and above them are the diggers, bearers, warriors, shamans, marshals, and chieftains, in that order. There are two tiers of tribes in the horde, the war tribes (lesser) and the great tribes (greater). The war tribe chieftains report to a warlord, while the great tribe chieftains are answerable only to the greatlords. Greatlords are said to be blessed by the orc gods themselves.

Unlike the Army of Maglubiyet, the vast number of tribes in the Horde of Gruumsh usually move and act independently. They have greater numbers than the goblins, but the stricter military structure of Maglubiyet's forces gives them an edge. Greatlords of the horde rarely give direct commands, serving instead in the depths of Nishrek, while the warlords fight amongst themselves almost as often as the goblins.

Still, though it lacks in the discipline seen among the goblins, the orcs of the Horde of Gruumsh are a truly voracious host, and their iron mines in Nishrek produce a vast quantity of metal weapons and armor to keep the orcs well equipped.

MAHARAJA OF DEATH

It is believed by some that Acheron is the true native home of the cunning rakshasas, though many claim the Nine Hells to be their true origin. Acheron still holds a large population of the fiends, though they keep themselves hidden and fight a war of shadows and intrigue against the other armies among the iron cubes. Rakshasas on Acheron organize themselves into small families, usually ruling behind the scenes of a more brutish force used as slaves, but all bow to the whims of their mysterious ruler, the Maharaja of Death.

One of the most powerful rakshasas in the multiverse, the Maharaja of Death is an accomplished spellcaster and a vindictive foe for any that cross him. He rules from a supposedly invisible cube called the Palace of Naraka which he controls, directing its movement in the gray skies of Avalas. Those that go before the Maharaja of Death never return, and rarely does the powerful rakshasa leave his cube.

He does, however, direct many of the families across Acheron in their schemes for power and control over the other races. They communicate through special crystal balls linked back to the Palace of Naraka, where the Maharaja of Death sends his messages and controls the great scheme remotely. It is known that the rakshasa's minions have infiltrated the Horde of Gruumsh, but to what end is not yet known.

NAMELESS LEGION

Countless military forces occupy Acheron, clashing and fighting one another in the constant din of cubes colliding, but a few manage to stand out. The Nameless Legion is one, becoming a mercenary force known for its planar excursions across the multiverse and willingness to take on dangerous contracts. They are based in the Storm Halls, an iron cube that holds a series of constructed ziggurats in its depths. There, the leaders of the Nameless Legion, the Paymasters, work on contracts and seek additional mercenaries for their growing mercenary force.

The Nameless Legion takes its name from a special process performed by the Paymasters that strips applicants of their memory. The soldiers are given new names when assigned to a cadre, usually descriptive and crude, and the legion accepts all manner of monsters and other types in its ranks.

Though they are based on Acheron, the Nameless Legion takes only a few contracts from the various fighting forces on the plane. Most military outfits have their own dedicated soldiers and do not rely on mercenaries. However, across the multiverse, the Nameless Legion has made a name for itself as a highly skilled and expensive military unit equipped and experienced enough to deal with larger than life threats.

ROGUE ARMIES

On a plane where the only constant is war, it's inevitable that some military units break away from larger forces or leaderless regiments strike out on their own. Countless rogue armies wander the iron cubes of Avalas, marching towards their next battle. Some move with a more defined purpose, but most simply seek to satiate their endless bloodlust.

The most famous of these rogues armies is led by a mysterious and ancient lich known as the Necromancer King. His army of skeletons, zombies, and ghouls are tireless in the pursuit of their master's grim desires, but the lich is close-lipped about it to outsiders. Do they seek to plunder a lost treasure? Does the Necromancer King search for an escape from Acheron? Or are the legends to be believed and the lich seeks godhood on the back of a conquering host?

Almost any type of military force could be conceivably encountered in Acheron. Some seek redemption in battle, others search for lost treasures, while still others quest for a way out of the smoky air and clanging iron cubes. A large force of mummified kuo-toa is said to wander around, victims of the River Styx that now seek their lost memories, along with an unmoored house of bladelings lost in the cubes of Avalas.

WAR CLANS OF HRUGGEK

Goblins and orcs war constantly against one another in Acheron at every chance they get. They each utilize as many resources as they can gather, and that includes mercenaries of all types. Yugoloths eager to sell their services are not uncommon, but by far the largest independent force in the eternal struggle between orc and goblin are the bugbears that make up the War Clans of Hruggek.

Each of the sizable bugbear war clans fight for the side that pays them the most, and it's not uncommon to have bugbears fighting bugbears where the ranks of goblins and orcs have been thinned out. The brutish mercenaries are loyal only as far as their payment goes, and some say that they are advised by devilish counselors from the Nine Hells.

The war clans usually have representatives in the major outposts of Nishrek and Clangor, but the bulk of their forces are kept away from the constant fighting in those iron cubes until they are called. None of the goblins and orcs know where the War Clans of Hruggek are based, but when payment is collected the bugbears have not failed to show up.

Some whisper that Hruggek, god of the bugbears, takes an active interest in his peoples' mercenary activities, and uses divine will to swiftly transport forces around Acheron once a contract has been signed and payment delivered. It seems farfetched, but in a plane of titanic metal cubes and never-ending armies, such things may be possible.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The first layer of Acheron holds numerous soldiers and warriors from across the multiverse, but a number of dangerous native denizens wander the cubes as well. From the massive rust behemoths to the dangerous bonespears and the ghostly warwraiths, Acheron contains no shortage of monsters bent on conquering and destroying.

CONSTRUCTS

No one really knows how the iron cubes and objects that float through Acheron are created. Many seem to heal themselves over time and yet they have a definite constructed quality to them. Along a similar vein, golems and constructs seem to spring organically from the plane as well, perhaps as living extensions of the cubes themselves. Iron golems are the most common, and unless acted upon by an outside force these powerful constructs defend their cubes with their lives. They're alive in the same way other golems are alive, but their origin remains largely shrouded in mystery. Scrap golems can similarly spontaneously occur, especially in the junk-filled second layer of Thuldadin. Blade golems are the special creations of the bladelings on the razor-spike filled fourth layer.



Cadaver collectors pick through the remnants of the constant battles that occur across Acheron, sweeping the dead and collecting the remnants in a grisly pile. Skilled necromancers and warlords on the plane learn to call cadaver collectors to bolster military forces with undead monsters, and the constructs are always willing to let loose their collections in hopes of gathering more from the piles of the dead. Steel predators are among the most feared hunters on Acheron, and they seem to enjoy chasing victims for nothing else but the sheer thrill of the hunt.

FIENDS

As a plane of strife, fiends that relish combat and bloodshed are naturally drawn to Acheron. Battles in the never-ending Blood War between the demons of the Abyss and the devils of the Nine Hells are waged regularly across the iron cubes, often using goblinoid and orc mercenaries. Hell hounds are used by pets and mounts for many goblinoids, and roaming packs across the iron cubes can be a real problem for any visitors. Bonespears are large, grasshopper-like fiends native to Acheron that wait in dark crevasses and cracks in the iron cubes to attack with their projectile horns, dragging away victims to be devoured in peace.

Bladeling. Ocanthus is the most deadly layer on Acheron, with razor shards filling the air, but secrets and wonders lay hidden behind that dangerous iron storm. Bladelings are fiends that have been molded by Ocanthus, and their city of Zoronar in a bubble of safety is a dark and foreboding realm of mystery and danger. The bladelings are skilled assassins who are able to use their own bodies as weapons, but they are also incredibly superstitious and paranoid. Outsiders are not welcome in Zoronar, and bladelings take care to guard their secrets and treasures from all prying eyes.

HUMANOIDS

The humanoids that live on Acheron are born in a realm of constant conflict and raging battles, so they are often antagonistic and quick to draw blood against any foe. Mercenary companies are common and many specialize in specific combat tactics, such as ranged engagement, defensive positions, or arcane assault. The most infamous of these mercenary guilds is the Nameless Legion who are known to recruit monsters from all over the multiverse to create specialized strike forces. Membership in the Nameless Legion is not restricted to humanoids though that remains the bulk of their forces.

Goblinoids. Goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears are a major force on Acheron. Their deities are said to live in the cubes of the plane, and they push their armies to greater and greater acts of incredible violence and warfare. They fight amongst themselves, they fight each, and they fight any one that stands in their way, often for nothing more than the glory of their tribe. Many tribes have access to well-produced weapons that far outweigh the equipment used by goblinoids on the Material Plane, such as heavy armor, supremely forged swords, and tough iron shields.

Orcs. Orcs on Acheron are well-organized legions bred and born for combat. Under the banners of their individual tribes they fight for personal glory in a never-ending plane of strife. While violent, the orc tribes are not necessarily evil and they skew towards selfish more than anything else. They are still expansionist warlords that view other creatures as lesser and rarely negotiate with enemies, but an element of pride runs through the orc tribes that pushes them towards greater and greater glories.

Warforged. Warforged are living constructs that have only recently risen from the depths of Acheron's iron cubes. They were first encountered by goblinoid armies exploring an otherwise barren cube riddled with tunnels, and the army's advances were rebuffed by a mysterious golem-like force striking from the darkness of the cube's interiors. Since then, the warforged have spread out across the multiverse, many preoccupied with finding the source of their own existence. A mysterious power known as the Iron Voice seems to be involved in this, but is the Iron Voice their god? Is it a supremely powerful artificer that built them? Or is it something else? What creates a warforged? These questions and more drive many warforged to explore, though some have banded together to create unique battle units to serve as mercenary forces in the constant battles that ravage Acheron.

MONSTROSITIES

A number of native monstrosities prowl through the cubes of Acheron. The most commonly encountered are the rust monsters who devour the ferrous metal that makes up the cubes themselves, and a greater version known as the rust behemoth has an even more voracious appetite. Enormous titan vultures and regular vultures wing through the air and scavenge the countless battlefields for choice morsels, and worgs run with goblinoid and orc tribes as trusted allies and mounts. Steelfang worgs are fearsome predators trained by elite hobgoblin soldiers to create lightning-fast strike forces capable of wreaking havoc in an enemy's line.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Each layer of the Infernal Battlefield of Acheron holds dangers and threats for travelers, some more lethal than others.

AVALAS BLOODLUST

War and combat are constant states in Avalas. One strong reason for this is a natural bloodlust that fills creatures as they fight and defeat opponents. Planar scholars are torn as to whether this phenomena is caused by something in the hazy sky of the layer, an ambient power from the iron cubes themselves, or something else entirely.

On Avalas, a creature gains temporary hit points equal to its number of hit dice or level whenever it reduces a hostile creature to 0 hit points. This bloodlust keeps the soldiers and warriors of the countless armies struggling and fighting against one another in the near-constant ring of steel on steel.

THULDANIN PETRIFICATION

The junkyard-filled cubes of Thuldandin hide an insidious power that slowly transforms everything into stone. Unattended objects, including magical items, have a cumulative 10% chance per month of transforming into stone, losing all properties as it becomes an inert rock, its shape vaguely resembling its original form.

Living creatures are more susceptible to this petrification. After spending a long rest on Thuldandin, a living creature must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be restrained. The victim must then make DC 14 Constitution saving throws each round until they accumulate three successes or three failures. If they achieve three successes first, the petrification is warded off and the restrained condition ends. If they accumulate three failures, they become petrified permanently.

Constructs are treated as unattended objects for the purposes of this petrification effect.

TINTIBULUS EXHAUSTION

The unusual geometric shapes of Tintibulus are a result of the layer applying incredible logical force. The layer has no known native creatures, and it is widely believed that it is because this force pushing constantly against living things. A creature that spends a short rest in Tintibulus must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or gain a level of exhaustion as their bodies physically contort under the pressure. Creatures that gain their sixth level of exhaustion from this effect are killed and crumpled up into geometric shapes.

OCANTHUS RAZORSTORM

Shards of razor sharp black ice fill the air in Ocanthus, making travel difficult. Even worse, razorstorms can occur with sudden ferocity and with little warning. Ocanthus razorstorms typically last 1d10 minutes, during which each creature in the area suffers 13 (2d12) slashing damage at the start of their turn. In addition, each victim rolls 1d20 when suffering this damage. On a roll of 20, they are decapitated as if by a *vorpal sword*.

WAR CLOUD

The gloomy, hazy skies of Acheron can sometimes manifest into tangible elements of the plane's war-riddled nature. Known as war clouds, when they appear they envelop entire cubes, though they are usually only encountered on Avalas. The bloodlust of that layer is enhanced under the effects of a war cloud – a creature gains temporary hit points equal to half its maximum hit points when reducing a hostile creature to 0 hit points. This effect occurs regardless of which layer the war cloud appears on.

War clouds last for 1d4 hours before dissipating and breaking up in the skies of Acheron. The Army of Maglubiyet and Hordes of Gruumsh both view the appearance of a war cloud as a sign for battle, and shamans on both sides work to predict or control their appearance. To date none have succeeded at this monumental task.

SITES & TREASURES

While war is a constant factor among the cubes of Acheron, adventure and treasure often hide just behind this bloody companion.

BROKEN BONEFIELD

The cubes that float through Acheron's smoky skies have a latent magical energy that keeps them afloat, and in some cases regenerates their metal slowly over time. Many wizards and sorcerers have sought to tap into that energy for their own purposes but one such attempt stands as a cautionary tale against meddling too much. A wizard of some power, whose identity changes with the teller, tried to extract the latent energy of an iron cube in a great ritual. The ritual went awry somehow and all of the bones were pulled out of the wizard's body along with everyone else who was on or in the cube at the time!

The bones floated through the air surrounding the cube, never touching the ground or straying too far from the iron surface. Over time, others came to investigate the strange site and their bones too were pulled out, the wizard's ritual magic still wreaking havoc invisibly in the cube's gravitational reach. Over time, the magic weakened and travelers reported arriving at the cube, now called the Broken Bonefield, to study its effects and plumb its depths.

The bones that float in the air around the Broken Bonefield obscure vision, but unless moved by some external force, they simply drift lazily without any purpose. Wizards occasionally seek out the cube, necromancers especially, searching for the reason behind the strange phenomena. Some say that the cube's interior hides a necromantic power that the original wizard tapped into unwittingly, and these stories have fueled the imagination of the Necromancer King who has searched for the Broken Bonefield for many years unsuccessfully.

CLANGOR

The home cube of the Army of Maglubiyet and a force of hundreds of thousands of goblins and hobgoblins, Clangor bristles with tall fortifications, grim towers, and countless fields trampled beneath goblinoid boots. The highly organized force drills constantly, always ready to strike out at the Horde of Gruumsh or any other force their cube comes near. Each face of Clangor is filled with barracks and cities laid out deliberately between the iron wastes ragged with dust and wind.

The interior of Clangor is devoted to the extensive mining operations of the goblins, who have carved out tunnels in two sizes – one for hobgoblins and other tall creatures, and one suitable only for goblins. Goblin digging teams work in orderly shifts to mine the rich iron of the cube, transferring it to great smelting plants centrally located on one of Clangor's faces. Highly organized and skilled, the Army of Maglubiyet has harnessed stable portals to the Plane of Water to feed into canals that run in ordered rows around Clangor's faces.

Several major sites of interest lay in Clangor. The greatest city of the goblins, perhaps in all the multiverse, is Shetring on the River Lorfang. The city extends into the tunneled depths of the cube as well, centered around a waterfall that is said to house Maglubiyet himself. Redspike is the capital city of the hobgoblin forces of Clangor. Built in a shape of a rust-red tower that extends above and below Clangor's surface, it is a grim testament to the hobgoblins' ingenuity and structural engineering.

COLISEUM OF THE DAMNED

On a plane dedicated to the grim tactics of war, it is of little wonder that respite and entertainment centers on this aspect as well. Removed from the rigorous stratagems of warfare are the blood sport arenas that spring up around the cubes of Avalas, usually run and operated by yugoloths looking to line their pockets with treasures won in the betting pools. The largest and most famous of these is the Coliseum of the Damned, an impressive arena carved directly into the side of a smaller iron cube forming a bowl looking out into Acheron's smoky skies.

The Coliseum is run by an aggressive ultraloth named Khammo al-Khnan who personally schedules each fantastically staged combat. The bouts usually involve small scale skirmishes of various forces, two at least and sometimes as many as six, in the grand arena's floor. The environment can be shaped to al-Khnan's whims, transforming into a flooded sea for naval battles, a baked desert, a lush forest, and nearly any other terrain. The spectators that pack the Coliseum's seats watch with vision-magnifying glasses or gasp in astonishment over the massive illusory displays showing what's happening in near real time.

The sides of the Coliseum's cube are dedicated to training, resting, or betting on the elaborate combats. Khammo al-Khnan personally announces each fight before turning the play-by-play over to a team of slovenly yugoloth commentators, all of whom whoop and holler over the carnage. Combats in the Coliseum of the Damned occur about once per month, giving plenty of time for marketing and betting to occur, and it is widely known that most of the combats are rigged.

HAMMERGRIM

The largest and most aggressive force on Thuldanim are the duergar dwarves of Hammergrim. Protected from the layer's petrifying power by the grace of their brooding god Laduguer, the duergar toil endlessly and thanklessly in Hammergrim's lightless depths. Like all of the cubes in Thuldanim, Hammergrim's surface collects junk from across the multiverse, that the duergar move below ground for systematic categorization and eventual dismantling.

Hammergrim is filled with the noise of industry from its dark depths. The pounding of hammers, the striking of steel and iron, and the deep chanting of the dwarves echoes in rhythmic succession all around the cube. The duergar have a few settlements on the cube's exterior, the largest of which is Deathknell. The city's massive bells can be heard anywhere on Hammergrim's surface and mark the passage of time for the dwarves.



Below ground, the dwarves are ruled by a curious force. Laduguer is said to dwell somewhere in Hammergrim, but the god is distant even to his own kind. Instead, the duergar are ruled by the Court of Memory. These are spirits of dead dwarves that have moved on to rule with the blessing of Laduguer, but they cannot take physical form. Instead, they take turns possessing the host of the ruler, who is known as the Idiot Thane. Under the possession of the Court of Memory, the Idiot Thane has full faculties though their personality can shift from day to day as different deceased spirits take over. When not possessed, the Idiot Thane is a drooling ragdoll that can perform no task alone.

HEART OF THE IRON VOICE

Acheron has only a handful of native creatures, but the most recent addition to that short list are the mysterious warforged. Golem-like humanoids possessed of metal and wood, they are independent sentient creatures with ambitions, hopes, and dreams, though their numbers are not great. Many follow the words of a whisper only they can hear called the Iron Voice, moving them around Avalas on a pilgrimage towards some unknown fate.

What is the Iron Voice? Some warforged prophets claim to understand more of the words, and they say they are truly seeking the Heart of the Iron Voice, the fiery furnace that birthed the warforged. It is an idea that bears weight with many, as their collective memories hold gaps where their origin would be. Who created them? Why were they created?

The Heart of the Iron Voice claims at times to have answers, and many warforged believe their destiny lies with finding this truth. The word “maug” has been deciphered among the Iron Voice’s mutterings but none have been able to find out its meaning.

NISHREK

The Horde of Gruumsh rules the cube of Nishrek and stands as the largest gathering of orcs across the multiverse. The cube’s surface is scarred with trenches and strongholds where orc tribes constantly war against one another. They outnumber the goblinoids of Maglubiyet by a fair margin but the more regimented goblins use more tactics and work together; tribes of orcs often fall in line with one another against a common foe but otherwise clash with each other just as frequently.

The orcs of Nishrek fight and spill blood to gain the favor of their cruel one-eyed god, Gruumsh. Slaves are used to perform the tasks deemed too menial for orcs to handle, and a great number of ogres fight alongside the orcs as mercenaries or allies. Individual tribes live and fight for control of Nishrek’s surface, which means the orcs have no formal towns or cities, but the six largest tribes – the great tribes - command the lesser ones and each hold sway over one side of the cube.

The Rotting Eye, White Hand, and Three Fang tribes are the most aggressive and work constantly to earn Gruumsh’s favor. The Iron Fist and Broken Skull tribes curry favor with Baghtru, a lesser orc deity, while the Blood Armor tribe favors the god Ilneval. Infighting, squabbling, and betrayal are common facets among the great tribes of Nishrek.

The caves of Nishrek are dominated by the forces of Luthic, the cave mother and wife of Gruumsh. These orcs tend to the sick and wounded among Nishrek and produce the greatest number of healers. They are also responsible for reading the omens and portents of Acheron to foretell the coming of war. Though not considered one of the great tribes in the Horde of Gruumsh, Luthic’s Black Claw tribe still commands respect and power among the orcs of Nishrek.

PALACE OF NARAKA

Many do not believe the Palace of Naraka exists, instead choosing to believe that the dark and beguiling home of the rakshasas is just a myth. But the truth is that the seat of the Maharaja of Death is very real and it holds great power within Acheron, pulling the strings of destiny on a scale that would make many gods tremble.

Through the use of some ancient and powerful sorcery the Palace of Naraka is completely invisible. It obeys the whims of the Maharaja of Death, moving at his command, and the rakshasas say that the day Naraka collides with another cube is the day the multiverse splits and breaks at the seams. Under the cloak of invisibility, Naraka is a paradise of architectural wonders, beautiful gardens, and splendid pools, but it is all a lie. Everything in, on, around, and beneath the Palace of Naraka is a ruse meant to lure the unsuspecting into a false sense of security.

The Maharaja of Death rules from the House of the Tiger's Shadow on the Throne of Resplendent Fury. He is attended by a number of rakshasa advisors, each working in perfect synchronicity with their ruler to enact their dreams of conquest and blood across the multiverse. Reports from the Maharaja's spies placed in Nishrek, Clangor, Hammergrim, and other places come in via magical crystal balls, keeping the powerful rakshasa and his royal family apprised of his grand plans at all times. Ultimately, though, those grand plans have yet to be fully realized. The Maharaja of Death already commands great power and fabulous wealth – what else is there to obtain?

SPEAR NEST

Bonespears are large insects native to Acheron though they can be found across the Lower Planes. When their biological clock synchronizes with each other and the mating time arrives, bonespears across the plane grow wings, gather food, and take it to the cube of Spear Nest. There, the monsters mate, hatch young, and then leave before their wings collapse, leaving countless larval bonespears to devour the food left for them.

A natural part of this cycle are contests between males and females fighting over the best mates. The result of the duel is always the death of the loser, and Spear Nest has become littered with the hollowed-out shells of dead bonespears from centuries of mating and killing. The larval young devour the food left by the adults, which is often the remains of creatures from across Acheron. Bonespear larva only eat the flesh, leaving any gear behind – some travelers who have been to Spear Nest and returned speak of great heaps of weapons and armor left behind from the feasting.

Rumors persist that the spirit of a great bonespear elder, intelligent and fearsome, guards Spear Nest from intruders that would plunder its treasures. Why does the spirit of a planar insect care about the leftovers from feasts long past? What other secrets are hidden in Spear Nest's caves and tunnels?

STONE GARDENS OF HIPPOCRYTA

Thuldanim is the junk layer, where the titanic cubes are littered with refuse from across the multiverse. All of it eventually turns to stone, however, which makes most of it worthless. Unless you're a medusa sculptor, that is. Hippocryta, a talented female medusa sorcerer, has developed an immunity to the layer's petrification power and built herself a wonderfully curated garden of stone on one of the cubes of Thuldanim.

Hippocryta is an artist first and foremost, and she sculpts the various objects that come to her Stone Garden into works of beauty and horror. The Stone Garden is not huge, only about a mile on each side, but it gives the medusa space to create elaborate galleries on the surface dedicated to the emotional purity of existence. Fear, love, hate, joy, and sadness each have a side of the cube with sculptures capturing, in more or less detail, that particular aspect. The final side is Hippocryta's personal garden where she keeps the choicest of works.

The medusa sculptor is uncaring for the plight of others, but she is always interested in adding new and interesting objects to her vast collection. She has been known to work with the duergar dwarves of Hammergrim to acquire a particular odd piece of stonework but Hippocryta holds a burning hatred for the Golem Master. The medusa views the sorceress as a pest, changing the wonderful natural stone of Thuldanim into walking abominable hunks.

STORM HALLS

The Storm Halls is the cube of Avalas that houses the Nameless Legion, large mercenary outfit that takes up contracts all across the multiverse. They welcome all manner of creatures in their ranks, but all are made equal by the enigmatic Paymasters – legionnaires have their memories removed upon joining. Efrete, djinn, dwarves, elves, devils, demons, slaad, all and more have been members of the elite warrior unit.

The surface of the Storm Halls is uninhabited and scoured with howling winds and stinging debris, but below that lies the impressive ziggurats of the Paymasters. Much of the cube's interior is hollow, creating an unusually large open space with another smaller cube serving as the center. It is upon this cube that the ziggurats are built, six of them, one for each Paymaster, and within each are housed the individual units that make up the Nameless Legion. There are no known entrances or exits to the interior of the Storm Halls from the exterior, but through powerful magic the Paymasters transport their troops wherever they need to be across the multiverse.

TOWER OF THE GOLEM MASTER

Thuldanim is filled with junk from across the multiverse, which many try to claim and use as weapons in the ongoing wars on Avalas. Floating amongst the cubes of Thuldanim is a strange sight, a great iron tower attached to a stone disk nearly a mile across. This is the Tower of the Golem Master where a powerful enchanter has lived for centuries, focused on building and researching golems and other constructs.

Most think the Golem Master is one person, but the truth is that the mantle has passed from teacher to student many times. The current Golem Master is a cold, calculating human sorceress who takes comfort in her solitary existence surrounded by lifeless automatons. She has a knack for improving older designs, the blade golem being her best example, but unlike her predecessor she is loathe to sell them as simple tools of war. The Golem Master is building an army of golems in her tower and constantly sends out more to collect raw ingredients from Thuldanim.

What is her ultimate goal? The Golem Master rarely deals directly with anyone, preferring instead to speak through her creations (a skill she can do from nearly anywhere in the multiverse). She is cold, uncaring, but few who have dealt with her minions would categorize her as evil. But she certainly believes that flesh and blood are weaknesses and golems are the perfect host. How far is she willing to go to achieve her mysterious goals?

ZORONAR, CITY OF RAZORS

Ocanthus is filled with razor shards of black ice, some miles across and others small enough to pierce skin invisibly. Few have any reason to travel to the dangerous layer and those that do usually seek one place – Zoronar, City of Razors, home of the bladelings. Surrounded by a cocoon of wood known as the Blood Forest that keeps out the dangerous shards, Zoronar is a grim, cheerless place of gray and black stone mixed with dark ice and lifeless wood from the Blood Forest.

Bladelings go about their business for their houses in the streets, rarely leaving the safety of the Blood Forest. A strange cult has developed around the wooden shell, with some bladelings worshipping it as a protecting god. Otherwise no temples exist in Zoronar though a small sect of devils have been trying to convert bladelings to the worship of Dispatar, Lord of Iron, for many years. The superstitious bladelings still offer sacrifices when the occasional black shard pierces the Blood Forest though no outsider can say to whom the sacrifices are made.

Zoronar is constructed like a grim fortress with the individual bladeling houses carving up the districts and towers. The Blackwater Guards of the House of Night Silver keep order across Zoronar, maintaining a lethal peace that all bladelings honor. Visitors are not welcome in the City of Razors.



INFERNAL BATTLEFIELD OF ACHERON

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Open warfare can involve characters from nearly any tier and it's something that Acheron excels at. But smaller skirmishes and adventure opportunities can appear as well, drawing characters into the grim smoky skies of Avalas, Thuldanim, and even the lower layers of the Infernal Battleground.

Lost Legion of Maglubiyet. A particularly organized clan of goblins have been systematically raiding farmlands, burning and pillaging as they go. The characters become involved in tracking them down when they discover it is a lost legion from the Army of Maglubiyet. Were the goblin soldiers stranded by a random portal on the Material Plane? Or were they sent on a clandestine mission to retrieve some person or object?

Rings the Deathknell. While relaxing in an inn, the characters hear a strange dull ringing. The ringing is coming from a group of duergar hidden in the cellars, hitting a massive bell, that sends out waves of lethargy around it as they continue ringing. The duergar are from Deathknell on Hammergrim and are trying to open a portal to their home with the bell. Are they successful? Do the characters follow the duergar through the portal if it opens?

The Golem's Requiem. A berserk flesh golem suddenly wreaks havoc near the characters and the monster must be put down quickly. The golem's handler is another flesh golem possessed with basic intelligence and it asks for the characters' help in recovering a seemingly innocent object. Once complete, the golem opens a portal and returns to the Tower of the Golem Master on Thuldanim. Do the characters follow and meet the enigmatic sorceress in the tower's heart?

Wrath of the Necromancer King. The Necromancer King is seeking the Broken Bonefield on Avalas. The lich has been searching for the strange site for a long time but only recently has he learned that bones taken from the Bonefield have an almost magnetic quality drawing them back. The characters become involved when the Necromancer King's forces arrive suddenly at a temple near them to ransack the tombs for a single bone. Do the characters try to break the power of the Broken Bonefield before the Necromancer King can get it? Or do they take the fight to the lich's forces directly?

Mask of the Maharaja. An ally of the characters is revealed to be under the magical influence of a rakshasa. Confronting the creatures reveals the characters have been unwittingly doing the bidding of the Maharaja of Death for a long time. How can they undo their past actions? What does the enigmatic but thoroughly evil rakshasa leader want with them? Can they find the Palace of Naraka to disrupt the Maharaja's plans?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Acheron. 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. The table below can be used for Avalas and Thuldanin, though random encounters in the second layer are rarer because of the petrification threat. Tintibulus and Ocanthus are largely empty of organized opposition.

AVALAS/THULDANIN

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-05	A cadaver collector picking up the dead after a battle
06-10	A band of duergar warriors searching for something
11-15	Goblin and orc forces about to clash
16-20	A steel predator hunting the party
21-25	A mercenary band of bugbears relaxing
26-30	Fanatic warforged cultists following the Iron Voice
31-35	A pair of bladeling assassins
36-40	A patient bonespear waiting for prey
41-45	A dozen rust monsters chewing on a field of iron
46-50	Skeleton soldiers of the Necromancer King
51-55	A squad of fell soldiers separated from their force
56-60	Three imps discussing local events
61-65	A rust behemoth smelling fresh metal
66-70	Hobgoblin wolfriders astride steelfang worgs
71-75	A titan vulture accompanied by a dozen vultures
76-80	Restless warwraiths seeking to avenge their deaths
81-85	A chain devil slave master moving a troupe of human slaves
86-90	Legionnaires of the Nameless Legion cleaning up after a fight
91-95	Scrap golem scavengers picking through a field
96-00	A blade golem on a mission for the Golem Master

OLYMPIAN GLADES OF ARBOREA

“Few places across the multiverse embody the word ‘passion’ more than Arborea. Most elves I’ve encountered in my many travels are reserved, quiet, and aloof, but not so those born in the Olympian Glades. They are quick to revel in joy, sorrow, and rage, and so too are the many small communities of non-elves that dot the wild landscape. Weather is a perfect mate to this fierce temperament – or perhaps it’s the weather that drives it? Also, it’s curious to think whether Arborea’s inherent nature draws fantastic beasts of legend into its many lairs or if they’re born there inherently. It is all part of the grand mystery of the Olympian Glades.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

Passion rules the Olympian Glades of Arborea, a lush and abundant plane where the power of nature grows fierce both physically and spiritually. Though limitless in its expanse, Arborea is widely known as the home to the gods of the elves, known as the Seldarine, and the court of Corellon Larethian. Good-aligned elves of all kind are found in small communities around the grandest temples to the elven gods known across the multiverse.

And yet, elves are not the only inhabitants. Wild villages of native humans and other types dance and make merry, most perpetually drunk on eternal wine brewed from perfect grapes and other fruit. These revelers are accompanied by many fey-type creatures, such as satyrs, and their wild abandon and never-ending partying stand in stark contrast to the dangers present around them.

These dangers come from roving bands of cyclops, giants, and titans, and while most hunt in small groups an occasional war party is formed when they are stirred up to action by an influential leader. And these are not the only threats, as sometimes the beasts of the forest, grasslands, and mountains turn suddenly violent and attack with little or no warning. Legendary beasts also lair in the wilderness, many guarding fabulous treasures.

The weather also poses a danger, though the inhabitants of Arborea view it more as a portent of the future than a direct threat. Thunderstorms, hail, blizzards, tornadoes, and more stir up with little notice, plunging large areas into dire peril. Some specific areas, such as the forests ruled by Corellon Larethian and certain legendary monster lairs, have muted or permanent weather shifts, but even so travelers must be cautious.

When most think about Arborea, they picture the top layer, known as Arvandor, with its limitless tracts of untamed forests, jagged peaks, deep lakes, and sweeping grasslands. The plane holds two other layers as well. The second is Aquallor, an oceanic layer of sea squalls and hurricane-soaked islands, where savage sea monsters play in an endless though often shallow watery realm.

The third layer is Mithardir, an eternal desert of white sand. Exactly what befell this domain is not known but beneath its white grit are the remains of cities, towers, and tombs belonging to ancient giants of a long-forgotten epoch. The weather is just as wild and unpredictable on Mithardir as the rest of Arborea, though it tends towards the more deadly with its flesh-rending sandstorms, violent lightning strikes, and choking dust clouds.

Many secrets lay hidden across all of Arborea – some in the hands of the elves, some in the clutches of the past, and some beyond the understanding of any still living. Many travelers have sought out the prophetic wisdom of the Ivory Oracles, searched for the fabled Evergold Pool, found respite and horror in the Winesong Glade, toasted sailors in taverns on the island of Tempest Head, and climbed the dangerous heights of fabled Mount Olympus itself in search of secrets. Some never return and few find what they sought, but in the end the journey through the magnificence of Arborea is enough to move most souls towards a greater understanding.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Arborea as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Arborea.

Intoxicating Aroma. The air of Arborea is thick with a heavy musk that invigorates and rejuvenates mortals. It smells of heavy wine and can have an intoxicating effect on some, but most experience an overwhelming sense of passion for the things in their life. Art, beauty, and love are enhanced by this thick sweet aroma that permeates the wilderness of the plane. The waters of Aquallor are sweet to the taste and slightly thicker than normal water, producing a similar intoxication as the air of Arvandor, though the air over the white sands of Mithardir is much drier.

Lush and Fertile. Arborea is alive with an overabundance of natural wonders and beauty. Trees and plants grow to enormous height, filling the forests of Arvandor with lush greenery unmatched anywhere in the multiverse. Ferns and flowers tower over creatures, casting verdant shadows across the rich forested floors, and the ocean of Aquallor teems with life of all kind.

Savage Weather. As befitting a plane of passion, the weather of Arborea is wild and unpredictable. Storms of great intensity rise up with little warning and dissipate quickly after expending colossal energy. Many days see at least a brief rain shower, and stronger storms are common. Most of the native humanoids rejoice in the wild weather, seeing omens and portents in all the natural workings of Arborea.

LAY OF THE LAND

While Arborea is mostly known for its wilderness-filled first layer, Arvandor, it holds two others that are not as well known outside the circles of planar scholars and devotees. Though they may be less recognizable, Aquallor and Mithardir both hold their own share of wonders and excitement worthy of exploration.

ARVANDOR

The limitless expanse of Arvandor is filled with wilderness left to grow on an incredible scale. The forest trees stretch up to the sky, many more than a mile high, while heavy mountain ranges pierce the veil of rumbling clouds that gather around their peaks. The titanic trees create hundreds of natural glades on the forest floor with many sporting a natural canopy that makes them resemble fantastic ballrooms in a verdant green mansion.

Raging rivers wind their way through the forest down from the peaks of the soaring mountains. Many of these end in deep lakes which ultimately drain down to the plane's second layer, Aquallor, through permanent conduits.

As befitting a plane of passion, the weather is wild and unpredictable across Arvandor. The layer oscillates between spring, summer, and autumn in the blink of an eye, while up in the mountain peaks and passes winter falls hard and suddenly. Some regions across the layer, such as the Ice Forest of Thalassus, keep more steady weather patterns but these areas are the exception rather than the rule.

Humanoids of all type live in small communities in and around the great trees of Arvandor, dwelling in simple pleasure. Ruins of former inhabitants dot the area as well, and these crumbling fortresses and towns become more prevalent the closer one travels to the highest peak on the plane, Mount Olympus. Few have dared climbed its treacherous peaks but legends say a race of immortal titans once lived upon the mountain's top.

Elves claim a large swath of Arvandor known as Nasselaitness, which means "ancient high home" in Elven. There the elves have grown their homes out of the trees themselves, artfully combining star crystals into the trees to create natural beautiful buildings that blend perfectly into the forest. Grand temples dedicated to the Seldarine, the pantheon of elven gods, form the cornerstones of Nasselaitness, with the High Court of Corellon Larethian dominating the center. Few non-elves are allowed into the borders of this wondrous realm.

AQUALLOR

Arborea's second layer is an endless if shallow freshwater ocean. The weather is just as volatile here as on Arborea, perhaps even more so as the full fury of emerging storms is fueled by the contrasting warm and cool waters that clash invisibly across the seas. Hurricanes, typhoons, water spouts, rainstorms, and more appear without warning to churn Aquallor's oceans into white-foamed terror.

Aquallor's bottom is a sandy expanse continually shifting with the powerful currents. The depth varies wildly, with some regions as shallow as 20 feet deep and others plunging to a mile or more. Great forests of coral reef, usually only found in saltwater oceans, dominate many shallower areas where the water is the color of pale blue crystal.

Few islands stand permanently up from Aquallor's bottom as the raging tides and waves batter everything down eventually, though spontaneous islands are not uncommon. Tempest Head is the largest island by far, and it holds a permanent settlement of lusty sailors upon its rocky expanse.

Below the waters, great sea monsters swim with fish of all kind. Massive schools of quippers compete against giant hunting gar for easy prey while merrow, merfolk, and locathah make their way through the terrain. Aquatic elves hold the largest domain in Aquallor centered around the impressive Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas, the god of aquatic elves.

By ancient decree of Deep Sashelas, non-water breathers that come to Aquallor are automatically imbued with the ability to breathe water. This does not protect travelers from the myriad of dangerous creatures that lurk in the freshwater ocean nor from the violent weather that destroys ships with ease.

The River Oceanus, which winds its way through the upper outer planes, ends in a fantastic waterfall on Aquallor called the Life Eternal Falls. Many planar scholars believe this forms the center of the layer, though its infinite size makes this point fairly irrelevant.

MITHARDIR

The third layer of Arborea is both the most mysterious and most dangerous. Known as Mithardir, it is an endless wasteland of white, blowing, drifting grit and sand. The weather is especially harsh on this layer, the wind frequently whipping the fine particles about in dangerous sandstorms as the sky emits arcs of multi-hued lightning bolts.

Beneath the swirling, shifting white sands are the crumbling remains of an ancient civilization of giant proportions. Labelas Enoreth, elven god of time and knowledge, is said to be the only being in existence with knowledge of Mithardir's original inhabitants, but that knowledge is locked away in one of their secret tower libraries. The few tombs and ruins uncovered from the white sands give hints at an advanced society of titans or giants who worshipped various animal-headed deities.

The white sand dunes are haunted by the remnants of this past civilization. Sand specters are seemingly mindless incorporeal undead giants that hunger for knowledge and wisdom, stealing it away from travelers with their ghostly touch. Blight giants are degenerate albino savages with a taste for flesh. Over it all, some travelers have reported the omnipresent feeling of being watched over, which gave rise to tales about the White Watcher lurking somewhere or everywhere across Mithardir's parched landscape.



CYCLE OF TIME

Each of Arborea's three layers has a bright, vibrant sun that rises and sets, giving way to a luminous pale white moon just as big in the overhead sky. No stars exist at night. The cycle is similar to the Material Plane, completing the transition from day to night to day again in 24 hours, but the exact length of day or night is highly variable. Some days, the night lasts 20 hours to the day's 4, while others it's the opposite.

The elves of Nasselaitheess grow special flowers blessed by the priests of Labelas Enoreth to keep track of the cycle. The flowers react distinctly when both sunrise and moonrise approaches.

SURVIVING

Arborea is not inherently threatening to travelers. Even on Aquallor, the freshwater ocean layer, a special blessing from the elven god of sea, Deep Sashelas, immediately grants air breathers the ability to breathe water as long as they are in the waters of the layer. Each layer holds threats aplenty from weather and monsters, however.

GETTING THERE

Portals, gates, and planar conduits are plentiful leading into Arborea's first layer, Arvandor. Many elven strongholds across the multiverse hold permanent gates leading into Nasselaitheess directly, and these are heavily guarded and monitored at all times on both sides.

Other portals exist into the wild expanse of Arvandor, many of which require a key that holds some spark of natural life. A sprig of an ancient oak tree, a vial of rainwater from the first thunderstorm of the year, or a jug of particularly potent wine are examples of keys that can open certain Arborea portals. Around the base of Mount Olympus, some portals require only a passionate thought about a certain topic, such as a loved one, a homeland, or a handheld item, to access.

Accessing the second and third layers of Arborea becomes more precarious. The easiest and most direct route into Aquallor is via the River Oceanus, which originates in Elysium, winds through the Beastlands, and finally ends in Arborea's oceanic second layer. Especially deep lakes on Arvandor hold permanent conduits leading into Aquallor as well.

Mithardir is little traveled, and the elves of Nasselaitheess have worked hard to shut down or control every conduit leading to Arborea's third layer from within Arvandor. Sometimes, especially in the deepest heart of winter on wind-swept tundras of the Material Plane, spontaneous portals can spring up leading to Mithardir's white dust-filled layer.

TRAVELING AROUND

Arborea is vast, infinitely vast, so the largest impediment to travel is the sheer distance and terrain between locations. Arvandor especially is filled with vast tracts of dense forests, towering mountains with treacherous valleys, and sudden weather changes that change the landscape in the blink of an eye. Planar scholars recommend flying, either via winged mount or other means, but the best mode of transportation is teleportation magic.

The elves of Nasselaitheess train teams of griffons to patrol the skies around their borders. An old network of portals around the base of Mount Olympus are still used to connect some small communities that worship old gods that stopped answering their prayers generations ago. Bacchus, Lord of Wine, possesses the ability to move about Arborea at will, so desperate travelers may seek his aid to travel a great distance. The price for such travels is always awkward, however.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The passionate limitless realms of Arborea hold many influential groups, some obvious but even more hidden. The below list is a look at the most notable of these individuals or groups that a group of characters may come into contact with (either working for or against as the situation warrants!).

ARRATHALASS CONCLAVE

Elves are, at their heart, more in tune with the ways of magic than many other humanoid creatures. In the elven realm of Nasselaitheess, the air thrums with magical power that mingles with the tingling sensation of a thunderstorm about to break. This power is controlled and maintained by an elite band of elven wizards known as the Arrathalass Conclave, though their influence reaches far beyond the borders of Nasselaitheess.

The Arrathalass Conclave is made up of seventeen powerful elven wizards, each forsaking their family name and replacing it with Arrathalass signifying their loyalty (which means “ancient magic” in an old dialect of Elven). There is no distinct leader of the conclave as well, so each member’s voice and opinion are as valid and powerful as another’s. For decisions that affect the conclave as a whole, a simple majority is required to approve actions, and they meet irregularly to discuss events in Arvandor and across Arborea.

Members of the Arrathalass Conclave are the keepers of elven high magic, a potent form of wizardry taught only to elves and passed down from generation to generation. Or at least that’s been the idea. Over the centuries, some members of the conclave have left or gone rogue, taking their knowledge with them, and at least one has worked to spread the powerful elven high magic to anyone willing to learn it.

It is widely known in Nasselaitheess that the Arrathalass Conclave are the ones responsible for shutting down access to Arborea’s third layer, Mithardir. Exactly why is not understood but rumors persist that it is by divine decree the powerful elven wizards restrict access to the layer of white dust.

BACCHUS, LORD OF WINE

Where there is wine and song on Arborea there is usually Bacchus, or at least one of his disciples. Bacchus is a powerful being, perhaps even a god at one point, but his influence has waned to the point where he simply provides drink and merriment without end to the people of Arvandor. He appears as a devastatingly beautiful male or female satyr (whichever gender suits the situation, though more often male than female) carrying many jugs of wine over his shoulder. These jugs contain a potent concoction that never seems to run out, and Bacchus is never shy about pulling another one or three out to keep the drink flowing.

Bacchus is playful, dramatic, and curious, and he always tries to meet up with newcomers to Arborea to find out what they know and what they are after. His disciples are satyrs and drunken revelers that pass the good word of the Lord of Wine around wherever they go, and they believe that if they party loud and long enough Bacchus himself will show up (which he often does!).

Despite his carefree nature, Bacchus does have a serious side, which comes up anytime someone mentions Mount Olympus. Some planar scholars believe he is the last manifestation of a divine presence that once held that massive mountain as their home. Bacchus doesn’t talk about his past without being tricked, which the Lord of Wine rarely is, but he is always keen to hear why others would seek out the secrets of Mount Olympus.

MISTRESS OF THE GLADE

Arvandor is home to a large number of animals and beasts, many of which are found across the Material Planes. They are as intelligent as their Material Plane counterparts on a whole as well, with one notable exception – they all recognize the absolute authority of the Mistress of the Glade.

This mysterious though clearly powerful being is able to take the shape of any animal of any size that can be found in Arvandor. She speaks many languages and is known to be friendly to the elves of Nasselaitheess, but her true motives are largely unknown. Her favorite form is that of a magnificent white doe, but whichever form she chooses she remains bright-eyed, intelligent, and fiercely protective of all the wilderness of Arvandor.

The Mistress of the Glade has an uneasy relationship with Bacchus, as the Lord of Wine has no inhabitations and has been known to attempt the inebriation of many woodland creatures. But the Mistress understands that Bacchus is mostly harmless in this regard, and the two share information about the events occurring across Arborea.

While she keeps a close eye on the wilderness of Arvandor (as close as she can considering its limitless expanse), the Mistress of the Glade can also take the form of an aquatic denizen to monitor the events on Aquallor as well. If she has any special ability to occupy Mithardir she hasn't let it known nor has she exercised it for generations.

SEERS OF TOMORROW

Scattered about Arvandor and buried beneath the waves of Aquallor are massive ivory statues roughly 20 feet tall. Each depicts a hooded male or female in a different pose, often with a book of some sort carved into their hands, along with a stylized symbol of an open eye located in different locations on each statue. These are the Ivory Oracles, imbued with powerful divination magic, and they are tended to by a sect of philosophers and scholars called the Seers of Tomorrow.

Divination is the most potent tool available in the arsenal of magic, or so believe the Seers of Tomorrow, and they are able to use the Ivory Oracles of Arborea to enhance the powers and reach of their own divination magic. The Seers live simplistic lives, tending to small libraries hidden near the Ivory Oracles, and after consulting with the magical statues they write their findings down in a book called the Tome of Tomorrow.

Or rather, in a replica of the Tome of Tomorrow. The book is said to contain all the prophecies and foretellings of countless generations, and thus its pages are beyond count. Each library around an Ivory Oracle is assigned a copy of the Tome of Tomorrow which appears as a massive book filled with blank pages. After the Seers have been writing in it for a day, the book sends its pages to the master Tome of Tomorrow, the exact location of which is known only to the Master Seer.

THE SELDARINE

The elven realm of Nasselaithess is held together by the will of the pantheon of elven gods, collectively referred to as the Seldarine. The priests of the Seldarine keep the peace and prosperity of the realm, but the actual gods usually do not interact directly with their followers. They watch from up above, in a grand invisible palace hovering over Nasselaithess known as the Elven Court.

Led by Corellon Larethian, the Seldarine are nonetheless a powerful force across all of Arborea, though frequently they are occupied with the events transpiring across the Material Plane. Labelas Enoreth, god of time and history, keeps an accurate accounting of what transpires in elven lands across the multiverse. Working closely with Labelas is Sehanine Moonbow, who watches over the spirits of the dead and keeps perhaps the most active role in the events of Nasselaithess.

Aerdrie Faenya, goddess of weather, keeps the worst of the temperamental weather of Arvandor at bay. Erevan Ilesere is the most mischievous of the Seldarine and has been forced out the Elven Court on numerous occasions, at which point he wanders the multiverse causing trouble. Love and romance are the domain of Hanali Celanil, and her priests in Nasselaithess tend to pools of immense beauty that are akin to that of their goddess' in the Elven Court. The list of deities in the Seldarine goes on and on.

One conspicuously missing member is Lolth, queen of the drow. Dark elves are not known to exist in Arborea, but legends say that before their fall they did dwell with their queen among the Seldarine. The Grove of Night, a blighted dark region, was once their home but after Lolth's departure (or exile, depending on which version of the old story one believes) the trees in that area twisted and the sun no longer shone down. The Seldarine do not like to be reminded of the grove's existence.

WHITE WATCHER

Mithardir is a white dust filled wasteland, with spectral specters and savage blight giants moving around with evil intentions. Few travelers have been to Arborea's third layer, but those that have come back report the constant feeling of being watched, and on more than one occasion a pair of enigmatic opal eyes have been seen in the bleached sun overhead.

Some planar scholars believe the White Watcher, as they've dubbed the force, is a lingering memory from the ancient civilization that once dominated Mithardir before the white dust and sand swallowed it all. Others think it's the eyes of Labelas Enoreth, elven god of time, watching over the ruins to ensure a dark secret is never uncovered.

Whatever its true nature, the White Watcher has not made any direct action or contact with travelers in Mithardir. Some that have visited the wasteland have not even seen it, blaming its existence on delirium brought on by the glaring white sands.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Beasts of a wide variety populate the Olympian Glades of Arborea, from the majestic aethons that patrol the skies of Arvandor to the cunning gar fish that swim through the oceans of Aquallor to the insidious sand specters that haunt the white dunes of Mithardir. Travelers are advised to be on their guard if they travel through Arborea as the fauna can turn deadly as quickly as the weather.

FEY

Arborea is home to a number of fey inhabitants. The dryads of the plane are highly protective of their great trees that grow in Arvandor and most are on friendly terms with the elves of Nasselaithess. Nymphs protect places of great magical power across Arborea's layers, from the alseid nymphs that inhabit meadows, the naiad nymphs that keep waters safe and pure, or the oread nymphs that embody the destructive power of fire and flame.

Fate hags are cruel fey that can redirect the whims of fate, and in their caves below the ground they often spin prophecies for any that come to visit. Wine spirits are playful, cavorting creatures that honor Bacchus, Lord of Wine, and whose very presence can send humanoids into a drunken stupor.

Satyrs. Satyrs are common across Arborea and congregate in large villages within the forests of Arvandor. Most of these settlements are within sight of the foreboding Mount Olympus and once, long ago, the satyrs were allies of the powers that dwelled upon that fearsome mountain. Now, however, they are free to dance, drink, and live life to the fullest. Their wild emotions reflect the nature of Arborea perfectly, and they let their powerful instincts and intuitions drive them forward on whatever path seems the most enjoyable at the time.

HUMANOIDS

The woods of Arborea are home to many small communities of humanoids, mainly humans, who drink nightly in celebration of life and love. Many possess a carefree attitude but a strong sense of prophecy and fate winds through their lives. Events of the plane around them, from the sudden appearance of a great thunderstorm to a black ram being born amongst a flock, are all cause to consult various forms of divination to ascertain the possible meaning behind them.

Elves. One popular theory says that elves of all kind originated in Arborea. The elves of Arborea certainly believe this, and they make sure everyone around them knows it as well. They dwell largely in the realm of Nasselaitness, a wondrous wooded kingdom in Arvandor where the splendid beauty of elven architecture and design is on full display. Magical art is cultivated here, and the archmages that practice elven high magic are without peer in their fields. A large community of sea elves live in Aquallor and trade regularly with their cousins on the Plane of Water; they are far less concerned with pomp and circumstance than the elves of Nasselaitness.

Leonin. Secretive and secluded, the leonin are a proud race of lion-like humanoids that live almost exclusively in the Golden Plains of Kanidis. Under a still valid divine mandate from the powers of Mount Olympus, the Golden Plains were given over to the leonin as their home, and as such they were imbued with certain protective abilities that keep unwanted visitors out of their home. Within the sweeping landscape of golden grass, the leonin lead nomadic lifestyles around their pride, consisting largely of their extended families. They are skilled hunters and warriors, and occasionally a leonin gets inspired by tales of Kanidis or filled with wanderlust enough to venture out of the Golden Plains and into the wider multiverse.

Tritons. The beautiful sea of Aquallor is home to a number of aquatic denizens. The tritons are the most numerous, and under the sea they've built great coral castles and tend to large kelp forests. They are vigilant protectors and watchful guardians, but here on Arborea there are few constant threats that require their direct attention. Many tritons of the Plane of Water return to Aquallor after a long life spent defending the multiverse from the great dangers lurking in the Darkened Depths.

MONSTROSITIES

Arborea is home to a great number of monsters, many of which have gone out to populate the multiverse. Basilisks prowl through the forests, larger and more aggressive than others of their kind, and chimera of a wide variety of colors patrol their own territories. Hydras lurk in the wilderness, waiting for meals to come to them, and gorgon herds trample everything underfoot. It is widely believed that the large number of monstrosities that populate Arborea is a direct result of the gods of Mount Olympus creating and discarding life with little regard to the consequences.

Of the unique monstrosities native to Arborea, the aethon is one of the most splendid. This large eagle-like beast soars through the air with brilliant plumage of red and orange, and it can transform itself into a burst of fire as it flies through the air. The seas of Aquallor and the River Oceanus that winds through Arvandor are filled with all manner of fish, though certain unique variations of gar fish are known to swim through the Arborean waters. Armored gar have thick plates over their body, and hunting gar are large enough to challenge sharks. A rotten gar is a undead fish that fouls up the water, and its presence is an abomination to the natives of the plane.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The major hazard posed by all the layers of Arborea is the volatile nature of the weather. At the drop of a coin the weather can shift violently from peaceful to a raging storm, though just as quickly it can switch back as well.

PASSIONATE WEATHER

The passionate nature of Arborea whips up weather into a frenzy that can take natives and travelers by surprise. Random weather tables are provided for each of the layers, and it is suggested that they be used with every change of scene while characters are exploring the Olympian Glades. Otherwise, each weather event can last 1d20 hours. Often times, the passionate weather of Arborea covers a wide area, large enough where the characters must last the duration, but for swift-moving parties escaping the weather area may be possible.

While extreme, the weather of Arborea mimics that of most Material Planes. Immediately threatening weather, such as acid rain or fire storms, are not part of the passionate nature of the plane. The passionate weather is also not affected by the day/night cycle, with equal chances during the day and night for weather events to occur.

Cold Snap. The temperature plunges in the area. Each hour, creatures exposed or traveling in the cold must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion. Creatures with resistance or immunity to cold damage automatically succeed on the saving throw, while creatures wearing cold weather gear have advantage on the save.

Deluge. Heavy rain comes down in sheets. Everything is lightly obscured, and creatures in the area have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight and hearing. Open flames are extinguished as well.

Hail Storm. The clouds unleash ice chunks in the form of hail. Each minute, exposed creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage on a failure or none on a success. Hail storms last half as long as a typical storm on Arborea.

Heat Wave. A swelling heat and humidity fills the area. Each hour, creatures exposed or traveling in the heat must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion. Creatures with resistance or immunity to fire damage automatically succeed on the saving throw, while creatures in medium or heavy armor suffer disadvantage on the save.

Lightning Storm. Jagged streaks of lightning fill the sky. Every hour creatures spend traveling or exposed in the open during the lightning storm, one target randomly is struck by a lightning bolt from above. The target must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 28 (8d6) lightning damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. On Mithardir, the lightning is purple and the storm lasts twice as long.

Snow Storm. Snow begins to fall in great flakes across the area. The temperature drops enough where the snow doesn't melt right away, though the climate usually normalizes after a few days and any fallen snow would melt. During the snow storm, the area is lightly obscured, and creatures in the area have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Strong Wind. The winds pick up in a fury, blowing in a random direction and changing directions at the whim of some mysterious force. Ranged weapon attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing are made at disadvantage. Flying creatures in a strong wind must land at the end of its turn or fall to the ground, suffering appropriate falling damage. On Mithardir, the wind whips up the sand, imposing disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight as well.

Thick Mist. A thick fog engulfs the area. The area is heavily obscured, and all light sources drop down a degree (bright light becomes dim light, dim light becomes darkness).

Thunderstorm. Peals of thunder accompany the pounding rain that fills the region. The area is lightly obscured by the rain.

WEATHER TABLE OF AQUALLOR

The passionate weather of Arborea affects the area above the ocean of Aquallor, leaving the underwater regions relatively unaffected by the powerful whims.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF AQUALLOR
1-3	Cold Snap
4-7	Deluge
8-10	Heat Wave
11-13	Lightning Storm
14-16	Strong Wind
17	Thick Mist
18-20	Thunderstorm

WEATHER TABLE OF ARVANDOR

Every type of weather imaginable can crop up on Arvandor.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF ARVANDOR
1-2	Cold Snap
3-4	Deluge
5-6	Hail Storm
7-8	Heat Wave
9-10	Lightning Storm
11-12	Snow Storm
13-14	Strong Wind
15-16	Thick Mist
17-18	Thunderstorm
19-20	Roll twice, re-rolling results of 19 or 20

WEATHER TABLE OF MITHARDIR

The dryness of the white wasteland of Mithardir keeps extreme moisture-related weather at bay, but winds and lightning storms pose problems at all times.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF MITHARDIR
1-4	Cold Snap
5-9	Heat Wave
10-14	Lightning Storm
15-19	Strong Wind
20	Thick Mist

SITES & TREASURES

Mystery abounds across the layers of the Olympian Glades of Arborea. Adventurers of all kinds have explored the great forests of Arvandor in search of the mythical Evergold Pool, plunged into the ocean of Aquallor and sought out the wisdom of the sea elves in the Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas, or braved the white sands of Mithardir to uncover the Tombs of the Titans.

ARBOREAN STAR CRYSTALS

Strange clusters of luminous crystal formations are found on all three layers of Arborea. Planar scholars and merchants refer to them as Arborean star crystals, and the prevailing theory is that they were once stars in the sky of the plane that fell down eons ago across the landscape. They are rarely found in groupings of more than three or four, each about the size of a man's palm with protruding points from a central crystalline body. They glow white, pink, and soft blue and are incredibly valuable, not only for their rarity but also their attunement to magical enchantments.



In Arvandor, the star crystals are often found gathered around the moss-filled trunks of the oldest trees, while below the wind-swept waters of Aquallor they hide among muck and silt beneath glowing coral reefs. The Mithardir star crystals are the hardest to find as the few that have been uncovered have been worked into the alabaster stone monuments and buildings of the fallen titan civilization and protected by its guardians.

CRYSTAL TEMPLE OF DEEP SASHELAS

The sea elves that dwell in the waters of Aquallor live in scattered small communities around coral reefs and naturally rocky sections growing up from the ocean floor. All of them pay homage in one way or another to the home of their god, the magnificent Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas. A truly awe-inspiring sight underwater, the Crystal Temple is located in a broad basin in what is considered the deepest section of Aquallor. Its slender towers extend up from the myriad of buildings built around a single great spire that serves as Deep Sashelas' personal abode.

The Crystal Temple is tended to by a large community of pious sea elves who ritualistically blind themselves as part of their dedication. Some special property of the crystalline structure of the temple complex allows the otherwise blind sea elf priests to maneuver with perfect clarity through the halls, and they can sense the presence of other living creatures (though they cannot make out details). Deep Sashelas demands such fealty and never reveals itself to mortal creatures.

EVERGOLD POOL

The Evergold Pool is a legendary site of liquid gold that supposedly grants any who bathe in its waters supernatural beauty and long life. It is said to exist in a mystic glade somewhere in one of Arvandor's great trackless forests, guarded by a nymph princess who can see into the hearts of all who come seeking the pool's magic. These, at least, are the rumors.

Some planar scholars believe the Evergold Pool is in the possession of one of the Seldarine, specifically the elven goddess of beauty, Hanali Celanil. In this case, the pool would likely reside somewhere in Nasselaitness, though it is possible the elven goddess moves the pool around Arvandor according to some ancient whim. Kings, queens, lords, and ladies of all kind have sent countless expeditions in search of the mythical Evergold Pool to increase both their beauty and their life, but so far none have found the wondrous site.

GOLDEN PLAINS OF KANIDIS

The lush forests of Arvandor are a woodland paradise, but there are a few noteworthy exceptions to the massive forest on the layer. One of the most striking are the Golden Plains of Kanidis, a stretch of sun-dappled tall grass hundreds of miles long. It is populated by the leonin, a race of lion-like humanoids living a nomadic life of hunting and solitude in the rich grassland. They protect their borders fiercely and are wary of any strangers, so few have traded or worked them.

Long ago, the great leonin hero Kanidis fought against a horde of monsters dredged up from lower plane. The monsters were responding to aggressive actions on behalf of the gods of Mount Olympus, and the leonin prides were an unforeseen casualty of a much larger feud. Kanidis was outraged, and he took his best warriors to Mount Olympus to demand answers. So great was his fury and his skills that the gods of Mount Olympus listened and over the course of several days, agreed to give the leonin free and complete reign over the Golden Plains. No power of Mount Olympus could interfere with that region, and the leonin would be left in peace.

Since then they've been left to their own devices. Kanidis returned a great hero, though he didn't stay long to help his people rebuild in the aftermath of the great calamity that destroyed so many prides and villages. He was called away on a higher duty and never seen again. To this day, the leonin are split on how they honor Kanidis; some view him as a savior, others view him as a traitor.

GROVE OF NIGHT

A hundred miles beyond the borders of Nasselaitness, the sun does not shine upon a blighted region known as the Grove of Night. Elven legends say this was once the home of Lolth before the downfall of the drow and her banishment from the Seldarine. Even before this ruinous event, Lolth dabbled in dark and forbidden sorcery, adding legitimacy to the stories behind the shadow-haunted Grove of Night.

Darkness envelops the black oak trees of the grove where perpetual shadows hold sway in day or night. Monstrous spiders and other insects make their home there now, but if this was Lolth's former abode, there may still be secrets or lingering power from her time among the Seldarine. Some ambitious drow have sought out the Grove of Night in order to glean its secrets but the elven wardens of Nasselaitness keep a close eye on the surrounding region and have thus far not allowed any drow to step foot inside its borders.

ICE FOREST OF THALASSUS

The weather of Arvandor is as passionate as its people, and sometimes that means widespread cold grips the land. But it normally lasts only a few days before normalizing out to a comfortable temperature. Such is not the case in the Ice Forest of Thalassus, a wooded region blanketed perpetually in snow, ice, and cold. It labors under a permanent cold snap, with snow storms replacing deluges on the random passionate weather table.

The Ice Forest is named for the centaur king Thalassus, a special breed of shaggy white-furred centaurs dwell in nomadic tribes among the frozen trees and snow-covered boughs. Thalassus was once a noble leader who earned the respect of the forgotten gods of Mount Olympus. Then, Thalassus' heart was forever broken by a mortal and the forested land of his home changed suddenly and dramatically into the Ice Forest. Thalassus still lives, an immortal creature, but his heart is as icy as his domain. The centaurs that roam the region keep to themselves and attack visitors on sight.

Thalassus is said to hold a spark of divinity from the forgotten gods of Mount Olympus, and many have sought out the centaur king in search of this spark, whether to claim it or simply understand its unique powers. To all those that enter the Ice Forest and earn an audience with the centaur king, Thalassus poses a unique and life-threatening challenge. No one has so far completed Thalassus' challenge.

IVORY ORACLES

The great wilderness of Arvandor is dotted occasionally by impressive white statues called Ivory Oracles. Each statue depicts a robed woman in a unique pose and they are possessed with a powerful spirit of divination that can accurately recall the past and cryptically predict the future. Each Ivory Oracle is tended to by a member of the Seers of Tomorrow, a sect of diviners who catalogue the words of the mysterious statues.

The largest cluster of Ivory Oracles is around the base of Mount Olympus and the prevailing theory connects the statues to the old gods that once resided on that monstrously huge mountain. But the Ivory Oracles are curiously silent on this matter, and it is rumored the Master Seer – secreted away somewhere in a grand library – may hold the truth in the Tome of Tomorrow. The Seers that watch over the Ivory Oracles assist travelers in asking questions and generally aid those who do not seek to destroy the powerful divination statues.

LIFE ETERNAL FALLS

The River Oceanus winds its way through the upper planes, a radiant reflection of the River Styx through the lower planes. Where the River Styx robs memories and leaves travelers befuddled, the River Oceanus is cool, clear, and refreshing, originating on the slopes of Mount Olympus and ending on Arborea's third layer of Aquallor. There, it spills from the sky itself in a magnificent and awe-inspiring site called the Life Eternal Falls.

Where the Life Eternal Falls crashes into Aquallor's ocean, great white foam and thick mist fills the air. Here, the refreshing power of the River Oceanus is said to cure many diseases and restore sanity to those that lost it through magic or fell power. Below the waves directly underneath the eternal waterfall is a gold-flecked stone castle of merfolk that protect the region from invaders. The Oceanus Knighthood of Life Eternal has kept vigilant watch over the site for countless generations and they patrol the River Oceanus through its winding length as well.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

Towering over much of Arvandor is the massive Mount Olympus. It can be seen hundreds of miles away, but its upper regions are obscured by churning storm clouds that never dissipate. Planar scholars say it is the second highest mountain in the multiverse, dwarfed only by the majestic height of the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia. Mount Olympus is roughly divided into three tiers – the base, the middle, and the top.

The base tier of Mount Olympus is riddled with ruined temples and cities, long abandoned by ancient people, with surprisingly well-built roads running between them. Signs of art, theater, culture, and civilization mark these ruins, and no obvious signs of disaster mark them today – they're simply empty. Some the wilderness of Arvandor have started to reclaim, and others hold monsters and beasts, but little of the original inhabitants are left.

Further up the rocky slope, the roads become broken and the terrain rougher. This middle tier holds little permanent structures beyond an occasional stone altar or small temple, but they bear no sign of a deity or god for whom they honor. Flying beasts of all kind are found around the middle tier, which is as high up as any can see around Arvandor.

The top tier is a true mystery. Shrouded by storm clouds and filled with high winds and jagged lightning, the top is said to hold the home of a race of ancient gods or titans. But what happened to them? Do any signs still stand of their presence? The treacherous terrain and unpredictable weather has deterred all travelers thus far. The elves of Nasselaitness have records that go back to the days of Mount Olympus, but Labelas Enoreth and his associates have been forbidden from discussing it by some ancient yet powerful force.

NASSELLAITNESS

Elven society on Arborea is centered in and around their grand realm of woodland beauty, Nasselaitness. To the outside or untrained eye, the elven realm that stretches across hundreds of miles of Arvandor wilderness is nothing more than that – perhaps a bit more primal, but pure wilderness. This image is carefully cultivated by the elves, who have gone to extreme lengths to ensure every building, every structure, every function of Nasselaitness is crafted to be in harmony with the forest rather than against it.

Homes are built into the trunks of great trees that grow in clusters, forming smaller communities, while granite and rock is shaped to form natural caves of glittering beauty. The elves of Nasselaitness are the purest souls, dwelling in the idyllic forest realm for as long as they like before being reborn across the multiverse. The elven gods, the Seldarine, keep their aloof homes above the treetops of Nasselaitness in an achingly beautiful region called the Golden Paradise. There, Corellon Larethian and the other gods of the Seldarine watch over elves across the multiverse, occasionally sending avatars down into Nasselaitness to spread word of news and danger.

In Nasselaitness, the elves have perfected every aspect of elf life. Magic, commonly associated with elves, is studied and crafted with unerring precision, giving rise to powerful elven high magic unequalled across the multiverse. The borders of Nasselaitness are protected by arcane wardens – rangers with arcane abilities that are also found on the Plane of Faerie. Priests of the Seldarine speak and sing in divinely influenced voices knowing they are closer to their gods than any other.

The high priests of the Seldarine hold the greatest power in Nasselaitness, though they clash sometimes with the wizards of the Arrathalass Conclave. Each community in the elven realm is dedicated to one of the elven gods, and the highest ranking priest of that god leads the community. Below the Golden Paradise, the greatest temples of the Seldarine stand proud, and the leaders in these fantastically appointed holy sites command the legions that protect Nasselaitness' borders (though only in the name of the Seldarine, who are recognized as the absolute authority in the realm).

RUINS OF FORTRESS SIDERO

Numerous ruined castles and towers dot the wilderness of Arvandor, each with their own unique history. Fortress Sidero is one of the larger ruins, with five castles built of solid gray stone connecting together via crumbling fortifications to form one larger sprawling site. It was the home of a mighty hero named Sidero, a warrior and champion who swore fealty to the titans of Mount Olympus. Their blood flowed in his veins, and through his wit and charm he built a fortress to honor his bloodline.

Then, the titans left Mount Olympus, and quickly Sidero's power waned. He railed against the ebbing of his influence and made a dark pact with powerful but mysterious forces. Sidero exchanged his blood for that of a still present patron, but the deal went bad for him and his loyal troops. Darkness enveloped his sprawling fortress, and one by one his forces turned into undead monsters. Sidero himself became a death knight, still possessing an unholy charm but now ringed hollow with his undead state.

TEMPEST HEAD

Aquallor holds few permanent islands amidst its endless freshwater ocean. Many are heaved up suddenly from the ocean floor by massive earthen movements but they often drop back down in a matter of days or even hours. The island of Tempest Head has so far remained above the waves, and it has for so long that a community of sailors has built homes upon its rocky shore. It is the only permanent settlement on Aquallor above the water.

The island itself is only a mile across and formed from porous gray and black stone. Water flows in and out of countless tunnels and holes. The island's center holds the shanty city of Tempest Head, built on wooden planks above the stone and endless water. Ships dock anywhere along the shore where the porous stone provides plenty of natural bays and harbors perfect for a brief reprieve from the violent weather. Tempest Head has a leader, called the island master, a position currently held by a grizzled silver dragonborn pirate named Jaardar Vembash. Jaardar holds little real power but the small garrison of soldiers that keep the peace answer to him, though the dragonborn is often away from Tempest Head aboard his ship, the *Lucky Eel*.

Tempest Head has numerous taverns though the prices are triple standard due to the difficulty in acquiring goods. Able-bodied sailors and pirates are never in short supply, however, as the violent weather of Aquallor sinks many ships, and the sea elves that protect the lives of fallen sailors often deposit all members washed overboard onto Tempest Head's rocky shoreline.

TREE OF SORCERY

Magic is infused in the blood of elves, and in Nasselaithe this can often be literally true. The Arrathalass Conclave commands the power of elven high magic, but it stems from a single physical source – the Tree of Sorcery. Carefully guarded by powerful wardens and magic spells, this living embodiment of magic is more than just a symbol of elven sorcery. It is also a living battery and the source of the potent high magic studied by the Arrathalass Conclave.

Few people outside the elven conclave have laid eyes upon the Tree of Sorcery, but legends say that it is nearly a half-mile tall, its bark crisscrossed with prismatic colors in wild patterns. Its exact location is not known outside the highest ranking members of the Arrathalass Conclave but given its size it must be magically hidden away, perhaps secreted into a demiplane accessible only through hidden portals in Nasselaithe. If the Tree of Sorcery were to be harmed, practitioners of elven high magic would feel a great ripple in their power, and its destruction would cause untold chaos across Nasselaithe.

TOMBS OF THE TITANS

One of the few reasons to visit the white wasteland of Mithardir are the mysterious ruins hidden beneath the grit. Collectively referred to as the Tombs of the Titans, so named because of their giant-sized proportions, they are haunted by sand specters, ghosts, and other monsters, along with tribes of savage blight giants. The tombs are constructed of a magically hardened alabaster stone, making them as white as the sand that fills Mithardir, and they are marked with unusual writings that defy interpretation, magical or mundane.

Great treasures have been uncovered within the Tombs of the Titans as well, including magical relics, powerful weapons, and arcane baubles, but the ruins are watched over by more than just undead guardians. A mysterious force known as the White Watcher keeps tabs on any who venture in or around uncovered alabaster ruins, and the Arrathalass Conclave of Nasselaithe have worked to prevent easy travel to Mithardir from Arvandor or Aquallor. Why would the elven high mages want to keep out travelers from plundering the ruins?

WINESONG GLADE

In Arvandor, Bacchus is a festive and merry companion, bringing his host of wine spirits along in an endless party. Every once in a while, however, Bacchus retreats to a special place called Winesong Glade, and there he holds a grand festival of passion, singing, and endless drink. This is the Festival of the Wine Lord which lasts for one week, after which the glade fades away.

Or so Bacchus wants people to believe. In truth, Winesong Glade simply moves to a separate location, but the echoes of past festivals reverberate across its sun-dappled field. Natural stone tables and fire pits sit in haphazard order while a handful of fruit-filled trees provide shade and nourishment. Bacchus is linked to Winesong Glade, but he can only summon it once every year or so. Outside of that, he has teams of satyrs and centaurs searching for it but they never seem to locate it.

Some travelers have stumbled upon it outside of the Festival of the Wine Lord but they recall little of their time. Intoxicating fumes hang heavy in the air but there is a strange presence that even Bacchus does not know, at least not consciously. What spirit or force commands Winesong Glade?

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Arborea holds adventure aplenty for heroes and travelers that make it to its bountiful wilderness. From the majestic forests, mountains, and prairies of Arvandor, to the endless ocean of Aquallor, to the gritty sands of Mithardir, characters should find no end to the opportunity for thrilling heroics.

Wine For All Seasons. A sinister dwarven brewmaster has captured a wine spirit and is holding her against her will. He plans on extracting the never-ending potent wine from the fey in order to drive down costs on his own brew, but a rival gets wind that the dwarf is up to no good and asks the characters to investigate. Freeing the wine spirit involves breaking the dwarf's enchantment built into wooden armbands. Once freed, the wine spirit is eager to return to Arborea.

Horrors of Arvandor. A spontaneous gate opens up to Arvandor in an idyllic forest near a small village, but by unlucky happenstance it opened up before a band of crave horrors. The shambling undead lurched through the gate and sucked the passion out of its inhabitants in one night. The characters find the village deserted except for corpses, and tracking the monsters down takes them into Arvandor and on the trail of the crave horrors.

Mystery of the White Sands. A planar scholar seeks the characters out to aid them in an expedition to Mithardir. The scholar has uncovered a link to a ruin on the Material Plane to the Tombs of the Titans, and they need to gather guards and assistants in order to brave the white wasteland. Finding a portal to Mithardir is the first difficulty, but once they arrive blight giants and sand specters prove equally challenging in the search for alabaster ruins beneath the white grit.

Ritual of the Night Grove. An elf or arcane character is approached by a phantom visage of a powerful archmage, who declares themselves a member of the Arrathalass Conclave in Nasselaithess. Another of the conclave's members is seeking to perform a forbidden ritual concerning the Grove of Night, Lolth's original home in Arvandor, and through past exploits the character has proven to be a good and loyal ally to magic and/or elvenkind. Foiling the archmage plot involves dealing with wild and passionate elven clerics, distrustful arcane wardens, and a trip into the Grove of Night itself.

Celebration of Murder. The Festival of the Wine Lord fast approaches and the characters find themselves the unlikely owners of personal invitations from Bacchus himself. Winesong Glade is bedecked in splendor for the festival, during which Bacchus and his wine spirits are charming and perfect hosts. Then a body shows up, clearly murdered, and the characters must navigate the drunken party to find the murderer. Who are the suspects? Why do things point to Bacchus himself as the murderer?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Acheron. 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.

AQUALLOR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-10	A ship being attacked by a scylla serpent
11-20	Sea elf veterans on patrol
21-30	A rotten gar picking at a carcass
31-40	A hungry giant shark
41-50	A dragon turtle diving deeper into the sea
51-60	Merfolk searching for a lost sailor
61-65	A school of hunting gar
66-00	A lost water elemental

ARVANDOR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-05	A nest of agitated stirges
06-10	A herd of elk charging through the wilderness
11-15	A brown bear in search of food
16-20	Elven scouts searching for someone
21-25	An aethon in the sky
26-30	A raiding band of ogres led by a cyclops
31-35	Festive human dancers
36-40	A pack of crave horrors hunting prey
41-45	Three centaurs playing a game
46-50	Two giant boars fighting each other
51-55	A herd of wild horses
56-60	A griffon eating a meal
61-65	Two wine spirits playing with a drunk human
66-70	A swarm of insects protecting their nest
71-75	An elven archmage inspecting a tree
76-80	Two human priests arguing over directions
81-85	Three giant elk fighting two human scouts
86-90	A gorgon on the hunt
91-95	A human druid searching for a fate hag
96-00	A pack of wolves devouring a meal

MITHARDIR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-10	A tribe of blight giants
11-20	The eerie sight of the White Watcher
21-30	Three giant vultures circling overhead
31-40	A sand specter protecting nearby ruins
41-50	Two tribes of blight giants engaged in combat
51-00	Passionate weather

PEACEABLE KINGDOMS OF ARCADIA

“There is no place in all the multiverse that is more dedicated to the idea of harmony than the Peaceable Kingdoms of Arcadia. And not only is it dedicated to that ideal, it achieves it in many ways in large part because of its system of laws and rigid structure. Nothing happens without purpose on Arcadia, or so the residents would have you believe, and all serve the grand purpose of harmony. However, don’t let the Peaceable Kingdoms name fool you. Conflict still exists, most fundamentally around the plane’s core concept of harmony. When viewed rigidly, harmony occurs when ‘you agree with me’ and does not allow for the kind of civil discussion that moves the situation closer to a broader harmony.”

Issilda the Unbreakable

Law and harmony are bedfellows in the Peaceable Kingdoms of Arcadia, a strict rule-oriented plane where everything has a purpose. Its rules and restrictions are enacted to enforce a vision of true harmony for the greater good of society itself, and the kingdoms that make up the plane’s name all adhere to that philosophy. Of course, what one kingdom sees as a move towards harmony may strike a note of discord with a neighbor.

Arcadians’ viewpoint on law walks in lockstep with its ideas on military prowess. The Peaceable Kingdoms are kept peaceable by strong standing armies and militias that serve as the front lines of defense against the reckless forces of chaos and disorder. Collectively, these militias are known as the Perfect Order, and its soldiers – einheriers – keep the peace and defend the laws with righteous zeal.

Comparisons to the Infernal Battlefield of Acheron are not out of place, and the two planes both operate fundamentally on rules and laws with a military bent. But where Acheron is strife personified with individual armies clashing in a never-ending tumult of steel-on-steel, Arcadia has well-defined laws, boundaries, and edicts that keep the peace between the hyper-organized kingdoms. This is largely due to the Lex, a group of powerful judges and arbiters that debate and transcribe the various laws of Arcadia. As befitting an organization of its size and scope, the Lex is a rigid hierarchy of bureaucracy.

Law-abiding citizens can do well on Arcadia, and everyone has their place within the plane, their kingdom, and their community. The borders between the Peaceable Kingdoms are well-marked and maintained and each enjoys its own political structure. Most follow the edicts of a king, queen, or similar monarch, but democracies, plutocracies, magocracies, and more are represented among the myriad individual states. All are represented in the Lex and each maintains a magical copy of the Lexinomicon, the book of all Arcadian laws.

As long as they are useful, citizens of Arcadia are treated well, which reveals one of the surprising dark side to the plane of law and harmony. Usefulness is determined largely by the laws of the Lex and edge cases can be brought before the Great Court to be argued and defended in a process that takes months, years, or even decades of time.

Much of this planar bureaucracy occurs on Arcadia’s first layer, Abellio, where everything is arranged according to a pattern and a plan. Mountains, grasslands, forests, lakes, fields, and more all stretch out in perfectly ordered rows, squares, and other configurations. The Peaceable Kingdoms occupy much of the infinite landscape, with well-maintained stone roads connecting everything together in a great grid. Neutral and unclaimed regions are carefully marked and monitored. All of this occurs beneath a brilliant sphere in the sky called the Orb of Day and Night. During the 12-hour day, the orb is luminous and white, while during the 12-hour night it turns abruptly to dark. There is no twilight or dawn, only day and night.

Arcadia’s second layer, Buxelos, is a very similar to the first in geography and layout, with perfectly ordered orchards, forests, fields, prairies, and the like. It is less populated than Abellio, however, and the kingdoms that do dot the layer are more heavily invested in their militaries than the first layer. It is here where Arcadia leans more towards law than good with the Court Castles of Lex dominating great swaths of territory. It is rumored that Buxelos is also where radical indoctrinations take place within the closely guarded Spires of New Harmony overseen by a special branch of the Lex, but little is known about it for sure.

One of the more curious inhabitants of Arcadia are the formians. Diligent and ant-like, the formians have several massive city-hives scattered above and below the plane. They all pay homage to Queen Mother Clarity who rules from the city-hive of Mandible. The formians have been granted provisional citizen status on Arcadia by the Lex while their application for full kingdom status moves through the courts (which it has for centuries).

Breaking one of the many laws of Arcadia can have dire consequences, especially since the passing of Great Law Article #3929, stating that ignorance of Arcadian law does not provide exemption from Arcadian law (a hotly debated law article initiated when a clever wizard claimed she could not break a law she did not know about). Einheriers are sworn to uphold the laws of their kingdoms and that of the Lex, while judgewraiths move about secretly to further enforce certain planar laws.

Nonetheless, wonders and treasures abound across the Peaceable Kingdoms of Arcadia, including the glittering mines beneath Mount Clangeddin, the Compass Citadels of the Storm Kings that control Arcadian weather, the arcane libraries of Nomos Prime, and the flawless magical fruits that grow on mighty silver, gold, bronze, and copper trees in certain protected groves.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Arcadia as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Arcadia.

Law and Order. Everything on Arcadia is well-defined, ordered, and tidy. There are no unkept fields of wildflowers and the roads are all of a uniform width and depth. Orchards and fields are all meticulously planned out and maintained by the legions of farmers and workers, and everything has a sense of harmony to it. A group of Arcadians walking along walk in perfect synchronization with one another, and even outsiders find themselves ordering naturally into organized units and stepping in time with each other.

Time and Place for Everything. “A time and place for everything” is a common saying on Arcadia, and for most it’s not just words. Most residents do not react well to change and rely heavily upon the well-organized timing of the plane to keep their lives humming along peacefully. There’s a time for eating, resting, sleeping, playing, and everything else. Often times, cities and villages keep things ordered by the chiming of bells that can be heard across the landscape from different sized bells to create unique tones. When the silver bell is struck three times, that means it’s time to stop working and eat lunch. When the copper bell is struck twice with a pause between, that means it’s time to begin playing with children.

No Accidents. The residents of Arcadia don’t believe in accidents. That level of chaos would upset the balance of their society, so they simply treat them as deliberate actions taken outside the confines of normal expectations. Most of the time, these accidents are illegal, and it’s the job of the einheriars to find and punish these illegal acts.

LAY OF THE LAND

Arcadia is comprised of two layers, Abellio and Buxelos. Ancient Arcadian legends tell of a third layer whose name has been lost to time, a place that fell ideologically into the Clockwork Nirvana of Mechanus in the very distant past (if it even happened in the first place). Most scholars don’t give this story much credence beyond an allegory around the dangers of valuing order and structure over the common good of the people.

ABELLIO

Stretching out infinitely from a single solitary mountain peak, Abellio is a layer of perfectly ordered wilderness alongside well-maintained groves and fields. Rivers and streams create natural gridlines across the layer, and between these grids exist the bulk of the Peaceable Kingdoms. Each kingdom is unique in some way though each adheres to the rule of law established by the Lex (who keep their territory on Buxelos, the second layer).

Mountains with ordered valleys dot the landscape, but they all fall short of Abellio’s two dominant peaks. The first and tallest is Mount Today which sits at Abellio’s center (how an infinite plane can have a center is a point of some debate among planar scholars). Resting atop Mount Today is the Orb of Day and Night, a massive sphere that regulates day and night across Arcadia. Half of the orb radiates soft white light, while the other half sheds darkness. Which means that half of Arcadia is bathed in day while the other half at night. By some planar extrapolation not yet fully understood, Buxelos is affected similarly though there is no orb in its sky.

Just below the height of Mount Day is Mount Clangeddin, home of the dwarf god Clangeddin Silverbeard. It forms the heart of dwarven life on Arcadia and stands as one of the strongest kingdoms across the plane, known as the Kingdom of Silverbeard. The sound of ringing steel, pounding hammers, dwarven chants, and more can be heard for miles around the solitary mountain peak. The kingdom extends far below ground as well.

Weather on Abellio is controlled by four powerful entities called the Storm Kings, dwelling in magnificent citadels at each of the compass points around the Orb of Day and Night. They meet regularly to manage Arcadian weather according to their own rules and laws, many of which have been recorded by sages.

The various Peaceable Kingdoms that give Arcadia its name are populated by all manner of creatures. Humans, elves, gnomes, dwarves, halflings, and dragonborn are all well represented, both in their own distinct realms and more cosmopolitan regions. Less common inhabitants are also known, including minotaurs, giff, goblins, lizardfolk, and turtles. All of the kingdoms supply soldiers and warriors to the Perfect Order, who in turn protect all of the kingdoms from one another and outside invasions. Members of the Perfect Order, known as einheriars, are elite guards that keep the peace across the plane, and sometimes beyond it as well if the Lex orders a mobilization across the multiverse.

BUXELOS

Arcadia’s second layer looks very similar to its first, though it is less populated. No massive mountain marks its center, though it is affected by the Orb of Day and Night along with the laws of the Storm Kings the same as Abellio. Military might is greatly prized across Buxelos and many of its fields are filled with the disciplined march of warriors and knights.

The Lex hold the largest single territory of any kingdom across Arcadia on Buxelos. The sprawling complex of court castles stretches for hundreds upon hundreds of miles, each imposing grey castle connected to its neighbor via a long covered bridge that more resembles a tunnel. It is said that one can walk from one end of Lex to the other without letting the Orb of Day and Night’s light touch your face.

Much of this endless layer is uninhabited, though even the wilderness is well-organized and keeps to a strict grid pattern. Numerous dangerous creatures stalk these regions, including gore worms and brekekexes, though not all are threatening. The silver foxes known as cadmal protect the harmony of nature but have been known to offer aid to strangers that become lost or disoriented.

The insectoid formians have several sprawling hives on Buxelos, including the expansive hive-city of Mandible. There, Queen Mother Clarity oversees all formian activity on Arcadia. She has numerous consorts at her beck and call, and the fighting force within Mandible rivals that of any Peaceable Kingdom. Thus far the ant-like creatures are content with integrating into Arcadian life with as little disruption as possible, and they honor the decrees of the Lex to the letter.

The Lex keep a number of small outposts in the wilderness of Buxelos known as Spires of New Harmony. Exactly what transpires in these relatively hidden sites isn't precisely known, but rumors say the Lex are experimenting with ways to indoctrinate non-lawful creatures through unsavory means.

CYCLE OF TIME

Arcadia runs on a 24-hour day similar to the Material Plane. Its day and night is divided evenly, 12 hours each, with no dusk or dawn period during the transition. The Orb of Day and Night that hangs above Mount Today on Abellio, which can be seen in the skies above Buxelos as well, turns abruptly every 12 hours. This means that half of the plane rests in a spectral darkness while the other basks beneath pale white sunlight.

SURVIVING

There are no inherent dangers to traveling within Arcadia's borders. Creatures that flagrantly break the law will find themselves facing the einheriar sooner rather than later, or perhaps a vengeful judgewraith, but these are behavioral responses not environmental.

GETTING THERE

Permanent portals to Arcadia from elsewhere in the multiverse are well documented by the Lex and watched over diligently by the controlling kingdom. Usually these portals take the form of arched trellises constructed of intertwining white ivory and black steel, but other designs are not uncommon as long as they are balanced between two opposite colors or forms.

Spontaneous vortices and gates are nearly unheard of given the plane's propensity for harmony and structure. Some gates only open under certain time constraints but these are always well documented by the Lex. Of course, in a bureaucracy as sprawling as the Lex it is not inconceivable for such documentation to become lost or forgotten amidst all the paperwork.

TRAVELING AROUND

Well-maintained roads crisscross Arcadia's terrain, making travel relatively easy between the kingdoms and across the landscape. The ordered structure of the plane makes maps easy to understand and follow, and most kingdoms have a shop representing the Order of Illustrated Landscape and Structure Design and Layout (cartographers). The roads are well-patrolled by the einheriar of the Perfect Order as well.

Moving between Abellio and Buxelos requires passing through one of large standing stone gates that dot the terrain. They are rare and the kingdoms that host them usually maintain a strong presence on both layers in order to protect their interests across the plane. A toll is usually required to be paid in order for a foreign traveler to access the gate. Alternately, high above the clouds, the Storm Kings maintain massive circular stone gates that float magically in the air allowing them easy access to the two layers. They are not guarded but strong storms swirl around them at all times, making them a dangerous option.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

No one single entity or power holds greater sway over all Arcadia than the Lex, the sprawling behemoth-like organization that debates, transcribes, and enforces the laws that keep the harmonious axis of the plane spinning. Nonetheless, other powerful groups exist, some of which may be friend or foe to a band of adventurers from across the planes.

BURMUSSOITH THE BOLD

Long ago, in some distant Material Plane, the bronze dragon Burmussoith hatched. He had several hatchmates and together they lived in a hidden lair along a well-traveled coastline with their parents. Before Burmussoith was old enough to contribute, a magical call was sent out among dragonkind and the family of bronze dragons answered, flying to a great campaign against a tyrannical foe. Unfortunately, the forces were overwhelming and the bronze dragons were defeated and Burmussoith was captured and imprisoned.

The bronze dragon grew up in the tight confines of a lightless prison under the watchful eye of an order of dark knights. Burmussoith flexed his mind as much as he could, learning through eavesdropping everything about the iron fist of his captors, though the magic of his prison kept him firmly in place. Eventually, when Burmussoith had become an adult, the dark knights and their code of tyranny collapsed from an outside force and the bronze dragon was freed. He aided the new force greatly as he shared his considerable knowledge about the inner workings of the black-hearted order.

Freed, Burmussoith helped clean up the rest of the evil forces, and then turned his considerable prowess to learning about how laws could be used to help or hinder societies. He traveled the length and breadth of his Material Plane world, gaining much knowledge, but he knew he had to go further. The bronze dragon, now a venerable wyrm of considerable power, took to the planes, and he found Arcadia to be a bastion for his research. Burmussoith took up a residence at the Court Castles of Lex and has an entire castle to his self now.

The bronze dragon enjoys the litigation process of the Lex and often finds himself aiding strangers that get caught up in the byzantine system of laws, crimes, and punishments.

CLANGEDDIN SILVERBEARD

Many dwarves consider their deities within a trinity framework. At the pinnacle is Moradin, god of creation, but supporting him are Dumathoin, the keeper of secrets, and Clangeddin Silverbeard, the patron of warfare. No one point of the trinity is strong enough on its own to survive without the other two, but all are made better by their connection. Beneath Mount Clangeddin on Abellio, Arcadia's upper layer, Clangeddin keeps a dwarven army ready for nearly any battle across the multiverse.

The dwarven god of battle runs a complex organization in the miles and miles of tunnels beneath the mountain. He moves about constantly, inspecting troops, leading formations, and running combat drills, while maintaining information lines into the workings of the many foes the dwarves face. Chief among these are the duergar who have infested several underground realms in Arcadia. Clangeddin sees it as his personal duty to defeat the dark dwarves and drive them from the plane, but they have somehow found a way in from Acheron and other realms.

LEX

The embodiment of Arcadia's lawful nature is found wholly in the Lex. This sprawling bureaucratic organization is divided into countless orders, each with long and complex titles denoting their fields of authority. The main function of the Lex is to debate, write, and enforce the laws of Arcadia that keep harmony in balance and the peace between the kingdoms. These laws are transcribed into a massive magical tome called the Lexinomicon. The original is kept in the Court Castles on Buxelos in a well-fortified keep in the center of one of the better defended castles, but it is magically linked to each copy that is kept in the individual kingdoms.

The Lex is made up of countless members, each called a servant. Joining the Lex is a long and involved process involving hearing committees, approval committees, background checks, and more, but those that join its ranks become immortal. Elves, humans, dwarves, gnomes, and more are counted among the immortal servants of the Lex, along with stranger and more powerful creatures including angels, modrons, and dragons.

Immortal servants dress in black robes with white undershirts. Their designed order is marked on the sleeves of the robe in intricate symbols. The pinnacle of responsibility within the Lex is the Order of Peaceable Laws, where the immortal servants debate and decide upon the presentations that could eventually become laws. There are 100 members of the Order of Peaceable Laws and passing a law requires a two-thirds majority.

Two types of laws exist on Arcadia. The first are the Common Laws, and these edicts concern property, behavior, and borders, among other more standard areas. The second are the High Laws which are reserved for indelible rights of people and creatures. Murder is a crime against a High Law, while theft is a crime against a Common Law. The difference can sometimes be unclear especially to those outside the Lex, but the punishment ranges are far more severe for the High Laws than for the Common Laws.

Most outsiders find dealing with the Lex an exercise in utter frustration. Every action and request requires documentation in the form of special scrolls that must be signed by authorized individuals before they can be processed by the Order of Scroll Reviewal. From there they move into one of many different orders based on the request, eventually ending up in the Order of Scroll Archiving and Storage. Even seemingly simple requests to the powerful organization can take days, weeks, or even months to finally get processed.

NOMOS PRIME

Magic obeys its own set of internal laws. Wizards and other arcane scholars have been deciphering those laws since magic was discovered, but the underlying structure has always eluded true understanding. For the singularly powerful being known as Nomos Prime, however, such understanding has been achieved and perfected.

Who or what is Nomos Prime exactly? None know for certain, but it is an immensely powerful being that controls fantastic magical powers unheard of outside of the most spectacular divine interventions. Some stories say that it was a wizard that traveled the planes and unlocked the magical code, while others maintain it is a manifestation of that very code given voice and form. Nomos Prime is genderless and sits in a vast tower constructed of magical force on Buxelos.

It can manifest anywhere in the tower as a crackling visage of magical energy, shaping it in any way conceivable but always identifiable. Nomos Prime speaks in a calm, measured whisper that is easily heard and understood by any it so desires within its tower. Outside the tower, magical ooze-like creatures called nomo enact the will of Nomos Prime. The powerful magical entity offers to teach any wizard its power that comes to its tower, and these wizards – nomomancers – often take their knowledge out to the multiverse.

PERFECT ORDER

The Perfect Order is the military arm of the Lex. Its members are einheriar, warriors in service to law and justice across Arcadia, but they do not enjoy the immortal benefits of being a Lex servant. Instead they are equipped and trained to enforce the laws passed by the Lex, and are usually assigned to permanent duty at one of the many kingdoms across Abellio and Buxelos. In this regard, they function as that kingdom's law enforcement force, though they are usually supplemented with other military commands for the defense and good of the kingdom.

For such a vast peacekeeping force, the Perfect Order is surprisingly cellular. The units of einheriar stationed at each kingdom are autonomous from the larger organization as each is imbued with perfect knowledge of the Lexinomicon and its many, many laws. This connection is maintained by powerful forces within the Lex itself.

Two divisions of Perfect Order einheriar exist. The first are the guards, and these are the common soldiers and warriors stationed across Arcadia. They are skilled combatants and loyal soldiers, able to sense the breaking of a law within a certain range in order to locate criminals and bring them to justice. The second division are the investigators, which are housed centrally at the Court Castles of Lex. Teams of einheriar investigators are assigned territories across Arcadia and it is their duty to track down those that break the High Laws.

QUEEN MOTHER CLARITY

Formians are not native to Arcadia, and their arrival in the past few centuries caused confusion and concern initially. The ant-like race approached the Lex under peaceful terms, however, and the terms of a peace accord were struck after the first full meeting. This meeting was conducted with Queen Mother Kk'llaa'raa'tt IV, a word that is difficult to pronounce for non-formians. She is known as Queen Mother Clarity to outsiders, and currently her progeny, Queen Mother Clarity XI, rules over the formians on Arcadia.

She dwells in the massive hive-city of Mandible on Buxelos, constructed in a vast network of tunnels beneath a large mound of solidified earth and dirt that stands like a mountain on the planar landscape. Queen Mother Clarity has three daughters who represent the formians in matters of state and importance, as she herself has gotten too big to move outside of her brood chamber. Soon, her time will end and one of her daughters will become Queen Mother Clarity XII. The three princesses have different views of how to run the formian forces on Arcadia, but one of them agrees with her mother's viewpoints. It's a volatile situation that is likely to erupt in the coming years into civil war unless drastic measures are taken.

For her part, Queen Mother Clarity XI is pushing on the Lex to finalize their membership into the Peaceable Kingdoms once and for all. It's a process that's been taking a very long time, held up in debates among the orders and sub-committees, but the Queen Mother hopes that its final decision will cement the formians into Arcadia and prevent a civil war when she passes. Two of her daughters lean heavily towards withdrawing from the plane entirely – one of them violently so.

STORM KINGS

High above the perfectly ordered orchards, forests, hills, and rolling plains of Abellio hang four floating stone structures. These are the bases of the Storm Kings, four immortal beings together with complete command over the weather of Arcadia. Their homes are the Compass Citadels, each positioned thousands of miles away from the Orb of Day and Night in one of the compass points (north, east, south, and west).

The four individually are the Cloud King, the Wind Queen, the Lightning King, and the Rain Queen, and each of their Compass Citadels are surrounded by powerful and damaging forces controlled by each individual. They meet on a regular basis at one of their citadels, rotating among them each time, to discuss the weather patterns and plan for the coming period. These meetings occur every 360 days, also referred to as a storm year.

The weather of Arcadia follows definite patterns that can be ascertained. It never rains for more than one day at a time, for example, and never more than four days pass between weather extremes. The temperature across the plane is kept steady and comfortable, so snow and ice are never a widespread concern. But two or three of the Storm Kings have worked together to create particularly violent bouts of weather. Once a storm year the four allow their powers to coincide to create a powerful storm that stretches across both planar layers.



CREATURES & DENIZENS

Arcadia is home to numerous creatures that are also found on most Material Plane worlds. Sheep, wolves, cows, and other common creatures can be encountered in the vast expanses, along with humanoids and angels of all types. A few unique creatures also call the plane their home, including the displaced formians and others.

