



Realms of Fantasy
To Hell and Back™



Written By
Nigel Findley

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**Realms of Fantasy
To Hell and Back: Book I**

**Wherein the bearer
finds insights transcribed
by those who have
suffered hardships within Hell
and have witnessed the tortures
contained within the city of Dis.**

Realms of Fantasy - To Hell and Back

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A Note on Language

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part, it simply takes up less space and makes for much smoother reading.

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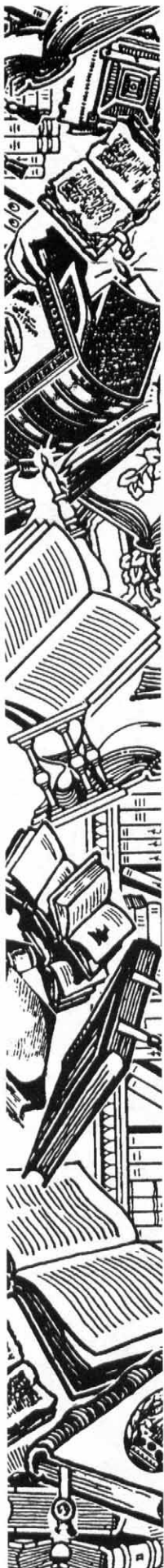


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Introduction

Every Gamemaster (GM) has his or her preferred campaign world, either based on published material, or created from scratch, one in which most or all role-playing sessions take place. The GM is, of necessity, familiar with this world and, with time, the players, too, become familiar with it. Everyone involved becomes used to the "feel", the "atmosphere", of the world, whether it be an atmosphere of high ("mythic") or low ("pragmatic") fantasy, faerie magic, gothic horror, or whatever.

The nature of the campaign world constrains, to a large degree, the type of adventure in which the Player Characters will become involved. Certainly, a well-designed campaign world will have many different locales and regions, each with its own qualities, characteristics and eccentricities. But, nevertheless, they'll almost certainly radiate the overall "feel" of the campaign world. The more strongly-realized and internally consistent the world is, the more likely that this is true.

Sometimes a GM will want to run an adventure that simply doesn't fit in with the campaign world, for whatever reason. Maybe he or she just wants a different atmosphere. Or maybe the goal is to shake the players out of their complacency. Whatever the reason, the GM needs a new locale, outside the familiar campaign world.

That's where this book comes in. To Hell & Back presents seven locales in which adventures can take place. Each has a unique atmosphere, suiting it to a particular kind of adventure. For example, Atlantis carries with it the aura of a decadent, immoral ancient civilization, sustained only by the immense powers of its rulers. Selene, in contrast, is a "necropolis", tailor-made for horror-based adventures.

Each location described in this book could be developed into a full-fledged campaign world in its own right. The intention of this book is to be a resource for the GM, to provide "special-purpose" locations. These can be used for single-session adventures unrelated to the overall campaign, for a change of pace perhaps, or for a convention-style tournament. Alternatively, they could be used for quests (how much more evocative for the adventurers to mount a quest to

Hell or to Atlantis than to a more generic "place beyond the mountains). And finally, as mentioned above, they can be used simply to spice up an ongoing campaign. The PCs might find themselves drawn through a mysterious "interdimensional gate" into a different world, where they must survive long enough to find a way back!

Using These Books

The two books contained in To Hell and Back are designed to be as useful as possible to GMs. For each of the seven locales, it presents the following information:

An opening overview: An overall description of the locale, plus information on its background. Since all of these locales are based, at least in part, on works of fiction, this section also includes