BEASTS

Upon first look, Arcadia appears as a perfectly ordered plane with specifically defined borders separating unique kingdoms. And it is, but there's more wilderness to the plane than most would assume. The wilderness of Arcadia is naturally organized into well-defined regions and it's populated by a surprisingly large variety of creatures. Large herds of elephants are common in the warmer kingdoms, and the mountains are home to rams, crag cats, and great gatherings of goats.

The brekekek is one of the most dangerous beasts, and they dwell in swamps and other marshy terrain. These black-and-white toads have a distinctive booming croak that echoes for miles, and they defend their territories with animalistic ferocity. Cadmals are a curious creature that watch and wait the kingdoms of Arcadia from a safe distance. They can change their shape and are surprisingly difficult to catch.

CELESTIALS

Celestial beings are no stranger to Arcadia. Many of the kingdoms of the plane have a celestial patron watching over them, such as a solar or deva, and the archons of Mount Celestia maintain a large presence on Arcadia as well. The Lex works hand-in-hand with celestials of justice, mercy, and compassion in order to carry out the laws of the plane. Felidar are celestial cats devoted to the idea of law and order that live in the Court Castles of the Lex, bonding with individual magistrates and judges and serving as close advisors in matters regarding High Laws.

HUMANOIDS

Arcadia remains one of the more populated planes of existence. The Peaceable Kingdoms that make up the bulk of its landscape are filled with all manner of humanoids. Many have come to Arcadia to establish permanent and peaceful realms in a place renown for such things but while conflict certainly still exists between some of them it rarely breaks down to warfare. Skirmishes between rival neighbors over resources and ideologies have been known to occur, but the iron hand of the Lex and their legion of einheriar enforcers keep the peace – by force, if necessary.

Dwarves. The rigid order and community support of Arcadia is a natural fit for dwarves. Many of the kingdoms that makeup the plane have dwarven citizens and more than a few are governed exclusively by dwarves. The largest dwarven community, however, is around and within the mighty Mount Clangeddin. Here, industrious dwarven crafters work tirelessly to create weapons, armor, jewelry,

and art of the highest skill. Clangeddin Silverbeard himself watches over the realm, though he often travels to Mount Celestia on divine duty to visit with the other gods of the dwarven pantheon.

Loxodons. The origin of the elephant-like loxodons is shrouded in mystery, but many planar scholars look to Arcadia as their possible original home. They are a strong force in the Lex, serving as legal counselors, defenders, and lawmakers, and the loxodon kingdoms in the greater Arcadian countryside are among the most revered and respected. A loxodon's name holds subtle indications of their family, individual status, and community role, and they tend to be longwinded in general in their pontifications of law and order. Some venture outside of Arcadia and there's a large community of loxodons in Ravnica, many of whom traveled from the Peaceable Kingdoms to settle in the City of Guilds.

MONSTROSITIES

Some interesting monsters dwell in Arcadia, but not all in ways one would expect. The wizards in and around the Tower of Nomos Prime experiment with magical laws and some of those experiments have created monstrosities that escaped. The Lex has worked to help contain these dangers and, working with the wizards, have actually created a “sanctuary” on the lesser populated layer of Buxelos for the castoffs to be sent. Almost any monster can be found there, and the containment measures taken by the assigned einheriar always seem to be lacking in effectiveness.

Gore worms are burrowing monsters that can smell chaos so they leave most inhabitants of Arcadia alone. The presence of a gore worm is a sure sign that something illegal has happened according to most residents, and many work to actively support the huge monsters.

Formians. Formians are ant-like creatures originally from Mechanus, the plane of ultimate law, but they've expanded into Arcadia aggressively. They are not evil but they are expansionists who believe that all territory is there for the taking by those with the strength and will to take it. Mandible is the largest hive colony on Arcadia, and Queen Mother Clarity has done a fantastic job working with the other inhabitants of Arcadia to make sure the formians are not seen as a threat. Nonetheless, the aggressive posturing and secretive nature of the ant-like creatures has caused many to worry. The Lex is largely powerless as Queen Mother Clarity has jumped through all legal loopholes to ensure her presence and actions are legal.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

While Arcadia stands as one of the safer planes to travel for well-intentioned visitors, there remain a few hazards to watch out for, chief among them breaking the law (accidentally or deliberately!). Other wonders attract strangers to Arcadia's perfect fields as well, and Dungeon Masters can randomly generate a Peaceable Kingdom using the tables contained herein for quick inspiration.

ARCADIAN FLAWLESS FRUIT

The trees that fill the orchards and forests of Arcadia's perfectly ordered landscape are pristine specimens, each standing tall and reaching out with symmetrical branches and leaves. Most of these trees are simply perfect versions of more common varieties found across the Material Plane, such as oaks, maples, and birches, but under the right specific circumstances a seed falls and grows into a flawless metal tree.

The flawless metal trees have bark made of gold, silver, or copper, with bronze or brass leaves sprouting along ordered lines on the branches. They appear to be oaks, but they bear no nuts or seeds – instead, flawless fruit grows from their limbs. Resembling pears of varying shades of red, green, orange, and violet, the flawless fruit from these rare trees hold magical properties. Each flawless tree grows fruit of one particular type, which mimics a potion from the below table. When picked, the fruit lasts for 1d10 days before crumbling to dust.

FLAWLESS FRUIT EFFECT

1D20	FLAWLESS FRUIT EFFECT
1-2	<i>Potion of healing</i>
3-4	<i>Potion of fire breath</i>
5-6	<i>Potion of resistance</i>
7-8	<i>Potion of animal friendship</i>
9-10	<i>Potion of hill giant strength</i>
11-12	<i>Potion of water breathing</i>
13-14	<i>Potion of gaseous form</i>
15-16	<i>Potion of heroism</i>
17-18	<i>Potion of invisibility</i>
19	<i>Potion of supreme healing</i>
20	<i>Potion of speed</i>

The flawless trees usually only appear singly in a grove or forest, but in some places they are specially cultivated. The Enlightened Orchard contains the densest collection of flawless trees that grow fruit near constantly.

BREAKING THE LAW

The laws that govern life across Arcadia are complex and byzantine. Travelers to the plane, especially ones with a chaotic alignment, can find themselves inadvertently breaking any number of laws, bringing the wrong kind of attention down upon them and those they associated with.

Rather than detail out the myriad Arcadian laws, which would likely fill many thick volumes in its own right, the DM is encouraged to use a simple abstraction. Anytime a character makes an ability check while on Arcadia, roll 1d20. If the character is lawful, a law of some sort is broken on a roll of 1. If the character is neutral, a law is broken on a roll of 1 or 2. And chaotic characters break the law on a roll of 1, 2, or 3.

You can use the table below to determine the severity of the law broken. Common Laws are handled by einheriar in the area, while High Laws are usually policed by the investigator einheriar or judgewraiths (or both, in rare circumstances). Law and order are so bound together in Arcadia that a magical effect attaches an aura to criminals that can be read by specialized equipment held by einheriar across the plane, allowing them to quickly judge if a person has broken a law and demand fines and/or incarcerate as appropriate. Just because no one was around doesn't mean a law was not broken on Arcadia!

BROKEN ARCADIAN LAW SEVERITY

1D20	LAW SEVERITY
1-4	Common Law – Minor fine of 1d6 x 5 gp.
5-7	Common Law – Minor fine of 2d6 x 10 gp.
8-10	Common Law – Minor fine of 1d6 x 50 gp.
11-13	Common Law – Medium fine of 1d6 x 100 gp or 1 night's imprisonment.
14-15	Common Law – Medium fine of 1d6 x 500 gp or 1d4 night's imprisonment.
16-17	Common Law – Major fine of 1d6 x 1000 gp and 1d4 night's imprisonment.
18-19	Common Law – Major fine of 2d6 x 1000 gp and 2d6 night's imprisonment
20	High Law – Special

A night's imprisonment can be settled with 500 gp per night at any Perfect Order office around Arcadia. Breaking a High Law usually involves a trial, and such offenders are apprehended and taken to the Court Castles of the Lex on Buxelos. There they wait for their time in court, and are assigned a defender while evidence is gathered. Some criminals have waited years for their trial to start.

HARMONIOUS VITALITY

The harmony built and maintained by the Lex and other inhabitants of Arcadia mingles well with the plane's natural tendencies, and together they infuse travelers and natives alike with charged vitalities. While on Arcadia, creatures can't be frightened or poisoned, and they are immune to disease and poison.

RANDOM PEACEABLE KINGDOM

The Peaceable Kingdoms that give Arcadia its title are many and varied, and not all of them are kingdoms in the strictest sense! Democracies, magocracies, plutocracies, and more populate the well-ordered lands of Arcadia. Collectively they are known as the Peaceable Kingdoms and they are all lawful good or lawful neutral (usually a mix of both).

You can randomly determine the general properties of a Peaceable Kingdom using the below tables. The first table determines the government type, or who holds the highest level of authority in the kingdom. The second table helps determine the dominant race, which can be one or many depending on how unique you want to get. The third table is a catch-all for general traits that apply to that kingdom; you are encouraged to roll two or three times on that table to make the kingdom unique from the others. Some of the results are opposite of one another and if rolled together, one should be re-rolled.

PEACEABLE KINGDOM GOVERNMENT TYPE

1D20	GOVERNMENT TYPE
1-2	Democracy. Government by the people, either directly or through elected representatives.
3-4	Plutocracy. Government by the wealthy.
5-6	Theocracy. Government by clerics and priests.
7-8	Magocracy. Government by wizards and sorcerers.
9-10	Bureaucracy. Government by various departments and bureaus.
11-12	Syndicracy. Government by leaders of various syndicates or guilds.
11-20	Monarchy. Government by a single hereditary sovereign.

PEACEABLE KINGDOM DOMINANT RACE

1D20	DOMINANT RACE
1-2	Elves
3-4	Dwarves
5-6	Halflings
7-8	Gnomes
9-10	Dragonborn
11	Orcs
12	Goblinoids
13	Aasimar
14	Modrons
15	Lizardfolk
16	Minotaurs
17-20	Humans

PEACEABLE KINGDOM TRAITS

1D20	KINGDOM TRAITS
1	Magic Rich
2	Magic Poor
3	Honorable
4	Trustworthy
5	Severe
6	Restrictive
7	Strict
8	Zealous
9	Welcoming
10	Xenophobic
11	Superstitious
12	Ancient
13	Tyrannical
14	Argumentative
15	Wealthy
16	Poor
17	Arrogant
18	Law-obsessed
19	Cosmopolitan
20	Supportive

The goal with these tables is to generate distinct Peaceable Kingdoms that could reasonably exist in Arcadia. If the party is going to have extensive interaction with one or more of these distinct realms, it would be best to consider adding more detail, such as the nature of any large settlements and major geographic features.

SITES & TREASURES

Arcadia is a well-populated plane with varied and distinct realms of a law-abiding nature, but that doesn't mean secrets and treasures don't lay between the cracks. Whether characters are searching through the vast Scroll Crypts, perusing the Lexinomicon, or trying to find the mythical Stormvault, Arcadia has plenty of adventure opportunities to offer.

COMPASS CITADELS OF THE STORM KINGS

Hovering high above the ordered landscape of Arcadia's first layer float four impressive fortresses, each serving as the home of one of the powerful Storm Kings. They are positioned at the compass points around the Orb of Day and Night, though spread out far enough and high enough so that they cannot view one another. Each of these Compass Citadels is surrounded by titanic weather patterns matching the Storm Kings' own demesne – wind, rain, lightning, and clouds.



Each of the Compass Citadels is unique to their respective Storm King, but they are all organized stone layouts with multiple towers surrounding the central structure. There each Storm King holds court, commanding their weatherly aspect across Arcadia. They each have their own perspective on visitors, so travelers should be cautioned. The Rain Queen is fond of entertaining those that make the long and perilous journey to her Compass Citadel and has been known to talk for hours at length with any willing to listen. By contrast, the Lightning King is a brooding quiet lord that keeps intruders away with a massive force of storm elementals and precision lightning strikes.

COURT CASTLES OF THE LEX

The largest developed region in all of Arcadia belongs to the sprawling complex of bridges, walls, towers, and fortifications that make up the Court Castles of the Lex. The bureaucratic orders of the Lex each have their own gray stone castle(s) within the 50-mile square plot of developed land. There is order to the tangle, though the closer one gets to the center of the Court Castles the less that order is obvious as the buildings and spires date back to the beginning of the Lex on Arcadia.

Although its size dwarfs many kingdoms, the Court Castles are not evenly populated, and some sections have been sealed away or abandoned in the edicts of new policies. Old orders are shuttered but their residency sites remain, sealed away, with their records moving into the Scroll Crypts buried below the ground.

The center of the entire structure is dedicated to the Castle of Peaceable Laws, where the Order of Peaceable Laws meet to debate new laws. This is also where the true and original version of the Lexinomicon is housed, magically linked to every copy on Arcadia. Few visitors are allowed inside the Castle of Peaceable Laws unless the Order of Peaceable Laws has called a special public session, an act that requires two-thirds majority of the order's members after such a motion has been made.

While the Order of Peaceable Laws is the pinnacle of the Lex, other orders housed within the Court Castles hold just as much if not more sway in the day-to-day operations of the bureaucratic organization. Members of the Order of Scroll Scribes can be found everywhere as they are responsible for taking accurate notes on everything, who in turn pass their documents over to the Order of Scroll Archiving and Storage. The Order of Scroll Retrieval are responsible for taking requests and fetching the desired scrolls as summoned by members of the Lex or representatives in good standing.

Many of the outlying Court Castles are dedicated to holding actual court, with a judge presiding over a case. Cases are argued by defendants and prosecutors on behalf of clients, who are often citizens accused of a crime that they have disputed. The legal proceedings of these many, many courts is long and tedious but most judges of the Lex are fair if overly thorough. "Everyone has their day in Lex court" is a common Arcadian saying, followed closely by "but the Lex judge takes their time in months." It's a slow, ponderous system, but for the complex law-heavy societies of Arcadia there is no other option.

ENLIGHTENED ORCHARD

The flawless metal trees that dot the landscape of Arcadia are rare, and while there is a pattern to their appearance and growth it is complex and poorly understood by most. The most reliable place to find the metal trees and their magical flawless fruit is the Enlightened Orchard. Guarded by four gynosphinxes of incredible age and power, the orchard is hidden from casual view on Abellio, the first layer of Arcadia, in an otherwise unassuming patch of land not claimed by any Peaceable Kingdom.

Those that wish to partake in the fruits of the orchard must pass five tests. The first test is finding and accessing the Enlightened Orchard, a riddle few have been able to solve. Then each of the gynosphinxes that guards the site offers a distinct test. Failure expels the applicant from the orchard for a period of four years. It is widely known that those that pass the tests have their memories selectively cleared of the experience by the magic of the gynosphinxes, so few clues exist to aid travelers. Applicants must rely on their wits and knowledge to access the orchard.

GLOCKENSPIEL

Glockenspiel stands as one of the many Peaceable Kingdoms across the landscape of Abellio, and it would be wholly unremarkable among its neighbors except for one distinct feature. It is ruled by an erinyes devil named Lady Lacquella who has turned her back on the evil ways of her devilish kin. Lady Lacquella's path to rulership over Glockenspiel, a plutocracy rooted in old aristocratic ways and means, started recently when one of the old nobles schemed to gain greater power. He summoned the erinyes and taught her the ways of Arcadia in secret while using his considerable influence and deep knowledge of the laws to keep the Perfect Order from discovering his plots.

Lady Lacquella learned a great deal from her summoner, and she found that Arcadia held more for her than the Nine Hells. When she learned that the old noble that summoned her had broken a High Law, she pushed through incredible agony and pain to defy his will and report it to the Lex. The Perfect Order came in with full force into Glockenspiel and tore down the noble's house and plans in punishment, but the erinyes was a conundrum. She was given a chance to plead her case before the courts of the Lex, and using the knowledge of Arcadian laws she had gained Lady Lacquella was able to expedite the case hearing. The judge that oversaw the case ruled in her favor and she was given her former master's land and title as recompense.

The erinyes moved quickly to consolidate her power among the other nobles, but she holds no malice in her heart. She is careful not to break any laws, but some of the Perfect Order that protect Glockenspiel – ancient knights – bristle at the very thought of a devil in their lands. Lady Lacquella has done well for Glockenspiel and its people, however, and by all account she is eyeing a seat on the Order of Peaceable Laws as her ultimate goal. Is this part of a devilish plot to usurp the powers of Arcadia? Or is this a case of a changed heart?

LEXINOMICON

It cannot be understated how many laws adjudicate life and society in Arcadia. Most of those laws were passed with good intention, though a few come close to absurdity, and some are so ancient that their original reasonings have been lost to the dusty archives of the Scroll Crypts. Every single law of Arcadia, from the simplest to the most ridiculous, are transcribed in a massive tome called the Lexinomicon, housed within the Court Castles of the Lex on Buxelos. The sheer number of laws and amount of people needing to reference them makes a single copy worthless, so a magical copy exists within every Peaceable Kingdom that is updated automatically and immediately when the original is marked.

The book itself is massive. A single page is 10 feet wide and 8 feet tall, and when closed the Lexinomicon sits 10 feet high. The pages are magical, as thin as paper but as strong and durable as steel. Perfectly neat and legible handwriting lays out each law in ordered, organized sections, but even for such a weighty tome the sheer number of laws on Arcadia should fill multiple copies of the behemoth. Another magical aspect of the Lexinomicon holds an extradimensional space between the covers allowing for a near-infinite number of pages to be kept inside. Each copy of the Lexinomicon is half the size of the original but otherwise holds the same properties.

The Order of Scribes Eternal are tasked with actually writing and adjusting the laws within the book. These immortal scribes speak rarely and work in shifts, maintaining the wording of all the laws and adjusting them based on the rulings of the courts of the Lex. A single representative of the Order of Scribes Eternal is assigned to each copy held by the Peaceable Kingdoms, who are responsible for relaying new laws and updated language to their respective rulers.

MANDIBLE

The formians are a relatively new arrival on Arcadia, having spread from the coglands of Mechanus in a relentless incursion into the planes. But the ant-like creatures are not evil, and they recognize the value in integrating into Arcadia seamlessly. Several hive-cities have appeared on Buxelos, the plane's second layer, but none are as large or complicated as Mandible. There, Queen Mother Clarity rules the formians across all of Arcadia, and she commands great respect with the queen mothers on Mechanus as well.

Mandible stands as a massive dirt tower rising up from the once lush grassland surrounding it. The indomitable formians have worked tirelessly to build the structure out of the land's materials, using their own magic and prowess to push it higher and higher. The base is nearly a mile wide and it stretches up almost half that height, tapering as it reaches the pinnacle. Inside is a complex but well-organized network of tunnels, passages, caverns, and rooms built into the earthen structure of Mandible itself. The tunnels extend far underground as well, where the formians have dug out extensive regions within their designated borders.

The hustle and bustle of constant movement dominates existence in Mandible. The formians inside all have specific tasks they must complete, and they work to complete these with ruthless and machine-like efficiency. Soldiers patrol, drones work, and Queen Mother Clarity's personal brood and guards oversee the entire operation. The queen mother's chambers are hidden in a secret chamber at the tower's base, roughly at ground level, but accessing it requires intricate knowledge of Mandible's tunnels and hidden halls.

Some representatives on the Order of Peaceable Laws believe that the formians have sinister intentions that they hide within Mandible's borders. It is a sovereign nation on Arcadian land, subject to its own laws, a situation agreed upon by Queen Mother Clarity's tireless negotiations upon their arrival on the plane. What exactly transpires in the formian hive-city is unknown to the Lex or other residents of Arcadia, a fact that worries many in positions of power.

MOUNT CLANGEDDIN

A blind traveler can find Mount Clangeddin with little problem, as the rhythmic pounding of hammer on anvil echoes for miles upon miles around the singular peak, the sound of industrious dwarves working on countless projects within the mountain's halls. Of course, Mount Clangeddin is even easier to find with sight as it towers above every other natural feature of Arcadia, with the exception of Mount Today. Its rocky surface is dotted with regular openings where dwarven sentries stand watch, but no easy trail avails those that would scale its exterior – the jagged rocks are aligned specially to prevent such ventures.

Inside and below Mount Clangeddin, thousands upon thousands of dwarves work under the auspices of their god, Clangeddin Silverbeard. The famous dwarf deity resides somewhere in the mountain, though he is not one for religious rites, preferring instead to constantly move about the halls inspecting soldiers and the results of numerous dwarven crafters. The dwarves in Mount Clangeddin live a rigid, militaristic life, with a definite hierarchy and chain of command running through every facet of life. Defense of the mountain is paramount, and numerous spontaneous portals have appeared in the tunnels below ground where duergar, derro, and other evil invaders seek to plunder the riches of the fabulous dwarf kingdom.

And the riches contained within Mount Clangeddin are fabled and many. Great weapons and armor of dwarven make adorn vaults and halls of legend, though rarely do they remain in place for long. Clangeddin and his clergy believe that a weapon that sits idle is a weapon misused, so worthy contenders constantly strive to prove their value before the vault keepers in hopes of having one of the mighty items bestowed upon them.

Dwarves make up the bulk of the residents of Mount Clangeddin, and dwarven members of the Perfect Order protect it and the surrounding territory from incursions and evil, but occasionally a non-resident impresses the keepers enough to find a place among their ranks. Known as beardfellows, these outsiders have been welcomed in Clangeddin's halls and are recognized by most dwarves as honorable friends who have performed great service. Even dwarves can be titled beardfellows and they are regarded higher still by the people under the mountain.

ORB OF DAY AND NIGHT

Nothing more encapsulates the perfect order of Arcadia than the Orb of Day and Night. Every 12 hours, the orb shifts, bathing one half of the plane in sunny daylight and the other in moonlit night. It turns without fail, a symbol of Arcadia's harmony. No twilight or dusk shines upon the land, and a definite line divides the night and day sides of the plane. The Orb of Day and Night rests atop Mount Today on Abellio, but through some magical force it can be seen just as clearly on Buxelos as well.

Several planar sages have tried to study the orb, but thus far all attempts to reach the summit of Mount Today have met with failure. The weather turns violent the closer one approaches the peak, and when coupled with the intense effects of the orb itself – the day side radiates fierce and blistering heat with the night side sends a numbing chill – approaching the top has simply proved too dangerous. A little known prophecy written by a blind diviner says that one day the Orb of Day and Night will fail, and when that happens order will become chaos and harmony will crumble. Those that have heard of this prophecy scoff at its words. How could such an event occur?

SCROLL CRYPTS

The Lex generates enough scrollwork to stuff any library on the Material Plane full to bursting, and then some. All of this paperwork has to go somewhere, and below the Court Castles on Buxelos the Lex have come up with the answer. The Scroll Crypts are underground dungeon chambers filled with vault upon vault, each overflowing with scrolls of all kinds. Some are simple messages, some are notes on various laws, and some are magical texts that hold words of power. All must be stored and catalogued, and the Order of Scroll Archiving and Storage are responsible for this monumental task.

The scribes of the OSAS (as they are known) are accustomed to living underground, and they are the largest order of the Lex outside of the Perfect Order. The OSAS work closely with the Order of Scroll Retrieval who take in the requests for archived document and pass them to the OSAS for fulfillment. In the Scroll Crypts, the scribes have little contact with anyone outside of member of the Order of Scroll Retrieval.

Some members of the Lex believe the OSAS has lost more scrolls than they know about, but the OSAS vehemently denies any such accusations. Unfortunately, the truth is that sometimes, scrolls do become lost – but usually under mysterious and directed circumstances.

SPIRES OF NEW HARMONY

While the Lex has the good of everyone in mind, the laws that it passes and the direct enforcement of those laws can be a bit stifling. Most folks with good intentions can see the reasoning behind this, however, as it does maintain a harmony and balance across Arcadia. However, one secret project undertaken at the behest of a small cadre of judges blurs the line between what's good for Arcadia and what's good for people. Under the mantle of the Order of New Harmony, this secret initiative operates in lone towers spread across Buxelos called Spires of New Harmony, where the ruthless inhabitants seek to purge chaos from individuals by force.

This kind of forced indoctrination is not illegal, not yet, and the judges that run the Spires of New Harmony wish to keep their project away from the eyes of the rest of the Lex for as long as possible. The mission is simple – take individuals that show strong rebellious streaks from across the planes, abduct them, lock them in a Spire of New Harmony, and then perform a series of magical experiments meant to purge the chaos from their bodies. They have not been successful to date on any grand scale but they have managed to keep most of their activities hidden. However, the Order of New Harmony is becoming more bold in their actions, and soon they will be revealed. And when that happens, the judges that run the project hope that their results prove the end justifies the means.

STORMVAULT

The Storm Kings are powerful individuals that hold incredible magical might between them. This magical might is rumored to stem from a hidden site called the Stormvault, where the penned up magical energy of the plane's weather is contained and then distributed slowly between the four leaders. The Storm Kings do not speak openly about such a place, but there have been enough stories and legends told about them and their power that most believe the Stormvault exists.

If it does exist, it would contain magical secrets and power of staggering capacity, whether the Storm Kings draw energy from it or not. Some legends say that it holds powerful weapons and relics used by the four to wage war upon each other and exterior forces, while others say it is a prison for a storm-related god of an ancient and forgotten epoch. Where is this fabled site? Most sages that study the Stormvault say that the most likely place is inside the Orb of Day and Night itself, which sits at the perfect center of Arcadia and consequently the Compass Citadels of the Storm Kings. Do all four have access to the Stormvault? Are there keys necessary to opening it? What would precipitate such a momentous occasion? These are questions that no one has answers yet for.

TOWER OF NOMOS PRIME

The laws of magic are cosmic and beyond the understanding of most people, but Nomos Prime is not most people. Who or what Nomos Prime is or was is not known, but this magical entity claims to be the only being in the multiverse that truly understands all of the laws of magic. It has created a new school of magical study, nomomancy, that it teaches to students young and old that seek it out. And the best place to seek the entity is its monolithic tower on Buxelos, Arcadia's second layer.

The Tower of Nomos Prime is constructed of black glass streaked with jagged lines of purple. It appears on the outside as a square box, 250 feet to a side, with no doors or windows visible. Entrance is provided only to those that prove they have understood the first law of magic, which is that magic obeys its own laws. Demonstrating this can be done in any number of ways, but doing so usually gets Nomos Prime's attention, after which a door panel opens leading inside.

The interior of the tower is a marvel of extradimensional space. Its black glass corridors and halls continue in all directions, not haphazardly but ordered and measured. Students of all ages walk the halls, learning from the nomo spirits that serve as Nomos Prime's voice in common interactions. The air hums with magical energy and the labs hold experiments dealing with the very nature of magic itself.

Nomos Prime is infused within the tower and is quick to explain to students and visitors that it cannot leave the confines of the strange magical building. But the gift of nomomancy it gives to any with the appetite to learn, and this gift it encourages all to share across the multiverse. Is this part of some sinister plot? What is the true motive behind Nomos Prime and its scores of nomomancers?

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Arcadia presents any number of interesting adventure opportunities for plane-traveling heroes of all kinds. Its rigid law-based structure allows for a great amount of intrigue, while the good-natured beliefs of its many citizens provides interesting backdrops for all manner of conflicts.

The Nomos Ritual. A hooded wizard appears in the same small town as the characters and is witnessed performing strange rites at odd hours of the day and night. If confronted, the wizard explains that he is a nomomancer, a student of Nomos Prime, and he is searching for a ripple in the law of magic that he tracked down to the site. The characters can also become embroiled in the nomomancer's machinations when the ripple wraps ordinary creatures in the area to monstrous proportions. Did the nomomancer cause the ripple and is now trying to study the results? Or did it happen by accident and he is trying to stop it?

Drone On and On. The ground around the characters suddenly collapses as a formian drone crew miscalculates the soil composition of the area during their tunnel construction. The ant-like creatures are not hostile, but a leader approaches the characters and requests strongly that they follow it to their dig supervisor. Are the formians looking for something in the vicinity of the characters? How does it tie back to Queen Mother Clarity's attempts to colonize all of Arcadia?

Trial of the Century. One of the characters receives a strange summons from a black-robed member of the Order of Courtly Summons of the Lex. A family member or close ally of the character has been brought to trial in the Court Castles and has requested the character's presence as a witness to the crime in question. Magical compulsion prevents defendants from lying, so the ally must be telling the truth, but how the character fits into the legal conflict should become more apparent when they arrive in the grim court of the Lex.

Secret of the Stormvault. A weather-related disaster looms on the horizon, churned up by dark and mysterious forces. The key to stopping the disaster lies hidden in the Stormvault, and the characters must convince one of the Storm Kings to let them access it. The party finds themselves embroiled in the politics of those powerful and somewhat fickle individuals while the clock ticks away and the disaster moves closer to reality.

Magical Law and Order. The characters suddenly find themselves accused of breaking a High Law on Arcadia! They are confronted by the Order of Courtly Summons with a powerful host who request the characters' compliance with the order. If they disobey, they become fugitives, but if they agree they find themselves locked up in the Court Castles of the Lex while they await their trial – in several years! Getting out and clearing their name should take them on a journey across Arcadia, perhaps with the help of a certain law-oriented bronze dragon. Who set them up? And what do they have planned once the party is out of the way?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Arcadia. 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.

ARCADIA

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-05	A lone brekekex singing its song in a nearby swamp.
06-10	A force of a dozen formian drones on a mission from their supervisor.
11-15	A passing goreworm below ground, searching for chaotic prey.
16-20	Group of dwarven einheriar (knights) protecting their region.
21-25	Several swarms of insects moving together in harmony.
26-30	A cadmal watching from a short distance away.
31-35	A herd of elephants on a methodical march.
36-40	Two lost monodrones that have been separated from their fellows.
41-45	A deva aiding the Lex by searching for a criminal.
46-50	Grazing giant goats in a nearby field.
51-55	A turtle druid communing with the insects.
56-60	Dozens of giant wasps stirred up and angry.
61-65	A judgewraith passing overhead.
66-70	A silver-eyed giant owl observing from a nearby tree.
71-75	A guardian naga forced out of its lair.
76-80	A squad of formian soldiers fighting several giant spiders .
81-85	An errant storm elemental driven mad.
86-90	Three giant boars crashing through the nearby underbrush.
91-95	A group of human einheriar (knights) patrolling the region.
96-00	A solar investigating rumors of an evil presence.

WILDERNESS OF THE BEASTLANDS

“The Beastlands is a savage plane where ferocity and cunning stalk through endless forests. Here, everything feeds on something else, aggressively, and the rule of might makes right is the only rule to rely upon. It is often compared to Arborea, and the two planes share similar traits regarding the power of nature. Where Arborea showcases nature in an abundance of life and glory, the Beastlands depict nature stripped of all pretenses of civilization and order, where the savage hunter kills mercilessly to survive. Good and evil have little place in the savage wilderness where the cycle of life, death, and rebirth is honored by all living creatures, consciously or not.”

Malakara the Warden

There is no plane in the multiverse that better embodies the savage and unpredictable aspects of nature than the Wilderness of the Beastlands. Endless tracts of forests stretch out across all three of its layers, where cycles of the day are frozen in their paths – brilliant day, eternal dusk (or dawn depending on your belief), and endless night.

Forests of all kind grow rampant and enormous on all three layers along with all types of plants, though few places in all the multiverse rival the perpetual power of the sun on the Beastlands first layer, Krigala. There, supercharged by the powerful and never-ending sun overhead, plants have taken on titanic proportions. The second and third layers are overgrown with thick vegetation as well, though not quite to the scale of Krigala.

And beneath these endless forests stalk a dizzying array of beasts of all kinds. Predator and prey move in the eternal dance of life and death. All beasts understand this cycle instinctively – there is no evil in the wolf taking down a deer for the good of the pack. This bestial nature is common with most beasts, but on the Beastlands the creatures are more intelligent and most possess the gift of speech (speaking a variant of the Celestial language). Whether they speak with strangers is quite another matter.

Beasts are the undisputed rulers of the Beastlands, but there is nuance there that many do not realize. Every type of creature obeys the edicts of a special Council of Beasts unique to that type of animal. Each council consists of thirteen exceptionally intelligent and powerful representatives of their species – the Council of Panthers rules over all panthers across the multiverse, while the Council of Rats commands the rats. These powerful groups have motives, schemes, and plans all their own, many of which involve their representatives on the Material Plane and beyond.

Above the beast councils are the powerful animal lords. These are unique creatures with many capabilities that rival demon lords and devil princes. Like the councils, they have their own schemes, which may coincide with their “lower beasts” but often do not. Animal lords are dangerous, canny, and strategic in their actions, and their realms on the Beastlands harbor secrets and dangers to tempt any planar explorer.

While beasts are the dominant inhabitants of the Beastlands, other creatures move about as well. Many tribes of centaurs call the plane their home, and a great number of lycanthropes of all types move amidst the three forested layers. The lycanthropes are accompanied by humanoids with lesser bestial abilities known as shifters. These shifters and lycanthropes form a loosely organized group called the Wylders that offer some of the only civilized places in the Beastlands – though the standards fall into the rustic or quaint categories when compared to major planar cities.

Many powerful variants of normally encountered creatures also move through the plane’s three distinct layers. More intelligent than even their planar kin, these beasts possess magic and skills allowing them to thrive in the savage wilderness. Whisperpads, nightprowlers, grizzlepaws, sunspears, and more can be encountered in the Beastlands though potential travelers are warned that they rarely welcome guests in their lands.

The Beastlands offers a bountiful plane of natural wonder and beauty that cannot be rivaled across the multiverse. Primal magic stirs in the shadows of the endless forests, stirred up occasionally by chance or luck. The animal lords and beast councils protect their realms with fervent zealotry as well, though few are considered evil by traditional standards. Trust is hard to come by, however, when creatures have to constantly be wary for the bigger or stronger predator at all times.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Beastlands as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Beastlands.

Beauty of Nature. The Beastlands is a plane filled with the wonders of nature left unchecked. There is no major presence of civilization on any layer to curb or cut down the relentless spread of the natural power, so everything has an overgrown and primal feel to it. Forest trees grow close together and tower over the ground, creating deep layers of canopy that hide any number of creatures, and strange flowers that grow nowhere else in the multiverse spread out with abundance. Unusual birds sing in the shadows of the trees and the sense of ancient and primeval wilderness extends out in every direction.

Hunt or Be Hunted. There is a very real danger lurking in the Beastlands. Predators of all kinds and shapes can be found, and their prey come in all sizes and shapes as well. The endless cycle of natural life is on full display in the untouched wilderness of the plane, and part of that is this simple truth: hunters hunt. Intelligent beasts of all kind stalk, hunt, and kill other creatures to satiate their appetite, and while it can be messy there's nothing inherently evil or wrong about it. Travelers to the Beastlands always have a sense that something is watching them from a distance, weighing their moves, and waiting for the perfect moment to pounce.

Savage Instincts. A feral undertone permeates the wilderness of the Beastlands. It heightens senses and encourages more animalistic instincts to take over. The metallic scent of blood from a wounded creature may waft in suddenly, triggering a predatory response in martially-trained travelers, while the sweet smell of fresh rain inspires everyone to throw off the shackles of civilization and run naked in the wilderness, reveling in the simple joy of a life uncomplicated by outside pressures.

LAY OF THE LAND

The layers of the Beastlands are specially designed to allow predators and prey of the animal kingdom to thrive. This means that there's an abundance of vegetation, often in titanic proportions, to allow herbivorous beasts to graze and grow huge. By the same token, predators must also be larger and craftier. This circle of existence is repeated without end on all three of the Beastlands' layers.

KRIGALA

The brilliant sun hangs in the sky over Krigala, the first layer. It never sets or wanes from its position, and this oversaturation of sunlight creates the most fantastically huge plants in the plane. The River Oceanus flows through Krigala as well, though no tributaries branch off as the waters make their way across the multiverse.

Lakes, pools, and streams crisscross the region which is dominated by forests of all kind. The weather is violent and random in Krigala, with rainforests standing next to tracts of deserts filled with cacti of enormous proportions. Mountains covered with evergreen trees rise up, creating fertile valleys where no non-beast has visited.

The beasts of Krigala are those that thrive in daylight, including hawks, bears, stags, lions, and more. A large herd of centaurs lay claim to a stretch of wilderness known as the Greenway, and the Wylder frontier town of Signpost sits as the plane's most civilized point.

BRUX

The sun and moon hang at opposite ends of the sky above Brux, creating a perpetual cloak of twilight across its shadowed forests. Debate rages over whether dawn or dusk is forever frozen, but regardless the moon and sun never rise or set further in the layer frozen at the perfect "hunting hour."

The forests of Brux are filled with exotic plants with enormous leaves grown to absorb the dim light of the sun as much as possible. Groves of moonflowers tilted towards the suspended moon are a common sight as well, but even these are larger than their normal Material Plane counterparts. Beneath all of this moves the stealthy creatures of the Beastlands – snakes, ravens, rats, and others occupy the twilight-shrouded expanses.

Brux also holds Blackstone Lodge, the centerpiece of the Glorious Lodge. This thoroughly selfish and depraved group are only interested in hunting the creatures of the Beastlands to extinction for their own vain glory, or the glory of their many planar clients. They are reviled by all beasts of the plane but magic keeps most of them out of a wide radius around Blackstone Lodge.

KARASUTHRA

Endless night sits like a blanket over the dark forests of Karasuthra, the Beastlands' third layer. The sky overhead is lit by a heavy moon shedding pale radiance along with a multitude of stars. Unlike Material Plane night skies, however, the stars above Karasuthra move and shift of their own accord. No one is really sure what the stars are, though some theories say they are animal lords yet to be reformed into physical bodies.

The darkness of the layer creates a perfect environment for panthers, owls, cats, and other nocturnal creatures. Dark trees stand in thick groves, obscuring the moonlight and creating ample opportunity for stalking predators to hunt wary prey. Danger and death lurks everywhere on Karasuthra so few non-animals call it home.

The exception are the Unicorn Knights, warriors and defenders who follow the call of a great unicorn spirit that dwells in a luminous moonlit grove. These noble souls travel across the multiverse, righting wrongs and fighting evil in the name of their powerful spirit leader.

CYCLE OF TIME

Each of the three layers of the Beastlands are frozen at a point in time – high noon for Krigala, dusk/dawn for Brux, and midnight for Karasuthra. There is no constant measurement of time on any of the layers, as the weather is unpredictable and the moon and sun never move, but time otherwise does flow normally.

SURVIVING

The Beastlands are dangerous because of their endless tracts of forested land, wild and unpredictable weather patterns, and multitude of stealthy predators that have perfected the art of hunting. These factors make travel through the Beastlands a risky maneuver, but there is no pervasive natural element that threatens life and limb for non-natives.

GETTING THERE

Naturally occurring portals and gates to the Beastlands are common in the oldest forests of the Material Plane. Many of these are known to ancient guardians of the forest, animals that can trace their lineage back to the Beastlands itself. Most of these portals lead to Krigala and are activated by the presence of specific animal types only.

The River Oceanus, which flows through many of the Upper Planes as the bright twin to the River Styx, cuts through Krigala as well. River travel is pretty regular through the Beastlands, and the Wylders keep several trading posts active along the Oceanus river banks to swap stories and goods with travelers.



Many gates exist between the layers as well, usually within the remnants of fallen trees. The amount of light on the tree's trunk can give an indication of which layer it leads – brightly lit gates (whether by sun or moon) lead to Krigala, partially lit ones send a traveler to Brux, and the darkest ones go straight to Karasuthra. Many animals move naturally between the three layers in search of prey or food though they always manage to make their way back to their home layer.

TRAVELING AROUND

Wilderness is the prime deterrent to any sort of travel throughout the Beastlands. Forests, meadows, hills, and valleys tend to start to look the same the longer a traveler stays on the plane, but the cardinal directions still function by some quirk of planar geography. Animal trails crisscross all layers, though these can shift and change over the course of days or weeks.

There is a sect of Wylders that offer their services as guides to visitors. Known as trailfinders, these hearty rangers know many secret paths throughout each layer and can often provide maps to well-documented locations. Some of these trailfinders delight in tricking gullible travelers, leading them into dangerous situations for a laugh. If you come to the Beastlands with evil in your heart and a wish to defile nature, the trailfinders definitely make sure you have a hard time.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Kings and queens of animals and beasts rule over many regions of the Beastlands, but usually these powerful beings are one with the natural beauty of the plane. Animal lords – mysterious and capricious beings on par with demon lords and devil princes – keep a watchful eye on their domains, while the various beast councils work towards the betterment of their animal type. Other organizations usually try to stay out of the way of these two potent forces.

ANIMAL LORDS

There are great primal powers that lurk in the Wilderness of the Beastlands. Unique, capricious, and unpredictable, these animal lords are masters of vast domains across the plane, with minions and servants placed in cunning and strategic locations. Their exact nature is not precisely known. Perhaps they are the spiritual manifestation of a specific animal type, savage perfection personified, though there are known to be multiple animal lords of a single type (there are multiple cat lords, for example, and at least two rat lords).

They are all canny shapeshifters as well, able to shift effortlessly from animal to humanoid to hybrid, switching genders as it pleases them or as it suits their needs. Listed below are the most influential or visible of the animal lords of the Beastlands, each with their own realms and schemes that can certainly extend far beyond the borders of their own plane. Certain individuals are drawn to these powerful entities, pledging their fealty in exchange for magical prowess; these warlocks are tools to be used by the animal lords as they see fit.

Aaru the Owl. The most feared of the owl animal lords, Aaru dwells in a massive hollow tree called the House of Owl beneath Karasuthra's eternal night. Those that seek the wisdom of Aaru must navigate the maze within the tree, filled with dangerous traps and monsters of all kinds. The great owl lord dwells at the top, always in the form a huge, weathered owl with thick gray feathers and piercing yellow eyes. It is said Aaru speaks all languages and can decipher any script as well.

Batris the Elk. Batris is a powerful elk that bounds through the sunlit layer of Krigala without a care in the world. This animal lord is one of the few with no definitive claim to a domain, though a stampeding herd of elk accompanies the animal lord on many of its travels. Batris spends most of its time as an elk, wild and free, and the warlocks and other mortal servants that follow the animal lord's ways tend to be nomadic and carefree.

Eerin the Rat. The twilight layer of Brux hides the shadowy movements of the minions of Eerin the rat lord, one of the oldest animal lords and the only known blind one. Thousands upon thousands of the creatures spread out in all directions, keeping an eye on the movements of other animal lords, the beast councils, and especially any strangers in the Beastlands. Secrets are whispered back to Eerin's ears deep in an underground lair called the Maze of the Blind Rat. Eerin enjoys taking the form of a blind hermit, both within the maze and while traveling abroad.

Lyanh the Cat. Lyanh is the most well-known of the cat lords of the Beastlands, and perhaps the most curious of them all. The home of this famously capricious animal lord is a region of Karasuthra called Cat's Breath – a stretch of thick forest blanketed entirely by dense fog. Strangers are blind in the mist, but Lyanh and other felines can see perfectly, allowing them to observe at their leisure. Lyanh's mortal servants are ever-watchful across the planes.

Rhirius the Bear. Strength and the power that comes from possessing it is all that matters to Rhirius, the bear lord. Dwelling within Great Bear Mountain, Krigala's tallest peak, Rhirius only recently ascended to the status of bear lord, following the disappearance of Rhekenar from the Beastlands. The loss does not bother Rhirius except the gnawing fear that Rhekenar might some day return, as the former bear lord was stronger and more cunning than Rhirius. Most do not believe the younger animal lord capable of the kind of coup that would remove Rhekenar from power, so theories point to an outside force that manipulated the situation within Great Bear Mountain.

Satassis the Snake. Moving silently through the twilight region called the Jungle of Slithers is Satassis, the snake lord, along with a swarm of seen and unseen vipers and snakes of all kinds. Satassis is an exceptionally charming animal lord, capable of convincing almost anyone of almost anything with its hypnotic voice, eyes, and powerful charming magic. Through spies and pawns across the multiverse, Satassis is also one of the busiest animal lords of the Beastlands with countless plots spinning at any given time.

Vadon the Hawk. Proud, agile, and defiant, Vadon the hawk lord is a symbol of nature's righteousness and pride. The Sunscreech Spire stands alone on Krigala, allowing Vadon and their bird minions to survey the plane for miles upon miles in every direction. Ever alert and always ready to strike, Vadon often lets its pride get in the way of good judgement, which may some day be the animal lord's downfall.

Zutris the Panther. The Midnight Plateau on Karasuthra is the forested realm of Zutris and a pack of cunning panthers. Unlike many of the other animal lords, Zutris takes an active role in the Council of Panthers, leading them in their decisions and running meetings when they occur. The panther lord's control over the Midnight Plateau is complete, though some malcontents whisper behind Zutris' back and plot quietly to overthrow the complacent lord. When they move they may be surprised to find Zutris is not as oblivious as they believe.

BEAST COUNCILS

Most inhabitants of the Material Plane are not aware that there is a secret council of beasts that rules the actions and activities of animals across their plane. Squirrels, wolves, deer, bears, and every other animal obeys the commands of a specific beast council located in the Beastlands. Each council contains thirteen animals of high intelligence with the ability to communicate across the planes to their fellow beasts on the Material Plane.

Given that there is only one council for each type of beast, their attention is naturally focused on only so many Material Plane plots and schemes. Most animals of the Material Plane have no knowledge of the secret councils and most never hear or see them in their lifetimes. But each beast council keeps a magical scrying eye on the activities of their fellows, and while the Material Plane is the focus they usually have no qualms about involving other planes if necessary.

The members of each beast council are chosen by hidden lottery, which some claim is divine, but unless they are killed by violence each is effectively immortal. When they gather together, the thirteen council members can muster great magical might to effect their plans across the planes. They usually use them to watch from a distance and direct their fellows towards actions, but occasionally a council member is sent directly from the Beastlands to coordinate efforts directly.

There is at least one documented case of the Council of Rats moving to take over an entire city on the Material Plane using legions upon legions of rats, but their efforts were eventually thwarted by the intervention of outsiders. The Council of Rats is always looking to expand their territory, and many beast councils look upon humanoids as pests that must be eradicated for them to claim their true position in the multiverse.

GLORIOUS CONCLAVE

Not everyone that gazes upon the splendor of the Beastlands sees beauty and wonder. There are those that see only a land and creatures to be exploited, however. Such are the members of the Glorious Conclave. These rangers, warriors, wizards, warlocks, and more are dedicated to hunting down the powerful and unique creatures of the Beastlands for personal glory and profit. There are a great number of decadent nobles across the multiverse that pay great sums of gold and magic for a rare trophy to show off.

The Glorious Conclave is happy to oblige these requests, but at its core the Conclave is dedicated to exterminating as many creatures of the Beastlands as possible. They have established Blackstone Lodge, a permanent base, on Brux, and use powerful sorcery to deter the elements of the plane from affecting it. The leaders of the Glorious Conclave are mysterious and direct things from off the plane, so the lodge captains have great leeway in how they conduct their business. Lodge Captain Hazaa al'Zuraa, an efreeti ranger, runs Blackstone with an iron fist and often leads hunts himself.

TRIBES OF THE GREENWAY

Centaur is a proud race that run in tribes along a great stretch of wilderness known as the Greenway. They are one of the few non-animal natives of the Beastlands and they share a special kinship with the forests and wilds of their planar home. Nonetheless, they are part of the ecosystem, and they hunt and in turn are hunted by many of the creatures of the Beastlands.

There are more than two dozen tribes that run through the Greenway, nomadic and free, moving beneath the eternal sunshine of Krigala. Each tribe is named for a momentous event in their past, such as the White Storm Tribe named after a torrential thunderstorm that split a previous tribe in two with jagged lightning and flashfloods.

The dominant tribe of centaurs is the Sunstone Tribe, with many members that worship Krigala's sun as a god and receive power from their prayers. Other tribes include the Scorched Hooves Tribe (berserkers) and the Hawk Run Tribe. The Blackwind Tribe have fallen from the main centaur groups and now keeps to themselves on the fringes of the Greenway, practicing a foul magic summoned from the depths of the Abyss itself.

UNICORN KNIGHTS

Most of the creatures of the Beastlands are animals – more intelligent, more aware, perhaps larger or more aggressive, but otherwise similar to the variety found on most Material Plane worlds. Some exceptions exist, and one of the primary are the unicorns. These majestic, celestial beings are found natively in the Beastlands, though they rarely gather in any large numbers, and can be found moving between all three of the plane's layers. Their mere presence has inspired a loose-knit band of warriors, rangers, and hunters called the Unicorn Knights.

Honoring the benevolence and stewardship of their namesake, Unicorn Knights start off as individuals from across the multiverse that experience the life-changing beauty and wonder of encountering a unicorn. For these people, the meeting draws them to the Beastlands and eventually to the Grove of the Unicorn on Karasuthra. There, beneath the ever-present full moon in the sky and thousands of twinkling moving stars, those that come with goodness in their hearts are visited by the unicorn spirit.

Unicorn Knights have no formal organization structure and they are led by no individual. Members are encouraged to fight for the good of all goodly people wherever their travels may take them. They share a special kinship with celestial creatures, as their goals often align, but otherwise the Unicorn Knights have no mandate beyond helping out whenever and wherever they can.



WYLDERS

The most numerous of the non-animal natives of the Beastlands are the disparate bands of lycanthropes and their kin known as Wylders. They live in harmony with the primal wilderness of the plane, hunting and being hunted in the trackless forests of all three layers according to the ways of the beasts. Lycanthropes of all kind can be found in the Beastlands, though many prefer the permanent moonscapes of Karasuthra or twilit regions of Brux to the everlasting noon of Krigala.

Many of the Wylders are not true lycanthropes but distant relations instead, an offshoot known as shifters. These humanoids appear as feral humans though they can manifest animalistic features under stress. Shifters outnumber the lycanthropes within the Wylders by ten to one, and a small number of other races can be found among their ranks as well.

Wylders operate a handful of permanent settlements in the Beastlands. Signpost is the largest and best known, located on the banks of the River Oceanus on Krigala, but they have a few others scattered throughout Brux and Karasuthra as well. The Wylders are violently opposed to the Glorious Conclave and the two have clashed on numerous occasions. The lack of any organization within the Wylders has kept focused counterattacks against the poachers to a minimum, and the Conclave members have kept information on tactics of their enemies in order to prepare hunts effectively.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Creatures of all kinds can be found in the Beastlands. Many of these appear as normal versions of commonly encountered animals, though more intelligent and with the ability to speak a form of Celestial. There are some unique creatures as well that travelers can encounter, many of which are hostile as a predator is hostile to prey in the wilderness.

BEASTS

The beasts that dwell in the Beastlands are more intelligent than regular variety. Creatures of the beast type that are native to the Beastlands can speak and understand the Celestial language and possess Intelligence and Wisdom scores of 10. They are cunning creatures that have evolved in a pristine wilderness catering to their every needs, though most remain animalistic in nature and savage in ferocity.

Gaspar are unique inhabitants of the Beastlands that resemble enormous elks, but their antlers possess the ability to rip open planar barriers. They often use this ability to deter attackers and even the ferocious predators of the plane know to leave most gaspar herds alone.

Animal Lord Agents. The Animal Lords are unique creatures that have evolved from various beast types into immensely powerful beings, on par with the demon lords of the Abyss. Their motives are mysterious and their methods unusual, but most rely on agents to do their bidding across the Beastlands and into the wider multiverse beyond. Darkstrikers are smoky serpents that slither through the twilight jungles of Brux, while grizzlepaws are immense bears who protect sacred sites all across the plane. The stealthy nightprowlers serve the panther lords as hunters and warriors with a legendary ability to blend into the wilderness. The skies of the Beastlands are the domain of hawks, and the sunspears are the greatest of those flying. Beneath the ground of Karasuthra run tricktails, deceptive rat creatures devoted to spying and subterfuge in the name of their rat lords. Whisperpads are charming cats with many spells at their disposal, and they are unique in refusing to serve any other cat or cat lord.

HUMANOIDS

Animals dominate the Beastlands at every level, but humanoids have managed to eke out an existence as well. Most live in small families, perhaps living in a single dwelling in the middle of the savage wilderness, hunting and foraging for food and trading amongst themselves. The River Oceanus provides a lifeline for much of the trade on the plane and most humanoid settlements are established along its riverbanks. Only the brave or foolhardy attempt to live further out in the jungle.

Centaur. Centaurs are the undisputed lords of the Greenway, a river of grassland that snakes through the otherwise thick jungle of Krigala. The centaurs run and hunt in small nomadic family herds, rarely staying in any single place for more than a chance to rest and gather water. They fashion weapons and armor from the natural resources of the Beastlands, and a few herds make the journey to the River Oceanus to trade in more durable goods to help in their lives.

Shifters. Shifters are the most numerous humanoids of the Beastlands. They form the bulk of the traders and hunters along the River Oceanus, and they've formed their own rough society called the Wylders as a result. Most believe that humans that settle in the Beastlands eventually transform into shifters as the wild nature of the plane physically changes them into more animal-like, but this may just be superstition. Shifter guides on the river and in the jungles are invaluable resources and their natural talents of wilderness lore make them excellent survivors in the harsh, unforgiving jungles.

Tabaxi. At some point long ago, a mysterious cat lords decided to play around with creating life in its own image. They captured a band of humans and kept them in the darkest part of the jungle, subjecting them to magical experiments and training exercises. Some of these were cruel, some were helpful, but they all helped shape a new race – the tabaxi. This tale is popular among tabaxi as their origin, though very little evidence exists to support it. They are usually connected to one of the cat lords, though, and form close personal bonds with their feline brethren in the jungle. Tabaxi possess a natural curiosity, much like their cat ancestors, and many go out in search of adventure before eventually returning to the Beastlands to aid their cat lord in their many schemes.

PLANTS

Beasts may be the stars of the Beastlands, but plants are major supporting players of the entire ecosystem. From mantraps hiding in the jungle, waiting to devour unsuspecting prey, to dangerous yellow musk creepers infecting close humanoids with a zombie-like fungal growth, plants are often an underestimated threat in the verdant wildlands of the plane. Intense tri-flower fronds fill entire jungle fields with their beautiful yet deadly blossoms and assassin vines drop tendrils down to grab at victims and crush them to create its own fertilizer.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The Beastlands is a dangerous place, mainly due to the number of predator creatures that stalk through all three of its forested layers. Several latent planar effects can surprise the unwary traveler, however.

HUNTER’S PARADISE

There’s a primal order that infuses the Beastlands, heightening the abilities of predators and prey alike throughout all the layers. Living creatures have advantage on Wisdom (Animal Handling), Wisdom (Perception), and Wisdom (Survival) checks while in the Beastlands.

SHAPE OF BEASTS

Changing into a beast, either through *polymorph* or a druid’s wildshape, is dangerous in the Beastlands. Creatures that do not possess the shapechanger subtype that transform into a beast while in the Beastlands must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, the animalistic nature of the plane takes over for 1 minute. At the beginning of each of the creature’s turn, roll a d10 to determine its behavior for that turn.

SHAPECHANGE ANIMALISTIC BEHAVIOR

1D10	ANIMALISTIC BEHAVIOR
1-2	The creature uses all its movement to move in a random direction. The creature doesn’t take an action this turn.
3-8	The creature uses its action to make a melee attack against a randomly determined creature with its reach. If there is no creature with its reach, the creature moves towards the nearest creature it can see and takes no other action this turn.
9-10	The creature can act and move normally.

This planar effect can be ended early by targeting the creature with a *calm emotions* spell.

SITES & TREASURES

The Beastlands holds a trove of wonderous sites within its wooded boundaries, from the lairs of the most prominent animal lords to naturally occurring places of strange beauty and unknown power.

BLACKSTONE LODGE

The Glorious Conclave has made it their mission to harvest the most valuable parts of the beasts found in the Beastlands and sell them to wealthy patrons and collectors across the multiverse. They are universally reviled by the natives of the plane, but that hasn’t stopped the conclave from establishing several outposts from which they perform their poaching and hunting. Blackstone Lodge is the largest and most prominent of these, standing three stories tall on a cleared ledge overlooking a brilliant azure lake on Krigala. The impressively built wooden building is stained black and contains rooms for nearly 100 hunters of the conclave, with additional space for guests. Portals leading across the multiverse are maintained by conclave wizards.

Magical wards surround Blackstone Lodge that prevent the natives of the Beastlands from attacking it directly, allowing the conclave members inside to enjoy luxurious privacy amidst their ill-gotten trophies and treasures. The leader of the Blackstone Lodge is the cruel and merciless efreeti, Lodge Captain Hazaa al’Zuraa, who personally hunts down the biggest creatures across the Beastlands he can find. Smaller bands of conclave hunters head out on specific targeted hunts, taking on commissions from wealthy patrons.

Infiltrating Blackstone Lodge requires passing through multiple layers of magical scrutiny, and then facing against the golem guardians that protect the interior. Wood and stone golems are carefully hidden amongst the trophies inside, ready to come to the aid of the lodge when a ranking conclave member calls to them. It is rumored that Hazaa al’Zuraa keeps a secret vault beneath the lodge for his personal trophy collection, including the heads and stuffed bodies of at least three fallen animal lords.



CAT'S BREATH

The realm of Lyanh, the most curious cat lord in the Beastlands, is a fog-enshrouded region of Karasuthra forest known as Cat's Breath. There, the many felines under Lyanh's control patrol for intruders while the cat lord himself listens to messages delivered by spies and agents from across the multiverse. Non-felines that enter Cat's Breath are blinded by the thick fog, forced to stumble around in the dark forest.

Lyanh's personal sanctuary sits at the heart of Cat's Breath. There, in the sprawling arms of a mighty tree, the cat lord lounges, sleeps, and moves multiple plots forward. Like all animal lords, Lyanh can take the form of any gender and transform into a cat, human, or hybrid between the two. Its personal preference is a large female kitten, similar to a whisperpad, and it's in this form that most of its agents speak or work with. Lyanh has a vested interest in multiple plane-spanning plots, most just for fun, but a few secret ones that the animal lord hopes will deliver magical artifacts into their paws.

The felines that serve as Lyanh's eyes and ears in Cat's Breath are no more fearsome or dangerous than ordinary feral cats, so they do not engage in combat. Aggressive intruders are dealt with using charm and subtlety by the cat lord, who can also command the thick fog to become a choking mist upon command if its feline wiles fail to deter. Few enter Cat's Breath without good reason.

GREAT BEAR MOUNTAIN

Towering above the forest of Krigala is a solitary peak known as Great Bear Mountain. Its sides are dotted with multiple cave entrances that lead into a sprawling network of natural tunnels and levels within the mountain, and there dwell the strongest of the bear lords. This mantle has been passed between multiple bears over the centuries, with the current bear lord, Rhirius, stepping up boldly to fill the vacancy left by Rhekenar.

Hundreds of bears live within Great Bear Mountain, and though there was grumbling when Rhirius stepped up to claim the bear lord title none moved actively against the younger creature. Some of the older bears believe Rhekenar's disappearance was caused by an outside force, and a few whisper Rhirius had a paw in the act considering how quickly they moved to claim the bear lord leadership. The elite guard of the bear lord, the Grizzled Guardians, have not opposed Rhirius' ascension, which leads most to believe that the new animal lord had no direct part in Rhekenar's absence.

Activities within Great Bear Mountain are slow and ponderous, but when moved by righteous anger the bears within can act surprisingly fast. Rhirius is more aggressive than most bear lords of the past, and it is widely believed the new animal lord is sowing the seeds of war to mobilize the forces of Great Bear Mountain against an unknown foe.

THE GREENWAY

The forested landscape of Krigala is marked by an unusual feature called the Greenway. It is a wide, winding “river” of grasslands that cuts through the heart of forest and jungle alike, running for hundreds of miles. It parallels rivers and moves around lakes, and on more than one occasion the grassland route has shifted dramatically due to some unknown cause. Its grassy width varies, from several hundred feet wide at its narrowest to more than five miles wide in some areas.

The Greenway acts as a point of reference for many beasts that call Krigala their home, but none depend on it more than the centaur tribes. They live, breathe, and die along the length of the grassy expanse, where they can run unimpeded by the thick forests that surround them. Batris the elk lord and its stampeding herd run through the Greenway as well, and the centaurs usually welcome the powerful animal lord and its retinue when their paths cross.

Herds of gaspar are known to run through the Greenway as well, though they are generally avoided by the centaur tribes. A gaspar in a wrong mood can wreak havoc on a tribe, sending them across the planes with little hope of returning, so the centaurs keep their distance.

GROVE OF THE UNICORN

Unicorns are not natives of the Beastlands, which is why the presence of one can be a surprising encounter. But on Karasuthra, beneath the ever-present full moon and dancing stars, a sacred place stands that holds the eternal spirit of one of these majestic creatures. The Grove of the Unicorn is a magical area filled with wonder and beauty that holds the immortal spirit of Arryn, a unicorn that came to the Beastlands accidentally.

Arryn's complete story is not known, but the pieces that planar scholars have been able to gather suggest the unicorn was pulled into the Beastlands by an outside force. Whether malevolent or not, Arryn was unable to leave, and spent some time learning about Karasuthra and the powerful primal magic that infused the entire plane. She encountered a band of Wylders that fell in love with the unicorn, and Arryn encouraged them to take the love they felt for her and share it with the multiverse. The first Unicorn Knights were born then.

Arryn's passing is also not known, and some believe that she didn't die but instead became one with the grove that bears her likeness. Her generous spirit dominates the Grove of the Unicorn and fills the heart of all goodly people that find it, inspiring many to take up the role of Unicorn Knights. Arryn rarely speaks now, instead preferring the more powerful and subtle language of the plane and grove to convey her thoughts.

HOUSE OF OWL

The oldest tree in Karasuthra's night-blanked landscape is a great, gnarled oak tree, sprawling and ancient. Its limbs are twisted and covered with luminous moss that resembles strands of spider webbing, but no spiders can be seen around it. In fact, no creature native to the Beastlands comes to this tree unless they are looking for its master, for this is the House of Owl, home to the most feared animal lord of the plane.

Aaru, the owl lord, sleeps for days at a time in the tree's hidden heart. Visitors that wish to partake in Aaru's wisdom must navigate the House of Owl's defenses – magical locks that can only be unlocked by riddle answers, natural tree-like guardians that deter aggressive intruders, and powerful befuddling sorcery that can confuse the strongest of minds. If a visitor can get through it all and the twisting tunnels of the tree itself, Aaru waits in the center.

Though it is believed Aaru can transform into a hybrid or human like the other animal lords, no one has seen the owl lord in any form but that of a titanic horned owl, with graying feathers and enormous yellow eyes. Because Aaru sleeps for so long, the luminous moss that grows around the House of Owl creeps in around it as well, so some visitors have been startled by the sudden movement of what otherwise appeared to be a monstrous statue. Aaru's knowledge of words, scripts, and languages is unparalleled in the multiverse, and many scholars have sought the owl lord's aid in deciphering ancient tomes or books.

JUNGLE OF SLITHERS

Snakes are a common encounter on Brux, the twilight realm of the Beastlands, but nowhere are they more numerous than the aptly named Jungle of Slithers. This hot, humid stretch of forest is densely covered with thick vegetation, hiding so many snakes that an exact count would be impossible. It is the realm of Satassis, a charming and engaging snake lord, who is always interested in learning about the outside realms.

Satassis is a rare animal lord who holds true malice in its heart, and it uses its snakes and charm to force bad things to happen. If confronted, Satassis is always quick to point out that good and evil are constructs of civilization and have no place in the animal world of the Beastlands, but it nonetheless revels in inflicting pain and stealing joy from all creatures. The Jungle of Slithers reflects this nature, where new and deadly poisons can be found behind the fangs of countless serpents. Satassis is a master of poisons, especially debilitating ones that don't kill but instead steal the agency from a victim.

Few enter the Jungle of Slithers on purpose, but those that do are encouraged to bring fire with them. It is widely known that Satassis and the serpents of the Jungle of Slithers abhor fire of all kind, and the perpetually wet and rainy region keeps such natural occurrences to a minimum. Of course, those that bring fire into the snake lord's realm had better have a good reason, for Satassis' cruelty is on full display for those that dare tread upon its ground with such fiery tools.

MAZE OF THE BLIND RAT

Rats live on every layer of the Beastlands, from Krigala's eternal sunshine to Karasuthra's endless moonlight. The shadowy layer of Brux, between the two, is the favored home of the rats, and beneath the forested ground hides the lair of the oldest animal lord. Eerin, the rat lord, has never been deposed and it is said the animal lord was the first of its kind to be uplifted to intelligence and awareness.

Eerin is also blind, and his realm has become known as the Maze of the Blind Rat. It is a bewildering network of tunnels, some no larger than a rat could pass through, that keeps Eerin safe from those that would do the rat lord harm. Over the centuries, Eerin has made numerous enemies including those of its own rat kind. The rat council refuses to honor Eerin's requests, though the clever rat lord can see through and manipulate the actions of any rat on the Beastlands, giving it plenty of tools with which to play.

As the oldest animal lord, Eerin has also accumulated perhaps the greatest treasure hoard of any others on the plane. Explorers and treasure hunters have gone into the Maze of the Blind Rat in search of Eerin's fabulous treasure, but none have found more than a pittance. Perhaps the blind rat lord has seeded these rumors itself in order to lure strangers into its realm. But for what purpose no one knows, and Eerin doesn't let slip much from what it thinks.

MIDNIGHT PLATEAU

Rising above the forested layer of Karasuthra is the impressive Midnight Plateau, so named because of its black volcanic stone ground. Gnarled leafless trees grow between the cracks of the plateau's landscape beneath the eternal full moon overhead. It stretches for many miles and stands a hundred feet over the regular floor of Karasuthra, as if the entire plateau was pushed up by some incredible force long ago.

This is the home of the panthers of the Beastlands. Countless panthers of all types lounge, sleep, and play on the Midnight Plateau, leaving only to hunt in the wilderness surrounding the area. The Council of Panthers meets here, and they are advised directly by Zutris, the panther animal lord, a close relationship rarely shared by other animal lords of the plane. The council and Zutris rely on the stealthy skills of the nightprowlers to keep them free from outside forces, but few would dare intrude upon the Midnight Plateau uninvited. The panthers are not known for their welcoming behavior.

SACRED STONES OF SALAZHA

The Wylders that live alongside the natural creatures of the Beastlands have long viewed many aspects of the plane as sacred. Whether it's a pool, river, patch of trees, or other feature, different Wylders hold different aspects of the plane as holy or supernatural. All agree that the Sacred Stones of Salazha are truly unique.

These large monolithic stones are found scattered across the three layers of the Beastlands. They are each tall, roughly 20 feet high, and about 10 feet thick. They appear cut from a single slab of gray stone inlaid with intricate patterns of red, black, and gold minerals. No mason, dwarf, or other expert can explain their presence or origin but they are each identical in size, with strong variations in the mineral striations. Each stone hums with sorcerous power related to transmutation magic, but to date no one has unlocked what they do or what they are for. Or at least not intentionally.

The sacred stones are named for Salazha, a shifter druid who is credited with finding the first one on Krigala. Salazha not only found them, she catalogued more than a dozen across the Beastlands. While her records were passed to other Wylders, Salazha herself vanished mysteriously into one of the sacred stones many years ago. No one knows where she went, as all attempts at divination have resulted in nothing conclusive.

SIGNPOST

The River Oceanus winds through Krigala before passing into other Outer Planes. Its banks draw numerous creatures from all over the layer, and river traffic is frequent enough to create small communities along its length for travelers to stop, rest, and resupply. Signpost is the largest of these communities, big enough to be considered a frontier town. No government runs Signpost, though a few Wylders keep a close eye on outsider activities to make sure nothing is being done that could threaten the natural order of the Beastlands.

Signpost has numerous taverns along its muddy streets. The most famous is the Boar Boot, run by a werewolf ranger named Howling Rheed. He serves strong wildly fermented ales using rare hops and barley from across the Beastlands, which draw all manner of travelers along the River Oceanus to his doors. Unfortunately for some travelers, though, the Boar Boot is closed irregularly when Rheed and his packmates decide close up and go on a hunt through Krigala.

SUNSCREAM SPIRE

Standing like a spike trying to pierce the ever-present sun above Krigala, Sunscreeam Spire is the home of the hawk lord Vadon. Proud and noble, Vadon keeps the peace in and around the towering spire with the aid of the noble flocks that live in the trees and rocky towers that surround Sunscreeam. These flocks have their own agendas and motivations that only occasionally align with Vadon, keeping the hawk lord on his claws at all times.

The spire itself is tall and thin, only a few hundred feet wide, but riddled with holes and perches. Inside is a series of hollow chambers where hawks of all kind fly about in their business. Vadon keeps the top of the Sunstream Spire for its own private chambers, closest to the sun which the hawks revere as a living deity.

The political situation with the flocks of hawks and sunspears is delicate enough to be upset by seemingly minor occurrences. Recently, Vadon sired a clutch of eggs with the daughter of a nearby flock. This in and of itself is not unusual, as Vadon has no wife and can choose any mate he desires. The situation is made more complicated by the daughter's recent exile from her family due to unhawk-like behavior. If the eggs were to be discovered, the scandal could upset Vadon's delicate political situation and send the flocks into a frenzy of war.

VALLEYS OF THUNDER

The Beastlands are filled with beasts that can be found in many Material Plane realms. One type, however, have been isolated from the rest by some unknown force, whether time or the hand of a divine agent from long ago. Dinosaurs, rare in most Material Plane wildernesses, exist almost exclusively in the Beastlands in the three broad hidden regions known as the Valleys of Thunder.

A Valley of Thunder exists one each of the three layers (Krigala, Brux, and Karasuthra) and they are all connected via large natural gates. The dinosaurs that inhabit the valleys are powerful, savage creatures, though they possess the same intelligence and speaking ability as the rest of the beasts. Are there dinosaur lords hidden amongst their ranks? Planar scholars believe so but so far none have revealed themselves to the outside world.

Each Valley of Thunder is more than a hundred miles across located in a stretch of rugged mountain peaks. Finding them is often a matter of luck as some powerful magical mist protects them, but it also keeps the dinosaurs bound within the three valleys. Travelers that have escaped the Valleys of Thunder say ancient ruins dot the hidden landscape, remnants of a time when the dinosaurs were more than just beasts. What secrets they hide remain a mystery for now.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Beastlands hold a wealth of adventure opportunity for characters of any level. Whether it's a trip to the plane itself or an incursion from across the borders of the multiverse, heroes of all kinds have an opportunity to show off their own wild side!

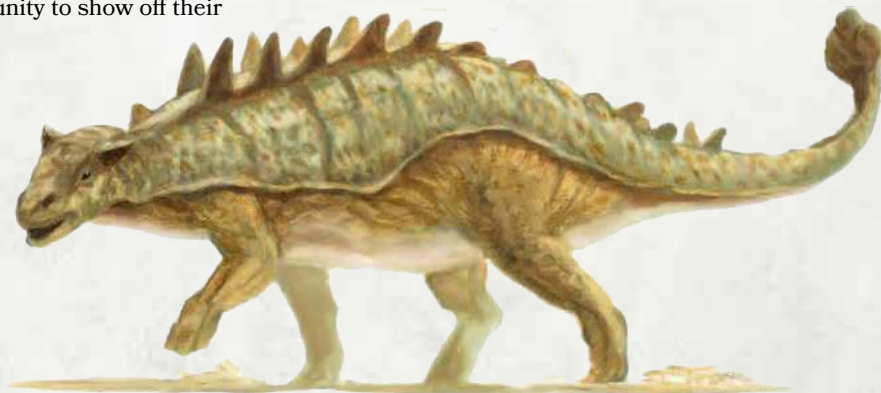
Agents of the Rat Council. The Council of Rats needs information about a certain area of the Material Plane, and they happen upon the characters as perfect agents. The characters are approached by a rat from the Beastlands representing the Council of Rats, and he explains what they need – search out a nearby ruin for signs of a nest of malformed rats that have gone fully savage.

The Cruel Hunt. A portal opens up in the forest near the characters and through it runs a proud elk with an unusual rack of white antlers. The elk is being chased by a team of hunters from the Glorious Conclave, and the whole mess crashes right into the party. The hunters are cruel and merciless while the elk begs for help against the aggressors who only want the rare white antlers. Defeating the conclave band puts the elk in the party's debt and he takes them through the portal to the Beastlands, where he introduces them to Batris the elk lord.

All Signs Point to Signpost. While traveling down a river, the characters get pulled into a wild current and sucked into a portal leading them to the River Oceanus on Krigala. They arrive at Signpost and learn that a powerful river spirit actually pulled them into the portal on purpose to deal with a dangerous band of Glorious Conclave hunters seeking to bring down a grizzlepaw that has befriended the river spirit. The grizzlepaw needs help in repelling the dangerous hunters and can be a strong ally to the party if the characters prove themselves by aiding the powerful bear.

Curse of the Beast. A wounded band of Wylders pass through a gate in search of help. They run into the party and explain that one of the Sacred Stones of Salazha has gone berserk, throwing magical power around randomly and transforming people into snarling savage beasts. The stone was activated by the ghost of a druid driven mad by the strange whispers that only she could hear. Stopping the wild magic from growing stronger requires putting the ghost to rest.

The Thunderous Prize. The Glorious Conclave are after the biggest prize of all – the horns of an ancient triceratops from the Valleys of Thunder. They believe they have found the way, and a spirit guardian of the valley picks the characters as the ones to help stop the hunters from ravaging the populace of the valleys. Traveling to the Valleys of Thunder, stopping the conclave hunters, and not getting killed by dinosaurs are all in a day's work for heroes!



RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through the Beastlands. 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.

KRIGALA

1D100	KRIGALA ENCOUNTER
01-07	A family of apes moving through the forest
08-14	A Wylder hunter stalking prey
15-21	Three black bears fishing at a stream
22-28	A flock of blood hawks
29-35	A solitary grizzlepaw
36-42	A herd of elk grazing in a field
43-49	A family of elephants trampling the ground
50-56	The trail of a giant ape
57-63	A giant lizard sunning itself on a rock
64-70	A pride of lions resting in the sun
71-77	Two rival giant boars attacking each other
78-84	A rhinoceros rumbling through the forest
85-91	A flock of sheep
92-98	A gaspar separated from its herd
99-00	Two sunspears on patrol from the Sunstream Spire

BRUX

1D100	BRUX ENCOUNTER
01-07	A pack of aurochs looking for food
08-14	A flock of axe beaks
15-21	An angry giant badger upset at being awoken
22-28	A tricktail enjoying its time
29-35	Five dire wolves on the hunt
36-42	A werewolf hunter of the Glorious Conclave
43-49	The croaking of a dozen giant frogs
50-56	The harsh laughter of a pack of giant hyenas on the prowl
57-63	A giant constrictor snake moving in for a kill
64-70	Several swarms of poisonous snakes devouring a recent victim
71-77	A darkstriker slithering on a mission from Satassis
78-84	A swarm of ravens making a ruckus
85-91	A tiger moving through the underbrush
92-98	The howling of a pack of wolves
99-00	A swarm of rats looking for food

KARASUTHRA

1D100	KARASUTHRA ENCOUNTER
01-07	Several giant bats catching insects in the air
08-14	A cat agent of Lyanh watching from a nearby tree
15-21	A giant owl swooping down from above
22-28	Three hunting panthers
29-35	A mage with bodyguards from the Glorious Conclave
36-42	A pack of giant weasels
43-49	A nightproowler on a secret mission
50-56	A herd of rothe escaped from a nearby cave
57-63	A saber-toothed tiger looking for an easy meal
64-70	A werebear ally of the Wylders hunting a poacher
71-77	Swarms of stirges filling the night sky
78-84	A pit filled with a swarm of rot grubs
85-91	A whisperpad moving silently in the darkness
92-98	A pack of beastwraiths hunting their killers
99-00	A unicorn seeking its lost mate

TWIN PARADISES OF BYTOPIA

“Industry is the guiding principle of Bytopia, where there’s always a job that needs doing and work that needs to be completed. An inherent natural property of the plane breaks down goods and even buildings, which means everything constantly needs to be repaired, updated, or improved upon. The folk of Bytopia, gnomes mainly, seem to not mind this, and most natives keep a cheery attitude towards the never-ending industry. After all, the results of that industry are clear and definite, even if they’re not destined to last. The reward for hard work is the satisfaction of a job well done.”

Malakara the Warden

The Twin Paradises of Bytopia is a plane of rewarding work against a backdrop of ceaseless industry and relentless wilderness. Manufactured goods, from tools to buildings, break down beneath the weight of a powerful if subtle force. Because of this, things require constant maintenance, and it’s in this never-ending cycle of create-reward-repair that Bytopia earns its reputation.

The residents of Bytopia understand this cycle and relish it, for it gives their lives purpose. This is not the meaningless purpose of a cog in the wheel, such as on Mechanus, nor is the manufactured purpose of building and upholding laws, such as on Arcadia. No, this is the pride of the individual or community that originates from confronting a problem and solving it.

This feeling of independent pride in a job well done runs through to the core of Bytopia and it permeates every aspect of existence. The plane is divided into two separate layers, but the layers face each other like the inside of a massive sandwich, which creates a gravity-neutral zone in between referred to as Between-sky. The two layers, the Twin Paradises that give Bytopia its moniker, are separate yet similar.

Dothion is the more pastoral and civilized of the two, with rolling grasslands, hills, and low mountains dotting its endless landscape. The more prosperous communities exist here, spread out and independent from one another, but most are on friendly terms with any neighboring regions. There are few if any monarchs or true rulers in Dothion and commerce is guided by the principle of work. Want to stay at an inn for the night? Perform some chores. The more involved or lengthy the work, the greater the reward.

Shurrock is the other side and it’s a wilder, more feral land. The natural order of plants and animals work against the advance of industry as sure as the plane’s subtle material breakdown effect, but pockets of civilization still exist. These outposts are usually dedicated to harvesting a specific resource and converting it into goods, or shipping it to Dothion for manufacturing. The weather and beasts of Shurrock ensure that Bytopia’s reputation for plentiful and rewarding work do not go unjustified.

Many types of people dwell in Bytopia, but the most common are the gnomes. Whether they originated on Bytopia or migrated here from elsewhere is not commonly agreed upon, but regardless they have built towns and cities on both of the plane’s facing layers. Their natural tendencies line up with the industrious nature of Bytopia perfectly, and the literal and figurative heart of their lives on the plane can be found in the Golden Hills of Dothion. Garl Glittergold, the chief gnome god, and his alliance of powerful gnome deities dwell there and keep many industries pumping throughout the multiverse.

The gnomes of Bytopia group themselves into extensive families known as clanns, with disagreements, strife, and even conflict breaking out between the clanns on irregular basis. A gnome’s full title always includes their clann name, which includes Clann Coinnich, Clann Alasdair, Clann Ruanaidh, and Clann Madagain.

The industry that marks Bytopia from other planes is guided largely by the individual, but that doesn’t mean broader representation and coordination is not required. For many fields of work, powerful organizations have risen up to handle the supply and demand which stretches beyond Bytopia’s endless planar boundaries. Known collectively as the Great Guildclanns, these forces of commerce are responsible for transforming Bytopia into a large-scale operation of manufacturing and resource harvesting.

Most of the guildclanns have interests in keeping everything moving forward, so conflicts are rare – in the open at least. Behind the scenes, guildclanns maneuver resources and workers around in order to gain the upper hand, but they are all overshadowed by the machinations of the mysterious Artificer Syndicates. These rogue entities operate outside the normal guildclann power structure as they touch upon many elements of many different guildclanns. They wield enormous power on Bytopia and across the multiverse, but their dealings are kept confidential and their members anonymous. Most Bytopians even disagree on the exact number of Artificer Syndicates – most agree there are at least four, but some have claimed there are as many as twelve!

Bytopia is a plane of industry and opportunity for those willing to work hard and complete a job. Laziness is not tolerated, and cheating is often viewed as “creative solution discovery” and is lauded as often as it is derided. The powerful guildclanns and secretive Artificer Syndicates control much of the larger movements across the plane but the powerful of the individual on Bytopia can never be underestimated.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Bytopia as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Bytopia.

Simple Pleasures. Bytopia is a plane of simple pleasures. Residents relish the feeling that comes after a day of working, whether it’s tending to fields or maintaining homesteads, and the pastoral landscape of Bytopia responds to that work by revealing natural wonders and splendors for all to witness. Flowers openly bloom in well-tended gardens, a cooling breeze dries the sweat from the brow, and a sense of peaceful relaxation settles over much of Bytopia by evening.

Community Work. The people of Bytopia work to help build their communities into strong, vibrant places of safety and welcoming. Neighbors offer to help with chores when their own work is done if they notice someone has more to do than they can manage, and entire families work together on tasks that a single person would have to spend days to complete. These communities welcome travelers as unrealized friends, as long as they are willing to help out in some way, and everyone enjoys the sense of peace that comes with knowing your neighbors have your best interests at heart.

Visible Goals. Bytopia life is not easy. Constructed objects and buildings breakdown far quicker than they should, even if left unattended, so there’s always something that needs tending or fixing. But Bytopians view these as challenges rather than annoyances, and they persevere through adversity with a smile on their face since they know their goals are visible. All they have to do is look up to see the impossible – there’s another whole layer of wonder above their heads! Nothing seems impossible on Bytopia if you work hard and long enough at it, whether it’s tilling a farm on Dothion or breaking new ground in the wilds of Shurrock.

LAY OF THE LAND

The Twin Paradises of Bytopia are beautiful landscapes of striking contrasts. Dothion holds sweeping grasslands, gentle forests, and low hills, marked by easy weather patterns and comfortable seasons. Shurrock is wilder, with denser forests, rough mountains, and violent storms that roll through the land with surprising speed and ferocity. Both of these layers embody the spirit of personal achievement on different levels.

Sitting between the two sides of this planar “coin” is a strange and often violent gravity-less region known as Between-sky. Crossing between Dothion and Shurrock requires passing through Between-sky, whether it’s via magical transport, winged mount, the Stairs of Centerspire, or one of the other mountain peaks that pierce into the central veil, but it all carries an element of danger.

DOTHION

By far the most benign of Bytopia’s layers, Dothion is an idyllic realm of easy seasons and comfortable terrain. Hundreds of rivers cut through the countless grasslands and fields, flowing down from hills and mountains that gather the moisture from the sky. Many of the rolling hills hold shards of volcanic rock jutting from the ground as a reminder of Shurrock’s more savage nature overhead.

Many small communities dot Dothion’s landscape. Most of these are oriented around a single family or clann concerned with the well-being of their flocks and fields. The constant erosion effect of Bytopia means there’s always work to be done in these places – fences needing mending, rooves needing repair, buildings needing maintenance. Most clanns are happy to provide a safe place to sleep and rest in exchange for a little work.

This industrious and independent nature runs through all of Dothion, where trade between the clanns is not done in coins but in shared work. Several larger cities exist that deal with more travelers and outsiders, necessitating a certain amount of commerce be done with hard coin, but beyond these areas work is the payment for a good or service. The city of Yeoman is the largest hub of trade in all of Bytopia and serves as the home to most of the guildclanns (and, rumors say, most of the Artificer Syndicates as well).

Dothion is not all sunshine and coziness, however. Dangerous beasts stalk the wilderness and some of the larger guildclanns operate machinery that can produce unpredictable results. Most family clanns protect their own, but an informal planar militia has sprung up to help out everyone across Bytopia, Known as the Fennid, these free-ranging scouts, warriors, and guards often gather in small bands as they wander Dothion. Many clanns welcome a member of the Fennid but some view them as family-less outcasts with no interests beyond their own.

SHURROCK

Wild, savage, and untamed, Shurrock is the dangerous counterpart to Dothion. Its forests, mountains, and fields are overgrown and filled with all manner of beasts, and the weather can turn especially violent in large areas. Driving rain, howling tornadoes, and lightning strikes assist the plane’s natural erosion effects to strike down manufactured buildings and structures.

But that doesn’t mean Bytopians haven’t settled Shurrock. It’s a land rich in natural resources, from gold and gems in the mountains, rich timber in the thick woodlands, and wild game all across the layer. The Great Guildclanns that manufacture goods in Dothion pull their raw materials from Shurrock’s bountiful tracts of land. Unfortunately, however, many factors make extraction difficult, but the ingenuity of the guildclanns is on full display.



The communities of Shurrock tend to be smaller and more work-based, primarily mining and logging encampments. Buildings are hastily constructed but built so they can be repaired quickly and easily, as most don't last a season considering Bytopia's natural erosion and the violent storms that pepper the landscape regularly. Quarryhome is the largest and oldest settlement on Shurrock and it holds less than 5,000 workers – gnomes mainly – all living and working in stone shelters on the side of a massive quarry of natural stone beauty.

The Fennid bands that protect Bytopia have no trouble finding work to do on Shurrock and they are well-regarded by the settlements as benevolent protectors and watchful guardians. The creatures that stalk Shurrock's wilderness are less intelligent than those in the Beastlands but no less fierce or ferocious, and unlike their Beastlands counterparts they do not respond to parlay requests!

BETWEENSKY

The Twin Paradises of Dothion and Shurrock face each other across an endless landscape over a distance of roughly twenty miles. The distance is not huge but that empty region, known as Betweenisky, holds many unusual mysteries and dangers. The first is the lack of gravity, disappearing completely after about five miles up from either layer. Creatures and objects float in this region, propelled by nothing more than the turbulent and unpredictable winds. Several monsters have adapted to the unusual environment, such as the ni'iath – large fish with wolf-like features that can fly through the air and physically hurl opponents out of the anti-gravity region.

Another mystery is the source of light that serves to mark daytime from night across Bytopia. To date, no one has found what exactly causes the light to brighten and then fade in a pattern resembling the rising and setting of a sun, but no sun or source of heat has ever been found. Betweenisky is simply lighter at times, then darkening as twilight approaches before falling into night, and then repeating the cycle the next day.

CYCLE OF TIME

One of the mysteries of Betweenisky is the cycle of day and night. The sky between Dothion and Shurrock lightens with morning, brightening with full daylight, before darkening into twilight and finally into night. The cycle is regular, predictable, and seasonable. The days are shorter in the winter than the summer, but in general the whole cycle runs through 24 hours like a typical day in the Material Plane.

The source of this cycle is not known but it has puzzled planar scholars for generations. Ancient libraries in the Golden Hills offer cryptic hints at a pair of beings that lived in Betweenisky, one dark and the other light, but most learned scholars believe this to be simple legend.

SURVIVING

Dothion, Shurrock, and Betweenisky offer no planar hostility towards life. The weather on Shurrock can be dangerous at times, and traversing Betweenisky can be difficult, but Bytopia itself does not actively affect living creatures like several other planes.

GETTING THERE

Many portals exist to Bytopia from across the planes, many of them known and maintained by the Great Guildclanns that operate large operations across the multiverse. The key to many of these gates is a manufactured item of a specific type – a specific type of wood or stone for example. These keys must be crafted over the course of several days while within a certain radius of the portal itself.

Most portals are doors or archways in very old homes and they can spontaneously appear without warning if a building is constructed of a certain type of material and is of sufficient age. Buildings containing a portal to Bytopia that are subsequently destroyed still hold the planar gate together and, over time, the natural power of the plane reconstructs a frame around the freestanding portal. These unusual sightings are sometimes referred to as “witch doors” by superstitious locals who do not understand their true meaning.

TRAVELING AROUND

On Dothion, travel is easy. Many trails and paths exist between the countless small communities and farmsteads, though no formal road system can withstand the natural erosion effect of Bytopia. Besides from the odd wandering monster, often from a spontaneous gate to Shurrock, travel is unimpeded across Dothion.

Shurrock is another matter. The game trails that cut through the savage wilderness are erratic and sometimes deliberate traps meant to capture foolhardy travelers. The weather is violent and extreme, adding another wrinkle to moving across Shurrock’s expansive regions.

With its lack of gravity, moving through Betweenisky can be tricky without the right tool or magic to aid. Flying creatures are unimpeded in Betweenisky but without the magical or natural ability to propel oneself through the air, travelers are buffeted by the unpredictable winds (how the winds blow in a gravity-less environment is a puzzle no planar scholar has solved). The Stairs of Centerspire are the most used mode of transport through Betweenisky, where travelers move up the circular stairs around a great stone spire that spans the twenty-mile gap between Dothion and Shurrock.

No stable gate exists between Dothion and Shurrock. Spontaneous gates appear as a result of particularly violent or disruptive storms on Shurrock, and the guildclanns that operate mining and logging operations are always on the lookout for these to appear. Using them makes transporting raw materials back to Dothion much easier, for otherwise they must use winged mounts such as hippogriffs or magic.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The constant industry of Bytopia feeds the clanns and other powerful organizations of the plane with a steady diet of quality goods that last longer the sooner they are moved out. Trade connections abound across Dothion specifically, but other groups have arisen as well, some obvious and others more secretive.

ARTIFICER SYNDICATES

Bytopia is largely concerned with the work of the individual to create useful and functional components of existence. On the grand scale, this is evidenced by the output of the Great Guildclanns who have banded together to leverage the bargaining power of a single entity over individuals or smaller clanns. These are the heavyweights of Bytopia who operate the largest mining and foresting expeditions across Shurrock and Dothion.

But there’s a more secretive layer beneath the guildclanns that work behind the scenes of Bytopia’s industry and common work. Known collectively as the Artificer Syndicates, these smaller organizations focus their efforts on combining the materials of many different vocations and harnessing them in new and often dangerous ways. There are four known Artificer Syndicates functioning across Bytopia in small groups, usually no more than two or three, but with deep connections (and leverage over) many of the Great Guildclanns.

The interesting truth is that there is only one Artificer Syndicate, but there are specific groups called cabals within the organization that specialize in specific areas. The Cabal of Alchemy is devoted to the mixing of ingredients into potions and unguents; the Cabal of Awakening is concerned with the function of awaking intelligence in inanimate objects; the Cabal of Artillery builds explosives of all kinds; and the Cabal of Battlesmithing constructs devices for armies. Rumors of a fifth cabal have spread around towns like Yeoman for years.

The Artificer Syndicates utilize networks of spies and informants to keep the flow of information coming into their secret headquarters. Individual members identify each other with a magical tattoo that is only visible when exposed to a special light held by syndicate members. Their interests often lie far beyond the borders of Bytopia but they are believed to have secret headquarters in Shurrock from where they build and experiment away from prying eyes.

Why are the Artificer Syndicates so secretive? They have a sinister reputation that makes them feared by most of the guildclanns of Bytopia, but few have a true understanding of their motives or purpose.

CIRCUS FORTUNA OF COUNTESS FORTULLA

Most of the residents of Bytopia are hard-working individuals who take pride in a long day’s toil. This pervasive attitude speaks to the core of the plane’s nature, but that doesn’t mean the people are dour or unhappy. The joy of a job well-done keep them content but everyone needs a chance to relax every once and a while.

To provide that relaxation, a number of traveling circuses roam about Bytopia entertaining villages and towns with acrobatics, antics, and daring feats. None are more recognized than the Circus Fortuna of Countess Fortulla, a grand affair that tours throughout Dothion. The Circus Fortuna constructs a massive colorful tent in a clearing and then invites all around to view the show. Under the big tent, amazing acts of aerial acrobatics are performed by the most talented entertainers of the plane. The material erosion nature of Bytopia makes such acts more dangerous which just adds to the thrill of the experience.

Countess Fortulla is a female half-orc with a flair for the dramatic and an eye of true talent. She has cultivated a great number of skilled performers within the Circus Fortuna but she's always on the lookout for the next breakout star. She has taken her circus across the multiverse on several occasions, performing in Arcadia, Arborea, Elysium, Mount Celestia, Ysgard, and more, but she and her troupe always come back to Bytopia.

For the Circus Fortuna and most other traveling performance groups across the plane, admission to see the show has a price of some amount of labored time. Countess Fortulla keeps it to an hour's worth of work but most know that she could charge several times that and still turn out a crowd. The circus could always use a hand setting up, tearing down, or repairing the acrobatic equipment used by the performers, so there's rarely a shortage of work. Small items that can be built, carved, or constructed in an hour are sufficient as well.

CLANN FENNID

Bytopia has no standing army or military force. The clans protect their own interests, and the Great Guildclanns often hire out guards and mercenaries to protect their interests, on Shurrock primarily as Dothion is much more stable. However, that doesn't mean the plane is left to fend for itself. Wandering bands of guardians and warriors known as Clann Fennid travel throughout Bytopia, maintaining the peace and keeping an eye out for dangerous monsters and invaders.

The Fennid are a clann in and of themselves and its members are largely made up of family outcasts and wanderers who have given up their own clann name. Fennid has no official home and they usual travel in small bands of three to ten. Joining Clann Fennid is a simple manner of taking an oath of loyalty to protect Bytopia from harm at all costs. The oath can be administered by any member of Clann Fennid but there's no binding magic or mystic power behind it. But the people that take the Fennid oath usually adhere to it religiously.

Legends say that Bytopia was once ruled by a powerful sorcerer known as the Gem King. Clann Fennid were his elite soldiers and guards that protected the realm against invasion, but then something happened. Different stories tell different tales, but most agree that the Gem King's mind slipped and he lapsed into madness. The warriors of Clann Fennid turned on their ruler for the good of Bytopia, but they never stopped defending Bytopia even after the Gem King was long gone.

GNOME POWERS OF THE GOLDEN HILLS

Are gnomes native to Bytopia or did they emigrate from some other place? There is no greater population of gnomes in the multiverse than on Bytopia, but given the number of stories passed around about their origin this could be from any number of factors. Regardless, gnomes are part of Bytopia now, and nowhere is this more evident than the Golden Hills of Dothion.

There, seven massive hills sit covered in rolling fields of golden grass that give the area its name. In, above, and around are hundreds of gnome communities serving under the watchful guidance of Garl Glittergold, the chief gnome deity. Garl Glittergold doesn't rule and wouldn't pretend to, but he does extend a divine watchfulness over the region that includes the rest of the gnomish pantheon. Seven of them, excluding Garl who dances and watches over them all, claim one of the Golden Hills as their representative home.

The gnome clans of the Golden Hills usually pay homage to one of the powers of the region, who are viewed as the pinnacle of gnomish ingenuity and skill in their particular field of expertise. And above it all, Garl Glittergold reminds everyone that life is to be taken lightly and that a good laugh serves better than a grim attitude against hardship and strife. The Great Guildclanns all have representatives among the Golden Hills and it is believed at least one of the Artificer Syndicates are headquartered here. With so much activity, intrigue is a common element as each power maneuvers their people and goods to the most advantageous position.

GREAT GUILDCLANNS

Clanns on Bytopia function as families of similar workers, whether they be cobblers, glassblowers, masons, smiths, or anything else. They take in orders, assign it to one of their members, and work to complete the task as requested. The Great Guildclanns operate on this same principle but leverage a much larger network of workers and take in orders from all over the multiverse. They source the raw materials themselves, often working with other guildclanns to pool their collective resources. In this way, they dominate much of the larger trade on Bytopia where they can use their larger teams of workers to complete jobs faster and with little delay if an individual were to fall behind or be unable to complete their task.

There are dozens of recognized Great Guildclanns, and they form a larger trade organization called the Council of Guildclanns to settle disputes and organize their work efficiently. Each individual guildclann is a powerful trade force that focuses on one type of work – the Leatherworkers Guildclann, the Masons Guildclann, the Glassblowers Guildclann, and so forth. Each operates differently but usually as an extended family that became ambitious over the generations and grew their influence and skills to encompass smaller clans.

As a whole, most on Bytopia view the guildclanns as necessary tools to conduct trade on a planar scale. But that doesn't mean they agree with the guildclann's more ruthless practices, most of which remain firmly in the realm of suspicion and not confirmed actions. Nonetheless, the guildclanns are responsible for a variety of underhanded activities usually meant to undercut a rival. Sometimes this is as innocuous as not sharing information about a newly discovered vein of rich ore. Other times it can be as ruthless as actively sabotaging the efforts of a rival guildclann in the effort of stealing a wealthy client.

The Council of Guildclanns is credited with the creation and distribution of the Bytopian gemcoin as an accepted currency. These round discs of precious gemstones are constructed by a wide variety of guildclanns, ensuring no one of them has a monopoly on the creation of the money. Gemcoins come in three values based on rarity, each representing an amount of work accepted on Bytopia – sapphire gemcoins are a day's worth, emerald gemcoins are a tenday's, and ruby gemcoins are a year's worth of work. The gemcoins are accepted currency at every guildclann outpost and are starting to spread across the multiverse as a universally accepted currency.

URDLLEN

The dark side to the gnome powers of the Golden Hills is the great creature known as Urdlen the Crawler Below. This massive monster appears as an albino mole, blind, hairless, and sexless, with claws of steel and a primal appetite for destruction. Urdlen is a force of nature that burrows beneath the ground of both Dothion and Shurrock, traveling between the two layers via spontaneous gates it creates and collapses, with hundreds of miles of tunnels left in its wake.

Urdlen is now nearly mindless but legends say it was once an honored friend of Garl Glittergold. The creature became greedy and dug too deep into forbidden caverns where it unleashed a powerful evil left trapped in the ground. The evil seeped into Urdlen, consuming the mole utterly and transforming it into a monstrous force of wanton destruction and hunger. The Crawler Below is now used as a warning to gnomes on the dangers of greed and avarice.

Urdlen is as powerful as a deity, and some small cults of gnomes and miners worship it in the dark corners of the multiverse. It is a widely known fact that Urdlen travels between Bytopia and the Abyss, specifically the 399th layer known as the Worm Realm, where it can be found among other terrifying burrowing monsters of the multiverse. Because of this travel, spontaneous portals to the Abyss are more frequent than most denizens of Bytopia are comfortable with, and Clann Fennid has had to step up and push back Abyssal invaders on more than one occasion.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Bytopia has its share of dangerous creatures roaming the land. Shurrock gets most of the attention here, with its wild untamed regions, but Dothion has a number of beings that can cause mischief and panic among the fields and villages.

BEASTS

Most planar sages have a vision of a simple pastoral landscape when they think of Bytopia, and the vision isn't necessarily wrong. There is more to it than that, however, and there are plenty of wilderness regions even on Dothion where wild beasts roam. Hunting cats, bears, wolves, and other temperate climate beasts can all be found in abundance outside the hamlets and villages of the plane. The most ferocious creatures dwell underground, though. Moles of all kinds burrow and dig beneath the surface of Bytopia, and while some are simple animals many are servants of Urdlen, a powerful and evil monstrosity of gnomish legend. Terror moles are capable of letting loose a horrifying screech that can send the bravest running in fear, enormous behemoth moles eat and kill with reckless abandon, and fierce storm moles wreak havoc when the weather turns bad.

The region between the two facing layers of Bytopia, Betweeny, sees a few flying beasts soaring around, but the ni'iath are particularly vicious. They are flying fish that are capable of flinging targets away, sending them crashing to the ground of either Dothion or Shurrock. In the wilderness of Shurrock, beasts of all kinds can be found. Dobhar are large otters that live and play in the waterways of Shurrock. Numerous other aggressive beasts dwell in the untamed layer, providing a challenging living for the loggers and miners working there.

FHEY

The fey hold a strange position in Bytopia. They are not known for their hard work and they don't contribute to the sense of goodwill or community fostered by the majority of the inhabitants. Instead, they act as instigators, rabble-rousers, and troublemakers. Cathshay are fey creatures that resemble large black cats, and they have a capricious nature and a tendency to steal souls – and then make outrageous demands in exchange for the soul's release. Bytopians have learned to fear the presence of any black cat and regularly leave out offerings of fresh meat and sweet treats for the unpredictable creatures.

Pooka are similar pranksters but they can take on the form any woodland animal, so spotting one is more difficult. They also tend to be more cruel than the playful cathshay, with a legendary ability to hold grudges through generations. Mostly, if a Bytopian takes no more than they need and honors the land around them, pookas are content to leave well enough alone, but there are plenty of stories of cruelty and malice being inflicted by wicked pookas – and conversely, stories of generosity and random acts of kindness from others.

HUMANOIDS

A wide variety of humanoids live and work on Bytopia. Most live in small communities, helping each other with chores and coming together to celebrate life's simple pleasures. Humans are common but anyone who can prove themselves in a day's work are welcome, including humanoids traditionally considered abhorrent to good society, such as drow elves and goblinoids. The residents of Bytopia strive to see a person for their actions, not their history, and it has become a haven for outcasts looking to start a new life.

Gnomes. The most common inhabitant of Bytopia are gnomes. Their hardworking nature and strong belief in helping others is a perfect mirror of the plane's inherent qualities. The Golden Hills are the home to the pantheon of gnomish powers which helps to bolster the gnomes' sense of pride in Bytopia. Gnomes work hard, enjoy their leisure time, and operate many of the powerful guildclanns of the plane that bring lucrative trade in from across the multiverse.

Families of gnomes on Bytopia are referred to as clanns, and many are part of a larger guildclann dedicated to a single crafting skill. Each clann typically dwells in a single sprawling house, with above and below ground regions, with the halls filled with laughter, the sounds of work, and a sense of contentment. They gather with neighbors on special occasions but most clanns are pretty insular, coming out to assist in emergencies but maintaining their own customs and traditions separate from even the larger gnome communities. To the gnomes of Bytopia, community is family, and family is community.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Bytopia's twin realms are a study in the duality of existence – tranquility and strife, peace and conflict, order and chaos. Shurrock is known for its dangerous storms, unpredictable weather, and ferocious wildlife, but Dothion is not as innocent nor benign as it seems at first. Natural hazards exist across both layers along with the omnipresent erosion that eats away at all manufactured goods.

HUNGRY GRASS

Hungry grass is an insidious weed that grows in small patches, usually no larger than 5 feet across, blending in with the tall grasslands that sweep through both Shurrock and Dothion. Each patch of hungry grass stems from roots that have been tainted with the passage of Urdlen the Crawler Below, the great mole beast of gnome legend. Touched by Urdlen, the hungry grass seeks to consume life itself with a mindless determination.

Creatures that come within 5 feet of a patch of hungry grass must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or become infected with the crawling hunger disease (DC 16 for moving directly through the hungry grass patch). The disease takes 1d12 hours to gestate, during which a *lesser restoration* spell or a treatment of special herbal flowers (found only on Bytopia) and a DC 15 Wisdom (Medicine) check is sufficient to remove the disease.

If left to gestate, the crawling hunger takes over and the victim is consumed with a ravenous desire to eat worms and dirt. The desire is overpowering, inflicting a -1 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, and ability checks. Each day the hunger grows worse, increasing the penalty by -1, until it reaches -5 by the end of the fifth day. After that, unless treated, the victim's organs erupt in violent protest of the disease and the victim dies a horrible violent death.

Stopping the crawling hunger after it has taken over is difficult. A *greater restoration* is sufficient to remove the penalties for 1 day but the disease is divinely produced and requires more than this to deal with. The gnomes of the Golden Hills are said to possess the knowledge of a cure, which requires the acquisition of a rare flower in Shurrock mixed with a large quantity of mole blood. Few are known to survive the crawling hunger.

The people of Bytopia are careful to watch out for the grassy fields, and some rangers have taken to watching for signs of mole passage in the dirt. Hungry grass grows quickly after Urdlen or its stronger spawn pass by and it doesn't live for more than a week before withering as it consumes itself.

MATERIAL EROSION

Some inherent byproduct of Bytopia's planar nature causes manufactured goods to erode and collapse far more quickly than they should. Rooves leak, timbers break, weapons snap, and items simply collapse of their own accord. This creates an unlimited demand for the workers of Bytopia to repair and rebuild but it can also cause stress to travelers and merchants visiting Bytopia from across the multiverse.

Anytime a character rolls a 1 on a saving throw, ability check, or attack roll, something they possess breaks and must be repaired. Magical items and equipment are immune to this effect, but otherwise all items are fair game. Ideally, the item should be related to the task at hand, such as the roll of a 1 on an attack roll causing the attacker's weapon to break, but if a magical item prevents this another item in the person's equipment breaks. This can be insidious for those not paying attention – too many adventurers have trusted rope in their pack that has mysteriously become frayed and useless only to learn it after using it to climb a mountain!

SLOTHSLUDGE

Bytopia is referred to as the Twin Paradises and because of this most people that know of it think it is a sacred place where evil doesn't exist. It's true that the majority of Bytopian residents are good-natured, hard-working people who enjoy an honest day's work, but that certainly doesn't mean darkly natured things don't exist. Case in point are the fields of slothsludge that have been sighted on both Shurrock and Dothion.

Slothsludge appears as a thick, black or brown tar-like substance that oozes up from the ground. The gnomes believe it is caused by the portals to the Abyss created by Urdlen, but others say it is a byproduct (or cause) of the material erosion that eats away at manufactured goods all across the plane. Living creatures that touch slothsludge must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or gain a level of exhaustion as feelings of apathy wash over the victim.

The exhaustion can be restored by normal means, but for every 1 minute the victim remains within sight of the slothsludge, they must succeed on additional DC 15 Constitution saving throws or gain additional levels of exhaustion. There are some regions of Shurrock that have lakes of slothsludge but few have ventured near them for fear of the malaise that overwhelms people in the area.

SHURROCK WEATHER

Shurrock is rocked by violent storms and extreme weather on a regular basis. The temperature can plummet in summer to below freezing or become humid and sticky in winter. Snow, wind, and rain whip about in great gusts with little or no notice.

Once per day, or whenever it would be more exciting, you can roll on the below table to determine the nature of the extreme weather on Shurrock that strikes at that moment. Unless it's important to the story, the extreme weather lasts for 1d12 x 2 hours.

EXTREME SHURROCK WEATHER EFFECT

1D20	EXTREME WEATHER
1-3	Extreme cold
4-6	Extreme heat
7-9	Strong wind
10-12	Heavy precipitation (snow)
13-15	Heavy precipitation (rain)
16-17	Extreme heat and strong wind
18	Heavy precipitation (rain) and strong wind
19	Extreme heat, strong wind, and heavy precipitation (rain)
20	Extreme cold, strong wind, and heavy precipitation (snow)

The effects of the extreme weather can be found in Chapter 5 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*.

SITES & TREASURES

The rich landscape of Bytopia is filled with more than just natural beauty and the sweat of a hard day's work. Many mysterious sites sit on both sides of the Twin Paradieses, and some are less hidden than others. Plenty of adventure opportunities abound for those willing to risk the erosion of their manufactured goods!

BYTOPIAN GEMCOINS

Gold and silver pieces don't hold much value on Bytopia. Some of the more established guildclanns with presences across the multiverse adhere to the gold coin standard, but for the most part these coins are not worth anything on Bytopia. The most traded commodity is labor but for ease of commerce this is represented by a unique economic system – Bytopian gemcoins.

Gemcoins come in five different types each with three different sizes. The most common gemcoin is the opal ess which is a flat disc similar to a silver piece carved from a piece of emerald. Crafting this coin takes one hour of work for the United Gemcrafter's Guildclann, the largest gem crafting organization on Bytopia, and thus it represents one hour's worth of work. The opal emm is thicker but about the same size representing three hours of work, and the opal ell is larger and as thick as emm, representing seven hours of work.

After opal comes amethyst for days (amethyst ess is one day, amethyst emm is three days, and amethyst ell is seven days), followed by the emerald (emerald ess is one tenday, emerald emm is three tendays, emerald ell is seven tendays), then ruby (ruby ess is one season or about three months, ruby emm is three seasons, ruby ell is seven seasons), ending in diamond (diamond ess is one year, diamond emm is one decade, and diamond ell is 100 years). Very few diamond gemcoins exist.

Outside of Bytopia, these gemcoins are valued little beyond their intrinsic gemstone value (the ess gemcoins are small, the emm gemcoins are medium, and the ell gemcoins are large). Most residents of Bytopia recognize the gemcoins and their values, though many farms and homesteads prefer to take their payment in actual work rather than representative coins of work. In Yeoman, the gemcoin is king and the United Gemcrafter's Guildclann hold great sway as one of the most powerful of the Great Guildclanns.

CAIRNS OF CLANN COINNICH

Countless generations of gnomes have lived on Bytopia and over the centuries, family clanns have taken on mythological proportions. A gnome with a certified claim to one of the family clanns of Bytopia, such as Clann Braonain or Clann Ardghail, can expect to be treated with respect at least they do something to lose that respect. Clannholds dot the landscape of Dotion especially around the Golden Hills but few are as whispered about as what's left of Clann Coinnich.

Long ago, Clann Coinnich was a respected family of gnomes with a clannhold that oversaw a great forest and prairie. They were far from the Golden Hills but their prowess with working the land and crafting goods earned them high honors all over the plane. It is said that Garl Glittergold himself came to pay homage to the good works of Clann Coinnich. They were well-liked, respected, and did quality work in the name of the common good of Bytopia and their family.

Then, disaster struck. No one knows for certain but somehow, an evil presence crept into the clannhold of Clann Coinnich. Was it brought accidentally? Or called down by a lesser scion of the family? No one knows for sure but a blight spread out from the clannhold to the fields and forests. One evening as the clann elders gathered to discuss what to do, the evil took hold of the family cairns nearby and in the course of a single devastating night wiped out Clann Coinnich in a wash of undead horror. The independent warriors of Clann Fennid arrived days later to find the place overrun, and they petitioned Garl Glittergold to put an end to the family's misery.

A great earthquake swallowed up the Coinnich clannhold and most of the evil sank into the earth with it. The family cairns are all that remain of the site now but most believe the evil that took Clann Coinnich still resides there, lingering, waiting to resurface again.

FIELD OF GLAS GAVLEN

A picturesque farmhouse stands amidst a sweeping landscape of rolling grass and planted crops. It's similar in many ways to hundreds of other homesteads like it that dot the land of Dothion, but this is Glas Gavlen, and it is home to a herd of monstrously huge cows. The steers and heifers that graze in the field of Glas Gavlen are each as large as dragons, roughly fifteen feet across and twice that tall.

The people that run the Glas Gavlen farm are humans of the Gavlen family who have lived on the site for generations. And for generations, the cows that come to the field grow stupendously over the course of a year. No one knows for sure why, though some persistent rumors about the family point to warlock bargains in their past that have traded souls for the enormous cattle. Others say it is something to do with the field itself, which would explain why any cow that comes to the field to graze and stays for a year turns into a gigantic beast. The Gavlen family stick to themselves for the most part and don't have too much to offer on the subject of why or how their herd is so big.

For their part, the cows are simply gigantic versions of normal cows – they graze, moo, and are a generally peaceful herd used primarily as dairy cows. Due to their size, the Gavlen family can only keep a half dozen of the creatures fed but that is plenty big enough. The milk produced by the Glas Gavlen cows is hearty and sells well in the markets of Yeoman and across the multiverse.

GOLDEN HILLS

Gnomes are intrinsically linked to Bytopia, though whether they originated on the plane or simply emigrated there is a matter of debate. Part of the reason for this linkage is a magical realm known as the Golden Hills wherein dwell the gods of the gnomish pantheon, Garl Glittergold and his divine allies. Seven massive hills dominate the area, each housing one of the gnome gods and their devout followers. The grass, flowers, trees, and leaves all carry a golden sheen to them, creating a brilliant sparkling landscape of divine beauty atop the otherwise pastoral splendor of Dothion. Even the creatures have golden attributes about them – gold-furred squirrels, golden-winged song birds, and gold-specked butterflies all dance about the realm.

The tunnels below the Golden Hills are near-endless and well-worked. They crisscross beneath the hills, serving as the homes to many of the gnomish powers. The Gemstone Burrow is the home of Segojan Earthcaller and his ilk, along with one of the largest gem mines in all of Bytopia. The Mithral Forge serves as the home of Fandal Steelskin and rests atop a rich and never-ending vein of precious metals, including mithral and gold.

Countless homes are built in and around the seven hills of the region, though more exist underground than most visitors realize. Some of the hills are covered in lush forests of golden-barked trees while others are capped with enormous mushrooms as strong as steel, glittering in the light of the Bytopian sky overhead. Garl Glittergold himself is said to wander the Golden Hills at his leisure as none of the hills are directly dedicated to him – his home is where he decides it to be for the time, which can be anywhere in the Golden Hills, Bytopia, or even beyond.



The friendly industrious nature of the gnomes means they welcome travelers who come with a purpose. Numerous bard colleges of great renown sit in the Golden Hills, taking in worthy students from across the multiverse, while the mines and fields of the region are in constant need of tending. The material erosion native to Bytopia eats away at all manufactured goods and buildings but for their part, the gnomes are happy to rebuild, usually better, stronger, or more dependable.

GOLEMWOOD

The storm-wracked layer of Shurrock hides many strange secrets within its boundless realm of natural wonder. One of the stranger ones is a stretch of forest that has become known as Golemwood, named for the mystical lure it holds over golems and constructed creatures across Bytopia. Something calls out to constructed creatures, especially those with little or no intelligence, sending them on a journey across the plane into Shurrock's uncharted wilderness. Eventually, they come to Golemwood where they seemingly disappear.

What draws golems to Golemwood? Is it a divine power or powerful wizard, calling constructs to the forest to serve in some grand plan? Where do the golems go? The few non-golems that have journeyed to Golemwood report unusually high patterns of wild magic and a definite feeling of dread and uneasiness. What lurks in Golemwood's dark heart? The presence of the strange forest keeps most of the guildclanns of Bytopia from investing heavily in constructs as a peacekeeping solution (the livestone creatures built by the Artificer Syndicates seem either immune or at least highly resistant to the call of the Golemwood).

PEAK OF CONTINUATION

Some people see the primal wilderness of Shurrock as a place to be avoided. The weather is extreme, the creatures are dangerous, and all of your equipment breaks down eventually due to the natural erosion of the plane. There are few trails, almost no roads, and only a handful of settled areas. There are those that look upon this as the most extreme of challenges, and for them, the challenge of the Peak of Continuation sits as the ultimate test of skill versus nature.

Located in a rough line of craggy mountains, the Peak of Continuation is a mountain with a double summit. The twin peaks at the top are separated by a 300-foot chasm filled with nothing but jagged rocks and broken dreams over which spans a poorly built rope bridge. Just reaching the summit tests the mountain climbing and wilderness survival skills of anyone, especially with flocks of ni'iath gathering around the top waiting for their next meal.

Crossing the bridge safely is said to be a life-changing experience. All who walk away from the Peak of Continuation after crossing the chasm have stared death itself in the face and not flinched, and that experience can really change a person.

PIPE OF THE HIGH POOKA

The pooka of Bytopia are a wild, carefree lot who give into their own whims in regards to everything. Or at least, almost everything, as they do obey the words of their leader, a mysterious and powerful figure known only as the High Pooka. The High Pooka has eyes and ears everywhere but one thing they are always on the lookout is for his intricately carved wooden pipe.

Nobody stole the pipe of the High Pooka. The fey ruler simply loses it, either forgetting it somewhere or, more commonly, when it runs away, for the pipe is imbued with a singular intelligence and sentience. The pipe has served the High Pooka since time immemorial and over that time, it has grown bored with the powerful fey. It longs to see the multiverse, to experience the joys and wonders that are out there to be revealed in, but the High Pooka doesn't leave Bytopia (or at least the High Pooka doesn't bring the pipe with it).

So the pipe leaves from time to time. It enjoys playing games with travelers and has accumulated a great wealth of knowledge about Bytopia and the High Pooka. The pipe finds Bytopians to be a rather droll, boring people, so it views them as little more than means to an end, an end in the hand of a new adventurer to the plane for example.

POOL OF REFLECTION

The mountains of Dothion are barely more than rocky hills, but they can still hold mysteries and dangers. One particularly remote mountain range is the home of a magical source of divination magic called the Pool of Reflection. It sits as a tranquil mountain lake surrounded by tall peaks, some of the tallest on Dothion, and for those that make the journey to its gentle shores, the pool is said to offer a glimpse into their true desires.

The Pool of Reflection is not without its guardians, however. A settlement of deep gnome monks have built simple homes in the caves surrounding the pool, and they have taken upon stewardship of the waters. Clann Somachain are devoted to knowing their hearts and souls, and they make sure any that come to the Pool of Reflection are seeking the same thing. More than one traveler looking to profit off the pool's power have been turned away, violently at times, by the monks of Clann Somachain.

There are rumors that say the pool does more than simply reveal a glimpse into the true desire of a person. Its divination power is said to run deeper and more potent than that but the tales are almost too fantastical to be true. Some say that the water of the pool can change fate itself, or that any who drink of it receive a vision of their death with the knowledge to change it. The deep gnomes of Clann Somachain have only allowed a handful of visitors to gaze upon the mountain lake so the truth remains a mystery.

QUARRYHOME

Shurrock is dotted with small villages and logging camps, most separated by days of travel, but these tend to be ephemeral locations that come and go with the needs of the people. The only permanent settlement on the layer is Quarryhome, in the rocky foothills of a large mountain chain, where several of the great guildclanns have established a massive and complex mining operation. Like Bytopia itself, Quarryhome has two layers. The top layer is on the surface and consists of multiple stone buildings built into the side of a massive quarry. Most squat on large rocks for ledges and the whole place stretches up the side of the quarry nearly as far as it is wide. Miners of all kind live and trade in this section.

Deeper into the mountain itself lies the other side of Quarryhome. Hundreds of mine shafts and tunnels extend into the rock itself where rich veins of nearly every natural metal have been uncovered. The veins of ore seem to replenish themselves nearly as fast as the miners dig them out leading to a never-ending supply of high quality raw materials. The materials are sent via mine cart to the surface of Quarryhome where they are organized and eventually shipped out to Dothion.

Gnomes, dwarves, and humans are the primary inhabitants of Quarryhome, and for the most part the guildclanns work together to make sure everyone profits from the work done in the mines. But sabotage and subterfuge are not unheard of, which is why a large contingent of Clann Fennid mercenaries function as the de facto law around Quarryhome. They're independent of the guildclanns, interested only in peace and justice, and they are grudgingly respected by the merchant leaders.

The guildclanns are always digging deeper into the mountain in search of veins of new and undiscovered metals. Rumors are always flying around about the latest find by a mining team, whether it be a new source of mithral, a portal to the Plane of Elemental Earth, or a vicious monster unleashed in the dark. Adventure always find a way to pop up around Quarryhome.

SPARKLING TUNNELS

Gemcoins form the basis of the economy on Bytopia, which means the raw materials for the gemcoins are just as valued. The largest source of gems in all Bytopia is a sprawling complex of rich natural resources called the Sparkling Tunnels, which sit beneath the Glittering Mountains in a remote region of Dothion. It is said nowhere else in the multiverse can be found as rich a source of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds.

Unfortunately, the Sparkling Tunnels are also plagued with rock-eating creatures that resemble dinosaurs. Ankylosaurus, brontosaurus, stegosaurus, and triceratops are all known species of beasts that inhabit the region and feed off of the gemstones, and they are all very territorial and hungry. It has been noted that the dinosaurs of the Sparkling Tunnels and Glittering Mountains are all natural herbivores but have adapted their diet to precious gems – no carnivores have been seen in the area.

Various guildclanns over the years have tried to establish a permanent colony at the Glittering Mountains to establish a monopoly on the gems beneath the ground, but the dinosaurs have put an end to that. The expeditions into the Sparkling Tunnels all have to be well-guarded to protect the miners from the herds of dangerous dinosaurs which in other realms have been known as 'gentle giants.' Not so in this region of Dothion, where the locals call them 'gem gobblers.'

STAIRS OF CENTERSPIRE

There are only a few ways to go between Dothion and Shurrock. Natural gates exist between the two layers but these appear infrequently and without any regularity. Using magic is another way but the spells necessary to transport the raw materials from Shurrock to Dothion, including lumber and quarried stone, are out of the reach of most guildclanns and merchant outfits. The safest and most used route is an overland trek that follows a path around the tallest mountain of Bytopia, Centerspire, that actually serves as a bridge between the layers.

The road, known as the Stairs of Centerspire winds around the massive peak, the loops becoming tighter the closer to the center of Between-sky one gets. Gravity shifts in that central region, up becoming down suddenly, and so the raw materials being transported must be secured tightly to compensate for the change. This region sees the highest concentration of ni'iath attacks in all the plane which means that caravan guards are always in demand. The trek is slow but most experienced drivers know that slow and steady wins the race every time.

It is said by those that make the journey that the view from the Stairs of Centerspire is one of the most breathtaking in all of Bytopia. Standing in the center of Between-sky with a mountain peak to stand upon, gazing out across both Shurrock and Dothion, it's a wonder more travelers don't take the route. Of course, the howling packs of ni'iath may be a bit of a deterrent.

YEOMAN

The bustling heart of trade and commerce on Bytopia is the city of Yeoman, near what is considered the center of Dothion. Here, dozens of guildclanns and independent workers operate workshops, factories, and more to craft the items Bytopia is known for. Yeoman is a place of constant activity, where there's always a wagon being unloaded or a new caravan coming or going, but the erosion effect of the plane gives the city a worn-down look. The streets are unpaved, the buildings are simple and rarely more than one or two stories tall, and horses and oxen are the main means of transport, which all adds up to a frontier-like feel.

But make no mistake, Yeoman is rife with its fair share of intrigue and complications. The guildclanns compete with one another for the best contracts while the taverns and inns are filled with merchants from all across the multiverse. Most have come seeking Bytopian crafted items, eager to get them off the plane as soon as possible in order to avoid the possibility of erosion. Representatives of demons, devils, angels, elementals, genies, and more can be found making deals with the guildclanns, most of which understand the value of the gold and silver coin.

Yeoman is run by the Yeoman Conclave, a group consisting of representatives from many of the prominent guildclanns of the city. The Conclave itself is led by a single leader elected by the Conclave to serve as the Master of Guilds – or, as in the current case, the Mistress of Guilds. Raxiris Illmath, a female copper dragonborn, is a diviner of some skill and has guided the Conclave for nearly a dozen years. Her steady hand and keen eye on the future has kept Yeoman from descending into anarchy, but there are some who say her time has come to an end.

The Yeoman Conclave keeps a standing militia to deal with external and internal threats, and if need be there is a standing treaty between the city and the gnome powers of the Golden Hills were a true problem arise. Trade comes in and out along the roads leading into the city along with the rivers Diligence and Splendor, making river travel an easy option for those seeking Yeoman's merchant hub. The surrounding landscape is dotted with smaller villages and family farms that support the trade interests of Yeoman, making it a vital feature of Dothion and one of the true connections to the rest of the multiverse.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

It easy for outsiders to look upon Bytopia as a boring and lackluster place, but the truth is that there is plenty of adventure opportunities for enterprising travelers who don't mind a little bit of legwork. The pastoral splendor of Dothion can draw characters of all experience, but the generally safe conditions make it perfect for inexperienced adventurers looking to make a name for themselves. The guildclanns in Yeoman and the farms across the layer are always looking for a helping hand, but here are some of the more interesting adventure opportunities that could come up.

Caravan of the Planes. The characters join up with a strange merchant caravan from their local area with sights on “distant and faraway lands.” The caravan passes through a gate transporting them all to the city of Yeoman, where the merchants are looking to purchase goods from the guildclanns of Bytopia to transport elsewhere. Foulness is afoot as the merchant discovers their contact dead in a tavern room. Who killed the representative of the guildclann? What goods was the merchant looking to pickup and who are the strange figures looking to put their hands on it first?

Case of the Missing Cow. Someone has stolen one of the massive cows of Glas Gavlen! The Gavlen family had eight cows yesterday, and now today they only have seven. The giant tracks lead off to the distance and then stop so the family needs some outside assistance in retrieving their missing gigantic cow, and the characters happen to be close by. Characters with survival and tracking experience can be an asset as the clues point to the cow being transported by magical means to the north, along a line of low hills. There, the cow stands in a cave worshipped by stange grimlocks. Who brought the cow to the grimlock cave? What do the grimlocks want with the cow?

The Mole You Know. The Whistling Pig Tavern in Yeoman has a mole problem, but the proprietor doesn't want word getting out about the infestation. He quietly asks the characters to go down into the cellar and deal with the moles, but investigation quickly reveals a larger tunnel system below the Whistling Pig. The moles are being driven on by depraved gnome cultists of Urdlen the Crawler Below, and the trail leads back to a prominent guildclann in Yeoman working with the demented mole worshippers.

The Last Heirloom. The prized jeweled necklace of a local noble breaks suddenly, and the characters are asked to help repair it. The item was actually built by a guildclann of jewelers on Bytopia generations ago, so repairing the break requires traveling to Dothion and requesting the service of the original crafters. Unfortunately this proves difficult as that guildclann was disbanded years ago, but rumors say the last living relative resides as a hermit in the wilderness of Shurrock. Finding the reclusive jeweler is only part of the adventure as the ancient gnome has given up all crafting after a terrible accident. Can the characters convince the jeweler to repair the necklace?

The Badger Conspiracy. A limestone badger seeks out the characters wherever they are and asks for their help. Its master was taken by dark figures in the city of Yeoman, but before that the master crafter was getting ready to reach out to the characters for some unknown reason. The limestone badger leads the group to a portal that transports them to Bytopia and the home of its master. Signs point to a struggle and through investigation the characters learn that the gnome master was taken by agents of the Artificer Syndicates. The trail leads them into the hall of a powerful member of the Yeoman Conclave with ties to the mysterious syndicates. Who is really behind the abduction? What secret were they about to uncover? Why did they want the characters in the first place?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Bytopia. 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.

DOTHION

1D100	DOTHION ENCOUNTER
01-05	A field of hungry grass
06-10	A band of pilgrims traveling to a holy destination
11-15	The youngest son of a farming family heading to market
16-20	Two gnomes arguing over the price of a job
21-25	A terror mole burrowing beneath the ground
26-30	Three pegasi flying through the air
31-35	A patrol of Clann Fennid warriors
36-40	A wagon train of raw materials heading to Yeoman
41-45	A livestone badger on assignment
46-50	A band of farmers working to clear the path from a fallen tree
51-55	A cathshay watching invisibly
56-60	An aasimar farmhand taking a meal break
61-65	A sudden eruption of slothsludge
66-70	A herd of wild horses running free
71-75	Two farmers chasing down a herd of escaped cows
76-80	A gnomish steam wagon broken down with the inventor nearby
81-85	Priests of Garl Glittergold helping to spread their god's word
86-90	Two storm moles erupting from the ground seeking fresh food
91-95	A pooka tormenting a family of crafters
96-00	A secretive wagon train of raw materials

SHURROCK

1D100	SHURROCK ENCOUNTER
01-10	A pack of dire wolves stalking prey
11-20	The territory of angry dobhar
21-30	A herd of giant elk
31-40	The cawing of several swarms of ravens
41-50	A tiger on the prowl
51-60	Three giant eagles swooping down to catch fish
61-70	Two giant boars fighting one another for dominance
71-80	A stone golem drawn towards Golemwood
81-90	The webbed lair of a giant wolf spider
91-99	A caravan of wagons loaded with raw materials heading towards Centerspire
00	A behemoth mole driven above ground

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.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Carceri as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Carceri.

No Escape. Carceri earns its reputation as the prison of the multiverse. Everything on the plane is designed to keep inhabitants in and prevent them from getting out. Travel is difficult by seemingly random incidents, such as overgrown trails, thick vegetation, and an abundance of natural hazards. The feeling of being trapped is heightened by the presence of the other “orbs” in the layer hanging in the sky like a chain, close enough to see in many cases but with no means of travel.

Bitterness and Resentment. Every creature on Carceri is bound there, usually against their will, and this imprisonment creates an atmosphere of bitterness and mistrust that tinges every encounter. Every living creature is looking out for themselves, and most are willing to do anything to get even a chance at freedom; lying, cheating, stealing, and killing are all too common for the inhabitants of the Tarterian Depths. The plane breeds these dark feelings – every bite of food or drink of water is tinged with an unnatural bitterness, no matter how it was cooked or what seasonings were used.

Punishing Landscape. The layers of Carceri are harsh and unforgiving, from the dangerous quicksand pits of Othrys to the acidic rot that thickens the air of Cathrys. There is a subtlety to these hazards that belies their lethality, and this feature is considered one of the prime punishments dealt to anyone that comes to the plane, against their will or by choice. Travel is difficult on all layers, and there are some unusual unsettling threads that run through all of Carceri. Most layers are colored a rusty red color, from the jungles of Cathrys to the sands of Minethys, and no natural breeze or wind fills the air at any time.

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.

POWERFUL & 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 itself. 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 Porphatys. 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.”

FIENDS

Many of the foul denizens of Carceri are fiends of a wide variety of types from all over the Lower Planes. Most are prisoners, having been sent to the Tarterian Depths by greater powers, such as a powerful celestial being from the Upper Planes or particularly potent rituals cast by wizards or clerics on the Material Plane. Demons and devils can all be found lurking around the layers, trying desperately to find a way to break the bonds of their imprisonment. The banks of the River Styx on Othrys is a popular place for fiends to congregate, hoping to convince some passing traveler to take them with them – whether by diplomacy or sheer force.

Several creatures have adapted to Carceri's punishing terrain to transform into native species. Assassin crows are great fiendish black birds with enormous eyes and poisonous beaks that even other fiends fear. Hatemonger vultures stir up powerful emotions wherever their foul wings beat on any layer but usually keep to Colothys as their preferred hunting grounds. Vargouille packs are common pests along with hungry packs of hell hounds and angry nests of hellwasps.

Demodands. The most common fiend on Carceri are the demodands, who are also one of the few sentient native creatures of the plane. They are loathsome, greedy, cruel monsters who delight in bullying and inflicting as much pain as possible. There are three types of demodands – the common and lanky farastu, the slimy and greedy kelubar, and the loathsome and hideous shator. It has been found by conjuration experts and summoners that bringing forth a demodand from Carceri is very easy, but the fiends are notoriously difficult to deal with and remain quite powerful. They honor a strange quasi-deity called Apomps the Three-Sided One, and each demodand carries a black pyramid stone that some say allows them to access a shared pool of demodand memories; they guard these items with their lives.



HUMANOIDS

There are no cities on Carceri, but there are representatives from most humanoid creatures somewhere on the plane. Whether they were wrongfully imprisoned by demon lords, captured and tortured by devil princes, condemned to exile by solars, or simply ran afoul of the wrong power at the wrong time, any humanoid can find itself on the receiving end of a Carceri life sentence. Most of these imprisoned souls grow bitter and wicked in their isolation, succumbing to the dark impulses that fuel the plane itself, and they dig into makeshift lairs.

Over the countless centuries, strongholds and castles have risen and fall across the crimson layers of the plane, and these have become home to the stronger prisoners looking to carve out their own personal kingdom and make the best of their imprisonment. The original builders of these structures is rarely known, but some believe that Carceri was once home to an entire plane's worth of humanoids. Remnants of their fallen civilization still remain, buried in the muck of Othrys or the red sands of Minethys. Did they escape? Or did they succumb?

UNDEAD

If a humanoid creature sentenced to Carceri dies while on the plane, their soul remains trapped within the confines of the Tarterian Depths. They usually return as mindless zombies, skeletons, or ghouls, but occasionally their tenacity keeps them on as torments, ghostly undead creatures with hate and longing in their hearts that do anything to escape from Carceri. Most of the time, these efforts are lethal, but many torments try to hide their spectral forms from travelers for as long as possible in order to wait for the perfect moment. No torment has ever escaped from Carceri to date.

Liches, mummy lords, ancient ghosts, and vampire nobles can all be subject to imprisonment in Carceri, just like any other creature, and these powerful undead live unnaturally long lives, a length of time that gives them hope for escape. Zombies, skeletons, and ghouls are common, but rarer are the malevolent kebro – enormous undead beetles that burrow beneath all the layers of the plane. Their carapace is a dull rainbow of many hues that can reflect energy back at creatures, a unique property that makes them valuable in the creation of certain magical items.

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.

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, demodands 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 Warded One.

The Warded 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 Warded 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 Warded 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 Porphatys.

Was it forged in the whirlpool's heart? Most that lend credence to the stories believe the molten blade was quenched on Porphatys, 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 wonderous 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 Worldscurge, 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 Worldscurge 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 Worldscurge 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 Worldscurge to the Tarterian Depths.

The chains were deployed, but the Worldscurge 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 Worldscurge 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-bandaged 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 sloop 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.

Power of Hate. 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?

Foul Schemes. 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?

Secrets of the City of Pillars. 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 Poison By Any Other Name. 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.

Save the Library? 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

BLESSED FIELDS OF ELYSIUM

“The idea of goodness in the multiverse is abstract, but just as the Abyss and the Nine Hells epitomize the ideals of evil, Elysium stands just as tall to offer the spoils of life spent doing well for one another. Beyond the confines of anarchy and control, the goodness of Elysium is pure and thoughtless – there’s no need for governments or strong structure because the sheer power of the plane keeps everyone acting in the best interest of everyone else. Nothing embodies this idea more than the River Oceanus, which provides sustenance, trade, travel, security, and peace by simply flowing through the layers.”

Malakara the Warden

The Blessed Fields of Elysium are vibrant, inspiring, peaceful, and utterly devoted to the idea of the common good. There is no other plane in the multiverse dedicated to that singular ideal regardless of the ways or means, and the residents of Elysium are more than happy to offer a hand or advice to their neighbors and travelers. It is widely thought that conflict doesn’t exist in such a place, but that couldn’t be further from the truth – it just very rarely turns violent or ugly.

The most prominent feature of Elysium is the magnificent River Oceanus, a sparkling crystal blue river system that both starts and ends in the plane’s fourth layer, Thalsasia. The river and its many tributaries form the beating heart of the plane, though plenty sites of wonder and mystery exist beyond its mighty banks.

Many small settlements populate the topmost layer, Amoria, where the weather is gentle and the land picturesque. The peace of Amoria, and across all of Elysium, is watched over and protected by a powerful race of celestials known as guardinals. Each caste of guardianals resembles a hybrid between animal and humanoid, from the hulking bear-like ursenals to the ferocious lion-maned leonals. The guardinals are protectors of high moralistic good and they travel across the multiverse on their quests to fight tyranny and injustice wherever it may lurk.

There is no formal structure to the guardinals, as none is needed, but they nonetheless recognize leaders. These are normally the most suited for a specific situation or mission with a general consensus about whose voice shall lead them. The best known and most capable of the guardinal celestials are a group known as the Six Companions. These beings rival demon lords and devil princes in their power and influence, and they dedicate themselves to the highest ideals of Elysium. Prince Leonid leads them but his voice is but one of the Six Companions.

The lower layers of Elysium are less populated than Amoria for various reasons. Eronia, the second layer, is a realm of rough mountain peaks, dazzling waterfalls, and harsh weather, where people can test their mettle against the elements of nature itself. Elysium’s third layer is Belierin, a vast fog-enshrouded swamp where few people dwell. Those that do live there tend to congregate around tall lighthouses that keep eternal vigil over the land, commanded by a fierce group known as the Lighthouse Watchers.

Thalsasia is the lowest layer and serves as the source and destination of the River Oceanus itself. Hundreds of islands stand amidst the tranquil blue waters, many serving as the final resting place for hero-kings, demigods, and world captains. Beneath the ocean rests an azure sea of dazzling brilliance with its own secrets to keep.

Nowhere else in the multiverse are the basic tenets of “good” so upheld as in the Blessed Fields of Elysium. All the residents work towards the harmony of themselves, their neighbors, and their place across the planes, and visitors with these core beliefs are welcomed with open arms and friendly smiles. Trust is given freely – few doors are locked in the cities and towns, but woe be to any thief who decided to take advantage of this carefree attitude. Elysium has a way of punishing those that deliberately cause suffering, and the guardinal celestials maintain a watchful eye over their homes at all times.

Dangerous things still manage to crawl, seep, or flow into Elysium, however. Some of these are mundane beasts stumbling into portals, confused and angry over their new surroundings, while others are deliberate incursions by malevolent forces. This is especially possible in the swamps of Belierin, where it is rumored a multiverse-ending monstrosity is imprisoned, and numerous expeditions from the Abyss, Nine Hells, Acheron, and elsewhere have been mounted to determine the validity of these rumors.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Elysium as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Elysium.

A Welcome Refuge. An easy sense of respite and calm fills the rich air on Elysium. It puts most travelers at ease as they drink in the sights and sounds of a vibrant yet soothing landscape – the pleasant song of exotic birds, the gentle lapping of water from a nearby pool or stream, and a sweet breeze that brings memories of brighter and greener days. Even those who come to the Blessed Fields with malice in their hearts experience these senses, and while many choke them down with bile and hatred, just walking in such a place as Elysium has turned the hearts of some wicked to a brighter future.

River of Peace. The River Oceanus is a dominant feature of Elysium. On Amoria, by some curious quirk, the river is always either within sight or hearing wherever a traveler goes, and that trait extends to the wild untamed mountains of Eronia as well. The river is the lifeblood of travel, trade, relaxation, and communication on Elysium, and its clear waters are a soothing pleasant balm for body and mind.

Strange Skies. No sun sits in the sky of Elysium, and there are no field of stars in the night as well. At night, thousands upon thousands of luna jellies rise from the River Oceanus slowly and ascend to the purple air overhead, forming a flow of twinkling lights that mirrors the path of the river itself. When night ends and the light of daytime fills the plane, the luna jellies disappear, subsumed by the natural radiance. There are two moons on Elysium but these are not normal moons – they are very close to the ground, and they move of their own accord. The pale moon is known as Highsilver and contains a large population of albino halflings, while the crimson moon is Redrise and holds a temple dedicated to the Lady of Flame.

LAY OF THE LAND

The River Oceanus is a dominant feature throughout Elysium. Its presence is a defining force in all four layers, and much of the civilized life on the plane is centered on or around its mighty banks. The flow of the river defies logic and explanation as it winds back and forth on and over itself through countless miles, spilling innocently from layer to layer and plane to plane. Enormous libraries have been devoted to the study of its flow and its dark twin, the River Styx in the Lower Planes.

AMORIA

The top layer of Elysium, Amoria, is also the most populated and most temperate. It is a lush landscape of vibrant colors, from the forests of sturdy trees holding multicolored leaves to the rolling hills of sweet long grass. Amoria resembles a picturesque Material Plane world where the colors of nature are enhanced to a pleasing effect. The weather is never violent, shifting subtly between the seasons in mild patterns that defy easy determination or prediction. Gentle spring rains, warm summer days, crisp autumn breezes, and lazy winter snowflakes can all grace the landscape of Amoria in the span of a month.

The River Oceanus has hundreds of smaller tributaries through Amoria, though its main flow is wide, steady, and peaceful. Dozens of cities sit on the river banks, and a few – like Drabanu – actually float on the River Oceanus itself! Animals cavort and play in sun-dappled glades of breathtaking beauty while the residents lend a helpful hand in the name of the greater good. A sense of peaceful easiness falls over Amoria like a blanket, and many who travel there find it difficult to leave.

ERONIA

The River Oceanus slides easily from Amoria into the second layer, Eronia, where the landscape is rougher and the weather harsher. The river cuts great gorges throughout Eronia, and some of the most spectacular waterfalls in all the multiverse can be found along the mighty river's crashing course. This layer is home to much fewer inhabitants but everyone who stays enjoys the contented feeling of conquering a mountain or navigating difficult rapids. The dangers of Eronia are mostly natural, from rockslides to cliff faces, but most take it as a challenge from the plane itself to rise up and do better for themselves and one another.

The weather on Eronia shifts with the seasons, just like Amoria, but it is prone to more violent bursts. Heavy rainstorms and white-out blizzards are not uncommon, though the cold and heat are rarely extreme enough to be dangerous for long periods of time.

BELIERIN

The rapids of Eronia's River Oceanus stretch eventually give way to the fog-enshrouded marshland that is Belierin, the third layer of Elysium. Thick moisture hangs in the air, creating the fog and mist that perpetually fill out the landscape, and a sense of uneasy wariness clings to the marsh trees and bayous between the River Oceanus' expansive flow. The few settlements of Belierin are focused around enormous lighthouses built and maintained by an order of guardians known as the Lighthouse Watchers. These warriors, soldiers, rangers, and wizards take an oath to watch over Elysium – and much of the multiverse in general – out of a sense of implacable duty. Houses and buildings around the lighthouses are built on heavy stilts rising from the swamp.

Guardinal and watcher patrols are common in the swamp, and the lighthouses help guide travelers along the River Oceanus towards the headwaters at Thalasia. The thick gray fog hangs over Belierin constantly, obscuring vision and sound, and few travelers enjoy navigating its murky terrain. The weather is rarely a factor though, and the seasons don't do much to change the cloying moisture that permeates the fog and clings to the skin.

THALASIA

The source and destination of the River Oceanus is Thalasia, Elysium's fourth layer. Thalasia is a mighty ocean, deep blue and dappled with sunlight at all times, with hundreds of beautiful and bountiful islands dotting its surface. Many of these islands are the home to heroes and kings enjoying a final rest, some waiting for the day to be called back to the Material Plane, while others simply enjoy an eternity of restful solitude in a paradise of golden beaches, sweet fruits, and merciful skies.

Below the waters, Thalasia is just as beautiful. Several colonies of tritons and sea elves from the Plane of Water rest in great coral reefs, and the relatively low number of predators in the azure waters makes it easy for the fish to grow to enormous proportions. Luna jellies that rise up from the River Oceanus on all layers are said to originate in Thalasia, in the nest of Hhallashaa the great luna jellyfish of the sea.

CYCLE OF TIME

Elysium has a day/night cycle that resembles the Material Plane, with roughly 12 hours of daylight to 12 hours of night. However, no sun sits in the beautiful skies of Elysium on any of its layers – the sky is lit by a glow suffused into the plane itself. At night, no moon rises, but a river of sparkling stars dazzles overhead, following the exact pattern as the River Oceanus. Some planar scholars have theorized this “river” is a reflection of the water on some unknown surface high in the night sky, though no proof has been found of the phenomena.



There are two notable exceptions to the lack of a sun and moon. Two enormous spheres called sky realms float through the skies each containing cities and people inside. The first is Highsilver, a massive silver orb that sheds brilliant white light for hundreds of miles in all directions, and the second is Redrise, shedding reddish amber light. The paths of these two sky realms is never known and they move between the layers as easily as the River Oceanus itself.

SURVIVING

Nothing in the nature of Elysium threatens the life of travelers or inhabitants beyond the mundane dangers of the wilderness. Creatures have drowned in the River Oceanus, though it is rare, and some have perished after falling from great climbs in Eronia.

GETTING THERE

There are so many natural gates between Elysium and the other Upper Planes, specifically Bytopia and the Beastlands, that travelers can pass through them and into the Blessed Fields without realizing they've hopped planes. Portals are common through the layers to the rest of the multiverse, though they are especially plentiful throughout Amoria, and most of them are at least watched over by the guardinals and their allies.

Most portals out of Elysium sit in shallow caves around the banks of the River Oceanus or one of its many tributaries. The river dominates the landscape of Elysium across all four of its layers, and it's a vitally important feature for travel to and from the plane as well. Most visitors arrive via boat traffic along the River Oceanus from Beastlands or further upriver, and most of the important sites in Elysium are situated along the riverbanks.

TRAVELING AROUND

The River Oceanus connects all four of Elysium's layers and provides the most reliable means of transportation within the plane. The mighty pure river both originates and ends in Thalasia, Elysium's fourth layer, which creates two major riverways – one flowing out and one flowing in. Hundreds of tributaries branch from both of these major routes, crossing into and out of each layer.

Distance is difficult to judge on Elysium, however. The nature of the plane means that those with good intentions find their way quickly to their destination, crossing between layers in a matter of hours. Those that harbor ill intent, however, discover the reality-warping nature of the plane distorts distance itself, making places hours or days apart even while on the same layer.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Residents of Elysium regularly band together to overcome challenges, and many of these challenges span the contents of the plane and beyond. There are plenty of altruistic groups across the plane, but groups and individuals described here are some of the most noteworthy and influential.

ELMLOCK

One of the most ancient forests in Elysium sprawls across a broad region on Amoria, surrounded by sweeping golden fields and rolling hills. The River Oceanus winds through this forest, where the trees along the riverbank have grown so tall as to form a canopy over the gentle water for miles. The forest is known as the Roots, and those that live around it know its secret – it is the physical manifestation of Elmlock, a living entity of goodness and natural beauty.

It is widely believed that Elmlock was a deity of woods and nature, but that over time worship of this forested god fell for one reason or another. Rather than fade away into a corporeal husk floating in the Astral Plane, though, Elmlock took the drastic action of shedding its divinity by becoming one with Elysium itself. The plane responded to the kind gesture, and the Roots grew overnight as a result. Everything within the forest, from the trees to the leaves to the bark and roots, moves and acts by deliberate design and under careful watch.

Elmlock itself manifests as a face in the trees. The dryads that live within the Roots know and love their forested master and serve as the mobile eyes and ears of the ancient entity. Nothing happens within the Roots that Elmlock does not see or hear, either directly or through the words of the dryads, and nothing passes beneath its boughs along the River Oceanus without the same. Elmlock doesn't speak much anymore, preferring instead to let the dryads handle the affairs of the Roots with outsiders, but occasionally it still offers words of wisdom, kindness, and encouragement to those that come into the Roots seeking Elmlock's guidance.

HALLASHAA

The River Oceanus spawns luna jellies at night, mysterious creatures that rise up to the river of stars reflected in Elysium's night sky overhead. These peaceful beings drift silently in the night air but they are more than just an awe-inspiring sight. Luna jellies are the fingers of Hhallashaa the Great Jellyfish, an immense creature that dwells in the deepest trenches of Thalsasia. Hhallashaa uses the luna jellies to keep watch over Elysium and the River Oceanus, but more than that the Great Jellyfish watches over the multiverse with careful attention.

Within its trench on Thalsasia, Hhallashaa extends its consciousness out across the planes. It rarely directly acts on any knowledge, though it has been known to provide the Six Companions of the guardinals and other Elysium-based groups with key information about evil machinations that threaten life on a large scale. Prince Talisid's famous raid on the Fortress of the Iron Maw, thwarting a plot by the devil lord Dispater to push into the Plane of Earth, was prompted by Hhallashaa's advice.

The Great Jellyfish moves about the deep trenches of Thalsasia's eternal ocean, never needing more than the waters provide for sustenance and seemingly without deliberate purpose. Its divination skills are without equal it is said, and many have sought Hhallashaa for guidance on future events. It is said that only those that need to find the Great Jellyfish find the Great Jellyfish, somewhere in a dark trench, but the being's luminous nature makes it easy to find for those that it wants to meet.

ISHTAR OF THE STAR

The ruler of the City of the Star, Ishtar is a radiantly beautiful woman who embodies the ideals of passion, love, and beauty. She holds a position of power akin to a goddess, and indeed there are several places in the multiverse where priests honor her with prayers and praise, but in her city on Elysium she is a dominant, real force. Ishtar's sprawling city on Amoria is a paradise of white marble buildings beneath the gleaming spire of Ishtar's palace – the eponymous Star that gives the city its name.

Ishtar encourages art in all form, and nearly all expressions of nonharmful activities can be found within the gleaming sprawling city. Bards are held in high regard in the city, and Ishtar herself has inspired hundreds of poets and musicians with her mere presence. She wanders the city regularly, rarely staying in her opulent palace, and delights in the sheer exuberance of her citizens.

Legends say that Ishtar was once the head of a great pantheon of gods, but she gave it all up in pursuit of passionate love. She is known by name among many devil princes of the Nine Hells and the demon lords of the Abyss, where she has spurned the advances of darkly powerful figures for centuries. Her most trusted bards in the City of the Star are ever watchful for encroaching plots by jealous suitors to Ishtar's love, but all within the city know the truth – Ishtar loves her city and the beautiful expressions of love more than any individual now.

Ishtar possesses a jealous side, however. She has friendly rivalries with all gods and goddesses of love and beauty throughout the multiverse, and a few of them have progressed beyond friendly.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHERS

Elysium's third layer, Belierin, is an odd eyesore amongst the rest of the plane. It is a fog-enshrouded swamp where the River Oceanus winds through muck and mire in an endless miasma of dark bayou and hidden dangers. Compared to the golden fields of Amoria, the tranquil waters of Thalsasia, or even the rugged peaks of Eronia, Belierin seems out of place.

For the Lighthouse Watchers, there is a reason for this difference. This group of dedicated warriors, rangers, wizards, and other well-equipped adventurers staff the lighthouses that keep travelers safe while moving through Belierin. The few settlements in the mist-choked layer cluster around these tall towers, clinging to them like moss to a tree. The Lighthouse Watchers are always eager to lend a hand to lost travelers but their true goal is to protect Elysium from the entombed power beneath Belierin's swampy terrain.

The exact nature of this power is a hotly debated topic among planar scholars, and even those within the Lighthouse Watchers do not know exactly the threat they watch out for. It is known that Belierin has had many incursions from fiends, warlocks, and other monsters, sniffing around the swamp in search of ways to capture or release the dark power trapped below the waters. Sometimes, the power bubbles up, creating new horrors, and the Lighthouse Watchers are the ones to step up and put down such threats before they lurch out into the greater realms.

The Lighthouse Watchers are nearly all mortals who have dedicated themselves to their noble if somewhat vague cause. They are divided roughly into chapters, with each chapter assigned to the maintenance and safeguarding of a specific lighthouse. Chapter captains lead each and communicate regularly with neighboring lighthouses so that information is shared readily among them. Many chapters sponsor expeditions into Belierin's foggy depths or even outside of Elysium to deal with potential threats to the stability of the plane.

SIX COMPANIONS

The guardinals are a powerful force on Elysium that keep the plane safe from dark incursions and help eradicate evil from across the multiverse. They are only loosely organized, however, coming together to form parties based on the needs of the mission. Each guardinal is considered on the merits of their skill and their availability, but they are chosen by their leaders – a powerful group known as the Six Companions.

The Six Companions are individually incredibly powerful beings akin to the demon lords and devil princes of the Lower Planes. They do not seek worship, though some warlocks across the multiverse have entered into pacts with them in exchange for continuing their mission of righteousness throughout the planes.

Prince Talisid. The leader and most widely recognized of the guardinal lords is Prince Talisid, a lion-like leonal. Prince Talisid brought the Six Companions together, though originally they were Prince Talisid and his Five Companions – the noble leonal pushed to put them all on the same footing. He faces problems and foes head-on, and when engaging in combat against fiendish forces across the multiverse, Prince Talisid has been known to fall into a blood frenzy, relishing the destructive feel of raw combat. He uses his claws in combat, and his mighty roar is capable of stunning the bravest of foes.

Duke Lucan. Duke Lucan is the lord of the lupinal guardinals, and there is no greater tracker in all of Elysium (or so it is said). Intelligent and cunning, Duke Lucan prefers to scout out situations before charging in with the full fury of the guardinals, and he has multiple packs of lupine guardinals that he trusts to undertake sensitive missions across the multiverse. He is cautious and his well-honed sense of smell can detect lies like the scent of a rotting carcass.

Duchess Callisto. The ursinal guardinals are the record-keepers and sages of Elysium, and none are more revered than their leader, Duchess Callisto. She is an immensely powerful being, skilled in arcane and divine magic, and her knowledge of the planes is nearly unmatched. Duchess Callisto is shrewd and slow to anger, preferring to let logic and reason dictate her decisions, and she advises Prince Talisid and the rest of the Six Companions on all manner of topics.

Duke Windheir. The skies of Elysium are the home to the avoral guardinals, eagle-like celestials, and Duke Windheir can commonly be found soaring in the azure skies above Amoria and Eronia. Like the rest of the avoral guardinals, Duke Windheir is possessed of a powerful wanderlust, and he often travels the planes on a whim to see what can be seen. He actively encourages his fellow avoral guardinals to do the same, and they regularly report back to the Six Companions on the hidden activities of the multiverse that they witness from the skies. Duke Windheir is immensely curious as well, and very adept at finding secrets.

Lord Hwyn. Strong, proud, and eager to prove himself in contests, Lord Hwyn is the chief among the equinal guardinals. His horse-like people are headstrong, stubborn, and competitive, all traits blown to extremes by Lord Hwyn. He is often the first to volunteer for any mission outside of Elysium, but also first to offer praise and forgiveness when warranted. Lord Hwyn organizes and judges the Blessed Games, a series of athletic contests held every year (or so) in Elysium, testing guardinals of all types and anyone else who wishes to prove themselves among the powerful celestials.

Lord Rhanok. If there's a voice of reason among the Six Companions, it's the steady tones of Lord Rhanok, the greatest of the cervidal guardinals. The antlered celestials are the most common in Elysium and they look to Lord Rhanok as their brightest example – calm, measured, composed, and thoughtful, always seeking the peaceful solution to any problem. Prince Talisid and many of the other guardinal lords are chiefly concerned with the goings of evil across the multiverse, but on Elysium itself everyone looks to Lord Rhanok for guidance.

ZELDRENTOA, SONG OF THE SUN

Metallic dragons of all kinds are drawn to Elysium for the obvious reasons of safety, security, and the calming influence the plane has on those of good intentions. Zeldrentoa, an ancient brass dragon, was not interested in these things, however. She has always possessed a strong wanderlust that kept her wandering from plane to plane, helping out goodly people whenever possible but never settling down. She had music in her heart and enjoyed the company of minstrels and bards above all others, but Zeldrentoa was seeking something – an elusive melody that kept her moving from place to place. That was true until she came upon Eronia, Elysium's majestic second layer, and discovered the source of her mysterious melody.

On a mountain peak overlooking a sparkling waterfall, Zeldrentoa heard a pure sweet music unlike any she had heard in her long life. The wind blowing along the mountainside, the radiant sky overhead, and a dazzling brilliance in the stones itself all came together to create an enchanting musical power that dazzled the brass dragon and left her speechless. Zeldrentoa built the Tower of Sun and Song on that peak to study the music, and she attracted the attention of curious bards from across the multiverse to join in the research.

Zeldrento's sunsinging, as it became known as, tapped into the raw beauty of Elysium itself. She spends most of her time in Eronia, in and around the Tower of Sun and Song, teaching young bards the sunsinging secrets while at the same time learning more about it herself everyday. The musical power changes with each day on Elysium, so there's always more to understand. She has become known as the Song of the Sun for her musical discovery and magical prowess, and she delights in the notes of pure joyful expression that echo around Eronia's rugged peaks.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Elysium is most known for its race of celestials, the guardinals, who patrol the multiverse for evil to thwart. These powerful wardens are strong and capable, but there's more to the Blessed Fields than just the guardinals. Delphons swim in the River Oceanus, which also includes the strange luna jellyfish, and the sunflies that play in the fields are a welcome sight for anyone without ill intent in their hearts.

BEASTS

The natural creatures of Elysium are generally gentle or relaxed versions of their Material Plane counterparts. Bears and wolves may prowl through the wilderness but they pose no threat to outsiders unless the creatures are threatened themselves. Elysium is a plane of welcoming rest and relaxation, but that does not make the creatures that dwell there lazy or not prepared to take action should the need arise.

The River Oceanus teems with life of all kinds, including schools of brightly colored fish and peaceful crustaceans like crabs and lobsters. Delphons, also known as songsharks, swim together in groups called shivers and sing their unusual aquatic melodies. Those that listen too close to the song of a delphon are said to be confused or even go mad, but it is also rumored to hold truths about the nature of the River Oceanus that cannot be found elsewhere. The other unusual inhabitant of the River Oceanus are the luna jellies – flying and swimming jellyfish that seem intrinsically linked to Hhallowash the Great Jellyfish somewhere in the ocean of Thaliasia.

CELESTIALS

Many different types of celestials come to Elysium to relax and enjoy the majestic splendor of the Blessed Fields. There's a rejuvenating quality to Elysium that even the immortal celestials of the Upper Planes find appealing, so the gentle slopes are frequented by all manner of beings, from resting archons of Mount Celestia or visiting angels. Moon dogs claim Elysium as their permanent home though they often range far and wide across the planes, and great clouds of tiny sunflies dance in the warm light around the River Oceanus across almost all of the layers.

Guardinals. Elysium's native celestials are the guardinals. These powerful warriors scour the multiverse for evil to stamp out while defending the Blessed Fields from fiendish incursions wherever necessary. Each type of guardinal appears as a humanoid with strong animal features, including the ram-like cervidals, the wolf-like lupinals, and the powerful lion-like leonals. They are loosely organized by martial prowess and skill, though many types specialize in one tactic or another. The ursinals are the great bear celestials that serve as guardians of knowledge, while the most commonly found ram-like cervidals function as front-line warriors and defenders.

Guardinals take a very pragmatic approach to their duty over curbing the rise of evil, and their strike forces are usually organized in small teams of varying utility in order to maximize their impact and minimize their risks. This is unlike the archons of Mount Celestia who have a very rigid order to their hierarchy, or the wild nature of the jotuns of Ysgard who can spontaneously transform upon their emotional whims. On Elysium, guardinals recognize the wisdom and experience of the Six Companions, their greatest and most elder champions, who often lead raids and strikes personally across the Lower Planes.

HUMANOIDS

Elysium attracts outsiders from all across the multiverse, who come to enjoy the splendor and restfulness of the plane. Humanoids of all types, mostly good and kind-hearted beings, gather in the many cities, especially on Amoria along the banks of the River Oceanus. The City of the Star is perhaps the greatest of these settlements, and its sparkling roads are filled with all manner of poets, painters, architects, and other artists who take inspiration from the natural wonders of the city and Elysium.

Halfings. A unique subrace of halfings can be found on Elysium – or rather, above it. The pale moon Highsilver floats in the skies of the Blessed Fields, traveling between the layers, and its honeycombed interior is populated by albino halfings known as the sheelkep. Sheelkep halfings have large luminous eyes and bear a special hatred for monstrous shapechangers, lycanthropes specifically, and they do their best to hunt down any of the foul creatures they learn about. Sheelkep warriors often accompany guardinals on missions across the multiverse that involve shapechanging monsters, and the moon of Highsilver spends a lot of time over Belierin helping out the Lighthouse Watchers keep the swamps safe from invaders.

Lizardfolk. Several tribes of river-based lizardfolk live, work, and play in the rocky slopes of Eronia along the River Oceanus. They are helpful guides that know the twists and turns of the river through the various rapids, and they are more than ready to offer assistance to lost travelers or even thrill seekers looking for the most dangerous route. Many tribes also live in Belierin helping out the Lighthouse Watchers, and the lizardfolk have proven adept at navigating the treacherous swamps of that layer.

Turtles. The town of Portico is known as the City of Shells, and it sits at the mouth of the River Oceanus where it flows from Belierin to Thalsia. Portico is populated mainly by tattooed humans but it sees a large amount of traffic from turtles that live and travel along Thalsia's endless coast. The turtles bring in shells from all across the sandy beach, trading them in Portico for goods and services before returning to their wandering. Many of their travels take them up and down the River Oceanus, extending even beyond Elysium, into Arborea and the Beastlands.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Elysium isn't referred to as the Blessed Fields for no reason. Its idyllic landscapes are peaceful and the residents are friendly, and as long as visitors keep to the general principal of helping others they can find the plane easy to navigate.

EASY RESTFULNESS

A sense of peaceful rest fills the air of Elysium. Creatures that complete a short rest on Elysium remove one level of exhaustion, and any spent hit dice for regaining hit points are treated as if they rolled the maximum amount. After completing a long rest on Elysium, all exhaustion levels are removed and all spent dice are restored.

GOLDEN REWARDS

The very nature of Elysium rewards those that perform deeds in service to the greater good. Non-evil characters receive a point of inspiration upon entering Elysium which is regained automatically after a short or long rest as long as it is spent in the service of good. The DM has the final say as to what constitutes an action in the service of good, but most actions with a positive outcome should qualify.

PATH OF GOOD INTENTIONS

Traveling around Elysium seems straightforward as there are few natural barriers or hazards to such endeavors. The River Oceanus provides a convenient landmark for the top three layers, and river traffic moves unimpeded by external factors. Outside of the river, however, the plane's nature warps distance and time in strange ways. For those that travel with goodness in their heart, travel is easy, but those that harbor ill intentions quickly find miles stretching far longer than they should.

The time and distance required to travel from one point to another outside of the River Oceanus is dictated by the dominant alignment of the party. Use the following chart as a guide.

ELYSIUM TRAVEL MODIFIERS

ALIGNMENT	TIME AND DISTANCE MODIFIER
Neutral good	x 0.5
Lawful good, chaotic good	x 1
Lawful neutral, neutral, chaotic neutral	x 2
Chaotic evil, lawful evil	x 4
Neutral evil	x 5

This table is just a suggestion – the idea is that creatures that come to Elysium seeking to do evil find the plane warps space itself to make it difficult for them to travel. Evil creatures aren't especially barred, but they find it difficult to move from place to place. However, even evil creatures can harbor good intentions, in which case Elysium can relax its spatial warping property down a level or two.

SITES & TREASURES

The Blessed Fields of Elysium are rife with strange wonders, beautiful sites, and idyllic landscapes. Many believe there is no mystery to the plane, but that sentiment is far from correct. The secrets contained in Elysium may not be of the world-shattering kind, but they can still surprise travelers from across the multiverse with their depth and curious history.

BUBBLING SEA

The sparkling azure sea of Thalsia holds many beautiful wonders, but few are so arresting as the region known as the Bubbling Sea. Enormous prismatic bubbles emerge spontaneously within the water and above the sea in this area, creating a whimsical sight of delight and fancy few have ever dreamed. The bubbles bounce lazily around, bumping into each other and drifting about to the wild whims of the wind and current, and when they burst in the air they rain multicolored showers down in a wide area.

Some of the bubbles are thin and pop with the merest touch, but others are strong enough to capture air and hold it for long periods of time. Travelers to Thalsia have been known to seek out the Bubbling Sea to capture one of the stronger bubbles to use as underwater transport – through the use of *gust of wind* a bubble can be propelled above or below the water at great speeds. Rarely, one of the bubbles that emerges out into the air is a solid mass of prismatic force, and these are highly prized by wizards and sages that study the intersection of magic and color. The Prismatic Order on the Plane of Air, an order of wizards, have been known to send expeditions to the Bubbling Sea on the chance of capturing and studying one of these remarkable sights.



CITY OF THE STAR

The City of the Star stands as one of the most beautiful cities in all of Elysium – you can ask any of the residents and they'll say the same. The gleaming marble buildings, the paved streets of white and gold, and the many delicate columns and statues certainly attest to a remarkable beauty about the city, and above it all shines the radiant star atop a tower of purest alabaster. This is the home of Ishtar, a powerful being who was once a goddess of love and beauty before trading her divinity for the love of a mortal being.

Passions rule the City of the Star, where there is only minimal government oversight or interaction. The few guards that patrol the streets are just as passionate about their duties as the countless artists, poets, and other creatives that live and work in the wondrous city. Residents don't pursue the creation of goods for the purpose of selling them for gold or trinkets, instead they do it for the sheer joy of doing it. The marketplaces in the City of the Star are nonetheless remarkable in their own right, for the brokers that sell the goods are passionate about making a sale. Everything in the city runs on the whims of passion.

There are darker powers lurking in the shadows of the City of the Star, however. Fiends from the Lower Planes have been known to offer dark temptations of forbidden passions to the residents and travelers, but the guards and wandering adventurers that pass through have a way of dealing with these malcontents. Though no guardinals live in the city itself, they are welcome visitors, and more than one leonal has uprooted a demonic scourge in the City of the Star to the benefit of Ishtar and her citizens.

DRABANU THE FLOATING CITY

The River Oceanus is the beating heart of Elysium. Its pure waters flow through all of the layers, beginning and ending in the sparkling azure sea of Thaliasia. The river's importance cannot be overstated to the wellbeing and safety of the plane, and it offers the most reliable mode of planar transport in all the Upper Planes. It also serves as the home for a number of small barge communities that move up and down its length, the largest of which is Drabanu, known as the Floating City.

Drabanu is home to sailors, merchants, and traders of all kinds, many of which just pass through on larger journeys up and down the River Oceanus. The Floating City is built on a massive flat-bottomed barge which supports sprawling buildings of wood and timber that stretch up dozens of floors above the river's edge. Its existence defies logic and explanation, and it drifts slowly down the river at its own speed regardless of the actual current. The River Oceanus leads Drabanu only down the main channel, which is just wide enough for the Floating City, though a host of experienced aasimar sailors tend to the city-ship's upkeep.

Drabanu is nominally run by Lord Ithuriel, a celestial-blooded aasimar who has sailed the River Oceanus for many lifetimes. Lord Ithuriel welcomes all aboard, and the dockhands of Drabanu are renown for their skill and grace in dealing with smaller transports docking at the Floating City. Drabanu normally keeps to Elysium, floating easily through Amoria and even Eronia, but it makes trips into the Beastlands and Arborea as well.

HIGHSILVER

The night sky of Elysium casts a purple hue over the plane, but no stars shine and no moon hangs overhead. It is a peaceful, tranquil night, unbothered by the burdens of shadows and darkness, but it is not always empty. Two enormous spheres float through the plane – a scarlet one known as Redrise and a pale glimmering one known as Highsilver. As large as moons and just as radiant, these sky realms are unique places unto themselves.

Highsilver shines a brilliant silver light in the skies above Elysium. It does not disappear during the day, but in the brighter light its radiance is reduced and it becomes nearly invisible. The surface of Highsilver is rocky with numerous holes leading into its interior. Inside, the sky realm is riddled with natural passages and tunnels that are the home of a race of halflings called the sheelkep. Sheelkep halflings have alabaster white skin and platinum blonde hair with simplistic tastes and preferences. They have enormous luminescent eyes and keen eyes for sensing natural truths – invisible creatures and shapeshifters have a hard time around sheelkep halflings.

The sheelkep live in small tribes and occasionally travel to the surface of Elysium. They are renown hunters of lycanthropes, and many warriors have assisted guardinal forces in wiping out werewolf fiends from across the multiverse. Inside their caves in Highsilver, though, the sheelkep live simple lives, harvesting special luminescent mushrooms that grow naturally in the caves. Darkness is nearly unheard of within Highsilver.

ISLES OF THE HOLY DEAD

Thalasia is dotted with islands, many of which hold retired heroes and kings enjoying their final resting place on golden shores amidst perfect weather. The Isles of the Holy Dead are different, however. This grouping of rocky islands are shrouded in thick mists to prevent looters from finding the treasures within – the burial sites of hundreds of renown heroes from across the multiverse who have passed on. However, as part of their final resting arrangement, each deceased resident of the Isles of the Holy Dead are charged with rising and defending Elysium in times of need.

This ancient charge has only been invoked twice in Elysium's history as far as planar scholars have identified. Once was an invasion from a lich-king who sought to pollute the waters of the River Oceanus into a nightmarish flow of negative energy, and the other was an incursion by demon lords in a frighteningly effective lightning strike across the layers of the plane. In both instances, the spirits within the Isles of the Holy Dead rose up and pushed back the invaders, fighting alongside the guardinals and other Elysium forces, most of whom were not even aware of the spirits' presence.

Finding the Isles of the Holy Dead is a difficult process. The mists that envelop the chain of islands confuse and obfuscate the location. Those that have found the site report eerie voices and an unnatural calm over the monolithic white marble tombs. Treasures from the history of the multiverse are said to be locked in those tombs, though none with selfish desires are said to be able to locate the site.

LAUGHING HALL OF THE COMPANIONS

The Six Companions are the most veteran of the guardinal celestials of Elysium, rivaling demon lords and devil princes in their individual power. They are not rulers of the plane, however, and they have not set themselves up as superior to their fellows – though most residents of Elysium recognize their prowess both on and off the battlefield. Nowhere is this philosophy better exemplified than the Laughing Hall of the Companions, the great open gathering place of the Six Companions where all are welcome.

The Laughing Hall is comprised of multiple open-air pavilions and enormous wooden buildings built alongside and within the natural surroundings. There are dozens of individual meeting and congregation rooms that sprawl out from the main dome, which is constructed entirely from a massive tree that forms the center. The branches of the tree have been coaxed with druidic magic to form the highly intricate ceiling hundreds of feet overhead, but with enough slats to allow plenty of natural light to filter in. Prince Talisid and the other guardinal lords hold open forums within the dome when they need to address far-reaching topics or organize many bands of warriors. The sound of laughter echoes powerfully in the dome above all other sounds, giving the hall its joyful name.

None of the Six Companions live in the Laughing Hall, though they all wings dedicated to their personal use. The Wildheart clan of wood elves maintain the grounds and tend to visitors, and the guardinals view them as integral members of Elysium and the entire celestial order on the plane. Some Wildheart elves accompany guardinal forces on strikes across the multiverse to hamper the progress of tyranny and dark chaos, and the most venerated among them advise the Six Companions on matters concerning a wide variety of topics.

It is rumored that the very walls of the Laughing Hall contain secret caches of weapons that can be deployed quickly to arm a defending army in a moment's time. This is partially true – the Wildheart elves have mastered druidic arts that allow them to turn sticks and branches into steel-hard weapons of war in times of crisis. The powerful druidic elders of the Wildheart elves live in an underground complex beneath the Laughing Hall where they give their lives to the upkeep and sanctity of the entire structure, becoming one with the trees and woodland that make up the above-ground buildings.

LIGHTHOUSES OF THE WATCH

Few people live in the swampy layer of Belierin, and those that do tend to congregate in platform villages around Lighthouses of the Watch, imposing stone towers topped powerful beacons of light. They are maintained by the Lighthouse Watchers, an informal group of rangers and defenders that have sworn to keep Belierin and all of Elysium safe from the near-mythical evil force imprisoned beneath the swamp. Few in the loose organization know more than these vague details but they take their protective and watchful duties seriously, and Belierin sees more infernal incursions than any other layer on Elysium.

Each Lighthouse of the Watch stands over one hundred feet tall, with broad circular bases that house the resident watchers and their allies and families. The upper floors are reserved for training and study, and a member of the watch stands guard over the beacon light at the top at all times. The beacon light is magically lit and can be focused into a powerful beam of positive energy if needed, but most of the time it moves in a slow circle, scanning the area and magically alerting all nearby watchers of any detected evil.

Villages and small towns have sprung up around several of the Belierin lighthouses, providing goods and services to the watchers along with the occasional traveler ship or barge moving up and down the River Oceanus. In the swamp the river's flow becomes distorted but several strong currents still allow passage, even for things as large as Drabanu the Floating City. These rare visits are viewed with near jubilant celebration by the residents around the lighthouses as it brings news from the rest of the plane and rare goods to bear, and the watchers enjoy learning more about the goings on across Elysium and the multiverse.

PEARLS OF RADIANCE

The great sea of Thalasias is not a bottomless ocean like the Plane of Water, and a great many benign creatures dwell on the seabed beneath the calm azure waters. In particular, the brilliant radiance and abundant life-energy of Elysium gives rise to enormous fields of clams, many of which grow to titanic proportions. Rarely, one of these clams releases an orb of sparkling light known as a Pearl of Radiance out into the ocean, where it can be picked up by the current or collected by an aquatic scavenger.

Pearls of Radiance come in two varieties. The more common type are called *pearls of radiance* and they shed a healthy light at all times. Under the right circumstances, a holder can coax magic out of the item as well, producing daylight, dancing lights, and even beams of iridescent power. These magical items are prized across the multiverse but especially in places haunted by undead, for a *pearl of radiance* can be an effective weapon against creatures that rely on necrotic energy. A *pearl of radiance* is a fist-sized sphere of swirling incandescent light.

A greater version of this item exists as well, known as a Pearl of Perfect Radiance. These incredibly rare artifacts emerge only from the oldest clams in Thalasias, and even then only under rare and little understood circumstances. A Pearl of Perfect Radiance is larger, about two feet in diameter, and shed a powerful light that cannot be dimmed under any circumstance. Their powers are not fully understood, and planar scholars point to records indicating each has unique properties. One of them turned up in the City of Glass at an auction where the highest bidder turned out to be a lich looking to destroy the item, but the resulting explosion wiped out the auction house and left the artifact untouched in the rubble. Another one is said to be in the possession of Duchess Callisto, the ursinal guardinal lord, in her magnificent personal library, where she communicates with an intelligence within the item.

PORTICO, CITY OF SHELLS

One of the few permanent settlements on Thalasias, Portico sits at the most frequently used outlet between Thalasias and Belierin, where the River Oceanus flows out of the ocean and into the swampy layer. The city is built on stilts above a rocky archipelago that itself sits on a bed of coral reef, pushed up from the ocean floor by some seaquake thousands of years ago. Portico is as laid back as any Elysium settlement, with fishing and leisure dominating the lives of the residents, and they trade exotic and priceless shells for goods and services they cannot make themselves.

But Portico isn't known as the City of Shells just for its steady supply of trinkets. The city is watched over by an immense turtle known as only as the Great Shelled One. The Great Shelled One is hundreds of feet long and swims languidly in the Thalasian sea near Portico where it makes its home on the seafloor. It moves up to the surface several times a year, a time when the citizens of Portico celebrate with song and dance, before the great ancient creature sinks back into the ocean. The Great Shelled One has risen to defend Portico from invading fiends swimming through the River Oceanus on several occasions, and the people of the City of Shells revere and honor their mascot as a treasured friend.

There are stories in the docks and wharves of Portico that the Great Shelled One is destined to face an enormous evil monster from the depths of Thalasia at some point. Most believe it to be an ancient kraken of terrible power and great depravity dwelling in a far-off trench. The stories have persisted for generations but so far the Great Shelled One has not been bothered by anything greater than a raiding sahuagin party, hydroloth gang, or occasional swimming demon or devil.

REDRISE

Redrise is the twin sky realm to Highsilver, though its ruby radiance shines somewhat less than the silver glow. It is an enormous sphere that floats in the skies of Elysium, day and night, casting a dull crimson glow about the landscape wherever it passes. Unlike Highsilver, Redrise is smooth as glass on the outside with no obvious opening or access point, though it radiates heat and is nearly untouchable because of its high temperature. It is far from uninhabited, however.

Within the smooth glass-like surface, Redrise holds an immensely powerful being known as the Lady of Flame. She is attended to by a cadre followers known as the Followers of Flame, who have built cities within Redrise comprised of solidified fire. Many believe the Lady of Flame was once a goddess of fire, and her control and dominion over all fiery things leads credence to this theory, and the general worship of the Followers of Flame to their lady suggests at least some divine power. Whether she is trapped willingly or not isn't known, however, but she is able to move Redrise by her will alone through the skies of Elysium.

The Followers of Flame are known to come out of Redrise on a regular basis to trade and speak with others from the outside world. They are humans, mostly, but anyone who walks the Path of Flame may join their ranks and live within their fiery paradise. The Lady of Flame never steps outside of Redrise and she hangs suspended in the center of the massive red orb at all times. Her command over fire allows her to manifest fiery personas to communicate with her people and answer any questions.

Redrise is a bit of a mystery to most on Elysium. The Followers of Flame are just as dedicated to the general cause of good over evil, freedom over tyranny, and the benefit of the community as others, but they remain aloof and (literally and figuratively) above everyone else. They have a way of speaking that most find condescending, and their total belief in the Lady of Flame suggests a fanaticism most on Elysium find disquieting. However, to date, they have done nothing wrong, and even the guardinals have learned to relax when the crimson light of Redrise blankets the land in a warm amber glow.

ROARING PURPLE RAPIDS

The River Oceanus rushes through Eronia's valleys and rough terrain in splendid fashion, creating picturesque waterfalls all across the layer. The main flows of the river into and out of Eronia are free of the most dangerous of these features, allowing easy traffic for things like Drabanu the Floating City and others to sail through unharmed. One particular tributary of the River Oceanus passes into a region of dangerous terrain that draws thrill-seekers from across the multiverse, however – the Roaring Purple Rapids.

This stretch of white-capped, ferocious river terrain is filled with immense purple stones that break up the water at random intervals. The rush of the River Oceanus through the region creates a deafening roar, and the purple stones constantly change and rearrange according to the whims of the river alone. Maps are near useless, and those brave enough to venture into the Roaring Purple Rapids risk life and limb in a series of short drops, cresting rises, swirling pools, and other dangerous features.

Some seek out the Roaring Purple Rapids for the sheer thrill of facing such adversity, and Eronia's famous for these kind of challenges. Rumors persist that the purple rocks hide ancient caves, however, and some have gone into the rapids in hopes of finding and exploring these hidden sites. The caves are said to contain different things – portals to unreachable realms, natural and magical gemstones of inestimable power, the remnants of ranger-kings entombed forever, and other wondrous things. There is definitely magic to the Roaring Purple Rapids, though, as it can only be accessed via the River Oceanus – it is completely invisible to airborne eyes.

ROOTS OF ELMLOCK

The Roots of Elmlock is a sprawling forest on Amoria, ancient and thrumming with natural wisdom. The thick-trunked trees grow close together, and the canopy overhead is lush and overgrown enough to create a natural ceiling over the entire forest. The River Oceanus flows beneath the Roots of Elmlock at a certain point, and most travelers know to watch what they say and think while passing through it. Within the forest dwells a powerful nature spirit called Elmlock, which inhabits the very woods, and it can sense all creatures within its domain.

Dryads are the harbingers of Elmlock, speaking and working on behalf of their benevolent ancient forest god, and they frequently move to speak with anyone traveling through. They are not hostile unless visitors bring hostile intent with them, but they are guarded and wary of illusions and tricks. The guardinal celestials have a good relationship with Elmlock, and the great guardinal Lord Rhanok of the cervidals is known to seek Elmlock's wisdom on many occasions.

It is said that Elmlock and the dryads can communicate with any forest in the multiverse, and through powerful magic are able to transport themselves and others between woods. Ranger-lords and druid-kings have sought out Elmlock for help in defending forested lands, advice the great forest gives willingly and with great joy. Any that seek to harvest trees for greedy or personal gains risk the wrath of the forest and its guardians, however.

TOWER OF SUN AND SONG

Eronia possesses a rough beauty that attracts adventurers, thrill-seekers, and danger-hunters from all over the multiverse. They climb the mountains, explore the rugged terrain, and live gloriously in the face of natural adversity. Zeldrentoa, a brass dragon possessed of a powerful wanderlust, was drawn to Eronia for these reasons as well, but then she heard music like none she had ever heard around a particularly tall peak. It was the vibrant symphony of life itself, life in all its rough unhewed glory, and Zeldrentoa was moved to explore it fully.

She learned that the song was some sort of magical combination of Eronia's weather and the mountain peak, and she was fascinated with its power. Zeldrentoa hired a crew and built a magnificent home on the slopes of the mountain, naming it the Tower of Sun and Song, and there she sent word to bards everywhere to come and study the music of the natural world in all its primal glory. And they came from all over to learn Zeldrentoa's art of sunsinging, adding their voices to the wondrous choir of Eronia's vast wilderness.

Many students of the Tower of Sun and Song have gone on to entertain kings and queens from all over, from the halls of the Great Caliph of the Djinn on the Plane of Air to the courts of the archfey in Senaliesse and Shinaelestra on the Plane of Faerie. Zeldrentoa usually teaches the bards herself, happy to share the gift she found with others, but the ancient brass dragon's wanderlust has begun to act up. She regularly leads her most learned students in charge of the tower while she takes to the sky, flying across Eronia and beyond on trips that are becoming longer and longer away. The Tower of Sun and Song has established itself as a premier college of bards, however, so Zeldrentoa's legacy seems intact for generations to come.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Elysium is regarded as a peaceful realm of goodness and peace, and this is true for the most part. However, adventurers of all kinds have a way of stirring up trouble – or perhaps they're simply magnets for random occurrences of danger and excitement!

Artist of the Stars. A brilliant aasimar artist is hiding from a squad of fiendish hunters in a tavern characters happen to be frequenting. The artist is from the City of the Star, and she spurned the advances of a fiendish patron looking to lure her to the Lower Planes. She fled and now needs help defeating her hunters, and in exchange the aasimar offers to bring the characters to Elysium to see the wonders of the City of the Star for themselves.

Curse of the Seashell. The characters meet a strange merchant selling shells from across the multiverse. As a gift, he gives them a special shell that he claims came from Portico, City of Shells, and then the merchant quickly leaves town. Unfortunately, the shell has been cursed to bring bad fortune on its bearer, and the only way to break the curse is to return it to Portico and have it blessed by the Great Shelled One in Thalsasia. Do the characters shoulder the curse in order to prevent it from befalling others?

Wreck on the River Oceanus. While aboard a boat, the characters encounter the shattered remnants of a barge floating in the water and a half-drowned sailor clinging to life among the wreckage. The sailor claims to have been part of a merchant vessel sailing down the River Oceanus that took a wrong turn in Eronia. He believes some of his fellows are still alive and beseeches the party to sail to a nearby portal and down the River Oceanus to mount a rescue.

Eyes of the Jellyfish. During a particularly noteworthy historic event, such as a wedding or funeral, the characters notice a strange luminescent jellyfish watching nearby. It is a luna jelly, and through it the great Hhallashaa says that great events are in motion and the characters are part of them. The luna jellyfish follows the party around at a safe distance but eventually it is brought down. Do the characters seek out the Great Jellyfish in Thalsasia to learn more about their destiny?

Tomb of the Hero King. A small but noble kingdom is in trouble. Their leader has fallen, and an ancient prophecy speaks of the revered hero-king rising up in their time of need. Unfortunately, that rising up requires some assistance, and the characters are asked to seek out the Isles of the Holy Dead in Thalsasia to stir the hero-king. Finding the site becomes an adventure itself, and then convincing the resting soul to return to the mortal realm tests the party in new ways.

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 Elysium. 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.

BLESSED FIELDS OF ELYSIUM

1D100 BLESSED FIELDS OF ELYSIUM

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 01-05 | A cloud of sunflies lights up the evening sky |
| 06-10 | The sound of a family of delphons in the nearby River Oceanus |
| 11-15 | A single sprite enjoying the warmth of the day |
| 16-20 | A group of Followers of Flame preaching about the Lady of Flame |
| 21-25 | A family of cervidal guardinals play in a nearby meadow |
| 26-30 | Overhead a pair of giant eagles and an avoral guardinal look for fish in the River Oceanus |
| 31-35 | A parade of Elysium citizens enjoying life and making music |
| 36-40 | A young cloud giant writing poetry in the shade of a large tree |
| 41-45 | Two equinal guardinals having a friendly competition |
| 46-50 | The howl of a lone moon dog in the distance |
| 51-55 | A group of artists from the City of the Star seeking inspiration |
| 56-60 | A lupinal guardinal watching from the shadows of a nearby forest |
| 61-65 | The barge of a traveling merchant band stopped on the river shore for rest |
| 66-70 | A group of musicians striking up a catchy tune |
| 71-75 | Fisherfolk on the River Oceanus swapping stories |
| 76-80 | A leonial guardinal on the hunt |
| 81-85 | A group of Lighthouse Watchers on patrol |
| 86-90 | A werebear hunting and playing |
| 91-95 | A playful pseudodragon chasing insects in a meadow |
| 96-00 | One of the Six Companions enjoying the Elysium weather |



BLEAK ETERNITY OF GEHENNA

“Greed and an insatiable lust for power dominates the minds of those that seek out Gehenna. The plane is referred to as the Bleak Eternity, though this description does not do it justice – four volcanoes of mind-boggling size dominate each of its layers, from the churning lava heart of Chamada to the icy silence of Krangath. The bleakness comes from the perspective Gehenna forces upon all who tread its mountain layers, that greed and the pursuit of power is the only real goal in the multiverse. Of course, it’s no surprise that the yugoloths who play at being mercenary in the Blood War that rages eternally would find Gehenna a fitting home.”

Malakara the Warden

It is said by the poetic among the multiverse that mercy goes to die on the volcanic slopes within the Bleak Eternity of Gehenna. Also known as the Fourfold Furnaces, Gehenna consists of four layers that are each the home to a volcano of staggering size. Most planar scholars believe Gehenna to be the smallest of the Outer Planes, though the lightless void through which the volcanoes drift endlessly is said to have no end, nor any substantial qualities.

Greed and suspicion walk together on Gehenna, and it has been theorized that the type of evil embodied in the Bleak Eternity is of a fouler and more sinister nature than the Abyss or the Nine Hells. The ideas of personal advancement and self-preservation are not just theoretical ideas here – they are enforced by the environment of Gehenna, which suppresses charity unlike anywhere else in the multiverse. Any helpful act must be inherently selfish in order to succeed in the Fourfold Furnaces, and these acts are viewed by some of the native celestials of the Upper Planes as the greatest evil.

Physically, Gehenna is a difficult realm that tests visitors and natives alike. The volcanic nature of each layer creates a plane where no flat surface exists naturally. Everything sits on the slope of the layer’s volcano, and the only flat platforms are created artificially by the residents of the plane. Falling is a real hazard, as are rockslides, earthquakes, and poisonous gases, along with volcanic eruptions from the more volatile layers.

To survive in the Fourfold Furnaces of Gehenna, a person must be willing to push themselves to meet and exceed regular challenges. On the surface, this can be an uplifting and empowering idea, but on Gehenna this concept is perverted with a palpable sense of evil emanating for each volcano’s heart. To exceed, Gehenna whispers, a person must be better than their fellows, and to show mercy is a weakness the plane does not abide.

Gehenna lacks the raw evil chaos of the Abyss or the militant ordered evil of Baator and relies more on the advancement of the self at the expense of other or lesser creatures. Fiends of all types can be found on the volcanic slopes but none more prevalent than the yugoloths.

Many planar scholars believe the yugoloths actually originate from the Gray Wastes of Hades and simply migrated to Gehenna in the distant past, but the origin is moot at this point. Yugoloths are the dominant masters of Gehenna, from the macabre horror of the Crawling City to the countless fortresses, towers, and fortifications built by the mercenary fiends to satiate their personal lust for power.

There’s an interesting distinction between Gehenna and Carceri as the two planes share miserable traits. Treachery, skullduggery, and backstabbing are common in both, but the difference is in the will of the inhabitants. In Carceri, creatures are trapped, but in Gehenna, they arrive willingly to pursue paths to power that actively forsake their fellows. Helping others out of charity is a high crime on Gehenna, but in an interesting twist the self-serving nature of the plane means that alliances are actually common. They simply don’t last long and nearly always end in treachery and bloodshed.

Thieves and assassins are common in Gehenna, and few are as notable as the famous Sung Chiang. Most believe Sung Chiang to be a god of cutthroats who built the Palace of Thieves on the slopes of Khalas from bits and baubles stolen from treasure chambers across the multiverse. The site caters to thieves of all kind, but the masters of Sung Chiang are cunning and can be found nearly anywhere.

A few other noteworthy creatures can be found on the slopes of Gehenna, including the immortal kobold Gaknulak the Trickster, the serpent-eyed hag diviner Laughing Jane, and the painwalkers, servants of Loviatar who rules from the Frigid Fortress on Mungoth, the third mount. Lost remnants of Blood War battles litter some regions, and everyone who has come to live on Gehenna learns to hide their most valuable possessions – which means there are a great number of lost vaults scattered about the volcanoes after their owners passed away.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Gehenna as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Gehenna.

Thin Vile Air. The first thing travelers notice upon arriving in Gehenna is the air. It is noticeably thinner than most planes, and creatures find themselves gasping for breath after even short amounts of exertion, and to make it worse the thin air has a vile, acrid taste to it. The foul smell of lingering brimstone hangs everywhere and eventually gets into food and water. The most foul odors rise up from the many black pits that dot the slopes, with some leading to the other layers and others leading to a yawning pit of death.

Rocky Danger. The slopes of Gehenna have a well-earned reputation for being incredibly dangerous. There's no natural flat elevation anywhere on any of the layers, everything is at an angle, and the void between the volcanic slopes is filled with floating rocky debris that crashes into the mountainside at irregular intervals. The result are rockslides that can bury and pulverize creatures in an instant.

Self-Preservation Instincts. Gehenna is a plane that demands survival first and foremost, and a powerful sense of self-preservation settles into travelers that visit any of the volcanic slopes. It's a subtle and insidious effect that puts the survival of the individual over the survival of the group, and the nature of Gehenna actively discourages helping others. An imperceptible voice constantly whispers into the unconsciousness, "how does this help me?" whenever a creature feels an urge to lend a helping hand or share resources with others.

LAY OF THE LAND

The layers of Gehenna float in a limitless void of unending blackness, with each layer consisting of a single enormous volcano seemingly without base or top. They are each hundreds of thousands of miles across but they are not infinite in width – a traveler, immortal or simply possessed of great speed, could move around a volcanic layer to circle back to their starting point. Yugoloths and other Gehenna inhabitants view this endeavor as a pointless waste of time.

KHALAS

A savage rugged beauty holds over Khalas, the first of Gehenna's volcanic mountain layers. A crimson glow suffuses the rock, evidence of the magma flowing beneath the surface, but the eruptions of lava and steam are less frequent here than on the more active layer, Chamada. Unfortunately, it is also the layer with the most frequent strikes from floating earthmotes drifting out of the void to crash into the side of the volcanic slopes, sending rockslides and earthquakes rumbling in great regions.

Numerous rivers rush down the sides of Khalas, swiftly crashing through gorges and canyons. The largest of these channels are created by the River Styx which careens down numerous waterfalls before passing into the neighboring layers of the Outer Planes. The non-Styxian rivers originate from further up the slopes of Khalas in naturally occurring vortexes from the Plane of Water, and they snake down the layer before evaporating from the heat. Like the other layers, there is no known bottom to Khalas.

Khalas sees numerous incursions from demons and devils, but yugoloths are the dominant force across the volcano. Skirmishes in the Blood War are not uncommon, especially since the devilish legions have always strived to establish a beachhead on Khalas to move the prime fighting away from Baator. These efforts are not without cost, both in terms of fiendish lives and the numerous contracts that have been made with the yugoloths to claim part of their land.

CHAMADA

The most active of Gehenna's volcanic layers is Chamada. Rivers and geysers of lava are common occurrences and the glow from the constant heat bathes the mountainside in a deep crimson radiance. Many areas are as hot as the Plane of Fire, so any traveler or resident of Chamada must be protected from the fiery furnace burning beneath the rocky surface. Soft gray ash fills the air, obscuring vision beyond more than a dozen feet or so, and everywhere lava flows can be found running in ever-changing channels.

It's difficult to believe but the Arcanalth Conspiracy that keeps yugoloth contracts is based here in the fire-shielded Tower Arcane. In addition, Chamada's intense heat is the only source powerful enough to keep the Engine of Wrath working – an enormous forge site run by yugoloth slaves, continually pumping out weapons and armor for fiends across the multiverse.

Beneath Chamada's surface, the lava tubes are populated with magma elementals, lava sharks, magma oozes, magmin, lava children, and other creatures that flourish in such inhospitable conditions. Inferno wurms are known to burst out of the tunnels to snatch up prey on the surface at any moment, though rumors persist of an ultroloth who has tamed the fearsome creatures and uses them as an elite battle force.

MUNGOTH

The volcanic heat at the heart of Mungoth went cold long ago, and now a deep chill settles over the rugged mountainous terrain. Acidic snow falls regularly on the slopes of Mungoth, and the only light on the layer comes from vents of sluggish ice-cold blue lava. This natural hazard is as cold as regular lava is hot through some unknown powerful process churning slowly in the dying volcano's heart.

Few creatures live on Mungoth. Loviatar, a goddess of pain and suffering, holds court in her sprawling Frigid Fortress, and her minions – the painstalkers – are sent out on regular missions across Gehenna and the multiverse to serve their dark goddess' twisted desires. The painstalkers breed powerful hunting panthers in slopes above the Frigid Fortress, dangerous creatures that radiate pure pain from their blue-fire ensconced bodies.

KRANGATH

A deathly silence hangs over Krangath. This volcanic mountain is dead, its fire having gone out in the far distant past, and now no wind or natural sound disturbs the unearthly quiet that clings to the slopes like a drowning victim. A dull violet radiance emanates from Krangath's core though it provides little illumination and no comfort for travelers unlucky enough to have found themselves traversing the Dead Furnace.

The only activity on Krangath is found beneath the surface. Shargaas the Night Lord is an orc god of stealth and darkness that lives within a vast network of caves known as the Night Below. The servants of Shargaas include legions of orc assassins along with unnatural creatures that lurk in the shadows. Exploring the Night Below is a harrowing exercise in frustration, paranoia, and the crushing weight of ice-cold nihilism.

CYCLE OF TIME

There is no cycle of day and night on any of the mounts of Gehenna. Each volcanic layer radiates its own light source as well - crimson for Khalas and Chamada, icy blue for Mungoth, and a deep indigo for Krangath. No moon or sun hangs in the perpetual void hanging over each of the layers.

SURVIVING

Each of the four mounts of Gehenna offer dangers that travelers and natives must contend with, which is on top of the very real threat of falling down a volcanic slope at any time. The details of these problems are covered under Hazards and Phenomena.

GETTING THERE

There are many portals that lead directly to the Bleak Eternity of Gehenna from all over the multiverse. These portals usually take the form of pits or black yawning chasms, and rarely do they require a key. Something about the nature of Gehenna makes access into it easy, a fact debated among planar scholars as a devious aspect of the plane's selfish nature.

Portals leading out of Gehenna exist only in seemingly bottomless pits placed seemingly at random on the rocky slopes of all four volcanic layers. The yugoloths mark these pits with their known destination in a hidden fiendish script on nearby stones, but there are numerous pits that are marked but are in reality simply incredibly deep holes. Yugoloths find setting these traps to be an amusing past time.

The easiest way to access Gehenna is through the River Styx that winds through all of the Lower Planes. The wine-red river is the largest flowing river on Khalas with numerous tributaries branching off from the main swift-moving current. Many of these branches lead to other locations in the Lower Planes but it takes a skilled sailor to navigate the treacherous rapids and canyons that the River Styx slams through at breakneck speed.

Chamada contains numerous direct links to the Plane of Magma in the Inner Planes in its fiery veins beneath the volcanic surface, and it is widely believed the Dead Furnace of Krangath possesses some intrinsic link to the Negative Energy Plane. This would explain the presence of Mellifleur the Lich-Lord's realm of Hopelorn, where arcane studies are performed at the intersection of arcane necromancy and divine negative energy.

TRAVELING AROUND

Each of the four volcanoes of Gehenna are difficult to traverse. They are rocky, steep, and dangerous to walk along, and any manufactured road quickly falls into ruin from the numerous rock slides and earthmotes that collide into the side. Numerous caves and tunnels honeycomb each of the layers, though Chamada's are often filled with swift-flowing magma.

Traversing between each layer of Gehenna is just like finding a portal out of the plane – find a bottomless pit and hope that the yugoloth marks nearby tell the truth as to its ultimate destination. Most native inhabitants quickly learn which pits lead to other layers and other planes and which ones spell doom for the unwary, but travelers should take precautions when jumping into one of these seemingly bottomless holes.

The four volcanoes of Gehenna float in a never-ending void of blackness that consumes light and warmth at a height of about 50 feet across all layers. Beyond this height creatures must possess a strong resistance to cold damage but to date nothing has ever been found in the darkness, though the numerous earthmotes that smash into the slopes of the volcanoes must originate from somewhere. It is widely believed some natural vortex to the Plane of Earth exists that spits out of the earthmotes but no one has found it to date.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

As befitting a plane that attracts the greedy and personally motivated, Gehenna is filled with powerful creatures that have lived lifetimes oppressing, killing, and stealing from others to satisfy their own ambitions. Whether it's the secretive organization of arcanaloths that maintain the records of yugoloth contracts, the orcish god of stealth and darkness, or one of the most powerful lich-lords in the multiverse, Gehenna has no shortage of dangerous masterminds pulling the strings on a planar scale.

ARCANOLOTH CONSPIRACY

Built on a magical foundation on the fiery slope of Chamada stands an iron tower decorated with blades and spikes. It's an imposing and formidable structure, but there are other strongholds of grander or more sinister design across Gehenna. Looks can be deceiving, and this one holds a dangerous secret – it is the Tower Arcane, the source of all yugoloth contracts, and it contains a vast library that holds the history of the yugoloth race. It is maintained by a secretive cabal known only in hushed whispers as the Arcanaloth Conspiracy.

The Arcanaloth Conspiracy is comprised solely of powerful arcanaloths that have mastered arcane knowledge above and beyond their fellows. They are each secretive, conniving, and deceitful, but faithful in their duties to the preservation of the Tower Arcane and the vast stores of history and knowledge contained within. The tower is much larger on the inside than outward appearances would suggest, and few outside the conspiracy have ever been beyond the entrance chamber to explore its vast tome-laden halls.

The Arcanaloth Conspiracy works largely to maintain the records within the Tower Arcane and to progress their own magical prowess. Each member has a dedicated level of the tower where they work, study, and experiment, attended by hosts of blind zombie slaves to perform the menial work. The conspiracy was formed secretly by the arcanaloths shortly after they were formed aeons ago with one purpose – to find and maintain the *Books of Keeping* that hold every true name of every yugoloth in existence (plus some devil princes and demon lords). Unfortunately, the four known copies of the *Books of Keeping* were lost and now show up across the multiverse, but when they hear about the Arcanaloth Conspiracy moves quickly to obtain a copy at all costs.

GAKNULAK THE TRICKSTER

Kobolds are a cowardly race, but their cowardice breeds ingenuity, cunning, and a natural aptitude for traps and tricks. Gaknulak was a kobold from the Material Plane long ago who excelled at building insidious traps in his home warrens. The traps were so cunning that his own tribe fell victim to them, leaving Gaknulak alone – just how the kobold wanted things. He wandered the Material Plane for a period of time, moving from warren to warren and teaching his skills to other kobolds, until he eventually caught the eye of Kurtulmak, the kobold god.

Kurtulmak was impressed with Gaknulak's ingenuity and challenged the brilliant trapsmith to a contest. A series of caverns were chosen in the slopes of Khalas, hidden away from prying eyes, and within the two formidable kobold engineers built a complex network of truly ingenious traps. The winner was the one to trap the most travelers. Gaknulak worked tirelessly, but in the end he was tricked by Kurtulmak, who built nothing and instead imprisoned Gaknulak in the tunnels. But the clever kobold beat his own traps and escaped, and in doing so further impressed Kurtulmak. It is said that Gaknulak was made immortal by the kobold god, while others say he achieved a lesser godhood status.

Regardless, Gaknulak the Trickster still wanders the slopes of Khalas, alone and seemingly without a care, creating elaborate tricks and traps to hamper, injure, or just plain annoy travelers of all kinds. Yugoloths hate him, the painstalkers of Loviatar have orders to attack him on sight, and the thieves of Sung Chiang constantly seek to recruit him into their order. No one has managed to bring Gaknulak down to date and he seems perfectly happy with a life of wandering Gehenna, making life just a little bit more annoying for everyone around him.

GENERAL OF GEHENNA

All yugoloth true names are recorded in the mythical Books of Keeping, from the lowliest mezzoloth to the greatest ultroloth and baernoloth. All, except one at least. He is an immensely powerful ultroloth known only as the General of Gehenna. He wanders the volcanic mountains, and many lesser ultroloths have sought out the general's wisdom. Those that succeed in finding the legendary warrior leave with a greater sense of the multiverse's truths and a memory gap that can never be filled regarding their time spent in the general's presence.

The General of Gehenna often stops by the Crawling City, and his appearance there is always a cause for frenzied agitation and excitement. His mere presence elevates lesser yugoloths to greater heights of personal glory, and legends about his prowess grow year over year. Whether it's wrestling a band of solars barehanded, snapping the neck of an upstart demon lord, outwitting Dispat in a contest of contracts, or drinking fully from the River Styx, stories about the General of Gehenna are wild and varied.

What truth is there to the general's immense library of tall tales? The Arcanaloth Conspiracy in the Tower Arcane are said to hold volumes of lore surrounding the General of Gehenna's exploits but even they record little but hearsay and conjecture. Ultroloths have spent their entire life tracking down the General of Gehenna and have failed to do so, while nycaloths have stumbled into him in bars within the Crawling City. He can impart knowledge of the past and future, battle wisdom earned through countless campaigns, or greater truths about the nature of existence itself – if only the General of Gehenna could be found.

LAUGHING JANE

The yugoloths were said to have been created by a sisterhood of night hags in Hades centuries and centuries ago. Whether it was at the behest of Asmodeus, Lord of the Nine and ruler of Baator, or simply a desire for their own fighting force, it isn't known. Shortly after the Books of Keeping were created, the night hag sisters that created them fell to petty squabbling and each copy of the Books of Keeping were lost. Only one of the night hag sisters traveled to Gehenna with the rest of the yugoloths, and now she is a mad prophet known only as Laughing Jane.

Laughing Jane lives in the Hut of Eyes on the slopes of Mungoth, surrounded at all times by thick acidic snow. Black fire dances in her small hut's hearth but Laughing Jane is bothered not by the cold or acid of Mungoth's environment. She possesses divination magic unlike any of her kind, but that power came with a price – her eyes have been replaced with long black serpents. When she speaks, she speaks through all three mouths at the same time, an eerie and disquieting sound.

Those that seek out the Hut of Eyes usually do so to glean some information about the history of the planes. Laughing Jane, as one of the sisters that created the yugoloths, has seen much and with her serpent eyes can pierce the veil of time to gaze into the past. Her words are not given for free, however, and her prices are as steep as they are gruesome and tend to focus on hard-to-find body components. She may require the tongue of a lying celestial, the feathered wings of a couatl matriarch, the pincers of an honest glabrezu, or any other item in exchange for a glimpse into the past. By all accounts, Laughing Jane's visions are true but most are not able to deliver payment to the cackling hag in the Hut of Eyes.

MELLIFLEUR THE LICH-LORD

Most planar scholars agree that negative energy is the source of undead, or at least the primary source (some sages disagree as to the extent but it is widely accepted that a link to the Negative Energy Plane exists for the strongest undead). Long ago, Mellifleur was a handsome, respected archmage in the Material Plane, a wizard of phenomenal skill and arrogance who sought to bend the powers of the Negative and Positive Energy Planes to his will. As death approached, Mellifleur worked diligently to harness his knowledge and attain the status of lich.

He did so, but at the moment of transformation Mellifleur stumbled upon something divine. The exact details are not known but most believe that Mellifleur accidentally caught a divine spark meant for someone else. Regardless, he became a lich and so much more, and divine power coursed through his form as he became Mellifleur the Lich-Lord. He worked on the Material Plane for a while but found his experiments needed a more appropriate platform, so he scoured the multiverse and settled on Gehenna's Dead Furnace, Krangath, which seemed to possess an incredibly strong connection to the Negative Energy Plane.

Mellifleur built through arcane and divine might an obsidian tower on Krangath's void-filled slope and called it Hopelorn. He attracted wizards who sought to work beyond the limits of mere necromancy and tap into a greater divine power to augment their spells and ability, and the School of Hopelorn was born to service these apprentices. Deep within the obsidian tower's cavernous depths, Mellifleur works still to blur the line between arcane and divine magic through the Negative Energy Plane. He remains an arrogant, self-obsessed force, and his schemes have drawn attention from fiends and celestials alike.



PAINSTALKERS OF LOVIATAR

Loviatar is a goddess of pain who rules a broad swath of Mungoth's frozen slope. Those cursed to live within her realm are tortured constantly, and the goddess' most dedicated administrators are a band of sadists and masochists known as the Painstalkers of Loviatar. Dressed in black leather, their bodies drained of all blood, these dangerous killers are the flayed hands and eyes of Loviatar. They patrol her realm, but also range far and wide across Gehenna and the multiverse on their goddess' wishes.

A painstalker patrol usually consists of seven members and at least two painstalker panthers (specially bred monstrous cats that burn with psychic blue fire). They carry whips and chains and are armed with spells and abilities designed to inflict pain on their victims in horrible and debilitating ways. Each patrol is led by a favored painstalker who reports directly to Loviatar via divine telepathy in her Frigid Fortress, lending each patrol a weight of true divine justice in their mission.

The painstalkers themselves are believed to be vampires with specific traits linking them to Loviatar's power. This includes use of pain-inducing magic and special weapons designed to incapacitate victims in writhing fits of electric shock. They are cruel, merciless, and utterly devoted to their goddess' mission – to bring pain and misery to every corner of the multiverse.

SHARGAAS THE NIGHT LORD

The Dead Furnace of Krangath holds little on its surface, but its tunnels are an intricate maze of hollow lava tubes and inky darkness. The largest realm below Krangath's surface is appropriately known as the Night Below, and its darkness is pure and tinged with terror. It is the home of Shargaas the Night Lord, an orc god of treachery, thieves, and death, and the creatures that move in this primal region are utterly devoted to Shargaas' will.

Shargaas himself usually wanders the tunnels as a lone albino orc hunter. His eyes are milky white but he senses everywhere the darkness touches, so no one is hidden from him in the Night Below and all are potential victims. He is considered a lesser power by most standards but there are no priests dedicated to his worship in Krangath. The Night Below is reserved for those that honor the Night Lord through their actions, and thus teams of orc and half-orc assassins train relentlessly to prove their worth to Shargaas.

For his part, Shargaas doesn't care. He lives for the thrill of the hunt, and to that end he created a race of monstrous creatures known as the *sethalbidad* ("albino stalker" in the Orc language). These great insectoid monsters are utterly silent and invisible except when they want to, and Shargaas created them to challenge his own skills in the Night Below. Some of these dangerous monsters have escaped from the tunnels and now wander Krangath's slopes, making it even more perilous for unwary travelers to wander the Dead Furnace for any reason.

THIEVES' GUILD OF SUNG CHIANG

No one really knows who runs the infamous Palace of Thieves, tucked away in a canyon on a rocky slope of Khalas. Its outer walls are designed in a teardrop pattern to deflect boulders and other rubble that runs down the slope, while within is a paradise of skullduggery, profiteering, and thieving. Rogues and cutthroats from across the multiverse come to the Palace of Thieves to buy, sell, and trade information. A select few who prove themselves a cut above their fellows receive mysterious invitations to join a clandestine organization that calls itself the Thieves' Guild of Sung Chiang.

No one really knows who Sung Chiang is. Most assume he is a god of thieves that runs the palace from the shadows, and it's possible he (or she) operates in plain sight using magical and mundane disguises to walk openly. Those that join the Thieves' Guild of Sung Chiang find themselves receiving strange missions within the palace that hint at greater treasures hidden within lost and secret vaults, and occasionally they are also sent on assassination or burgle missions across the multiverse.

Who is Sung Chiang? If anyone in the thieves' guild that bears its name knows they don't talk about it, though whether it's through fear, intimidation, magical compulsion, or a lack of knowledge isn't known. Sung Chiang's agents have struck high profile targets and sites across the known planes, from a djinni citadel to a guardinal lord archive to a devil prince's pleasure palace and more. They are known by their simplistic symbol – the image of an eight-fingered hand in black ink.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Gehenna is a dangerous plane filled with natural hazards that burn, crush, freeze, and drown. The creatures that prowl the volcanic slopes are just as dangerous, from the scurrying bleak rats all the way to the scheming yugoloths in their strongholds and fortresses. Travelers should be well-prepared to face any monsters in combat – Gehenna is no place for the weak.

FIENDS

Cruelty, malice, and selfish self-interest are the key words that govern life on Gehenna, and many fiends that dwell on the volcanic slopes embody all three despicable traits. One of the most commonly encountered creatures are the *avari*, who many planar sages see as the original rulers of Gehenna. Their feuds with the invading yugoloths have reduced their numbers to pale shadows of their former strength, but these bat-winged fiends still control much of the underground reaches of the plane.

Hell hounds prowl the slopes, but a special breed of fiendish predator is bred in the bowels of the Frigid Fortress of Loviatar. Known as painstalker panthers, these powerful hunters have keenly developed senses of detection and often accompany painstalker packs into the greater multiverse searching for heretics of Loviatar to punish. Slasreths are winged monsters that look like worms with ray-like wings that often serve as mounts for flying yugoloth units, while the vaporous horrors are dangerous fiends feared even by the yugoloths for their life draining powers and toxic auras.

Yugoloths. It is widely believed the fiendish race of yugoloths were created originally in the gloom of Hades by a coven of supremely powerful hags, and there is ample evidence to support this theory. Over time, however, the scheming opportunistic yugoloths moved all of their major operations to Gehenna and are now the dominant force on the volcanic layers. They have greed and self-preservation coded into their very blood so their presence on Gehenna is not surprising. Their greatest fortress is the Crawling City, a moving metropolis that walks on titanic legs across the mountainous regions, while the arcanaloths that administer yugoloth contracts keep their most important documents and tomes in the Tower Arcane. In these places, the might of the yugoloths is nearly unassailable, though infighting and betrayal still run through their ranks like a bad odor.

HUMANOIDS

Few humanoids live on Gehenna by choice. The nature of the plane doesn't lend itself towards the kind of cooperation that builds cities or towns, so the humanoids that do dwell on the layers often keep to small bands and huddle in the caves away from the sulfurous stench above ground. The avari are noted slavers and still maintain large colonies beneath the ground, so it's not uncommon for a humanoid of nearly any type to be found in their warrens.

Kobolds. Kobolds are considered pests by the yugoloths but they've managed to eke out an existence on the slopes of Khalas. They form nomadic tribes darting from cave to cave, fighting other creatures for meat and creating makeshift traps and hazards to protect their temporary warrens. Many kobolds come eagerly to Gehenna to follow in the footsteps of Gaknulak, a famous kobold trapsmith who supposedly won a wager against the kobold god Kurtulmak by building an insidious warren filled with devious and potent traps somewhere below Khalas' slopes.

Minotaurs. The minotaurs of Gehenna are not the noble warriors found elsewhere. They are mostly bloodthirsty barbarians living in brutal tribes, fighting anyone and everything for dominance over their territory. They have a strong reputation for being reckless raging fighters willing to forego their own survival for the sake of the combat, seeking only to destroy their enemy in as brutal a fashion as possible. Gehenna's slopes hold several sprawling mazes below the ground that house minotaur tribes, though few are as brutal or legendary as the Blood Maze. There, a degenerate tribe of savage minotaurs called the Blood Horns hunt and kill for sport.

Orcs. Shargaas the Night Lord, the orc god of hunting and stealth, rules over a region of Krangath known as the Night Below. There, in the inky void darkness of the deep tunnels, orc rangers and priests honor Shargaas by honing their hunting skills in preparation for heading out into the multiverse on missions of assassination and ruthless savagery. The orcs that live and die in the darkness of the Night Below usually take the tribe name Nightdeath to honor their patron.

MONSTROSITIES

Gehenna's dangerous terrain holds a number of unique monsters that defy easy categorization. Inferno worms, formidable relatives of purple worms, dig through the rocky slopes and follow the flow of hidden lava channels before bursting out to devour unsuspecting prey, which includes yugoloths and any other living creature it can find. The darkness-filled layer of Krangath hides a number of nasty surprises in its twisting underground labyrinth, and few are as dangerous as the sethalbidad – invisible hunters used by orcs as supreme hunting beasts.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

There is a latent treachery inherent in the Bleak Eternity of Gehenna that eats away positive qualities like hope, compassion, and kindness. Combine that with the natural hazards of four layers each comprised of a single massive super volcano and the result is a dangerous, life-threatening plane where might makes right and the best way to survive may be just to push your ally over a cliff.

CLIMBING AND FALLING

Very little ground movement on the surface of Gehenna is done without climbing, and much of the outside is considered difficult terrain due to the sloping angle and piles of rocks and boulders. Every 4 hours of travel requires a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check; creatures with a climb or fly speed automatically succeed. On a failure, the normal distance covered is halved. If the check is failed by 5 or more, the creature takes a tumble during the trip and falls. On Mungoth, the Strength (Athletics) check DC is 20 due to the ice coating the slopes.

Creatures that fall on Gehenna tumble down the slope for 1d10 x 10 feet, suffering 1d6 bludgeoning damage for every 20 feet. Experienced mountain climbers know to use a rope, but on Khalas and Chamada, the heat from the layer's active volcano weakens non-magical rope so that it snaps immediately under pressure.

CRUEL HINDRANCE

The latent cruelty of Gehenna affects good deeds on an intrinsic level. Whenever a creature casts a spell with a beneficial effect, including a spell that restores hit points or removes a condition, the caster must first make a DC 10 Charisma saving throw. On a failed save, the spell fails, the spell slot is expended, and the action is wasted.

In addition, anyone attempting to take the Help action must succeed on a DC 10 Charisma saving throw. On a failed save, the intended target of the Help action receives disadvantage on their action instead of advantage.

FURNACE VENT

The churning activity below the surface of Gehenna's layers creates noxious gases dangerous to travelers. These gases occasionally burst forth in violent furnace vents, spewing toxic gas in a wide area. Creatures within 50 feet of a furnace vent must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success. A furnace vent lasts for 1d10 hours before finally exhausting and dying out. Furnace vents are common occurrences on Khalas, Chamada, and Mungoth, and while rare on Krangath pockets of gas beneath the surface of the Dead Furnace have still been known to explode out with poisonous fury.

KRANGATH ICY VOID

The Dead Furnace of Krangath is an icy wasteland devoid of most life and movement. Creatures that travel its slope must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw every hour or gain a level of exhaustion from the cold and void-filled terrain. Underground, a creature must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw after a long rest or gain a level of exhaustion as the creeping icy void seeps into the very rocks as well.

LAVA GEYSER

The active volcanoes of Khalas and Chamada can flare to life with sudden ferocity, erupting in a geyser of lava without a moment's notice. A lava geyser effects an area in a 20-foot diameter circle, shooting searing hot magma into the air about 100 feet. Those caught in the blast must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 70 (20d6) fire damage on failed save, or half as much on a success. Regardless of the saving throw result creatures are hurled away 1d6 x 10 feet from the blast. A lava geyser can last up to an hour before finally settling down.

MUNGOTH ACIDIC SNOW

Mungoth may not be as powerfully active as the first two layers, but it is just as lethal. The volcano spews ash constantly in the air, and some unknown effect of the air mingles with the ash to create acidic snow. Acidic snow falls constantly on Mungoth's slopes, inflicting 5 (1d10) acid damage every minute. Caves and artificial structures allow shelter from the constant and dangerous presence of the acidic snow.

ROCKSLIDE

All of Gehenna's volcanic layers are peppered by floating earthmotes that collide into the slopes with tremendous speed and power. When this happens a rockslide follows immediately after, sending waves of rocks and debris tumbling down in a great torrent of destruction. A rockslide encompasses an area 1d10 x 100 feet across. Creatures on the ground in the event of a rockslide must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, suffering 35 (10d6) bludgeoning damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success. In addition, those that fail are buried beneath rubble 1d10 x 5 feet deep and begin suffocating.

Creatures flying in the air must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) bludgeoning damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success.

SITES & TREASURES

The greedy and treacherous are drawn to the Bleak Eternity of Gehenna like flies to honey, and the self-serving yugoloths have made the volcanic slopes their home for centuries. One thing all of these disparate creatures have in common are secrets, which makes the layers of Gehenna filled with all manner of hidden caches and lairs. Despite its small size, the Fourfold Furnaces holds more than its share of interesting sites for adventurers to uncover.

BLOOD MAZE OF THE CHARRED HORN

The deep ravines and steep cliffs of Khalas hide multiple secret places from prying eyes. One of these is the entrance to a twisting series of caves known as the Blood Maze, wherein dwell the Charred Horn tribe of degenerate minotaurs. Mutated and disfigured over generations of inbreeding, Charred Horn minotaurs are savage creatures of bestial ferocity that hunt and kill whatever happens to stumble into their befuddling lair.

The Blood Maze itself is a wonder of minotaur engineering, or at least it was at one point. It was built by the patriarch of the Charred Horn tribe, Garrakar, when he relocated his kin to Gehenna in an effort to establish a beachhead in the name of Baphomet, the demon lord of beasts. Garrakar was a brilliant strategist and an accomplished wielder of arcane magic, a surprising fact for one with the prowess of a great warrior, and he used his skills to carve out the Blood Maze and enchant it. His direct descendants still lead the Charred Horn tribe but the arcane legacy of their legendary patriarch has been considerably thinned.

Yugoloths from the Crawling City occasionally conscript Charred Horn minotaurs for particular savage or brutal missions. The minotaurs require payment in living sacrifices to populate their Blood Maze, a charge the fiends are happy to provide, and rumors persist that the twisting caves actually feed upon trespassers. Garrakar's tomb is supposed to lie in the heart of the Blood Maze as well, guarded by ancient magic, but there are efforts within the Charred Horn tribe to reclaim the glory of their great ancestor.



BOOKS OF KEEPING

The origin of the yugoloths can be traced back to a sisterhood of night hags in the distant past, who used mighty magic and divine power to form a race of fiends that were not as chaotic as the demons or as lawful as the devils. Debates rage about the guiding hand behind this creation – some planar scholars say it was Asmodeus, Lord of the Nine Hells, that directed the night hags, while others say it was some other power. Regardless, the sisterhood bound each of these newly formed fiends to a series of tomes known as the Books of Keeping, which recorded the true names for every yugoloth.

True names are a powerful binding force in the multiverse, and knowing the true name of a fiend or celestial brings great leverage over their actions. This makes having books filled with the true names of every yugoloth a valuable commodity as it allows near complete control over an entire race of powerful outer planar denizens. There are five Books of Keeping known to exist,

though each contains the same raw information containing yugoloth true names and each are magically updated with the birth and creation of new yugoloths. However, over the centuries, each copy has passed between multiple owners, and many of them transcribe new true names into them belonging to demon lords, devil princes, archangels, and other powerful denizens of the multiverse.

The arcanaloths of the Tower Arcane have a special division devoted to tracking down and reclaiming the Books of Keeping. It is widely believed they have at least two copies hidden and preserved in the Tower Arcane, though the secretive arcanaloths don't speak of it outside their library fortress. Beyond just a recording of true names, a Book of Keeping is also said to possess the ability to uncover falsehood on an almost divine level and control creatures completely for a short period of time. They are each potent artifacts that wreak havoc on any plane they turn up on.

Each of the Books of Keeping share a similar look. They are large tomes, roughly 2 feet wide and 4 feet tall, with an infinite number of pages inside. The outer binding is black leather said to be formed from the skin of demons and devils, and the red ink used inside is distilled from the blood of angels from Mount Celestia. No writing or marking exists on the exterior but the books radiate powerful enchantment magic.

CRAWLING CITY

The Crawling City is the greatest bastion of yugoloth power on Gehenna or any other plane and many view it as a symbol of their place in the wider multiverse. It is a massive metropolis of obsidian and ash built on an enormous disk, below which sprout hundreds of giant fireproof clawed legs. These legs move the entire city across the layers of Gehenna, clinging to slopes and providing a stabilizing force on the cliffs of the dangerous volcanoes. It usually moves slowly and the legs are able to transport the Crawling City over gorges and across rivers of lava.

The city itself is filled with narrow streets and towering buildings housing thousands of legions of yugoloth mercenaries. Lower districts hold devil and demon forces as well, and despite the treacherous nature of all resident fiends there exists an understood truce within the Crawling City that keeps open violence to a minimum. The Crawling City is commanded currently by a cunning ultroloth strategist known only as the Harbinger King, and it is by his whim the city moves across Gehenna's dangerous slopes.

There are multiple factories in the city that produce fine weapons and armor for use in the eternal Blood War, but the pride of the Crawling City is the Academy of Eternal War. Yugoloth warriors and fiendish generals teach eager students tactics around the theme of war. Battlefield usage, historic conflicts, command training, discipline, and more are all taught at the Academy of Eternal War. Rarely are non-fiends allowed into the program, but an occasional mortal warlord has proven themselves to the influential academy chancellor to allow admission. Few survive the rigorous classes and hands-on training.

CYST OF SECRETS

Several divine powers dwell in Gehenna. One of the most mysterious was Maanzecorian, the illithid god of secrets, who supposedly lived in a massive lava chamber below the surface of Chamada. Its presence was rumored but rarely found, as befitting Maanzecorian's divine portfolio, but recent events have changed the site completely. A great divine upheaval within the last century has upturned the illithid god completely, exposing its realm to the greater Chamada landscape, though Maanzecorian itself seems to have disappeared.

Rumors say that the demon lord Orcus was the one responsible for laying low the illithid god in a bid to reclaim his throne on the Abyss. Few know for sure, but a great chasm now exists on Chamada that leads to the remnants of Maanzecorian's realm. It is now known as the Cyst of Secrets, where strange and monstrous things appear and disappear without warning. Some vestige of Maanzecorian's divine power still presides over the region, and those that have gone in search of the illithid god's power report dark things writhing in the magma caves.

Is Maanzecorian truly dead? Is there something in the Cyst of Secrets that keeps a spark of the god alive? Illithids don't seem to care as none have been seen coming or going from the Chamada site, but the lost home of a god of secrets is bound to contain some prizes worth claiming.

ENGINE OF WRATH

To support their efforts in the Blood War, the yugoloths require weapons and armor on a grand scale. To this end, the latent power within Chamada, the most active of Gehenna's layers, was harnessed by engineering yugoloths to create a mighty factory. Referred to now as the Engine of Wrath, it is an imposing iron fortress built over the confluence of three lava rivers flowing like waterfalls from further up the mountainside. The incoming lava is channeled into titanic forges and worked by slaves of the yugoloths to produce tons and tons of weapons and armor.

Control over the Engine of Wrath has been a rotating position since its creation. Currently, a bloated lazy ultroloth named Maggart Shade oversees the production lines, but he is interested only in lining his own pocket with favors. He walks a fine line between keeping the yugoloth generals well-equipped and selling fiend-forged equipment to demons, devils, and even mortal warlords. This kind of double-dealing is common in yugoloth society but Maggart Shade must still be careful – if he becomes too brazen in his working with all sides he could be usurped and replaced by another. It has happened hundreds of times before and it's how he achieved his position.

Under Maggart Shade's predecessor, a special smelting process was introduced in a special section of the Engine of Wrath devoted to imbuing items with magic. Initial results have been uneven but the forge masters have worked in secret to refine the process while keeping their powerful products out of Maggart Shade's hands. Some yugoloth legions have recently been outfitted with weapon and armor imbued with magic that produces a blood rage in the owner. Rumors pointing to the Engine of Wrath as the source for these items are vehemently denied by Maggart Shade.

FRIGID FORTRESS OF LOVIATAR

Pain and suffering rule over the realm of Loviatar on the icy slope of Mungoth, a fitting fact considering her portfolio is pain and suffering. The petitioners that reside in the realm huddle together in small huts, constantly cold and miserable, and always in fear of sudden reprisal or attention from the foreboding castle at the heart of the region. This is the Frigid Fortress where Loviatar and her most loyal servants dwell, kept safe by black ice walls. Everything within the terrifying place is devoted to the art of torture, pain, and suffering, and screams constantly echo from the numerous towers stretching up into the bleak black sky.

The most well-known extension of Loviatar's will are the Painstalkers. These small bands of sadists and torturers enforce the will of their goddess across her realm and throughout the rest of the multiverse as well. Their leather garb is distinct, and they are accompanied by painstalker panthers that allow them to hunt targets chosen by their superiors. Caves below the Frigid Fortress hold pens devoted to twisting mortal creatures into these powerful hunting monsters. Above them stand multiple towers where the Painstalkers themselves dwell, though they are often out on assignment.

Loviatar's throne room sits in a massive central complex referred to as the Palace of Pain. Here she hears the pleadings of subjects begging for release, but she never grants these desires. Instead she and her depraved court relish in the wailing and begging before ultimately sending petitioners down to the lower halls of the Frigid Fortress for more torture before eventual release. It's a cycle without end that brings Loviatar great pleasure.

HOPELORN

Krangath is known as the Dead Furnace for a good reason. The volcanic heart of the layer died out centuries ago, and there seems to be some link between Krangath and the Negative Energy Plane that exasperates the icy void. Almost nothing disturbs the exterior slopes beneath the blackened canopy of eternal night. Krangath is inhospitable to life – a fact that caught the attention of Mellifleur the Lich-Lord. Mellifleur's checkered history placed him as a lich with the power of a god by accident, and he wandered the multiverse for a period of time looking for something.

He found it on Krangath, a perfect confluence of planar power and expanding negative energy that he could exert his divine prowess. He established a tower to study the energy of the Dead Furnace in the hopes of harnessing it for his own personal use and learning more about the intersection between divine and arcane magic. Soon, his divine status attracted a small following, and so Mellifleur the Lich-Lord worked with the eager necromancers and death priests to establish Hopelorn.

The tower of Mellifleur is now surrounded by smaller buildings that house students and priests that wish to learn more about the necromantic power inherent in divine and arcane magic. The Lich-Lord rarely makes his presence known outside of his personal chambers and the leaders of Hopelorn do not rely on their aloof demigod to provide guidance. The research and work being done on the slopes of Krangath appeal to a great number of aspiring necromancers, some even devoted to using their power to better understand life and help others, though most are conniving masters of deception looking to increase their power by taking advantage of Mellifleur's extensive resources.

HUT OF EYES

Prophecy and secrets are the currency in the home of Laughing Jane, a reclusive and ancient night hag who lives in a secluded valley on the icy slopes of Mungoth. The valley is filled with black rock formations that resemble twisted trees, all covered in heavy layers of acidic snow, and in the center sits the simple and unassuming home of Laughing Jane, the Hut of Eyes. The night hag's eyes have been replaced by serpents, and when she speaks she does so using all three mouths in an unnerving fashion.

Laughing Jane is one of the oldest night hags in the multiverse. It is rumored she was part of the sisterhood that created the yugoloths and the Books of Keeping, and if true she has witnessed much of the formation of the planes. She is truly insane however – whatever power Laughing Jane traded for her eyes infected her mind as well. Now, she huddles in the Hut of Eyes alone, laughing maniacally to herself in the light of a blackfire hearth as acidic snow falls forever in the valley.

Enough stories have been shared regarding Laughing Jane's prophetic visions and incredible lifespan to bring travelers from across the planes seeking out her abode. She cackles and chuckles constantly, but between her ramblings she requests payment in exchange for the divination knowledge she holds. The payment is usually in the form of a body part from some hard to find source – the fingernail of a demon lord, a lock of hair from an archangel, the eye of a sightless froghemoth, that kind of thing. Those that return with the requisite payment earn a glimpse into the past, present, or future that few can rival.

LOST WARRENS OF GAKNULAK

There are few more revered figures in kobold history than mischievous Gaknulak. He was a kobold from the Material Plane who built ingenious traps from the whimsical to the downright lethal, and he won the attention of Kurtulmak, the god of kobolds, with his brilliant trapsmithing skills. Kurtulmak challenged Gaknulak to a contest to see who could build the ultimate trap-filled warren. A series of caves on Khalas, the first volcanic mount of Gehenna, was chosen, and Gaknulak immediately set to devising traps that outdid anything he had crafted previously.

Ultimately, though, Kurtulmak tricked Gaknulak and planned on imprisoning the arrogant mortal kobold in the trap-filled warren. But Gaknulak was able to defeat his own creations, and in honor of the great feat Kurtulmak granted the kobold trapsmith immortal status. The caves filled with Gaknulak's insidious, dangerous, and sometimes wacky traps still lay on Khalas, now known as the Lost Warrens. Gaknulak still drops off treasures within the recesses of the Lost Warrens, and it is said Kurtulmak even hides a few precious items within the tunnels.

NIGHT BELOW

The Dead Furnace of Krangath may be quiet and nearly undisturbed on the surface, but below the cold stones sprawls a labyrinth of darkness-filled tunnels. The most expansive collection of these are known as the Night Below and they form the realm of Shargaas the Night Lord, orc god of stealth and shadows. Special properties embedded within the stones of the Night Below inhibits light of all kinds, dimming it to be nearly worthless – and for those foolish enough to need light, a swift death awaits from the orc hunters and other monsters that patrol the tunnels.

Shargaas keeps a personal sanctuary in the heart of the Night Below. It is surrounded by life-draining patches of pure negative energy that move like wraiths, but beyond sits the treasure trove of a greedy orc god known for stealing what he wants whenever he wants it. Blind albino orc assassins blessed by the Night Lord protect their great god's treasure chamber but are forbidden from touching any of it.

The most insidious monster to stalk the Night Below are the sethalbidad. These insectoid monsters blend into patches of darkness with ease and stalk silently anyone who dares to intrude upon Shargaas' night-filled realm.

It is said that the Night Below contains pools of pure distilled darkness that can be captured in liquid form by the brave or foolish. This concentrated darkness can be utilized as an enhanced component for spells such as *darkness* to create powerful effects. Retrieving such liquid darkness requires facing the minions of Shargaas, and perhaps the Night Lord himself, who is rumored to be able to see out of these pools of darkness.

NIMICRI

In a remote section of Chamada, floating above the volcanic surface hangs a strange sight. It appears to be a fog-enshrouded town on an earthmote that never touches the ground, hanging about 50 feet in the air. Its streets are eerily quiet and the buildings seem deserted, but anyone who travels there meet strange people that welcome travelers with open hospitality. Few escape with their lives after walking the streets of Nimicri, as nothing is at is seems.

For starters, Nimicri is not a town. It's an enormous living mimic that has chosen the form of a town to lure in victims to devour. Any person met in the streets or buildings of Nimicri is likely an extension of the powerful mimic, creating people out of its own mass to lure victims into a false sense of security. Sharp-eyed visitors may notice that these "people" never lose at least some connection to the ground

Nimicri has devoured enough people that it has accumulated a fair bit of treasure. It's intelligent enough to use the shiny coins, gems, and magical items as a further lure, as its getting harder and harder to fool creatures into stepping onto its streets willingly. For those that do fall for the trap, a messy fate awaits.

PALACE OF THIEVES

Thieves are a natural fit for Gehenna's self-serving and treacherous nature. Nowhere is this better exemplified than the fabulous Palace of Thieves, a grand complex built on a permanently stable slab on Khalas' steep slope. The teardrop shape of the surrounding high walls allows for rockslides from further up break apart without tearing into the main buildings, though many suspect magic plays a hand at keeping the Palace of Thieves safe and secure as well.

Inside is one of the greatest gathering of thieves, cutthroats, knaves, and ne'er-do-wells in all of Gehenna. Rogues from across the multiverse come to the Palace of Thieves to prove themselves to their fellows, to find jobs, to swap stories, and to fence stolen goods. A few shady merchants have setup permanent shops within the palace grounds, catering their services to the surrounding clientele. Those with scruples are ferreted out immediately.

Over it all watches the mysterious Thieves' Guild of Sung Chiang. Though no one official runs the Palace of Thieves, this one band maintains the peace and keeps the palace from collapsing in on itself in a treacherous tumble of deceit and murder. Some have claimed to have seen the perpetually absent Sung Chiang and claim he is a monkey-fiend with eight arms, but many more believe him to be merely a myth, a name passed down to keep the mystique of the Palace of Thieves alive.

Perhaps Sung Chiang is real, and perhaps not. But what is very real are the hundreds of hidden treasure caches scattered about the palace. By ancient decree the cutthroats that came to the Palace of Thieves are forbidden from seeking out others' treasure, a decree enforced by dangerous members of the Thieves' Guild of Sung Chiang. There are loopholes to this decree, however, and many rogues have tried to bring in outsiders as hired muscle to dig up treasure outside the rule of Sung Chiang's forces.

TOWER ARCANE

The Crawling City may be the greatest stronghold of yugoloth construction, but the Tower Arcane holds its most potent secrets and stands as the center of their magical might. Located on the volcanic slope of Chamada in the midst of a raging lake of lava, the Tower Arcane is run by the Arcanaloth Conspiracy. These fiends are obsessed with obtaining knowledge of all kind and secreting it away in the tower's many library halls.

The Tower Arcane is a squat tower made of obsidian that stands barely 100 feet tall. It has no windows and only a single door, with a crumbling stone staircase leading to the great ruby doors. Inside, however, is an expanding space not unlike a *bag of holding*. Great halls filled with books devoted to all manner of subjects lay locked away within the Tower Arcane, kept and guarded by the arcanaloths. Any yugoloth can request information from the Tower Arcane but bribery is required, and the arcanaloths who run it seek only magical treasures as payment.

Beyond the recorded history of the yugoloths, the Tower Arcane is said to hold a copy of every arcane spell in the multiverse. New spells are added to the expansive catalogue on a regular basis, and the arcanaloths are more willing to work with outsiders to achieve their goals than other fiends. Only the foolish enter into such arrangements without precautions however – the treacherous arcanaloths are just as self-serving as their more common brethren.

Vast swaths of the Tower Arcane are devoted to contracts as well. A copy of every contract a yugoloth makes is magically created within the record halls of the Tower Arcane. The record-keeping of the arcanaloths in the Tower Arcane is legendary, and they've been called upon by the Lex of Arcadia as witnesses and evidence providers on numerous occasions. An uneasy alliance exists between the courts of Lex and the arcanaloths of the Tower Arcane, though both recognize the value of the other in a broader sense.

VALLEY OF THE OUTCAST

There are few sanctuaries in the acid-snow filled slopes of Mungoth. Even escaping into the tunnels is a dangerous proposition filled with peril. One of the few respites available to lost travelers is the Valley of the Outcast, magically protected from the acid snow by arcane might, though the hosts of the enormous castle in the center of the valley are not the friendliest. The fire giants of the Scorchscar family, led by their matriarch Tastuo, were exiled from the Plane of Fire long ago and have managed to make a life for themselves on Mungoth.

Tastuo and her sisters are all accomplished wizards who were forced out of the court of Surtur, god of fire giants, for some slight long ago. By divine ordnance they couldn't rest in any place that was not cold, so they found the frozen landscape of Mungoth and decided to make the best of it. They hunt wild beasts in their valley brought in via magic not native to Gehenna, but their magic prevents the acid snow from harming them or their home. Tastuo has several contracts with yugoloths to act as an intermediary as well, so she is on relatively good terms with the local fiends.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Everything about the nature of Gehenna wears down on good and helpful folk. Adventurers tend to fall into this category for the most part, but there are still elements to the volcanic slopes that can draw heroes from all across the multiverse, whether it's stopping warlords, liberating treasure, or uncovering some planar secret.

Case of Mistaken Identity. A desperate man runs to the characters for help. He claim to be pursued by a band of leather-clad, whip-wielding thugs with some dangerous looking panthers. The man is being pursued by a band of Painstalkers of Loviatar, who believe the man to be an escaped petitioner from the Frigid Fortress on Mungoth. This isn't true, so the characters must convince the Painstalkers of the mistake, and then they can help track down the real fugitive. Do the characters release the pitiful escapee into the hands of the Painstalkers? Or do they defy the will of a goddess?

Sewer Lair of the Necromancer. A necromancer of Hopelorn has gone out in search of test subjects for necromantic experiments. They've setup a lair in the sewers below a major city and have broken into a series of forgotten crypts, pillaging the corpses for use as experimental undead. The resultant zombies and skeletons are built from divine and arcane magic, making them immune to turning, and granting them the use of limited arcane magic. The monsters are sent out to cause as much mayhem as possible so the characters can get drawn in by rising up to stop the tide of unusual undead. The trail leads to the necromancer's lair but they escape to Hopelorn. Do the characters follow to administer justice? Or do they bide their time until they can learn more about the Lich-Lord's void-filled home?

Vault of the Thief Lord. A hapless rogue comes to the characters asking for their help in recovering a lost treasure hidden away in the Palace of Thieves. He claims to be good with the Thieves' Guild of Sung Chiang and he produces a map of the treasure's location. The ancient decree prevents him or other thieves from getting it so that's why he needs outside help. Is the rogue on the up and up? Or is there a betrayal in the Palace of Thieves waiting for the characters?

Slaves of the Bat Fiends. The trail of a missing family leads the characters to a cave with a portal leading to Gehenna, specifically the ruined underground city of the avari. The family are enslaved by the bat fiends along with countless others in a massive operation to restore the city to its former glory, unless the characters can strike a blow against the monstrous avari and their ghoulish appetites. But what greater evil lurks within the temple built out of a single stalactite in the cavern's center?

The Desperate Contract. A mighty general comes to the party seeking their aid. In a desperate hour of need the general sold her soul to a yugoloth, but in the end her soldiers were victorious without the need of the fiend's assistance. Unfortunately, the contract remains and now the yugoloth has come to collect. The general asks the characters to go to the Crawling City to meet with the yugoloth who holds her contract. Finding the obsidian city on the slopes of Khalas is part of the problem, while navigating the narrow streets is another. Are the characters able to convince the yugoloth to renege on the deal?

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 Gehenna. 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. Two tables are provided, one for the surface encounters and another for underground. 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.

GEHENNA SURFACE

1D100	GEHENNA SURFACE
01-05	A flying formation of slasrath
06-10	A lone mezzoloth separated from its unit
11-15	A wrack shambler rising from a pile of debris
16-20	A night hag in a carriage being pulled by minotaurs
21-25	An assassin looking for the Palace of Thieves
26-30	An oinoloth picking through the remnants of a battle
31-35	Two nycaloths flying through the air
36-40	A vaporous horror sensing nearby life to drain
41-45	The ghost of a defeated wizard bound to the rocks where he died
46-50	A hydroloth enjoying basking on a rock
51-55	An arcanaloth accompanied by a group of mezzoloths cataloguing events
56-60	Mercenary knights of a local warlord patrolling their border
61-65	A group of giants looking to rumble (stone giants on Khalas, fire giants on Chamada, frost giants on Mungoth)
66-70	A succubus on the prowl for a new target

1D100 GEHENNA SURFACE

71-75	A piscoloth commander ordering mezzoloth troops in drills
76-80	A band of barghests hunting on the slopes
81-85	An inferno worm sensing movement on the surface
86-90	Lava geyser
91-95	Furnace vent
96-00	Rockslide

GEHENNA UNDERGROUND

1D100 GEHENNA UNDERGROUND

01-10	Several swarm of bats scattering from the sudden movement
11-20	A band of avari hunting in the dark
21-30	A unit of mezzoloths searching for a deserter
31-40	Hungry ghouls protecting their charnel pit
41-50	Bestial minotaurs gone savage and insane
51-60	An enormous fiendish carrion crawler
61-70	A sethalibidad on the prowl for fresh meat
71-80	Furnace vent
81-90	Lava geyser
91-00	An inferno worm bursting from the ground

GRAY WASTE OF HADES

“Evil takes many shapes and forms on the grand stage of the multiverse, some more insidious than others. The Gray Waste of Hades holds what I believe to be the most perfect expression of evil, which is the theft of hope, the destruction of belief, and an apathy to life itself. The evil of Hades is not as flashy as the Abyss or as rigorous as Baator, but it creeps into the soul of those that visit, much like the graying that occurs to any color on the plane. It is understated and underestimated, though the fiends of the Blood War seem to recognize its importance. There are more battles between demons and devils on Hades than anywhere else in the multiverse, an interesting facet considering the inherent bleakness of the Gray Waste.”

Malakara the Warden

Between the raw destructive evil of the Abyss and the ordered precision evil of the Nine Hells sits a middle ground of apathy and despair. The singular expression of this insidious power is the Gray Waste of Hades, a plane that drains away joy, happiness, and contentment. A special property of the plane drains away color in the same fashion, leeching it away to leave a drab gray in its place.

In a relative comparison of evils, many planar scholars point to the apathy inherent in Hades as the worst to affect mortals. It creeps under the skin and seeps slowly into the soul, poisoning the heart and mind. It's a quiet evil of complacency and despair that crushes hope, and wishes to see others fall down the same path. Hopelessness and apathy fill the air like a stink, and many that find themselves traversing Hades discover the gloom taking over their minds.

Gloom is a perfect word for Hades, which is why it's also referred to as the Three Glooms in reference to the three layers. The first layer, Oinos, is the home of disease, and it also sees the most open conflict out of any Lower Plane. The Blood War, the eternal conflict between the demons of the Abyss and the devils of the Nine Hells, plays out in the gray landscape of Hades' first layer. Fiends of all types on the plane get caught up in the bloody battles which can rage for days, darkening the already gloomy sky with smoke and the shadows of flying monsters.

What draws the forces of the Lower Planes to Oinos specifically? Some planar scholars theorize it's just the polarizing nature of the multiverse to play out in the philosophical middle between the Abyss and Baator, but there seems to be more than just philosophy at work. None of the grunt soldiers on either side seem to know for sure, but whispered rumors in the command positions speak of a prophecy regarding possessing Hades and winning the Blood War.

Yugoloths are just as common on Hades as demons and devils, and most believe the race of mercenary fiends originated somewhere in the gloom. They've since emigrated to neighboring Gehenna and have laid claim to that plane as their own, but a few bastions of their power remain on Hades. The most notable of these is Khin-Oin, also known as the Wasting Tower, a 20-mile high bone structure seemingly constructed from the spine of some enormous monster.

The creatures that live and hunt in the glooms of Hades are dangerous monsters. Night hags are common, ruling small fiefdoms, castles, and other territories across all three layers. They are frequent harvesters of larvae which crawl in the dusty dirt throughout Hades. These larvae are more than just regular worms, however – they are the souls of those lost to the graying despair of the plane. Each is large, averaging about three feet long, with segmented worm-like bodies capped with the same face they had in life. Most of their memories have been drained away just like color, and they form the basis for a dark trade that circulates throughout the Lower Planes. Fiends, undead, unscrupulous wizards and priests, and other darkly associated creatures use larvae as food, as the fulcrum of evil rituals, or in countless other nefarious ways.

Herd of nightmares gallop across the Gray Waste. Something in the insidious nature of the plane warps horses into these coal-black fiends of fire and death, though the strongest among them are the ones created through pegasus corruption. Several powerful specimens have risen up above the herd and have taken to forming plots and goals. Known as the Nightmare Princesses, they are vile and despicable creatures that sell their kind to the fiends in exchange for profit.

The most numerous of the creatures in Hades are the hordlings. These fiends come in many shapes and sizes and seek nothing more than evil for evil's sake. They are untrustworthy and savage, making them poor troops for both demons and devils, but their sheer numbers make them a threat to almost any non-native. Even fiends tread carefully when dealing with them – their unpredictable abilities and self-serving nature make them dangerous.



There are many dangers inherent in Hades, and travelers need to be prepared to face them if they wish to survive a journey through the glooms. Powerful beings have made Hades their home, including many gods of death, and vile fiends lurk in the glooms ready to help push the despair of the plane even further. The depression that emanates from the Gray Waste is palpable and dangerous, and has a tendency to cling to visitors long after they've left.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Hades as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the "outside" nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Hades.

Nothing But Gray. Everything is gray on Hades, and anything brought to the plane from outside has its color leached away by this powerful yet subtle effect. Spilled blood soaks quickly into the ground, even on gray stone, and the horizon merges with the sky to create a wall of impenetrable grayness that resembles a funerary death mask. Visitors begin to notice the graying effect on their clothing first, but it quickly encompasses skin and hair. The last color of a traveler to get drained away are the eyes. Even the fiends that battle forever across the wastes are subject to this effect.

Diseased Hopelessness. Nothing about Hades is healthy. A wasting disease ravages Oinos, sucking away vitality and life while the plane drains color to gray, and when coupled with the dismal landscape of endless drab clouds visitors quickly feel a sense of hopelessness settle over their minds and souls. It eats away, gnawing slowly, and many unfortunate souls succumb to the effect and lose their will to keep moving. Pluton actually drains memories during this process as well, but all three glooms of Hades sap a creature's joy and emotion, leaving only bitterness and hopelessness to fester.

Eternal Battlefield. Hades sees more battles in the never-ending Blood War between demons and devils than any other plane in the multiverse. Both sides view control over the Gray Wastes as pivotal to the larger strategy, and they throw countless resources into titanic battles across Oinos. The remnants of these battles litter the wasteland, from fiendish skeletons to blasted craters, and travelers should see reminders of the aftermath wherever they go along the River Styx.

LAY OF THE LAND

The glooms of the Gray Waste truly earn their name. Everything is leached of color and emotion, though the landscapes vary a surprising amount. Most of the things that lurk across all the layers of Hades are evil and seek nothing more than to drain the life and will out of travelers, so adventurers are cautioned to be on their guard at all times. The Gray Waste is not a forgiving place.

OINOS

The top layer of Hades is a blasted gray wasteland, peppered with rough hills and rocky fields. The landscape has been shaped by the monumental conflicts of the Blood War that have ravaged the already bleak terrain. Craters, crevasses, and canyons pock the ground where violent eruptions have split the land from the absolute horrific power unleashed by demons, devils, and the mercenary forces that aid both sides. What few lakes exist on Oinos are usually the result of pooling blood spilled from a particularly savage battle.

The River Styx winds through Oinos, though its normally blood-red waters are muted by the plane's graying effect. The river is an important strategic landmark that controls the easiest access to Hades, so it is hotly contended by demons and devils. Owing to their nature, the devils setup regular checkpoints to inspect travelers coming from the neighboring planes of Carceri and Gehenna. The demons do what they do best – throw hordes of monsters to overwhelm their foes and bring utter chaos to the situation.

No wind stirs the dust of Oinos and no sun hangs in the sky. The perpetual gloom and heavy anticipation of a coming disaster makes a thick combination in the air that can quickly overwhelm non-natives. Vision is limited because of the graying sameness of it all, obscuring details beyond 500 feet in any direction despite the lack of natural obstacles.

NIFLHEIM

The second layer of Hades is a vast pine forest stretching into infinity filled with thick curling mists. The trees have an unhealthy look to them largely because of their dull gray barks and thin needles. A chillness hangs in the air, which combined with the mist creates a moist feeling everywhere. The ground rises and swells in low hills marked only occasionally by a lone mountain, though lakes of dingy gray water are frequent across Niflheim.

The creatures that stalk through Niflheim are well-adapted to the mists, which otherwise obscure vision beyond more than 50 feet. Creatures that rely on sight are going to have a hard time in the forests so the native monsters use other senses to track down their prey. The fearsome garmr, wolves of the mist, are completely blind and hunt by scent alone – their fearsome howl can unnerve even the bravest of foes.

The ambient light of the gray sky overhead is the only illumination on Niflheim; the mists seem to actively attack and swallow other sources of light brought into the pine forest. This suits the residents just fine, chief among them the goddess Hel in the Isles of the Cursed, ten islands in the middle of a massive gray lake. Magical forces prohibit flying over the lake.

PLUTON

The lowest layer of Hades is Pluton, a gloom of endless gray sand dunes, rocky outcroppings, and sparse fields of night-black poplar trees. Here the graying effect of the plane also leeches out memories, robbing visitors of their life experiences, and the landscape reflects this property. Everything looks the same and few landmarks stand out to help travelers navigate.

The Blood War rarely reaches to Pluton, and there are very few native creatures. The dangers of the gloom are enough to deter most from visiting willingly. Pluton's primary feature is the Underworld which sits in massive caverns below the sand dunes. This is the realm of Hades, an ancient god of death who shares the name of the plane, and it is populated by the largest number of dead souls in the multiverse. Hades the god greedily pulls unclaimed souls into his Underworld and uses them as bargaining chips when dealing with other powers. He is the most powerful of the Triumvirate of the Grave, the trio of death gods that ostensibly rule over the plane.

CYCLE OF TIME

There is nothing in Hades to mark the passage of time. Everything seems suspended in a moment of grim hopelessness – the sky alternately looks like twilight or pre-dawn but without the promise of day or night. A feeling of agitated anticipation soaks the landscape and robs time of its meaning. No day or night, no stars, only a perpetual gray cloudiness churned by the occasional passage of monstrous fiendish forces or the will of some morose deity of death.

SURVIVING

There are plenty of dangers across the glooms of Hades. The most prevalent is also the most insidious. Mortal creatures that visit find themselves becoming more and more beaten down by the relentless despair that permeates the very air. Those that succumb to the despair transform into larvae and eventually lose all memories of their former life. This Vile Transformation is detailed under Hazards & Phenomena.

Additionally, the individual glooms offer distinct dangers, including the wasting sickness of Oinos, the clinging mists of Niflheim, and the memory leeching of Pluton. These are also detailed under Hazards & Phenomena.

GETTING THERE

Hades is one of the most accessible planes in all the multiverse. The River Styx flows through the top layer, with numerous tributaries winding into Niflheim. Portals and gates spontaneously appear throughout the multiverse to the Gray Waste, and the gods of death that hold sway over great portions of the plane monitor the flow of souls through astral conduits. Unclaimed souls from across the multiverse end up in Hades, usually in the realm of one of the death gods, and many of these paths remain open far longer than they need to.

Portals leading out of Hades are a bit rarer. They appear as spinning coins, shining brightly in the gray twilight. The color of each roughly determines its location – golden coins almost always lead to Carceri while copper ones lead to Gehenna. Silver coins are more random and can lead to any other plane, though the Lower Planes are more common, and rare platinum coins lead directly to the Astral Plane. Most of these portals are fixed permanent features of the plane, making them prime hunting grounds for the monsters of Hades.

TRAVELING AROUND

Hades is a depressing plane of gray gloom but moving around isn't directly hampered by natural effects. The sameness of it all eventually makes travel difficult as there are few landmarks, especially on Pluton, and the misty pine forest of Niflheim obscures vision and eats light.

Portals between the layers are solid black that appear initially as smooth obsidian stones. They ripple like water when touched but there's no indication where they lead directly by simply looking at them. Orientation on all of the glooms is difficult at best and getting lost is a real problem for travelers that have no magical guidance.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Few things can live in the Gray Waste and not be corrupted and beat down by the unrelenting despair that fills the very air. Fiends of the Lower Planes seem immune to this, a virtue of their evil natures, and undead thrive in all the glooms of Hades. The gods that have chosen to live there (or the ones that have been banished there) all eventually succumb to the unrelenting pressure, giving in to their base instincts and reveling in the power that comes with evil for evil's sake. Travelers should be warned to trust no one in Hades, though this point of advice applies in general to the entirety of the Lower Planes.

ABBATHOR THE GREEDY

Gray is not just a color in Hades, it's a way of life and a distinct power that creeps and crawls over everything. The ground, the trees, the rocks, the sky, all gray, all possessed of a subtle menace that threatens life and mind. There are a few places that buck this trend, however, and one of them is the realm of Abbathor the Greedy, the dwarven god of avarice and jealousy. He dwells beneath a rocky stretch of Oinos in a realm called Glitterhell. In Glitterhell, gold shines in the walls, thick veins of the valuable ore running like veins.

Except none of it is real gold. It's all false, placed there and cultivated by Abbathor to trick anyone who happens to get into Glitterhell. Abbathor's greed breeds paranoia and he doesn't trust anyone, including the blind duergar servants that live like savages in the tunnels. It is rumored the dwarven god keeps a secret forge in the bowels of Glitterhell, but his nature suggests this may be a ruse to lure in greedy thieves.

Abbathor keeps a divine eye on anything valuable that happens to drop into Hades. Gold and gems are a specialty but he lusts after magical trinkets of all kind. The machinations of the Triumvirate of the Grave, the death gods that hold the most power over the Gray Waste, do not concern Abbathor – he sees little value in the souls of the dead.

BLOOD WAR

Hades sees the most open conflicts in the ongoing Blood War between the chaotic demonic forces of the Abyss and the ordered devilish armies of the Nine Hells. Thousands upon thousands of battles have been fought throughout Hades, mainly focused on Oinos on regions surrounding the River Styx, but the foggy forests of Niflheim have seen fiendish troop movements as well. The gray sands and desolate oases of Pluton have seen very little action as part of the Blood War, perhaps owing to the great influence of Hades, god of death that rules over the Underworld.

Evidence of the Blood War is all over Oinos, ranging from pools of blood, bloated fiendish corpses crawling with monstrous scavengers, carrion birds fighting over scraps, along with lost or retreating forces of both sides scattered and separated from their main host. The Blood War Aftermath table under Hazards & Phenomena provides a list of random incidents that can be encountered by travelers throughout Oinos.

Why has Hades seen the most open conflict in the Blood War? Philosophically, Hades stands at the midpoint between the Abyss and the Nine Hells so if one side wins control over the Gray Waste they gain greater control over territory in the Lower Planes. Some have theorized that there is something more to it than just claiming lands. Certainly the rank and file soldiers on each side don't know why they fight on Hades, and even the generals seem only have the barest idea.

DEMONIC HORDES

Owing to their very nature, the demons from the Abyss send wave after wave of gibbering hordes into Hades. There is little to no coordination between the efforts as individual demon lords send their fiends out to simply overwhelm the devils and control Hades by virtue of being the last left alive. However, there are a few demon lords that seem particularly vested in the Blood War on the Gray Waste.

Eblis of the Unbending Knee is a powerful demon lord who controls a vast swath of Pazunia, the first layer of the Abyss. He is obsessed with warfare and has been known to travel via the River Styx into Hades personally to launch himself against the devilish forces on Oinos. Eblis is a brilliant if unorthodox tactician who knows how to use his demons to be the most effective; many of his battles are surprise attacks on infernal strongholds along the River Styx, vital strategic locations for both sides in controlling the flow of battle. He has sent numerous packs of demons into the glooms of the Gray Waste in search of the Obelisks of Ash, which he believes are key to controlling Hades. Eblis has a poor relationship with the Triumvirate of the Grave but he generally steers clear of their territories.

Barbu is another demon lord with a vested interest in the Blood War on Hades. She is much less concerned with the actual control of the Gray Waste than in fighting devils – she is a wild but fierce combatant with a reputation for ruining any peace accord or truce established. Barbu is known as the Unwelcome Guest by everyone, and her flying hordes of deranged vorks strike fear in the minds of demon and devil alike when they darken the skies of Oinos.

DEVILISH LEGIONS

The rigid march of devils from the Nine Hells of Baator shake the ground, but they know they lack the sheer numbers of their demonic foes. They close this gap with a greater reliance on tactics, a deeper understanding of war, and better trained and equipped soldiers. The devils use sound battle plans to trap and defeat their enemies on the fields of Oinos and beyond, though the wild unpredictability of the demons turns some of those plans upside down.

Zariel, Lord of the First, is the infernal archduchess charged with taking Hades in the name of Baator. As a fallen angel she fought countless battles on Oinos against fiendish forces, and her fall from grace gives her a unique perspective on strategies for claiming Hades. She rarely leaves Avernus and has little time to devote to actual war planning due to infernal politics, so she placed a competent underling in charge. Duke Jornakesh is one of the finest military minds in the Nine Hells. He knows the landscape of Oinos in intricate detail and has won more than battles than he has lost against a greater numbered foe.

Duke Jornakesh uses yugoloth mercenaries more than Zariel would prefer, and this reliance on outside forces may be his undoing. He tries to needlessly risk yugoloth lives in the Blood War and his brilliant strategies has won him many ultroloth allies who believe the devils are destined to win out over the demons. Nonetheless, some – including the powerful Lord of the Wasting Tower – are beginning to grow weary of Duke Jornakesh's promises of victory. Yugoloth loyalty is bought with treasure and if the rumors are true regarding the powerful duke's coffers being depleted by conflicts on other fronts, the yugoloths may renege on their existing contracts.

THE DEMENTED

It is widely believed that the yugoloths originated on Hades and then emigrated to Gehenna thereafter. The main evidence for this are the baernoloths, ancient and powerful yugoloths that have largely cut themselves off from fiendish politics to dwell in solitude across the glooms of the Gray Waste. They are believed to be immortal while living on Hades, further proof of their origin, but their self-imposed exile makes them difficult to find and deal with.

Except for a small group referred to in whispers as the Demented. This loosely organized group of baernoloths believe they can take an active hand in the destruction of the multiverse. The main tool for their machination is the Blood War, so the Demented offer their advice and guidance without charge to any demon or devil commander willing to listen. Their advice is sometimes sound and brilliant, and other times rubbish and



dangerous, but their end goal seems to be pushing the boundaries of the conflict to the greater multiverse.

The savviest of fiendish commanders recognize the Demented as being possessed of a special form of madness, and there are students of the Blood War who discount their presence as nothing more than a fluke on a grander stage. But the creatures are old, as old as the yugoloth race, and their penchant for offering advice for free makes taking it tempting for any general or leader looking for an edge.

OINOLOTH OF THE WASTING TOWER

The most influential and individually powerful of all the yugoloths in the multiverse is the oinloth, who sits at the top of Khin-Oin the Wasting Tower, a 20-mile high bone-like structure stretching up from a barren patch of the Gray Waste. In theory, the oinloth rules over the yugoloths and directs their actions, working towards the betterment of their fiendish race against the other powers in the multiverse.

In theory, at least. Most don't realize that the oinloth is a title given to any being that reaches the top of the Wasting Tower and defeats the current oinloth. Yugoloths are usually the only ones to care to even try, but some demons, devils, and even mortals have entered Khin-Oin

with the intent of claiming the lofty title. With it comes a host of powers, including control over the Siege Malicious, a great throne with the power to create disease and spread them throughout Hades (and beyond, or so it is rumored).

The current oinloth is Mydianchlarus, an incredibly paranoid ultroloth who defeated the previous oinloth to claim Khin-Oin as its own. Mydianchlarus receives ambassadors from the Abyss, the Nine Hells, Carceri, and elsewhere in special chambers but he never greets them in person. Instead, he speaks through a special magical link with powerful zombies that see to the needs of the ambassadors. Very little is accomplished in these meetings as Mydianchlarus refuses to utilize the powers of the Siege Malicious on any scale helpful to either side in the Blood War, but the visitors and the oinloth continue to put up a charade.

The previous oinloth, Anthraxus, though he was defeated and deposed from Khin-Oin, managed to survive and now wanders the Gray Waste as a free agent. He is an experienced ultroloth with a wealth of knowledge and a knack for betrayal, a fact that has started to get around. Anthraxus' work prospects of late have been few and far between.

NIGHTMARE PRINCESSES

Nightmares gallop across the barren stretches of the Gray Waste in great herds, their burning hooves scorching the ground and leaving a trail of black soot in their wake. The powerful beasts are coveted by wicked minded individuals across the multiverse as the mount of choice but taming them is a difficult and timely endeavor. Those that run free on Hades are prized above all others but they swear fealty to an enigmatic group of leaders known only as the nightmare princesses.

Three princesses are known to planar scholars, but it is widely believed there are more. They are each a powerful specimen capable of telepathic speech with mortal creatures, and each travel in a herd with hundreds of fellow nightmares. They are willful, proud, and stubborn, characteristics normally bludgeoned by the unrelenting gloom of Hades, but their nature keeps them strong and running free.

The nightmare princesses have witnessed much in the Gray Waste and they are an excellent source of information – if you have something they want to trade. They are not interested in mortal trinkets or golden treasures, but they're always in the mood for larvae to devour or a celestial to crush beneath their hooves. The known three are Calaphone, Zadite, and Alyndia, and each frequents Oinos as their layer of choice.

The nightmare princesses meet irregularly at the Dreaming Bones, a great hill filled with nightmare skeletons on the gray sand dunes of Pluton. Nightmares regularly go to the site to die and be reborn again, but the nightmare princesses discuss other matters. Some say they meet to keep up the strength of the herd on Hades, while others say they come to receive the blessings of the Triumvirate of the Grave or some other power that presides over them.

TRIUMVIRATE OF THE GRAVE

Death is no release on Hades. Those unfortunate enough to die in the Gray Waste either return to the earth as larvae and quickly lose what memories they had, or they get snatched up by one of the prominent death gods of the plane, known collectively as the Triumvirate of the Grave. The three deities that make up the group are Arawn, Hel, and Hades, and each claims death as the major part of their divine portfolio.

However, rather than fight or quarrel amongst themselves, they united under a common purpose – to get as many souls into Hades as possible. Two of them keep to Niflheim – Arawn rules the Isles of the Cursed while the Halls of Hel belong to the goddess Hel. Hades, the most powerful and active of the Triumvirate, rules the Underworld on Pluton, a realm nearly as vast as the layer itself. The three meet regularly to discuss topics of mass death across the multiverse and to share plans on subverting souls from their destination across the planes and into their respective realms.

Each of the gods of death that make up the Triumvirate of the Grave are self-serving and greedy, but they have been known to treat with mortals that come to visit on specific purposes. Arawn claims a mortal as his wife who becomes his queen for 10 years before she passes, though rarely are the arrangements mutual – more than one mortal lover has come to the Isles of the Cursed to free their beloved from Arawn's clutches. Hades rules a vast Underworld with thousands upon thousands of servants, but his eye gets caught by the image of a beautiful woman or man from time to time. Hel is impressed only by a warrior's prowess and she works to claim the bravest and most competent souls for her fog-enshrouded realm.

TROLL KING OF FINNVANG FOREST

The fog that chokes Niflheim is thick and gloomy, like everything in the Gray Waste, and it hides multiple secrets. One of those is Finnvang Forest, a stretch of pine woods where the trees are skeletal remnants of their former selves, reaching out with claw-like branches to grasp and scratch at the unwary. This realm is run by Zulkaz the Troll King, an immortal troll with an iron crown intrinsically tied to the forest. Zulkaz has legions of trolls of all types in Finnvang Forest that obey his every command, which is to dig through the dirt in search of his missing organs.

Though immortal, Zulkaz can still lose parts of his body, and a dire curse placed on him means his organs don't regenerate like a normal troll. A hero once sought to free his love from the clutches of Arawn, god of death that rules the Isles of the Cursed, and the price the god put on such an endeavor was to lose the heart, eyes, liver, and other organs of the Troll King. The hero completed the trial and tossed the grisly trophies into the forest where Arawn's magic made them disappear.

Weakened but still alive, Zulkaz has ordered his trolls to scour Finnvang and beyond in search of his missing parts. They have found one eyeball so far and his spleen, but the greatest missing piece is the Troll King's heart. Once he claims all his missing parts, Zulkaz vows to send legions of trolls into the Isles of the Cursed to wreak terrible vengeance upon Arawn.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Dangerous monsters prowl the Gray Waste of Hades looking to take advantage of weakness, sickness, and despair. Demons, devils, and yugoloths can also be found in great numbers, especially on Oinos, so there's another reason to be cautious if traveling to Hades for any reason.

FIENDS

As depressing and gloomy as Hades is, it sees a large amount of traffic from fiends of all kinds due to its coveted position as the jewel of the Blood War. Demons and devils constantly clash against one another, and often run afoul of the native fiends as well. Night hags are common and believed to have originated on Hades, where they drive herds of writhing larvae to barter and trade with other infernal traders. Enormous herds of nightmares thunder across the blasted wasteland, kicking up gray dust to choke the skies.

Many creatures dine on the lesser fiends of Hades, such as the bleak rats, but these pests can prove troublesome for other creatures due to their life-sapping bites. Flocks of flightless diakk hop around the wastes as well and serve as fine dining in infernal feast halls across the Lower Planes. Niflheim's foggy grayness hides dangerous wolf-like garmr that stalk visitors at the behest of Hel, one of the lords of death that rule over Hades. Larviathans churn through the wastes as well, spreading despair wherever they sense emotions, and are nearly unkillable on the plane. Enormous gray webs spun by rakkix are nearly invisible in the landscape but are capable of ensnaring any who fall into them, where they become food for the spider-like fiends.

Hordlings. The most numerous fiends on Hades are the vast teeming masses of hordlings. These misshapen monsters come in a staggering variety but all are dedicated to spreading pain and misery wherever they go. They are unreliable pawns and soldiers but still remain useful fodder for both devils and demons in the Blood War, but the loyalty of a hordling cannot be bought or coerced. They always eventually fall to their greedy self-serving nature of betrayal.

Yugoloths. According to most theories, Hades is the birthplace of the yugoloths. Most of them have moved operations to Gehenna, but a host of powerful representatives remain in the Gray Waste. The most powerful of all the yugoloths is the Oinoloth, a title bestowed upon the master of Khin-Oin the Wasting Tower on Oinos, though few brave the horrors of that tower to reach its owner and face the challenge. Baernoloths are the elder powers of the yugoloths that decided to remain on Hades when the rest of their race moved to Gehenna, and their enigmatic interest in the movement of beings across the Gray Waste make them allies and enemies of everyone.

GIANTS

The gray pine forests of Niflheim hide many dangerous monsters, but few are as bloodthirsty as the savage trolls. They wander the fog looking for fresh meat, and many serve the goddess Hel as enforcers and guardians in the wilderness. Finnvag Forest holds the largest population of trolls all serving Zulkaz the Troll King, who constantly searches for his missing body parts cut up by a hero long ago.

Frost giants and ogres serve Hel in her vast realm as well, where captured souls are tortured with sumptuous banquets that induce wracking pain. Hel often uses the giants and ogres to enforce her commands across Hades and beyond, sending them on missions to slaughter those that fail to honor her in certain Material Plane realms. These forces all have chalk-white skin and a deathly pallor that mark them as servants of Hel.

UNDEAD

Undead horrors can be found on any of the glooms of Hades. They serve as the most numerous and potent servants of the Triumvirate of the Grave, the trio of death gods that rule much of the Gray Waste (Hel, Arawn, and Hades). Skeletons are the most commonly found monster, and many of these are animated by the natural gloom of Hades and serve as nothing more than natural extensions of the plane itself. Ghouls, shadows, and ghosts also haunt the regions, and in the remains of Blood War battles, some fallen fiends rise as grotesque nightmares to haunt the gray wilderness as foul horrors.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The Gray Waste has an insidious way of getting under the skin of travelers and infecting them with an apathy towards life and existence in general. It's a subtle evil, much less overt than the fire and brimstone found in the Abyss and the Nine Hells. Staying alive and sane in Hades is a challenge for the stoutest of minds and hearts.

THE GRAYING

Hades isn't known as the Gray Waste without good reason. On every layer in almost every realm, all colors have been leeched away, leaving only shades of gray over the entire landscape – the skies, the ground, the hills, everything. The River Styx's normally blood-red color dulls to near black while it flows through Oinos.

Anything brought into Hades eventually discolors to a shade of gray, an effect known as the graying. Brighter and more vibrant colors can take a full week to lose their original shade while duller colors take less time. This effect is largely cosmetic, and there are wizards in planar trading cities that specialize in restoring lost color to things found or left on Hades too long.

NIFLHEIM CLINGING MISTS

The gray pine forests of Niflheim are largely obscured by thick, grasping mists that envelop the entire layer. They curl around the trunks of the gray trees, between the tufts of gray pine needles clinging to the branches, and help hide the natural pits, lakes, and swamps that dot the layer. Anything more than 30 feet away is heavily obscured by the mists, and vision is completely blocked at a distance of 60 feet by the pine trees and mists.

The mists also resist attempts to disperse. A spell like *gust of wind* can swirl the mists for a short period of time, clearing an area, but as soon as the spell effect ends the fog rushes back in and reclaims what it lost. Some planar scholars claim an intelligence sits behind the mists – perhaps Arawn or Hel, or a combination of the two, but few give credence to these ideas. And the mists certainly don't respond to anything that would suggest a sentience behind its thick, flowing movements.

BLOOD WAR AFTERMATH

Oinos sees the most activity in the long-standing Blood War between demons and devils for control over the Lower Planes, and the aftermath of those battles litters the first layer of Hades. Skirmishes and open battles are frequent and can certainly sweep up characters, but just as often a party traveling through Oinos only encounters the aftermath. The below table can be used to highlight the impact the Blood War has on Hades, and to create potential adventure seeds for future exploitation.

BLOOD WAR AFTERMATH

1D20 BLOOD WAR AFTERMATH

- 1 Shards of green steel swords forged in the Nine Hells scattered about
- 2 A noxious cloud of yellowish vapor containing the dissipating remnants of spectral faces
- 3 A field of mangled demons dissolving into the gray earth
- 4 Clouds overhead churning in a vortex pattern after a demonic force retreated
- 5 An altar dedicated to Asmodeus hastily constructed of demon bones dimming with fading power
- 6 An impact crater hundreds of feet wide with a single devil corpse crushed in the center
- 7 Black ichor drizzling from the sky from a great aerial battle
- 8 A ruined infernal war machine from Avernus crashed into a crevasse, the hull smoking
- 9 Great iron chains lay strewn about, still wet from where they cut into fiendish flesh holding back some monstrosity before it was released
- 10 Enormous shards of black ice studded into the ground, melting into the gray dirt
- 11 Blackened scorch marks in the ground that create an enormous symbol of the demon lord Eblis when viewed from the sky
- 12 A cosp of twisted leafless trees burning with emerald green fire
- 13 The twisted skeleton of an enormous devil monstrosity, the bones still smoking
- 14 Pools of bubbling acid slowly being absorbed into the gray dirt

1D20 BLOOD WAR AFTERMATH

- 15 The bat-like wings of a colossal demon draped across the ground
- 16 Several melted mangonels constructed of black steel and decorated with yugoloth symbols
- 17 Broken masonry scattered about the rough structure of a ruined keep still smoking
- 18 A series of huge hoofprints marking the dirt where gigantic war beasts trod
- 19 A pack of yugoloth deserters leaving the area
- 20 Scavengers! Roll on the random encounter table to determine what creatures are picking through the rubble

OINOS WASTING SICKNESS

Diseases are rampant on Oinos owing to the perfect combination of hundreds of thousands of combatants fighting an eternal war and soaking the ground with blood, sweat, and tears. However, there's something more that Oinos has the many travelers don't realize – Khin-Oin the Wasting Tower, bastion of the Oinoloth and greatest stronghold of the yugoloth in the multiverse. Khin-Oin's worst kept secret is the Siege Malicious, a great throne that sits at the top where the Oinoloth rules. It's not just ornamental, however. The Siege Malicious is a powerful disease machine that can infect the entire plane given the right circumstances – and beyond if the rumors are true.

The presence of the Siege Malicious combined with the unhealthy factors of the Blood War creates a wasting disease that can infect any creature that spends time in Oinos and interacts with the natural environment. This includes drinking or falling into water, getting dirt into fresh wounds, or traversing underground. Creatures in these circumstances must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or contract the wasting disease of Oinos. The wasting disease has four stages.

The first stage starts at infection, and the victim loses 1d6 points of Charisma. These lost ability score points only return when the disease is cured and the victim has spent a long rest outside of Hades. The wasting disease can only be paused while on Hades, but it can flare up easily, forcing the victim to make additional saving throws as if they were contracting the disease for the first time. In these circumstances, the disease skips previous stages and moves to the next.

For most victims, the second stage of the wasting disease occurs at the next long rest after the onset. The victim automatically loses 1d6 points of Dexterity and Strength (roll separately for each) as the disease quickly attacks the muscles. The third stage is far more insidious – it strikes 1d20 hours later as the victim's skin becomes paper-like, gray, and flakes off in great chunks. The fourth and final stage occurs 1d6 hours after the third stage, and results in death.

The wasting disease is particularly nasty around Khin-Oin. Creatures unprotected from disease can contract the wasting disease by just being within 1 mile of the yugoloth tower, and the stages are more rapid (second stage occurs after the first short rest, third stage is 1d4 hours later, and fourth stage is 1d6 minutes).

PLUTON MEMORY LEECH

The gray sands of Pluton are vast, endless, and supremely boring. Every sand dune looks like the last sand dune, and the horizon blends nearly perfectly into the sky to create a featureless gray haze in all directions. The stunning dullness of Pluton on the surface hides the insidious power of the layer, which steals away memories from travelers. After every long rest on Pluton, creatures must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, they lose memories dear to them – friends and family are forgotten, hometowns hold no special meaning, and even the reason for coming becomes vague and undefined.

After a creature has failed four of these saving throws they lose all memories and are drawn inexorably to the Gates of the Underworld where they are drawn without having any idea why. Hades, the god of death that rules the Underworld, welcomes these memory-less travelers as menial labor and puts them to work on projects around his realm. The memory leeching of Pluton does not occur in the Underworld.

It is possible to restore lost memories. They return on their own, slowly regenerating, over a period of time based on how many failures the victim accumulated. Memories lost over one failure come back after 1 day outside of Pluton, while two failures require 1 week and three failures require 1 month. If a creature that has failed four saving throws can somehow be directed outside of Pluton, they remain memoryless for 1 year. The death god Hades has an instinctual link to creatures restoring their memories and usually sends cults and servants to drag the victim back to Pluton to finish the leeching process.

VILE TRANSFORMATION

Larvae are mortal souls that have been reborn as disgusting wriggling grubs in the soil of Hades. They serve as food and commodity for the residents of the Gray Waste; night hags are especially fond of rounding up larvae and selling them on black markets across the multiverse. Larvae are created in one of three ways – through horrendous magical transformation spells known only to the highest-ranking servants of the Triumvirate of the Grave; by the gods of death diverting unbound souls and releasing them into Hades; or by a vile transformation that affects mortal creatures on the plane.

The vile transformation is deceptively simple. Every long rest spent on the plane, mortal creatures (fiends, celestials, and elementals are immune) must succeed on a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they gain a level of exhaustion. These levels of exhaustion cannot be removed while the victim remains on Hades. When a victim gains their sixth level of exhaustion through any effect while on Hades, the victim's body dies and they are reborn immediately as a larvae. This process is irreversible, at least to common thinking, and transformed larvae quickly lose all memories of their previous lives.

SITES & TREASURES

The Gray Waste hides multiple sites and relics of power, many of which are the direct result of the Blood War between the demons and devils of the Lower Planes. There must be some reason for adventurers to head into the dangerous and deadly realms of Hades!

CHASM OF PLAGUES

Khin-Oin the Wasting Tower is a dominating sight on the otherwise featureless horizon of Oinos. It towers over the landscape, and considering the dangerous disease that radiates out from it, few go near it. But nearby, roughly ten miles from the tower itself, yawns the Chasm of Plagues, a darkness-filled gorge cut into the Gray Waste itself. It is patrolled by servants of the Oinoloth at all times, for within its depths is rumored to be the source of Khin-Oin's disease-generating power.

The Chasm of Plagues is a jagged scar in the ground, roughly 500 feet across at its widest and almost a mile long. The sides are steep and cloaked in darkness and few know exactly how far down it goes – the shadows become a physical force, like liquid darkness, after descending a mile down. Strange gray moss and fungi cling to the rocky sides which are climbable by an experienced traveler, though the yugoloths and slasreths (monsters normally native only to Gehenna) patrol regularly and have orders to destroy any intruders.

The moss and fungi supposedly grant creatures resistance or immunity to Khin-Oin's worst wasting disease, but there are rumors the Chasm of Plagues holds the source of power for the Siege Malicious itself in its depths. Few have even attempted the journey into the black chasm, and those that have and lived to tell the tale say there is a living disease of monstrous proportions that moves and flies in the shadows.

DEATH OF INNOCENCE

Squatting in the pine forest of Niflheim sits the isolated frontier town, Death of Innocence. The people that have drifted into its wooden-timbered buildings and muddy streets all share the viewpoint that death is the only release from suffering, but they are too selfish and too arrogant to die by their own hands. It is a grim town, with clawing mists as thick as anywhere on the layer hanging around it, but it does offer some respite for those lost to Niflheim's heavy pine forests.



Death of Innocence is positioned relatively close to the Halls of Hel, and the goddess of death does not look kindly upon such a settlement so near her sacred borders. She has sent packs of garmr led by her most experienced hunters into the town to wipe them out, which happens frequently, but something in the site attracts more people and before long the buildings are back up and Death of Innocence stands again. It's happened so many times the residents actually look forward to the razing.

What about the site attracts travelers and draws the ire of Hel? There have been strange occurrences in Death of Innocence witnessed by travelers, including glowing lights, distant laughing voices, the tinkling of bells. Is there a gateway to the Plane of Faerie, the Feywild, hidden somewhere within, below, or even above Death of Innocence?

DREAMING BONES

Herds of nightmares thunder across the landscape of Hades. They are common on Oinos, rare on Nifheim, and almost never seen on Pluton. The only time an unaccompanied nightmare has been seen in the gray sands of Pluton it has been on a pilgrimage to the Dreaming Bones, a great mountain in a sandy valley completely

comprised of bones – the bones of nightmares.

Nightmares come to the Dreaming Bones to end their physical form, but that is not death for them. They are reborn after giving themselves over to the grisly pile, re-emerging somewhere on Hades with new life and vigor. The Nightmare Princesses are the only ones that know the exact location of the Dreaming Bones so in order to die and be reborn, a nightmare must seek out one of these powerful but fickle individuals and request the location. Most of the time, the Nightmare Princesses oblige, and if the whim strikes they may send an honor guard on the trip – or accompany the nightmare themselves.

It is said that the Nightmare Princesses must rejuvenate their own bodies at the Dreaming Bones every so often, but their rebirth is different. They die as Nightmare Princesses but return as regular nightmares, and in the cosmic scales another nightmare on Hades is chosen to be elevated. Is this the work of Hades, the god of the Underworld? The god does seem to favor the nightmares more than the other two of the Triumvirate of the Grave, and it would not be out of the ordinary for the fickle Hades to distribute such power randomly.

FINNVANG FOREST

Finnvang Forest is a stretch of pine woods in Niflheim that seem to the untrained eye as any other patch of foggy wilderness on the layer. It is the realm of Zulkaz the Troll King, and the legions of immortal trolls and ogres that live in the forest scour the region without end looking for the missing organs of their liege. Zulkaz had his organs, including his eyes and heart, removed by a hero looking to free his love from the clutches of Arawn. The hero succeeded, but Zulkaz – being an immensely powerful and immortal being – did not die. Instead, the Troll King lives on in agony, and the search for his parts continues without end.

Zulkaz's forces have orders to bring any trespasser into Finnvang Forest to the Troll King's dreary gray stone castle. There, Zulkaz questions the prisoners without end, demanding to know where his eye, heart, and liver are located. Most planar scholars that study the history of Finnvang believe that the Troll King's missing body parts are not actually on Niflheim at all, but Zulkaz refuses to believe this. The greedy self-absorbed Troll King jumps at any opportunity to get his body parts back, but he is quick to betray any alliance and break any agreement at the most opportune moment.

FOG LABYRINTH OF CRALFUM

Not all of the fog in Hades is found in Niflheim. One particularly dangerous stretch of rocky terrain in Oinos descends into a shallow valley completely filled with thick, choking mists. Known as the Fog Labyrinth, it is the home to an insane lich named Cralfum who is attempting to unlock the borders between the layers of Hades. His ultimate goal isn't exactly clear, though Cralfum believes the unwinding of the borders will result in him achieving great power and taking a seat on the Triumvirate of the Grave.

Cralfum may be insane, but his power and mastery over planar gates is well regarded across the multiverse. The Fog Labyrinth actually pulls in the mist from Niflheim, so the entire area has the same Clinging Mists feature as the second layer. The lich's personal sanctum sits in the center of the Fog Labyrinth – a domed structure covered in arcane sigils. Inside, he tinkers with magic that sits at the crossroads of the multiverse. He has regular correspondences with other powerful spellcasters that share his interest in planar magic, and some of his spells have become known to planar scholars in distant realms.

Those seeking Cralfum had best be prepared, however. Some quirk of the magic that created the Fog Labyrinth actually creates near-solid walls that shift, dissipate, and reform at random. Cralfum found a tribe of minotaurs on another plane, killed them, and then animated their bones as powerful skeletons that retain some measure of their former intelligence. The skeletal minotaur guardians of the Fog Labyrinth are merciless and loyal only to the lich.

GLITTERHELL

Beneath the rocky Gray Waste of Oinos sits a vast complex of narrow tunnels and cramped passages known as Glitterhell. This is the realm of Abbathor, the dwarven god of greed, and he keeps vast amounts of wealth secreted away within his tunnels. He employs traps of all kind to keep thieves and robbers out, and he knows where every last copper coin sits in Glitterhell. A rampant paranoia fills Abbathor so he trusts nearly no one, but he does keep a small number of blind duergar miners and priests to help do the menial work in Glitterhell.

There are numerous openings on the surface of Oinos that supposedly lead into Glitterhell, but the vast majority of these traps of insidious design. Some dump the intruder into vats of gray acid, while others crush them beneath heavy blocks that shoot out from the walls, ceiling, and floor. The divine power of Abbathor keeps the graying that affects the rest of Hades at bay in regards to physical items, so gold, silver, and other metals keep their original luster within Glitterhell.

Abbathor is not without his foils, however. Pyrite sludges ooze through his traps and climb through his carefully prepared setups to devour the god's precious hoarded metals. Are the pyrite sludges created as a natural thwart to Abbathor's greed? Or were they introduced by some other engineering power to teach the greedy dwarf god a lesson? Abbathor's mind reels with the possibilities and his rantings fill the halls as he hunts the dangerous pyrite sludges down with wooden hammers and spears.

GRIMPORT

There are very few points of actual respite in all of Hades. This is especially true for Oinos, where the eternal Blood War flares up with blood results near constantly. The only stable point on the layer, perhaps even the entire plane, is a ramshackle port town on the River Styx known as Grimport. The ruler of Grimport is a spectral force in a tattered black cloak who speaks only in a harsh whisper; locals call it the Grim Specter but no one really knows its name, origin, or purpose beyond keeping Grimport neutral and safe from marauding demons and devils.

The Grim Specter uses fantastic powers to keep fiends and celestials civil in its bleak, crooked streets, and most don't even try to raise problems anymore. The forces that invade Hades meet in Grimport to discuss plans, reconnoiter the landscape, and to hire mercenaries, as the yugoloths have taken up most of the running of the river port town. This seems to suit the Grim Specter just fine, and the yugoloths have a vested interest in keeping Grimport decidedly neutral in the Blood War. How else would they conduct their business of mercenary work for both sides?

Merrenoloths are especially common in Grimport, and there are few more stable locations on the River Styx in all the Lower Planes. A traveler seeking a ferryman for the dangerous river journey can usually find a merrenoloth or other captain willing to book passage – for the right fee. Sometimes, the cost is a soul coin or two per passenger, other times the merrenoloth wishes for some other trinket. What drives these mysterious fiends is beyond most.

The taverns around Grimport's docks are the shabbiest, dingiest, dirtiest dives in all of Hades and they serve the most vile and despicable drinks imaginable, but they can also be a source of information. Travelers looking to learn about the latest movements in the Blood War, or upcoming skirmishes that might affect their travel plans, can do worse than asking around at Grimport's dockside taverns. The Grim Specter usually only intervenes when large scale violence threatens Grimport itself, so visitors must still be careful to avoid asking the wrong questions and provoking the dangerous patrons into taking lethal actions.

HALL OF HEL

Hel's realm in Niflheim is noticeably colder than the rest of the fog-enshrouded pine forest, and she always keeps regular patrols of fiercely loyal frost giants on guard to ensure no one gets in or out without her express permission. The center of her realm is a massive timber building several miles long that serves as the Hall of Hel. The interior is dominated by an expansive banquet chamber, filled with dozens of long tables, but there is no merriment or festivities that occur here. Poisonous sap drips from the ceiling at irregular intervals and the chill of the outside is nothing compared to the icy frost of the inside.

The people that sit at the tables are the souls bound to Hel against their will. Sumptuous food is laid out at all times, served up by skeletal servants, but to eat any of it is to invite wracking convulsions and horrific pain. Hel herself sits at a throne that overlooks the banquet hall where she passes sentencing on those that have been doomed to her grim Niflheim realm. Sometimes, she pronounces judgement on those that were caught trying to infiltrate her realm as well, though just as often she leaves the grisly duty to her fierce packs of garmr and attendant keepers.

Behind Hel's throne is her personal treasure chamber which is said to hold ancient relics from across the multiverse related to glorious death in combat. Hel herself is a coldly beautiful woman of giant-size with a morose, sullen look on her face. She seems to take no pleasure in her duties, though that does not mean she slacks at all in trying to ensnare souls for the good of Hades and her realm. Giants of all kind can be found in the Hall of Hel serving as guards to their mistress, but the chambers below the great hall are said to hold the souls of unworthy giants, chained forever and bound to cook and clean for the residents of the great hall.

ISLES OF THE CURSED

There are countless lakes in Niflheim's pine forests, but most are oily gray waters less than a mile in any direction. The largest lake on the layer is Annwn, and its fog-cloaked banks hold the secret realm of Arawn, one of the gods of death in the Triumvirate of the Grave. Arawn's personal domain is a series of ten islands in the center of Annwn known as the Isles of the Cursed, and getting there is quite a challenge. Magical impediments and divine decrees prevent any creature from flying over the waters of Annwn – travel is only permissible by boat. Serpents of all kind lurk hungrily in the gray depths, and the choppy waters are difficult to navigate.

Travelers that make it to the center of Annwn are greeted first by a massive fortress made of countless bones, with a singularly huge skull sitting at the top, its eyes ablaze. This is the Fortress Annoeth and serves as the lighthouse for the Isles of the Cursed – seeing it, a traveler knows they have entered into Arawn's Isles of the Cursed.

The ten islands are bleak places devoid of cheer or camaraderie, though they are populated by the depressed dead owned by Arawn. They toil in endless drudgery, working for the sake of work without producing anything of value or note, all for the enjoyment of the realm's ruler. Arawn himself is far more animated with the other Triumvirate of the Grave members, and he has a fondness for all of those that have been doomed to live on his cursed islands. Historically, he has also been the most willing to work with mortals that make the journey across the water of Annwn to see him for whatever reason.

Arawn's personal castle is the center of civility in an otherwise gray and dismal plane. The god forces courtly manners and etiquette by magical decree upon any who come to the castle seeking an audience with Arawn. Though everything retains a gray shabby color, the members of Arawn's court are forced to act happy, though it is clear from their vacant eyes, hollow smiles, and taut skin that no one is truly enjoying themselves. Arawn doesn't seem to care or mind.

KHIN-OIN THE WASTING TOWER

It's hard to miss Khin-Oin the Wasting Tower. It stands about twenty miles high, stretching high into the gray clouds over Oinos, and appears to be constructed entirely out of the spine from some enormous beast. This is the center of yugoloth power in Hades, and likely their birthplace as well, though most of the fiends have relocated to the volcanic slopes of Gehenna. Most yugoloths still recognize the individual power of Khin-Oin and its master, the Oinoloth, as a force to be respected and coveted.

Khin-Oin is known as the Wasting Tower because of the disease that ravages the body of unprotected travelers as they come closer to the tower's base. The Oinoloth at the top of Khin-Oin sits on a massive throne called the Siege Malicious that actually creates and spreads the wasting disease, and under the right circumstances it is said that its myriad diseases can be spread across the multiverse. Few Oinoloths have even attempted this, preferring instead to consolidate their power, for by yugoloth law any creature of any kind can challenge the current Oinoloth for their position and title. They just need to pass through Khin-Oin's lower floors and survive.

Khin-Oin is filled with traps, imprisoned fiends, and hazards accumulated from centuries of yugoloth paranoia. Each Oinoloth adds their own special flavor of horrible to the rooms that make up the tower. The Wasting Tower is roughly 250 feet in diameter, which tends to be much smaller than most people think, though its sheer size straight up is daunting enough.

It is also widely known that Khin-Oin descends an equal height into the ground of Oinos. What horrors lurk there few can guess – most that come into Khin-Oin seek the Siege Malicious and the Oinoloth and thus head up as soon as possible. Some say the dungeons below the Wasting Tower hold prisoners captured by the yugoloths across the multiverse, while others say they contain the warped early drafts of the fiends before the night hags that birthed them settled on a final design. Or all of these could be true, with nearly twenty miles of tower, the possibilities and dangers are nearly limitless.

OBELISKS OF ASH

Why is Hades the hotbed of the Blood War? What draws demons and devils, and the accompanying forces that both oppose and support them, to the Gray Waste to fight endlessly? One of the more popular theories points to the strange stone slabs found across the plane. They are referred to by many names among the fiends but most refer to them as the Obelisks of Ash, and at least one demon lord believes controlling these sites are the key to harnessing the latent power of Hades and winning the Blood War.

There have been six Obelisks of Ash seen, mostly on Oinos but a few on Niflheim and Pluton as well. They are each rectangular, 100 feet high and 25 feet thick, constructed of a solid piece of stone. The stone itself is gray and defies all attempts to categorize or identify – it is indestructible, impervious to elemental damage, and doesn't chip or scrape. The surface is covered in intricate pictogram, though no single source has managed to capture all of the images on a single Obelisk of Ash. What has been seen by planar scholars suggest the obelisks are ancient as the pictograms depict Hades under completely different circumstances – as a lush, vibrant realm where sinister monsters lurk and stalk.

The Obelisks of Ash are especially tricky because they constantly change position, never remaining in a single location for more than a day or so. Diviners in the Lower Planes have tracked these movements, and the arcanaloths of the Tower Arcane on Gehenna possess the most complete records of the obelisks movement – but it doesn't seem to help in identifying positively where they are going to show up. Eblis of the Unbending Knee, a chief demon lord waging battles in the Blood War, has dedicated his troops and resources to finding the obelisks and possessing them, but he has relied on unreliable intel and chaotic power, and hasn't had much success.

Who built the Obelisks of Ash? What are their purpose? What does controlling one actually look like? These questions and more continue to baffle planar scholars.

SEA OF MISERY

The gray desolate fields of Oinos are rocky, with little natural vegetation struggling in the bleak landscape, and what little water exists can usually be traced to the River Styx. The largest such body of water is the Sea of Misery, connected to the River Styx by underground channels. This broad shallow sea is less than fifty feet deep at its maximum, but it spreads out over a hundred miles in diameter. Several rocky features jut out from its dismal gray waters, and the entire area has become a natural flashpoint for conflicts in the Blood War.

The demon lord Eblis of the Unbending Knee throws wave after wave of demonic forces at the Sea of Misery, as the great lake has seen numerous appearances from the Obelisks of Ash, while the devils see it as controlling a major resource in the otherwise unending grayness of Hades. Sea monsters of all kinds dwell in the shallow waters, feeding off of the fiends that fight overhead, and hydroloths are common sightings even outside of the Blood War.

For travelers, the Sea of Misery does not hold the same memory-draining power as the River Styx, but its waters still carry dangers. The wasting disease prominent in Oinos is rampant here, so anyone swimming or otherwise coming into contact with the Sea of Misery must check immediately for contracting it. The sheer number of battles fought overhead means there is quite a bit of detritus at the bottom of the lake, so scavengers of all kinds have been encountered in and around the waters, looking for the choicest bits of scraps.

UNDERWORLD

Pluton's most powerful denizen, and perhaps the most powerful in all of Hades, is the god of death for whom the plane is named after. Hades is the strongest of the Triumvirate of the Grave and its undisputed leader, and on Pluton his realm of Underworld is the largest and most dominating force. It sits beneath the gray sands of the layer, accessible only via a massive gate guarded by a monstrous three-headed hound comprised of thousands of squirming living bodies.

Beyond the gate, a set of stairs descends into the cool ground until ending at a yawning opening leading to the vastness of the Underworld. This is not a cavernous underground realm, however. It is a land of night-black poplars, wilting olive trees, scrub grasses, and twilight skies. Larvae souls squirm and writhe before finally giving up the last vestiges of hope and succumbing to the gloom of the Underworld, transforming into a wispy shadow drawn towards the dominating feature of the landscape – the House of Hades.

Hades the god lives and rules from the House of Hades, a massive palatial fortress constructed of polished black marble. It is artfully decorated with exquisitely carved statues and iconography, and Hades considers himself to have the finest of tastes when it comes to art and sculpture. Honored guests from across the multiverse come and stay in the palace before meeting with the god, who is not altogether the cackling maniacal evil figure most believe him to be. Hades is calculating, cold, and distant, but with a pragmatism that puts the balance of existence over the needs of “good” and “evil.”

His skeleton priests that tend to the Underworld are less concerned with the balance, however, and they drive the larvae and imprisoned souls past the brink of desperation. Hades does not allow residents to leave, and his disappointed wrath can spread across the planes to enact vengeance upon those that do manage to escape.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Despite the gloomy desperation that permeates every facet of existence in the Gray Waste, adventure can still be found for those willing to seize upon it. Hades contains arguably the most concentrated evil in the multiverse so there are plenty of opportunities for positive heroes to make a big difference.

Infestation of Despair. A local tavern has become unusually gloomy, with the staff walking around in a depressed haze and the few patrons drinking as if to drown themselves in alcohol. The relative of one of these patrons asks the characters to investigate, and the party quickly learns a supernatural power is behind the despondency. Bleak rats have infested the cellars through a small gate to Hades, requiring the heroes to put an end to the planar vermin and close the gate.

Quarantine! A terrible sickness strike a town, forcing it into quarantine to keep the disease from spreading. The characters are locked in and must find a cure before the wasting sickness overruns the entire town. Yugoloth infiltrators have targeted the town with plague bombs containing concentrated strains of the wasting disease emanating from Khin-Oin. The cure can only be found in Hades, in a black herb that grows in the Field of Nettles on Oinos.

All That Glitters. While exploring a cave the characters stumble upon a natural one-way gate leading to Glitterhell, and find themselves facing pyrite sludges and blind duergar slaves of Abbathor. The greedy dwarven god confronts the heroes and demands to know why they're here, but at the same time recognizes the opportunity before him. He needs pyrite sludges cleared out of his halls and offers to release the party safely if they comply with his demands. Can they trust Abbathor? What dangers lurk in Glitterhell?

Lost Engine of Destruction. Due to their experience the characters are asked by a band of guardinals from Elysium to help stop a force of demons and devils from recovering a potent artifact on Hades. The artifact is an engine of destruction thought destroyed long ago on the fields of Oinos, but the guardinals have reason to believe fiendish forces are moving to reclaim it again. The characters accompany the celestials to Oinos, through open warfare, and to the engine, which is a titanic structure buried in the ground. They must crawl through the engine and remove its heart while battle demon and devil forces looking to claim it for themselves.

Journey of the Stolen Soul. A person with information relevant to the party's interests dies suddenly, and all attempts at resurrection fail. It turns out their soul has been claimed by Hel, and the characters must travel to Niflheim to recover it. They must face garmr hounds, giants of all kind, and get into the Hall of Hel in order to negotiate for the soul's release. What does the goddess of death require in exchange for the soul?



GRAY WASTE OF HADES

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 the Gray Waste of Hades. 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.

GRAY WASTE OF HADES

1D100 GRAY WASTE OF HADES

01-05	A pack of barlgura on their way to a fight
06-10	A legion of merregon devils waiting for their commander
11-15	A thundering herd of nightmares
16-20	Two larvae wriggling out of the dusty ground
21-25	A herd of diakka pecking at the earth
26-30	The gibbering of nearby hordlings
31-35	Massive webs spun across the landscape
36-40	A night hag hunting for larvae
41-45	Swarms of bleak rats scouring the bones of a traveler
46-50	A succubus watching with hungry eyes
51-55	The yagnoloth agent of the Oinoloth on a mission
56-60	A brigade of mezzoloth deserters
61-65	Garmr with a frost giant hunting down escapees from Niflheim
66-70	Vrocks flying overhead intent on picking a fight
71-75	A pyrite sludge waiting in a shallow crevasse
76-80	A larviathan passing underneath
81-00	Blood War Aftermath

EVER-CHANGING CHAOS OF LIMBO

“Limbo holds the purest expression of complete and utter chaos. Everything that swirls about the plane is a cocktail of random occurrences and accidents, where water can transform spontaneously into stone, snow, or acidic secretions at any moment. The chaotic unpredictable whims of the entire multiverse are split open, rearranged, and sewn back together in an endless tumult of sound, matter, and force. Strong minds can enforce a stability in Limbo, but for me, I prefer to bask in the unmitigated chaos around me. It’s comforting in a way that no other place is, and I find myself longing for its chaotic wonders.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

Danger and possibility collide noisily in the primordial soup known as the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo. Raw elements pulled from across the Inner Planes bubble, transform, and shift through the raw expressions of chance and chaos. It isn’t evil, it isn’t good, it’s just untamed chaos, churning forever.

And it’s not just the physical properties of Limbo that exhibit the traits of pure chaos. Opportunity and chance play as much of a role in the plane’s makeup, a surprising fact that is lost on many travelers. The odds of running into another traveler in an infinite plane like Limbo are normally astronomical, but there visitors can expect to encounter other creatures better than half the time. Items malfunction only to spontaneously fix themselves amidst the swirling soup.

Soup is the best word to describe the physical properties of Limbo. It has no gravity, though pockets of elemental power move about like ingredients in a stew – thick in some areas, thin in others. The broth is a swirling kaleidoscope of muted colors and sensations, wet and thick and dry and oozy at the same time. Everything in Limbo moves naturally according to an unknown whim, which includes sentient creatures. Regular physical movement against the primordial soup is near impossible.

But the will of creatures can be imposed on the area around them, stabilizing matter and pushing back the soup. The effect is similar to that of the Astral Plane, where a creature’s mind affects how fast and far they move, but in Limbo it’s taken to an extreme. Movement without mental command is impossible against the unbending will of pure chaos.

Monsters of a wide variety swim through Limbo, most adapting spontaneously to the changes around them. Kleeltarns are massive octopi-like behemoths that absorb the chaotic energy and transmute it through their many arms, while flavabeeks have wings, webbed feet, scales, and a fish tail they use to snap up unsuspecting prey. The proto-ooze is the purest expression of chaos amongst the creatures that inhabit Limbo.

Limbo is known for its two primary inhabitants, however. The first are the slaadi, great toad-like monsters that exist only to feed. They scavenge across Limbo in nomadic bands, owing allegiance to none and expecting none in return, though their defined hierarchy sorts out power and ability by color. They are ruthless creatures capable of savage acts of barbarism, but some can be trusted. Deciding who and when can be difficult, however.

The githzerai are the other species closely associated with Limbo. Unlike the slaadi, githzerai are not natives to the plane, instead having been transplanted from their original homes during the uprising against the mind flayers that held them as slaves. When they broke free under the leadership of Gith, two factions split off along ideologically different lines. The savage and bloodthirsty githyanki retreated to the Astral Plane, while the contemplative and pacifist githzerai found solace in Limbo. Great monasteries have been built to honor the most powerful teachers of the githzerai and they all strive to stop the machinations of their evil cousins on the Astral Plane and mind flayers everywhere.

Along with its dangerous or just bizarre inhabitants, Limbo offers many fascinating sights and treasures to lure planar travelers across the multiverse. The halls of the College of Chance run by the Seekers of Xaos hold great volumes of lore and legend, while the Font of Reckless Magic is said to be the source of wild magic across the multiverse. The disembodied Trass Tarr floats in his mind-cylinder while slaadi protect their eternal Spawning Stone from intruders.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Limbo as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Limbo.

Unpredictable Chaos. The essence of Limbo is chaos incarnate, and that essence manifests everywhere on the plane in very real and visceral ways. Solid objects may suddenly transform into lakes of acid in the blink of an eye, and enormous globs of protomatter constantly morph and reform into different elemental chunks. The only predictable thing about Limbo is that there is nothing predictable about it, a paradox that explains much of the Ever-Changing Chaos.

Controlled by Thoughts. The primordial soup that fills Limbo reacts to a creature’s thought in strange ways. The most obvious manifestation of this phenomena is simply moving – only by thinking about moving can a creature actually move, their muscles do not propel them forward at all. The stronger the mental capacity, the more control a creature can exert over the surrounding chaos, to the point where the powerful psionic githzerai have managed to stabilize entire regions of Limbo using just their impressive mental capabilities.

Not Just By Chance. Randomness and chance are strange bedfellows on Limbo. The nature of the plane warps probability in strange ways, creating cosmic coincidences that seem next to impossible on a regular basis. Travelers through Limbo are likely to encounter not just another traveler, but an old family acquaintance; the slaad monster is going to be the same one that had a distant relative encountered years ago; the githzerai monks just happen to be looking for the same destination; and so on. Freak chance encounters like these are commonplace on Limbo, though their significance can always be questioned.

LAY OF THE LAND

Limbo has no defined layers, instead spontaneously growing them as its chaotic whim demands. There is up and down, no north and south, which makes maps less than useless and directions pointless. Nonetheless, planar scholars have endeavored to classify Limbo over the centuries, and to that end many have settled on the concept of splitting the plane into three vaguely defined “layers” – the Storm Eternal, the Sea Infinite, and the Elsewhere, defined largely by their primary inhabitants.

Functionally, however, there is no difference between these “layers” and they exist solely as academic classifications. There are no borders between the three regions and no creature or native inhabitant refers to their names, though it can be helpful when speaking with other travelers and scholars to use the terms as common reference points.

The Storm Eternal and Sea Infinite are both defined by their central features, and in other planes these would be simply referred to as domains or regions. Limbo has no rules around such classifications, but the relative stabling effect of the githzerai fortresses and the Spawning Stone of the slaadi offers some measure of distinction.

STORM ETERNAL

The Storm Eternal is the region of Limbo planar scholars define largely by housing the githzerai and their various monasteries and fortress cities. The wild unpredictable landscape is marked by more than a few stable regions, usually the home of the githzerai or other powerful creatures that have imposed their will upon the primordial soup.

Shra'kt'lor, greatest and most prominent of the githzerai fortress cities, forms the stabilizing center of the Storm Eternal. Other monasteries and sites lay scattered about, floating in the proto-sea of elemental power and pure chaos, but the mentally powerful githzerai keep a psychic link open between all of the sites to maintain communication lines in the face of dangers and threats.

SEA INFINITE

“Below” and “above” are terms that don’t apply on Limbo, but if they did, the Sea Infinite would be below the Storm Eternal. This churning, seething cauldron of primordial protomatter – the same as everywhere else on the plane – is marked mainly as the birthplace of the slaadi. The Spawning Stone’s presence defines the Sea Infinite in

the same way as the githzerai fortresses define the Storm Eternal.

The Spawning Stone itself forms the hub of slaadi life, as the creatures are drawn to it at least once in their lifetime to continue the species outside of the chest-egg laying procedure they inflict on non-slaadi. The stone itself is massive and riddled with tunnels, within which are said to dwell the Slaad Lords. Few in the multiverse have dealt with these powerful agents of chaos, who are said to be unlike normal slaadi.

ELSEWHERE

Everywhere in Limbo that isn’t near the githzerai or slaadi territories is considered Elsewhere by planar scholars. It moves, churns, flows, falls, flies, slumps, and every other word for movement, changing from one to another quickly and without warning. Monsters of all kind prowl the Elsewhere, which includes slaadi and githzerai, and chance and randomness collide as often as the fragments of elemental matter.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes normally on Limbo, but no sun marks its passage. There is no day or night on the plane, only the muted prismatic colors of the primordial proto-matter and elemental flares constantly moving and shifting around.

SURVIVING

Limbo is dangerous because of the raw elements pulled from the Inner Planes that spawn and mutate constantly and without warning. A region might be filled with syrupy liquid, requiring a creature to breathe water, and then suddenly become a raging inferno or transform into solid stone. The elemental collisions hazard provides guidance on the kind of dangerous threats that Limbo can create for the unwary and unprepared.

Without these incursions, however, the proto-matter that fills Limbo is breathable by creatures that breathe air and water.

GETTING THERE

More than any other plane in the multiverse, portals and gates to Limbo appear randomly and are rarely reliable. Sometimes, the portals simply cease to function, or the key that worked to open it previously no longer functions. To facilitate this level of randomness, the Random Portal Fluctuation table below can be used to randomly adjust a portal’s activation method and/or destination.

When the party arrives on Limbo from anywhere through any means, roll for a random encounter based on their general location (Storm Eternal, Sea Infinite, or Elsewhere).

RANDOM LIMBO PORTAL FLUCTUATION

1D20	LIMBO PORTAL FLUCTUATIONS
1	Roll twice on this table, ignoring duplicate results. Individual creatures passing through a portal with multiple destinations arrive at one of them randomly.
2-3	Portal requires a mental command from a creature within 30 feet of it.
4-5	Portal requires a certain element to open (air, earth, fire, or water).
6-7	Portal requires a certain metal to open (iron, copper, silver, or gold).
8-9	Portal requires expending a 1st level or higher spell slot on it within 30 feet.
10-11	Portal destination is in the Storm Eternal.
12-13	Portal destination is in the Sea Infinite.
14-15	Portal destination is in the Spawning Stone.
16-17	Portal destination is in the Elsewhere.
18-19	Portal destination is in a chaos storm.
20	Roll three times on this table, ignoring duplicate results. Individual creatures passing through a portal with multiple destinations arrive at one of them randomly.

TRAVELING AROUND

Movement on Limbo is not a physical act – the chaotic forces that push and pull the proto-matter around impede all spatial momentum, preventing a creature from moving on their own without assistance. This impediment is strange and not understood, as it doesn't impact the movement of body parts not related to momentum. Hands, arms, neck, head, and everything else are not affected, allowing a creature full range of actions as long as it doesn't involve moving from one spot to another.

Physical movement in the gravity-less plane of Limbo is a mental act. A creature can move up to its walking speed in any direction by merely think of the desired direction of travel, imposing their will upon the plane to move them. Native creatures of Limbo (such as flavabeeks, flux wurms, and primal elementals) can use whatever form of movement they choose – swimming, flying, or walking – to move about the plane.

Chaos storms, elemental collisions, and random transmutations (all detailed under Hazards and Phenomena) are constant and unpredictable threats within Limbo, as well as encounters with the various inhabitants. The chances of luck and fate are greatly extended in the chaotic plane, so that the odds of running into another creature are much higher than one would assume for an infinite plane of primordial soup.

Vision in Limbo is limited to 500 feet, which is usually lit by the dim radiance of the proto-matter floating around. There are no permanent landmarks and all things shift, swim, and float about, never staying in one place. The githzerai have found a way around this through the

use of black stone obelisks in their fortress cities and monasteries, which allow archons and other powerful denizens to attune to the obelisks location and then travel to the desired site.

Distances between sites is incredibly variable, as everything moves about of its own accord. The only exception to that rule is the Spawning Stone and the githzerai fortress city of Shra'ktl'or. These two locations are never less than 1,000 miles away from each other, and usually much further than that. Of course, on a plane like Limbo, there are exceptions to the exception rule.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

Power exists all across the multiverse, and those that have or seek the accumulation of power are worth watching. In the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo, those that have power tend to lose it quickly to the random whims of fate and fortune, but some groups and individuals have managed to remain relevant in a plane that constantly churns and changes.

BARONESS RAZZA

Long ago, on the Material Plane, an ambitious sorceress came to power known as Baroness Razza. She was born into nobility and held a great disdain for the “common” people that surrounded her, but magic was her true passion. Razza was born with the spark of sorcery originating from Limbo, wild magic, and as she grew up her magic grew more unpredictable and dangerous.

Razza's temperament matched her sorcery and she was quickly labeled unhinged and unstable by the other barons and baronesses of the region. Below her castle she used slave labor to create a labyrinth of tunnels and chambers dedicated to her ongoing study of raw magical might, and she traced that power back to the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo. Razza became a recluse in her underground lair, and eventually the rulership of her barony passed to a relative. The story of wild Baroness Razza faded over the years.

But Razza did not. She drank deeply from elixirs and potions meant to prolong her life. She dipped down into true insanity, but always held the goal of releasing more wild magic onto the world. At the culminating moment in a critical experiment meant to pull more energy from Limbo, Razza's magic misfired spectacularly. Her castle and labyrinth were pulled forcibly across the multiverse into the primordial soup of Limbo.

The servants and relatives of Razza that took the trip became trapped in a plane where random transmutation was common and dangerous. But the true danger lay with Razza herself, who hunted down the people within the floating castle and brought them down into her laboratory for experimentations. Insane, dangerous, and incredibly unstable, Baroness Razza is at home in Limbo trying to perfect wild magic and spread it across the multiverse.

QUEEN OF CHAOS

In the early age of the multiverse, when most planes had yet to form and raw power coursed between the folds of reality, law and chaos fought for domination. Great and mighty beings waged war for their respective sides across the planar cosmos. For chaos, few creatures held as much influence and determination as the Queen of Chaos. She fought savagely against the vaati, agents of law and order, and their battles spread far and wide.

Eventually, the vaati defeated the Queen of Chaos' greatest champion with a powerful relic, the Rod of Seven Parts, and the war between law and chaos settled down. Stung, wounded, and without a commanding officer who had led her forces, the Queen of Chaos slipped into the realm that shaped itself chaotically around her, Limbo. She built a grotesquely fantastic palace in a swamp of unmitigated chaos called the Steaming Fen, and there she rules still today, though she rules a layer of the Abyss by the same name.

The Queen of Chaos breeds the spyder-fiends that crawl over the Steaming Fen using the stored life essence of her champion, Miska the Wolf-Spider, but she desperately desires to reignite the war between law and chaos. The vaati settled on the Plane of Air and are known as the Wind Dukes of Aaqa now, and though they are eternally vigilant the Queen of Chaos has been moving quietly and slowly across the multiverse.

SLAAD LORDS

When Primus, overlord of the modrons, cast the geometrically perfect stone into Limbo with the hopes of stabilizing the plane's unordered chaos, he set into motion great events with unintended consequences. That stone absorbed the chaos of the plane, but instead of re-ordering and distributing it, the massive object held it, until it released it violently in the form of the slaadi – multicolored toad-like monsters of primal chaos. The Spawning Stone, as it is now known as, sits at the heart of the Sea Infinite now, continually creating more slaadi.

The hierarchy of the slaadi is vaguely color-based, with red slaadi spawning blue and green, and blue slaadi spawning red and green. Green slaad turn into gray and death slaadi, which is the pinnacle for most. But there is a top tier where a death slaad can undergo a transformation into a slaad lord. To date, only four are known to have done this, and each are unique creatures that have absorbed the chaotic power of Limbo to become incredibly formidable beings.

Ssendam, Lord of Insanity, is the oldest of the slaad lords. She floats through Limbo as a massive golden amoeba, but she can also take the form of a golden-skinned slaad around the Spawning Stone. She spreads madness and insanity everywhere she goes.

Ygorl, Lord of Entropy, is considered the most powerful the slaad lords. He resembles a huge, skeletal slaad with blackened bones, and he rides a brass dragon dracolich named Shkiv around the Sea Infinite. Ygorl lives within the Spawning Stone, in a great central chamber that changes dramatically based on the shims of the Lord of Entropy and the plane itself. He leads slaadi into battle, though most follow out of fear more than loyalty.

Chourst, Lord of Randomness, is the slaad lord that embraces the truly unpredictable nature of Limbo. If he approached a bridge, this massive chalk-white slaad lord would just as soon jump over it as cross it, and fighting him is an exercise in frustration. He doesn't care at all about the slaadi on Limbo and rarely visits the Spawning Stone, instead content to drift around the Sea Infinite bringing randomness in his wake.

Rennbuu, Lord of Chaos, is the most cruel and sadistic of the slaad lords. He is tall with scintillating rainbow skin, and he always dresses in gaudy uncoordinated outfits. With a thought, Rennbuu can change the color of anything he can see, which also means he can instantly promote and demote a slaad of less than slaad lord status. He is also the only slaad lord to regularly travel outside Limbo though he maintains an impressively garish gallery in the Spawning Stone.

SPEAKERS OF XAOS

Chaos and wild magic are potent magical forces that defy traditional study. Thus, those that study them defy traditional definition. So suppose the Speakers of Xaos (pronounced like "chaos"), a group of scholars, wizards, sages, and priests that seek to truly understand Limbo and its unpredictable nature. They have a strong independence streak as well, and one of the tenets of the organization is that no one member has authority over another.

The only exception to this rule is the director of the College of Elemental Chaos, who runs the operations and resources of the Speakers of Xaos. Each member of the Xaos-Speakers is dedicated in their own way to studying the primordial power of Limbo, though there are many different approaches. Some look to the elemental collisions that occur constantly, seeking the link between Limbo and the Inner Planes, while others peer into the chaos storms to learn their mysteries.

The Speakers of Xaos are an eclectic and often eccentric group, but their ranks also include explorers. Anyone seeking greater understanding of chaos itself is welcome within the group, and the College of Elemental Chaos has a deep (if unorganized) library containing many treatises and intellectual works.

TRASS TARR

The unpredictable nature of Limbo is said to be the chaotic remnants of the multiverse itself, leftover soup from the creation of existence. That is one theory, but it is by far not the only one. Some believe that there is a connection between Limbo and the enigmatic Far Realm, where abominations of reality dwell outside the bounds and rules of the multiverse.

Trass Tarr was one such cleric who believed this. As a human priest of a god of knowledge, he sought to unravel the mystery of the multiverse, and his studies led him to the Far Realm. He saw a great web of connections from that mind-blasting place to everywhere, but no stronger link did he find than in Limbo itself. Trass Tarr came to the Ever-Changing Chaos and sought to find proof of the link between it and the Far Realm.



His knowledgeable god imparted a means by which Trass Tarr could cast his mind across the multiverse divide and into the Far Realm. Called the Mind-Cylinder, this great metal device would house Trass Tarr's formidable intellect and refract it so that he could see into the Far Realm. It worked, too well unfortunately, and Trass Tarr was driven irrevocably insane from the experience.

Trass Tarr's body withered away quickly but he remained contained within the Mind-Cylinder. He created guardians to protect the precious item, and expanded its size by mentally commanding the primordial soup of Limbo itself. Now he floats forever in the Storm Eternal, casting his insane thoughts out. The githzerai know of him and have tried to help him regain his sanity, but Trass Tarr is too far gone. But his experience has left him with some of the only first-hand knowledge of the mysterious and dangerous Far Realm.

ZAERITH MENYAR-AG-GITH

The githzerai came to Limbo as refugees after a bloody revolt against their mind flayer masters. The gith race was split ideologically. A large number of them followed the teachings of their leader, Gith, who saw bloodshed as the only way forward. But another voice rang up, Zerthimon, who advocated against the path of tyranny and darkness. Zerthimon was killed during the brief but bitter civil war as the two sides battled ferociously.

Shortly after Zerthimon's death, his most prized pupil rose up to assume the mantle of leadership. Menyar-Ag led the githzerai people – named after their leader – away from the githyanki and across the planes. They settled

quickly in the chaotic morass of Limbo, establishing their civilization to honor the principals of Zerthimon. Menyar-Ag took the role of Great Githzerai and was bestowed the full name of Zaerith Menyar-Ag-Gith.

He still rules the githzerai of Limbo, though only the strongest psionic and arcane powers keep his incredibly frail body alive. He hasn't physically left the confines of Shra'kt'lor for generations, though his spirit has traveled the length and breadth of the Storm Eternal and the planes beyond. Menyar-Ag has a host of attendants that spread his will and commands and the ancient githzerai leader never sleeps. He prepares his people for the eventual return of Zerthimon, a long-prophesized event, and wages a never-ending war against githyanki incursions and mind flayer plots.

Menyar-Ag's beliefs are rigid but the wizened leader is not above flexibility when the opportunity presents itself. He has opened the gates of Shra'kt'lor to a small number of merchants and travelers that wish to trade with the githzerai, and his zerths and anarchs keep a watchful eye on the croaking hordes of slaadi in the Sea Infinite. He can be a great ally to those whose purposes align with the githzerai.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The sheer variety of monsters found in Limbo defies easy classification. Many of these creatures are cosmetic variations of existing monsters, including unusual colorations and slight alterations (claws becoming massive paws that deal bludgeoning damage instead of slashing, a tail that develops a blade to inflict slashing damage instead of bludgeoning, etc.). The new monsters represent those unique specimens that only Limbo could produce – primal elementals, flavabeeks, flux wurms, and more.

ABERRATIONS

The vast majority of monsters swimming and living in the great primordial soup of Limbo defy easy categorization, but most fall under the broad grouping of aberrations. Flavabeeks are fish-like monsters with bird-like attributes that let loose psychic squawks at targets it finds interesting, while kleetarn are octopus monsters with prismatic bodies with a deep curiosity and a wild aura that causes magic to breakdown around it. Lucknucks are small mischievous lizards with an uncanny ability to change luck, both good and bad, a skill it uses to mess with anyone and everyone it comes across.

Flux wurms are enormous crocodilian worms that swim and bite through Limbo as well, creating mayhem wherever they go. They can appear almost anywhere but most of their activity is thankfully restricted to the Wurmways.

Slaadi. Slaadi are the best known native inhabitant of Limbo, mainly due to their voracious and dangerous attitudes towards all outsiders. Slaadi come in distinct colors, each with their own abilities, but they call originate from a massive rock in Limbo known as the Spawning Stone. It is said that Primus, the god of supreme law and order that rules over the modrons on Mechanus, placed the stone in the Ever-Changing Chaos in an effort to stabilize it, but the result were a gibbering horde of monster toad beings – slaadi. Several powerful slaad lords grew out of that chaos, each with distinct motivations and desires, but overall the slaadi remain potent forces of ultimate destructive chaos that wash out from Limbo on a regular basis.

ELEMENTALS

Powerful elemental forces clash constantly in Limbo, and all of the native elementals from the Inner Planes can be found somewhere in the plane. Primal elementals are the pinnacle of these disparate parts, coming together in a fluctuating combination of all four core elements to form angry and unpredictable monsters that stalk through Limbo. They are capable of overcharging their bodies with energy before releasing it in a dangerous wave. The border elemental creatures (ash, ice, ooze, and smoke) are fully represented among the chaos as well, and these monsters undergo significant mental changes in Limbo that turn them wild and unpredictable. Perhaps the fluctuating nature of elemental power scrambles their minds in permanent ways, making them dangerous to encounter.

HUMANOIDS

The unstable nature of existence in Limbo makes permanent settlements less permanent, so there are only a handful of regions populated by humanoids. The Hall of Fate and Luck is one of the few stable regions and also serves as the gambling hub of the plane, and perhaps the multiverse as a whole. A large family of halflings, the Highrollers, run the hall which appears as an enormous sphere with multiple interior layers.

Changelings. The exact origin of the shapechanging changelings is the subject of some debate among sages that care about these things, but there is a sizable population in the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo. Most live and work in the Hall of Fate and Luck, but they maintain smaller outposts all across the primordial soup of all layers. Some function as guides and wardens to the wilder places, keeping routes free of slaad incursions, while others just look to master their own abilities amidst a plane that offers no end of inspiration.

Githzerai. Long ago, the mind flayers controlled a vast empire and held a race as key servitors and slaves. Eventually, this race rebelled and broke free, and during that process a schism opened between two different ideologies. They became known as the gith, and one side of that schism rejected the hatred and wickedness of their masters and sought to find a new home. They are the githzerai, and they settled in Limbo – an odd choice on the surface, but one that provides ample opportunities for them to hone and perfect their psionic abilities. The other side are the githyanki who remained in the Astral Plane and chose the path of cruelty and malice. The two sides remain at odds with one another, forming rivalries that often end in bloodshed, but they can usually put aside their differences when they must hunt down illithid forces anywhere in the multiverse.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The unpredictable nature of Limbo presents a number of unique challenges to visitors, not the least of which are the hostile native inhabitants such as slaadi and flux wurms. Chaos storms and elemental collisions are common occurrences and can wreak havoc on an unprepared group, especially since they tend to arrive at the most inopportune time.

CHAOS STORM

During one of the frequent chaos storms, the muted colors of Limbo's primordial soup brighten and thrum with energy as the extraplanar force ripples around. Chaos storms encompass an area as small as 100 feet in diameter up to 100 miles, or even beyond.

Creatures that are not native to Limbo caught in a chaos storm find themselves teleporting randomly around. A creature that starts its turn in a chaos storm must succeed on a DC 15 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, they teleport 1d6 x 5 feet in a random direction and suffer 13 (2d12) psychic damage. A successful save prevents teleportation and damage. Unattended objects are teleported at the same rate as creatures, though they do not suffer psychic damage.

Within a chaos storm, any spell of 1st-level or higher that is cast triggers a wild magic surge. Refer to the Wild Magic sorcerer origin for the specific table.

In addition, once per minute, the chaos storm forces a random transmutation to occur (see below), further altering the landscape.

ELEMENTAL COLLISION

Limbo is tied intrinsically to the Inner Planes, and this deep connection pulls in elemental forces at random. Often, these are nothing more than naturally occurring features – islands of stone or mud, floating lakes and rivers, windstorms, balls of fire or ice, and other elemental components. Some are large enough to be considered their own realms, but most are small and innocuous. At least, until they collide together, releasing a wave of elemental energy.

These elemental collisions can cause serious damage to creatures and objects. When an elemental collision occurs, determine its size, location, and type on the below tables. The explosion is close enough to the characters to cause some discomfort, and all the creatures in the area must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw, suffering full damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. The collision's size determines the number of damage dice, the location determines the Dexterity save DC, and the type determine the damage type.

ELEMENTAL COLLISION SIZE

1D20	COLLISION SIZE
1	Tiny – 1d6 damage
2-6	Small – 2d6 damage
7-12	Medium – 4d6 damage
13-17	Large – 8d6 damage
18-19	Huge – 12d6 damage
20	Gargantuan – 20d6 damage

ELEMENTAL COLLISION LOCATION

1D20	COLLISION LOCATION
1	Distant – DC 10
2-7	Long range – DC 12
8-15	Short range – DC 14
16-19	Close – DC 16
20	Immediate area – DC 18

ELEMENTAL COLLISION TYPE

1D20	COLLISION DAMAGE TYPE
1-3	Acid
4-6	Cold
7-9	Fire
10-12	Lightning
13-15	Force
16-17	Necrotic
18-19	Radiant
20	Roll twice, re-rolling 20 results. The damage is split between the two types.

The damage dissipates after its initial shockwave ends, though there could be a new elemental feature nearby that may change a battlefield (a new river or island, for example).

POWER OF THE MIND

The primordial soup of Limbo can be shaped and manipulated by those that focus their efforts. This can be done to achieve one of three distinct effects: moving objects, transforming objects, or stabilizing terrain.

To move objects, a creature on Limbo can take an Action to make an Intelligence check while mentally targeting an unattended object on the plane that it can see within 30 feet of it. The DC depends on the object's size: DC 5 for Tiny, DC 10 for Small, DC 15 for Medium, DC 20 for Large, and DC 25 for Huge or larger. On a successful check, the creature moves the object 5 feet plus 1 foot for every point by which it beat the DC.

A creature can also use an action to make an Intelligence check to alter a nonmagical object that isn't being worn or carried. The same rules for distance apply, and the DC is based on the object's size: DC 10 for Tiny, DC 15 for Small, DC 20 for Medium, and DC 25 for Large or larger. On a success, the creature changes the object into another nonliving form of the same size. Roll on the Random Transmutation table to determine the object's new material. A specific material can be selected, but the DC is increased by 5 for such attempts.

Additionally, a creature can use an action to make an Intelligence check to stabilize a spherical area centered on the creature. The DC depends of the radius of the sphere. The base DC is 5 for a 10-foot-radius sphere; each additional 10 feet added to the radius increases the DC by 5. On a successful check, the creature prevents the area from being altered by the plane for 24 hours, or until the creature uses this ability again.

RANDOM TRANSMUTATION

Limbo has the unpredictable ability to change unattended objects and geographic features into something else, turning rocks to diamonds, diamonds to fire, fire to ice, and ice to steam. There is no order to the transmutations and they can happen frequently or rarely, depending on the chaotic whims of the plane itself.

When a random transmutation occurs, choose an unattended object or terrain and then roll on the below table. The target retains its general shape, and in the gravity-less realms of Limbo an object that transforms into a liquid can retain its form while on the plane.

RANDOM TRANSMUTATION

1D20	TRANSMUTED MATERIAL
1	Fire
2	Stone
3	Ice
4	Acid
5	Steam
6	Mud
7	Water
8	Gold
9	Iron
10	Glass
11	Sand
12	Diamond
13	Salt
14	Wood
15	Silver
16	Onyx
17	Magma
18	Copper
19	Flesh
20	Pure force

One quirk of the transmutation process of Limbo is that any object subject to the transmutation immediately crumbles to nothing when taken out of Limbo. Exceptions exist, of course, including powerful relics and artifacts, but many a traveler has found their bag of rocks that became a bag of diamonds turn suddenly into a bag of dust when leaving Limbo.

SITES & TREASURES

Strange sights and stranger occupants fill the primordial expanse of Limbo, enough to entice any adventurer to seek out its wonders. Of course, plenty of danger accompanies the strangeness, but treasure and secrets hide there as well. Enterprising travelers seeking a break from the mundane can do no better than the Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo.

BEACON PILLARS

Traveling through Limbo is difficult at best. Sites move about at random and no path is the same from time to time. Maps are worthless which has led to a great many frustrated explorers. The githzerai developed the idea of beacon pillars which can be positioned on known sites, each unique and enhanced with magic to attune to *locate object* spells at greater distances. By placing a beacon pillar in a community, site, or fortress, the githzerai are able to hone in on the exact location regardless of what Limbo does, providing a path and a (somewhat) stabilizing effect.

The githzerai have shared the construction of beacon pillars with friendly natives of Limbo, including the Speakers of Xaos and the Highroller halflings at the Hall of Fate and Luck. Mostly they are used to connect the githzerai sites, and they are careful not to share too much information with total strangers. In order to find a beacon pillar, the caster must know the configuration of the desired pillar and then cast *locate object* on Limbo.

COLLEGE OF ELEMENTAL CHAOS

The Speakers of Xaos are a loosely organized collection of wizards, clerics, sorcerers, and explorers, each dedicated to studying and understanding the nature of chaos itself. No better place to look than Limbo, so the founders of the group built the College of Elemental Chaos on a stabilized island of stone amidst the churning soup. The site sprawls over three large wings around a central hub, which is dedicated to the library, with offices and meeting spaces spread between the wings.

Members of the Speakers of Xaos have full access to the library at the College of Elemental Chaos, which is full of good resources with an absolute lackluster organization system. The librarians are beleaguered students who must endure several years of library duty before moving to a more permanent residence. All manner of Speakers come and go at all hours, and since the only requirement for library access is to be a member of the Speakers of Xaos, people pull volumes off the shelves frequently.

The wings are dedicated to the individual members who pursue their own interests and studies. Rarely do Speakers work with one another on their larger projects, though social times at the college bring about lengthy discussions and dissertations on the nature of chaos in general. Speakers are more likely to seek outside assistance with their research, and most are foolhardy enough to brave the dangerous elements of Limbo's darkest recesses in pursuit of knowledge.

FONT OF WILDEST MAGIC

Wild magic has spread across the multiverse, seeping into the bloodline of individuals of all types and imbuing them with unpredictable sorcerous powers. All of that chaotic magic stems from Limbo, and some planar scholars have pinpointed it down to a specific site known as the Font of Wildest Magic, though whether this is truly the source of all wild magic in the multiverse is a matter of some debate.

The Font of Wildest Magic appears as a great never-ending spout of brilliant multicolored energy, transforming spontaneously from gas to liquid to solid and back to gas again in a scintillating plume hundreds of feet high. The spout originates from a cloud of black and white vapor containing ribbons of negative and positive energy that fuels the endless massive outpouring. Magic is inherently unstable in an around the Font, creating wild magic surges with any spell cast (even cantrips).

The Font floats freely in the Elsewhere, like much of Limbo's features, though a handful of Xaos speakers from the College of Elemental Chaos have dedicated their lives to tracking and understanding its power.

GIBBERING HORDE

Sound travels strangely in Limbo. Sometimes a whisper echoes for miles around, and other times a shout dies down after only a few dozen feet. This random effect inflicts all sound differently at different times, making it difficult for travelers to identify the massive Gibbering Horde before it arrives.

Nonsensical gibbering and wailing surrounds this titanic roiling mass of pink and purple ooze, originating from countless mouths spontaneously growing and disappearing all along its bulbous shifting form. It's believed the Gibbering Horde originated as a gibbering moulder, or some variation, as its effects are similar, but the scale and enormity of the thing dwarfs any known moulder in the multiverse. The Gibbering Horde rolls over elemental power, absorbing it all into its pulsating bulk, though chunks break off and atrophy about the same rate.

Where did it come from? Is there any sentience behind the Gibbering Horde? Attempts at magical insight have been met only with mind-shattering insanity. Some scholars theorize that a portal to the Far Realm exists in the heart of the Gibbering Horde, and it's as good a theory as any. For those that can withstand the gibbering, the mass can be walked upon and has a relatively stable environment considering Limbo – minus the mouths, some small and others titanic, that emerge to bite and swallow any poor unfortunates that come close enough.

GREAT RED TEMPEST

Chaos storms rage across Limbo with alarming frequency and irregular potency. Most are relatively small, flaring to life and then dying just as quickly as they started, but some have grown so massive that they are permanent moving features of Limbo. The Great Red Tempest is one of them, many miles in diameter, though it is unique because of the great number of slaadi that swim about its broken

elemental chunks hungry to feast on unsuspecting prey.

Dozens of earthen islands float amidst the swirling vortex within the Great Red Tempest, and an unusually large number of them contain items and treasures pulled from across the multiverse. Tales of these riches draw travelers into its depths, where they often find a grisly end at the claws and bites of slaad swarms.

HALL OF FATE AND LUCK

The greatest gambling center in all of Limbo is the Hall of Fate and Luck, floating randomly in the Elsewhere. The entire building, nearly a mile wide, is shaped like a sphere made of stone, diamond, fire, or nearly anything else, as panels on the outside spontaneously transform according to the whims of the plane itself. Inside, every single game of chance in the known multiverse can be found and played.

The Hall of Fate and Luck is run by the Highrollers, a clan of halfings who are said to have the backing of some pretty potent patrons (gods of luck are rumored to dwell or frequent the hall). They employ all manner of creatures from across the multiverse, paying them well to act as game masters, hustlers, and guards. Coins and magical items flow through the Hall of Fate and Luck at an alarming rate, but the Highrollers always seem to come out on top. The hall also features first class eating dining options and luxury rooms for rent, all for more coins than most Material Plane residents see in a year.

Inside, the gambling hall has five levels, each closer to the sphere's center than the previous. Each layer holds similar games but the stakes become progressively higher. The first and most easily accessible layer plays with coins, while the second plays with magic. Few who reach the lower levels speak of their games, but it is widely assumed that lives, secrets, and souls are the final three commodities to be gambled with, though the exact order is known only to the Highrollers and those that prove they have the capital to play.

LABYRINTH OF BARONESS RAZZA

Ripped from the Material Plane by chaotic sorcery, the castle and sprawling under-labyrinth of Baroness Razza floats through Limbo on wild primordial winds. Hundreds of years ago, the baroness was an ambitious sorceress looking to harness her innate wild magic to greater effect, and to that end she built a secret laboratory beneath her castle's estate. She withdrew into her complex completely, embracing madness in her experiments, and generations later her planar dabbling resulted in a great portal opening up to Limbo. The castle, labyrinth, and all living residents were pulled into the chaotic maelstrom.

Ecstatic with the result, Baroness Razza gave herself fully to the wild magic. She hunted down the living servants and experimented on them in the bowels of her floating, gravity-less labyrinth. Great evil has been worked on within the halls, but also great magical discoveries and breakthroughs. Multiple living spells have originated from Baroness Razza's labyrinth, and a host of other strange and bizarre creatures and creations haunt the confusing and constantly shifting complex.



Baroness Razza – her life extended through magic and warped sorcery – wanders the countless laboratories and halls of her labyrinth. Her insanity is deep and her desires wicked, but she has a great deal of knowledge on how magic works in Limbo and how wild magic specifically operates.

LAKE OF ICEFIRE

The building blocks of existence float throughout Limbo, pulled from the Inner Planes and elsewhere to form islands and pockets of elemental energy. Any one of these can spontaneously transform into another element, so stable sections are rare and usually held together by powerful thoughts. One of the exceptions is the Lake of Icefire, a strange mass of swirling red and blue that is as much fire as it is liquid and as hot as it is cold.

The borders of the “lake” are formed by crystalline rocks of varying hues, but the bulk itself floats in Limbo’s primordial soup in the Elsewhere. The site is unique because of its combination of two elements – ice and fire – that resist the random mutation effects that ripple throughout the plane. Even chaos storms avoid the site. The waters of the lake hiss, crackle, and pop as energy bubbles appear and burst with irregular frequency. Its depth varies, from as shallow as several feet to as deep as three hundred, and unusual creatures are known

to frequent its unusual waters. These creatures are all immune to fire and cold, something that anyone approaching the lake would benefit from as well.

SHINING MONASTERY OF BUR’LK’AAS

Amidst the swirling miasma of the Storm Eternal, the githzerai have established dozens of citadels, strongholds, and monasteries, claiming the chaotic territory as their home after escaping the clutches of the illithids long ago. The most important of these sites are protected and stabilized by githzerai anarchists who have long studied the powers of the mind in order to control the seething chaos around them. Rarely does an anarchist fail, but when they do the result is often a blight upon the land. So it is with the Shining Monastery of Bur’lk’aas.

Long ago, it was an adamantine beacon of learning and wisdom under the tutelage of Bur’lk’aas, a githzerai anarchist renowned for his patience. His inner power was reflected in the sturdy walls of the monastery, which glowed constantly, giving the site its name. Disaster struck when a warband of githyanki knights astride powerful red dragons savagely attacked in order to obtain the secrets held within Bur’lk’aas’ library.

The fighting was intense, and in the end the githzerai anarch – seeing his forces depleted and the end coming near – decided the knowledge in the monastery could never fall into githyanki hands. The Shining Monastery erupted with pure light, disintegrating everyone in and around the floating adamantine structure. Bur'lk'aas and the attacking forces were obliterated and the Shining Mastery was consumed. Or was it? Travelers in Limbo have reported sighting the luminous structure phasing in and out of existence. To date no one has been able to set foot on it, but Zaerith Menyar-Ag has quietly sent out teams to find out if the Shining Monastery can be recovered.

SHRA'KT'LOK

The capital of the githzerai across the multiverse is Shra'kt'lor, a great and ordered fortress-city that holds the largest concentration of githzerai. It is the social and political hub for the displaced sons of Gith on Limbo and stands as the greatest fortified site in all of the plane. Magical and psionic defenses are well-maintained and prevent unauthorized access into its titanic adamantine walls. Six layers of defenses sit between the outside and Zaerith Menyar-Ag, each maintained by a supremely powerful githzerai anarch personally chosen by the ancient leader.

There is very little organized trade the githzerai conduct, but visitors that prove they are not hostile are welcome within the first layer of Shra'kt'lor. No chaos storm or random transmutation occurs within the limits of the fortress-city. Well-guarded libraries hold vast sums of knowledge gathered by the githzerai over the generations they have spent in Limbo, though their physical needs are met by meager supplies – water and simple bread are all that most githzerai desire, so inns and taverns carry these and little else.

Much of Shra'kt'lor is dedicated to the disciplined military might of the githzerai. Generals, monks, spellcasters, and zerths meet regularly to discuss plans for pushing back mind flayer and githyanki advances across the multiverse. The streets of the fortress-city are clean and sparse, a stark contrast to the raw chaos of the plane around it. It is a supreme challenge to maintain the stability of Shra'kt'lor amidst Limbo's primal forces, and some believe Zaerith Menyar-Ag holds a dark secret beneath the fortress-city's deepest citadel that fuels the power of the anarchs.

SPAWNING STONE

Law and chaos have been at odds since the formation of the multiverse, and thus the planes of Limbo and Mechanus have sat at opposite ends of the axis for just as long. Limbo is the ultimate expression of pure chaos and randomness, whereas Mechanus is clockwork precision given definitive form and function. And on Mechanus, the modron entity Primus has sought to enforce order upon the multiverse, and it started with Limbo.

Primus constructed a massive geometric orb of mathematical beauty and then hurled it into the chaotic maelstrom of Limbo. The goal was to enforce order upon

the Ever-Changing Chaos, and for a brief moment it worked. And then it collapsed like a house of cards, and from that collapse the entire slaad race was birthed. The geometric orb twisted, mutated, and re-shaped itself into the Spawning Stone, sending forth legions of croaking toad-like slaad of all kinds. Primus' experiment failed and its hubris created the destructive slaadi that push against the very fabric of order in the multiverse.

The Spawning Stone sits at the heart of the Sea Infinite, defining the region of Limbo as much as Shra'kt'lor sits at the "center" of the Storm Eternal. The massive pulsating stone is riddled with caves, tunnels, and passages, with countless slaadi moving in, out, and around it at all times. Some of the powerful Slaad Lords dwell within the Spawning Stone as well. The general level of chaos around the region prevents the toad-like aberrations from organizing any formal resistance, but intruders are considered fair game by all of the creatures. Treasures and secrets exist within the Spawning Stone, however, including some hinting at the true power and reach of Primus itself. Few have braved the croaking hordes to find them, however.

STEAMING FEN

Law and chaos have long existed as opposing ideas, but once long ago they also formed the banners behind titanic armies in a sprawling war for the soul of the multiverse. The Blood War between the devils of the Nine Hells and the demons of the Abyss is an extension of this never-ending conflict, but it is only the most recent. Law and Chaos stood as swords and shields once, and in that war the Queen of Chaos was a powerful force.

The War of Law and Chaos ceased with the destruction (or imprisonment, depending on the stories) of the Queen's greatest general, Miska the Wolf-Spider, at the hands of the Wind Dukes of Aaqa, using a powerful tool called the Rod of Seven Parts. The Queen of Chaos retreated to her original lair on Limbo, the Steaming Fen, where a swampy landscape stretches out in an ever-expanding sphere of grotesque disease and stench. She managed to take over a layer of the Abyss during her expansion efforts in the war, which is also known as the Steaming Fen, and a permanent link exists between the two sites.

The Queen of Chaos' realm on both planes is populated by horrid spyder-fiends, chaos beasts, and monstrous mutations. The Queen herself dwells in the sludge-like heart below the Steaming Fen itself. Limbo's lair is a vast ooze-filled cavern of multicolored fungus and fetid pools, which the Abyssal side stands as a grotesque pyramid of filth and rot.

WURMWAYS

Flux wurms are a feared threat on the Limbo for natives and travelers alike. Their affinity towards lightning and nasty bite can end most creatures before they have time to react. Nowhere in Limbo are they more prolific than the Wurmways, a cloud of semi-solid vapor and earthen material hundreds of miles across. The flux wurms tunnel through the cloud as easily as purple worms digest earth and stone, but the Wurmways is riddled with lightning flashes and illuminate and hide at the same time.

Several explorers from the Speakers of Xaos have sought to understand the purpose behind the Wurmways. They've gone in through the massive tube-like tunnels and discovered a maze of crisscrossing paths with numerous pools, fires, and other pockets of elemental power all around. Flux wurms are a constant problem along with dangerous lightning blasts that range in color along the rainbow spectrum. The explorers have also uncovered naturally occurring gemstones unlike any seen in the multiverse. Are they the result of flux worm droppings? Or a naturally occurring part of the Wurmways themselves?

Several specimens sit on display in the museum at the College of Elemental Chaos, but no other expeditions have been scheduled since the last one. The interior organs of the previous expedition members were all transmuted into tiny flux wurms as a result of the Wurmways chaotic power and they were all eaten out from the inside. No one has sought the treasures in the Wurmways since.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Limbo a plane awash with chaos and randomness, where happenstance and fate walk hand-in-hand. Slaad plots, githzerai tenacity, wild magic sorcery, and so much more blends together in a multi-colored tapestry of possibility. Adventure opportunities abound in the Ever-Changing Chaos, and Limbo tends to leak onto the Material Plane often enough to require heroes of all stripes to take up the bulwark against the tide.

Magic Missile Strike. A wild magic sorcerer has inadvertently summoned a swarm of living magic missiles from Limbo. The buzzing creatures have taken to a nearby swamp where the locals have misinterpreted them as will-o-wisps. The characters are asked to investigate, and they learn that there is a semi-intelligent leader to the swarm. The living spells are looking for a way back to Limbo though they are unruly and chaotic to deal with.

Luck of the Lucky. The uncanny lucky streak of a local rogue is directly attributed to her acquisition of a lucknuck, which she keeps hidden. She uses the creature to steal the luck from other players at the table, and the characters get involved in a game that goes badly for them. The game is interrupted by thugs looking to get their coins back with violence and all chaos breaks loose. The lucknuck escapes amidst the brawl.

Errand of Icefire. A wizard asks the party to retrieve a sample of the unusual material found in the Lake of Icefire in Limbo. It's an ingredient for a new spell they're researching on harnessing fire and ice. Finding the site is the first difficulty, but once they arrive the characters must find a way to take away one part of the lake – while avoiding primal, fire, and ice elementals.

The Wasted Mind. A githzerai collapses and dies at the feet of the characters suddenly, and in a last gasp the creature's mental energy is pushed into a non-magical object owned by one of the party members. The githzerai is the last remaining member of an expeditionary force sent to find the Shining Monastery, and now it needs the party's help in heading to Limbo and retrieving lost scrolls from Bur'lk'aas' lost library.

Roll of the Dice. The characters receive an invitation to a gambling gala at the Hall of Fate and Luck. Their invitation was not by mistake, as one of the Highrollers needs help in rooting out a ring of thieves from the establishment. Are the thieves able to turn the tide against the halflings and recruit the party to help rob the gambling hall? Or do the characters stand with the Highrollers?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Limbo. 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.

STORM ETERNAL

1D100	STORM ETERNAL ENCOUNTER
01-10	A band of githzerai monks on patrol
11-20	A githzerai zerth heading to a citadel
21-30	Two primal elementals fighting over a piece of proto-matter
31-40	Elemental Collision
41-50	A warband of githyanki on the hunt
51-60	Chaos Storm
61-65	A school of flavabeeks
66-99	A living cloudkill floating amidst vapors
00	A githzerai anarch stabilizing a new region of Limbo

SEA INFINITE

1D100	SEA INFINITE ENCOUNTER
01-10	Five red slaadi devouring a corpse
11-20	A cloud of slaad tadpoles tended to by a blue slaad
21-30	A gray slaad on a mission from a Slaad Lord
31-40	Chaos Storm
41-50	Elemental Collision
51-60	Random Transmutation
61-65	Three green slaadi bored and looking for fun
66-99	A flux wurm on the prowl
00	A death slaad watching events

ELSEWHERE

1D100	ELSEWHERE ENCOUNTER
01-05	A primal elemental consuming proto-matter
06-10	Six flavabeeks playing a game
11-15	A red slaad lost and hungry
16-20	A swarm of twenty living magic missiles
21-25	A mage searching for spell components
26-30	A kleetarn keenly watching an expanding portal
31-40	Chaos Storm
41-50	Elemental Collision
51-60	Random Transmutation
61-65	A lucknuck hiding amongst floating rocks
66-70	A band of githzerai monks practicing meditation
71-75	A flux wurm within a lightning storm
76-80	A seething swarm of over one hundred slaad tadpoles
81-85	An air elemental and an earth elemental battling
86-90	Two green slaadi playing with a corpse
91-95	Three living counterspells hovering around an inactive portal
96-00	A githzerai enlightened facing off in mental battle against a death slaad

CLOCKWORK NIRVANA OF MECHANUS

“The song of harmony rings sweet and true on the plane of Mechanus like nowhere else in the multiverse. Truly it earns the name nirvana – a peaceful serenity settles over the clockwork gears and moving pieces of the landscape. Everything moves with purpose, determination, and singular focus, and nothing is left to chance. If there’s a blueprint for peace, I can see no better guide than Mechanus, though even such a perfectly working mechanism has its own problems from time to time. The constant tune-up and maintenance, though, is part of the intricate cycle that is, in a word, breathtaking.”

Issilda the Unbreakable

Absolute order brings absolute harmony, at least in the Clockwork Nirvana of Mechanus, the most orderly plane in all the multiverse. There is no subtlety or guile present in this plane of stark truth and fact, but neither is there passion or emotion. Everything moves and happens with deliberate and driven purpose according to a plan, though most, including many of the residents and gods, are blind to that plan – a situation that suits the inhabitants just fine.

Mechanus is a plane filled with enormous gears, like the internal working of a clock, each gear moving in perfect concert with adjacent gears. Some gears are as small as 10 feet across, while most are larger, spanning hundreds or thousands of miles across. They all move, though many are so expansive that their movements are imperceptible to those moving and living on them.

In this plane of constant motion, of gear teeth moving with absolute precision, everything is in perfect balance. Day and night, light and dark, they are all parceled out in equal portions without change or deviation. The sheer scale of the operation on Mechanus is mind-boggling and has thus far eluded attempts at deciphering, though some have dedicated their lives to understanding its meaning. The Confederacy of the Cog are a group of brilliant artificers who are wholly devoted to understanding not just how Mechanus works, but why.

Life exists in the Clockwork Nirvana as well, though most of it is mechanical or constructed in nature. The most numerous and recognizable of Mechanus’ resident races are the modrons – legions of geometrically shaped creatures living, breathing, and operating to keep Mechanus ticking and running smoothly. From the sphere-like monodrones, to the cube-like duodrones, all the way up to their supreme god, Primus, they are all devoted to keeping the gears running. They don’t know why, they don’t care why, and usually they only have the barest hint at what exactly their duties accomplish. But they accomplish them with focused intensity and child-like glee.

The clockwork precision of Mechanus is not just found in the continually running gears and moving pieces. There’s a sense of rigid order that pervades every facet, and affects everyone equally that travel its realm of endless gear. The regular variance of chance is dampened to an extreme degree, so that the predictable outcome is the most likely, even in an otherwise unpredictable situation. Warriors swing their weapons with the same amount of force, regardless of how much they want to inflict more or less. Magic and spells are affected in similar fashions.

There are many comparisons between Mechanus and Arcadia, and the insect-like formians are found on both in great numbers. However, whereas Arcadia relies upon a complex set of legal laws and regulations maintained by the Lex, Mechanus’ laws are ingrained in the very fabric of the plane. For many of these laws, breaking them is simply not possible, or at least not to the general populace. Certain magical artifacts and beings are said to affect the laws of Mechanus, but these individually powerful aspects rarely visit the Clockwork Nirvana.

There are other, stranger manifestations in this plane of absolute order. The Word of Law is an enigmatic figure that twists the natural power of Mechanus into immensely powerful written words, like scrolls. Few have seen this strange being face to face, and most believe it is an entity from another plane pushing into the Clockwork Nirvana. The Glass God is another one of these powers though its origin is more overt – it comes from the Far Realm and seems to be enforcing a kind of unknown, alien order into the rigid structure of Mechanus, spreading and infecting out like a disease.

It surprises some to learn that there are portions of Mechanus devoted to junk and refuse, along with the raw materials that make up the gears. These are, of course, all perfectly orderly and organized, and the modrons that tend to them and many other realms in the Clockwork Nirvana take their jobs very seriously. They have strict rules preventing outsiders from taking scrap or raw materials outside of the designated zones.

The great machine of Mechanus is constantly moving, in perfect synchronization with countless delicate gears across hundreds of thousands of miles. Or at least, that’s the image. The reality is that there are any number of parts that break down across the gear landscape, and a great many outsiders work to harvest the valuable metal for their own purposes. Mechanus exists as the pinnacle of order in the multiverse, but it is not perfect, and there are plenty of cracks in its façade for many to exploit.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Mechanus as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Mechanus.

Moving Gears. Every natural wall, floor, and ceiling in Mechanus is comprised of countless gears of varying shapes and sizes. They are all moving, some slow and others fast, with the interlocking teeth in perfect synchronization with adjacent gears, like the workings of a vast clock. The moving of the largest gears, some of which rival continents in size, is barely perceptible, while the smaller ones move much quicker, and these components create a perfect symphony of constant motion. The movement is not just visually striking, it’s also quite loud, especially in regions with many smaller gears.

Chiming of the Bells. The Nirvana Bells placed strategically around Mechanus chime in perfect time with one another every eight hours, and serve as the best measure for the passage of time. One chime for the start of the day, two to ring in the morning, and three to start evening, before returning to one to start the next day. They are clear and loud without being obtrusive to daily life.

Machine Logic. Mechanus is governed by supreme laws of logic that resemble the vast workings of a titanic machine. Nothing is done randomly and everything happens for a reason, though the reason itself may be too large to understand for some. This ordered reasoning quickly affects travelers who begin to think clear and concise ideas when traveling through Mechanus. Those that resist this order find themselves mentally taxed without realizing it as they push against the very fabric of the plane.

LAY OF THE LAND

Mechanus consists of a single layer, infinite in size across all directions, with no natural ground to be found. Everything is manufactured, though in such a strange mechanical plane, the metal is natural, so perhaps it would be more accurate to state that there is no natural vegetation. One particularly strange aspect of Mechanus is the gravity – it’s subjective based on the gear you’re traveling on. Many gears and cogs are perpendicular to one another, but a traveler can move from one to the other by simply stepping onto it. They are re-oriented to the new flat surface as “down” while everything else remains in place.

The effect is strange but the natives are used to it, and the constructs that move around the plane are completely unphased by the shift in gravity and perspective. This does mean that the concept of direction is difficult to convey, but there are tools built by modrons and other natives that help anchor and reference using magnetic obelisks around Mechanus (see the Traveling Around section for more details).

Though Mechanus has a single vast layer, it is divided into geographic realms, identified by planar scholars and adopted by natives for a common vernacular. The Great Gears and Scrap Tracts are all part of the vast machine of Mechanus and can help travelers navigate around.

GREAT GEARS

The vast majority of Mechanus is comprised of a broad region referred to as the Great Gears. This is the core of Mechanus, consisting of innumerable gears and cogs, all moving in synchronization with one another. There is no region of open sky in the Great Gears, as there are always more cogs above and below any particular cog, usually within sight. The closeness of the gears makes some regions almost building-like in their structure, with moving cogs functioning as walls.

Most of the population of Mechanus are found in the Great Gears, including the modrons and the factories that produce the inevitables. Some of the larger cogs are populated by transplanted populations from across the multiverse, including devilish outposts and angelic watch towers. The formians and their expansionist tendencies create conflicts with the local populations wherever they go, which is partly why they have moved into Arcadia.

SCRAP TRACTS

Sometimes, gears break down and need to be replaced. The maintenance of the cogs across the plane is left to the modrons. They dispose of broken gears and pieces into the regions known as the Scrap Tracts. There are multiple Scrap Tracts housing the refuse and junk produced by the natural processes of Mechanus, and each one is contained in a vast cylinder of gray steel.

The cylinders are hundreds of miles across with multiple entrances, and inside are the vast collections of scrap metal from across the plane. Metallic golems patrol the interior and exterior, but each Scrap Tract is so large as to be impossible to patrol thoroughly. Scavengers of all kind regularly raid the cylinders for parts to fuel their own purposes, the most numerous and tenacious being the Gearlost.

Each Scrap Tract is assigned a unique serial number for identification, from Alpha One to Omega Ninety-Nine. Some of them house specific types of scrap, such as Scrap Tract Gamma Eleven where all magical refuse is contained. Finding a specific cylinder is difficult, however, as the modrons are the only ones who know, and they are forbidden from sharing this information with outsiders.

Eventually, the refuse in each Scrap Tract is broken down and turned into new gears and cogs, which are used to replace worn gears and shore up destroyed sectors. As with everything on Mechanus, there’s an ordered time for this conversion, but the scale and relative isolation of the Scrap Tracts makes understanding the exact timing difficult for outsiders.



CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes normally on Mechanus, perhaps more normally than anywhere else in the multiverse. A day in the Clockwork Nirvana is divided perfectly into three segments, each consisting of eight hours, but there is no sun or change in light to mark the passage of time. Instead, placed around the plane are massive golden bells, known as Nirvana Bells, that chime out in perfect synchronization to mark the new segment (ringing once, twice, or thrice depending on the segment). They are clear and loud, and the residents usually have smaller devices timed to the Nirvana Bells to help them stay in synch with the movements of the plane.

SURVIVING

The geography of Mechanus is not inherently dangerous to travelers. However, getting caught in the cogs can pose a serious threat to life and limb; details of this are found under Hazards & Phenomena.

GETTING THERE

Portals and gates leading to Mechanus never randomly appear or disappear. They may have extremely long cycles of inactivity, but they always operate on a regular schedule in cadence with the cog they lead to on the plane. A gate leads to the center of a specific cog somewhere in the Great Gears and its opening is tied to the movement of the interlocking gears. Some may open for a minute every hour, some open for an hour every day, while some open for exactly 13 minutes once every decade.

Without the greater context, the opening of these gates can feel random, but anyone who knows Mechanus knows that it is anything but haphazard. It simply requires a wider understanding to fully grasp.

Portals to the Clockwork Nirvana are normally marked by a constructed archway of some sort, usually metal, often containing a gear-like pattern on the surface. Opening

these portals usually requires completing a set of verbal and somatic gestures within 5 feet of the opening while possessing a small cog in hand. Aspects of the ordered regulation of Mechanus often bleed through the multiverse, and it's not uncommon to have buildings of industry built around these portals, regardless of actual knowledge of the portal's presence.

There are certain gates that are activated by events that occur on regular schedules. The most widely known of these are the gates along the path of the Great Modron March. During this time, the modrons of Regulus march across the multiverse in a massive line, following a predetermined path that flows through multiple planar gates. As with everything on Mechanus, the Great Modron March occurs on its own ordered schedule, but few have the scope of knowledge to understand that schedule.

TRAVELING AROUND

For a plane of moving gears and grinding cogs, movement around Mechanus is surprisingly straightforward and easy. Everything in Mechanus is connected to something else, usually gears connected to adjacent gears via cog teeth, so it's possible to reach any destination in the Clockwork Nirvana from any starting point. It may take some time, but there is a path.

Part of traveling around Mechanus is moving along the faces of the gears. A person standing on a gear is standing upright, but gravity is situational, so that same person could step onto an adjacent perpendicular gear and orient immediately to the new "up and down" without any ill effect. This all makes moving physically relatively straightforward, and it's coupled with the fact that the movement of the gears – all are in motion – are not felt by a person or object on the gear. Nothing flies off, regardless of how fast the gear is moving.

Because of Mechanus' three-dimensional landscape and no set horizon, concepts such as north, south, east, and west do not make sense on the plane. Instead, the entire plane is divided up into an infinite coordinate system developed by Primus, the god of the modrons and one of the oldest beings in the multiverse. Using the magnetic obelisks around Mechanus along with devices that resemble sextants, a person can find out where they are on the great grid of the plane, a location identified by three numbers known as the exx, wyy, and zee. Primus, in the center of Regulus, is at [0,0,0], and the numbers increase out to infinity from there. They can be negative or positive reflecting the relative direction from Primus.

Every site and gear in Mechanus has coordinates on the exx-wyy-zee grid relative to its distance to Primus. Every 1000 feet is marked with 1, so the point [1,1,1] is 1000 feet from Primus in three directions, while [-1, -1, -1] is 1000 feet from Primus in three directions in the opposite direction. To the modrons and other natives of Mechanus, the coordinate system of exx-wyy-zee makes perfect sense, and they have a hard time adjusting to the relatively flat landscape of the rest of the multiverse.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

As the plane of rigid ordered structure and clockwork precision, Mechanus draws and generates a variety of interested powers. Some look to exploit the weaknesses inherent in such a massive machine, slipping between the cracks, while others try to harness the capabilities of the gears and cogs that fill the landscape. Mechanus is also home to one of the oldest beings in existence, Primus, who is said to rival Asmodeus in age and sheer influence.

CONFEDERACY OF THE COG

Artificers from across the multiverse are drawn to Mechanus. It's an entire plane of constructed material, on a scale unfathomable anywhere else, with living creatures of metal and stone existing naturally in such an unnatural environment. As they came to study, the artificers shared their knowledge, and from that original community came the Confederacy of the Cog. The original founding members built the Transcendent Academy to share their discoveries and inventions, and to train new members.

Overall, the members of the Confederacy have done much to advance the artificer art in the multiverse. Individuals and groups within the group have documented many of Mechanus' internal processes, though the sheer scale of that project is going to likely require generations of artificers working and expanding their documentation. Cog Confederates (as they are also known) have expanded the Transcendent Academy into a massive sprawling site, with dozens of large laboratories and hundreds of personal chambers to house their experiments and findings.

The Confederacy of the Cog are led by a thirteen-member Cog Council, who are made up of members voted upon by their peers once every five years. There is no leader, so each individual on the Cog Council has equal voice in all matters brought before their chambers, though strong members tend to dominate such meetings. Committees in the Cog Council meet regularly to approve new members, settle disputes, and hear reports on the advancement of artificer work within the academy and the multiverse at large.

The vast majority of the Cog Confederates are clockwork engineer artificers, but they welcome all who wish to learn the artificer art into their halls. Gnomish gem binders from Bytopia, elven livewood sculptors from Arbora, battlesmiths from the world of Eberron, goblin alchemists from Ravnica, and the strange wonderkin from the Plane of Dreams can all be found in the Transcendent Academy. It is a place of invention and creation, but under strict guidelines – chaotic artificers chafe under the mounting list of rules and regulations that guide everyday life in the academy and Mechanus as a whole. Few last long.

FORMIAN HIVE-CITIES

The ant-like formians are one of the few non-construct creatures native to Mechanus. They are as industrious and focused as the insects they resemble, and on the cogs of the Clockwork Nirvana they have built enormous hive-cities. Each cog consists of a single colony of formians, and each colony is ruled by a single queen. The colonies themselves are constructed of compacted metallic dirt pulled together from creation vats operated by formian drones – other drones bring scrap metal to the vats, which are then broken down and used to build the colony. Most colonies resemble smooth-sided towers stretching up hundreds of feet.

The vast majority of the hive-cities on Mechanus are clustered around a large cog that houses their largest colony – Arkitan, which in the clicking language of the formians means “center.” It is the home of the Scion Queen Mother, the greatest and most powerful of the formian queens in all the multiverse, and it is by her will the formians expand out, both through Mechanus and beyond. Large colonies have been established in the Peaceable Kingdoms of Arcadia, and there are rumors of hidden hive-cities within select cubes floating through the Infernal Battlefield of Acheron.

The Scion Queen Mother encourages the queens of the hive-cities to push forward and expand, and this results in a lot of conflict between the individual colonies. This is perhaps the only reason the formians haven't proved a greater threat, for while they are utterly focused on the health and safety of their individual colonies, they seem to have little thought for their species on a whole. The Scion Queen Mother in Arkitan is of a different mind, however. She has clashed with the modrons of Regulus, and sees the arrival of the Glass God as nothing more than a nuisance. Her desire is to colonize the multiverse with formians, thus making everything perfectly ordered and working harmoniously together. Even if it's against the will of the people in the multiverse.

GLASS GOD

Strange things have been seen appearing in Mechanus recently. Some smaller cogs and gears have transformed seemingly spontaneously from metal into strangely prismatic clear glass. The gears continue to move in the same way as they have before, and the sudden changes haven't prompted the modrons of Regulus to do anything more than a cursory check – to their rigid minds, the gears are functional and that's all that matters.

At the same time, devotees have appeared in the Clockwork Nirvana claiming to speak for a new power they call the Glass God. This being comes from outside the plane of Mechanus but has a wonderful future planned that incorporates everything great about Mechanus into a new form. These devotees are accompanied by warriors carrying strange glass weapons, along with more sinister creatures known as glass hounds. Everything about the Glass God as spoken about by these speakers and warriors refers to a harmonious convergence of machine and glass.

The truth is far more sinister, however. The Glass God is an alien intelligence from the Far Realm who has penetrated Mechanus and seeks now to convert the entire plane into something different. The Glass God and its most fervent followers, including the glass hounds, have strange abilities to jump between sharp angles, which are plentiful on Mechanus, and they can see things through the glass gear spreading out across the Clockwork Nirvana. Sects of warriors calling themselves glass eidolons have taken up the arms of the Glass God, most not knowing the exact nature of their mysterious patron, but the speakers and devotees seem to be knowledgeable about the grander scheme – assimilate, and destroy those that resist.

INEVITABLES

Constructs are prevalent in Mechanus, but there are constructs that have evolved beyond the relatively simplistic golems found across the multiverse. The modrons are one type who have evolved to serve the will of Primus and keep the Clockwork Nirvana ticking, but there is another class of intelligent constructs in Mechanus that enforce laws rather than simply maintaining them. These are the inevitables, and though they appear at first glance like golems, they are intelligent creatures with hyper-focused wills all bent on enforcing laws across the multiverse.

The most commonly encountered type of inevitable found outside of Mechanus are the marut, who dwell within Halls of Concordance in several major planar metropolises. These iron constructs are incredibly powerful and built with the singular purpose of enforcing the terms of a contract. It can be any contract agreed to by separate parties at a Hall of Concordance. Each Hall of Concordance is run by a Kolyarut, a specialized version of the marut that arbitrates on behalf of the individuals and assigns a marut to keep the terms of the agreement by all parties.

Maruts originate in massive factories on Mechanus. Each factory is given a three digit number to differentiate it from others, though the largest and most expansive is Factory Zero-Zero-One, the first, where inevitables build more inevitables in titanic life molds within the factory. Other factories produce armor, weapons, and the internal workings of the creatures, but Factory Zero-Zero-One puts them all together and creates the form itself.

Other types of inevitables exist as well. The hadrut are less powerful than the maruts but still capable creatures that are built on a larger scale. Their purpose is to enforce borders, so they are often found around factories, and many can be found around the Scrap Tracts in Mechanus guarding against scavenger tribes. Other inevitables enforce other laws of the multiverse, including the law of death, the laws of time, and the laws of reality itself. These other types are more rare but just as powerful as the marut.

The first inevitables were believed to be created by Primus as a tool to enforce order in Mechanus. The modrons have an enormous population but they are built for maintaining the workings of the Clockwork Nirvana, and even then they are too few to handle all of the plane's inner machinations. Primus needed something to bring

order to the wider planes, and the inevitables were the result. The first inevitables quickly gained sentience and started building more themselves – they were the ones that constructed and now maintain the factories, not Primus, though enigmatic logic being seems to approve of the advancement.

THE MATHEMAGICIAN

Manipulating arcane energy to create magic requires complicated rules and conditions. This is why wizards have to devote so much time to study, and also why some are tempted to make bargains with otherworldly powers to circumvent that required work. The plane of Arcadia contains Nomos Prime, a powerful enigmatic force that most believe embodies these arcane laws, but there is a competing force in Mechanus that is pushing the boundaries of logic and magic to their utmost. This is the Mathemagician, a constructed humanoid known as a warforged, who has become an incredibly powerful wizard driven insane by dabbling in the cosmic power of the multiverse.

The Mathemagician believes words are the key to unlocking the laws of magic, and that those words originated somewhere in Mechanus. It has built the Palace of Perfect Precept on a distant cog where he is attended by helmed horrors of its own creation. Few people visit the palace, and the Mathemagician seems perfectly content with this, but the power that it wields has attracted some attention. Specifically, nomomancers from Arcadia have been studying the warforged wizard for some time, secretly observing from a distance.

For its part, the Mathemagician seems content to study and experiment. The helmed horrors that assist it are a useful addition to any wizard's guardian arsenal, though the secrets of their creation are jealously guarded by the crazed warforged. The Mathemagician is completely obsessed with law and how it applies to arcane magic, and it has visited Primus in Regulus on numerous occasions, though each time the warforged leaves with more questions than answers. How close is the Mathemagician to unlocking arcane secrets lost to the multiverse? How much of a threat are those secrets? What are the true motivations of Nomos Prime in regard to the warforged? No one has these answers yet.

PRIMUS AND THE MODRONS

Order is a major defining force in the multiverse. It's what tamed the raw chaos of existence at the beginning of everything into the structure of reality, and most planar scholars agree that this lawful power is embodied wholly in the singular being known as Primus. As an entity, Primus is one of the oldest things in the multiverse, with records dating back as far as records go detailing its influence over the planes, just as Asmodeus has spread the influence of evil and corruption.

Primus sits at the literal center of Mechanus, at least as defined by the modrons that serve it without question. These geometrically-shaped creatures are living constructs, similar to inevitables, but they are built for maintaining the order of the Clockwork Nirvana and keeping everything running smoothly. Their rigid hierarchy prevents lesser modrons from even interacting with higher modrons – they don't even speak the same language. At the top sits Primus, the being of pure law and order, who is said to dwell within every cog and gear in Mechanus. The Tower of Primus is at the center of Regulus, the realm of the modrons, where it contemplates existence and watches over the multiverse.

As a being of pure law, devoid of good and evil, Primus is difficult to understand at times. Its goal is to bring ultimate order to the multiverse, and the tools it uses are the modrons, but it also experiments from time to time. Primus is responsible for several strange acts – it created the stone that now sits in Limbo that created the slaadi, for example, creatures of absolute chaos and destruction. And, there are the occasional modrons that go “rogue” and develop independent thoughts of their own. Some say these are explicitly created by Primus as a way to test its most loyal subjects. It's a puzzling situation that has interested planar sages for generations.

It is said that Primus sees everything in Mechanus, and can manifest in any gear or cog across the plane. This level of planar control is nearly unheard of anywhere else in the multiverse, suggesting Primus has a unique relationship with the Clockwork Nirvana. But it rarely exercises this power openly, preferring instead to set plans into motion and then watch them unfold.

SCAVENGER TRIBES

There are many small communities of creatures of all kinds that live, work, and die in the cogs of Mechanus. Most of these communities are built on a single gear, and the residents – whether they be archons from Mount Celestia, devils from the Nine Hells, or planar transplants from across the multiverse – strive to stay in harmony with their clockwork surroundings. Chaotic tendencies are generally weeded out naturally, for few of a non-lawful mindset can withstand the sheer enormity of order and synchronization of Mechanus.

The scavenger tribes are the exception, however. These roving bands of anarchists, free thinkers, warriors, and tinkers roam about the gears and cogs of the plane, collecting scrap for their own use while staying one step ahead of the modrons that continually chase them. Mainly comprised of humanoids, the tribes are usually less than 50 people, as the smaller the number the more nimble their movements, and the easier it is to escape from modrons trying to shut down their activities.

The members of the scavenger tribes call themselves the gearlost, and they are quite adept at taking scraps from the plane and turning them into useful pieces of mobile equipment. They don't make permanent settlements, but they do meet irregularly on a cog called the Plain of the Gearlost, near an abandoned Scrap Tract far from the modrons' home of Regulus. Tribal leaders meet here to discuss new tactics from modrons, valuable yards for scavenging, and any new hazards or dangers they face. They aren't inherently dangerous, but there's a rebellious streak in most of them that sees a great machine like Mechanus and simply wants to tear it down.

Many gearlost have replaced parts of their body with mechanical bits, usually hands and legs but sometimes as advanced as an eye or complete spine. The artificers among the gearlost are adept at melding machine with flesh, which the modrons and inevitables look upon with great shock and horror. There is, however, no such law against such a melding so possessing a gearlost modification is not an automatic sentence for death.

WORD OF LAW

In the plane of ultimate law, ultimate justice is meted out swiftly and without mercy, compassion, or malice. Primus was the original arbiter of justice, but over time it created another power to oversee passing sentences for those that break the law in Mechanus. The Word of Law was born from this, and from the Scriptorium of Law it hears cases and swiftly deals justice.

The Word of Law is a strange being. It is three massive faces on a floating upside pyramid, with each side representing a state of justice – passive, guilty, or innocent. Its passive face is used while it hears cases, and then it renders verdict by switching to its guilty or innocent face. Inevitables of Mechanus work with the Word of Law but its primary tool for handling criminals brought before it are creatures of liquid living metal, silver or gold, known as metal agents. Silver metal agents are the rank and file servants of the Word of Law, and they are responsible for guarding the Scriptorium of Law and watching over prisoners. Gold metal agents are the ones that seek out criminals in Mechanus, and some have even gone so far as to travel beyond the Clockwork Nirvana in their duties.

The punishment for breaking any law on Mechanus is death, meted out swiftly and impartially by the Word of Law's silver metal agents once sentence has been passed. The Word of Law is impartial and it hears cases clearly without inherent bias or prejudice. Nonetheless, criminals brought before it at the Scriptorium of Law are usually found guilty. In the alien mind of the Word of Law, and by extension Primus, no lawbreaker can be allowed to live, no matter the scale of the crime.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Constructs abound in Mechanus. Many are formed naturally on the plane, while others – such as golems – are created by deliberate action from inhabitants of the plane. Many of the creatures of Mechanus have an absolute view of law and order, regardless of good and evil, and see no difference between a fiend breaking a law or an angel.

ABERRATIONS

The perfect harmony of Mechanus serves as an enticing force for beings from the alien plane known as the Far Realm for some reason. The Glass God is a powerful entity from the Far Realm that has pushed into Mechanus like a plague, and its glass hounds use the perfect angles of the gears to move quickly around. The modrons and inevitables seem oblivious to the machinations of these aberrant forces, so only time can tell what ultimately happens, but the Glass God's influence grows regularly.

CONSTRUCTS

The vast majority of all inhabitants of Mechanus are living constructs. Golems of all kinds can be found in abundance, many of which having found their way from their original home to live in a plane of absolute order and precision. Buzzflies are mechanical insects that eat gears and cogs of all kinds, destabilizing regions with their vermin-like appetite. The metal agents of the Word of Law are liquid metal creatures capable of forming weapons from their natural body parts, and they blur the line between construct and ooze in unique ways.

Inevitables. Vast factories are hidden among the gears of Mechanus, each one manufacturing individual components that come together to create inevitables – powerful constructs that enforce the laws of the multiverse outside the bounds of Mechanus. Breaking the universal laws of life, death, and truth could result in an inevitable coming to find you, though such transgressions usually must be larger in scale to catch their attention, while a whole subset of powerful inevitables are used to enforce contracts signed in the various Halls of Concordance in major planar metropolises. Hadrut inevitables are the lesser type of inevitables charged with protecting the factories on Mechanus and enforcing laws around property, so they are the ones commonly encountered in the Clockwork Nirvana.

Modrons. Modrons are a strange race of mechanical creatures that look like geometric shapes with humanoid-like arms and legs. They are vast in number and tend to most of the functions of Mechanus, serving as the will of Primus, a supreme deity of logic and order that supposedly created the plane at the beginning of time itself. Modrons can be found anywhere in Mechanus, repairing broken gears and protecting regions, though Regulus remains their most populated city. Visitors are welcome in Regulus assuming they complete the proper documentation and submit it to the right departments. The various castes of modrons are highly organized and literal-minded, and they cannot interact at all with modrons greater than one category removed either above or below them in the hierarchy.

HUMANOIDS

Any humanoid that recognizes the absolute authority of law can be found on Mechanus, and there are plenty of small settlements, castles, and fortresses all over the plane occupied by these organized people of all races and types. Silversprocket is the largest and most welcoming and easiest to locate, but others remain isolated for various reasons. Some residents follow the darker side of law, owing allegiance to evil powers such as Asmodeus, while others skew more towards the benign side, honoring gods of justice and order.

However, there are those that see the ordered structure of Mechanus and fight against it. They form roving bands of scavenger tribes, trying to stay ahead of the modrons and inevitables while salvaging junk to create useful tools to aid in their survival. Many are anarchists that seek to bring down Mechanus from the side, but most are simply survivalist trying to eke out an existence the only way they know how.

Warforged. In the clockwork realm of Mechanus, warforged remain a strange enigma. It is widely believed that they originated somewhere on the plane, and pockets of communities can be found across the gears of Mechanus, but there are no known factories that produce these constructed humanoids. Where do they come from? Who created them? That central question drives many warforged to search Mechanus for answers, but the lure of the Iron Voice on the plane of Acheron draws many out with promises of answers among the great iron cubes.

MONSTROSITIES

Some unusual monsters can be found in Mechanus. Sphinxes of all kinds are drawn to the perfect harmony of the plane, and usually setup their homes among complex gears that form towers and castles. There they contemplate the vast nature of existence, crafting riddles and stories that encapsulate the fragility, pointlessness, and even purpose of life itself. Rarely they entertain visitors though most enjoy philosophical conversations with likeminded beings.

Formians. Formians are ant creatures with single-mind pursuits of colony expansion across the multiverse. Mechanus is their home, but they've been steadily pushing out across the planes, and have made great progress in claiming territory on Arcadia as a result. Their major hive-cities remain on Mechanus, and Arkitan is there great. The Scion Queen Mother commands a force that swear their lives to queen and colony and obey every directive without question or hesitation. Only the fractured nature of the hive-cities, where each looks out for their own interests, prevents the formians from being a greater threat to the stability of Mechanus and the wide multiverse.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The great machine of Mechanus is a vast, moving plane of interconnected gears and cogs, all ticking in synchronization, like the inner workings of a massive water clock. The operations are so enormous in scale that they create unique environments not found anywhere else in the multiverse, at least on the same scale. Travelers to Mechanus quickly become aware of these factors as they affect everything from communication to combat effectiveness.

GREAT MODRON MARCH

One of the strangest phenomena of Mechanus is the Great Modron March. Once every 289 years, Primus orders the modrons of Regulus to march across the multiverse. They leave the Clockwork Nirvana and navigate the planes, traveling along well-established routes that use gates and portals to cross between the planar borders.

The Great Modron March is a massive operation, with thousands of modrons marching, and their path never wavers, regardless of the obstacles. Cities may have sprung up since the last march, or natural hazards or barriers, but none of that stops the single-minded modrons from their task. Some difficulties require construction to bypass, which are handled by specific modrons, and include things like building bridges, repairing gates, and removing hostile forces. Unfortunately, the modrons are not especially skilled at this last part, and many that go out on the march do not return to Mechanus.

There are several lesser marches that happen between each Great Modron March where Primus sends out smaller teams of modrons to venture forth to a series of specific planes. These lesser marches occur in regular patterns, like everything the modrons do, but the scale is difficult for outsiders to comprehend.

Why does Primus send modrons out on these marches? The question has baffled planar sages for generations. Most assume it's some sort of checkup on the state of the multiverse, a kind of update to a larger plan known only to Primus, but there are conspiracy theories that suggest a more sinister motivation. It is well known that Primus' goal is to bring absolute law and order to the multiverse, and the modrons are its most successful tool to date in this effort. Do the modrons march to test the defenses of the multiverse in advance of some predetermined war for total domination? Or perhaps they march to charge up some force or power within Mechanus and they wait for the right time to unleash it?

GRINDING GEARS

Mechanus is in constant motion, and the gears and cogs that make up the bulk of the plane move by connecting precise interlocking teeth. It's a ballet of motion, but it can also be dangerous if a person were to be caught in the gears.

Gear sizes in Mechanus come in five broad categories – small, medium, large, huge, and gargantuan. While these sizes correspond to creature sizes, the gear sizes are on a much larger scale. Getting caught in the interlocking teeth of a gear inflicts bludgeoning damage based on the size of the gear. The chart below shows the relative size and damage.

MECHANUS GEAR SIZES

CATEGORY	GEAR SIZE	BLUDGEONING DAMAGE
Small	Up to 5 feet diameter	7 (2d6)
Medium	From 5 to 100 feet diameter	17 (5d6)
Large	From 100 feet to 1 mile diameter	35 (10d6)
Huge	From 1 mile to 50 mile diameter	52 (15d6)
Gargantuan	50 mile or more diameter	70 (20d6)

Creatures must be close to a gear's edge for any damage to occur, and even then the relative gravity of Mechanus makes falling into it unlikely. It is possible to shove a creature into a gear which would then inflict the listed bludgeoning damage. Gear damage is based on the size of the adjoining gear, which can be up to one size category bigger or smaller than the primary gear.

For example, if a group of adventurers were facing off against a foe near the edge of a large gear, the DM could determine an adjacent grinding gear was medium, large, or huge, and if a creature were to be shoved into the gear they would suffer bludgeoning damage based on that adjacent gear's size. It's worth noting that modrons never think of pushing creatures into the gears – there's a chance, however remote, that the gear could get stuck, and so this tactic is strictly forbidden by the modrons.

LAW OF AVERAGES

Mechanus runs on an edict of well-defined structure and order. Randomness is reduced and chaos is kept to a minimum, or eliminated entirely. Creatures that engage in combat on Mechanus quickly find their attacks and spells create predictable effects regardless of luck and timing. While on Mechanus, all creatures use the average damage for spells and weapon attacks. The average damage on a die is reflected as half of the die's maximum value plus 0.5, though rounding always occurs down. For example, a longsword inflicts 1d8 damage, so the average would be 4.5, round down to 4. A greatsword inflicts 2d6 damage, so the average would be 7 (3.5 x 2). Apply modifiers as normal.

LINGUISTIC EQUALITY

Communication can be a barrier on any plane, but on Mechanus the language laws are broken down intrinsically to their base values to facilitate easy understanding. Regardless of the languages spoken, while on Mechanus all creatures can understand the spoken words of other creatures as if it were a language they could speak. There is no inherent ambiguity in this instant translation and most creatures don't even realize it's happening because of its subtle effect.

SITES & TREASURES

The Clockwork Nirvana of Mechanus is filled with wondrous sites that simply cannot be replicated anywhere else in the multiverse. Some of them are dangerous, some are beautiful, but all are part of the massive machine that makes up the plane and its coordinated synchronization.

COGMAZE

The vast majority of Mechanus is filled with gears and cogs of an enormous scale, many stretching hundreds of miles across. Regions overhead and below are just as filled with gears, but there is an openness to the spacing that can create an illusion of emptiness. In the region known as the Cogmaze, however, this illusion is dispelled as the individual gears are close enough together to form walls, corridors, and rooms.

The Cogmaze is a complicated region that spans several miles of tightly compounded small gears, moving and grinding at variable speeds. It isn't known if the site is a naturally occurring phenomena, or if it was deliberately created to house something specific or dangerous. Creatures have been found in the Cogmaze, usually variations of the clockwork golems, buzzflies, and other natural inhabitants of Mechanus, but there is a sinister undercurrent to the monsters that differentiates them from their wild fellows. Modrons have an irrational fear of the Cogmaze with most refusing to go near it, though they can't say why – they simply say it is a decree from a higher authority.

Adventurers that have gone into the Cogmaze report encounters with insidious traps and clockwork monsters that seem to exist only within the grinding corridors. Treasure too has been found, strange mechanical devices of a mystic and wondrous nature, almost as if something were using the Cogmaze to store precious items – or to lure in unsuspecting adventurers. What lurks in the heart of the Cogmaze? Is there a greater power behind its construction, or does it house scavengers and opportunistic creatures looking for a new home?

CRIMSON CLOCK

For a plane known as the Clockwork Nirvana, there is a surprising lack of actual clocks around Mechanus. The modrons that maintain the gears and cogs of the plane don't need them, as they are in tune with the plane itself, and many of the local communities learn to tell time by the chiming of the Nirvana Bells and movement of nearby gears. One of the few actual time pieces on Mechanus is a massive red obelisk known as the Crimson Clock, which is tended by cultists of Asmodeus, the Lord of the Nine Hells.

As a supreme power in the multiverse, Asmodeus has a vested interest in the inner workings of Mechanus, and he seems as interested in discovering the ultimate purpose of the plane as any planar scholar. To that end, the Crimson Clock was built on a red-stained gear, constructed by specially created golems imbued with Asmodeus' infernal powers and magically linked to the machinations of Mechanus. The result is a complicated clock that requires constant tending by red-robed cultists, who have taken no ill action against other planar inhabitants. The modrons leave them alone since they aren't breaking any laws, and the Crimson Clock continues to tick.

The clock itself records the passage of time, which is meticulously tracked by the attendant cultists, but it also has a countdown feature that was not originally planned. None of the cultists know the end result of the countdown, and their inquiries to Asmodeus have been met with silence. The Crimson Clock has a vast inner working that the cultists and a legion of chosen devil work to maintain, but there are secret workings that most of them are not aware of. Is it a doomsday clock that counts down to some great calamitous event?

GLASS SPIRE

The Glass God is an alien entity from the Far Realm that has found a crack between the greater dimensional barriers and is now slowly leaking into Mechanus. It is a vastly malevolent entity bent on the total corruption of the plane, a subjugation that would be manifested as everything on the plane transforms into glass-like versions of their original shape. Already, some cogs on Mechanus have transformed into glass, and the modrons responsible for repairing and maintaining the machinery seem not to notice the difference.

The transformative spread doesn't seem to be localized in any specific region on Mechanus, but the Glass God's greatest stronghold is the Glass Spire, a spike of strange glass growing out of the middle of a great glassy gear. It is here that the glass hounds congregate in larger numbers, and the devotees of the Glass God – strange multicolored eyed humanoids of persuasive tongue and purpose – undergo ritualistic changes to become more in tune with their supreme entity. The Glass God itself doesn't seem to have a physical presence in Mechanus, not yet at least, but it's unfathomable power is on display in around the Glass Spire.

The multi-tiered interior holds corridors, halls, chambers, and room, all constructed of the same strange prismatic glass as the spire and gear around it. Everything is sharp angles, and some of those angles defy easy logic, a clear violation of Mechanus' natural laws. But the Word of Law and its metal agents has not moved against the Glass God yet. Is there something in the Glass Spire that shields their lawlessness from the eyes of the plane? Primus has been strangely silent on the appearance of the entity and the site as well. How far does the glassification have to spread before the powers of Mechanus take note?

HIVE-CITY ARKITAN

Formians are an ant-like race of rigid structure and supreme hierarchy. Everything they do is for the betterment of their hive with no thought to the individual. The sole exception is the individual at the top of each hive, the queen, who directs the drones, soldiers, and others in an ever-expanding quest for territory. Hives can be found all across Mechanus, but the greatest is the central hive-city of Arkitan, home to the Scion Queen Mother.

Arkitan is a massive complex built around a mile-high tower, all of it constructed of hardened metal-like mud produced by the drones by dissolving natural food and transforming it into construction material. The result is as strong as steel with a natural cave-like structure, and Arkitan is the largest of all the hive-cities on Mechanus. The Scion Queen Mother dwells in a massive central cave at the tower's base, attended by a legion of queenguards and soldiers, and she has swarms of flying formians that communicate with the other hives.

Arkitan is highly organized, with all of the formians inside operating according to the whim of the Scion Queen Mother. They live, work, and die with no other thought than for their queen, which is true of all formians, but the ones in Arkitan are even more fanatically loyal. Arkitan formians take no prisoners in warfare, fighting to the death in every conflict, and voluntarily give their lives for the good of the hive. And the Scion Queen Mother takes full advantage of this force at her beck and call, and she has a plan to expand the formian power across Mechanus – and into the wider multiverse.

Within the great spire of Arkitan, specialized drones produce a magical secretion that the Scion Queen Mother hopes will accelerate her expansionistic plans dramatically. It's kept under tight security now but some of the scavenger tribes, who clash regularly with the formians over scrap, have been subjected to its use - a powerful mind-control vapor distilled from formian essence. To date, the incidents have resulted in madness and death but the formians working on perfecting the formula and the Scion Queen Mother are not dismayed. The end results far outweigh the potential cost in non-formian life it takes to get there, or so they believe logically.

LIFE MOLDS OF FACTORY ZERO-ZERO-ONE

Inevitable factories are located all across Mechanus. Each one is assigned a three-digit identification number and a specific task in the creation of more inevitables, from Factory Two-Seven-Two where the eyes are created to Factory Nine-Three-Four where cloaks are stitched together. It is possible there are 999 factories, though they all dwarf in importance to Factory Zero-Zero-One, where final assembly is completed and the inevitables are given the spark that turns them into creatures rather than simple machines.

Factory Zero-Zero-One was the first assembly plant built by the inevitables to create more inevitables, and it houses the supremely important life molds that are key to the entire process. There are 10 known molds for each type of inevitable, all housed in Factory Zero-Zero-One, and kept under the tightest security to prevent tampering or even close inspection. Non-inevitables are simply forbidden from entering the factory under penalty of death.

The factory is run by inevitables who take shifts operating and guarding the facility, along with the other factories that assemble the individual components. Parts are shipped between each location in the great assembly line, and during transport the crates are heavily guarded and watched over closely. There have been some incidents with scavenger tribes hijacking an inevitable shipment, but the powerful constructs usually deal personally with seeking out punishment rather than waiting for the metal agents of the Word of Law to come in. Primus decreed that the inevitables would have the ability to govern and police themselves outside the typical Mechanus power structure.

And there are plenty of interested parties in the multiverse that would love to get a hold of the secrets contained within any inevitable factory, but Factory Zero-Zero-One is the motherlode. No one outside of the inevitables knows the details of the spark that imbues them with life and sentience, a power normally reserved for gods, so to able to harness and control that power is the dream of many beings and organizations, good and evil.

MAGNETIC OBELISKS

Traveling Mechanus is straightforward, because the risk of falling off of a gear is low thanks to the relative gravity each cog holds. Navigating and finding a specific place, however, is a different matter entirely. The modrons have their own grid-based system that maps out the entire plane relative to Regulus, their realm and home of Primus, and they maintain the grid through carefully placed magnetic obelisks all around the Clockwork Nirvana.

Each magnetic obelisk appears as a rectangular block of glossy smooth black stone, exactly 10 feet high, 5 feet wide, and 5 feet deep. They each hum with electrical power as the inherent magnetism contained within each vibrates on a high frequency, and metal objects brought within 100 feet of a magnetic obelisk are drawn towards it inexorably. Creatures holding a metal object and resisting the pull must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw each round or be pulled 10 feet closer to the obelisk; metal



armor wearers suffer disadvantage on the saving throw as they fight against their worn gear. Modrons know the location of each obelisk and only approach within 100 feet by wearing special gem-studded belts that produce an opposite magnetic charge to counteract the pull.

Scavenger tribes wearing and carrying no armor have managed to chip away pieces of magnetic obelisks, which they use in their hunt for valuable junk in the various Scrap Tracts around Mechanus. They've learned important information about which types of scrap are attracted to what size magnetic obelisk shard and at what range, so they use it to quickly find the pieces that are the most valuable to them. Modrons are concerned about the destruction to the magnetic obelisks as it throws off their navigation and the entire grid becomes unstable, though their emotions are largely flat on the matter (as they are with most things).

NIRVANA BELLS

Mechanus is a noisy plane, with countless gears grinding into one another on a constant basis. In many areas, the sounds are synchronized, creating a natural cadence, but just as often the sounds are drowned out by the sheer volume. Residents get used to it, but it can be a bit of a shock for travelers who have to shout to be heard in some sections. What's never drowned out, anywhere on Mechanus, are the clear ringing of the Nirvana Bells that chime every eight hours.

Each Nirvana Bell is housed in a special open-framed cube, about 20 feet tall, and the bells themselves are nearly as grand. They are constructed of highly polished gold inlaid with intricate patterns of gears and cogs in delicate silver etchings. The golden clapper inside is motionless and immobile under normal circumstances – no known force can ring a Nirvana Bell outside the appointed time. They ring out to signal the cycle of time on Mechanus, one ring to start the day, two rings to bring in morning, and three rings to herald evening.

The modrons tend to the Nirvana Bells, polishing them and keeping them in good physical condition, but they do not ring them. No one has ever been observed ringing them – they simply ring at the appointed time. Most planar scholars believe they are in time with the running of the plane itself, and therefore an extension of Primus, though there is no evidence beyond conjecture to support this theory. Cryptic prophecies across the multiverse refer to disruptions in the ringing of the Nirvana Bells but there are no recorded incidents of a change in their timing or tone.

OIL LAKES

Modrons keep the gears of Mechanus moving by tending to the cogs and cylinders that are in constant motion. Their greatest tool in this regular upkeep is oil, fetched from enormous lakes in a region close to Regulus, and then distributed in special dispersing cans by modron oil teams. These oil lakes sit in stacks of gears that have had their centers removed, creating deep wells that replenish on their own power.

Oil jellies are a regular problem in these lakes, though their exact origin isn't known. It's not likely they came into being accidentally on a plane where everything happens according to a plan, but no one has found a plan for the oil jellies that makes any sense. Modron teams have to be on the lookout for the dangerous oozes, and some of the slimy creatures have learned to seek out sources of fire and return to the oil lakes to deter further removal of the precious liquid.

ORRERY OF THE INFINITE PLANES

Regulus contains exactly 64 massive gears, all populated by modrons of all types, but the center of their realm consists of two buildings. One is the Tower of Primus, wherein dwells the physical manifestation of the orderly god, and the other is the Great Modron Cathedral, standing next to Primus' dwelling on the central cog of Regulus. The Great Modron Cathedral sees visitors from all across the multiverse who are welcomed as long as they come peacefully to see a fantastic artifact – the Orrery of the Infinite Planes.

Housed in the central dome of the Great Modron Cathedral, the Orrery of the Infinite Planes is a mechanical model of the planes themselves, spinning and moving around in perfect synchronization with each other. It's a working model of the multiverse, miniscule in scale but still covering hundreds of feet in the cathedral's massive dome, and it is widely believed to be the only functional "map" of all the Inner and Outer Planes. Scholars come to study the patterns and movements, with the aid of specialized modron workers who tend to the orrery's upkeep, though the great artifact set rarely requires any maintenance.

The Orrery of the Infinite Planes is useful for visualizing the relationship between the planes, though it is just one possible interpretation of the vast and unending multiverse. What's found in the Great Modron Cathedral is also only one half of the whole orrery. The other half is directly below the floor of the dome, accessed only by

special allowance by the modron governors, and this half depicts the Material Planes. It is far more vast, owing to the infinite variations of Material Plane worlds, and covers hundreds and hundreds of feet.

The two halves of the Orrery of the Infinite Planes share a single master cylinder crafted of adamantine, so the movement of one affects the other directly. Those who have witnessed the Material Plane side of the orrery say the models of each world are perfect in every detail and could be used to create maps and uncover lost regions, but the modrons who run it only allow brief visits.

PALACE OF PERFECT PRECEPT

The Palace of Perfect Precept is the home of the warforged wizard known as the Mathemagician, who seeks to understand and master the laws of magic by understanding the laws of reality to their finest point. Its palace is built from marble and designed in an octagon pattern on a vast gear, with eight towers rising up at each angle in the octagon, and a large central keep in the center. The Mathemagician is tended to by numerous golems of variable construction, though its favorites are iron golems, and the enigmatic warforged has not taken any apprentices or passed its knowledge on to date.

The Mathemagician is largely preoccupied with the study of magical law, which takes its attention away from the general upkeep of the palace, so those duties fall to the golem staff. Majordomo Max, an advanced iron golem, keeps the operation tight and on schedule, and does not allow anything to bother the Mathemagician during the warforged's many experiments.

The palace's layout is a massive focus for magical energy meant to harness and refocus the powers of each arcane magical school, and each tower is devoted to the Mathemagician's work on a particular school. The libraries are extensive but entirely closed off to outsiders, though the warforged has entertained guests from time to time, normally open-minded archmages from across the multiverse with an interest in pushing the boundaries of arcane knowledge to their absolute limit. Followers of Nomos Prime on Arcadia, whom the Mathemagician refers to as "sheep under an arcane wolf's eye", are expressly forbidden from entering the Palace of Perfect Precept.

PLAIN OF THE GEARLOST

Scavenger tribes scrounge and eke out a living amongst the gears of Mechanus, running a low-grade anarchy game on the plane of ultimate law. They are constantly on the move as the modrons and inevitables have orders to remove them on sight, by force if necessary, and the free-spirited tribes never have an interest in going quietly. The tribes, each usually no more than 50 or so humanoids of all types, build temporary fortifications and steal scrap from the Scrap Tracts and junk cogs to use in their own devices. Rogue artificers, junk runners, gear thieves, anarchist priests, and many more fill the ranks of the tribes who make no permanent structures.

Except for the Plain of the Gearlost. This huge gear, far removed from Regulus, is kept hidden by makeshift scrambler towers that keep its location safe from the constructs of the plane. It is a sacred site to the scavenger tribes who gather on the gear to share stories, rest, and swap news of Mechanus and their quest for anarchy. Statues constructed of scrap metal stand all around the Plain of the Gearlost, each depicting the leader of a tribe, and when a leader falls the statue is painted with specially prepared black oil paint to mark their end.

REGULUS

No other place in Mechanus better represents the ideal of Clockwork Nirvana than Regulus, the home of the modrons and their enigmatic god-force, Primus. The realm consists of 64 huge gears, a number that never changes or wavers, each connected and moving in synchronization with the adjacent cogs. Modrons of all shapes and sizes live and work endlessly in Regulus, tending to the duties of managing their ordered society.

Food is grown and harvested in Regulus for the modrons to eat, though the form the food takes is not natural vegetation. It appears as long-bladed steel grass and grows in perfectly ordered rows on the four food cogs, and nowhere else. Modron houses are blocky simple constructs of metal stacked dozens high, each with just enough room for a single modron to sleep and spend their allotted 15 minutes of leisure time each bell cycle (8 hours). Modron soldiers patrol both the borders of Regulus and the interior regions, as there have been incidents of some modrons going rogue and learning to think independently. While this isn't a crime itself (though modron lawmakers are working to push through legislation to make it illegal, a process that has been held up in the Higher Ethics and Moral Ambiguity Committee for over one thousand years), rogue modrons are asked to leave for free of their independence spreading like a disease, disrupting the ordered structure of Regulus.

Every modron has a place, and many of those places are in the offices and factories of Regulus. Depending on the caste, the modron may have many duties or few. Those that tend to Primus, their god-entity, are complicated modrons with multifaceted bodies, but even their capability for independent idea is hampered. Which seems to be the way Primus built them, so it's all according to the grand plan.

The Tower of Primus and the Great Modron Cathedral sit on the largest and most central gear of Regulus. The Great Modron Cathedral houses the Orrery of the Infinite Planes, a stunning model of the multiverse that attracts visitors from across the planes, while the Tower of Primus is strictly off limits to non-modron personnel. Anyone coming into Regulus on peaceful terms must submit their application to the Department of Border Allowances and Registrations, and if approved the visitor will be issued a guest pass that identifies them as allowed into certain areas of Regulus. Exceptions are flagged and reviewed by the Board of Exceptions to the Border Allowances and Registrations Department, though several subcommittees may have to take up the matter. The entire process is needlessly complicated bureaucracy but the modrons pull it off with cheerful smiles and a never-ending positive attitude towards "The Plan." Whatever "The Plan" may be.

SCRAP TRACT GAMMA ELEVEN

The Scrap Tracts of Mechanus are where broken gears and other refuse are stored, neat and ordered away from the rest of the plane, until it can be broken down, processed, and recycled into new gears and mechanical parts. There are theoretically an infinite number of Scrap Tracts throughout Mechanus and each has a code designation, such as Scrap Tract Alpha Three and Scrap Tract Omega Thirty. Most house simple scrap pieces from the region they are closest, but a few have specialized purposes. The most famous of these is Scrap Tract Gamma Eleven, a secret repository for anything magical found on Mechanus.

The modrons responsible for cleanup across the plane occasionally find magical odds and ends, usually left over from travelers who have met an untimely end somewhere on Mechanus. When objects containing inherent magical properties are found, the modrons take the refuse to a sorting facility, and eventually the magical scrap is sorted from the regular scrap and then teleported magically to Scrap Tract Gamma Eleven. This teleportation is unique among the collected junk, as the modrons usually deposit refuse directly into the correct Scrap Tract.

Rumors abound about the magical treasures found in Scrap Tract Gamma Eleven. The modrons are no help in finding it, as they truly don't know its location at all, though some inevitables are said to know where it can be found. It has been theorized that the regular reprocessing of junk does not occur in Scrap Tract Gamma Eleven, which means that hidden cylinder contains all of the magical detritus found on Mechanus since the beginning of the multiverse itself. It has become an obsession for a number of Cog Confederates in the Transcendent Academy, some of whom have spent multiple generations trying to locate the elusive site.

SCRIPTORIUM OF LAW

The greatest courthouse in all the multiverse and the largest repository of lawful documents is the Scriptorium of Law, which is where the Word of Law passes judgment on criminals and its legion of metal agents carry out the justice of Mechanus. The building is a series of enormous blocks with no windows and only a single set of massive double doors leading to the interior. The exterior is plain gray stone, unadorned and without decoration except for the symbol of infinity (a sideways 8) etched above the doors.

Inside, the Scriptorium is just as sparse as the exterior, at least for the main levels wherein the courthouse is contained. The Word of Law itself hangs suspended in a fantastically huge chamber in the center of the complex, with adjoining wings holding prisoners awaiting trial and final judgement. Death is the usual verdict for guilty charges of any kind, but there is an appeal process, so canny creatures with knowledge of the law can delay their final sentencing for days, weeks, months, or even years.

The lower sections of the Scriptorium of Law contain the written laws of Mechanus. Each law decreed by Primus magically appears on a thin sheet of paper-like metal in the Scriptorium's archives, where they are catalogued by the metal agents and preserved for eternity. No being is

allowed into the archives, though representatives of an accused can request laws be brought forth for clarification and evidence. This isn't necessary for the Word of Law but it understands that lesser beings are not as in tune with every facet of Mechanus law as itself.

Everything is neat and ordered in the Scriptorium, and scuffles are strictly forbidden by the Word of Law. The metal agents, silver and gold, fulfill the duties of the office, such as bringing in prisoners and carrying out sentences, but the Word of Law itself serves as both prosecutor and judge for any criminal case. Some planar scholars have argued that this is an inherently unfair situation, but the Word of Law is a being completely devoid of bias or personal interest. Or so it would seem, at least.

SILVERSPROCKET

The most accessible city on Mechanus is Silversprocket, located on an adjacent cog to the Transcendent Academy. It is a well-ordered city of gleaming steel and silver buildings laid out in neat rows, neighborhoods, and districts, with a multitude of residents bustling about their busy lives. Everyone has a job in Silversprocket, from growing and harvesting food to support the city to maintaining law and order, but the vast majority supports the nearby artificers of the Confederacy of the Cog.

Visitors are required to check in with the Welcome Board, stationed in small buildings around the most commonly used city entrances, but the process is not onerous and most visitors are allowed into Silversprocket with no problems. The city boasts a number of manufacturing plants that can only be found in Mechanus, so they receive deliveries of goods and products from across the multiverse on a regular basis. The artificers of the Transcendent Academy regularly spend leisure time in Silversprocket, and also purchase most of the raw materials and manufactured goods produced by the city. The two share a positive relationship of reciprocity.

Silversprocket is run by an elected governor who is attended to by the Silversprocket Senate, with individual members elected by the populace. The Silversprocket Senate handles most of the day to day legislation of the city, and they are responsible for the city watch and most of its public service departments. The governor is largely a figurehead with little actual responsibilities, though some have taken a more tyrannical approach to their position than others. The current leader, Governor Kedaja Darlan, is a female dwarf originally from the city of Ravnica. She was elected on a platform of fair operations and good working relationships with Ravnica, the City of Guilds, but some worry that her close ties to the guilds of that city may compromise Silversprocket.

TRANSCENDENT ACADEMY

The Confederacy of the Cog may be the largest organization of artificers in the multiverse, and they hone their skills and practice their craft at a massive facility in Mechanus known as the Transcendent Academy. Multiple towers rise up above the dense collection of laboratories, workshops, lecture halls, and living quarters that make up the bulk of the academy's base. The Transcendent Academy rests on a large gear, not as huge as others, and it rotates perpendicular to a larger gear that holds the city of Silversprocket.

Enterprising artificers from all over submit their applications to join the Transcendent Academy and become a member of the Confederacy of the Cog. Space is limited, but a fair number of students, faculty, and alumni come and go on a regular basis, creating a fluctuating population within the academy grounds. Teachers of all kinds instruct students on the wondrous ways of artificers, touching on subjects such as golem making, armor infusions, alchemy theories, and hundreds of others. Students enrolled in classes at the Transcendent Academy must complete rigorous academic papers and studies in order to keep their place from semester to semester.

It is all overseen by the Board of Regents that dwell in the largest tower in the academy grounds. Membership in the board is by board approval only, and by ancient bylaws the number must be a prime number. It's been as low as 7 in the past, but the Board of Regents currently sits at 17 today. Each voice on the board is as equal as another, as no president or ruling force sits above them, but they do have to answer to suppliers and a host of underwriters that work with the academy across the multiverse.

Fantastic works of engineering are produced every day by the students and faculty at the academy, and the place has a well-earned reputation for producing competent and worldly members. Students that attend the Transcendent Academy are not automatically inducted into the Confederacy of the Cog, and in fact many students leave without having any interest in joining the artificer organization. For the Cog Confederates, however, the Transcendent Academy functions as their de facto base and the home to their greatest experiments.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Adventure and excitement can be found amongst the gears of Mechanus as surely as any other plane. On the surface, the rigid structure and extreme lawful bent of the plane and its inhabitants may seem to deter the chaotic forces that draw adventurers, but Mechanus is a huge place (infinite even!), and strange things happen all the time.

The Modron's Plight. A modron approaches the party in whatever city they happen to be in at the time. The modron has become separated from Mechanus and needs assistance in going home. It has no idea how it arrived in the city, and when the characters follow the clues they discover a cabal of cultists that accidentally called the creature away from the Clockwork Nirvana. Can the characters recreate the gate? What are the true goals of the cultists?

Aggressive Negotiations. Formians from a hive-city in Mechanus have breached the planar paths and established a colony near the characters' home town. The insectoid creatures begin to meet with the locals and offer them an ultimatum – submit to the formians or be subjugated by force. The characters are asked to reason with the queen, who is on a gear in Mechanus. Unfortunately, this formian queen is more interested in expansion at all costs to the party must find an alternate place for her to expand her colony. A nearby gear offers an option but it needs to be cleared of the local inhabitants, buzzflies primarily.

Tick Tock of Doom. The characters disrupt a ritual by Asmodeus cultists, only to learn that it was tied to large machinations linked to the Crimson Clock on Mechanus. The characters must go to the clock and put an end to the ambitious high priestess who believes she has the secret knowledge of what the Crimson Clock is counting down to – Asmodeus' arrival in Mechanus itself! She is attended by devils but hasn't broken any laws, so the party must stop her and her allies.

Break the Glass God. The machinations of the Glass God are beginning to encroach on the fabric of Mechanus. The characters are invited to the Palace of Perfect Precept, the home of the Mathemagician, who proposes a strike mission to weaken the Glass God. The characters must go into the Glass Spires and inscribe a phrase of power using a specially prepared powder on the interior of one of the structures. Glass hounds and glassy-eyed servants stand in their way, but in the end is the Mathemagician's calculations correct? The Glass God originates from the Far Realm entirely different cosmic laws.

Judgment of Absolute Law. A marut inevitable has confronted an ally of the party, claiming they broke a contract signed in the Hall of Concordance. It is a mistake but the marut is convinced it's real, so the ally is brought to the Scriptorium of Law to await judgement by the Word of Law. The characters are asked to seek out who is behind the duplicity while the Word of Law is stilled. Can the party find the real culprit in time? The trip may take them to anywhere in the multiverse but ultimately ends up back in Mechanus to argue for their ally's freedom.

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 the Clockwork Nirvana of Mechanus. Two tables are provided, one for the Great Gears and another for the Scrap Tracts. 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.

GREAT GEARS

1D100	GREAT GEARS ENCOUNTER
01-05	A few buzzflies looking for an easy meal
06-10	Scavengers (bandits) on the run from an inevitable patrol
11-15	A gearwraith hunting for life
16-20	A colony of myconids living peacefully on a gear
21-25	Four duodrones repairing the teeth of a broken cog
26-30	A lawmage from Ravnica inspecting a site
31-35	Three silver metal agents hunting down a fugitive
36-40	A artificer from the Transcendent Academy studying a puzzling gear
41-45	An oil jelly slithering through the gears
46-50	A gynosphinx puzzling over the nature of the multiverse
51-55	Formian soldiers watching over the area
56-60	A hadrut inevitable guarding an invisible border
61-65	Clockwork golems on an errand from their master
66-70	A clay golem searching for its creator
71-75	An artificer and a herd of iron defenders looking for rare gears
76-80	A squad of quadrones preparing for combat
81-85	Two stone golems standing guard over a secret door
86-90	A glass hound jumping between angles
91-95	A fugitive from the Word of Law
96-00	An inactive marut waiting to be summoned

SCRAP TRACT

1D100	SCRAP TRACT ENCOUNTER
01-10	Oil jellies looking for a meal
11-20	Scavengers picking through the rubble
21-30	Silver metal agents looking for lawbreakers
31-40	A colony of unassuming myconid
41-50	Devil cultists looking for lost pieces
51-60	A rogue modron trying to find a purpose
61-80	Worthless junk scrap
81-90	Valuable scrap that is too large to move easily
91-00	Valuable transportable scrap

SEVEN HEAVENS OF MOUNT CELESTIA

“On the slopes of Mount Celestia, the crisp fresh air uplifts body, mind, and soul from whatever dark recess it may have found itself, and a real feeling of positive energy suffuses the landscape. The Seven Heavens themselves are powerful physical embodiments of those qualities that many of us strive for, such as righteousness and a sense of wisdom, and the natives celestials that live and dwell on the slopes and valleys do their best to honor those qualities with everything they do. It’s strictly ordered but there’s no subterfuge or hidden agenda on Mount Celestia, just the inner peace that comes with striving to be the best version of yourself. Assuming, of course, your best version fits in line with the idyllic principals of the Seven Heavens.”

Issilda the Unbreakable

Pure and untainted, the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia are said to be one of the most breathtaking planes in all the multiverse. For those that follow the path of virtue and selflessness, the beauty is awe-inspiring and instills a sense of simple joy that moves many to tears. Those that walk a darker path see only a monument to overblown egos and pride, impressive still but less moving on a spiritual level.

The truth is subjective to the individual on Mount Celestia. Everywhere, a vibrant aura of wisdom, justice, and virtue hums, and the souls that die across the multiverse and ultimately end up in the slopes and valleys of the Seven Heavens quickly learn to vibrate in tune with these near-invisible hum. Lawful and good to the extreme, Mount Celestia is a plane that brings out the best in people, pushing them to go farther than they thought they could and reach for an impossible ideal. For here, that ideal is not impossible.

Mount Celestia is often thought of as one single mountain, but the truth is much broader. Unlike the fiery slopes of Gehenna, where each layer is a self-contained volcano, finite in size though still enormous, each layer of the Seven Heavens encompasses a vast region of rugged terrain, plateaus, idyllic mountain valleys, streams, and breathtaking waterfalls. Ascending the “mountain” requires passing trials found at the highest point of each layer, which then allows the traveler access to the next higher plane. The seventh layer at the “top” of Mount Celestia is the hardest to reach and is supposed to contain a blinding radiance holding true enlightenment. Few have seen it.

Most of the population of Mount Celestia are celestial creatures known as archons. The souls of lawful good creatures across the multiverse are reborn on Mount Celestia as lantern archons, the most common of the celestial natives, but they can advance through the rank by performing selfless deeds and confronting evil wherever it may lie. A handful of communities of creatures have sprung up across the Seven Heavens populated by mortals, archons, and a host of other celestial beings.

Creatures from the Lower Planes, especially demons and devils, view Mount Celestia as the ultimate expression of good and positivity in the multiverse, and there have been a great number of battles fought on the shores of

the Silver Sea on the plane’s lowest layer against fiendish invaders. Vigilance is the watchword of the archons stationed on the Silver Sea, vigilance against corruption and invasion from outside forces, and they must be faithful and strong in the face of great odds.

Powerful beings of all types can be found in and around the Seven Heavens. The most famous is Bahamut, the god of good dragons, who dwells in the Platinum Palace that floats in the air above the plane itself. It is one of the few means of accessing the higher levels of Mount Celestia without having to pass the Trials of Enlightenment that separate each layer, but the vigilant forces of the Platinum Dragon are no fools. The greatest dwarf realm in all the multiverse, Erackinor, is found on the fourth layer, and within its mighty halls dwell Moradin and his powerful host. Paragons of halfling virtue are found in the Green Fields on the third layer of Mount Celestia.

Wisdom, patience, and justice are held in high regard by the natives of Mount Celestia, but it is all tempered with an edge of self-righteousness that can become stifling for those visitors that don’t share the same moral code. Rigid and inflexible in many ways, the Seven Heavens can quickly become overwhelming for creatures that walk a different path than that of goodness and law, though compassion and understanding are also virtues of the higher-minded inhabitants. Evil acts are not tolerated anywhere, however, and those that perpetrate evil in Mount Celestia find the plane itself works against them. Fiends still try to tear down the great symbol but most planar scholars believe Mount Celestia is as permanent a fixture in the multiverse as the Nine Hells and the Abyss.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Mount Celestia as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Mount Celestia.

The Vast Mountain. Mount Celestia’s singular dominant feature is its namesake, which stretches up into the sky and fills the field of vision from nearly every angle. Delicate clouds cluster around the rocky slopes, which rise and fall in smaller crags and valleys, but always a traveler’s gaze is drawn up to the impossible height. It’s a soaring, majestic mountain, with colorful patches splashed around the slope and easy, identifiable paths winding up. Rather than daunting or intimidating, Mount Celestia is awe-inspiring and profoundly moving as a glorious monument to natural beauty sculpted by unseen hands over countless generations.

Journey of Self-Discovery. Traveling through Mount Celestia is a journey that takes on greater significance than a simple walk or hike. Beauty and wonder seem to walk hand-in-hand on the gentle trails, with countless fields of wildflowers, mountain lakes, clear brooks, and an abundance of joyful life everywhere. In order to traverse the path between the layers, a traveler must reflect upon their purpose and seek enlightenment there, and that path starts from the moment they set foot upon the mountain itself.

Hope and Justice. The rush of a cool mountain breeze carries an invigorating sense that stirs the blood and straightens the back. Mount Celestia's core principals of hope and justice are not just philosophical ideals, they are powers manifested by the countless people dwelling on the slopes. Everyone in the Seven Heavens knows their place and takes joyous pride in that knowledge, and they work with a magnificent zeal to maintain truth and order wherever they go. The slopes of Mount Celestia may seem rough and uneven from a distance, but upon closer examination there's a highly regulated pattern to everything – you just have to look for it.

LAY OF THE LAND

As the name implies, there are seven layers within the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia. The layers are distinct though they do share general features, such as a mountainous landscape with towering peaks, idyllic valleys, and winding rivers. Each of the layers is referred to by their name as well as a more general reference; for example, Lunia is the name of the first layer, but it is also referred to as the Silver Heaven, with Mercuria the second layer also known as the Golden Heaven. The more evocative titles give a good overview of the landscape properties.

LUNIA

The first layer of Mount Celestia is the most accessible. Lunia is known as the Silver Heaven, and this is where portals and gates from outside the plane lead travelers before they can ascend to higher layers. The sky is midnight blue but dotted with bright twinkling stars, and the lantern archons believe each star is actually a soul that has ascended to the highest peak of the Seven Heavens.

Lunia is unique among the layers of Mount Celestia for several reasons. It is largely made up of a vast wine-dark gulf known as the Silver Sea, through which swim all manner of creatures, celestial and mundane. The waters are naturally blessed and from them rise numerous pillars of natural alabaster stone. Countless creatures have built strongholds and citadels upon these stone pillars, though the most famous are the Beacon Towers, occupied by lantern archons on the lookout for invasion forces from the Lower Planes.

Beyond the shore of the Silver Sea, Lunia's terrain is more hills and shallow valleys than rough peaks like the higher layers. The stars overhead bathe Lunia in glorious starlight so the darkness is never a bother, and everything is well-lit.

MERCURIA

Beyond Lunia sits Mercuria, the Golden Heaven, where a vibrant golden light fills the sky at all times. The air is thinner here than on the Silver Heaven but the mountainous slopes are mild and easy to ascend. Swift-flowing rivers of honey-colored water race through gentle valleys and empty into numerous lakes, many of which resting upon one of the numerous plateaus.

Mercuria is a place where the honored dead are put to rest, many of whom fought valiantly to keep Mount Celestia safe from invading forces. The archons that tend to the burial sites perform their duties with solemn attitudes, but Mercuria is not a sad place. Memories of heroes, kings, queens, lords, ladies, and more are kept alive by the countless stories told in the villages and small settlements.

VENYA

Venya, the third layer of Mount Celestia, is also known as the Pearly Heaven. The hills here are old and rounded, and the air holds the crispness of winter's first touch that invigorates body and soul. Many of the soft peaks are snow-covered and it isn't uncommon to find gentle snow falling from the pale sky overhead, which always seems to be just slightly overcast with pearly clouds hanging overhead.

The valleys of Venya are often filled with natural woodlands of beautiful pine trees and snow-laden meadows. Halflings are a common site on this layer, as they wander in and around the Green Fields, home to Yondalla and the cheerful halfling powers. The weather is always mild, so a great number of tilled and worked fields can be found on Venya, with many halfling families working the land before cozying up in their burrows near the hearth to enjoy peaceful rest, knowing they've done good work in a blessed land.

SOLANIA

Solania is the Crystal Heaven, where a burnished silver sky hangs over the quiet slopes and glaciers. A luminescent fog shrouds most of the valleys on Solania, many of which hold deep mountain lakes fed by the towering nearby glaciers. Rich deposits of ore, from the rare to the mundane, run like solid rivers through the stones of the Crystal Heaven, and it is widely believed Solania has more caves than any other layer. Even though the paths are easy to follow, Solania has more hidden monasteries and temples than any other layer, and the legendary Monastery of Seven Flowers hides somewhere among its majestic peaks.

Solania is where the vast subterranean realm of Erackinor can be found along with the thousands of dwarves that fill its halls. Moradin and many of the other dwarven powers dwell here, and the rhythmic sound of active mines and forges fills the marvelously engineered tunnels and caves.



MERTION

The Platinum Heaven, Mertion, is a surprising place for those that have ascended through Mount Celestia's lower layers. Most of Mertion is gentle, rolling plains surrounded by low hills rather than rocky mountains, with nourishing grasses and still mountain lakes in abundance. The sky overhead sits in perpetual evening, with a soft rose-gold color tinging the edges, as if dawn were about to surface.

Numerous paladin orders, celestial hosts, and other martial forces gather on Mertion to train and prepare for glorious combat against evil in all its forms. The highest orders of archons can be found on the Platinum Heaven, planning strategies and taking in reports from across the multiverse, and there are numerous secret paths from Mertion to the lower layers that the celestial forces take to quickly arrive to deal with imminent threats. Empyrea, City of Tempered Souls, is found on Mertion as well, and its hospitals and healers are renown across the multiverse as being the best and most accessible.

JOVAR

Jovar is the Glittering Heaven, and it's easy to see why. The mountain slopes are literally littered with rubies, garnets, and red diamonds in countless gem fields that stretch in every direction. The rose-colored sky reflects these magnificent gemstones, each one sparkling with an inner light that catches the eye and steals the breath. Archons, who have no need for the priceless gemstones, wander through the fields without purpose as they reminisce about their past lives and deeds. Several enormous ruby heads shaped like humanoids with massive foreheads can be found on Jovar, though their purpose is a mystery to even the archons.

The Heavenly City of Yetsira sits at the highest point of Jovar so that its radiance can be seen everywhere on the layer. It's a seven-layered ziggurat with enormous staircases running up each of its four sides. This is the only way into Chronias, the highest layer of Mount Celestia, and few have made it and returned.

CHRONIAS

The seventh layer of Mount Celestia is Chronias, the Illuminated Heaven, and it's also the most mysterious. Many planar scholars believe it is a singular shining radiance created from the composite goodness of the entire multiverse, and that any that actually proves worthy and cross the Bridge of al-Sihal in the Heavenly City of Yetsira simply sublimates into the pure radiance of ultimate good. Maybe the story told by the lantern archons on Lunia is true, and that the stars in the midnight-blue sky over the Silver Sea are visual representations of those that have reached Chronias. Or perhaps it's something else entirely. It remains the most endearing mystery of the Seven Heavens.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes normally on Mount Celestia, but there is natural transition from day to night on any of the layers. Each of the Seven Heavens maintains a single permanent state, from the night-filled skies of Lunia, to the golden-tinged Mercuria, to the soft crystalline twilight of Solania. The darkness on even the night-populated layers is not a sinister or menacing dark, but a soothing blanket of night that comforts and protects the weary.

SURVIVING

Nothing in Mount Celestia is meant to harm or impede anyone. The weather is gentle, the mountainous terrain is forgiving, and the people are helpful. Creatures of an evil nature find they cannot hide from the numerous celestials and their presence is usually detected by greater powers, but even these individuals are not forbidden or harmed upon entering any layer of the Seven Heavens.

GETTING THERE

Access to Mount Celestia is restricted from outside the plane to the first layer, Lunia, and most often on the shores of the Silver Sea. Portals and gates often appear as two-dimensional silver disks, glowing with a soft radiance, and they are often found in areas that have been consecrated by holy powers. Ancient temples to lawful good deities, monasteries that adhere to the highest moral code, and even castles of paladins and noble knights can all potential hold latent portals or gates to the Seven Heavens.

Many gates across the multiverse to Mount Celestia are timed around the movement of the sun and moon, usually appearing at the sun's zenith or only in the light of a full moon. Portal keys to the Seven Heavens are always made out of solid metal, usually silver or gold, and are often constructed to appear as an oversized key to a lock. Lantern archons have an instinctive sense for locating planar paths to Mount Celestia, though the sense doesn't give them any insight into the portal or gate's activation or required key.

There are no known portals in the multiverse that lead directly to one of the higher layers of Mount Celestia. Rumors persist that some incredibly powerful dark forces have created temporary or hidden gates by ripping the fabric of the multiverse open which may lead to some of the higher layers, but the archons and celestial forces forcefully deny the existence of such openings.

TRAVELING AROUND

There is little in the way of impediment to travel on the individual layers of Mount Celestia, with easy well-worn paths crisscrossing the mountains, valleys, and other natural wonders. The Silver Sea is a sailor's dream, with few waves and a gentle but steady breeze that fills sails with great ease. The inhabitants of each layer are friendly to non-hostile outsiders and are usually willing to lend a hand or offer guidance on a particular issue or destination.

Moving between the layers, however, is not as straightforward. To cross from a lower layer to a higher layer, a traveler must find a suitable path and then complete the Trial of Enlightenment. Finding the path is as simple as having the right desire while traveling – Mount Celestia has a way of discouraging travel from those that wish to inflict harm or steal for selfish reasons by twisting the path away from the next layer. Those that have the right desire still must complete the Trial of Enlightenment, a process that grows more difficult the closer a traveler gets to the seventh layer, Chronias. Full details are found under Hazards & Phenomena.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia are home to some of the most powerful forces for righteousness and justice in all the multiverse. Many of them have interests that go beyond the borders of the plane, making them active players on a larger scale, but some keep to their territory and maintain their individual realms from outside forces. Travelers with good in their hearts can usually treat with these forces in welcoming settings.

BAHAMUT THE PLATINUM DRAGON

Dragons are rightly regarded as one of the most powerful types of creatures in all the multiverse. They are skilled spellcasters, fearsome combatants, cunning strategists, and more, and the longer they live the greater power they gather. Bahamut the Platinum Dragon stands above them all as the prime god of the metallic dragons, a supremely powerful and influential power that truly earns the name Draco Paladin. Few doubt his wisdom and devotion to justice, and those that find themselves in his presence never doubt his sheer prowess.

Bahamut lives in the Platinum Palace, a unique site on Mount Celestia – it is a floating fortress that drifts between at least the first three layers, and perhaps can go even higher. His wondrous home has few roofs but many gilded and silvered columns standing around countless platforms and open forums. Bahamut's chief attendants are seven gold dragons of incredible age and power in their own right who advise the Platinum Dragon in various matters. Scores of dragonborn paladins serve Bahamut as well as agents across the multiverse, and an order of ghost-like dragonborn rogues known as the dracosaints work in secret to spy and sabotage the works of Tiamat, Queen of Chromatic Dragons.

Like many of the residents of the Seven Heavens, Bahamut has a sense of unbridled righteousness towards the crusade against wickedness and depravity. His eyes are constantly on the multiverse, especially the Material Plane, where he has taken physical form on multiple occasions. His agents, both dracosaints and dragonborn paladins, work to curb the threats of evil rising from the Lower Planes on the mortal battlefields. Bahamut's attention is so outer focused that he rarely sends forces to assist in the defense of Mount Celestia, a fact that has driven a wedge between the Platinum Dragon and the archons.

GRANDMASTER OF FLOWERS

The fourth layer of Mount Celestia, Solania, hides many secret sites within its fog-enshrouded peaks and mysterious valleys. Few are as well-known or as hard to reach as the Monastery of Seven Flowers, wherein dwells the Grandmaster of Flowers, a monk master of unsurpassed celestial wisdom and devoted contemplation. Few have laid eyes upon this mysterious figure, which includes the monks who tend the monastery and serve as its guardians. Is the Grandmaster of Flowers a mortal who has achieved ultimate enlightenment? Or are they a celestial being?



The truth is that the Grandmaster of Flowers is a temporary honorific bestowed by the psychic force created from all the monks who follow the Way of Seven Flowers. It manifests as a peaceful serenity over any individual within the Monastery of Seven Flowers, so it moves from person to person without adversely affecting the host. It can be consulted through meditation, and the monks who follow the way access it to empower their ki-based practices, but the actual Grandmaster of Flowers is a nebulous formless power that drifts invisibly through the monastery on Solania.

Monks that follow the Way of Seven Flowers learn and receive guidance from the collective unconscious of their brothers and sisters in the form of the Grandmaster of Flowers, and they speak as if it were a singular person or entity. Few realize the truth, which is partly why the Monastery of Seven Flowers is so difficult to find – it can only be found by those that contribute to the invisible force that is the Grandmaster of Flowers.

LEGION OF RIGHTEOUS FURY

Not all of Mount Celestia's fervent defenders are celestials in nature. The tomb-filled slopes of Mercuria, the plane's second layer, holds the Feast Hall of Kar-Lenorr, a massive stone lodge that houses the Legion of Righteous Fury. This disciplined order of barbarians are mortals that have chosen to devote their life to the defense of the innocent, the pursuit of celestial justice, and the ideals of personal accountability. They do this by giving themselves over to the Righteous Fury, a radiant force that fuels their rage.

Unlike many other barbarian organizations, the Legion of Righteous Fury is well-organized. It is led by General Havra Fanglance, a female orc warrior of legendary skill and battle prowess. She regularly meets with the commanders of the various units in the legion, discussing strategies across the multiverse and where to deploy individual strike teams. General Fanglance works with the archons of Mercuria as well and the two forces work hand-in-hand on many operations. She doesn't have a good working relationship with Bahamut, however, though the two stay out of each other's way for the most part.

A typical legion strike force has five members, with the highest ranking member providing leadership on the operation. They are not subtle in their efforts – quite the opposite in fact, as the power of the Righteous Fury is a loud and bombastic one. Their rage is focused, however, and their mission is not only to stomp out injustice but to provide support for adversely affected groups and people. They are not widely known outside of Mount Celestia, but General Fanglance has been working to increase their visibility on a planar scale, so the missions she chooses for her units have become increasingly associated with spreading the word of the legion to a large population, as well as stopping malice and wicked enchantments.

The Legion is largely focused on thwarting the machinations of the devil princes of the Nine Hells. General Fanglance's force is much smaller when compared to the infernal legions of Baator, but she works to keep the worst of the Nine Hells in the Nine Hells. Cultists of Asmodeus and Mephistopheles are special targets of the Legion of Righteous Fury due to their seductive and subtle

natures. It is known that Mephistopheles has a standing bounty of a million gold coins for the head of Havra Fanglance.

MORADIN AND THE DWARVEN POWERS

Dwarves are known across the multiverse for their exceptional craft skills, loyalty beyond any doubt, and focused determination, and in Erackinor, these qualities and more are on full display. Erackinor is the home of Moradin, the principal deity of the dwarven pantheon, along with the other powers that inspire every aspect of daily dwarven life. Located beneath the foggy peaks of Solania, Erackinor is a noisy realm of ringing hammers, clashing steel, and chanting from the thousands upon thousands of dwarves that call it home.

Moradin appoints a number of proxies to watch over Erackinor while he busies himself with at the Soulforge, the magnificent centerpiece of the wondrous underground realm. He is a god capable of splitting his attention and his form, so that one part of him is always hammering away at the Soulforge while others tend to urgent matters on Mount Celestia and beyond. The plight of dwarves throughout the multiverse is of utmost importance to Moradin, though he rarely takes direct action, he keeps up to date on occurrences and movements that may shake the foundations of dwarven life.

In Erackinor, the other dwarven gods have a more active role in the functions. Powerful ancient clans meet regularly to discuss matters of grave importance to dwarves, and though arguments are common and disagreements can become heated, everyone in Erackinor shares the common belief that justice must be constantly worked at, like the edge of a blade, and that it must be sharpened by constant action and attention.

PLUME OF THE RAINBOW HEAVENS

Couatls are powerful serpentine celestial creatures created by divine powers as guardians. Each guards something specific though often nebulous, such as a certain prophecy, an immortal person, or a sacred site, and they keep watch over their charge until their purpose is fulfilled. Even then, they often stay close to keep an eye on events. The oldest known couatl in the multiverse is the Plume of the Rainbow Heavens, an immense serpent coiled in the central chamber of the Rainbow Pyramid atop a peak on Mertion, Mount Celestia's fifth layer.

The Plume's charge isn't directly known, and it stays silent regarding questions around it as the couatls are divinely forbidden from uttering a lie. It lives in the Rainbow Pyramid attended only by a cadre of silent mummies sworn to defend the place from any threat. It speaks in a long, slow hissing voice, choosing its words carefully, and seems supremely interested in prophecies surrounding Dendar the Night Serpent. Is the Plume a guardian against this titanic monster of elder evil? Or does it have some role to play in a large confrontation with the Night Serpent? None have found out for certain and the Plume refuses to divulge any direct information regarding it.

The silent mummies of the Rainbow Pyramid are occasionally sent out from Mertion to the wider planes on errands for the Plume. These are lawful good celestials but otherwise share the same statistics as a mummy, and they can only communicate via pantomime and written word. Their bandages are colored a single color based on the prismatic spectrum – red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, or violet – though there doesn't seem to be a ranking of them that's widely known. They have been seen delivering written messages to couatls across the multiverse along with fetching mortals to meet with the Plume at the Rainbow Pyramid to discuss activities and actions that seem to relate to Dendar the Night Serpent.

SEMRASSA THE ANCIENT

Gold dragons are widely regarded as the most wise and noble of all the metallic dragons. Bahamut the Platinum Dragons receives counsel from seven great wyrm gold dragons who lead discussions and philosophical debates about far-ranging topics, from the nature of good and evil to the layout of the planes themselves. Even these supremely righteous and intelligent beings recognize their own biases and occasionally seek advice from the most knowledgeable gold dragon on Mount Celestia, and perhaps all of the multiverse – Semrassa the Ancient, who runs the Golden Library of the Great Wyrms on Venya, the third layer of the plane.

Semrassa is one of the oldest dragons in the planes, though she in no way comes close to the power of Bahamut or Tiamat, and she has accumulated more knowledge than almost anywhere. The Golden Library rests in a secluded grove of ancient oak trees protected by Semrassa's potent magical wards. She is attended by a score of librarians each personally chosen by Semrassa to help catalogue the countless books, scrolls, and tomes that fill the library's halls and wings. The topics covered run the spectrum, and it is often said that if it isn't in the Golden Library of the Great Wyrms, it's not worth knowing.

Semrassa's mind and tongue are still sharp though age has reduced her physical faculties to a shadow of their former glory. She spends her days reading new arrivals to the Golden Library donated from across the multiverse, and nothing gets catalogued until she has finished her perusal of the item. She is highly protective of the library and the librarians, viewing them as her children, and for those with a thirst for knowledge, the Golden Library's doors are always open. Semrassa has a lax attitude towards good and evil, however, and she has received fiendish and celestial visitors that seek knowledge without judgment or hostility. Her advanced magical wards protect the books from harm or theft, though there have been attempts over the years.

SOLARS OF MOUNT CELESTIA

Supremely powerful and nearly omnipotent, solars represent the pinnacle of celestial might and glory. They are beings on the same level as demon lords and devil princes, and several serve as proxies for the gods and powers of the Upper Planes, though most reside on the various layers of Mount Celestia. They are unique beings with their own personalities, preferences, and governances. Below are a description of the better known solars of Mount Celestia, but others exist.

Aeshma the Radiant Star. Aeshma is a powerful solar who dwells on Lunia, Mount Celestia's first layer. She watches over and commands the lantern archons that keep the Beacon Towers of the Silver Sea from the Radiant Star Tower. She is a true and honored friend of the aquatic zoveri that dwell within the Silver Sea, and she has raised her sword and bow in defense of Mount Celestia more times than any other solar.

Gabriel of the Dragon Horn. Bahamut's chief advisor is Gabriel of the Dragon Horn, a solar with close ties to the metallic dragons. He was held prisoner by the forces of Orcus in the Abyss for a great number of years, cut off from Bahamut and Mount Celestia, before being freed by a party of heroes on a quest to save the Bloodstone Lands. Gabriel now sits in the Platinum Palace speaking words of caution to Bahamut and the other dragons against Tiamat's tyranny and treachery. Most view his caution as a result of his years-long imprisonment, and Gabriel still holds numerous scars from his time in Orcus' dungeon – both physical and mental scars.

Haroth of the Silver Trumpet. The clear notes of Haroth's massive Trumpet of Glory sounds across the marching fields of Mertion on a regular basis, marshalling the celestial forces of the archons and paladins. Haroth is a skilled military commander with a reckless streak that has won him many conflicts over the centuries, and he personally leads the most dangerous and daring raids against fiendish forces across the multiverse. He is loud, arrogant, and somewhat abrasive, a true pinnacle of the trumpet archons, but his prowess and keen military mind speak for themselves.

Sybil of the Glittering Lotus. Millions of gemstones litter the slopes of Jovar, Mount Celestia's sixth layer, but most pale in comparison to the wonder found in Glittering Lotus Valley. Here, the solar Sybil tends to vast fields of lotus flowers constructed from numerous precious gemstones, bending and weaving them together to create unique and breathtakingly beautiful creations. She rarely interacts with the wider planes, preferring to contemplate the state of the multiverse within her valley, and there are many who view her actions as a waste of her solar talents and gifts.

Viryn the Justice Hand. Tyr, god of justice, has long kept Viryn the Justice Hand as a faithful agent in matters that require a delicate touch and a diplomatic voice. Viryn, though just as mighty as any other solar, has long advocated peaceful solutions and rehabilitation for prisoners, and to that end his charge has been to watch over the Blind Prison on the slopes of Lunia. He is compassionate to a fault but stern in his duties as warden to the Blind Prison.

Xerona of the Heavenly Bridge. The seventh layer of Mount Celestia, Chronias, can only be accessed by crossing the mythical Bridge of al-Sihal which stands upon the pinnacle of the seven-layer ziggurat of Yetsira on Jovar, the sixth layer of the plane. The bridge is guarded by Xerona of the Heavenly Bridge whose duty it is to judge any who would seek to enter Chronias. It is a duty he performs without bias or mercy, and his judgment holds a finality that bars gods and powers from entering if they are unworthy.

Zariel the Fallen. A dark shadow washes over the face of any celestial speaking of Zariel. She was a solar charged with watching over the cataclysmic Blood War between demons and devils of the Lower Planes to ensure it did not spill over into the wider multiverse. She spent long years over Avernus, the first layer of the Nine Hells, watching helplessly while the forces of evil fought endlessly. Zariel yearned to go down and use her powers to smite the evil, but in the end the corruption of the Nine Hells claimed her. She fell from her position of solar and became the Archduchess of the First, loyal now only to Asmodeus and the pursuit of corruption and wickedness. Her home on Mount Celestia, the Bastion of the Blessed Banner, is a shadowed ruin amongst the valleys of Lunia, watched over by agents of Tyr, god of justice.

YONDALLA AND THE HALFLING POWERS

The Green Fields is an idyllic, pastoral realm on Venya, the third layer of Mount Celestia, and serves as the home for Yondalla and the other halfling gods and goddesses. Yondalla takes an active interest in the health and wellbeing of the halfling people, and encourages good relations with other kind-hearted people. She is regarded as the great mother to all halflings, and her maternal instincts are in full force all across the Green Fields. Every halfling and resident here has comfort, good food, and a hearth to call their home.

The other halfling powers are collectively referred to as Yondalla's Children, and include Arvoreen, a stout halfling god charged with stalwart defense of the Green Fields; Brandobaris, a mischievous god who keeps the residents entertained and represents the curious nature of all halflings; and Cyrrollalee, a friendly goddess of trust and friendship. Everyone in the Green Fields contributes to the wellbeing of each other and their community under the watchful eye of Arvoreen's sheriffs who patrol for malfeasance wherever it may spring.

Yondalla's place on Mount Celestia is similar to that of Moradin – she is more interested in the plight of the halflings in the wider planes than in keeping the Seven Heavens secure. She trusts the archons implicitly, and the halflings of the Green Fields have gone to war to defend their home from invading forces on several occasions.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The natural inhabitants of Mount Celestia are almost universally good-aligned creatures that adhere to one of the core tenets of the plane. Archons are the best example, being the celestials associated with the Seven Heavens, but the crystal soldiers of Erackinor and the galayons of the Green Fields are also notable extensions of their respective realms.

CELESTIALS

There's a reason most Material Plane painters depict flights of angels in the skies above Mount Celestia. The Seven Heavens boasts more celestial beings than any other plane, and its mighty slopes are filled with cities, fortresses, and towers filled with celestials ranging from all across the multiverse. Lammasu are golden-haired lions with a noble bearing and a righteous command over knowledge and lore, making them excellent sages to consult, and the helpful galayons are the ancestral spirits of halfling families that watch over their living relatives.

Couatls dance in the air of Mertion, the plane's fifth layer, while devas act as messengers for many of the powers that dwell up and down the slopes. The children of gods themselves, empyreans, dwell in mighty fortresses and command vast hosts, while pegasi and hollyphants serve as war mounts and companions for a wide variety of riders. Planetars are assigned to specific duties across the Upper Planes and they rarely leave their posts, but they do enjoy time on the sixth layer of Mount Celestia to relax and enjoy fine company.

Archons. The most numerous of the Mount Celestia celestials are the archons. These powerful beings are strictly ranked in order of power and responsibility, from the lantern archons guarding the Silver Sea from invaders to the throne archons commanding armies and planning strategies. The greatest among them are the solars, unique beings of radiant glory with near divine control over their chosen domains, but even these mighty celestials recognize their true strength comes from the magnificent host of archons below them.

Archons have a rigid set of rules they must abide by, and when they have performed great actions in their station their names and deeds are recorded in the Books of Light. Once they have enough deeds recorded they can transcend to the next highest rank – from the lowest rank to the highest they are lantern, hound, warden, sword, trumpet, throne, and solar. They usually kind and compassionate but absolutely solid in their beliefs.

DRAGONS

A large of metallic dragons live in Mount Celestia, mostly focused around the Platinum Palace of Bahamut, the greatest of the dragon gods in the Upper Planes. Bahamut retains an expansive network of draconic advisors that offer guidance and advice on all manner of topics, and to be chosen by the Platinum Dragon to serve in such a fashion is the dream of many metallic dragons as they grow old. Gold dragons may be the most regal, but Bahamut loves all of the metallics and all are welcome in his floating palace. These dragons often take wing over the slopes of Mount Celestia for fresh air in a wondrous landscape, but even so spotting such majestic creatures is a true delight for all of the other inhabitants.

HUMANOIDS

Mount Celestia boasts numerous communities of varying size, especially on the lower slopes of Lunia and Mercuria. These communities are filled with humanoids from across the multiverse, many of whom come to the Seven Heavens to live better lives. There are quite a few reformed evil creatures as well, including a few fiends that are seeking to mend their ways, and Mount Celestia welcomes any who wish to seek enlightenment through hard work, self-sacrifice, and the pursuit of justice.

Aasimar. Perhaps not surprisingly, aasimar makeup a sizable population on Mount Celestia. These beings, descended from celestials, often serve the archons as scouts, advanced warriors, and advisors, and many families of aasimar have lived in the Seven Heavens serving the celestial hosts for generations. Most of these are protector aasimar, but some of the more militant minded transform into scourge aasimar to better face the waves of evil in battle. Fallen aasimar are rare and often trace their lineage back to a handful of celestials who have fallen from Mount Celestia, the most famous of which is Zariel, a powerful solar who is now the ruler of Avernus, first layer of the Nine Hells.

Dragonborn. Bahamut the Platinum Dragon is a powerful force on Mount Celestia with influence over many settlements along the gentle slopes. Most of those towns and villages are populated by dragonborn, who revere the great dragon deity and honor him with hard work, dedication, and devoted faith. In turn, Bahamut draws agents and soldiers from these villages, elevating them to chosen status and sending them out in the multiverse as his proxies. Many take up arms as paladins, but wizards, clerics, sorcerers, and bards are also common.

Dwarves. Erackinor is the home of Moradin and his powerful Soulforge, a divine tool that supposedly created dwarves out of primordial clay, and the sprawling underground kingdom is the largest dwarven city in the multiverse. Countless clans work and celebrate in Erackinor which is a completely self-sustaining population; they grow their own food, mine their own ore, and celebrate their lives in relative isolation. Though they don't deal often with the rest of Mount Celestia, the dwarves routinely travel to dwarven enclaves across the Material Plane on missions of mercy and justice.

Halflings. In the idyllic pastures of the Green Fields on Mount Celestia's third layer, hundreds of halfling families live in the scattered farms and burrows, living peaceful lives of comfort and safety. They are watched over by Yondalla and the other halfling gods along with the spirits of their ancestors known as galayons, and though they are protective of their lands they are overall a gentle and peace-loving people. Some halfling youths of the Green Fields venture out to find adventure, perhaps taking inspiration from the host of celestial forces around them, while many others look to put their personal stealth skills to the ultimate test against the forces of darkness and depravity.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

Mount Celestia is a rugged paradise of perfect weather, easy trails, and natural beauty, from the Silver Sea of Lunia to the illuminated mysterious peak of Chronias. Though there is nothing that prevents or actively hinders visitors, creatures with kindness in their hearts find life easy and enjoyable on the Seven Heavens, with plenty of radiant sunshine and abundant food.

BLESSED BENEFICENCE

The pervasive beneficence of Mount Celestia bestows a literal blessing upon many creatures that live and visit the plane. Good-aligned creatures gain the benefit of the *bless* spell as long as they remain on the plane. In addition, finishing a long rest on the plane grants a good-aligned creature the benefit of a *lesser restoration* spell.

While neutral and evil creatures are not actively hampered on Mount Celestia, the Blessed Beneficence effect can cause some discomfort. Neutral creatures, perhaps due to their nature, feel neither good nor bad about the air of the Seven Heavens, while evil creatures feel a subtle needling all over their skin while they remain. It's a minor annoyance but a constant reminder that their presence is antithesis to the core virtues of Mount Celestia.

TRIAL OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Ascending the layers of Mount Celestia is not as straightforward as simply finding a gate. The most accessible way to cross from one layer to the next highest is to find a path through the mountains, and there are many, and submit to the Trial of Enlightenment. This process is performed automatically by the nature of the plane on those that seek to ascend; those not seeking to ascend cannot accidentally stumble into the Trial of Enlightenment, regardless of where they are on the layer.

The trials are personal examinations of each individual's deeds and goals. They happen invisibly, without fanfare or showy effects, and get more introspective the higher up the Seven Heavens the traveler climbs. Creatures wishing to travel from the first layer, Lunia, to the second layer of Mercuria must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom (Insight) check, a task that requires 10 minutes. The trials become progressively more difficult and lengthy the farther up Mount Celestia a traveler goes as represented by the Trial of Enlightenment table below.

MOUNT CELESTIA ASCENSION TRIALS

CURRENT LAYER	DESTINATION LAYER	INSIGHT DC	LENGTH OF TIME
Lunia	Mercuria	15	10 minutes
Mercura	Venya	17	1 hour
Venya	Solania	19	8 hours
Solania	Mertion	21	24 hours
Mertion	Jovar	23	7 days
Jovar	Chronias	?	?

Each attempt requires the traveler travel to the highest point on the layer, a journey that itself can take hours or days depending on their familiarity with the terrain and mode of transportation. Failure on a check requires the traveler to spend twice the listed time on their current layer before attempting the ascension again.

The actual mode of travel make no difference for ascending, so flying, burrowing, and walking creatures must all succeed on the Wisdom (Insight) check to ascend. Creatures with an intelligence lower than 3 automatically succeed though the time requirement remains the same, and celestial creatures can ignore the ability check and time requirement.

The exception to all of these is ascending from Jovar to Chronias. This ascent is so bewildering contemplative and deeply spiritual that it cannot be expressed in simple game terms. Most creatures that are able to make the climb never return from Chronias, and even solars and archons rarely make the climb.

It's also worth noting that the Trial of Enlightenment is only required for ascending Mount Celestia. A creature wishing to descend can do so easily, especially since all rivers flow down directly to the Silver Sea in defiance of all logic.

There are hidden pathways up that avoid the Trial of Enlightenment known only to a few. The Platinum Palace of Bahamut floats above the sky and easily traverses at least the first three layers without requiring special time or contemplative commitments, but other routes do exist. They are often hidden behind cryptic arcane phrases or require the use of esoteric knowledge or magic.

SITES & TREASURES

It is widely assumed by the uninitiated that the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia encompass a single enormous mountain peak rising up from the Silver Sea. The truth is much more complicated and deep than that, and each layer extends infinitely out, and for those unworthy or unwilling to find the path between layers, infinitely up as well. These great expanses hold unique sites, lost treasures, and wonders just waiting to be uncovered.

BASTION OF THE BLESSED BANNER

There are few more cursed places in Mount Celestia than the Bastion of the Blessed Banner. Located in a shadowed valley up the slope on Lunia, this was the former home of Zariel, a solar charged with watching over the Blood War that rages in the Lower Planes. She was frustrated with the lack of action on the part of the celestial forces, and she decided to take matters into her own hand when she led a charge into Avernus, the first layer of the Nine Hells. There, she fell to corruption and was welcomed as the Lord of the First by Asmodeus himself.

Zariel's fortress immediately fell into disrepair. Many of her vassals and personal guards accompanied her on her charge into the Nine Hells and fell to corruption as well, and those left behind at the Bastion of the Blessed Banner abandoned the fortress immediately upon Zariel's betrayal. Now, it is a haunted place, where the memories of the once proud warriors that guarded its battlement and patrolled its grounds walk in shadow. Few have sought it out, and most of those that have discovered the mountain trails actively discourage visitors.

What remains in Zariel's lost home may hold a key to redeeming the once noble solar, if such a goal could be accomplished. Some treasured possessions may still linger in locked vaults or hidden store rooms within the Bastion of the Blessed Banner, but rumors persist that the taint of the fallen solar spread across the multiverse to affect some of her remaining legion in the fortress.

BEACON TOWERS OF THE SILVER SEA

Lantern archons are responsible for watching over and guarding Lunia from invasion, and they do this primarily by staffing the hundreds of tall Beacon Towers stationed around the shores of the Silver Sea. Each of the towers stands about 100 feet tall, constructed of polished marble and granite, with numerous balconies along its five-story height. The crenellated top holds a dozen lantern archons at any given time, watching over their designated area for any signs of trouble, surrounding a tall pillar of white crystal in the center. Each Beacon Tower is commanded by a hound archon, and a rotating squad of sword and warden archons move between them all at regular intervals, checking up and receiving reports. They are commanded ultimately by the solar Aeshma the Radiant Star at the Radiant Star Tower.

Each Beacon Tower is built within eyesight of the next, roughly 5 miles across the still waters of the Silver Sea, so that in an emergency a lantern archon can fuse with the white crystal at the top to create a brilliant signal light. The signal light is then flashed a number of times in correspondence with a known lantern archon code to quickly relay messages throughout the Beacon Towers. It's an effective strategy for quickly alerting and passing along messages to whomever needs to be notified.

The lantern archons at each Beacon Tower make a point to be as friendly as possible with the local zoveri that pass through in the Silver Sea. For their part, the aquatic zoveri bring any rescued traveler stranded in the water to the nearest Beacon Tower. Those without ill intent are welcomed by the local lantern archons, given food and

shelter for as long as necessary before being sent off with good cheer, but creatures with malice in their hearts are imprisoned in special cells located in the basement of each Beacon Tower. There, they are questioned by the commander who decides what to do with them next.

BLIND PRISON

There are some among the celestial residents of the Seven Heavens that believe rehabilitation is a possible route for some evil creatures. Tyr, a god of justice known in many Material Planes, saw the wisdom in the attempt, and constructed a fantastic fortress known as the Blind Prison on the shores of the Silver Sea on Lunia. Viryn the Justice Hand, a solar who originally served Tyr, now serves as the warden and ultimate commander of the Blind Prison.

All prisoners brought to the Blind Prison are magically blinded by a special binding cloth of radiant energy. They are kept in individual cells within the sprawling fortress complex and watched over at all times by a retinue of lantern and warden archons. Viryn keeps a catalogue of all prisoners, their crimes, their sentences, and any notable behaviors within a massive golden tome called the Codex Caecus. To date, the efforts to rehabilitate a prisoner within the Blind Prison has not been successful, but Viryn is steadfast in his duties and believes with all his heart the mission of peaceful rehabilitation.

There are cells deep beneath the Blind Prison where monstrous creatures are kept that are too powerful to be destroyed. Rehabilitation is not the goal for these abominations, only containment, and Viryn has personally overseen the interment of hundreds of these prisoners. Many of them stay in the Blind Prison only a short time before being pushed off to the prison plane of Carceri, but some are deemed to important or dangerous to let loose.

Viryn swears that no prisoners has ever escaped the Blind Prison, but he has always been careful to choose his words very deliberately if the subject were to come up. This leads some planar scholars to believe that some prisoners have escaped since the Blind Prison was established, but none but Viryn knows for sure.

EMPYREA, CITY OF TEMPERED SOULS

Resting on the shores of a beautiful mountain lake on the slopes of Mertion, the fifth layer of Mount Celestia, Empyrea is a city of simple architecture, humble residents, and some of the most skilled healers in all the multiverse. People come to the City of Tempered Souls when all other options have failed to cure unknown diseases and restore lost mental and physical capabilities. Everything in Empyrea is built around the concept of helping others through healing, natural and magical, and there are chapels and temples dedicated to every known power of restoration in the city itself.

Empyrea holds no standing army, though the slopes of Mertion are filled with marshalling forces of paladins, archons, and other celestial powers so the city generally does not need specialized guardians to protect it. Every healer in Empyrea joins the loose organization known as the Hospitalers League which requires them to take an oath pledging to help all who come to the city seeking



aid regardless of their faith, creed, origin, or nature of their debilitation. The clerics and medics of the City of Tempered Souls have helped mortals, fiends, and even a few gods in the centuries since its founding.

The secret to the wondrous healing powers of Empyrea is the nearby mountain lake, which is fed by a magical underground wellspring that creates a powerful natural medicine. The wellspring provides a boost to the large number of priests, clerics, herbalists, and surgeons that occupy the city. If the wellspring were to become tainted or lose its wondrous powers, Empyrea's ability to handle the large number of cases – from insidious plagues to devastating war rounds – would be severely hampered.

ERACKINOR

Deep below the mountains of Solania run the complex halls and tunnels of Erackinor, greatest dwarven realm in all the multiverse and home to their most powerful gods and goddesses. Magnificent works of art are created in the hundreds of forges throughout the underground sprawl, which spreads out for miles in all directions. Erackinor is divided into hundreds of individual holdfasts, each holding a single dwarven clan along with their history. The sense of familial legacy runs strong in Erackinor, and each clan elder is advised by the spiritual embodiments of their ancestors.

Accessing Erackinor requires passing through one of several gates situated on the slopes of Solania, each nestled within sparkling crystalline gorges that provide both beauty and practical defense against intruders. Even on Mount Celestia, dwarves do not let down their guard, preparing their home against all threats. The center of Erackinor is a great perpendicular hall known as the Glittering Spike, and this is where the dwarven gods dwell. Moradin supposedly watches over them all, but he is most often preoccupied with his endless work at the Soulforge.

Each holdfast volunteers dwarves, usually younger generations, to the eternal defense of Erackinor. These volunteers join the Bothelargenrak Legion, an elite force of defenders, whose name means “champion hammer of the stone gods.” It is said a defender wearing the symbol of the Bothelargenrak Legion has never lost a battle while their arm and armor remains strong.

Most of the focus within Erackinor is on the plight of the dwarven people across the multiverse, so the dwarves rarely engage with the greater realms of Mount Celestia. However, Moradin has pledged a certain quantity of Bothelargenrak legionnaires to the patrolling and active defense of Solania, so there are a handful of outposts in the mountainous layer watched over by powerful dwarven soldiers.

FEAST HALL OF KAR-LENORR

The Legion of Righteous Fury’s home on Mount Celestia is a massive stone building complex known as the Feast Hall of Kar-Lenorr. The central structure towers over 200 feet high with an opening leading out to the brisk Mercuria sky. This is where the leaders of the legion meet to discuss important strategies, and to host the weekly “feast of fury” where all members are invited to dine in celebration for their eternal struggle against the wicked powers of the Nine Hells.

Surrounding the main hall are a dozen small stone buildings housing the actual forces of the Legion of Righteous Fury. They are divided into squads, and each squad eats, sleeps, and trains together to form a strong bond of friendship and warrior camaraderie that extends far beyond the battlefield. Rivalries between squads are common but rarely end in bloodshed, as the legion has numerous means by which the squads can settle any grievances. Many of them are physical in nature, such as completing one of the many grueling obstacle courses in the basement of the Feast Hall.

The Feast Hall of Kar-Lenorr is named after the legion’s founder, Kar-Lenorr, a proud female glory jotun from the plane of Ysgard. She was a rebel amongst her kind, feeling an intrinsic desire to focus her battle prowess over a regimented structure of inherent law and order. Glory jotun, like most jotun of Ysgard, are wild chaotic warriors, and Kar-Lenorr felt no kinship with her own kind, so she set out on her own. She ended up on the slopes of Mercuria, honoring the warriors interred within fantastic tombs all across the layer, and built the foundation of the Feast Hall with her own hands. The legion is her legacy, and Kar-Lenorr’s physical remains are held in stasis below the great central hall in a sacred tomb.

GLASS TARN

The Glass Tarn is a pristine, pure mountain lake located in a secluded valley between three majestic glaciated peaks on Venya, the third layer of Mount Celestia. The waters are unnaturally calm, and no wind or weather can disturb their stillness. A powerful enchantment inherent in the Glass Tarn turns any personally valuable object thrown with conviction into the lake into a radiant prophecy regarding the thrower, emerging as a brilliant white light that fills the valley.

For those that lack conviction, however, the spiritual resonance of the Glass Tarn manifests as a powerful geyser of ice-cold water, and then transforms into a swirling watery vortex that draws in all around it. Those that get sucked into the Glass Tarn’s vortex find themselves flung across the multiverse to end up in the Darkened Depths of the Plane of Water – and into the lair of a powerfully hungry beast of unknown proportions.

The halflings of the Green Fields know of the Glass Tarn, and can direct travelers to its location. They make sure to warn those seeking the mountain lake of the dangers of using it, but they don’t do anything to deter such visitations. Each person must make up their own mind as to the risks and rewards of visiting the Glass Tarn.

GLITTERING LOTUS VALLEY

Mount Celestia’s sixth layer, Jovar, is known as the Glittering Heaven with good reason. Countless gemstones litter the mountainside, from small pebble-sized stones to enormous monolithic chunks of inestimable value. It truly is a glittering paradise, but there are some sites that stand above the rest even amongst such breathtaking beauty. Secluded between four proud ice mountains sits the quiet splendor of the Glittering Lotus Valley.

The floor of this valley is filled with tiny blossoming lotus flowers of varied colors and hues. They are delicate, beautiful, and each constructed of multiple pieces of expertly cut gemstones, giving the entire valley a sparkling luster that dims the surrounding region by comparison. The Glittering Lotus Valley is tended by Sybil, a solar of quiet contemplation, who creates each perfect lotus flower through incredible patience and deft handiwork. She can often be found walking slowly in large circles through the valley with her eyes closed, never stepping on or disturbing the lotus gemstones, or sitting in silent meditation in the center of the valley. Sybil rarely speaks and has only taken to action to defend her creations.

Some planar scholars believe Sybil’s purpose as a solar is fulfilled, leaving her to simply tend to the Glittering Lotus Valley as a way to pass the time. The lifespan of a solar is infinite unless taken by violence, so it’s not unreasonable to assume Sybil’s goal as a solar was completed long ago. No known record exists of her outside the valley, however, which leads others to argue her time has not yet come. They argue that Sybil is clearly waiting for something to happen, and that when it does the purpose behind the countless priceless lotus gemstones in her valley shall become clear. Sybil herself does not bother herself with such questions and has offered no explanation for her tending to the flowers or being in the valley.

GOLDEN LIBRARY OF THE GREAT WYRM

Semrassa the Ancient, a gold dragon of ancient size and power, tends to one of the largest archives in all of Mount Celestia, and arguably across the multiverse. The Golden Library of the Great Wyrms sits on an idyllic, peaceful meadow on the slopes of Venya, the third layer of the Seven Heavens, looking to casual viewers as a simple wooden building surrounded by ancient oak trees. Anyone who stands long enough sees the shape shimmer and transform multiple times, becoming a columned fortress, a grand hall made of granite, or one of hundreds of other forms.

This is the beguiling magic of Semrassa that serves as the Golden Library's first line of defense. To reach the Golden Library's true doors, a visitor must announce themselves and seek learning in their hearts. The oak trees respond to those that speak the truth by parting and revealing the magnificent gilded walls of the library itself, with golden doors beckoning the knowledge-seeker inside. Without this learning in their heart, the Golden Library remains locked away, and Semrassa's other defensive wards take over if a force were to attempt a hostile entry.

Inside, the Golden Library's central hall sprawls out in well-lit glory. The ancient gold dragon herself spends her time in this main chamber, perusing new book arrivals before passing them off to the score of attendant librarians that catalogue the books and store them in shelves. The Golden Library contains seven wings, with each holding thousands of books from across the multiverse on every topic imaginable. The most prized collection on Mount Celestia are the Books of Light wherein the deeds of archons are automatically transcribed – these books are kept in the main hall beneath Semrassa's personal gaze.

Anyone that can find the Golden Library and truly seeks learning are welcome, and Semrassa has seen mortals, fiends, gods, undead, and countless other creatures come in search of knowledge. There have only been a few incidents of guile and subterfuge by guests, but these were swiftly dealt with by Semrassa's formidable arcane powers or by the attendant golden librarians who are trained to defend the library at all costs.

GREEN FIELDS

The Green Fields is the idyllic, peaceful realm of the halflings on the gentlest slopes of Venya, the third layer of Mount Celestia. Here, comfort reigns supreme, as the halfling residents live out their days under the watchful eyes of their protective sheriffs. No predators stalk the fields, little rivers, or quaint forests of the Green Fields, and a sense of calming relaxation settles over all who visit.

The Green Fields are made up of countless burrows, each housing a family of halflings in cozy, underground homes. Many grow crops in small gardens or fields, and the harvest is always bountiful thanks to the perfect weather. Regular celebrations are held by the individual families commemorating moments in their history, and the larger communities come together on regular occasions to celebrate important milestones. It has been remarked by travelers that there's always a party going on somewhere in the Green Fields – just follow the sound of laughter!

Yondalla's home is a simple cottage in the center of the Green Fields surrounded by the smell of baking pies and warm fresh bread. She is attended by a host of homeless halflings who have nowhere else to go, a group known as the Hearthless. They serve Yondalla faithfully, performing common deeds around the cottage and larger grounds, and occasionally being sent out into the wider multiverse to carry messages on behalf of their kindly goddess.

HEAVENLY CITY OF YETSIRA

The Heavenly City of Yetsira stands upon the highest point on Jovar, the sixth layer of Mount Celestia, and by some trick of perspective it can be seen from everywhere else on the layer. Yetsira is an enormous seven-layered ziggurat resting atop a peak more than a mile wide. Each layer of the ziggurat is occupied by countless archons engaging in leisurely activity, for here is a place of peaceful contemplation, meditation, and philosophical debate. No mortals live in Yetsira, though any that reach its steps are welcome by the celestials.

Yetsira is where the great collective of archons meet and decide upon the advancement of other archons. The Library of Zokala is dedicated to only housing the various volumes of the Books of Light, which are consulted by the greater archons when deciding to advance other celestials. The Golden Library of the Great Wyrms holds many copies of the Books of Light but the ones in the Library of Zokala are the original.

The vaults within the fourth layer of the ziggurat hold vast weapon stores that can be distributed amongst the celestial forces in case of emergency. Powerful magical arms and armor are found in those vaults, but only three times have the doors been needed to be opened and their power distributed. In all cases, the threat to Mount Celestia was great but was repelled by well-armed celestial warriors.

At the top of Yetsira, the very pinnacle of the ziggurat, spans the Bridge of al-Sihal. This is the only way to ascend to Chronias, the seventh and ultimate layer of Mount Celestia, and to cross a visitor must prove their worthiness to Xerona of the Heavenly Bridge. Xerona detects any lie or falsehood, for only those of in perfect synchronization with the vibrations of the Seven Heavens can hope to enter Chronias. He has turned aside gods, heroes, and kings without passion or bias.

JACINTH OF INESTIMABLE BEAUTY

The industrious dwarves of Erackinor have produced countless items of inestimable value, including fantastic weapons and armor, ornate jewelry, and priceless trinkets. One of the greatest treasures created in the halls of Erackinor is a simple item known as the Jacinth of Inestimable Beauty. This flower is constructed of more than a dozen gemstones carefully crafted to resemble delicate petals and then strung together to create a moving wondrous piece of jewelry. The dwarf artisan who built it was said to be possessed with the sight of Moradin himself and the dwarf god's patience and power flowed through the mortal.

A powerful enchantment was woven into the Jacinth, though whether on purpose or accident is not known. Possessing the artifact granted the dwarf artisan great charisma and personal presence, and he quickly rose to prominence among his family. Unfortunately, there was a flaw in the magic, and the dwarf's entire clan fell to bickering and infighting over the beautiful trinket. Their names are now forgotten and Moradin himself cast the Jacinth of Inestimable Beauty out of Erackinor and into the wider multiverse.

The Jacinth now shows up in market stalls and bazaars, and wherever it appears destruction and ruination follow. Planar scholars seem baffled at how such a cursed item could come from Mount Celestia, but others say it speaks to the fallible nature of good and evil.

MONASTERY OF SEVEN FLOWERS

The misty valleys of Solania hide countless refuges away from prying eyes, but few are as remote or difficult to find as the legendary Monastery of Seven Flowers. Set upon the side of a craggy peak at an impossible angle, the monastery houses an order of monks who follow the Way of Seven Flowers. The core precept of this following is the idea of flow, where meditation unlocks the inner power of the mind and soul.

The monks of the monastery tend to the peaceful gardens and practice their art in peaceful serenity, unbothered by the plight of the larger world. They follow the edicts of the Grandmaster of Flowers, but unknown to most this is not a single person or entity. Instead, it is the apex of the monk's beliefs, a psychic manifestation that taps into all of their unconsciousness regardless of distance or space. It can take the form of a golden light within a single monk but most of the time it is simply a nebulous force that guides, protects, and advises its followers.

Each flow of the seven flowers is marked by an actual flower that grows within the monastery ground, tended by a chosen monk in a decade-long cycle. As long as the individual flowers grow the power of the Grandmaster of Flowers is undeterred, and the monks consider it their sacred duty and a personal honor to be chosen to watch over the individual flowers.

PLATINUM PALACE

Bahamut's realm on Mount Celestia isn't on Mount Celestia by strictest accounts; it floats above it. The Platinum Palace is a fantastic floating fortress that flies on a solid cloud over the lower layers of the Seven Heavens, usually hovering above Lunia or Mercuria. A legion of dragonborn knights and paladins train on the palace grounds in loyal service to their master, while good-aligned metallic dragons wing through halls and open pavilions.

A council of seven ancient golden dragons talk, debate, and review the machinations of evil creatures, advising Bahamut on all things while remaining largely aloof from it all. The Platinum Palace is a kingly place where great ideals are held in high regard, and since they literally fly above the ground a true sense of arrogance is bred amongst the dragonborn legions. They are noble and

proud, serving Bahamut in all things, but they tend to view problems from their lofty height in the Platinum Palace.

Bahamut is also served by an order of cutthroats, rogues, and thieves known as the Dracosaints. They are headquartered in the Platinum Palace as well and tend to be more pragmatic than the paladins around them; they fulfill the needs of Bahamut across the multiverse when stealth and shadow serve better than sword and shield. The master of the Dracosaints advises Bahamut in their missions and is held in high regard by the dragon god.

The Platinum Palace itself is filled with spiraling towers of dazzling beauty, ivory halls, and grand amphitheaters. Bahamut has a true sense for flair and drama, and often makes proclamations that can be heard everyone on the miles-long palatial ground. Beautiful music drifts on the air from unseen sources and there are hundreds of groves of fruit-bearing trees that provide sustenance for all who come seeking refuge or advice from the Platinum Dragon.

RADIANT STAR TOWER

Glimmering like a spike of pearl and silver on the shore of the Silver Sea, the Radiant Star Tower is the greatest of the Beacon Towers that protect and watch over Lunia from outside invaders. It is the home of the solar Aeshma who commands the lantern archons and other forces, and she is a benevolent but ever watchful guardian over the tranquil waters. The Radiant Star Tower is broader and larger than the other Beacon Towers, and on its top is a brilliant multicolored gemstone shaped in the form of a curling flame. When it is lit, the light can be seen from everyone on Lunia, or so it is said at least.

Aeshma's most devoted forces are stationed at Radiant Star Tower, and she receives regular reports from across the tower network on the Silver Sea shores. She keeps up with rumors and stories from the aquatic zoveri as well, and she holds the octopus-like creatures in high regard for their kindness and willingness to hold all life as sacred. Aeshma strives to this ideal as well, though her personal beliefs on the nature of evil colors any interaction she has with fiends and other supernaturally evil beings.

Radiant Star Tower is built on a rocky shelf, and the waters of the Silver Sea cascade over the rocks in gentle waves. An ancient dungeon sits below the tower itself, though Aeshma rarely uses it – it may hold secrets lost to the solar. To date it is nothing but an afterthought to the powerful solar.

RAINBOW PYRAMID

The rose-hued sky of Mertion, Mount Celestia's fifth layer, shines upon many radiant sites, but few are so arresting as the Rainbow Pyramid. This enormous stepped pyramid is constructed of alternating layers of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet stones with only a single entrance at the top. The circular opening leads to a shaft that leads directly to the central chamber of the pyramid wherein dwells the pyramid's master – the Plume of the Rainbow Heavens, a couatl lord of great wisdom and power.

Any who come seeking the guidance of the Plume can descend through the shaft at the top of the pyramid in a safe, slow fall, but those with malice in their hearts face a much more lethal drop. The Plume is a patient creature, coiled in massive loops on the floor, and spends most of its days in silent meditation upon the nature of the multiverse. Antechambers and halls cut out from the main room where the Plume's servants dwell – colorful mummies with no need to eat, drink, or even breathe. They live only to serve the couatl lord.

The Plume's thoughts are focused on a mighty creature known as Dendar the Night Serpent, and it is for this great evil the couatl lord scours the multiverse. The two, Dendar and the Plume, are two sides of a great coin, and it has been surmised that one cannot exist without the other. Surmised, of course, by planar scholars who have no personal stakes in their powers or existence.

RUBY HEADS OF JOVAR

Jovar is a land studded with countless priceless gems, some small and others enormous, but amongst them are a series of oddities that have defied explanation or easy investigation. Known as the Ruby Heads, these are ten-foot tall, solid red crystalline gems constructed by all appearances to look like a massive head with an unusually broad forehead. Certain gemstones of all shapes and colors naturally look like some objects, and if there was only one Ruby Head it would be a curiosity but nothing more.

There are, however, dozens of them scattered about the slopes of Jovar. They are nearly identical, with only minor variations between them – some a bit larger, some a bit smaller, but all sharing the same general characteristics. Jovar sees few visitors accounting for its high height on the “slope” of Mount Celestia, but the archons who frequent the region seem unbothered by the presence of the Ruby Heads. In fact, they seem not to take notice of them at all, viewing them as nothing more than natural rock formations.

Some have claimed the Ruby Heads are the only physical representation of an ancient order of celestial powers – older than the gods and the solars – who once lived on Mount Celestia. There is nearly no evidence to support this theory, however, and the few mortals that have witnessed them come away with slightly different accounts of their appearance. Is there a strange enchanting magic over them that deludes memory and hides them from celestial sight?

SOULFORGE OF MORADIN

The entire dwarven realm of Erackinor is built around a single powerful monument – the Soulforge of Moradin. This sacred site sits far below the Erackinor halls and access is limited to only Moradin and those he has explicitly allowed in. Legends say that the Soulforge is where the very souls of the first dwarves were hammered and purified before being given flesh and life, made in their creator's image. Moradin certainly doesn't dispute this claim, though the twinkling wink in his aged eye suggests there's more to the story.

The Soulforge itself is a titanic oven used to melt rock and ore into workable steel, much like a regular forge, but it is on a scale too massive to be believed. There are actual a dozen separate forges within the mammoth contraption placed at various heights, some giant-sized and others dwarf sized. They are used for different purposes with the white-hot flame inside the Soulforge burning at different temperatures as well. One forge is used for edged weapons, another for armor and shields, another for bludgeoning weapons, and so forth.

The fire has never gone out inside the Soulforge, and legends say that if it were the dwarf people would sputter and die with it. It is widely assumed that some primordial elemental lives inside especially since other dwarven gods of Erackinor swear Moradin talks to someone while working the Soulforge. Is the inhabitant inside a prisoner, or a willing ally? Are they a force of nature, powerful and destructive but without moral purpose, or a reasoning sentient creature?

TOMB OF THE SPLENDID ROC

Mercuria's slopes and valleys are filled with tombs, burial chambers, graves, and monuments to fallen heroes from across the multiverse. The resting places of great kings, noble queens, warriors and knights, paladins and soldiers, and everything in between can be found in the relatively ordered array along the gravel paths that wind between them all. Graverobbing is strictly forbidden and enforced by powerful warden archons who watch over the tombs, and they must be vigilant for many of the dead are buried with the wondrous treasures they held in life. There is one tomb that is sought for its treasures per express wishes, but the Tomb of the Splendid Roc is deviously difficult to locate.

The Splendid Roc was the name of a fantastic roc of intelligence, wisdom, and candor that sailed through the skies of the Upper Planes for many generations. It never settled in one place, but wherever it went people were overjoyed to see it, for the Splendid Roc had a knack for helping out people with their problems. The massive bird held magical powers and could transform itself into nearly any shape, but it much preferred its natural form. Over the centuries, people showered the Splendid Roc with gifts of all kind, and the magical avian collected it all to honor the gift-giver. It was all stored in a secret location, and when the Splendid Roc died of old age it asked the gods to bury its wondrous treasures in a tomb for the worthy to find.

The gods did that, and stories quickly spread in tavern halls in the planar metropolises about the Tomb of the Splendid Roc. But the edict of the gods was not so straightforward – the tomb could only be found by those not looking for it. A simple enough riddle, but to date no treasure hunter has found the secret location. Occasionally, a monk or lost archon stumbles upon the site while wandering Mercuria's rugged terrain, and since they seek nothing they take nothing. But the stories continue to spread, fueling the imagination of many throughout the multiverse.

TRUMPET OF JOY

Also known as the First Trumpet, the Trumpet of Joy is a simple musical instrument constructed of tarnished brass. It has a well-worn look to it, showing clear signs of great use by loving hands, but it gives all appearances to need some spit and polish to shine bright. In the hands of a proficient user, however, the Trumpet of Joy lights up like a radiant beacon and sings its musical notes in brilliant tones for all to hear.

This was the instrument held by the first archon to take the role of trumpet archon. Legends refer to the celestial as the Music Maker, and they elevated themselves up from the rank of sword archon to create an entirely new rank of celestial. They imbued their trumpet with such majestic glory and wondrous power as to make the very solars of Mount Celestia take notice, and when they did they found an uplifting swell of music that stirred the blood and rose the spirits. The Music Maker was elevated to the position of first trumpet archon, though over time they fell in combat against a fiendish horde in the Gray Waste of Hades.

The Music Maker's trumpet, now known as the Trumpet of Joy, holds a special spark of that archon's wondrous illuminating power. Anyone proficient with the instrument find their musical skills enhanced to an almost divine level, and they can tap into greater uplifting powers contained within the Trumpet of Joy. Unfortunately, the item's current location isn't known, but it tends to show up in times of great need, when the sound of joyous music is truly needed to win hearts and minds against a truly oppressive evil.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Many adventurers hold to the belief that the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia is a fundamentally boring plane where nothing exciting or interesting happens, so they see little reason to travel to its rugged mountainous terrain. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that Mount Celestia serves as a bastion of law, justice, and order in the multiverse, but across its layers, cracks develop all the times, and things have a way of going sideways at a moment's notice. The rigid structure of the inhabitants, archons specifically, doesn't allow for a lot of out of the box thinking, so some problems just need an outside mindset to solve.

Little Lost Lantern. The characters see a light in the forest, and perhaps thinking it to be a dangerous will-o-wisp investigate. They instead find it is a lantern archon separated from its home on Mount Celestia, and needs assistance in finding its way back. How did the lantern archon get so far away from the Silver Sea? Was it called forth by a summoner in a botched spell? Or did it stumble through a portal? The lantern archon is overly friendly and can help guide it back to where it came into the world, but what awaits them there?

Protect the Celestial Gate. A wounded warden archon finds the characters and begs for their assistance. The warden archon was charged with protecting a gate to Mount Celestia on this side, but dark forces are now moving to seize the gate and steal their way into the Upper Planes. They've already wounded the warden archon with a fiendish poison that weakens celestials, so the archon needs the party's help to ensure the gate is safe during the next full moon. What creatures seek to claim the gate? Are they a dark cult of demon-worshippers? Or a band of duergar dwarves looking to rob a Beacon Tower of its treasures?

Path of the Dragon. The characters stumble upon a wandering dragonborn paladin with a confused look on her face. She doesn't know her name or what happened, but she possesses a number of items that link her to the Platinum Palace of Bahamut, including a written decree on a scroll. The dragonborn's memories were lost, perhaps after a run-in with a dangerous mind mage, and now she must be returned to Mount Celestia. The characters have an opportunity to help her, but what forces are arrayed against them? And how do they find a portal to Mount Celestia and get to the Platinum Palace?

Petals of the Glacial Flower. A key ingredient needed for a potent elixir is revealed to be a flower growing in a glacier on Solania, the fourth layer of Mount Celestia. The characters are asked to seek out the flower, and they must travel to the Seven Heavens and ascend to the fourth layer. They could try and convince Bahamut to transport them if they are on good terms with the forces of the Platinum Dragon, or they could hike across the plane and prove themselves worth in the Trials of Enlightenment. What guardian protects the rare glacial flower on Solania?

Voyage of the Ancestral Vessel. The family elder of a halfling clan comes seeking help from the characters. It seems that the family's ancestral spirit is fading away, and they must be brought to the Green Fields on Venya, the third layer of Mount Celestia, to return home with the other galayons. The spirit is weak but can be tied to a vessel, but it must be protected throughout the journey. Ancient enemies of the halfling family would see the journey end in failure so the party must be wary as they travel through Mount Celestia to the home of Yondalla and the halfling powers.

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 the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia. Look at each result as a springboard for new adventure ideas, or as a means of highlighting the nature of the plane for the players.

MOUNT CELESTIA

1D100 MOUNT CELESTIA ENCOUNTER

01-05	A band of lantern archons on patrol
06-10	The rare sight of a unicorn in a nearby mountain glade
11-15	A troupe of dragonborn knights from the Platinum Palace
16-20	A dwarven archmage from Erackinor experimenting with transmutation magic
21-25	A galayon separated from its family in the Green Fields
26-30	The ruins of a temple inhabited by a goodly lammasu
31-35	A pack of blind dogs playing in a field
36-40	Two halfling sheriffs (knights) taking a stroll
41-45	A hollyphant flying through the air overhead
46-50	A hound archon tracking a mysterious stranger
51-55	Three monks talking about philosophy around a stone table
56-60	The cottage of a kindly ghost
61-65	A warden archon standing watch over a bare patch of stone
66-70	Several Dracosaints (LG dragonborn assassins) watching and waiting
71-75	A sword archon inspecting a defensible position
76-80	A librarian from the Golden Library looking lost
81-85	A deep mountain river with several zoveri swimming by
86-90	The clear ringing of a trumpet archon blowing its horn
91-95	A ki-rin drifting through the air
96-00	A blue-colored mummy from the Rainbow Pyramid

NINE HELLS OF BAATOR

“Evil is a very real and tangible thing in the multiverse, and it stems from two primary sources – the raw chaos and unbridled emotion of the Abyss and the measured competence and premeditation of the Nine Hells. I believe evil – true evil, the antithesis of good - does not exist without both of these opposing views. It’s the Nine Hells that truly earn the title of evil, however. There, the devils and other creatures actively scheme for the downfall of others through webs of deception, murder, and calculated action. When comparing the Abyss to the Nine Hells, it’s key to remember that the Abyss has infinite layers filled with terror while Baator has only nine – and those nine hold the same if not more evil as the Abyss. This is not a place for the sane or foolish.”

Issilda the Unbreakable

The Nine Hells of Baator represent pain, suffering, and never-ending torment, and some planar sages believe they are the original home to these dark tides and so much more. Across these nine layers sit the most wicked, depraved, monstrous beings in all the multiverse, beings which define the word “tyrant” in new and horrendous ways. Evil is the only word to describe Baator but even this word doesn’t do it justice – the evil in the Nine Hells is one born of calculation and premeditation designed only to destroy hope, truth, mercy, and other positive feelings.

Comparisons between the Nine Hells and the Abyss are apt for the two are both incarnations of ultimate evil. Whereas the Abyss creates horrors more bestial in nature and design, Baator plays upon many elements of society, twisting them so far beyond their original purpose as to make them unrecognizable. A byzantine hierarchy exists in the Nine Hells where devils plot their advancement over their fellows in the worst ways possible, but all according to the Rules.

And the Rules rule all in the Nine Hells. They are not written down or inscribed on tablets, but serve instead as a fundamental force felt and obeyed across all the layers. All devils obey the Rules, they can’t not, and the Rules have a way of asserting themselves to any being on Baator regardless of origin. The Rules say each layer must have a ruler, a being who directs the forces of the devils and the landscape itself, and the path for attaining rulership goes through many, many different ranks.

Some say the Rules are a manifestation of the power of Asmodeus, the Lord of Nessus, the ninth and lowest layer of Baator. He is the only devil lord to truly sit in a position of divine power, but the schemes and rumors of Asmodeus point to him being as much of a prisoner of the Nine Hells as the other eight. But Asmodeus nonetheless wields more power than any other in Baator and it is by his whim much of the politics are pushed and arranged.

Devils are the most common inhabitants of the Nine Hells. They serve the Rules of Hell and the Lords of the Nine by virtue of their rank, and they advance only by adhering to the Rules to the letter through assassination, subterfuge, and forcing their superiors into positions of humiliation. A devil can rise quickly in the ranks, especially through the lower forms of devilkind, by advancing the campaigns of their dukes and archdevils.

The greatest campaign of the Nine Hells is a titanic, sprawling conflict known simply as the Blood War. This is the struggle of law versus chaos playing out across the Lower Planes. The devils of the Nine Hells wage cataclysmic war against the demons of the Abyss. Which is stronger? Which ideology is more secure? The answer may never be known as the Blood War simply continues – some claim it always has and likely always will. Towards this struggle the Lords of the Nine command their forces, legions of devils and other monsters, against the demonic hordes of the Abyss. The conflict is constant and bloody, regularly spilling out across the multiverse to encompass greater swaths of the multiverse. Angels watch and curb, yugoloths sell their service to both sides, and mortals are swept up in the cosmic conflict that is bigger than any Material Plane world.

The greatest currency the devils of the Nine Hells have in this never-ending planar-wide Blood War are souls. Devils capture souls and transform them into new devils, and so devilish agents are sent out across the multiverse to collect souls. The Rules of Hell extend to bargains with these monstrous creatures so mortals that pledge their soul to a devil are signing up for an eternity of conflict, likely in the Blood War but perhaps as a pawn of a petty duke or lesser devilish lord.

There is no greater concentration of pure malice and wickedness than in the Nine Hells of Baator, the inhabitants of which find new and creative ways to bring malice and wickedness to the multiverse. It is a plane filled with pain, lies, suffering, horror, and struggle where the sweet release of death itself is wished but rarely granted.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of the Nine Hells as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on the Nine Hells.

No One’s Happy. There is no joy or happiness in the Nine Hells. Even the devils and the fiends are filled with only bitterness and resentment, with any temporary joy coming from inflicting suffering on others. Every moment of triumph is tainted with some defeat, however small and annoying, and travelers feel these effects keenly as they traverse the blasted landscapes.

Everything is Awful. The pervasive evil of the Nine Hells is a definite force that can be felt everywhere. Food and water becomes tainted with a sour taste, and there’s a level of discomfort that quickly settles into everything; clothing becomes itchy and the weather is constantly too warm or too cold often varying between individuals. What few non-fiends live in Baator become paranoid shut-ins that view everything in the worst possible light.

Endless Wastes. Each of the layers of the Nine Hells is filled with wastes of a different but still loathsome variety. Avernus is a blasted hellscape pitted with craters and scars, Minauros is a stinking swamp of unfettered greed, Phlegethos is filled with fiery volcanoes and torrents of lava, and so on. Even Dis with its iron-wrought cityscape is crumbling and ruined, though devils constantly try and repair the damage at the behest of Dispater.

LAY OF THE LAND

Baator holds nine layers, each with its own form of torture it inflicts upon all who tread upon its surface. More than almost any other plane, the Nine Hells themselves are alive with emotion and thoughts of torturous ruin. The plane doesn’t communicate directly with any being, save for Asmodeus and some of the more powerful Lords of the Nine, but that doesn’t mean it works in silence either.

Though each layer of Baator is infinite, planar sages describe the Nine Hells as an inverted mountain. The first layer, Avernus, is the broadest and most open, and as the layers descend they become more claustrophobic, more hemmed in by the sky and the infernal landscape. The lowest layer is Nessus filled with jagged canyons of black stone, where the sky is choked with clouds of ash.

AVERNUS

The top-most layer of the Nine Hells is the most frequently visited by outsiders and serves as a titanic battlefield in the never-ending Blood War. Countless ruined castles and fortresses sit amidst the broken landscape of crimson stone beneath an ever-red sky of anger and fiery ruthlessness. Rivers of blood weave in and around the small peaks and valleys created by the shifting landscape, though they pale in comparison to the waters of the River Styx.

There are more portals to the rest of the multiverse on Avernus than anywhere else in the Nine Hells, but when a devil commander discovers one of these they often move quickly to build a fortress around it in order to secure it from attacks by demons. The rule of Avernus has passed between multiple hands but currently sits with Zariel, a fallen angel who deposed the previous ruler Bel. Zariel rules from a floating basalt citadel and through arcane might and a deep connection with the layer she is able to rain fireballs down upon the landscape at irregular intervals.

Unlike the other Lords of the Nine, Zariel is not attended to by a host of devil dukes and duchesses. Instead, Avernus is home to the Outcast Dukes – powerful devils that have been banished from their realms in the lower Nine Hells and now must fight for scraps on the edge of the Blood War. Avernus is wracked by constant war and strife, and while Zariel rules, there is too much going on across the layer for her to keep her attention focused on all of it.

DIS

The second layer is Dis, dominated by the blackened iron walls and maze-like streets of the City of Dis. The city sits in a mountains basin hundreds of miles across and beyond the iron gates is nothing but despair-filled wilderness. Though, inside the iron gates is nothing but despair-filled streets.

Dis is one of the most stable of the Nine Hells, owed in large part to its ruler. Dispater has ruled Dis from the Iron Tower for as long as living memory, and the canny archduke is known to be the most cautious of all the Lords of the Nine. He rarely leaves the Iron Tower, instead working with a massive network of spies and informants, including statues of the imposing infernal archduke placed all about the city and iron specters moving all about on mysterious errands.

The City of Dis is confusing and off-putting. Streets go nowhere or lead only in squares and circles while buildings shift subtly to confuse and confound travelers. Few travelers come to Dis so the streets are usually empty save for the teams of lesser devils on construction projects, tearing down buildings, repairing structures, and re-paving roads using vast vats of boiling oil and sludge. The walls of Dis are hot enough to burn mortal flesh in an instant.

MINAUROS

Below Dis squats the vast, stinking swamp of Minauros. This layer is a fetid nightmarish realm of disease and oozing decay over which rules Mammon, a serpentine archduke of exceeding vanity and pride. Great clouds of bloated flies buzz about the swamp constantly and the stinking morass and dismal weather makes travel difficult for any non-native traveler. Flesh-rending hailstorms are common and can beat down even unprepared devils if they’re not cautious.

It’s surprising that a fair amount of Minauros is actually urbanized, but all of the cities and fortresses are gradually sinking into the muck and their original construction predate modern memory. Each location works to curb the slow sink in its own way. The city of Minauros where Mammon rules uses hundreds upon hundreds of zombies as an unliving foundation, while Jangling Hiter – the City of



Chains – is actually suspended on massive iron links to the City of Dis on the layer above.

Minauros is also the home of the Witch-Queens of Hecate, who rule a fog-shrouded realm of forbidden magic called Aeaëa. These powerful hags have held a long truce with Mammon and the two powers often work together towards common goals.

PHLEGETHOS

Phlegethos is the layer of the Nine Hells that most mortals imagine when they think about the plane of damnation and torture. Great volcanoes stab at the fire-filled crimson skies, pouring rivers of molten magma down their slopes and into bubbling lakes. Jets of flame erupt from the ground at irregular intervals and the air is filled with the screams of the tortured and damned.

Phlegethos is ruled by Belial and his daughter Fierna, a pairing that has given new life to the archduke's schemes and plots. Fierna's Palace is a tower of crystalline stone wreathed in blue flames filled with prisoners and slaves that serve the archduchess' every wild whim. Belial watches and plots from the city of Abyrimoch nestled within the caldera of an always-active volcano. That obsidian city also houses the Diabolical Courts, an independent institution designed to settle disputes between devils.

STYGIA

The frozen layer of Stygia is a realm of enormous ice floes, titanic icebergs, and a howling wind that freezes blood. The River Styx is said to originate here, though truthfully none know for sure its source, but the oily black water is easily distinguishable from the surrounding dark waters. The river cuts through glaciers, many large enough to support cities, and winds through the sea itself.

The ruler of Stygia is Archduke Levistus who is imprisoned in an enormous glacier. He was once overthrown by Asmodeus and imprisoned in the icy tomb, but Baatorian politics brought him back to the status of a Lord of the Nine. It did not, however, free him, and Levistus control the layer and his forces from inside the frozen prison. The former ruler of the layer, Geryon, still skulks around Stygia, plotting his revenge and return to power.

Tantilin is an impressive city carved completely from a massive glacier, but it was the seat of Geryon's power and since the archduke's fall the city has collapsed without a ruler. One of the more curious sites on Stygia is Ankhwugaht, the realm of Set, a mysterious deity of snakes and treachery. This realm sits on an enormous earth chunk scoured lifeless by the frozen winds, which also created fine black sand that gets blown around the tombs, obelisks, and pyramids that fill the island.

MALBOLGE

No layer of the Nine Hells has seen more turnover among the Lords of the Nine than Malbolge, the sixth layer. The current ruler is Archduchess Glasya, daughter of Asmodeus, who replaced the only non-devil to rule in the Nine Hells, Malagarde the Hag Countess. Others have ruled over Malbolge in the past, and with the way Glasya openly defies her father, it's not unreasonable to think that her time is limited at the top as well.

The rocky surface of Malbolge sits at an angle, like the slope of a plane-sized mountain, creating numerous rock avalanches that can catch the unwary and bury them beneath tons of broken stone. Great lakes of poisonous bile dot the sloped landscape, and Glasya has been known to harvest potent poisons from these to use across the multiverse.

When Malagarde the Hag Countess was deposed, Asmodeus turned her into a literal feature of Malbolge. The night hag ballooned out to incredible proportions before being consumed by the land itself, only to have parts of her regurgitated across the broken landscape. Ten enormous ivory towers representing her fingers emerged in one location, and her skull now serves as Glasya's personal fortress.

MALADOMINI

Whatever Maladomini once was, it is now an apocalyptic wasteland. Ruined buildings and destroyed cities squat in squalor and decay amongst sludge-choked rivers. Many of the ruins suggest inhabitants as large as giants but none now in living memory remember any of their names. A stench pervades Maladomini reminiscent of rot, which might explain the truly frighteningly large clouds of black flies that swarm over the skies.

Maladomini is ruled by Baalzebul, the Lord of Lies and Flies, whose lower body was transformed by Asmodeus into an enormous slug. No other Lord of the Nine has tried usurp Asmodeus as many times as Baalzebul but somehow he has retained his rulership over the seventh layer. From his Palace of Filth, this Lord of the Nine wallows in sloth, hating his fellow lords but taking little action against them anymore. Most of the other archdukes pity the once powerful Baalzebul but few seem willing to claim his broken and wretched layer.

Maladomini does hold a surprising haven for malcontents across the multiverse – the city of Grenpoli. There, the Rules of Hell have dictated no violence be done, with powerful wards forbidding weapons of any kind, and any creature in pursuit can find respite there for as long as they stay. Political power is king in Grenpoli as words supplant weapons as the tools of getting ahead.

CANIA

Those that think Stygia is cold are in for a deadly shock when it comes to Cania, the eight layer of the Nine Hells. Here, no water moves unless its frozen, and great glaciers crash into each other, pushed by elemental forces of death and enormous blizzards with ice-shards capable of rending flesh from bone. Locked in many of the glaciers are frozen cities, the discarded trophies of Cania's lord, where foolish travelers can find some sanctuary from the deadly cold.

Mephistopheles rules Cania, and his ambitions and plots are exceeded only by Asmodeus himself. The Archduke of Cania has his eyes on the throne of Baator itself, and has worked carefully and methodically across eternity to position himself to take advantage of every opportunity. For Mephistopheles, it's not a matter of if Asmodeus makes a grave miscalculation, it's when.

For being the lord of the coldest layer of the Nine Hells, Mephistopheles is the creator of the diabolic element known as hellfire. This fire burns not with fire but with pure pain, and his dedicated disciples of the art – the Circle of Hellfire – work to spread the power of Mephistopheles across the multiverse. Deep within the Citadel of Mephistar, Mephistopheles' personal abode, new and terrible means of using hellfire are being developed constantly.

NESSUS

The lowest layer of the Nine Hells is the least visited. From what has been gathered, Nessus is a cramped, crowded landscape of blackened earth pitted with miles-deep canyons and gorges that lead to an eternal and endless darkness. The pits of Nessus have birthed monsters out of a devil's nightmare, and from his layer rules Asmodeus, the Lord of the Nine.

Asmodeus's throne rests in Fortress Nessus at the end of a maze-like canyon called the Serpent's Coil. It is said no mortal has visited this unholy site without the express permission of Asmodeus, and any who dare travel to Nessus itself are often overwhelmed with a sense of utter despair that eats away at even the stoutest of resolves.

Overhead, Nessus is lit by a black orb that sheds darkness across the entire layer. Known as the Nighted Sun, it has been confirmed that Asmodeus keeps a prison in the orb for special betrayers – and there is rumors of a treasure vault there as well.

CYCLE OF TIME

There is no cycle of time in the Nine Hells. Each layer is locked in its day-night position, with most sitting at a dusky twilight. Nessus is famous for its black orb that sheds night, while Avernus and Phlegethos are both lit as bright as day because of their fiery landscapes.

SURVIVING

The Nine Hells are the antithesis of hope and joy, and every layer has a unique and deadly way to destroy travelers. Refer to the Hazards & Phenomena section for details on the perils each layer holds.

GETTING THERE

Access to the first layer of the Nine Hells, Avernus, is relatively straightforward. Many portals exist across the multiverse that lead to that first blasted broken land, with some spontaneous gates and other permanent portals. When a new portal is discovered by the devil forces of Avernus, they move quickly to control it by building a fortress around it as soon as possible.

At least when they can. Random portals appear from multiple layers of the Abyss, sending forth demonic forces in waves of brutality meant to break down the devilish holds through sheer numbers and bestial ferocity. Zariel, the lord of Avernus, tries to keep these pushes in check through the use of her lesser dukes and barons.

There is no documented portal that leads to the lower Nine Hells from outside Baator. Conduits, portals, and gates exist from Avernus to all the lower layers, some more secret than others, and this natural chokepoint makes accessing the rest of the Nine Hells a difficult prospect. The Lords of the Nine have ways of creating one-way portals that lead out of their respective layers, and some of the more powerful (Mephistopheles and Asmodeus specifically) can maintain these for periods of time through arcane might, but they all inevitable collapse or are closed deliberately.

TRAVELING AROUND

Non-devils traveling on any layer of the Nine Hells attract the wrong kind of attention from the beings in charge. Beyond the threat of sky fireballs, hailstorms, flame eruptions, and more natural hazards unique to each layer (and found in more detail under Hazards & Phenomena), getting noticed by the wrong devil in Baator can create real trouble for those not looking for it.

Politics are a major component of devil existence in the Nine Hells, and new travelers – especially powerful adventurers – can tip the scales of balance in any one's favor. Whether it's being followed by agents of the layer's archduke or another scheming devil noble, there are few places to go across the Nine Hells that isn't watched or scrutinized. And the ones that aren't are not particularly friendly to travel, such as the swamps of Minauros, the frozen glaciers of Stygia, or the fly-covered ruins of Maladomini.

The River Styx winds through the first five layers of the Nine Hells, providing one of the more stable routes into the lower realms. Like everything else on Avernus, it's part of a battlefield – past, present, or future – so control of the River Styx changes based on the day and the region. In Dis, the Styx's flow runs through iron channels in the great dismal city, whereas in Minauros it mixes with the polluted swamps. It goes no lower than Stygia, flowing into frozen glaciers and below the icy sea before disappearing, though it reappears mysteriously in Nessus when Asmodeus wants it to.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The Nine Hells have layers upon layers of power structures, from the very top with the Lords of the Nine all the way to outside interferences. This environment breeds powerful groups looking to gain an upper hand in whatever field they can.

CIRCLE OF HELLFIRE

In the frozen heart of Cania, the either layer of the Nine Hells, Mephistopheles has worked tirelessly to unlock a new and dangerous element called hellfire. This blue and white flame burns on a deeper level than fire, creating sensations of pure pain that can wrack the minds and bodies of dragons, demons, and devils alike. While Mephistopheles is credited with the creation of hellfire, it is actually the responsibility of a cabal of powerful devil sorcerers now referred to as the Circle of Hellfire.

The Circle of Hellfire is an elite band of devils under the command of the Lord of Cania, though for the most part they are autonomous to the archduke's daily rule. They are charged with using and perfecting hellfire in any way they can, and towards this end they have devoted much time and resources to unlocking arcane secrets of Baator. Long ago, Baator was the home of a race of proto-devils called baatorians. It is their ruins that fill Maladomini's wasteland and their secrets that lay buried in Cania's ice.

The leader of the Circle of Hellfire is Zorazok, a barbed devil of extreme arcane skill who has mastered hellfire like no other in the multiverse. He is cruel and merciless but can be so focused on new and improved ways to use hellfire that he can ignore problems. It's only a matter of time before a fellow hellfire devil takes Zorazok out and claims the top leadership position, but for now the barbed devil enjoys the support of Mephistopheles. Zorazok rarely leaves the Citadel of Mephistar on Cania, preferring instead to communicate with the field teams via magic.

CULT OF THE MIDNIGHT DESERT

Stygia is a frigid layer but it holds a surprising realm few associate with the icebergs and ice floes – Ankhwugaht. This is the home of Set, an ancient god of serpents, upon a blackened plateau filled with pyramids and obelisks, giving the region its nickname as the Midnight Desert. Set is not a major player in the politics of the Nine Hells, but an insidious cult has grown up nonetheless. The Cult of the Midnight Desert counts many devils across Baator as its members, including many fang devils, and all worship in the shadows, advancing the causes of Set slowly and methodically.

The cult extends beyond the Nine Hells as well. A band of knights rooted out a corrupt priest in a temple in Arborea only to discover she was a secret member of the Midnight Desert. The Material Plane is rife with Set's influence, some subtle and others not so much, but the tendrils of the ancient god extend far and wide. What exactly are the cult's aims? Beyond extending the worship of Set, few understand their schemes. Even individual members are often isolated from the larger plans in order to keep the number of creatures that know the truth to a minimum.

It is widely believed that the Cult of the Midnight Desert has infiltrated the courts of Baalzebul and Fierna. For his part, Baalzebul doesn't seem to care or perhaps sees the presence of Set's worshippers as a potential gain to be exploited later – the canny archduke usually plays a long game with such opponents.

DARK EIGHT

The Blood War is the largest and longest conflict in the multiverse. If it were to end with either the demons or devils on top, it would be bad for everyone – either the demons overran Baator entirely, or the devils found a way stop the spread of demonic chaos and can turn their efforts to other matters. The latter is the goal of the Nine Hells being worked upon by a group of brilliant military strategists called the Dark Eight.

Each is a pit fiend of extreme power and cunning, and though their leader fell to an assassination attempt many years ago (stories differ whether it was to a rival Dark Eight member or an imp that got lucky) the Dark Eight have remained steadfast in their goal of winning the Blood War. They were appointed by Asmodeus to focus solely on the conflict, and they can conscript any devil below an archduke into the war effort. They are in regular contact and meet together every year to discuss plans and strategies, though they have convened in emergency settings when tumultuous events required more careful planning.

The presence of a member of the Dark Eight in the court of an archduke is a bleak omen, for it means an offensive or defensive maneuver is eminent and the forces of the local ruler are going to be key. The pit fiends have their own political squabbles and ambitions, and many of them see their tenure in the Dark Eight as a precursor to full archdukedom, but they are largely above the politics of the Lords of the Nine. Their charge is winning the Blood War and no devil is above this goal. Except Asmodeus.

DIABOLICAL COURTS

The Rules of Hell govern the actions and inactions of devils, but that doesn't mean there are no disputes. Every devil pushes against the rules as far as they can, putting them in direct conflict with others and their superiors. When a dispute happens of critical severity, usually involving a contract between devils outside the regular chain of command, the affected parties can petition their case be heard by the Diabolic Courts.

Based in the molten city of Abriymoch on Phlegethos, the Diabolic Courts hear all manner of cases before teams of judges. The most ruthless and efficient is Judge Shamane, a paeliryon devil that simply devours advocates with frivolous arguments. All of the judges adhere strictly to the Rules of Hell and their decisions in disputed cases are final, recognized by the Rules of Hell themselves.

It is also possible for mortals who have entered into pacts with devils to petition the Diabolical Courts if they believe the pact has been broken. This is an incredibly rare case, and in these events the normal waiting period of years is cut down to just hours – and the results are rarely in the mortal's favor, though the Rules of Hell truly dictate the decisions of the Diabolical Courts.

HELLBREAKERS

The stories are unbelievable, from a thief who broke into the command barracks of the Dark Eight on Avernus to steal plans for a new assault on a tactical target to someone finding and stealing the blood-encrusted Goblet of Dark Pleasure from the treasure house of Dispater. They are just too unbelievable, but they also happen to be true and the work of the Hellbreakers – elite thieves who plunder from devils wherever and whenever they can.

There is little organization to the Hellbreakers. In order to join, a new recruit has to be trained by an experienced member, and this is the only way their secrets pass on. The treasure and booty of Baator is as ill-gotten as the souls bartered for under devilish contracts, so the Hellbreakers see it as their job to balance the scales. They are wild, crazy, arrogant, and unpredictable, working in small teams in precision jobs across the Nine Hells and wherever devils store their treasures.

The Hellbreakers try to hit the devils of the Nine Hells wherever it would hurt the most, but it would seem Mammon, the ruler of Mlnauros, is a favorite target. The serpentine archduke has standing orders for his troops to capture Hellbreakers alive so they can be brought to his palace – to date only a handful of the daring thieves have been caught. But from them, Mammon has learned a great deal, but this knowledge has served only to spur the Hellbreakers to greater and more daring feats of larceny.

LORDS OF THE NINE

The absolute powers in the Nine Hells are the archdukes and archduchesses that sit at the top of the power pyramid – the Lords of the Nine. Individually, these are powerful entities that have an almost divine connection to their home layer, allowing them to control and direct geographic and environmental forces nearly at will. The greatest among them is Asmodeus with true divine powers, though a few others are coming close (Mephistopheles being the closest).

Infernal politics in Baator demand the attention of each of the Lords of the Nine. Someone is always scheming against them, usually lesser devils looking to promote themselves to the top by impressing Asmodeus or killing an archdevil. And that's one of the secrets of the Lords of the Nine – they all serve at the whim of Asmodeus. The most powerful archdevil has deposed multiple lords over the countless centuries for displeasing him or simply because he grew bored of them.

Usually, though, Asmodeus does not flex this particular power unless absolutely necessary. The plotting and planning inherent in all devils, as decreed by the Rules of Hell, usually keep the Lords of the Nine occupied and distracted. And that's another secret – Asmodeus knows that if the other lords were to all band against him, they would have the strength to depose him from Nessus. But the devilish nature, inherently selfish, prevents such cooperation from coming together on such a massive scale.

Zariel. Originally an angel from the Upper Planes sent to watch over the Blood War, Zariel fell to the ultimate corruption of the Nine Hells. She spent a long time as the ruler of Avernus before being replaced by a powerful pit fiend named Bel, but the tides recently turned and Zariel rules Avernus once again from a massive floating basalt citadel. Bel still serves as a general, advising Zariel and directing the devilish forces in great campaigns in the Blood War.

Dispater. Dispater rules Dis from an imposing gothic iron citadel in the center of his city. He is paranoid and cautious but the best weapons dealer in all of Baator. Dis' forges pump out the sharpest blades and the most protective armor, but Dispater takes no chances. His network of spies runs deep in his iron city so that little occurs in those heavy streets without his knowledge, and his trade connections with the rest of the Nine Hells puts him in a very comfortable position. Or so he believes.

Mammon. It is said no devil is as greedy as Mammon, the ruler of Minauros. He oversees the bulk of the soul trade in the Nine Hells and he has amassed a treasure hoard greater than any other in the plane, or so it is said at least. Mammon's greed and obsession with wealth has gotten him into trouble over the centuries but thus far he has retained his position as archdevil.

Belial & Fierna. The rules of Phlegethos are a strange study in duality. Belial and Fierna are father and daughter but their relationship is more intertwined than that, and the two play off each other's strengths and weaknesses perfectly. Fierna is charming, second only to Asmodeus it is said, while Belial is brutal and straightforward. Lately, Fierna has been spending a lot of time on Malbolge in the palace of Glasya, and the two have been working on delicate schemes that are making Belial more than a little nervous.

Levistus. Archduke Levistus ruled over Stygia long ago but angered Asmodeus, so was deposed suddenly and entombed in an enormous glacier. Another archdevil, Geryon, stepped up to claim lordship over Stygia, but recently Asmodeus reinstated Levistus – but didn't free him from his icy tomb. Now, Levistus uses his magical prowess to command the legions of Stygia while Geryon stalks around, undermining the new archdevil at every turn.

Glasya. Malbolge has seen a large number of rulers over the centuries. The previous ruler was Malagarde the Hag Countess, but in a fit Asmodeus threw down the night hag and replaced her with his own daughter, Glasya. Most see nepotism at its finest with this choice but Glasya has proven to be an effective and surprisingly unpredictable ruler, and Malbolge has shifted dramatically under her rule. She works to undermine her father, more openly than any of the other Lords of the Nine, and has thus far managed to not be deposed.

Baalzebul. Baalzebul is a tragic figure in the annals of the Nine Hells. He is an archduke of lies and deceit, perhaps the most intelligent devil in all of Baator, but his ambition long ago to depose Asmodeus failed. Now, more slug than devil, Baalzebul wastes away as ruler of Maladomini, a wasteland layer filled with clouds of flies that matches the mood of its once proud ruler.

Mephistopheles. Cunning, charming, and devious, Mephistopheles is the pinnacle of pride itself and would like to see nothing less than himself on the throne of Nessus. The frozen layer of Cania is his current home but this has not deterred his ambitions. Mephistopheles has so many plots spinning at one time across the multiverse that he can sometimes lose track of them himself.

Asmodeus. At the top of the Nine Hells pyramid (which, as represented by the layers themselves, is actually the bottom) sits Asmodeus, the ruler of Nessus and the greatest devil of them all. His background is a mystery, filled with legends and tall tales about a fall from grace and a grand betrayal, and the truth seems to be that he is as much a prisoner in Baator as its ruler. But his temples and cults have spread across the multiverse, especially in the Material Plane where wealthy nobles find worshipping Asmodeus a profitable venture – as long as they're willing to pay the price.

OUTCAST DUKES

The dukes that serve the archdevils all scramble for power and prestige in the eyes of their lords, but sometimes they can fall out of favor. When this happens, the archdevil has several options. The least common is simple destruction, as every devil is considered valuable in their own way, so the best option is to demote them to a lesser form. Few drop as far as imps or lemures, but getting knocked down a few stations tends to take the fight out of their spirit for a time.

The other option is to exile the duke. This untethers the duke from the infernal hierarchy, preventing them from becoming anything more or less, and banishes them to Avernus. This way they can still serve in the efforts against the demonic hordes in the Blood War while curtailing their ambitions. These Outcast Dukes usually gather disenfranchised lesser devils to serve in their cause, carving out a small fiefdom in the blasted hellscape of Avernus, while they wait for their opportunity to rise again.

The Outcast Dukes are dangerous and unpredictable. The Rules of Hell still apply to them, as to all devils, but they are not part of a formal hierarchy anymore, so they are bound to no true lord. Zariel has been known to recruit these outcasts for daring missions and has promoted more than a few into her own service, but that is the best hope most of them have for changing their stations.

WITCH-QUEENS OF HECATE

Aeaea is a fog-enshrouded realm in the vast swamps of Minauros, and within that misty veil is the magic-filled region ruled by a group of seven powerful wizards known as the Witch-Queens of Hecate. Each was a mortal woman that traded their souls for immortality and great power from Hecate, a semi-mythical divine figure that powers all of Aeaea.

The Witch-Queens have legions of undead and devils at their beck and call, but their resources pale in comparison to the Lords of the Nine. Nonetheless, they have managed to make a name for themselves in the courts of Mammon, ruler of Minauros, and have provided specialized arcane services to many of the other archdukes. Fang devils come to learn the craft of Hecate, though few are actually accepted as pupils.

Ultimately, the Witch-Queens seek to expand the influence of Hecate in the multiverse, and they are not above using pawns and puppets in other planes to get what they want. Many powerful relics are said to be housed in the foggy realm of Aeaea which has always attracted the greedy attention of Mammon, but the followers of Hecate have their eyes on higher prizes.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Devils are the most commonly encountered inhabitant of the Nine Hells, but each of the layers have more monsters to offer unwary travelers than most expect. Some are animalistic, born of the fetid evil that pervades Baator, while others are servants or tools of the devils themselves.

FIENDS

Monstrous fiends of all sorts hunt, fly, prowl, dig, and scrape across all layers of the Nine Hells. They have adapted to the unforgiving environments in the most diabolical and terrible ways possible, and they can be found nearly everywhere. Stygian ice serpents swim up and down through the River Styx, though they lair largely on Stygia, and the stench of bog shamblers fills the swamps of Minauros with death and decay. Hellwasp swarms build nests out of carcasses and skeletons and jealously guard them from all intruders.

Wriggling blood tongues crawl along the banks of the River Styx as it cuts through the scarred wastes of Avernus, though they can also be found as pets and familiars of the devilish lords that rule the plane. Dispatzer commands legions of iron shadows, created by merging fiendish flesh with suits of iron armor in the Shadowcast Forge. Cinderwinds fly through the ash-choked skies of Phlegethos and bile spewers vomit forth acid and death on Malbolge.

Devils. Devils are the undisputed masters of the Nine Hells. They are wicked, cruel, despicable monsters capable of indescribable acts of depravity and malice, and they have a multitude of tools at their disposal with which to perform. Devils work across the multiverse in a vast unending quest to gather souls from mortal creatures and transform them in the pits of Baator into new devils, thus sustaining their kind, and they do this through infernal contracts and truly bewildering laws meant to obfuscate the real cost of any transaction. Advancement through the devilish ranks and transformation into greater and more powerful forms requires betrayal and the harvesting of new souls to join the fiendish host.



Each of the Nine Hells is ruled by one or more devil princes who hold vast amounts of power over their realms, but they all pay fealty (some in name only) to Asmodeus, the Lord of the Ninth and ruler of Nessus. Asmodeus is one of the oldest beings in the multiverse and his greed and malice are legendary.

HUMANOIDS

Few humanoids live in the Nine Hells by choice. Most are slaves to the devils or other fiendish forces, forced to work under the terms of complex contracts or born into bondage through generations of mistakes and miscalculations. Avernus holds a handful of minor refuges that can support humanoid families of a wide variety of types, but even these eventually collapse or succumb to the overwhelming evil that washes over Baator like a dark red wave.

Tieflings. Tieflings are a rare exception to the general lack of humanoids on the Nine Hells. Those tieflings that can trace their origins to devils often find themselves recruited as spies and agents for the greater devil legions, and can infiltrate many places to advance their master's secret plots far easier than a true fiend. Many of the Lords of the Nine keep specialized units of tieflings at the ready for tasks such as assassination and infiltration, but more than one tiefling has proven themselves useful and risen through the ranks to achieve a higher position of authority. Just as many reject their lineage and strike out from the Nine Hells on their own, intent on putting as much space between themselves and their devilish heritage as possible – but often times, their pasts wind up coming back to haunt them in the worst ways possible.

Oozes

Many of the layers of the Nine Hells are perfectly suited to oozes of all kind, and black puddings and gray oozes are common pests across all of Baator. Some of the greater devils have begun experimenting with oblexes, with possess interesting properties related to the River Styx, and Dispater himself seems keen on the direction of these efforts within the foul dungeons of his iron city. Conflagration oozes grow naturally in the fetid pools of Maladomini where they threaten lesser devils with their terrible ferocity and appetites.

Hazards & Phenomena

The Nine Hells are a dangerous place, and each of the its layers offer a different and horrifying way to maim, hurt, or simply destroy the unwary or unprepared. The devils and other creatures that inhabit each layer usually have their own ways of avoiding these hazards, at least all except one – the Rules of Hell, which binds all devils to their hierarchy and defines the structure of the Nine Hells itself.

AVERNUS FIREBALL STRIKES

The first layer of the Nine Hells sees some of the most blatantly destructive hazards in all the multiverse. Enormous flaming spheres rain down from the sky, striking the scorched earth and leaving blackened craters in their wake. The devils and demons that turn Avernus into an eternal battlefield in the never-ending Blood War are generally all immune to fire, so the fireballs are little more than distraction. Other creatures are not as lucky.

An Avernus fireball streaks down from the sky and strikes a point, blossoming out to a 20-foot-radius sphere. Creatures in the area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure, they suffer 28 (8d6) fire damage and are knocked prone, and if they succeed they only suffer half damage and are not knocked prone. The fireballs are irregular but seem to almost possess a will – they strike travelers, intruders, and strangers to Avernus more than the devilish legions.

DIS WEIGHT OF THE WALLS

The City of Dis, which encompasses most of the layer of Dis, is filled with gothic, foreboding buildings, walls, and structures that loom over everyone with a sense of momentous importance. Every shadow seems to hold eyes and the dark corners of the streets hide unknown terrors waiting for a chance to leap out and strike. This environment creates a very real sense of dread that beats down on any traveler.

Non-devils that spend a short or long rest in Dis must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or lose the benefit of the rest, regaining no hit points, spell slots, or other abilities that reset on that type of rest. The paranoia of Dispater, the archduke of Dis, imbues the gothic structures of his city with the same sense of fear that creeps slowly into the hearts and minds of any who travel through the twisted narrow streets.

MINAUROS HAILSTORMS

Many travelers are surprised to find the weather to be one of the more dangerous aspects in the swampy landscape of Minauros, the third layer of the Nine Hells. The thick, oppressive humidity and clouds of gloomy rain are cut occasionally by bursts of skin-flaying hail. It is widely believed the hail, composed of polluted ice chunks, to be the direct result of Dis above Minauros.

A Minauros hailstorm strikes without warning and inflicts 3 (1d6) slashing damage per round to any exposed creature. A hailstorm typically lasts 2d12 minutes but occasionally longer bouts can pound the swampy terrain for up to six hours.

PHLEGETHOS FLAME ERUPTION

Phlegethos holds many threats to life and limb for the unwary. Volcanoes erupt regularly, raining lava down in wide areas and spilling rivers of molten rock down blackened slopes. It is the layer most recognized for its fiery landscape, which also manifests as a random and dangerous wall called a flame eruption.

Flame eruptions occur when the ground of Phlegethos cracks and releases the built-up energy beneath in a crackling wall of fire and brimstone. The eruption takes the form of a 20 foot long, 20 foot high, and 1 foot thick fiery barrier. Creatures directly in the area of the wall must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 22 (5d8) fire damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. Moving through or touching the eruption inflicts 22 (5d8) fire damage without a saving throw. Each flame eruption lasts for 1 minute before subsiding as the ground seals back up over the fissure.

STYGIA FROZEN WIND

The fifth layer of the Nine Hells, Stygia, is cold, filled with icy waters and glaciers, but that's not the greatest threat posed by the landscape itself. That honor belongs to the frozen wind, a force with an almost malevolent intelligence that chases down creatures through iceberg canyons and across blasted stretches of barren tundra. It is widely believed the frozen winds of Stygia are a direct manifestation of Levistus, a trick he learned since becoming entombed in ice.

When a frozen wind strikes, two effects take place. The first is the area is under the effects of strong wind, as detailed in Chapter 5 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* under Wilderness Survival. The second is biting cold, and creatures within the area must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw, suffering 18 (4d8) cold damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. The saving throw must be repeated every minute a creature remains in the frozen wind. Bouts of frozen wind typically last 2d12 minutes.

MALBOLGE STONE AVALANCHE

The slopes of Malbolge are rocky, precipitous, and prone to dangerous avalanches with little or no warning. It is true that the number of stone avalanches has decreased since the downfall of Malagarde the Hag Countess, but the landscape of the sixth layer remains unsteady and perilous for those traveling by land.

A stone avalanche covers a very large, sometimes as much as a mile or more wide, and every creature on the ground in such an event must make a DC 15 Strength saving throw. On a failure, the creature is buried beneath the jagged stones and rubble while suffering 26 (4d12) bludgeoning damage. In addition, they are incapacitated beneath a new layer of rocks 2d10 feet deep and begin to suffocate. Creatures that succeed on the save suffer half damage and are only restrained by the rocks until they free themselves as below.

Digging a 1-foot cube of rocks to free someone on Malbolge requires an action and a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check. Multiple creatures can dig in a single location to help free a trapped person.

MALADOMINI CLOUDS OF FLIES

The seventh layer of the Nine Hells is a wasteland of ruined buildings and gutted streets. The wind is dry, the air is dusty, and everything holds a feeling of ancient decay and collapse. But the most striking feature of all are the clouds of black flies, swarming above and through it all in a never-ending macabre dance.

A cloud of flies on Maladomini can be distracting and downright dangerous under the wrong circumstances. Each cloud spreads out to cover an area many hundreds of feet wide, and until they descend down the constant buzzing disrupts concentration. Creatures concentrating on an effect must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or lose the effect they are concentrating on every minute they remain beneath the cloud. Creating an effect that requires concentration requires a DC 15 Constitution to succeed in the area.

If the cloud of flies descends fully, the entire area becomes heavily obscured by the buzzing fiendish insects in addition to the effects above. The buzzing takes on an otherworldly quality that eats away at the mind, inflicting 5 (1d10) psychic damage at the start of each creature's turn they remain in the cloud. A cloud of flies typically stays descended for 2d6 rounds before returning to the Maladomini skies.

Dispersing a cloud of flies requires creating a strong wind, such as a *gust of wind* or similar spell. Using such an effect pushes the cloud of flies back to the sky.

CANIA DEATHLY COLD

The cold of Cania, the eighth layer of the Nine Hells, is deeper and more insidious than any other outside of the Frostfell between the Planes of Water and Air. The air is constantly dry and pulls the moisture out of travelers while freezing the very blood to make them sluggish and tired.

After each hour spent on Cania, creatures without cold immunity must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature gains a level of exhaustion. After every four hours in Cania's deathly cold, creatures without cold immunity gain a level of exhaustion. Long rests on Cania do not provide any benefit for creatures without cold immunity and usually end in frozen death.

NESSUS UTTER DESPAIR

The deepest, darkest, most malevolent pit in all the multiverse, Nessus is the beating black heart of the Nine Hells and the home of Asmodeus himself. It is a realm of unimaginable despair that seeps insidiously into the hearts and minds of any who travel there. The effects are similar to Cania's deathly cold but work on a mental rather than physical level.

After each hour spent on Nessus, non-fiend creatures must make a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or gain a level of exhaustion. After every four hours on the layer, non-fiends gain a level of exhaustion, and long rests do not provide any benefit to non-fiends. Any non-fiend that dies on Nessus as a result of exhaustion has their souls trapped within the Ruby Rod of Asmodeus and cannot be raised or resurrected without the expressed permission of the Lord of the Nine, even with divine aid.

RULES OF HELL

The Nine Hells are governed by more than just the Lords of the Nine and the internal nature of the denizen devils. Those creatures are bound to their nature by a force known simply as the Rules of Hell. Put simply, the Rules of Hell dictate the hierarchical structure of the devils, from the lowly lemures to the mighty pit fiends and into the thrones of the archdevils. The rules govern what they can, what they can get away with, how to advance, the rewards and duties, and the punishments.

The Rules of Hell are legislated largely by the Diabolical Court on Abyrimoch, an obsidian city on Phlegethos. These judges and administrators interpret the rules within the confines of the wordings, which are innately known to all devils regardless of rank, though disputes and misinterpretations occur with alarming frequency. The Rules of Hell also instruct devils on how to deal with outsiders, mortals specifically, and the contracts signed by other beings with a devil are tied intrinsically back to the Rules of Hell.

Who wrote the Rules of Hell? Most point to Asmodeus, who is not above them though as existed longer than any other devil, but the more canny planar sages look to the badge of office Asmodeus holds – his Ruby Rod. This powerful and ancient relic bears the archdevil's name but predates him by all accounts, and it is tied to the Nine Hells of Baator in such a way as to make its separation near impossible. Asmodeus uses the Ruby Rod when making official decrees and imposing his will across Baator, such as when he deposed Malagarde the Hag Countess and instituted his daughter Glasya as ruler of Malbolge.

The Rules of Hell are also the binding force that affects travelers to Baator in subtle ways. Food tastes rancid, water spoils, and there's a general level of discomfort that pervades every aspect of existence in the Nine Hells. It only takes a planar traveler a few minutes on any of the layers to become affected, and some descend quickly into the clutches of absolute evil (another article of the Rules of Hell is the corruption of any foreigner to Baator's landscape). These affects are more flavor than hard game rules but can give guidance on how to make the Nine Hells uncomfortable for characters traveling across any of the layers.

SITES & TREASURES

Sages and librarians know stories and rumors of more sites within the Nine Hells of Baator than almost any other plane. This is perhaps due to the devilish nature to interfere with outside powers in order to supplement the forces of their own infernal legions, but regardless even a fledgling planar sage can recite the names of the nine layers and their current rulers, at least as far as their knowledge goes. The sites described below may have tantalizing entries in crumbling libraries across the multiverse, especially the deeper one travels into Baator itself, lending an air of mystery and unknown terror about each one to tantalize the foolish.

AEAEA, REALM OF THE WITCH-QUEENS

The swampy landscape of Minauros holds many secret places within its polluted wastes, but any travelers to stumble upon Aeaëa know they've entered a strange and magical place. This is realm of Hecate, a powerful force of curses and black magic, governed by a force of wicked Witch-Queens. Thick tendrils of fog fill Aeaëa's region, obscuring vision and providing glimpses into a world

beyond sight and sound, where magic flows through the swirling mists.

The Witch-Queens – powerful hags all of them – rule Aeaëa without question, and can manipulate the mists to create powerful illusions capable of fooling nearly any that enter. The few invaders that have managed to escape with their lives tell stories of looming monstrous towers built from bone and spittle that serve as the personal sanctuaries of the Witch-Queens themselves. The hags boast a number of devils, nightmares, and other fiends under their complete control, much to the annoyance of Mammon, Minauros' archdevil ruler.

Mammon and the Witch-Queens have an uneasy alliance. The powerful hags send emissaries to the court of the greedy archdevil to deliver gifts of magical secrets, but these are too infrequent for Mammon's liking. He would prefer tributes delivered every day, but when he has pushed his forces into Aeaëa to force the minions of Hecate to submit he was left with a legion of devils gibbering and insane from their time. Mammon knows a great magical treasure sits somewhere in the mists of Aeaëa and he would like nothing more than to possess it.

BRONZED BAZAAR

The second layer of Baator is the realm of Dispater and is dominated by the sprawling, gothic City of Dis. It is a place of paranoia and shadows, where every grim alleyway can hold an assassin, spy, or worse, and the very walls have eyes. Yet, Dis is also the center of arms manufacturing in the Nine Hells. The forges below the city streets constantly churn out weapons and armor to equip the infernal legions. The generals, dukes, and other representatives across Baator and beyond go to one place to barter for those goods – the Bronzed Bazaar.

The Bronzed Bazaar is one of the few open air locations in Dis, where the tallest buildings loom grim and monolithic at the edges rather than crowded along narrow streets. Devilish representatives of Dispater work countless deals with the merchants that come to gain access to the wonderfully crafted items, including rare Baatorian green steel weapons and armor that are only forged in Dis. The ground in the area is paved with intricate symbols in tarnished bronze, giving the area its name, and these magical runes allow Dispater's forces a glimpse into the true intentions of any buyer.

Devils are the most common customers in the Bronzed Bazaar, representing legions from across the Nine Hells, but yugoloth mercenary companies, night hag covens, fire giant kings, and other such beings are known to come seeking Dis forged goods. Dispater prefers to deal in souls, soul coins specifically, but magical items, relics, and treasures hold their weight for the right buyer as well.



HEART OF THE HAG COUNTESS

The downfall of Malagarde the Hag Countess as the lord of Malbolge was a surprising turn of events in infernal politics, and the particular method of her removal was dramatic as well. Asmodeus bloated out the powerful hag to enormous proportions, a process that drove her to insanity with pain, and then her body exploded spectacularly. Parts of the Hag Countess flew across the rocky landscape of Malbolge, her blood pooled in toxic pits, and Glasya was appointed new ruler of the layer.

Malagarde's heart, bloated and overblown, was thrown particularly far. Glasya has made a point of finding and claiming as much of her predecessor's former corpse as possible, but so far she has not found the blackened heart. Glasya's scouts and patrols have reported seeing the monstrous thing crawling along Malbolge's mountainside with countless smaller fiends dancing and moving around it in jubilation. But whenever the devils got close, the heart vanished into the cracks, seeping into the rocks like black oil.

Glasya wants desperately to claim the Heart of the Hag Countess, if nothing else than to make sure her predecessor is truly put down. What force moves it across Malbolge now? Is it a fragment of Malagarde's spirit left to writhe in torment, tied to her enormous black heart? Or has it become the home of a new fiend looking to claim the hag's power for their own? Glasya doesn't want to find out the answers to these questions the hard way.

HUNGRY VAULTS

Maladomini was once the home to a great race of monsters, huge and imposing, that many planar sages link to a predecessor to the known devils of today. This was in a time before Baalzebul who, long ago, ruled both Malbolge and Maladomini, and considered Maladomini the far lesser of the two. Several failed coup attempts against Asmodeus later and Baalzebul is a slothful shadow of his former self, though the Archduke of Lies remains a potent player on the Lords of the Nine stage. He has done little to explore the contents of Maladomini, being more preoccupied with his current slug state, but one region that has caught his attention for centuries are the Hungry Vaults.

In a particularly worn set of cyclopean ruins in the dust-choked depths of the Maladomini wastes sits a series of great obsidian hatches in the hard-packed ground. There are supposedly seven of these, each marked with different words in an unknown language, but to date Baalzebul has only managed to open two of them. And within he found a powerful secret held by the ancient race of beings of Baator – along with a pulsating, malevolent darkness that devours all without thought or care. Baalzebul has lost many legions exploring the Hungry Vaults and to date has only managed to procure minor items, but it is rumored that something he found there pushed his plans for a coup of the Nessian throne into action (though it ultimately failed).

Whatever the Hungry Vaults hold gnaws at Baalzebul and he still errantly sends units to the far-flung site to keep abreast of any changes.

IVORY FINGERS OF MALAGARDE

After the dramatic fall of the Hag Countess from her position as lord of Malbolge, several strange things starting showing up across the mountainside layer. Aspects of the powerful night hag, physical and spiritual, began springing up, and the new ruler Glasya is determined to claim all of these and make sure the wicked Malagarde never gains a foothold. The daughter of Asmodeus has found and claimed one site already, a series of ten curved towers known as the Ivory Fingers of Malagarde.

These ten towers look like skeletal fingers clawing out of the side of Malbolge's rocky landscape, with the palms hidden just below the surface. Glasya has made it her "retreat" palace and keeps teams of devils working to hollow each one out for the new archduchess to use. Only two have been completed thus far, referred to as the Tower of Pain and the Tower of Agony, but Glasya knows it's only a matter of time before she has all five under her complete control.

The devils working to hollow out the Ivory Fingers and turn them into towers have been reporting some strange phenomena, however. Several of them have been possessed by an overwhelming urge to dig in the areas between the two groups of five towers, where the palm and remaining hand would be. Diligent overlords have kept all the devils in line so far, but the feelings have been getting stronger in some. Glasya has dismissed all reports of these incidents as nothing more than superstition and has ordered the demotion of several ranking devils as punishment.

JANGLING HITER

Above the stinking swamps of Minauros hangs the city of Jangling Hiter, also known as the City of Chains. It is mysteriously suspended above the muck and mire by enormous lengths of chain that stretch up into the shrouded atmosphere of the layer, to connect eventually to the bottom of the City of Dis. None in Jangling Hiter question or marvel at this feat of engineering skill, for the residents of the city – chain devils primarily – are concerned with only one thing: torture.

The chain devils of Jangling Hiter are renown through the Nine Hells for their ability to torture both flesh and soul. Every archduke has their own contingent of torturers under their control but these are generally for the flaying and whipping of flesh. For soul torture, most look to the pain experts in Jangling Hiter. The screams of the tortured souls merge together within the City of Chains to form a wild cacophony that drives most mortals to madness within a few hours.

Jangling Hiter sees quite a few merchant travelers from across the multiverse. Most come to deal with the chain devils that have become so renown for their torture abilities, but also the chains manufactured in Jangling Hiter are some of the strongest around. The merchant district of the city is the only one that sees much outside traffic and travelers are warned to keep clear of the rest of the regions.

KINTYRE

The frozen landscape of Cania is dotted with cavernous ruins of cities and civilizations that fell into the clutches of Mephistopheles. So many have fallen into the icy crags and crevasses that the archdevil has lost track of them, and even the ones he remembers he doesn't know all of the details. Kintyre is one such city, claimed long ago and frozen solid in a massive mountain of ice, but something in it has piqued the interest of the Circle of Hellfire.

The Circle of Hellfire believes Kintyre holds some promising secret of hellfire itself, and they've managed to carve out a tunnel leading into the frozen city's outskirts. They work to melt away the ice without damaging the structures, and they've uncovered a city literally frozen in time. Kintyre was a center of learning in a far-off Material Plane world whose leaders fell to worshipping Mephistopheles. Then, their greed became too great and they gave up the city to the archdevil, who claimed it in one massive sweep.

The Kintyre library has been the focus for the Circle of Hellfire but melting the ice without burning the books and scrolls has proven time consuming. Mephistopheles is barely aware of the operation, and the devil in charge – an erinyes hellfire sorcerer named Lady Dorzonella – seeks to claim the secrets of Kintyre for herself and usurp leadership of the Circle of Hellfire.

MAGGOT PIT

Avernus is a battle-scarred wasteland of broken stones beneath a bloated crimson sky under which march armies without end. It is the staging point for the Blood War but the layer serves many other purposes. One of its primary functions in the grand scheme of devilkind is the mass transformation of souls into lemures, the lowest of devils, and this is done in a massive crater called the Maggot Pit. Over 1,000 feet wide, the Maggot Pit is filled with crawling white worms that latch onto souls, devouring them and becoming lemures in the process. The pit is considered neutral territory in the Nine Hells, controlled by no single archdevil, but curiously it also blocks the entrance into the realm of a Baatorian prisoner known across the multiverse – Tiamat, Queen of Dragons.

Tiamat's citadel beyond the Maggot Pit is a secret place wherein the dragon queen is bound forever by ancient and divine pacts. She constantly struggles to break free, to set claw and wing on a plane outside of the Nine Hells, but many planar scholars believe the Maggot Pit is part of the lock that keeps Tiamat bound. Why else would such a critically important place be so close to enemy territory? For her own part, Tiamat and her forces keep to her secret citadel and leave the Maggot Pit alone for her attempts at disrupting the flow of souls has always met with disaster.

Each archdevil has means of transforming souls into lemures in their own realms but not on such a scale as the Maggot Pit, so soul caravans from all over the Nine Hells come to Avernus to perpetuate the line of devils. Because of this, the region also holds the most portals to the lower levels of Baator, but each is carefully guarded and kept as secret as possible.

MAW OF HELLFIRE

Mephistopheles' use of hellfire in recent years has been the subject of much debate among planar scholars. Where did the archdevil find and cultivate such a powerful resource in Cania, the coldest layer of the Nine Hells? Hellfire is white and burns not with fire but with pure pain, and as such the psychic damage it inflicts is felt by devils, demons, and almost every other creature across the multiverse. The Circle of Hellfire continually searches for new ways to use the potent element, but the truth of its source has long been a mystery.

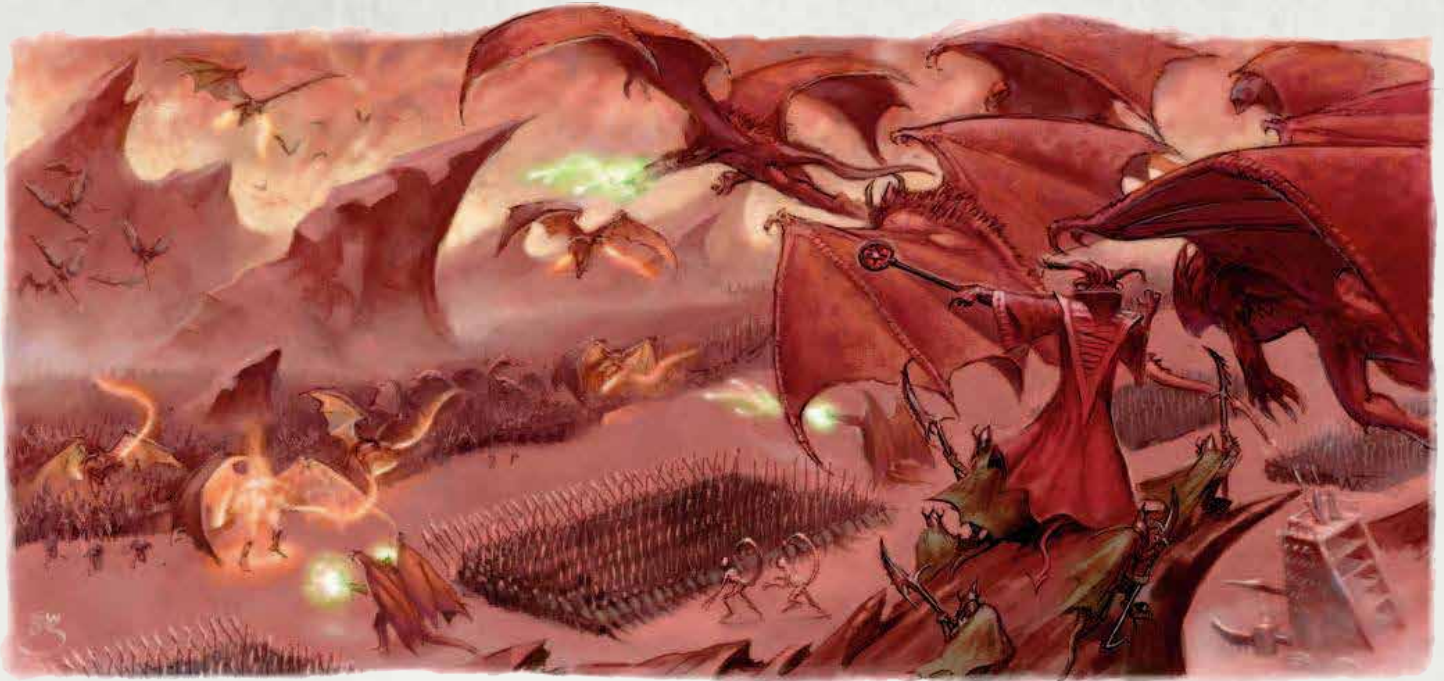
One theory points to the Maw of Hellfire on Cania, a great yawning pit in the heart of an ice volcano in the frigid wastes. Hellfire burns continually within the icy caldera, spouting out in great bursts at irregular intervals, and a maze of tunnels have been carved into the volcano's side as servants of Mephistopheles study the site. Is this the source of hellfire? Or an experiment of Mephistopheles' to see just how much hellfire he can summon and harness? The devils assigned to the Maw of Hellfire are among the archdevil's most loyal servants, and even the Circle of Hellfire itself is kept out.

MENTIRI, PRISON OF DIS

Deep inside a labyrinth of tunnels below the iron streets of Dis sits Mentiri, a hidden prison that has long served as a dumping ground for those that displease or cross Dispater. Mentiri is divided into two large segments serving different purposes. The Bastille of Flesh houses mortal beings that have not yet died, and if Dispater has his way will continue to live in lightless cells under truly torturous conditions. Fallen paladins, defeated angels, devil insurgents, demon rebels, and more languish in this prison guarded by fearsome devils and powerful magic.

The second section, the Bastille of Souls, is devoted to souls that Dispater has not been able to transform into devils yet. These fall into one of two types. Either they have ended up in the Nine Hells accidentally by some happenstance of fate or they were part of a larger bargain but not corrupted yet. In both cases the souls cannot be transformed into devils, not yet at least, and the Bastille of Souls is dedicated to punishing those souls until they finally break and Dispater can use them in future legions.

The jailers that keep Mentiri running are cruel and ruthless, even by infernal standards, and they take their work seriously. Very few prisoners have escaped from the iron prison of Mentiri over the centuries, a point of pride for the devils in charge, and none have escaped without significant outside help.



MIDNIGHT DESERT

A black sand wasteland sits in the cold waters of Stygia, scoured by the frozen winds that blow through the layer. Countless pyramids and monuments built of white stone or permanent ice fill this land in dedication to Set, a mysterious and ancient snake god who supposedly slumbers beneath the ground. Known as the Midnight Desert, this is a harsh and unforgiving region in a harsh and unforgiving layer of the Nine Hells, where powerful magic runs through obelisks, fueling the power of Set and his deranged cultists.

Fang devils are a common sight in the Midnight Desert along with infernal yuan-ti that serve as the minions of Set. Levistus, archduke of Stygia, has long left the Midnight Desert to its own devices, though for Geryon's brief reign as ruler he attempted to annex much of the black sandy region in order to claim Set's magic for himself. The powers of Set pushed back Geryon's advances and now that Levistus is restored as the Stygian ruler, the fallen archdevil has greater things to pursue than a petty grudge against the ancient serpent god.

Priests of Set worship in dusty halls and enormous catacombs beneath many of the pyramids. It is rumored that an intricate series of tunnels extend beneath the Midnight Desert, connecting all of the sites together in an arcane pattern of untold power that allows Set to slumber beneath the eyes of more powerful gods that would seek to put his forces down.

NIGHTED SUN

Nessus is a layer of despair and hopelessness. Few things represent this more than the great black orb that hangs in the sky over the shadow-filled canyons. Those that have seen it call it the Nighted Sun for it sheds darkness instead of light, and seems to absorb the energy of any who gaze upon its horrible glory. Asmodeus is said to have a magnificent gallery in his hidden palace that allows him to bathe in the Nighted Sun's negative radiance.

While Nessus remains one of the least visited layers of the Nine Hells, there have been reports of a band of hellbreakers that discovered the Nighted Sun actually contains numerous treasure vaults of Asmodeus himself. Of the group that discovered and broke into one of these vaults, only two survived – one is a gibbering lunatic bound to the eternal care of holy priests and the other wanders the Material Plane, half lucid and speaking in riddles. What they stole remains a mystery as well or for what benefactor.

NIGHTSHADE CRATER

The first layer of Avernus is a blasted landscape of broken rubble and jagged peaks pocked by countless pits caused by both the movement of fiendish armies and the never-ending fireballs that drop from the bloated crimson sky. Most of these pits are nothing more than impact craters, but some are so large as to defy this explanation. Nightshade Crater is one such place, and it is nearly a mile across and half that deep.

The slopes of the crater are smoothed like glass as if burnt under extreme heat, and the conventional explanation for its origin says an enormous flaming ball fell to the Avernus ground from elsewhere. That doesn't explain the huge number of black nightshade flowers that grow in the normally infertile rubble or the cloyingly sweet smell of death that hangs over the entire region. Something beneath the ground in Nightshade Crater feeds the strange flora. One theory put out by a band of planar scholars says the crater hides the fallen corpse of a defeated Abyssal demon lord, but attempts at digging into the blasted earth has yielded no such proof.

Nightshade Crater also contains a large concentration of nightshade monsters, undead horrors normally found on the Plane of Shadow. The presence of these creatures and the abundance of black flowers gives the crater its name. Are the nightshades guarding something? Are they result of some foul connection to the Plane of Shadow itself? Or are they simply scavengers picking the bones from some horrendous battle fought long ago?

PITS OF HELL

Phlegethos is the burning hellscape most mortals think of when they imagine the Nine Hells, but even in that fiery layer of active volcanoes and rivers of magma some regions stand out more than others. The Pits of Hell are one of those. These seven enormous pits in the blackened ground are filled with molten lava and an incredible heat. Iron cages hang along the walls of many of the pits wherein sit devils that have been found guilty of breaking the Rules of Hell by the Diabolical Courts. A special enchantment is placed over the devils that removes their fire immunity, and in the Pits of Hell the heat is so intense that some devils are reduced to naught but ash and bones by the time their sentence is served.

The other purpose the Pits of Hell serve is to baptize new pit fiends into the greater service of Baator. The name pit fiend actually refers to these Pits of Hell where they are born in the deepest bowels of liquid magma. Ice devils that have advanced far enough in the infernal hierarchy are sponsored by an existing duke or archdevil and lowered into the Pits of Hell for 666 days. Assuming they survive, they emerge as pit fiends, the highest ranking of the greater devils, ready to wreak havoc upon the multiverse in the name of Baator.

RUBY ROD OF ASMODEUS

Without argue, the most potent relic in all the Nine Hells is the Ruby Rod of Asmodeus, the badge of office for the Lord of the Ninth and the symbol of power recognized and honored by all the infernal residents of Baator. Asmodeus never leaves the Ruby Rod unattended and uses it judiciously to hand out punishments and rewards in his duties as lord of Nessus. Its powers are many and varied and there are some that believe it predates Asmodeus himself and serves instead as an extension of the Nine Hells.

From time to time, Asmodeus has gifted prized followers across the multiverse with replicas of his Ruby Rod. These facsimiles remain incredibly powerful relics capable of blasting opponents with spells, weaving potent illusions, and directing the souls of the departed down to the night-haunted pits of Nessus itself. Rarely does the Lord of the Ninth allow such copies of his prized weapon to remain out in the multiverse for long and, regardless of what the devotee was told, the copy of the Ruby Rod always seems to possess a malevolence and plan all its own.

The Ruby Rod of Asmodeus is inextricably linked to the Rules of Hell that invisibly govern how devils operate across the multiverse, which leads many planar sages to believe its power stems from a source greater than Asmodeus himself. Is it an ancient entity of primordial evil, bound to the potent relic by forbidden magic? Is it the will of Asmodeus given ruby form? Or something more?

SANGUINE DELVES

Countless devil legions march across the rocky wasteland of Avernus, but most avoid the deadly region known as the Sanguine Delves for fear of getting trapped in the maze-like canyon. A river of boiling blood rushes through the floor of the delves, a depth of over 500 feet in the deepest reaches from the surface, but the true danger lies in the insane number of portals that spontaneously appear along the walls. Portals to the Abyss, spewing demonic armies, and portals to the lower reaches of the Nine Hells, all appear with no rhyme or reason.

Whatever force creates the portals in the Sanguine Delves has never been controlled or catalogued, and because of this it has never been more than an anomaly in the war-strewn wasteland of Avernus. At least one outcast duke has built a castle above the boiling blood river, held by powerful magic and a deep sense of paranoia, but most natives of the Nine Hells avoid the region for its obvious dangers and lack of strategic value.

SERPENT'S COIL

There are several myths around how Asmodeus came to stand atop the hierarchy of the Nine Hells, but most focus on the idea that he was cast out of somewhere in the Upper Planes – Mount Celestia, Elysium, or even some primordial archetype for these angelic realms. And, the proof of this myth is found right in Nessus - Asmodeus' fall literally created the deep canyons and gorges of the lowest layer of the Nine Hells. And those that take these myths as truth point to the Serpent's Coil as the epicenter of the fall.

The deepest canyon in all of Nessus, Serpent's Coil is a spiraling labyrinth of black rock cliffs that grows deeper the further along one travels. Some say the corkscrew path was underground long ago but time has eroded the surface to create the ever-deepening canyon. And at the end sits the palace of Asmodeus himself, in an unfathomably deep crevasse where light is forbidden to shine, guarded by the most fanatically loyal devils in all of Baator. These devils are the literal manifestation of Asmodeus, born of his spilled blood, and they patrol Serpent's Coil with a righteous zeal.

A dwarf miner from the wilds of Bytopia managed to take a team into Nessus long ago and return with samples of the black rock that form Serpent's Coil. She found that the stone reacted strongly to light but could be worked with a hot enough force to form items of unquestionable beauty. The dwarf crafted a few trinkets and weapons of the black stone before succumbing to a madness that sent her fleeing into the multiverse, but not before she built an idol dedicated to Asmodeus himself.

SHADOWCAST FORGES

Dispater employs the most talented weapon and armor smiths in all the Nine Hells to work in the endlessly belching forges in the city of Dis. The best of the best, however, the archduke saves for a special project deep in the underbowels of the city. There, the infernal masters work tirelessly in the darkness of the Shadowcast Forges, fashioning items from pure shadow steel for use by Dispater's elite soldiers.

The Shadowcast Forges are lit by a burning black fire originating from the Negative Energy Plane. The energy is pumped and harnessed by powerful bellows and then worked by devilish crafters to form items of liquid shadow, as strong as steel and as transparent as smoky glass. The iron shadows that serve as Dispater's eyes and ears across the city are birthed in the Shadowcast Forges, unholy monstrosities given life and sentience by dangerous and unpredictable arcane forces.

The devils that work the Shadowcast Forges are not allowed access to the outside, and none but Dispater himself are allowed into the labyrinthine bowels of Dis where the forges operate. Knowing the potency of the weapons and armor created there, several of Dispater's archdevil rivals have sent scouts in search of the location but so far none have prevailed in finding let alone crippling the powerful site.

STONES OF THE NIGHTMARE EYE

The wasteland of Maladomini is dotted with cyclopean ruins of unknown but ancient origin, but out there in the blowing dust and clouds of flies are a series of standing stones that do not date back to the time before devils. This arrangement of six great stone blocks, pulsating red and black, are much more recent, having been built by Baalzebul as a way to contain a powerful rival from his own layer. Known as the Nightmare Eye, it was a conflagration ooze of tremendous proportion and endless hunger that sought to usurp the archdevil.

Baalzebul put down the uprising and, in order to keep the Nightmare Eye from reforming, broke it up into six massive blocks, hardened it with powerful magic, and threw the stones into the wasteland of Maladomini to stand forever in silence. But the Nightmare Eye has been anything but. It has learned to communicate telepathically with other conflagration oozes across the plane, along with other fiendish oozes and slimes, and its plot for revenge against the Prince of Lies works slowly behind the scenes. It has worked to place its subtle minions all around Baalzebul's personal Palace of Filth, with some acting as sentries to the archdevil's abode.

Is Baalzebul truly ignorant of the threat posed by the Nightmare Eye? The slug-like archdevil seems to pay the oozes and slimes that surround his palace and infest Maladomini little heed, but on the other hand Baalzebul is known to play the long game with foes. When the Nightmare Eye moves against the Lord of the Seventh, who will come out on top?

TOMB OF LEVISTUS

Levistus is the Lord of the Fourth, ruler over Stygia, but he is an archdevil with a problem. Long ago, he moved against Asmodeus in a grand coup attempt that failed miserably, and as a result the Lord of the Ninth entombed Levistus within a glacier in Stygia's frozen landscape. Geryon took over as Lord of the Fourth while Levistus, frozen and unmoving but not dead, could do little but seethe and dream of the day of his revenge.

That day came suddenly when Geryon was deposed and Levistus reinstated as Stygia's ruler. But, his tomb remained firm and steadfast. His mind sharpened by years of nothing but thinking, Levistus has learned to control the elements of Stygia mentally and has gained a respectable command of psychic power. The Tomb of Levistus where his body rests now in magically hardened ice remains his forever prison, but the wily archdevil has managed to turn the tables and gain an advantage over many of his foes. Geryon, now deposed, works to return to Stygia's throne but he has little idea as to the extent of Levistus' new power.

The Tomb of Levistus is attended to by a tribe of fiendish yetis who pledged their undying loyalty to the archdevil ages ago. They now serve as his caretakers and constantly try to dig Levistus out, though thus far their efforts have been in vain. That fact has not bothered Levistus much as he continues to use his psychic powers to gain leverage over the other Lords of the Nine and plot his ascent to the throne of Nessus.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Nine Hells of Baator are no place for the weak. Devils and infernal creatures crawl over every layer, seeking out fresh souls to serve as fodder in the never-ending Blood War, while the very environment works to destroy any intruders. Nonetheless, adventure opportunities abound, especially since devilish politics have a tendency to spill out across the multiverse and encompass more than just the fools that deal with such beings.

Hell Comes to Town. The magister in a small town has signed a deal with a barbed devil promising fame and fortune, but the magister didn't read the fine print. Now, the town has become a breeding ground for lemures and other infernal monsters and the terms of the contract prevent the magister from taking action. The characters come into the scene and must find out who the real villain is – the magister or the barbed devil? Or both? Can the magister be saved?

Funeral of the Paladin. A paladin died recently and his holy order have given him a grand funeral to which the characters are invited. Unfortunately, the paladin made powerful enemies in the Nine Hells and all divine powers of the knights are suspended as devilish forces led by a powerful warlock intrude upon the funeral. The characters slip unnoticed out of the scene and have an opportunity to put an end to the infernal interruption by closing a portal to the Nine Hells in the abandoned graveyard adjacent to the temple.

Season of Soul Harvests. The characters track down a band of slavers and defeat their master, only to learn that the slavers were harvesting souls for devils in the Nine Hells. Some souls are in need of rescuing, and the characters can travel to Avernus to the Maggot Pit to stop the caravan from dumping the soul cargo and creating wretched lemures. But who really pulls the strings in the operation? Which duke did the characters just annoy by breaking the supply chain?

Blight of the Witch's Curse. A mysterious fog rises over the land and the cackling of witches can be heard. A coven of hags have come as emissaries of the Witch-Queens of Hecate looking for magical tribute, and while the fog remains dark and terrible things occur across the countryside – cattle are born without eyes, babies grow devilish deformities, and essential crops wither and die. The characters are asked to find the magical tribute demanded by the hags but this does not appease the invaders. The characters must face the coven, but in doing so they make powerful enemies in the swamps of Minauros.

Playing By the Rules. An imp approaches the characters looking for help. He serves an outcast duke on Avernus that has become crazed with bloodlust and now seeks to send his infernal legions to the Material Plane. The imp has no desire to end its life on such a foolish crusade, and used a loophole in the Rules of Hell to travel to the characters and appeal to their sense of righteousness. The outcast duke must be stopped. But is the imp telling the truth? Or is he an agent of a rival duke looking to eliminate a rival?



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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 the Nine Hells. Though each layer has its own unique flora and fauna, the two tables below – one for wilderness and one for urban – 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.

NINE HELLS WILDERNESS

1D100	NINE HELLS WILDERNESS ENCOUNTER
01-05	A gang of feral barbed devils looking for an easy meal
06-10	A bone devil torturing a lemure
11-15	A squad of bearded devils on patrol
16-20	An erinyes flying overhead on an important errand
21-25	Two imps arguing over orders from a superior
26-30	A swarm of nupperibos oozing over the landscape
31-35	A legion of merregon waiting for a commanding officer
36-40	A narzugon riding a nightmare hunting down a fugitive
41-45	Two white abishai on secret assignment from Tiamat
46-50	A pack of spined devils eating at the carcass of a fallen foe
51-55	A chain devil looking for a lost soul
56-60	Two horned devils flying overhead
61-65	A pack of hell hounds chasing a lost traveler
66-70	A screamwraith with special orders from Asmodeus
71-75	A swarm of hellwasps disturbed from their nearby nest
76-80	A conflagration ooze bubbling up from a nearby pool
81-90	Horde of demons! Roll on the Abyssal random encounter table
91-00	Baatorian Hazard (based on layer)

NINE HELLS URBAN

1D100	NINE HELLS URBAN ENCOUNTER
01-05	An ice devil repairing a weapon at a forge
06-10	Three chain devils dragging a slave to a darkened alley
11-15	A duergar warlock making a deal with a fang devil
16-20	Two erinyes on the lookout for troublemakers
21-25	An amnizu with bodyguards heading to an appointment
26-30	A horned devil tormenting a mortal wizard
31-35	A hobgoblin warband looking for weapons and armor
36-40	An imp selling trinkets out of a poorly constructed stand
41-45	A narzugon making trouble for outsiders
46-50	A rakshasa inspecting slaves for sale
51-55	Skum agents of an aboleth
56-60	An iron shadow spying on everyone
61-65	An ultroloth general dealing with a horned devil captain
66-70	A squad of off duty mezzoloths
71-75	A blue abishai on the prowl for arcane knowledge
76-80	Two spined devils spying for a duke
81-85	A fire giant mercenary selling his sword for coin
86-90	A human archmage dealing poorly with an amnizu
91-95	A polymorphed drow mage spying for a demon lord
96-00	A pit fiend on assignment from the Dark Eight

WINDSWEEP DEPTHS OF PANDEMONIUM

“Limbo is the purest expression of chaos in the multiverse, but the plane of Pandemonium shows what can happen when chaos is mixed with an healthy dose of madness. The narrow tunnels of the Windswept Depths create howling winds, turning every conversation into a shouting match, and carrying strange sounds from across its rocky passages. There is no less populated plane than Pandemonium, with only scattered pockets of mostly insane inhabitants, though the number of monstrous residents make up for the lack of sentients. Still, there’s a form of beauty that can be found nowhere else than Pandemonium, where the howling wind whips around you and you hear the conversations of the lost and dead, a chilling reminder that we all leave our mark in some way.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

Oppressive darkness, howling winds, and the threat of madness lurkin the maze of tunnels that make up the Windswept Depths of Pandemonium. Pandemonium, at the intersection of chaos and evil on the Great While, is similar in many ways to the Plane of Earth in the Inner Planes. Both are comprised largely of solid stone, with cavernous pockets and twisting tunnels cutting through the rock.

However, while the Plane of Earth has little natural light and still air, Pandemonium is filled with cacophonous winds and pitch blackness. No natural light exists in the Windswept Depths, and the driving wind snuffs out torches with ease – even magical light is dimmed and unreliable as some latent property of the plane inhibits all illumination.

The winds of Pandemonium are more than gentle breezes. They howl like a living thing, careening down and around through tunnels made smooth by the constant force of driving windstorm-strength gales. Talking and hearing are difficult anywhere on the plane, and the oppressive darkness makes vision unreliable as well. Every natural element of Pandemonium seems custom designed to isolate creatures and leave them feeling powerless and alone.

Madness is a constant threat on the plane, a madness driven by the constant howling of the wind, the chill air, and the sense of isolation brought on by the makeup of Pandemonium. Native creatures to the plane are usually deaf and blind, relying on supernatural or heightened senses to find prey, and demons are often found lurking in the darkness.

It is no wonder that Pandemonium is least populated of all the Outer Planes. There are only a few scattered points of civilization, and most of these are filled with desperate, huddled beings gone to madness from the nature of the plane. The largest population of people refer to themselves as the Banished, and they are the only native sentient beings. Humanoids of all types are found among their numbers and they share a simple trait – they have embraced the madness of Pandemonium. They are dangerous, disorganized, and unhinged, but they do know the tunnels better than any other.

Monsters of all types prowl in the darkness. These include the gloomgaunt, loathsome bat creatures at one with the shadows, and the giant olms, toxic albino

salamanders always on the lookout for fresh meat. Cave goats, giant blind star slugs, and fearsome monstrous insects all crawl in the darkness as well. The River Styx winds through the upper layer of Pandemonium on its tour of the Lower Planes, and many monsters hide in the waters, knowing that the river provides regular traffic into the otherwise desolate tunnels.

Pandemonium also hides dark and terrible secrets in its depths. The planar walls between the Outer Planes and the dangerous Far Realm are thinnest here, and many planar scholars point to the Far Realm as the source of Pandemonium’s wind and madness. Enormous creatures born of titanic nightmares ooze through the lower tunnels of Pandemonium’s depths, ancient entities from lost epochs beyond time and space. Some caves are filled with ruins of lost cities reminiscent of those found in the Plane of Ice belonging to the alien elder things, but in the Windswept Depths their ancient creations still roam the darkness.

Safety and comfort are nowhere to be found in Pandemonium, and travelers that let down their guard in the Windswept Depths invite madness and death. Nonetheless, there are treasures and wonders to be found across the cavernous layers. Exiled from the Plane of Faerie, the Queen of Air and Darkness rules from the Unseelie Court in a realm that offers far more insidious threats than the howling wind. Idols and obelisks dedicated to loathsome Far Realm entities can be found in far-removed places, offering hints to greater blasphemies just outside the planar borders that threaten more than just the miserable lives on Pandemonium. Cursed black diamonds, though rare and powerful, can be found under the right conditions in the darkest tunnels.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Pandemonium as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Pandemonium.

Maddening Wind. The constant, howling, driving wind that whistles through all of Pandemonium is inescapable. It drowns out sounds, making conversations difficult at best, and throws echoes around like a toy ball in the endless tunnels. In most places, this kind of constant distraction would eventually settle into the background, but the winds of Pandemonium are insidiously maddening and constantly change in subtle ways, throwing a traveler off balance with its nuanced howling.

Darkness, Paranoia, and Isolation. The darker is darker on Pandemonium and actively eats light, and even those with darkvision find their vision hampered by the cloying sticky feeling of the darkness. By strange contrast, tunnels and caves always seem closer than they appear, as if the entire plane were swallowing the person, and combined with the darkness and howling winds travelers find themselves isolated quickly. This isolation breeds rampant paranoia as sounds echo around strangely – voices carry from far away, whispering familiar names, and everyone has to squint to keep the wind from drying their eyeballs.

Nowhere to Hide. Pandemonium's windswept tunnels and caves feel strangely devoid of natural cover, and everywhere a traveler goes they get a feeling of naked vulnerability. The wind finds them no matter where they go on the plane. What else finds them? A feeling of unease pervades every moment along with the dreaded sense of being watched constantly from somewhere in the impenetrable darkness.

LAY OF THE LAND

The entire plane of Pandemonium is contained within an infinite solid mass of stone. This physical nature leads many planar scholars to theorize a link between the Plane of Earth and the Windswept Depths, but the idea is based on little actual evidence, and it certainly doesn't account for the constant, howling wind that blows through every single tunnel and cavern. No passage is devoid of the shrieking wind, and no natural light exists anywhere on the plane.

Pandemonium is divided into four layers, though the barriers between them are ill-defined at best. They are marked largely by the size and nature of the honeycombed tunnels, from the first layer Pandemos (with many large tunnels) to the lowest layer Agathion (absolutely no tunnels).

PANDESMOS

The top layer of Pandemonium contains the largest number of caves, some hundreds of miles wide, with the wind blowing constantly through it all. Some latent property in the stone on Pandemos makes gravity behave strangely – creatures and travelers can move along the floors, walls, and ceilings with equal ease. This spider climbing effect is detailed under Hazards & Phenomena. The River Styx winds through portions of Pandemos as well, creating an easy and navigable route into and out of the plane (though it too obeys its own gravity laws, and in the same cavern can flow up the wall, over the ceiling, and down the other side without spilling a drop).

One of the few permanent settlements on Pandemonium, Madhouse, sits in an enormous cave on this layer. Flickers of magical light dance in the crowded streets, winking in and out of existence, adding to the mysterious allure of the city.

COCYTUS

The tunnels of Pandemonium narrow considerably in Cocytus, creating more dangerous windstorms that bring death and madness. Much of this layer has the appearance of ancient worked stone, and some planar scholars believe the barriers between the multiverse and the alien Far Realm are weakest on Cocytus. The worked stone of the tunnels and caves may be remnants of Far Realm cities, and the titanic ruins of Shothra, a city of elder things, are tucked away somewhere. Unfortunately, the tunnels also carry the greatest number of loathsome slimy monsters, such as shoggoths, oozes, and other foul monsters.

PHLEGETHON

The caves and tunnels of Phlegethon are just as dark as the rest of Pandemonium, but they are accompanied by a persistent slimy wetness over all surfaces. Many caverns on Phlegethon hold stalactites and stalagmites of monstrous proportions, though no rivers or obvious explanation for the condensation have been found. The only other community of note on Pandemonium, Windglum, is found on Phlegethon, built around an enormous stalagmite.

AGATHION

The lowest layer of Pandemonium is referred to as Agathion, and here no tunnels are found. It is a locked layer of isolated cavernous pockets filled with stale air or dangerous void material, and perhaps entities and powers exiled from the rest of the multiverse. These pocket realms are accessible only through portals or by tunneling through the endless stone, though attempts at blinding digging into Agathion have resulted in numerous cave ins and sudden disappearances.

CYCLE OF TIME

There is nothing to mark the passage of time on any of Pandemonium's layers. The winds howl according to their own random schedule, and the darkness is omnipresent and perpetual. Inhabitants of Madhouse and Windglum develop their own methods of tracking time's march, ranging from wildly incoherent to grisly macabre.

SURVIVING

There are many threats to life, limb, and sanity throughout Pandemonium. The darkness is the most evident, followed quickly by the howling windstorms and constant isolation that drives travelers to madness. These effects are detailed more fully under Hazards and Phenomena.

GETTING THERE

The powerful winds that blow through Pandemonium have been known to gust strong enough to rip temporary gates through the planar barriers. Usually these lead to one of three places – the Plane of Air, the Plane of Earth, or the dangerously alien Far Realm. Thankfully, these gates are temporary and the breaches are often sealed before things crawl through, but not always.

Permanent portals to Pandemonium usually exist deep underground, and activating them often requires making some sort of loud noise. This can often draw unwanted attention so travelers looking to get to the Windswept Depths had better be prepared to face whatever wanders nearby when trying to find the right portal key.

The most reliable means of transportation into Pandemonium is via the River Styx. The blood-red waters wind through caverns, tunnels, and passages in a twisting, nonsensical pattern throughout Pandesmos, the top layer. Many of the monstrous predators lurking in Pandemonium's perpetual darkness have learned to watch the River Styx and its various tributaries for fresh food, though many merrenoloths have ply the river know a trick or two to keep the hungry beasts at bay.

Portals and gates that lead to Agathion can be found anywhere in the multiverse, but usually in out of the way or deliberately difficult places. Carceri may be famous as the dumping grounds of the multiverse for all manner of powerful entities, but Agathion's well-earned reputation for complete and desolate isolation makes it a perfect place to keep dangerous items and beings deemed to powerful to destroy.

TRAVELING AROUND

A traveler must be able to navigate through the tunnels of Pandemonium in darkness. Carrying a light of any kind is ill-advised, especially out in the meandering passages between the larger tunnels. The monsters that lurk across the plane are drawn instinctively towards light, and the howling winds make anything but magical light all but impossible to keep lit anyway.

Once the problem with sight is dealt with, a traveler needs to deal with the deafening noise of the wind. The effect is full detailed under Hazards & Phenomena under Cacophonous Wind, but the practical impact is that speaking and hearing are difficult at best and downright impossible at anything longer than close range. Shouting is the only way to be heard, though the driving wind means the native monsters have dulled senses of hearing so the increased noise shouldn't attract unwanted attention.

Beyond the darkness and the shrieking wind, madness and isolation must also be dealt with. Sanity is a fleeting thing in the Windswept Depths, and those that embrace the madness often find themselves lost and utterly hopeless in the eternal tunnels. There is no predictable factor in all of Pandemonium except for the absence of predictable factors, a conundrum lost on most travelers just trying to find their way in the darkness.

Most of the tunnels and passages are free of impediments, making actual travel the least problematic part of the plane. The top layer of Pandesmos has very wide tunnels big enough for flying ships and great winged beasts, and the trend continues through much of Cocytus with its strangely worked stone chambers and tunnels. Most of Phlegethon is not so wide, however, and many of its stone arteries are barely wide enough for humanoids to walk single file.



POWERFUL & MIGHTY

The darkness and isolation of the Windswept Depths of Pandemonium means there are very few natural resources to covet or fight over. The creatures and groups that have rose to prominence in such a desolate plane are the exiled, the imprisoned, and above all else, the insane. Travelers are advised to deal cautiously with any of them.

THE BANISHED

Despite the overall lack of habitation, Pandemonium does have native sentient inhabitants. They are descended from the first groups exiled to the Windswept Depths, and planar scholars refer to them as the Banished. They are not a large group, existing mostly in the communities of Madhouse on Pandesmos and Windglum on Phlegethon, and their mannerisms, customs, appearance, and beliefs vary wildly. Humans, elves, dwarves, tieflings, goblins, genasi, kenku, and many others are counted among the Banished, living together in very small groups within their cramped cities in the caves of Pandemonium.

The unifying factor among the Banished is a deeply etched madness imprinted on their very souls. They are wildly unpredictable and dangerous, with many displaying psychotic and paranoid tendencies that alienate family and outsiders alike. They are deeply distrustful of leadership figures, so the populations of Madhouse and Windglum recognize no authority and there is no central government or force to speak of. The Banished work independently, live independently, and deal with their own problems, ignoring the plight of anyone outside their immediate family.

Despite these shortcomings, most of the Banished can trace their ancestry back generations, and they are good at hoarding information. Many of them have gone out into the tunnels of Pandemonium on errands, quests, or simple walkabouts, and while some never return the ones that do keep records of what they've found and how to get to it. Perhaps due to their underlying madness, the howling winds that drive travelers insane seem not to affect the Banished, so they make useful guides. If they can be convinced to help, that is.

IBHOLTHEG THE SQUAMOUS TOAD

The barrier between the Far Realm and Pandemonium is dangerously thin, especially in the strange worked stone ruins of Cocytus. Nonetheless, it seems most of the greater Far Realm powers are confined to that distant plane – terribly alien beings such as Yog-Sothoth, Azathoth, and Nyarlathotep, names only whispered by maddened sages, degenerate philosophers, and deranged cultists. A few of their servitors have managed to cross, and arguably the most successful of these is Iboltheg, a horrendous monster also known as the Squamous Toad.

Iboltheg pierced the planar veil separating the Far Realm and entered Pandemonium generations ago. It established a worshipper base among the Banished and brought forth many monstrous allies, such as the gloomgaunt and blind croakers that now roam Pandemonium's tunnels. Idols still stand in caves honoring the god-like loathsome monster, but Iboltheg itself

was cast to an airless vacuum in Agathion by a group of powerful planar wizards who recognized the threat posed by the Squamous Toad.

Now, Iboltheg sits in the vacuum, largely cut off from its creations and worshippers, and the cult of the Squamous Toad has nearly collapsed. For those that seek it out, however, there are certain places holding idols of Iboltheg where the Squamous Toad's croaking whisper can still be heard. Its alien mind seems bent on opening the barrier fully to the Far Realm to release its loathsome kin, and thankfully to date its machinations have been thwarted. But for how long?

MASTER OF THE DIRE DIRGES

To some, the howling winds of Pandemonium are more than just shrieks and gusts in empty tunnels. Among the Banished in the settlements of Madhouse and Windglum, there are some who hear music within the piping winds. They are referred to as dire dirgists, and most respectable bardic colleges view them as unhinged lunatics, but they follow the teachings of an ancient bard known only as the Master of the Dire Dirges.

The Master of the Dire Dirges was the first to discover music within the winds of Pandemonium hundreds of years ago. He followed the music, sounds only he could hear, and traveled the caves and tunnels outside the small settlements on a pilgrimage in search of the music's source. He returned years later changed, and claimed he had found the symphony of Pandemonium. The Master of Dirges had returned as an undead lich with bardic skills, and he stayed in Madhouse for years, teaching disciples how to listen for and harness the winds of the plane. His music was referred to as the dire dirge and he wrote much of it down in a nearly incomprehensible tome called the Funeral's Lament.

Then, one day, the Master of the Dire Dirges disappeared. He's left a legacy of maniac bards in Madhouse who work to spread the music of the dire dirge across the multiverse, and copies of the lich-bard's Funeral's Lament have circulated among respected bardic colleges. Most view the theories as total nonsense, but to some, it has been a key to unlocking great potential. As an immortal undead, the Master of the Dire Dirges is likely still out there somewhere. But where? And what forced him to leave Madhouse?

QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS

The Plane of Faerie is largely ruled by powerful archfey beings of incredible age and importance. They are as different from one another as the seasons, and the courts they hold in their magnificent cities are both wondrous and dangerous to behold. Queen Titania sits at the head of the Court of Summer, and it was by her decision the other faerie courts came together to banish one among them from the Plane of Faerie forever. In this way, the Queen of Air and Darkness, a twisted and cunning faerie ruler, was cast out and sent to Pandemonium.

She rules the Gloaming Court in a massive cave on Pandemos, and by her will the winds blow or do not inside her realm's borders. The Queen is attended by thousands of groveling subjects, including a great number of fomorians who have defected from the Plane of Faerie in service to the Gloaming Court. Wicked sprites of all kind keep tabs on the events in the Feywild, spying and reporting on the actions of the other archfey courts. For her own part, the Queen of Air and Darkness still longs to return to her original home, and many of her diabolical schemes are designed to get enough of the archfey courts on her side to make a comeback.

Few people have seen the Queen of Air and Darkness in person. Her most loyal servants and confidants are twisted shadows of herself, powerful in their own right, which she can communicate through at will. The sycophants and petty nobles that occupy the Gloaming Court fight amongst themselves for scraps of respect and words of notice from their aloof Queen, but she finds their infighting keeps them sharp and only takes note of a noble or family when they become too important for their own good. It is a dangerous world where the madness of Pandemonium is the least threatening of all the problems.

SHORGRALLIS THE DEVOURER

Not all the inhabitants of Pandemonium are exiled. Shorgrallis the Devourer is an ancient black dragon with an unhealthy obsession with the lich Acererak, a powerfully evil being devoted to the consummation of souls from across the multiverse. Shorgrallis seeks to harness the same power, and while she respects the ancient lich's prowess, she believes it is her destiny to surpass his legacy and become one with the negative necrotic energy that fuels all undead beings.

Shorgrallis remains a living black dragon, however. She has spent her life gathering knowledge about the Negative Energy Plane and stealing from Acererak's secret hiding places. In a black chasm known as the Fetid Fissure, Shorgrallis devotes her time and energy to experimenting with death and the idea of a creature's living soul. She took the title Devourer out of both respect and defiance to Acererak, a split reason that reflects the black dragon's fracture psyche and unstable mental condition.

Shorgrallis has toyed with the idea of becoming a dracolich, but her natural incredibly long lifespan means she can enjoy the fruits of life longer without having to resort to bodily transformation into undeath. Within the Fetid Fissure, she tinkers with magical formula, working on a device to capture the souls of those that have died to fuel her manic desire for total control over life and death. She was inspired by Acererak's work in the Material Plane with the Soulmonger and seeks to create a similar device. Thankfully, her efforts thus far have proven to be failures, but Shorgrallis is nothing if not stubborn and tenacious.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

The things that lurk in the darkness of Pandemonium's endless tunnels and wind-filled caverns are dangerous predators well-adapted to their unique environment. Many of these are beasts, exaggerated from their Material Plane counterparts but largely recognizable, but more than a few defy easy categorization. Things have pushed through from the Far Realm into Pandemonium to slither, croak, crawl, and ooze, and they seem to hunger for life itself.

ABERRATIONS

The depths of Pandemonium are filled with horrible monsters that defy easy categorization. Many originate from holes in the plane that lead to the Far Realm, a place of utter madness and malevolent chaos, and these form the worst of the things that crawl and slither in the dark tunnels. Blind croakers hop on their grotesque parody of toad legs, serving cults of Ibboltheg and working to free their imprisoned master, while shoggoths are one of the most dangerous abominations in the multiverse.

Gloomgaunts are cowardly eldritch beings that travel in great packs amongst the elder ruins found on Cocytus, the second layer of Pandemonium, and mad slashers are strange whirling creatures capable of inflicting great damage with their claws while they hunt for fresh blood in the tunnels. The insect-like phargion roll around within their hard carapaces like great wheels, stopping only to cut victims before rolling away again. Star slugs attach themselves to vessels on the River Styx and use sticky goop to ensnare prey so that they can dissolve victims in their vast stomachs.

BEASTS

A handful of unusual beasts have adapted to the howling winds of Pandemonium. Most notably, cave goats who can spray freezing black ice at opponents and coat their territories with the slick stuff to protect themselves and their young. Olms are lizards found all over the caves and tunnels, and the giant olms serve as mounts for those mad or foolish enough to live in Pandemonium. Other creatures in the tunnels include a staggering variety of spiders and insects, most of which prey on lost travelers and each other for their meals.

FIENDS

Almost any fiend can be found in the depths of Pandemonium, especially in areas that draw travelers, such as Howler's Crag. Devils, demons, and yugoloths all traffic in the dark markets of Windglum and Madhouse as well, and some even find the maddening winds of the plane soothing. The most common fiend is one of the native species of Pandemonium, howlers, whose mind-breaking howl inspires fear amongst even the bravest of travelers. Great packs of them scour the tunnels looking for fresh meat, and they serve as effective hunting dogs for fiend lords across the Lower Planes.

HUMANOIDS

Anyone who chooses to live on Pandemonium is probably mad to begin with, and the driving wind and deep-seated madness is enough to push the rest over the edge into insanity. Each inhabitant experiences the madness of Pandemonium differently, but it persists for as long as they stay there. The towns of Madhouse and Windglum are populated by many types of humanoids from all across the multiverse – some are seeking something, while others are running away. Innocent is a word rarely used to describe anyone in these forlorn isolated towns, clinging to caves in the everlasting darkness.

Kenku. Long ago, kenku were servants of a greater power on another plane. Certain texts suggest they were scouts for the Wind Dukes of Aaqa on the Plane of Air, but regardless of their true identity, the kenku eventually betrayed their masters and punished. Their punishment removed their wings and stripped them of their creativity and voices, and they scattered across the planes. Many found Pandemonium and settled there in isolated flocks, where they learned to mimic the sound of the howling winds in order to communicate effectively with each other. Many kenku flocks now live in the caves of Pandemonium, serving as secret spymasters and assassins, rarely seen or heard, but keeping a constant eye on the events around them in order to take advantage of any perceived weakness.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The most striking feature of Pandemonium is its namesake – the wild, howling wind that creates a complete uproar of sound. The wind is dangerous and omnipresent, but there are other dangers to assail travelers as well. Unprepared visitors often end up gibbering in the tunnels, awaiting a swift death from the monstrous denizens that prowl the tunnels.

CACOPHONOUS WIND

The wind in Pandemonium is incredibly loud. The sound is more than just the howling zephyrs whipping through narrow tunnels, however. Tricks of the rock take voices, growls, and other sounds from all over the plane and toss them together in a wild, cacophonous vortex that is dispersed on the wind as easily as leaf.

The most immediate effect is that creatures must shout to be heard if they are within 30 feet, and all Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing suffer disadvantage within that range. Beyond 30 feet creatures are considered deafened. Spells or effects that inflict thunder damage only inflict half normal damage. In addition, finishing a long rest doesn't reduce a creature's exhaustion level unless the creature can somehow escape the winds. Ranged attacks suffer disadvantage.

MADNESS

Beyond the winds, Pandemonium inflicts madness upon visitors that quickly becomes debilitating. At the end of every short or long rest on the plane, non-native creatures must make a DC 14 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, the creature gains a level of exhaustion, but they can only gain one level of exhaustion from this effect.

Creatures that suffer from at least one level of exhaustion while taking a long rest on Pandemonium must roll 4d6. If the total of the roll is equal to or greater than their Intelligence score, they gain a random indefinite madness from the following table.

PANDEMONIUM MADNESS

1D10 PANDEMONIUM MADNESS

- 1 **Compulsive Liar.** "I must withhold the truth in even the most minor of situations."
- 2 **Dancing Mania.** "I must dance, that's the only way to keep the voices quiet!"
- 3 **Fear of Magic.** "Anything that might be magical, or those that practice it, are dangerous."
- 4 **Forgetful.** "I constantly forget details about plans or people."
- 5 **Greedy.** "I have a mighty need for that thing."
- 6 **Melancholy.** "Why bother even trying, it's all pointless."
- 7 **Mute.** "I refuse to talk, because that's how they find you."
- 8 **Selfish.** "I am only looking out for myself from now on."
- 9 **Suspicious.** "Everyone is trying to steal my precious equipment."
- 10 **Talker.** "I need to keep talking, it's the only thing that keeps me grounded."

This madness lasts until cured (as described in Chapter 8 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*), but it cannot be cured while the victim is on Pandemonium.

OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS

Darkness in Pandemonium is a black, consuming presence that creates a claustrophobic atmosphere in the already cramped tunnels and caves. Coupled with the wind, unprotected torches get blown out in one round after being lit, and even protected lanterns only last 1 minute before eventually being snuffed out. All light sources, regardless of source, are only half as effective on Pandemonium, and the darkness eventually consumes magical light as well. Usually these light sources extinguish at the worst possible moment for a group of travelers.

PANDEMONIUM WINDSTORM

Windstorms are a constant threat on all layers of Pandemonium, except for Agathion with its sealed caves. A windstorm can appear suddenly without warning, causing untold damage in an area, before dying down just as quickly. A typical Pandemonium windstorm lasts for 1d10 rounds with variable effects; roll on the below table to determine the exact threat posed by a particular windstorm. Rarely, a storm changes effects each round, known as a wild windstorm by the natives.

PANDEMONIUM WINDSTORM

1D10	WINDSTORM EFFECT
1	Flying pebbles and rocks inflict 9 (2d8) bludgeoning damage each round.
2	The temperature drops and ice chunks fly, inflicting 9 (2d8) cold damage each round.
3	Thunderous roaring accompanies the wind, inflicting 9 (2d8) thunder damage each round.
4	Swarms of tiny insects accompany the windstorm, inflicting 9 (2d8) piercing damage each round.
5	Dissonant screams mix with the howling wind, inflicting 9 (2d8) psychic damage each round.
6	Supernatural darkness envelops the area. Creatures are blinded while in the windstorm.
7-8	Each round creatures must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw or suffer from the <i>confusion</i> spell for 1 minute. Creatures suffer disadvantage on saving throws to end the effect.
9-10	The howling wind drives creatures to madness. Each round creatures must check for Madness as outlined above as if a long rest had passed.

The area affected by the windstorm is normally confined to a cave, but it can spread as far out as the DM needs.

PANDESAMOS SPIDER CLIMBING

The top layer of Pandemonium, Pandesmos, has an unusual effect on gravity. Any creature with a walking speed is able to walk along the walls and ceiling of the caves and tunnels without having to make an ability check. It has been observed that in some larger caves, it's possible to hang suspended in the absolute center, but this situations are rare. Normally objects and creatures fall towards the closest surface, meaning it's possible to jump up and land on the ceiling in some areas. The effect extends to buildings and natural features as well. The River Styx meanders through wide tunnels, moving up along walls and over ceilings, and some neighborhoods of Madhouse are on the ceiling of its cavern.

SITES & TREASURES

Pandemonium is the home of the desperate and exiled, and while it remains one of the least inhabited planes in the multiverse, it still holds fascinating sites and treasures to entice travelers. Most of these exist in isolated pockets, requiring careful navigation to find – or blind luck.

BLACK DIAMONDS

Some of the rugged tunnels of Pandemonium's third layer, Phlegethon, hold unusual veins of black crystals. Exposed to the howling winds, they are worn down over time, and rarely they produce a powerful item known simply as a black diamond. A black diamond ranges in size, but it is always absolute black and cold to the touch. It absorbs light in a similar manner to the consuming darkness of Pandemonium, and it corrupts those that hold it, inflicting them with a permanent madness that quickly descends into chaos and depravity.

The largest black diamond is known to be in the possession of the Queen of Air and Darkness in the Gloaming Court. It is widely believed that the object formed the crux of her fall from the Plane of Faerie and the courts of the archfey, or at least it was the catalyst that propelled her rapid descent. It also explains why she moved her Gloaming Court to Pandemonium in the first place. She has teams of dark faeries hunting for black diamonds at all times, and they have strict orders to return them to her personal palace if found.

The Queen of Air and Darkness then uses the black diamonds in her never-ending efforts to tear down Queen Titania's Court of Summer in a blaze of fiery ruin and destruction. She uses spies to place the dangerous items in the Plane of Faerie and across the multiverse, delighting in the corruption they spread.

BLIZZARD HALLS

The wind blows cold and frozen in the Blizzard Halls, a series of connected caves in a remote region of Pandesmos. Snow, ice, and wind billow around in the darkness of the caves, several of which measure more than a mile across, and the resulting drifts tower hundreds of feet tall. Several clans of deranged frost giants roam the Blizzard Halls along with their winter wolf pets, and they pay homage to a dark master known only as the Trickster.

The Trickster is said to have an invisible castle somewhere in the Blizzard Halls, and it is by its will the cold winds blow and the snowstorms rage. The frost giants hunt beasts that stumble into their territory, eating the meat raw and frozen, while mumbling to themselves about the whims and wiles of the Trickster. They believe anyone could be the Trickster in disguise, so they are careful upon meeting new visitors, but they are a suspicious and violent lot prone to bouts of savage violence.

One of the caves in the Blizzard Halls holds the icicle tombs of the frost giants' honored dead. Unfortunately, the dead don't stay dead for long, and this region has become plagued by frost giant zombies hungering for fresh life of any kind. Is this the work of the Trickster, testing the frost giants? The frost giants certainly think so, and they are careful to not disturb the snowdrifts when interring their recently fallen in the blackened tombs.

FETID FISSURE

A rank, foul odor spreads out from a yawning black chasm in Phlegethon's depths. This is the Fetid Fissure, a narrow gas-filled rent in the stone that extends for nearly a mile into the ground, and serves as the lair of the ancient black dragon Shorgrallis the Devourer. The great dragon's influence over the area creates thick carpets of swamp moss clinging to the sides of the fissure, an otherwise unknown feature in Pandemonium. Cave entrances riddle the sides as well, allowing Shorgrallis easy access to nearly any location in her lair.

Inside the larger caves, Shorgrallis keeps her most prized possessions, many related to the demilich Acererak and his obsession with control over souls from across the multiverse. Bones from winterwights, rubies and diamonds supposedly pulled from Acererak's physical form, and numerous other artifacts litter the rather modest hoard in the Fetid Fissure's deepest core. This is also where Shorgrallis is building her own Soulmonger from a large black diamond she wrestled away from the Queen of Air and Darkness, an incident that has created bitter enemies between the two powerful figures in Phlegethon.

Shorgrallis has a legion of undead servants at her command as well, including flocks of skeletal griffons she acquired after a foray into the Material Plane. Few are more than rudimentary undead monsters, but her skill at necromancy grows as her obsession with harvesting souls increases.

FUNERAL'S LAMENT

Most people view copies of Funeral's Lament as the mad ramblings of an unhinged bard gone too long in the Pandemonium winds. On a general theoretical level, it is a treatise on bardic magic designed to enchant, confuse, befuddle, and harness necrotic energy in a bard's repertoire, but the esoteric prose, complex musical calculations, and general attitude regarding the futility of existence itself makes utilizing the knowledge difficult and disturbing for most. Copies have circulated around bardic colleges across the multiverse, with most appearing without proper cataloguing or inventorying – they simply appeared.

The original is supposedly contained somewhere in Madhouse, in the former residence of the Master of the Dire Dirges who penned the rambling tome. Many devotees of the dire dirge have sought out the original copy as it is rumored to contain darker secrets the master kept out of the other copies, including secret formulae regarding utilizing the intersection of bardic magic and necromancy to transform oneself into an undead lich.

GIBBERING TUNNELS

There are many strange sites in Pandemonium, but one of the most disturbing is located in a stretch of Cocytus known as the Gibbering Tunnels. The wind that whistles through this network of narrow tubes carries an incoherent babbling that grates on the nerves, but the most unsettling part are the walls, floors, and ceilings. Instead of hard rock, the surrounding stone is dough-like, and undulates with the sound of the wild gibbering.

The region spawns a great number of gibbering mouthers, though exactly how or why is perhaps best left unknown. The creatures seem capable of moving through the surrounding stone like it was thick mud, appearing and reappearing in the walls and floor at will, quivering with their incoherent gibbering all the while. There are sections of the tunnels where eyes and mouths spontaneously appear, shouting in the same babbling tongue as the gibbering mouthers, but capable of swallowing up people whole. Where do such victims go? None have returned from the journey to say, and the Banished know to stay away from the Gibbering Tunnels at all costs.

GLOAMING COURT

Crystalline lights twinkle in the cavern ceiling in the Gloaming Court, home of the Queen of Air and Darkness and her twisted fey servants. While initially reminiscent of stars, these crystals have a cold distant quality about them, and do nothing but heighten the darkness and isolation of Pandemonium. These crystals drain hope away as they serve as a physical reminder of the unattainable dream of all fey creatures in the queen's exiled home.

Or at least that's the desired effect. Beneath those crystalline lights, the Gloaming Court stretches out in the gloom. Sprites, nymphs, grigs, and many other types of fey, all twisted into cruel mockeries of their former selves, live in hatred and solitude under the gloating eye of the Queen of Air and Darkness. Fear, cruelty, and naked ambition run rampant through the faerie citizens in the Gloaming Court, heightened by their queen's obsession with the destruction of the archfey courts in the Plane of Faerie.

The Gloaming Court itself is comprised of hundreds of stalactites and stalagmites that serve as the homes for the various fey residents. The Queen's home is a palace of black marble nearly invisible in the darkness, but those that go to visit rarely return unchanged. Petrified forests dot stretches of the massive cavern as well along with rivers of liquid sludge (minor tributaries from the River Styx on the first layer). The Pandemonium wind howls just as strong through the Gloaming Court, but most of the fey residents have become inured to its effects. Or were simply insane to begin with.



GROTTO OF THE GRINNING GOBLIN

One particularly broad cave in Pandemos holds a curious piece of statuary. On a raised dais in the center of this cave stands a 20-foot stone statue of a goblin, grinning from ear to ear, with a mischievous look on its rugged face. It is crudely carved with many out of proportion details, such as a wider head than normal and thick stumpy legs, but its likeness cannot be mistaken. No one knows who carved the statue or if it represents a petrified version of an oversized goblin enhanced with magic.

The Grinning Goblin serves as a landmark in the otherwise unremarkable wind-filled tunnels. It has also become the meeting point for a tribe of goblins who have stylized themselves as planar merchants. Known as the Grinning Goblin Company, these conniving, greedy merchants have worked out a strange system for buying and selling their wares, which range from the conventional to downright dangerous. Anyone that wishes to get in touch with them must get in touch with the Grinning Goblin statue – literally. Touching it and saying the name out loud summons a goblin merchant within one hour, usually laden down with a cart filled with rattling odds and ends.

The Grinning Goblin Company buys and sells all kinds of esoteric junk, and they come across many magical items in their travels. They're always looking for bargains, however, so travelers looking to deal with them must be prepared to haggle against expert negotiators. But some of the things in their collection are rare treasures, and even if they don't have a particular item, they'll probably have information on how to get it. For the right price, of course.

HOWLER'S CRAG

A jagged pile of stone sits at the center of Cocytus, though how an infinite plane could have a center is beyond the understanding of most travelers. The piled debris stands over 500 feet tall and consists of a mixture of natural rubble and worked stone blocks with no explanation for any of it. The rest of the cave that holds the pile shows no sign of destruction or having collapsed, giving rise to the belief that this was a fortress at some point. The lower reaches are riddled with tunnels and burrows, many connecting up to form a complex maze. Creatures of all types hide in those tunnels, from fiends to natural predators of Pandemonium, for this is Howler's Crag and it attracts a large amount of traffic for an otherwise desolate realm.

It is said that anything shouted from the top of Howler's Crag travels the length and breadth of the multiverse to find the ears of its intended recipient, no matter where they are or what barriers stand in the way. Even divine decrees can be violated by the shrieking winds of Howler's Crag, or so the rumors go, and these rumors have fueled a steady trickle of travelers coming to test the theory. Monsters of all kinds have learned this and wait in ambush around the base of the crag, lurking in the darkness, waiting to ambush unsuspecting archeologists, sages, diviners, and others that come seeking to send a message on the frigid wind.

IDOL OF THE SQUAMOUS TOAD

The largest physical remnant of the imprisoned elder deity Iboltheg squats in a distant tunnel on Cocytus, far removed from the most commonly traveled passages. This is the home of the Idol of the Squamous Toad, a great black stone representation of Iboltheg itself. The positively blasphemous form is enormous, over 100 feet tall, and the exact form shifts subtly under the gaze. Its general form is toad-like, with a broad flat head, oversized limbs, armored body, and five large eye sockets each set with a twinkling black sapphire of inestimable value. Blind croakers and gloomgaunts live in the shadow of the idol, trying desperately to release their master imprisoned in a vault in Agathion far below.

This idol is one of Iboltheg's only links to the world outside its stony prison. Through great effort it can reach out its mind to speak to its followers through the massive stone effigy. Its will is focused on escape, though the servants squawking and croaking in the cave have offered little to actual advance this goal. Cultists of Iboltheg seek out the Idol of the Squamous Toad to offer sacrifices and hear the words of their master, but these degenerate priests offer little more than supplication. Iboltheg yearns for freedom but the bonds of its prison remain firmly in place.

Smaller versions of the idol have circulated around the multiverse as the cult of the Squamous Toad spreads. They keep their allegiance secret for as long as possible for most civilized places view the insane goals of the cult as abhorrent and wholly unwanted. Is the cult destined to free Iboltheg? Or is the Squamous Toad forever bound to its Agathion prison?

MADHOUSE

Madhouse serves as one of the few points of civilization on Pandemonium, but it is by no means a safe place for travelers to visit. The cramped streets and buildings of Madhouse crowd over one another along the walls, floor, and ceiling of the cavern that holds it, with no real reprieve from the howling winds that eventually drive everyone mad.

There is no singular organization to Madhouse, so each building exhibits unique architectural and design qualities designed only to satiate the builder's appetite for applying order to chaos. Leaning towers, crumbling citadels, abandoned warehouses, and more line the crooked unpaved streets. Garbage and litter lay strewn

about everywhere, constantly blowing about in the frigid winds, and everyone keeps a close eye on themselves, their neighbors, and especially any strangers come to visit.

A few taverns and inns cater to outsiders, but many residents are deaf, insane, or both, so trust should be earned in Madhouse before freely given out. Poison masters, trappingsmiths, retired thieves, skilled assassins, burglars, and other larcenous types round out the population who otherwise mostly keep to themselves. No single authority rules Madhouse, though there have been attempts in the past to bring order to the town – these efforts seem doomed to fail at the outset, owing to the chaotic nature of Pandemonium and erratic behavior of the citizens.

MINDFIRE SANITORIUM

Madness is a cruel affliction that wastes the mind and robs people of their faculty, a fact few dispute, and the priests known as the Order of the Holy Mind have made it their crusade to cure the multiverse of madness. They work across the planes in small hospitals and sanitoriums, but their largest efforts are focused on a special facility in Pandemonium called the Mindfire Sanitorium. The clerics believe they have created a haven safe from the madness-inducing winds of the plane.

Unfortunately, they were only partially successful. The Mindfire Sanitorium does keep most of the howling winds out, but unfortunately the madness of Pandemonium rages on victims inside just the same. The clerics have become infected with the madness as well, many resorting to terrible acts in their crusade to cure everyone, and the upper echelons of the Order of the Holy Mind remain oblivious to the insanity spreading among their very own ranks.

The Mindfire Sanitorium sits in a cave on Pandemos not far from Madhouse. The stone walls are treated with a special luminescent power that makes the entire sprawling structure glow in the darkness, but for most that witness it the effect is more ominous than inspiring. The sanitorium is divided into wings with hundreds of rooms for the patients, and the clerics try to keep an ordered schedule of checkups, medicine, and divine magic. That's the idea at least, and the reality is that most of the clerics in resident at the Mindfire Sanitorium have lost their divine abilities completely. The divine "magic" they perform is nothing more than prayers and chants dedicated to a host of gods ranging from the benevolent to downright cruel. This is a place of heartache, despair, and terror, and few people admitted every get released.

RUINS OF SHOTHRA

Pandemonium's second layer, Cocytus, remains a befuddling mystery. Much of the layer contains passages, halls, and chambers of worked stone on an almost unbelievable scale, and there is evidence to suggest the titanic masonry was the result of Far Realm inhabitants pushing into the known multiverse. Very little remains of any definite proof outside of one remarkable site – a ruined city that has come to be known as Shothra.

The vast majority of Shothra's remnants stand in an enormous conical cavern, like an upside down pyramid, all converging to a single point in the center that leads to an unknown infinite pool of blackness. Terraced steps, strange geometric buildings, and crumbled archways fill the surrounding bowl-like depression, with evidence of water-filled canals running through much of the ruins. The streets were once paved but time has eroded much to broken masonry, and many of the interior buildings are crushed shadows of their former selves.

Shoggoths are a constant threat in Shothra, and the uncovered murals in the city tell a confusing story about its origin. It was built by the shoggoths at the direction of alien creatures known as elder things, and Shothra served as one of their main points of habitation in the known multiverse after they came from the Far Realm. Another site in the Plane of Ice is referenced though the relationship between the two is unknown, and whatever befell the elder things remains a mystery as well. Perhaps the shoggoths rose up in rebellion to tear down the buildings they built with their protoplasmic hands, or perhaps the elder things had to flee suddenly, leaving their grotesque servants behind.

The piping winds of Pandemonium tear loudly through all of Shothra, and the madness that descends upon mortal travelers to the area is deeper and more insidious than elsewhere on the plane. Within the borders of the ruined elder thing city, the Madness effect of Pandemonium has no limit to the number of exhaustion levels it can inflict, and the DC to resist it rises to 20. What treasures remain in the ruined city, waiting to be uncovered?

WEeping VAULT

The howling winds of Phlegethon are accompanied by a number of other sounds, such as dripping water and mournful wails, and near the Weeping Vault those sounds are reminiscent of hysterical sobbing. The Weeping Vault is a rare feature of Pandemonium – it was originally a sealed cave in Agathion before it was thrust suddenly and violently into Phlegethon, cracking it open and releasing its contents. The original vault was an enclosed in a steel box, and the shattered remnants of those walls mark the boundaries of the site now.

Inside was imprisoned a ghost of terrible power and reputation who threatened life on a grand scale. Centuries inside the vault on Agathion tempered its power but not its rage, and through some powerful ritual it was able to pull its prison out of the stony void and into Phlegethon. The walls split open and the torrent of rage from the imprisoned was released. However, by some cosmic power, that powerful creature's former victims kept it from regaining its former glory by forming a wall of wailing, crying spirits.

Few have ventured past the crying ghosts that keep the perimeter of the Weeping Vault to find out what lay inside. Cultists of Ibboltheg, interested in freeing their master, have been the most interested in learning about how the Agathion prison was pushed to Phlegethon, but the ghostly guardians have proved troublesome to deal with. What dwells inside the Weeping Vault now? How long can the crying spirits keep dark forces inside and out?

WINDGLUM

Suspicion and greed mark the inhabitants of Windglum, a city of Banished in a great pillared cavern in Phlegethon's deep depths. Squat buildings surround the stony columns that support the ceiling, and the people live in isolation and fear. Fear from what? From one another, from the monsters that lurk in the tunnels, from the threat of the Far Realm, from cultists, but mainly fear from an authoritarian power called the Order of Lords that rules over Windglum. And in this case, the Order of Lords literally rules over the city – the Citadel of Lords is built from a connected series of fortifications built into the cavern's ceiling.

The Order of Lords is a mysterious, masked group that largely take a hands-off approach to Windglum. They occasionally send their armored knights in black plate armor to patrol the city or crackdown on a particularly loud rabble-rouser, but for the most part these legions are devoted to protecting the interests of the Order of Lords. Their exact interests are vague, however, and few in the city have actually dealt directly with them. All manner of fiends and other creatures have been seen coming and going into and out of the Citadel of Lords though.

Goods and services can be found in Windglum at about twice going rate, or three times going rate for outsiders. They manufacture little and very few merchant companies make the journey through Pandemonium to reach the remote settlement. The ones that do deal directly with the Order of Lords who "confiscate" certain items before letting merchant caravans in to sell their stuff to the general stores and markets of Windglum.

Windglum does have one popular spot for planar travelers – the Scaly Dog Inn. It's always been the spot the locals direct outsiders to, forcibly at times, and for a long time the Scaly Dog had a deserved reputation as a haven for rogues, thieves, murderers, and cutthroats. It is currently owned and operated by an exiled githyanki warrior named Gimcrack who has tried to turn the Scaly Dog's reputation around and cater to the adventurers and travelers that come to Windglum ahead of expeditions deeper into Pandemonium. Gimcrack has worked to upgrade many of the inn's amenities and it's staffed with transients since the local population won't have anything to do with it. Rumors persist that there's a connection to the famous World Serpent Inn somewhere in the Scaly Dog and Gimcrack is determined to find it and exploit it. But it's just a rumor so far.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Pandemonium has a well-earned reputation as being a nasty, dangerous place. The winds, the darkness, and the madness creates a trifecta of threats that can send even a prepared band of adventurers into an early grave. However, through these troubles, adventure abounds throughout the tunnels and caves of the Windswept Depths. Sometimes it even comes out looking.

Tribe of the Gibbering Wind. A tribe of goblins near a remote settlement dig into the earth and inadvertently open a portal to Pandemonium. The wild winds drive the goblins insane, who fall to their baser nature and start opening attacking the settlement. The characters are asked to investigate the goblins, who were always a nuisance but never attacked so brazenly, and then must find a way to close the Pandemonium portal while dealing with its effects themselves.

Mine of Madness. In the Underdark tunnels, mad slashers pour out of a spontaneous gate to Pandemonium, creating havoc for a band of dwarven miners. The miners need help, and the characters are nearby so the dwarves ask for assistance. The swarm of mad slashers dance and twirl around before suddenly the gate opens wider, spilling out wild cacophonous winds and the madness of Pandemonium. The gate can only be closed from the other side, however, leaving the characters with a difficult choice.

Glow of the Black Diamond. One of the characters, ideally an elf or half-elf, becomes the target of a darkling from the Gloaming Court carrying a black diamond. The darkling slips the item into the character's bag before disappearing, and the evil item becomes to pulsate with an evil dark glow. The characters can track the darkling down to its hideout where it is revealed to be an agent of the Queen of Air and Darkness, and it flees to the remote plane for safety. Do the characters follow? How many other black diamonds have been delivered?

Rambling of the Mad Sage. The characters learn that a respected sage traveled to Madhouse in Pandemonium in search of ancient esoteric knowledge. The sage hasn't been heard from, and the characters are tasked with finding him. They find him in a flophouse in Madhouse, insane almost beyond recognition, and the characters are the only hope for finding the cure to the man's insanity. A trip to the Mindfire Sanitorium reveals mad priests and inmates but also the formulae for restoring the sage's malady.

Slime of the Shoggoth. While visiting Windglum, the characters are asked to help deal with a dangerous foe in the tunnels – a shoggoth has been sighted nearby. The Order of Lords locks the city down in an effort to deter the grotesque abomination but it comes anyway, and the characters are the only ones with the capability of defeating the Far Realm horror. What is it after? What drove the shoggoth to Windglum?



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 Pandemonium. Two tables are provided – one for general wilderness encounters, and one for adding random flavor to the few settled regions (Madhouse and Windglum specifically). 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.

PANDEMONIUM

1D100	PANDEMONIUM ENCOUNTER
01-05	A swarm of regular-sized olm near a dry riverbed
06-10	Four mad slashers on the trail of a wounded creature
11-15	A star slug on the ceiling that drops down, sensing food
16-20	A pack of permanently deafened quaggoth gone mad with hunger
21-25	Several phargion rolling in their curled up form through the tunnels
26-30	A malevolent flock of gloomgaunts
31-35	Two cave goats near their icy lair
36-40	Mad cultists (acolytes) trying to dig up an eldritch artifact
41-45	Darkling spies of the Queen of Air and Darkness
46-50	An enraged cyclops blinded by some horror
51-55	Unstable ground suggesting a gibbering moulder nearby
56-60	The perch of a blind croaker
61-65	A group of giant olms on the prowl
66-70	A pair of blindheim eating carrion
71-75	Several vrocks looking for an easy meal
76-80	A blue slaad enjoying a windstorm
81-85	A shoggoth sensing nearby intelligent creatures
86-90	A pack of howlers running through the tunnels
91-98	Pandemonium Windstorm
99-00	Pandemonium Wild Windstorm

MADHOUSE/WINDGLUM

1D100	MADHOUSE/WINDGLUM ENCOUNTER
01-10	A dwarven assassin openly lying about everything
11-20	A knight in full plate armor dancing constantly in the street to ward off evil spirits
21-30	A band of bandits accusing everyone of being “full of bad magic!”
31-40	An elven mage that has forgotten where they were and what they were doing
41-50	A priest clutching their gold bag to their chest
51-60	A bard slumped in an alley, lamenting the pointlessness of existence
61-70	A dragonborn gladiator that believes talking is how the gremlins get inside your head
71-80	Acolytes of a Far Realm god proselytizing on a street corner
81-90	A druid who whispers feverishly to a potted plant
91-99	A pair of gnome nobles who talk endlessly (annoyingly) with anyone and everyone
00	A dragon polymorphed to look like a humanoid enjoying the sights and sounds

HEROIC DOMAINS OF YSGARD

“Shouts, songs, and the ringing of steel resound across the rugged realms of Ysgard, a plane of thrilling victory, agonizing defeat, and little in between. This is the home of warriors and heroes who continually test their personal mettle against a vast array of elements, including nature itself, all watched over by very petty powers known as the Aesir. Everything on Ysgard in grand in scope, including the egos of the inhabitants, but there is a wild electric thrill in the air that gets the heart pumping. Nothing stands still here, even the dead, and only in the throes of frenetic action does anyone find serenity.”

Emirikol the Chaotic

Valor and bravery are the ideological pillars that support everything in the Heroic Domains of Ysgard. And how does one prove valor and bravery? Through combat, of course, or so believes the dominant powers of Ysgard, and the battlefields of the plane are thick with armies trying to prove their worth in the eyes of their godly peers.

Ysgard could be easily mistaken for a Material Plane, especially the top layer, but everything is on an epic scale. Mountains soar into the veil of clouds, hiding dangerous secrets in their roots, and bitter winds blow across mighty fjords, ice plains, titanic rivers, and ancient forests. The seasons are as sharp as any blade, changing seemingly at random between scorching summers, crisp autumns, bleak winters, and flourishing springs.

The top layer shares the name as the plane, and it is comprised of countless continents floating in an infinite sky. These break up the realms into grand islands, and smaller pieces known as earthbergs float and crash into one another constantly. It's not as inherently violent as the clanging cubes of Acheron, but the movement still underscores an air of conflict that permeates the very fabric of Ysgard.

The underside of each floating island and earthberg rages with crimson fire, providing a flaming ceiling for the layer of Muspelheim. Here, refugees from the Plane of Fire mingle with the glory-obsessed natives among rivers of earth between an infinite inferno sea. Sharp volcanic rocks jut from the land at irregular intervals, occasionally moving among the lava floes, and everywhere is baked by an excessive heat not unlike the Plane of Fire. Below Muspelheim, the layer of Nidavellir sits in an infinite underground expanse with broad caves and tunnels crisscrossing the length.

Ysgard is the home of heroes and villains on a grand scale, and the native celestial creatures meet that scale on every level. The celestials are known as jotuns, and they resemble giants – slightly smaller in stature, though with the capability of growing larger, they embody the virtues and vices of Ysgard. Many are good-natured warriors, but some are black-hearted creatures who delight in destruction, mischief, and mayhem.

The floating earthbergs of the first layer are home to a wide variety of warriors, many of whom died glorious or valorous deaths across the planes and have come to Ysgard as their final reward. The most numerous residents are the vanir, who have built a strong warrior culture in grand feasthalls, honoring a legion of powers known as the Aesir. The Aesir are immensely powerful but supremely petty gods that include Odin, Frigg, Thor, and Balder. They mettle constantly in the affairs of the vanir and wage wars with one another to prove their strength over all others.

Elves can also be found in Ysgard, living in a wild enchanted forest known as Alfheim, and dwarves and gnomes dwell in the depths of Nidavellir. The cavernous lowest layer of the plane also holds duergar and drow, beings normally associated with evil purposes, but in Nidavellir they mostly want to be left alone. Rarely they organize raids on neighboring kingdoms but for the most part the peace of solitude and isolation reigns in the lowest layer.

Most residents of Ysgard skew towards good alignments, but they have a ritualistic fascination with battle, war, and conflict. They must prove themselves, whether to the Aesir or other powers, and to be found worthy on the field of battle is the greatest honor. Wars rage between large clans regularly, and they also have the formidable monsters that dwell in the wilderness to deal with. A rampaging hildisvini, or battle swine, can decimate a clan hall if left unchecked, but to kill one is not an evil act – it is a triumph of personal glory over the dangers of the wilderness.

Ysgard is a dangerous place for the unprepared, but for those willing to stand up in combat, whether it be against a foe in a practice ring or against a horde of gibbering trolls, glory can be found along with the rich rewards of personal honor and bravery before incalculable odds. Death is rarely the end of a person's journey in Ysgard, thus creating a never-ending cycle of birth, valor, death, and rebirth that fuels the plane and keeps the residents moving.

HIGHLIGHTS & IMPRESSIONS

The below listings include notes on highlighting the nature of Ysgard as characters explore and travel through it. These are suggestions of elements that can be used in descriptions of the landscape and denizens with the goal of actualizing the “outside” nature of the multiverse beyond the Material Plane. Use them to incorporate into encounters and adventures on Ysgard.

Heroic Proportions. The sweeping majestic earthbergs that soar through the azure skies, the windswept fields of lush grass, the ancient forests resting on the slopes of snow-capped mountains – all of these visions and more fill Ysgard with a powerful sense that everything here is designed for heroic proportions. Each moment could be pulled from a bard's song about brave heroes facing impossible odds for glory or love, and the feeling of a sudden swelling of triumphant music fills the air.

Extreme! Nothing is small or unnoticed on Ysgard, from the vegetation to the actions of the inhabitants. Everything takes on an extreme state, as if the plane itself were naturally encouraging the kind of heroic struggles that skalds and bards sing about in the mead halls across the earthbergs. A well-placed flash of lightning or a rumble from the heart of a mountain all help to heighten these extreme sensations.

Competitive Life. Ysgard is a plane filled with a vibrant vitality that sings in the blood and encourages competition with other creatures. Often times, this competition turns violent, but combat feels like a natural extension of the hero's journey, and the plane rewards those that fall in combat by reviving them the next day as if nothing had happened. The inhabitants challenge one another over the smallest of things, constantly seeking to prove their mettle in whatever way they can, and outsiders often find themselves swept up in these events, turning them from passive onlookers to engaged participants in the blink of an eye.

LAY OF THE LAND

Ysgard is a plane larger than life itself, and the landscape reflects that. Everything is bigger and on a grander scale across the layers, from the majestic mountains and chilly glaciers atop floating continents to the raging sea of fire topped with obsidian shards to the isolated underground tunnels and caverns filled with mystery and danger. Visitors are often caught off-guard by the sheer scope of Ysgard, and it can be incredibly daunting for the unprepared.

YSGARD

The top layer shares its name with the plane itself, and contains the vast majority of the heroic domains Ysgard is known for. The domains here are titanic earthbergs floating amidst clouds and brilliant skies, each topped with grand scenery that is both breathtakingly beautiful and starkly dangerous. Forests, mountains, swamps, and more can be found here, but there always seems to be something of grand importance about each one. A range of mountains may have been carved from the sword of an Aesir-born hero, while a forest holds a tree that has stood untouched for thousands of years.

Navigating around the earthbergs of Ysgard can be tricky. One clan of warriors are known as the Sky Vikings, and they build great longships capable of soaring on the winds. Other clans simply wait for an earthberg to collide and then join in battle against whomever is on the other side. The spirits of the honored dead, einherjar, are capable of carrying a large number of warriors across the sky as well.

MUSPELHEIM

The bottom side of each Ysgardian earthberg is a crimson field of spouting flames. This provides the ceiling to Muspelheim, the realm below the earthbergs, and it shares many traits with the Plane of Fire. Rivers of earth run through an infinite sea of moving, shifting lava, and titanic shards of obsidian rise up regularly to pierce the reddened sky. Fire giants, smolder jotun, and numerous creatures of fire and brimstone occupy Muspelheim, and while it is largely inhospitable it isn't necessarily evil.

Many jotuns maintain enormous forges in Muspelheim using ore mined from the floating earthbergs or dug up from Nidavellir below. The largest of these is the massive complex called the Brimstone Forge, where jotuns of all kind come to craft mighty weapons and armor.

NIDAVELLIR

Nidavellir is a dark, cavernous realm below the burning landscape of Muspelheim. It is a vast ocean of stone, and like an ocean waves rise up and down, shifting the landscape in ways both small and dramatic. Countless tunnels cut through the earthen sea of Nidavellir, serving as roads between the isolated homes of dwarves, gnomes, drow, duergar, and other underground creatures. Exiled forlorn jotun wander the tunnels as well, angry and alone.

One of the great themes of Nidavellir is self-sufficiency. The residents pride themselves on never asking for help from outsiders, though that doesn't mean they don't need it from time to time. Possessing stubborn pride is a point of honor for the natives, and even if they do accept help they offer little in terms of rewards or congratulations.

CYCLE OF TIME

Ysgard is a plane of wild, chaotic cycles. Without intervention, on the first layer, day and night shift in roughly 12 hour intervals, with a sun rising up from Muspelheim before descending and being replaced by a massive moon rising up from Nidavellir. However, the Aesir and other powerful beings are capable of altering this cycle, which happens on a regular basis.

Seasons come and go with the same alarming frequency, though usually lasting a few days at least before shifting per the whim of a powerful deity somewhere on Ysgard. It becomes a game of push-and-pull for the gods of Ysgard, with each deity expressing their personal seasonal preference in a jockeying battle for dominance.

Muspelheim and Nidavellir are much more stable. A reddish glow fills the skies of Muspelheim at all times, becoming more intense with the rising and falling of the sun, and the shifting stone sea of Nidavellir sees neither day nor night in its underground state.

SURVIVING

Though bigger and more violent than most Material Planes, the top layer of Ysgard is not especially hostile to life. Falling off an earthberg can be a problem, however – the descent plunges the victim into the lava sea of Muspelheim after falling for several miles, a journey resulting in instant death except through powerful intervention.



Muspelheim's fiery landscape is sweltering but doesn't inflict damage by itself. The exception is the rising and falling of the sun from the lava lake, a process that takes roughly an hour and inflicts 35 (10d6) fire damage per minute to exposed creatures across the layer. The local giants and jotun consider this the peak of the day and do everything they can to be outside during the fiery window.

GETTING THERE

Spontaneous gates frequently appear across the multiverse leading to Ysgard in places of great military conflicts. The crescendo clashing of mighty armies on a sunbaked field can suddenly throw warriors from all sides tumbling to a similar field on Ysgard, and these temporary gates usually only last a brief moment. Particularly impactful battlefields, the ones that saw the death of a great hero or the triumph of lesser forces over a mighty foe, can sometimes create permanent portals as well, and these are frequently accessed by personal items of soldiers that participated in those momentous battles.

Ysgard is also the home of Yggdrasil the World Tree, an enormous ash tree whose roots spread out from a hidden earthberg across the multiverse itself. The roots form tunnels that pass through the planar borders, finding exit points in many Upper Planes and Material Planes. Usually these appear in a cavernous opening below a particularly ancient ash tree, accessible only by speaking the name Yggdrasil in the Celestial language.

Yggdrasil's main root complexes spread between the three layers of Ysgard and also connects to Pandemonium, where many of jotuns spend a great deal of time (especially the laughing jotuns who keep their secrets far from the prying eyes of the Aesir).

TRAVELING AROUND

The difficulties in traveling around Ysgard are entirely dependent upon which layer is being traversed and how familiar the traveler is with the secret functions of the plane. On the top layer, movement on an individual earthberg is unimpeded, but to travel between them requires flight of some kind (or passage on one of the sky viking longships and other vessels that ply the skies).

Far below the earthbergs of Ysgard sits the fiery landscape of Muspelheim, a simple enough (if dangerous) journey of simply going down for several miles. The lava floes between the earth rivers that wind through the molten realms can sometimes buck and heave, tossing travelers into the burning sea and inflicting 35 (10d6) fire damage per round of exposure. Otherwise most of the earthen rivers are safe enough, winding between the titanic shards of obsidian pushed up like great ice floes.

The tunnels of Nidavellir seem the safest, but these have a tendency to expand and contract like the veins of a great living organism. The earth in this layer acts more like a sea of stone, usually still but occasionally rocked by a wave that pushes, pulls, collapses, and expands tunnels in its wake. The dwarves, drow, and other residents magically protect their individual realms from the worst of the shifts, but creatures and travelers out in the wilds of Nidavellir had best be cautious.

Yggdrasil the World Tree is the worst kept secret for navigating around Ysgard. The roots of the World Tree spread out across the multiverse, but its branches reach to all layers of Ysgard. They are normally invisible, ascending into a strange light-filled void before descending back to the plane, and they can be a confusing maze to navigate. The jotuns have a sixth sense regarding the branches and seem able to use it to quickly move around anywhere on Ysgard, and the Aesir know the paths that lead to the earthbergs important to them. The information is jealously guarded, however, and they rarely share the paths between themselves.

POWERFUL & MIGHTY

There are many powerful beings on Ysgard who stand larger than life. They are usually arrogant and difficult to deal with, but they wield tremendous influence over their personal realms – and some, like the Aesir, can even control the weather and day/night cycles of the plane.

THE AESIR

The Aesir are a collection of squabbling gods and goddesses that claim to rule over much of Ysgard. They speak in grand terms, but in truth their powers outside their personal realms are as limited as any other deity. They are led by Odin, a one-eyed warrior-poet god, who sired enough of the other Aesir that he is referred to as the Allfather. Each Aesir holds sway over an aspect of life on Ysgard, and they are worshipped as a pantheon by the local people known as the vanir.

The Aesir are far more involved in the lives and machinations of the vanir than they probably ought to be, and this personal involvement and their own demonstration of relatable hubris puts them on a lower level than most other gods across the multiverse. Their realm of Asgard is an idyllic, majestic place that sees frequent visitors from many people, and likewise the powers of Asgard travel regularly to the other earthbergs on quests, journeys, and pilgrimages. They clash, argue, fight, bicker, love, and laugh in larger than life terms, perfectly exemplifying the grand scale of Ysgard itself.

The relationship between the Aesir and the Jotundrott (rules of the jotun celestials) remains strained, however. The jotuns, who believe themselves to be the original inhabitants of Ysgard, resent the prideful way the Aesir move about the land. For their part, the Aesir see the jotun as nothing more than relics of a past age that should be swept aside to make room for the new powers. One member of the Jotundrott, Loki, was meant to be a bridge between the two, but the trickster son of Odin and Queen Fastvi of the laughing jotun has proven to be a headache for all involved. The forces of the Aesir and the Jotundrott frequently clash across all three layers of Ysgard.

JOTUNDROTT

The jotuns are the native celestials of Ysgard, just as the guardinals are natives of Elysium and the archons are natives of Mount Celestial. In their natural form, the jotuns are larger than humans but smaller than giants, but they possess the magical ability to increase or decrease their size at will. They are ruled over by the Jotundrott, powerful kings and queens who embody the best and worst traits of each type. The Jotundrott try to keep up good relations with the gods of the giants across the multiverse, such as Thrym of the frost giants and Surtur of the fire giants, but most of their focus is on maintaining their positions of power in Ysgard.

The jotuns are less interested in the balance of good and evil than they are in their personal stakes on Ysgard, so their outlooks cover the alignment spectrum more than archons and guardinals. The Jotundrott reflect this as well. Descriptions of the most prominent Jotundrott can be found below, but there are more than this, and they each have their own personal agendas and motivations that make them tricky to deal with from an outsider perspective.

Asulf. It is said that the melodic voice of Asulf, greatest among the splendid jotuns, can bring even the Aesir to tears with his heartfelt songs. He is a melancholic jotun, wandering lonely through the earthbergs of Ysgard, forever pining for a lost love that he has never been able to find.

Dagfinn. Among the bitter jotuns who relish in the ice and cold, Dagfinn is the largest and most boisterous. Despite the cruel reputation of the bitter jotuns, Dagfinn is jovial and outgoing, though his icy heart is often warmed by his insatiable lust for battle. He encourages frost giants to mingle with the bitter jotuns to create a more powerful warrior race but his efforts have largely fallen on deaf ears, and he is renown for a lust for treasure that nearly overshadows his battle fever.

Fastvi. The most powerful of the Jotundrott from the ranks of the laughing jotun is Queen Fastvi, a particularly nasty celestial with a mean streak and a hateful attitude. She is the mother of Loki, a half-breed trickster godling whose father is Odin the Allfather, but she has disavowed everything done by her treacherous child.

Hrefna. There is no louder or crazier smolder jotun in all of Muspelheim than Hrefna. She is a vicious celestial who wields an enormous axe forged from a single shard of obsidian slag, and she delights in wading into battle swinging it to and fro, felling all before her. Hrefna's unprovoked attacks on the Aesir, as well as fire giants and other jotuns, has earned her no friends, but she does lead a wild band of berserker smolder jotuns who share in her zeal for battle.

Sigvor. Charming, likeable, and beautiful, Sigvor is the pinnacle of everything a jotun strives to be – just ask her. She is a shining representative of the glorious jotuns and she shares mead and food with them at every possible opportunity. Her skill in battle is without equal, and her charm is legendary, but Sigvor refuses to be tied down to any one man, woman, jotun, or god. She lives a carefree life of valor, glory, and legendary deeds, and she inspires everyone around her to the same lofty ideals.

Uglubathr. Uglubathr is the oldest and wisest of the forlorn jotuns, and many believe he is the first to have fallen from the ranks of the other celestials to dwell in isolation in the caves of Nidavellir. Others have followed in his wake, but Uglubathr cares not for them or the troubles of the “surface worlds” as he calls them. His cavernous lair is sealed off from other passages and he has befriended many earth elementals to serve as guardians.

THE NORNS

The Aesir may be arrogant and brutish and self-centered, but they all bow to one rigid fact – fate is dictated by the Norns. The Norns is a group of powerful beings, hags mostly, who both interpret and control the whims of fate itself. They are an enigmatic collection of supremely resourceful and knowledgeable beings, handing out visions of past and future to whomever comes to visit in the mysterious Cave of Prophecy.

The influence of the Norns stretches across Ysgard, and their words are heeded by the gods of the Aesir, the jotuns, and everyone in between. Warriors and skalds seek out the Cave of Prophecy to learn what fate has in store for them, while the mighty jotuns seek an edge in their never-ending war with the Aesir. The Norns stand above all of the petty squabbles of Ysgard, doling out words for any worthy enough to find their secret lair. The secret is that the Norns do not actually dwell in the Cave of Prophecy – the waters in the still lake inside the cave provide a conduit to the Norns’ true location, which remains a mystery.

Sometimes, a member of the Norns goes rogue and favors one side or another in a grand conflict. These situations rarely stay secret for long, and numerous members have been cast out of the Norns by their sisters for meddling too much in the affairs of the multiverse. Some say that the coven of hags that created the yugoloths on Hades so long ago were cast off members of the Norns.

RAINBOW VALKYRIES OF BIFROST

Valkyries across Ysgard are held in high regard for their supreme battle prowess, great wisdom, and courage under the most extreme circumstances. They are skilled warriors, with many individual races of both male and female making up their numbers. The most renown group of them are the Rainbow Valkyries of Bifrost, a legendary band of female knights and paladins sworn to defend the Rainbow Bridge of Bifrost with their lives.

The Aesir of Asgard use the Rainbow Valkyries on numerous missions across the multiverse, and the force is often regarded as the Aesir ambassadors in distant lands. They ride pegasus mounts born and bred in a special field below the Bifrost, and train to uphold the tenets of justice, truth, mercy, and honor. Currently, Sanma of the Golden Horn leads the Rainbow Valkyries. She is a breathtakingly beautiful human woman who has attained immortal status in recognition of her valiant deeds in service to the Aesir and the Bifrost. Sanma personally leads many missions, especially ones into the Lower Planes to deal swift and brutal judgment on fiends who have overstepped their limits in the eyes of the Aesir.

A Rainbow Valkyries that falls outside of Ysgard is forbidden from being resurrected. Their body is returned to Asgard and interred in the entrance chambers within the mighty Hall of Valhalla, where it becomes a stone statue, forever watching over the resting dead that have been laid there.

SKALDS OF THE HIGH HALLS

An individual’s skill in battle is held in highest regard on Ysgard, but there are few witnesses around to see even the most glorious sights in the middle of a combat. It’s the warrior’s job to perform the deeds, but it falls to the skalds to spread the word and raise up the deed to legendary status. Skalds are fearsome barbarians with a talent for spreading stories and singing songs, and they function as gossipers and newsmongers for all of Ysgard. The most famous band of skalds are those of the High Halls of the Valiant, who have loosely organized themselves in order to see the greatest events as they unfold.

The skalds of the High Halls are not just relegated to seeing and singing about great deeds, however. They are capable warriors in their own right, and by ancient decree of the Aesir they cannot tell a falsehood, so the people of Ysgard know the words of the High Hall skalds are true and to be believed. They sing of mighty feats of strength, courage, honor, and bravery on and off the field of battle, and often the subject of their stories are themselves. Legendary acts follow these skalds like a hungry dog, and they are happy to feed it scraps to keep it hungry and begging for more.

Perhaps the greatest skald in the history of the High Halls is Thorkell Skallaggrim, a massive bearded man with an enormous sword and a beautiful voice. Thorkell has sung many ballads for kings, queens, gods, and mortals, and he has lived well over 500 years, traveling across the length and breadth of Ysgard. As long as he continues to perform and sing of great deeds, age does not catch up with him, and Thorkell is happy to teach the younger generations of skalds the secret to his power.

SKY VIKINGS OF NOATUN

Vanir clans across Ysgard pillage and plunder their neighbors on daring raids that result in fearsome battles across the picturesque landscapes of clashing earthbergs. Warriors that specialize in these raids are known as vikings among the vanir, but traveling the gaps between the floating islands can prove tricky. Some vikings rely on the transportation capabilities of their undead ancestors, but most simply wait for the earthbergs to collide before they can seize the opportunity and raid greater and greater settlements.

The Sky Vikings of Noatun do not wait, however. In the massive shipyard of Noatun, these industrious raiders and master shipbuilders craft longships that are specially enchanted to sail on the air between the earthbergs. The exact nature of the enchantment isn't known – certainly non-enchanted ships and other vehicles simply plummet the great length to Muspelheim far below if they go off the edge of an earthberg. The Sky Vikings guard this secret well and they are each piloted by a barbarian viking who harnesses the power of storms and lightning, which most believe to be the ultimate source of the flying longships.

The Sky Vikings are renown across Ysgard are warriors without fear or mercy, and they have raided jotun citadels, vanir settlements, Aesir temples, and a host of other nearly untouchable sites. They swoop in, anchor down, rush out in a furious charge, and then steal as much stuff as they can haul away back to their longships. They then return to Noatun and deposit their stolen goods in a communal treasure cache. The Sky Vikings are led by the violent and temperamental Jarl Hallmund Byrnjolf, an steel-bearded barbarian with a good eye for precious goods.

TROLL CLANS OF YSGARD

Trolls are very common across all the layers of Ysgard. They are only loosely organized, gathering in small clans, and most skew towards neutral rather than evil alignments. Their natural regeneration abilities coupled with the enhanced healing of the plane makes them practically immortal, and even their traditional weaknesses of fire and acid are reduced across Ysgard.

The troll clans are largely ignored by the Aesir and the jotuns, and they are just as often on friendly terms with neighboring vanir holds as they are bitter enemies. Some of the more prominent groups include Clan Cliffblood, Clan Dreamrage, Clan Dawnchewer, and Clan Foresthell, all imposing names translated roughly from the guttural troll language. Many clans include trollkin members as well – offspring of a troll and a human, with greenish skin, pronounced features, and a natural regeneration ability. Most trollkin are considered abominations by their human parents and find refuge only in the troll clans. Clan Greenwatch is troll clan completely comprised of trollkin members.

Visitors to Ysgard should treat cautiously with trolls in any encounter. They are more civilized than their savage brethren in swamps and the like, but they are still formidable fights capable of horrific violence if provoked. Most want to be left alone, though a few are aggressive and seek to claim vanir territory. But is this any different than the vanir who raid one another for the same? The trolls don't think so, but to most vanir, ancient prejudices mark the trolls as horrible monsters to be feared and killed rather than empathized with.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Monsters of all kinds populate the scattered lands of Ysgard. Many are advanced versions of mortal creatures, though a few – such as the boar-like hildisvini – have taken on such monstrous proportions that they have become deadly monsters in their own right. The celestial natives of Ysgard, the jotuns, mingle regularly with giants and fight the Aesir for supremacy over the entire plane.

CELESTIALS

As an Upper Plane, Ysgard holds a large number of celestials, but the ones that come to the Heroic Domains from elsewhere are beings that enjoy confrontation and challenge. Guardinals frequently come to Ysgard from Elysium to gather warriors on their quests to stamp out evil, and they find plenty of willing volunteers among the earthbergs. Archons from Mount Celestia generally find the wild, unorganized competitive spirit of Ysgard jarring and rarely remain for long if a mission requires them to go in the first place, though many fell forces seep into the plane to take hold over the giants and other powerful denizens.

Lillends are serpentine-like celestials that indulge artistic fancies and love to inspire mortal creatures to create breathtaking pieces of beauty using all manner of tools. They are a rare inhabitant of Ysgard that avoids confrontation so they generally back away from any fight, though some find the dance of battle an inspiring art and one worthy to encourage others to perfect.

Jotuns. Jotuns are the original celestial inhabitants of Ysgard. They are wild and unpredictable with a powerful range of emotions that physically change their appearance and abilities on a regular basis. They also possess the ability to increase or decrease their size at will, from man-sized to as large as a giant, and they use this talent to intimidate, trick, or take advantage of situations. Since the arrival of the Aesir, however, the jotuns have been pushed off as the dominant force on Ysgard, but they have been fighting to regain their dominance ever since. Jotuns are on good terms with most giants though they hate trolls with a reckless abandonment.

GIANTS

It isn't exactly clear how long giants have been on Ysgard, but it is widely believed by planar sages that the jotuns were the ones that invited the lumbering behemoths to the plane in the first place. Many jotuns look to the gods of the giants, such as Surtur or Thrym, as kindred spirits, and many frost and fire giants can be found amongst Muspelheim and the earthbergs of Ysgard serving under the leadership of powerful jotun warlords. On the Material Plane, these types of giants are typically wicked and seek to end lesser civilizations, but on Ysgard their attitudes are more nuanced. They love combat and can really throw their weight around, but just as many friendly frost and fire giants exist in the Heroic Domains as cruel ones.

Trolls are common, but the individual clans are just as capable of evil deeds as good ones, similar to the giants. They often simply want to be left alone with their families on their homes and generally reject the war cries of the vanir and other raiders across the earthbergs of Ysgard.

HUMANOIDS

Most humanoids on Ysgard are members of the vanir who worship the Aesir as gods and rulers. The vanir are raiders and barbarians with a zest for life in all its forms – fighting, drinking, even dying they do with a song on their lips to honor the fantastic powers of the Aesir. Most of the vanir are humans by simple happenstance, but many clans of elves and dwarves are counted among them, along with more than a few dragonborn.

Elves. Elves have lived on Ysgard for as long as the Aesir, and most believe they accompanied Odin and the other gods on their voyage to the plane originally. The elves carved out their own realm, Alfheim, and most that dwell there have the abilities of wild elves though they are taller than normal with fair skin and blonde hair. Svartflheim has a large population of drow elves, but these are not ones tainted by Lolth the Spider queen. Instead, these drow simply want to be left alone after they split from Alfheim under mysterious circumstances long ago.

Minotaurs. No one really knows when the minotaurs came to Ysgard, but they are a powerful force now. They are not part of the vanir and owe no allegiance to the jotuns, but instead seem to serve as wildcard warriors who cause mayhem and chaos wherever they go. They ride griffons and hippogriffs into battle, charging with wild cries to attack any moving foe, before leaving just as quickly as they arrived. They have a number of small outposts hidden on the underside of some earthbergs, in the bed of searing coals and bursting flames, where they are protected by powerful magic.

UNDEAD

For a plane where death in battle is rewarding with resurrection the next day, the presence of undead beings on Ysgard may seem out of sync with the rest of the plane. When a jotun dies under dishonorable circumstances, their celestial soul shrivels and their body transforms into an undead monster called a draugr, and these black-hearted creatures are a scourge to every living thing wherever they go. On the flip side, those vanir that prove themselves as true and worthy warriors in the eyes of the Aesir may be granted new purpose when they by being elevated into einherjar. The ranks of these honorable dead are filled with great leaders, warriors, even poets and skalds, who often help out the vanir as guides to greater glories on Ysgard.



HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

There is a vibrancy infused into the very fabric of Ysgard that helps to heighten the splendor and grandeur of the plane's natural wonders. Rugged mountains, ancient forests, soaring earthbergs, and more are all filled with latent underlying energy, like a thunderstorm about to break. Some planar scholars have theorized Ysgard shares a border with the Positive Energy Plane, and many of the plane's features would suggest this to be true.

BERSERKER FURY

The Aesir have been known to grant warriors a boon in the midst of combat when they call out for aid under the right circumstances. The exact details of these circumstances are not well understood, and the fickle gods of the Aesir are consistent only in their inconsistency. Those chosen, however, receive a powerful boon known as the Berserker Fury.

For the length of the combat, a warrior gifted with Berserker Fury gains resistance to bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage. They also gain a bonus to damage rolls with melee weapon attacks equal to their level or Hit Dice. Creatures under the effect of the Berserker Fury are so possessed with a furious blood rage that they cannot make ability checks, though they gain advantage on all saving throws as well. When the combat is over and there are no more foes to fight, the recipient of the Berserker Fury gains 5 levels of exhaustion as it leaves their body. Those under the effects of the Berserker Fury do not gain the benefits of the Heroic Rebirth trait outlined below.

It is thought that new einherjar are formed when a warrior imbued with the Berserker Fury dies in combat, since they are not rebirthed like regular warriors upon death.

HEROIC REBIRTH AND RECOVERY

Battle is a way of life in the Heroic Domains of Ysgard, but death in battle is a mere inconvenience for most. Any creature, other than a construct or undead, that is killed by a weapon attack while engaging in combat on Ysgard is restored to life at dawn the next day. The creature has all hit points restored, and all conditions and afflictions it suffered before its death are removed.

In addition, any creature making death saving throws gains advantage on the death saving throw. If the result of the roll is 15 or higher, the creature awakens with 1 hit point exactly as if they had rolled a natural 20 on their death saving throw.

There are circumstances where the Heroic Rebirth does not occur. Creatures slain by assassination are not restored to life, and the residents of Ysgard consider assassination the tool of the cowardly and dishonorable. Dying by natural causes, or by hazards, also does not qualify, and most spells cause permanent death as well.

SITES & TREASURES

From the earthbergs of Ysgard to the molten landscape of Muspelheim and the deep caverns of Nidavellir, the Heroic Domains have much to offer adventurers and heroes looking to prove their mettle in a realm of epic proportions. Ancient tombs, enormous drinking halls, foreboding forests, and more await the brave and adventurous on Ysgard.

ALFHEIM

The earthberg of Alfheim is the home of a large population of elves that dwell in ancient forests, serene meadows, and even below the ground. Alfheim includes both mortal elves, such as wood elves and high elves, along with the near-immortal eladrin. It is a place of great beauty, joy, and happiness, where the very air is suffused with the simple pleasures of a life untamed. Great houses are built into, through, and above the ancient trees, and it is said there are no locked doors in Alfheim. Visitors are greeted with open arms and there's always a celebration going on somewhere.

Alfheim is ruled by King Aetharess and Queen Loraless, both eladrin elves of breathtaking beauty and wisdom. They have ruled the realm for countless centuries, and truly their reign seems to have no sign of ending anytime soon. They were the ones that led the charges against the jotuns to clear Alfheim originally and they signed the peace accords with the Aesir, recognizing Alfheim as a true and independent place, free from the influence of Odin and his troupe of gods. Unusually, the pair have no children, and there is no set precedent in place for what would happen if one or both of them were to step down from Alfheim's rulership.

There are a few smaller settlements on the edges of Alfheim's earthberg that see raiding activity from sky vikings and longships from neighboring vanir villages, but these rarely result in bloodshed. King Aetharess and Queen Loraless see these incidents as the natural form of trade in Ysgard and treat them with a light touch and a kind heart, at least for those raiders that come and do not slaughter mercilessly. In such a rare occurrence of needless bloodshed, the full power of Alfheim has been unleashed, with elven skyriders born on war griffons launching out from the interior forests with deadly aim and powerful spells.

ASGARD

Asgard stands as one of the most important individual realms on Ysgard, as it serves as the home for the Aesir. The earthberg that holds Asgard is surrounded by a wall of brilliant light that blinds any who come close without special invitation. Beyond the light wall sits the godly realm of Odin the All-Father, a magnificent golden palace overlooking a sweeping majestic vista of almost incomprehensible beauty. Each of the gods of the Aesir keeps their personal homes as a shining beacon of utter perfection, at least from their own perspective, but beneath it all beats a dark and violent heart.

Led by Odin, the Aesir have constructed a gilded façade over a brutal history of blood war and betrayal. They came to Ysgard long ago and fought the jotuns for control over the earthbergs, eventually pushing the celestial natives out of many places and declaring themselves the rightful rulers. The Aesir then worked to erase the culture of the jotuns everywhere they could, from their temples to their ancestral burial chambers, and establish themselves as the original and true powers of Ysgard. Thousands and thousands of mortals were brought in to populate Ysgard, and these vanir saw the Aesir as benefactors and the jotuns as savages.

Asgard stands as the physical manifestation of these cultural genocide. It was once the seat of the greatest lords of the Jotundrott, the rulers of the jotuns, but it was usurped by Odin and his kin in a brutal battle that nearly wiped out the earthberg entirely. It is said that Odin's golden palace was constructed over the treasure chambers of the jotun high king, but that the secrets of the celestial's greatest treasures remains locked away from Odin to this very day.

The gods of the Aesir often travel across the layers of Ysgard on various journeys and missions. They tend to be a very petty group, interested in maintaining their own lofty positions, and they uses mortals across the plane as pawns in their great games. Sometimes, mortals are invited to the home of one of the gods to talk, drink, eat, and mingle with the powerful Aesir, but whatever niceties they offer hides a deeper and more secret motive.

BIFROST THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Some believe there is a higher layer of Ysgard, far above the earthbergs and sky vikings, wherein dwells the truth of existence itself. Or something along those lines, as the stories of the ultimate reward vary as much as the tellers that spread them. If there is any truth to the rumors of this mythical higher layer, it may lie at the end of the Rainbow Bridge, known as the Bifrost, which sits in the center of Asgard, the realm of the Aesir.

The Rainbow Bridge itself predates the arrival of the Aesir and is believed by some planar scholars to have been a bridge between many of the Upper Planes utilized by the celestial jotuns. Or, it may hide the final resting place of celestials themselves, a kind of resting place where souls of powerful outsider beings can go to rest away from the day-to-day struggles of everyday existence across the multiverse. The Aesir took Asgard partly to understand the power behind the Bifrost, and their control over the Rainbow Bridge has been absolute since the jotuns retreated. One of their own, Heimdall, was put in charge of the Bifrost, and he commands an elite unit of powerful warriors known as the Rainbow Valkyries to defend it and champion its ultimate purpose.

The Bifrost is a nearly translucent, prismatic span of solid rainbow that extends into the lofty skies above Asgard. An impenetrable barrier surrounds the Rainbow Bridge completely except for its entrance, which is guarded by Heimdall himself. What lies at the end of the Bifrost? The truth isn't exactly known, even by the Aesir, though it is known that Heimdall has been there and returned. The highest ranks of the Rainbow Valkyries have been there as well, suggesting it's a place that can be visited and returned from. Is it an idyllic paradise in the Positive Energy Plane? A secret layer of Ysgard? Or something else entirely?

CATHEDRAL OF BRIMSTONE

The fiery layer of Muspelheim is filled with great heaving seas of lava cut through with "rivers" of solid earth that form the most common routes of transportation. Common stops along these earthen rivers are the forges of the fire giants and smolder jotuns, who harness the power of the surrounding magma to power titanic factories designed to heat metal in the course of weapon and armor creation. The largest and most impressive of these sites is the Cathedral of Brimstone, a titanic structure that towers a mile high and holds the greatest number of smolder jotuns in all of Ysgard.

Most of the Cathedral of Brimstone is dedicated to forging, and the lowest layers are where the greatest work is done in this regard. Hundreds of fire-resistant creatures from across the multiverse come to the site to study under the great forge masters at the cathedral, most of which are smolder jotuns of great age and experience. Fire giants, azers, salamanders, genasi, and many other types come to the Cathedral to study and perfect the craft of forging, working with rare metals found in abundance in the underground realm of Nidavellir. Gorgeous weapons and armor are produced in the Cathedral of Brimstone, that are eventually sold or given to the warriors in the realms above or sold in the great planar marketplaces of the multiverse.

The undisputed lord of the Cathedral of Brimstone is Audbjorg, a smolder jotun queen responsible for creating many of Ysgard's greatest tools of war. She rarely leaves her personal chambers in the cathedral's top-most level, living an isolated life of quiet rage, attended only by massive iron golems of her own making. Audbjorg had been known to come down to the lowest levels of the forge in surprise inspections, viewing the works of her lessers and providing words of encouragement, but those visits ceased over 1,000 years ago when some calamity befell her family.

CAVE OF PROPHECY

The heaving, twisting tunnels of Nidavellir are renown for hiding secrets, but one of the worst kept secrets is a mythical place called the Cave of Prophecy. This large water-filled cavern constantly shifts in location, moving like a bubble in the massive earthen sea that fills Nidavellir. Many have sought it, however, as it is the only known place to reach the enigmatic Norns – ancient beings who deal in prophecy and fate like a charlatan deals in cards.

The Norns have a troublesome habit of appearing in the courts of kings, queens, lords, ladies, and commoners alike, dispensing their prophecy and disappearing without any explanation, but in the Cave of Prophecy a supplicant can actually converse with them and learn more about their mysterious proclamations. Finding the cave is only the first trial, for any who wish to converse with the Norns must submerge into the life-draining waters in the deathly still lake and then survive long enough to reach the fate witches. In the middle ground between life and death the Norns appear, but a strong will and body is necessary to surface after spending time in that void between existence.

DEN OF THE LAUGHING ROGUE

Ysgard is well-known for its warriors and great feats of strength and bravery, but there is a sneaky underside to it that some do not realize exists. Thieves and rogues with a strong sense of courage, men and women who face death itself with a smile on their face and a laugh on their lips, who toast to the daring deeds of the bold and stupid with cups of wine and sing songs of their own end. These are the sounds that can be heard in the Den of the Laughing Rogue, a grand and sprawling mansion of mishmash architectural styles standing atop the largest subterranean system in the earthbergs of Ysgard.

The master of the Den of the Laughing Rogue is a mystery, but most believe them to be an ancient god of thieves and luck. Though the occupants of the den are rakish and clever, acts of malice and outright assassination are strictly forbidden. Here is a place to share stories, to hear rumors, spend wealth on wine and entertainment, and sleep it off till the next morning with a headache, an empty coinpurse, and a headful of bleary memories. Servants of the Laughing Rogue's master wear twisted masks of black and white, and are capable of reducing difficult guests to paralyzing fits of laughter with just a glance.

Below the den is a vast system of caves and tunnels where the best thieves store their greatest treasures. Hidden vaults, devious traps, magical contraptions, powerful guardians, and more all lurk in those fearsome tunnels, whose only guard is the voice of reason telling would-be thieves to stay back lest they fall victim to a fate worse than death.

GLACIER OF DAGFINN

Dagfinn is one of the most renowned of the bitter jotuns. His deeds in combat are legendary, but stories of his great lust for plunder and treasure eclipse them all. Any treasure Dagfinn claims is transported to a secret earthberg in Ysgard that holds a single, titanic glacier, and in that depths the bitter jotun hides his most valuable possessions.

Dagfinn himself is a bitter jotun with a boisterous nature and a good-hearted laugh. He thrills at the prospect of combat, but it's the glittering prize at the end that seems to hold his attention more than anything else. Gold, jewelry, magic, all are treasures to be claimed and then secreted away at his hidden glacier. There, he spends days looking fondly over his hard-won gains, which include rare and powerful artifacts from across Ysgard. Dagfinn has been known to raid outside of Ysgard as well, so there are at least a few items from across the multiverse in his personal treasure sanctum as well.



When he isn't there, the powerful bitter jotun leaves a retinue of dangerous beasts to guard his treasures. Fierce remorhazes, enslaved abominable yetis, and even a few bound draugr are all rumored to protect the secrets contained within the Glacier of Dagfinn. Prospective treasure hunters are warned to be on their guard.

GOL KALDUHR

Nidavellir is a vast, subterranean realm of unusually moving stone, creating shifting tunnels between the various sites. There are only a few permanent stable locations in all of the underground layer, and the dwarven city of Gol Kalduhr is one of the best known and most impressive. The entire city is built out of one enormous stalagmite, nearly a mile high, with dozens and dozens of levels filled with dwarves and a fair number of gnomes all contained within an elongated narrow cavern. The most prominent dwarven clans and the most numerous are the duergar dwarves, but unlike many other gray dwarf settlements, cruelty and malice have little place in Gol Kalduhr. A large of svirfneblin gnomes are among the population as well, and the entire structure has a feeling of isolation that suits the inhabitants just fine.

Gol Kalduhr is ruled currently by Queen Tishma Hammerbreaker, the duergar matron of Clan Hammerbreaker, the most influential family in the entire city. She is an aged dwarf who has seen much hardship and suffering in her days, and that experience has hardened her heart against the wonders of the outside world. Tough dwarven soldiers ride giant bats on patrol outside of Gol Kalduhr, and the main gates on the cavern's floor level are well-guarded against intruders.

Inside the stalagmite, Gol Kalduhr is a cold, depressing place. By some trick of the cave, all fires are transformed into blue flames, creating an eerie azure luminescence throughout the halls and chambers of Gol Kalduhr. There is little joy found inside, however, and the pale blue lights reflect a kind of malaise that has settled into the souls of all the inhabitants. They defend their home with vigorous zeal but there is little for the dwarves and gnomes to live for beyond simply existing for another day.

HALL OF VALHALLA

Asgard is the shining, splendid home of the Aesir on Ysgard, and it stands as a symbol of their might and glory. In the caves beneath the glittering palaces and beautiful homes of the gods sits the realm of the honored dead, a place held sacred by Aesir and vanir alike – the Hall of Valhalla. Here is where the physical bodies of fallen warriors, kings, and legends are interred in a series of complex tombs and catacombs, all watched over by faithful einherjar.

There are only two known entrances into the Hall of Valhalla. The first is directly from Asgard above it, but this way, known as the Path of the Dead, is guarded by Hel, a singularly powerful deity of death who actually dwells on the plane of Hades. She keeps an avatar on the Path of the Dead, and the only ones that are supposed to travel that way are the members of the Aesir, and even they must be accompanied by Hel herself.

The other way is through an immense set of golden doors known as the Gates of Valhalla. This entrance is located on the underside of Asgard, in a field of burning embers and spouting flames that fill the underside of all of Ysgard's earthbergs. Valkyries astride pegasus carry the bodies of dead warriors and kings to the Gates of Valhalla where they are given over to the einherjar charged with watching over the interred bodies. Few living creatures have seen inside the Hall of Valhalla, but there are stories that say some great heroes have managed to pass through the Gates of Valhalla to the interior on quests to ask questions of their fallen ancestors.

HIMINBORG

The hub of travel in all of Ysgard is Himinborg, a sprawling city of transients, travelers, and strangers. There are only a few permanent residents in all of the city, and these are members of a single vanir family that have taken an oath to maintain Himinborg as a neutral space for all who come seeking aid or information. The muddy streets see a lot of traffic, and the inns and taverns take in a lot of strangers, but no one stays here for long. It is a waypoint to every other destination in Ysgard, or so it is said, and it also holds a large number of well-documented gates to other places across the multiverse.

Himinborg is ruled by vassals of Heimdall, one of the Aesir, and the one charged with protecting the Bifrost from all intruders. Heimdall rarely travels to Himinborg but he has a number of trusted appointees that run the place in his stead. The soldiers of the city are all volunteers from across the plane, many of whom who chose to serve in Himinborg rather than face banishment, imprisonment, or a dishonorable death. The earthberg Himinborg rests upon is a fair distance from Asgard, but the agents of the Aesir are always active in the city, and the Aesir themselves have been known to come to Himinborg as a stopover point along their way to greater destinations.

Goods and services can be found in Himinborg at regular rates, since a large number of merchant caravans come and go from the city regularly, but the most renown crafters are those that work with horns. Drinking or hunting, horns crafted by the masters of Himinborg are carved from oxen, bull, and other exotic creatures, and are often decorated with runic symbols honoring members of the Aesir. More than a few are magical in nature as well.

LAKE OF LEAD

Muspelheim is a roiling realm of magma and fire, with rivers of earth cutting through the molten landscape like a vast unending snake. The only known liquid on the layer is the Lake of Lead, a sea of melted metal many miles wide, with a bad reputation. Cruel and vicious smolder jotuns have made a habit of drowning victims in the Lake of Lead, creating grotesque statues that adorn many of their homes along the unusual lakeshore.

The source of the Lake of Lead is believed to be a never-ending vein of iron ore constantly being pushed up from Nidavellir by the powerful forces that shape and reshape the underground layer. Most of the lake itself is sludge-like in consistency, but a few places, especially nearer towards the center, are more liquid, and a person could actually swim through it if they didn't need to breathe and could withstand the punishing temperature. There are ancient smolder jotun legends that say a great city of the jotuns once stood in the center of the Lake of Lead, but that some great calamity laid it low. Perhaps its ruins can still be found by someone brave or foolish enough to risk the hot, bubbling metal.

PLAIN OF IDA

When a warrior wishes to prove their worth outside of direct combat, they head towards the Plain of Ida. This vast, open field is where countless vanir clans gather regularly to drink, share stories, and most importantly, hold contests to determine who is the best among them in a wide variety of activities. Hunting, shooting, running, jumping, swimming, climbing, and more are all tested on the Plain of Ida, but there is no bloodshed allowed on the plain by ancient decree.

Wine and mead flow freely at all times, and most days hold some smaller contests between feuding clans and families that have gathered to settle their differences outside of combat. There are a few massive events that can attract crowds of thousands from across Ysgard. These are the Festival Days, and there are four that rotate with the seasons. Each is hosted by the Aesir who try to put aside their petty squabbles and come together to watch a week's worth of games and contests. All are welcome to participate but anyone less than the best is quickly weeded out by the grueling schedule.

RINGS OF THE NORNS

The Norns are powerful fate witches known for interfering in the lives of mortals and gods on Ysgard. Their influence is great, and even the Aesir fear their prophecies, but there is something even the influential witches fear – the Rings of the Norns. These seemingly innocuous magical trinkets appear as normal copper rings, but they are intertwined with the fate of the Norns themselves. Possessing one allows the wear to manipulate fate and luck in powerful ways, but doing so marks the wearer and ties them forever to the machinations of the Norns.

No one is really sure how many Rings of the Norns exist. Some believe there are only nine, while others say there could be an infinite number. They appear suddenly in the strangest of places, and heroes and villains alike have sought them out in order to control the fate-warping powers they bestow. The curse that binds the wearer to the Norns is more subtle, but the fate witches have vast resources at their disposal to deal with those that abuse the power of their items.

Did the Norns craft the rings? No one knows for sure, and the fate witches themselves don't seem to be possessed of any skill that would suggest they created the powerful items. There are stories that say the dwarves of Gol Kalduhr actually created the rings as a way to punish the Norns, and it is said the only way to be rid of the curse for wearing it is to die or defeat one of the Norns. Perhaps the dwarves of Gol Kalduhr know of other methods of ridding the bearer of the item.

SHIPYARD OF NOATUN

Noatun is an unusual earthberg in a plane of unusual wonders. The trees that grow in the interior forest of this earthberg are known as soarwood, which are rare but found in other places in the multiverse. Vessels crafted from soarwood actually float on the air by some latent magical properties, and the forests of Noatun are filled with the unusual trees. Some enterprising vanir discovered this generations ago, and they built a vast shipyard and surrounding city in order to support the largest and most mobile force in Ysgard – the Sky Vikings of Noatun.

The shipyard where the soarwood longships are built is a large facility with hundreds of diligent crafters working countless hours in joyful spirit to build a single longship. The sky vikings that use them to raid across Ysgard treat the crafters with respect, but they are prisoners – most of them don't care, however. Their "captors" allow them a lot of flexibility and leeway in how they spend their time outside the shipyard, and several generations have lived and died without ever feeling threatened by their sky viking masters.

The leadership of Noatun keep the best longships for themselves, but they actually sell their flying ships through a trading company called the Sky Merchants of Noatun. The Sky Merchants are strictly forbidden from selling ships on Ysgard, but their wares are known in such faraway markets as Calypso on the Plane of Air and many Material Plane cities. The cost is high for their ships, but they are all handcrafted by the finest shipbuilders of Ysgard.

SPIRE OF SURTUR

Smolder jotuns see Surtur, the god of fire giants, as a kindred spirit, and most see him as a distant cousin of their own distant ancestry. Fire giants and smolder jotuns work closely together on many projects, but the most striking symbol of their eternal alliance is the Spire of Surtur on Muspelheim. A thin needle of black stone rising from a heaving lava flow, the Spire of Surtur is hollow inside and occupied by a large number of fire giant maidens who are devoted priests of the fire giant god.

There is an ancient ritual honored by both smolder jotuns and fire giants where a young male jotun or giant can impress one of the maidens and earn their favor for marriage in the spire by braving the dangers outside. It is known as the Wedding Spire for just this reason by the local fire giants, and many of them have sought outside help in their endeavors. However, outsiders that aid in these raids on the Spire of Surtur usually end up, for the fire giant god is cruel and merciless, and the maidens that worship inside are just as vicious.

SVARTALFHEIM

Drow are widely recognized across the multiverse for their cruelty, though many planar scholars point to the direct influence of Lolth the Spider Queen as the source for this malevolence. The best example that has been offered for this theory is Svartalfheim, a subterranean realm in Nidavellir populated by drow elves that shun the evil practices of their kin in favor of isolationism and solitude.

No one would accuse the drow of Svartalfheim as being kind, but they take no pleasure in inflicting pain or suffering on others, and they have been known to take in lost strangers that fall near their borders in Nidavellir. The drow still organize by familial houses under the guidance and rulership of matron mothers, but without the influence of the demon queen Lolth, they enact policies meant to hide their realm from the outside world and develop their self-reliance practices. They rarely trade, though there is an oblique channel of communication between the drow of Svartalfheim and the dwarves of Gol Kalduhr (messenger slugs travel through small narrow tunnels between the two cities, a slow if dependable means of communication).

The fortunes of the drow houses in Svartalfheim rise and fall like the families in any city, but rarely do they prey on each other or act out of sheer malevolence. They still have to deal with aggressive monsters in Nidavellir, and degenerate tribes of savage ogres are a constant threat, along with small bands of vicious forlorn jotuns. Monsters lurk in the darkness of Nidavellir, so the drow must be on their guard, and they've found the best defense is to make sure no one can find their homeland. So far, their strategy has worked out well.

YGGDRASIL THE WORLD TREE

On a remote earthberg floating in the sky of Ysgard sits a singularly unique feature in all of the multiverse. Yggdrasil, known as the World Tree, is a monstrously huge oak tree whose branches reach up into a thickly clouded ceiling beyond which the vast distances of Ysgard shrink and rearrange to suit the twisting branches' paths. Each branch ends up on a different earthberg, usually in a forest with a thick cloud constantly hanging overhead, allowing for quick travel throughout Ysgard.

The branches are only part of the strange wonder of Yggdrasil. Below ground, the roots are wide and unusually hollow, and through these natural tunnels a traveler can travel to other earthbergs, Muspelheim, Nidavellir, and even beyond the planar boundaries of Ysgard. Some of the roots extend into Hades and Pandemonium, and some go even further than that, creating a confusing maze of interplanar pathways hidden from most eyes.

Unfortunately, both the branches and roots of Yggdrasil are confounding to navigate. Travelers wishing to traverse them safely are suggested to look for the dryads of the World Tree, who can offer aid and guidance in exchange for small trinkets or favors. Dark things dwell in Yggdrasil as well, such as evil blights twisted by a nearness to a negative energy well, along with darker and more foul beasts. But for those in a hurry and without other means of planar transportation, Yggdrasil offers an option that is better than none.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The perils and adventures found across Ysgard are bigger, bolder, and more epic than other planes, or at least that's how it feels. Facing dangerous foes on the field of battle against insurmountable odds, dealing with the gods of the Aesir face-to-face, and traveling through realms of majestic mountains, flaming rivers, and floating earthbergs – these are the moments of heroes.

Strike of the Sky Vikings. The characters meet up with a family of farmers fleeing devastation. Overnight, a wild band of warriors came in from nowhere, attacking and slaughtering everything, before carrying off the goods the farm had produced into the night. They ask the party to help, and in tracking the raiders down the party discovers they were a rogue group of sky vikings from Ysgard. Are the characters able to sneak aboard the soarwood longship before it slips into a portal back to Ysgard?

Roots of Revenge. A wounded, dying dryad stumbles to the ground before the party and asks them to avenge her death. Monstrous blights took over her lair and forced her to flee, and now she is too far gone to save. She imparts the location of her tree which turns out to be a root of Yggdrasil. The party can help clear the blight, and in doing so they unlock a passage that leads back to the World Tree itself. Do they follow? Were the blights unleashed deliberately?

Disturbed Rest. High in the nearby mountains, thieves broke into a lost jotun tomb and stole a relic. In doing so, they unleashed a draugr, which now stalks the countryside. Finding the relic is the first part, and then the party must return it to the mountain tomb – which is revealed to hold a portal to Ysgard. More draugr follow unless the party can seal the portal from the other side.

Help in Himinborg. A warrior from the distant realm of Ysgard comes to the party seeking their aid. He must meet up with a blacksmith in the town of Himinborg on Ysgard, but he fears for his life from dangerous assassins. The blacksmith was crafting a weapon for the warrior, and a rival clan seeks to stop the weapon from being delivered. Is the warrior telling the truth? In Himinborg, the assassins strike, but who is their real intended target?

Vault of the Last Thief. The characters learn that a fabled treasure of a master thief is hidden away in a secret vault below the Den of the Laughing Rogue. They learn a secret phrase that allows them to access the vault, but they must first enter the den and deal with its wide variety of vagabonds, rogues, thieves, and wily warriors. The twisting tunnels below the den are open to all, and the party must face trap and guardians before finally finding their intended target. Is the information reliable? What secrets are held inside the vault?

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 Ysgard. Three tables are provided, one for each layer of the plane. 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.

YSGARD

1D100	YSGARD ENCOUNTER
01-05	A warband of berserkers on their way to a fight
06-10	A lone einherjar looking for a lost traveler
11-15	Three bitter jotuns discussing gossip on a stone
16-20	A swarm of ravens flying overhead
21-25	A valkyrie (knight) astride a pegasus
26-30	A hildisvini rampaging through a village
31-35	The melodious sound of a lillend singing nearby
36-40	Priests of Odin performing a weather ritual
41-45	A glorious jotun regaling a band of youths with adventure stories
46-50	Tracks of a vicious three-legged cave bear
51-55	A dryad tending to a root of Yggdrasil
56-60	Several wary trolls hunting for food
61-65	A blind seer claiming to speak for the Norns
66-70	A dwarf artificer selling wares out of a wagon
71-75	A longship of berserkers flying overhead
76-80	Two smolder jotuns angrily bullying a hill giant
81-85	A draugr stumbling out of a cave looking for fresh meat
86-90	A splendid jotun with a troupe of skalds
91-95	Three treants watching over a blood-soaked battlefield
96-00	A wicked laughing jotun planning a trick on the party

MUSPELHEIM

1D100	MUSPELHEIM ENCOUNTER
01-10	A band of fire giant youths heading to the Spire of Surtur
11-20	Two smolder jotuns arguing about a recent incident
21-30	A fire giant dreadnought preparing for battle
31-40	Azer merchants hauling a trunk full of gold
41-50	A forlorn jotun on its way to a dark lonely cave
51-60	A swarm of fire snakes writhing on the ground
61-70	A salamander noble accompanied by fire giant bodyguards
71-80	An elder fire elemental scorching the ground
81-90	A troupe of bitter jotuns looking to get even with their rivals
91-00	A sudden geyser of lava!

NIDAVELLIR

1D100	NIDAVELLIR ENCOUNTER
01-10	Three xorn hunting for rare gems
11-20	A mining crew of svirfneblin following a rich vein of ore
21-30	Drow spies from Svartalfheim
31-40	A forlorn jotun looking to be left alone
41-50	A vanir mage studying crystals
51-60	The unearthed tomb of a jotun lord
61-70	An ooze elemental slipping between the cracks
71-80	Degenerate trolls hunting for meat
81-90	Dwarven scouts from Gol Kalduhr
91-00	The tunnel up ahead heaves and now goes a different direction



THE CODEx AND ITS KEEPERS

“The Codex of the Infinite Planes is not something to be trifled with. Its power is vast, perhaps as limitless as the multiverse itself, and its ability to corrupt is legendary. We Keepers who have chosen to study it have done so only after a lifetime of preparation, and even then there are those among us who have fallen prey to its powers. It is a vast thing that holds so much promise for understanding the nature of existence, reality, and how everything fits together, but those secrets are locked behind a wall of nigh impenetrable power. Still, we persevere. We simply cannot let down our guard in these duties.”

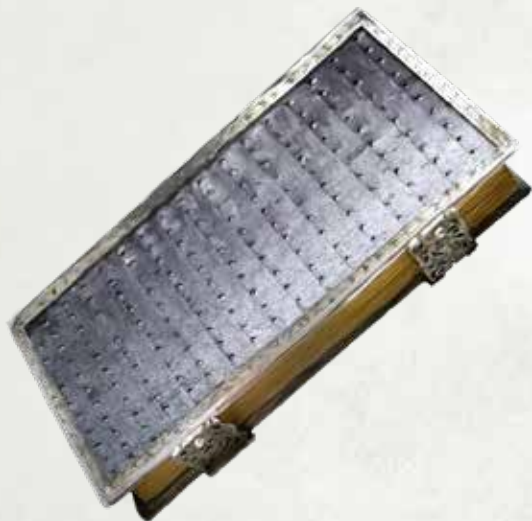
Issilda the Unbreakable

The Codex Keepers, known as planar sages, are the eminent experts on the multiverse, and they have attained this knowledge by careful study of the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* itself. The artifact is incredible dangerous to possess, but the information contained within it sheds light on the very spark of creation.

THE CODEx

Few outside the Codex Keepers truly understand this, but there are actually two versions of the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*. The first and most prominent is the artifact, an item that holds the secrets of creation itself. It is unpredictable and wildly dangerous.

The second type are lesser magical item versions created by the Codex Keepers, though each are still powerful items in their own right. Each *codex of the finite planes* was created by a master scholar and contains their detailed writings, musings, thoughts, and magical inscriptions. They are all linked together, so that words written in one copy appear in all others, and like their namesake, hold a seemingly infinite number of pages. To date that theory hasn't been tested however, and they can only be written in using powerful magical rituals jealously guarded by the Codex Keepers.



PUBLICATION HISTORY

The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* is an artifact that has been with the *Dungeons & Dragons* game as long as any other artifact. It was originally published in the fourth supplement for the original *D&D* rules, *Eldritch Wizardry*, where it appears alongside other noteworthy items such as the *Wand of Orcus* and the *Rod of Seven Parts*. Artifacts in the earlier editions of the game were unique items that referenced a table of possible powers, so that each Dungeon Master would have a different version in their campaigns. You never knew the exact powers of an artifact you found, though most had some static effects.

In that earliest incarnation, the *Codex* had a 99% chance of simply destroying those who seek its contents, and if anyone under 10th level even touched it they would be slain. Pretty hardcore for any artifact! The item was in the original *Dungeon Master's Guide* for 1st Edition *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* where it kept most of its debilitating effects, though at least the information referenced its ability to travel the planes.

Like most artifacts, it was left out of the 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide* but did see print in the *Book of Artifacts*. The information presented was largely unchanged, though now it had a cumulative 1% chance of inflicting its terrible curse each time a page was turned. It still had a random assortment of powers drawn from a series of tables, though.

In 3rd Edition, the *Codex* didn't see publication until the release of the *Epic Level Handbook*. It had a potent list of planar travel powers, but reading it required suffering massive damage, and then using it required a mighty skill check or suffer some terrible catastrophe. This idea carried forward to its 4th edition incarnation where it was published in *Mordenkainen's Magnificent Emporium*. Its powers were reduced down to being able to transport a group of people anywhere in the multiverse by command, which could be as vague or specific as the bearer wanted. There was still a chance that catastrophe would follow, however.

It's not hard to see a pattern of usability emerge through the editions. The earliest incarnations made the artifact a campaign wrecker in the truest sense – who would use such an item in their games? Even at higher levels it was still wildly dangerous and incredibly difficult to work into an existing game. I suspect that it didn't see much use in many home games – it certainly never was introduced in my home games for any edition! But the artifact held remarkable promise as the basis for a planar sourcebook, and so here we are now.

CODEx OF THE INFINITE PLANES

Wondrous item, artifact (requires attunement)

The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* is a massive book, roughly six feet long and half that wide, with dull black obsidian coverings. The pages inside are thin sheets of metal-like paper, seemingly indestructible, with well-organized words embossed or etched into the surface. The language varies wildly, from the known and more common variants on Draconic, Celestial, Abyssal, and Primordial to obscure languages that have yet to be deciphered fully.

The exact origin of the *Codex* is not known. Most of the planar sages that have chosen to study its contents believe it is a natural byproduct from the creation of the multiverse itself, and that no specific deity or power created it or controls it. Many gods of knowledge and secrets have been consulted over the centuries regarding its origin and no definitive answer has ever been given.

The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* contains an infinite numbers of pages that describe in great detail the contents of the multiverse. More than that, though, it holds formulae and rituals pertaining to unlocking hidden paths and doors that lead all across the planes. One of the more fantastic stories of the artifact tells of the wizard Tzunk who used the *Codex* in a bold attempt to usurp the Grand Sultan in the City of Brass. His efforts were ultimately thwarted by the powerful genies, though what happened to ambitious Tzunk remains a mystery.

The fantastic powers of the *Codex* inspired a group of sages to dedicate their lives to studying and understanding the nature of the multiverse. Known as the Codex Keepers, they view the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* as the most important key to unlocking the mysteries of the planes. Only a few of the sages have ever actually seen the original artifact in person, but they have managed to create lesser versions to aid in their efforts.

Random Properties. The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* has the following random properties:

- 2 minor beneficial properties
- 1 major beneficial property
- 2 minor detrimental properties
- 1 major detrimental property

Ultimate Teleport. The controller of the *Codex* can use an action while touching the artifact to teleport to any location on any plane, bypassing all barriers and blocks. This power of the *Codex* transports itself, the controller, and any willing creature within 30 feet to the stated location, which can be as vague or specific as the controller desires. For example, the controller could use the *Codex* to teleport to “the treasure room of the Grand Sultan of the Efreeti” and be instantly transported to a treasure room belonging to the Grand Sultan – perhaps in the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire, or perhaps somewhere else. The more specific the stated location, the better chance of getting to that exact location.

Each time this power is used, the controller must make a DC 20 Intelligence saving throw. On a failure, the transportation is accompanied by a catastrophe of some kind. The below table offers suggestions for catastrophes. If the controller fails the saving throw by 5 or more, they develop an indefinite madness. Roll randomly on the Indefinite Madness table in Chapter 8 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. This madness cannot be cured while the controller is attuned to the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*.

CODEx CATASTROPHE

1D100	CATASTROPHE
01-20	Natural Fury. Natural forces rise up to bring ruin and devastation at the teleport destination. Earthquakes, floods, fire storms, or other dangerous elements strike the area.
21-40	Fiendish Vengeance. The use of the <i>Codex</i> has caught the attention of a powerful fiend. A gate opens up near the teleport destination through which a host of fiendish creatures rush through, intent on killing the controller and any allies. Roll 1d6 to determine the nature of the fiendish creatures: 1-2 demons, 3-4 devils, 5-6 yugoloths.
41-60	Law Enforcement. Using the <i>Codex</i> inherently messes with the laws of the multiverse, and now the controller has caught the attention of the inevitables of Mechanus. A marut arrives to take the artifact away by force.
61-80	Chaos Storm. The <i>Codex</i> rips a hole in the fabric of the multiverse, unleashing a torrent of wild chaotic energy. A chaos storm is unleashed in the teleport destination lasting 1d10 minutes. Refer to the Chaos Storm hazard under Limbo for details.
81-90	Random Gate. A color pool to another plane appears within 100 feet of the teleport destination, similar in nature to those found on the Astral Plane. Roll randomly for the gate's location (found under the Color Pool hazard under the Astral Plane). The color pool lasts for 1d6 hours and pulls through a creature from the destination plane when it appears.
91-00	Planar Peril. A random planar hazard affects the teleport destination. Roll on the Planar Hazard table in Chapter 4 to determine the exact effect.

Destroying the Codex. The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* is immune to damage of any type. The Codex Keepers believe it cannot be destroyed by any means due to its inherent link to the fabric of the multiverse, but some have postulated theories based on the incomplete translations of the complex language making up the bulk of the contents. These theories suggest the artifact can only be destroyed in the Far Realm under specific circumstances.

CODEx OF THE FINITE PLANES

Wondrous item, very rare (requires attunement by a spellcaster)

The Codex Keepers have devoted their lives to understanding the mysteries of the multiverse by studying the legendary *Codex of the Infinite Planes*. However, this powerful artifact is notoriously difficult to track down and dangerous to possess, so the Codex Keepers have created lesser versions in the halls of the Citadel of Arx Ininitus. Each of these items are still powerful, but a *codex of the finite planes* involves less risk in its use.

Each *codex of the finite planes* appears as a large book, roughly two feet tall and half that wide, with thin metallic sheets of paper between black ironbound covers. They are surprisingly light, however, each only weighing 10 pounds. A silver clasp keeps the book closed and can only be opened by the attuned holder. Inside, the book holds a theoretical infinite number of pages, many filled with scrawled handwriting from hundreds of users in a staggering variety of languages.

The knowledge contained within the *codex of the finite planes* can help understand the nature of the planes. Up to three times per day, you can cast a special version of the *legend lore* spell while holding the codex to tap into the vast pool of knowledge inside. The subject of the spell must relate somehow to one of the planes of existence that is not the Material Plane (ultimately up to the Dungeon Master to determine).

Each copy of the *codex of the finite planes* is linked to the other copies, so when an attuned wielder writes down information in it using a special quill and ink created in the Citadel of Arx Ininitus, the information magically appears in all other versions of the item. Several sections of each copy are devoted to messages between the planar sages of the Codex Keepers, offering hints and details on current and former projects.

Each *codex of the finite planes* has 10 charges. While holding it, you can use an action to expend 1 or more of its charges to cast one of the following spells from it, using your spell save DC: *astral projection* (5 charges), *banishment* (3 charges), *etherealness* (3 charges), and *plane shift* (4 charges).

The codex regains 1d6 charges once every 24 hours. If you expend the last charge, roll a d20. On a 1, the codex blackens and the pages crumbles to powder.

CODEx KEEPERS

There is no more important book in all the multiverse than the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*, at least according to some, and the knowledge contained within it is said to come straight from the formation of the multiverse itself. Its existence predates all other known items, and the secrets held in its pages can supposedly unravel the fabric of reality itself.

There are those that believe such power needs to be monitored carefully, and thus the Codex Keepers were formed. This group of sages, wizards, and scholars have gathered together to understand the nature of the multiverse and to keep a close eye on the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* wherever it may appear. They are the ultimate authority on the general nature of the planes, and in their secret demiplane of Arx Ininitus they gather knowledge from all over existence.

HISTORY

The Codex Keepers were organized originally over 1,000 years ago by the elven wizard Prescaryn, an aged and learned sage from the Arrathalass Conclave on Arborea, who ran across a mortal bearing the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* itself. The mortal was driven mad by the book and stumbled upon Nasselaitness in hopes of stealing its arcane secrets. He would have succeeded had Prescaryn not taken certain defensive precautions, actions thought foolish at the time by her elven colleagues.

Prescaryn took the artifact and kept it in her tree tower on Arborea for many years. She studied it, learned its history, and became increasingly fearful of its untold power to travel the multiverse. With it, a person could go anywhere, bypass any lock, get into any place, no matter the defenses. Her own defensive spells worked only because the mortal didn't understand elven magic, but after her time studying the *Codex* Prescaryn came to realize the full potential of the artifact.

She brought her concerns to her colleagues at the Arrathalass Conclave, but they dismissed them as "beneath elven notice." Her use of the artifact to prove her point backfired, and Prescaryn was banished from the elven land of Nasselaitness. Taking the *Codex*, she worked with other arcane contacts and created a demiplane using powerful magic to keep it hidden.

Initially, Prescaryn brought other likeminded sages into her demiplane to help share the scholarly load. She tasked some with maintaining the demiplane, now known as Arx Ininitus, and others she set to research topics. They built a magical fortress to house their findings, and word eventually spread out that the Codex Keepers were amassing vast amounts of planar knowledge.

Over time, however, Prescaryn began to change. Some believe that her time spent with the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* warped her sense of perspective, driving her mad and keeping her locked in her personal quarters. Eventually her friends in the Citadel of Arx Infinitus came to check on her and the friendly meeting turned into a violent confrontation. Prescaryn unleashed potent magical power in an amazing display of arcane prowess, but her friends were skilled as well. The elven wizard, clearly unhinged by the corrupting effect of the *Codex of the Infinite Planes*, used the artifact in a last desperate act.

The result was an explosion that rocked the citadel. Prescaryn was never heard from again and the *Codex* was thrown to the multiverse. By this time, the planar sages had already developed their less corrupting versions to share knowledge, but the *Codex* remains a valuable if dangerous tool for them. It has resurfaced numerous times since Prescaryn's disappearance, sometimes staying in Arx Infinitus, and sometimes necessitating direct action by the Codex Keepers to keep its vast power from falling into untrained hands.

ORGANIZATION

The Codex Keepers have a loose structure. The rank and file members that tend to the library stacks and other duties of Arx Infinitus are known as minor scholars. Once a minor scholar has proven their worth in the organization they can elevate to planar scholar, where they take on projects both on individual and larger organization levels. Most planar scholars focus their study on one particular aspect of the multiverse, such as the Inner Planes, Echo Planes, Transitive Planes, or a grouping of Outer Planes.

The highest rank of the Codex Keepers are the master scholars. These are titans of knowledge that have truly made an impact on the efforts of the organization, and a key requirement to becoming a master scholar is to have held the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* itself. Each master scholar has a *codex of the finite planes* that they use as a repository for all of their knowledge.

JOINING THE CODEX KEEPERS

Membership in the Codex Keepers is by invitation only. Prospective applicants must be sponsored by a planar scholar, who is brought before a panel of master scholars in a biannual ceremony. The applicant's credentials are reviewed in detail, but most of master scholars understand the heart of the Codex Keepers is not in academic achievement but in planar vigilance. Many skilled and brilliant students have been brought before the council of master scholars only to have their membership rejected on grounds of "personality conflict" – those seeking to leverage the assets of Arx Infinitus for their own personal gain are usually spotted and eliminated before graduating to full members.

NOTEWORTHY MASTER SCHOLARS

The Codex Keepers have boasted a large roster of notable sages over the years. Many were adventurers in their younger days, experiencing the wonders of the multiverse firsthand before joining the prestigious scholarly organization to share their thoughts with others. The following is a small sample of the most active sages of the Codex Keepers currently, many of whom have contributed many details to the library of Arx Infinitus.

ASTROMARCHUS THE SAGE

Male human wizard, neutral good

Astromarchus has served as a master scholar in the Codex Keepers longer than any other living being in Arx Infinitus. He is an ancient human who has prolonged his life through potions and elixirs, but time eventually catches up with everyone so it seems. Bent and stooped, Astromarchus rarely leaves the citadel anymore, though his mind remains as sharp as ever.

Astromarchus is the foremost authority on the Inner Planes in Arx Infinitus. In his younger days he spent years wandering the elemental planes, including long periods in the City of Brass and City of Glass. He retains a large number of contacts throughout the major centers in the Inner Planes, and his knowledge about elemental workings, functions, and design is without equal.

EMIRIKOL THE CHAOTIC

Gender fluid human (?) sorcerer, chaotic neutral

The nicest thing one can say about Emirikol is that they are unique. Emirikol has traversed more areas of the multiverse than any other master scholar, but their attitude wins them no friends. They are a scandalous rogue with a deceptively charming smile, grandiose sense of personal style, and an ever-changing worldview that truly lives up to their personal title. They are non-binary, preferring to live every moment of every day in whatever whim strikes them at the moment. They embody chaos and freedom in all ways.

Emirikol was granted the role of master scholar in recognition for their extensive knowledge and arcane aptitude. Their deeds and skills are a thing of some remark in the halls of the Arx Infinitus citadel, which they rarely visit, but Emirikol's insights into the Outer Planes focused on the chaos spectrum is unparalleled.

ISSILDA THE UNBREAKABLE

Female human wizard, lawful neutral

Cold, calculating, and pragmatic, Issilda is a black-skinned human woman from a distant Material Plane who has mastered many arcane arts. She is known for her trademark suit of plate armor, and while it is magical in many ways Issilda is a wizard trained to wear and use such armor safely. She rarely talks about her home and coolly rebuffs any attempts to bring up the subject.

Issilda's admiration for the powers of ultimate law and order shine brightly in her works. She has written extensively regarding the Outer Planes that align closely with law, though her deep knowledge of the Lex on Arcadia bears special mention. Lawyers of the Lex have frequently called upon Issilda to offer expert opinions in matters pertaining to magical law, and many believe she trained for a time with Nomos Prime on Arcadia.

LILLANDRI THE MOON MAGE

Female elf wizard, chaotic good

Many mistake Lillandri for a druid and with good reason. Her youthful features bely her extreme age thanks to her elven heritage, though truly her carefree attitude and playful demeanor are responsible for her young appearance. She dresses in simple robes of blue and green, and often keeps feathers from various animals tucked into her thick blonde braids.

Lillandri may seem unfocused but her knowledge of the Transitive and Echo Planes is highly regarded. She comes from the Plane of Faerie where she served as the court wizard to the archfey lord Oberon of Mithrendain. The *Codex of the Infinite Planes* came into the Autumn City one day and Lillandri was called upon to deal with its possessor. Afterwards, she kept the book for a time before being invited to Arx Infinitus, and she has taken up studying the multiverse ever since.

MALAKARA THE WARDEN

Male human wizard, neutral evil

Malakara is a black-haired, serious-faced wizard with brilliant emerald eyes and a hooked nose. He dresses in sharp noble clothing and keeps his beard trimmed and pointed. Most in the Arx Infinitus citadel fear his strange gaze and few of the minor or planar scholars attend to him in his lonely tower. This suits Malakara just fine, and while he believes firmly in the mission of the Codex Keepers, he has a self-centered greedy streak that drives him forward.

Malakara's origins are not known, but gossip among the lesser scholars say that he is a protégé of the great wizard Mordenkainen. That famous wizard has been seen in Arx Infinitus visiting Malakara behind closed doors, keeping the nature of the visits a secret. Among the master scholars, Malakara holds the greatest knowledge on the Outer Planes that revolve around conflict and balance.

ARX INFINITUS

Arx Infinitus is a demiplane floating in the Deep Ethereal sealed away from intruding access by powerful abjuration magic. The Codex Keepers have studied the *Codex of the Infinite Planes* long enough to have gleaned some of its defensive secrets, and while they cannot keep the bearer of that powerful artifact out, nearly all other intruders are barred from accessing the demiplane.

The demiplane is about 5 miles across in a sphere shape. In the center floats a magnificent stone and silver fortress, the Citadel of Arx Infinitus, with dozens of spires rising up from the halls and buildings of the main structure. It floats on an island of earth in breathable air, and a picturesque landscape of breathtaking mountains and beautiful vistas surrounds this center island. It is all an illusion, however, cleverly painted on the interior "walls" of the demiplane to give the impression of a vast and gorgeous landscape.

Dozens of smaller islands, most only 30 feet across, float around the central citadel roughly at "ground" level with the building. These smaller islands contain grass, rocks, and other natural features, and many scholars of the Codex Keepers spend their days in contemplation among them. Each island can be "piloted" by force of thought, though at a slow pace, allowing for drifting and moving among the quiet air.

Three larger islands are anchored closer to the entrance to the citadel. These islands each contain a special teleportation circle that members can use to travel outside and return safely. The sigil sequence of each circle changes on a regular basis to prevent access from getting out to the wider multiverse, and protective wards keep first time visitors enclosed in force cages until dealt with by a planar or master sage of the citadel.

PLANAR TOOLBOX

“Those of us who have studied the Codex of the Infinite Planes understand a simple truth – the multiverse is so much more than anyone realizes, or can possibly comprehend. We study, categorize, index, and classify the known realities but this is just a small portion of what’s really out there. How many more worlds exist? How many more wonders and terrors await discovery? It’s impossible to know, but that’s the allure for many of us. To dive into the known in search of the unknown.”

Astromarchus the Sage

The multiverse of Dungeons & Dragons is already large, with four major Inner Planes, a host of intersecting realities, Transitive Planes, Echo Planes, and sixteen major Outer Planes. The staggering variety of environments across these known planes of existence is enough to sustain most campaigns without touching all of them!

But they’re not known as the infinite planes for nothing. There is so much more than can be folded into the multiverse, the limit is truly your imagination. This chapter provides some tools that can be used to generate new planes of existence. They aren’t meant to be used truly as a random generator, though you could do it, but instead as a springboard for ideas. Use them as inspiration but feel free to change or completely break some of the paradigms outlined in the tables. Infinite planes means infinite possibilities!

RANDOM TABLES

Creating a whole new plane starts with an idea. Are you looking to fulfill a specific purpose with the plane? Or answer a specific question? For example, the *alchemy jug* can produce a wide variety of substances. Where do these substances come from? Perhaps there’s a Plane of Mayonnaise that holds an infinite supply of mayonnaise, or a Plane of Vinegar or Beer.

This rough idea for the plane can answer a lot of questions about the nature of the plane. Continuing the example of the Plane of Mayonnaise, one could postulate that time does not flow normally there. How else would the mayonnaise be prevented from spoiling? Or perhaps there is something inherent in the air that keeps the mayonnaise fresh? It may be a roiling sea of infinite mayonnaise, functioning like a thicker version of the Plane of Water, with creatures adapted to the strange environment. Mayo sharks? Mayo whales? Why not mayonnaise-related genies? Let inspiration take you to wherever it leads!

Sometimes, the nature of the plane may not inherently suggest a trait. How does gravity work on the Plane of Mayonnaise? What kind of geographic features would it hold? Are there any other features? You can use the below tables to help jumpstart the creative process by randomly determining the nature of gravity, time, geographic features, and dominant traits. You can also roll on the master list of hazards and phenomena for a truly wild result!

PLANAR GRAVITY

1D20	PLANAR GRAVITY
1-10	Normal Gravity.
11-12	Heavy Gravity. Jumping distance is halved and all Strength and Dexterity checks and saving throws are made with disadvantage.
13-14	Light Gravity. Jumping distance is doubled and all Strength and Dexterity checks and saving throws are made with advantage.
15-16	No Gravity. All walking speeds are reduced to 0. Creatures
17-18	Objective Directional Gravity. Gravity is oriented towards an object, but the location or position of the object may change.
19-20	Subjective Directional Gravity. Gravity is oriented based on how the traveler wants it to be oriented.

PLANAR TIME

1D20	PLANAR TIME
1-10	Normal Time.
11-12	Flowing Time (Fast). Time passes quicker on the plane. For every minute on the plane, one second passes on the Material Plane.
13-14	Flowing Time (Slow). Time passes slower on the plane. For every minute on the plane, one hour passes on the Material Plane.
15-17	Erratic Time. Time passes randomly, slower or faster.
18-19	Timeless. Time does not pass on the plane.
20	Timeless (Retroactive). Time does not pass on the plane, but leaving it catches up on the lost time in an instant.

PLANAR GEOGRAPHIC FEATURE

1D20	GEOGRAPHIC FEATURE
1-2	Arctic
3	Coastal
4-5	Desert
6-7	Forest
8-9	Grassland
10-11	Hill
12-13	Mountain
14-15	Swamp
16-17	Underground
18-19	Underwater
20	Urban

PLANAR TRAIT

1D20	PLANAR TRAIT
1	Air-Dominant. The plane has wide open spaces dominated by air or other gases.
2	Earth-Dominant. The plane has underground features, perhaps accessible via tunnels or caves.
3	Fire-Dominant. Fire and heat are dominant forces on the plane.
4	Water-Dominant. Large bodies of waters or seas feature prominently on the plane.
5	Positive-Dominant. The plane has strong influences from the Positive Energy Plane, often resulting in radiant damage.
6	Negative-Dominant. The plane has strong influences from the Negative Energy Plane, often resulting in necrotic damage.
7	Good-Aligned. The plane aligns closely with good morals, such as helping others and fostering a sense of community.
8	Evil-Aligned. The plane aligns closely with evil morals, inflicting pain and suffering without reason.
9	Law-Aligned. The plane is strongly linked to the ideals of order and organization.
10	Chaos-Aligned. The plane is strongly tied to the idea of pure chaos and randomness.
12	Dead Magic. Magic does not function on the plane at all.
13	Wild Magic. Casting spells or using magical effects creates spontaneous wild magic results.
14	Impeded Magic. Magic is hampered, making casting difficult. Spell attack rolls suffer disadvantage and spell saving throws have advantage.

1D20 PLANAR TRAIT

15	Enhanced Magic. The potency of magic is increased. Spell attack rolls have advantage and saving throws against spells and magical effects suffer disadvantage.
16	Limited Magic. A specific school of magic is treated normally but others are considered to be a dead magic zone.
17	Static. The plane cannot be changed or altered by normal means.
18	Highly Morphic. The plane changes regularly, perhaps due to external forces or simply randomly.
19	Magically Morphic. The plane is highly susceptible to change from magical sources. Perhaps the plane's geography alters automatically after a spell is cast.
20	Sentient. The plane is alive and responds with actions or thoughts.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA MASTER LIST

The following is a list of all of the hazards and phenomena described in Chapter 3. The table includes the source plane of the hazard and a quick description. For inspiration you can roll randomly on the table using a 1d120. To achieve this roll, take a d10 and a d12 and roll them together, reading the d12 result as the “tens” position and the d10 as the “ones” position – treat a result of 12 on the d12 as a “0” unless you also roll a 10 on the d10, in which case the result is 120.

ID120	NAME	PLANE OF ORIGIN	DESCRIPTION
1	Abyssal Threats	Abyss	Random threat by terrain and source
2	Agathys Cold	Carceri	Numbing cold
3	Arcadian Flawless Fruit	Arcadia	Fruit that gives the benefit of a random potion
4	Ash Cloud	Plane of Fire	Thick area of near darkness
5	Astral Conduit	Astral Plane	Conduits that connect to other planes of existence
6	Astral Traveler	Astral Plane	Random powerful traveler and purpose
7	Avalas Bloodlust	Acheron	Rush of powerful adrenaline in combat
8	Befuddling Rain	Plane of Faerie	Raindrops that cause intense magical confusion
9	Berserker Fury	Ysgard	Powerful battle rage
10	Blackout	Plane of Fire	Period of pure darkness darkens the sky
11	Blessed Beneficence	Mount Celestia	Good creatures receive a boon
12	Blizzard	Border Elemental Planes	Long and dangerous periods of intense snow and cold
13	Blood War Aftermath	Hades	Remnants of a recent battle in the Blood War
14	Breaking the Law	Arcadia	Guidelines for breaking complex laws
15	Cacophonous Wind	Pandemonium	Shrieking winds make communication difficult
16	Cania Deathly Cold	Nine Hells	Deep cold that freezes creatures to death
17	Cathrys Acidic Rot	Carceri	Acid in the air that eats away at equipment
18	Cavern Collapse	Plane of Earth	Tunnel or cave collapses, dropping rock and dirt in a wide area
19	Chaos Storm	Limbo	Surge of magical energy with wild unpredictable results
20	Chokeclouds	Border Elemental Planes	Choking poisonous clouds
21	Climbing and Falling	Gehenna	Treacherous slopes that make climbing and falling hazardous
22	Color Pool	Astral Plane	Floating pools of color coded to each plane of existence
23	Colothys Echos	Carceri	Powerful echoes that can be heard for miles
24	Cruel Hindrance	Gehenna	Hinder effects that try to help others
25	Darkland	Plane of Shadow	Area of intense physical and spiritual cold
26	Dead God	Astral Plane	Floating corpses of former deities rich in minerals and resources
27	Deadwave	Ethereal Plane	Black ribbon of necromantic energy
28	Deep Freeze	Border Elemental Planes	Plunging temperatures freeze any unprotected objects and creatures
29	Demiplane	Ethereal Plane	Random attributes of a self-enclosed plane of existence
30	Dis Weight of the Walls	Nine Hells	Imposing walls seem to close in around everyone
31	Distinct Clouds	Plane of Air	Clouds of varying size, color, and type
32	Dreamscape	Plane of Dreams	Bubble of dream reality
33	Earthquake	Plane of Earth	Underground earthquake
34	Easy Restfulness	Elysium	Remove exhaustion easily
35	Elemental Collision	Limbo	Elemental forces collide and release energy
36	Elemental Gash	Ethereal Plane	Fissure of elemental power spewing out energy
37	Elemental Storm	Plane of Air	Powerful storms pulled from the Elemental Chaos
38	Emotional Spike	Plane of Dreams	Wave of emotional energy that boosts a single ability
39	Ether Cyclone	Ethereal Plane	Twisting force that warps space and travel
40	Ethereal Curtain	Ethereal Plane	Color-coded gates to known planes of existence
41	Fell Despair	Plane of Shadow	Feeling of dread that affects living creatures with a random mental burden

ID120	NAME	PLANE OF ORIGIN	DESCRIPTION
42	Forgetfulness	Plane of Faerie	Washing of recent memories upon leaving the plane
43	Furnace Vent	Gehenna	Blast of poison that lasts for hours
44	Golden Rewards	Elysium	Inspiration for non-evil characters
45	Great Modron March	Mechanus	March of mechanical humanoids
46	Grinding Gears	Mechanus	Teeth of enormous gears grind together
47	Harmonious Vitality	Arcadia	Planar harmony that provides immunity to certain conditions
48	Heroic Rebirth and Recovery	Ysgard	Creatures falling in battle automatically resurrect the next day
49	Hot Zone	Plane of Fire	Pocket of incredibly hot air that ignites flammable material
50	Hungry Grass	Bytopia	Disease-spreading corrupted grass
51	Hunter's Paradise	Beastlands	Heightened abilities of hunters
52	Ice Pocket	Plane of Water	Region of particularly cold water
53	Inferno Wave	Plane of Fire	Massive wave of burning lava in a sea of fire
54	Insect Swarms	Border Elemental Planes	Swarms of biting distracting insects
55	Krangath Icy Void	Gehenna	Void-filled darkness saps away life
56	Labyrinth Winds	Plane of Air	Traveling through invisible air channels to reach a destination
57	Lava Geyser	Plane of Fire	Burst of fire in a great fountain
58	Law of Averages	Mechanus	Predictable math for everyone
59	Light Fall	Ethereal Plane	Luminous white and yellow "drops"
60	Linguistic Equality	Mechanus	Everyone can understand everyone
61	Madness	Pandemonium	Indefinite madness that infects travelers
62	Magma River	Plane of Earth	Ribbon of liquid magma capable of burning and burying
63	Magmafall	Border Elemental Planes	Roiling wave of magma dumping lava from a high height
64	Maladomini Cloud of Flies	Nine Hells	Enormous clouds of buzzing flies distract creatures
65	Malbolge Stone Avalanche	Nine Hells	Falling rocks from a higher elevation crush and trap
66	Material Erosion	Bytopia	Breakdown of nonmagical equipment and buildings
67	Minauros Hailstorms	Nine Hells	Shards of ice inflict slashing damage over an area
68	Minethys Sandwave	Carceri	Lurching wave of sand that crushes and buries
69	Mudsink	Border Elemental Planes	Unassuming patch of thick mud that draws and drowns victims
70	Mungoth Acidic Snow	Gehenna	Acidic snow falls in a large area
71	Necromantic Seepage	Plane of Shadow	Purplish sludge that boosts undead and hurts the living
72	Nessus Utter Despair	Nine Hells	Exhausting darkness that fills victims with hopelessness
73	Niflheim Clinging Mists	Hades	Thick mists that cling stubbornly to the land
74	Oblivion Moss	Plane of Faerie	Memory-eating moss
75	Ocanthus Razorstorm	Acheron	Dangerous shards of razor-sharp black ice fill the air
76	Oinos Wasting Sickness	Hades	Lethal disease that wastes away the flesh of the victim
77	Ooze Flow	Plane of Earth	Acidic mud spreads out in a wide area
78	Oppressive Darkness	Pandemonium	Light-eating darkness
79	Othrys Quicksand	Carceri	Sucking sand that draws and traps victims
80	Pandemonium Windstorm	Pandemonium	Howling wind with a random dangerous effect
81	Pandesmos Spider Climbing	Pandemonium	Natural ability for creatures to climb walls and ceilings
82	Passionate Weather	Arborea	Random violent weather
83	Path of Good Intentions	Elysium	Travel is difficult for those with evil purposes

ID120	NAME	PLANE OF ORIGIN	DESCRIPTION
84	Phlegethos Flame Eruption	Nine Hells	Burst of fire in a great fountain
85	Pluton Memory Leech	Hades	Gradual loss of memories and self
86	Porphatys Scarlet Snowstorm	Carceri	Storm of acidic snow
87	Power of the Mind	Limbo	Movement and actions are based on Intelligence
88	Powerful Current	Plane of Water	Strong underwater currents that push and pull
89	Prison Plane	Carceri	Escape from the plane by normal means is impossible
90	Protomatter	Ethereal Plane	Floating chunks of semi-solid raw material
91	Psychic Wind	Astral Plane	Wave of lost memories that can stun and bewilder creatures
92	Pulse Crystals	Plane of Earth	Cluster of unusually colored pulsating crystals
93	Rain of Fire	Plane of Fire	Fireballs fall from the sky
94	Random Peaceable Kingdom	Arcadia	Tables for generating a kingdom on the fly
95	Random Transmutation	Limbo	Unattended objects and nearby terrain can morph suddenly and drastically
96	Red Lightning Strike	Border Elemental Planes	Streaks of red lightning that strike randomly
97	Red Tides	Plane of Water	Filthy patch of fungus and spores that inflict disease underwater
98	Rock Rot	Plane of Earth	Unstable regions caused by mineramites
99	Rockslide	Gehenna	Disturbance from a higher elevation sends rocks tumbling
100	Shadow Stain	Plane of Shadow	Pool of energy that heals undead and maximizes necromantic damage
101	Shape of Beasts	Beastlands	Changing into a beast shape can have consequences
102	Shurrock Weather	Bytopia	Extreme shifts in weather patterns
103	Slime Water	Plane of Water	Large patch of poisonous slime water
104	Slothsludge	Bytopia	Thick tar that inflicts exhaustion
105	Stygia Frozen Wind	Nine Hells	Strong wind brings freezing temperatures
106	Terror Ripple	Plane of Dreams	Wave of fear-inducing power
107	The Graying	Hades	Leeching of color to a pallid gray
108	Thin Air	Plane of Dreams	Area of thin air that makes it difficult for breathing creatures
109	Thuldanin Petrification	Acheron	Living creatures slowly turn to stone
110	Time Loss	Plane of Faerie	Shift in time upon leaving a plane
111	Time Ripple	Astral Plane	Tear in the fabric of time that can warps time in a moment
112	Timelessness	Astral Plane	Creatures on the plane are unaffected by the passage of time
113	Tintibus Exhaustion	Acheron	Unusual geometric force physical exhausts living creatures
114	Trial of Enlightenment	Mount Celestia	Traveling between layers requires passing an internal trial
115	Vile Transformation	Hades	Chance to transform into a larvae over time
116	Void Maelstrom	Plane of Air	Vortex of black power pulled from the Negative Energy Plane
117	War Cloud	Acheron	Hazy cloud that boosts creatures when they attack opponents
118	Wave of Change	Plane of Dreams	Shift in reality as the landscape alters in minor or major ways
119	Whirlpool	Plane of Water	Buffeting vortex of water sucks in everyone around it
120	Wild Thorns	Plane of Faerie	Region of draining foliage that makes travel difficult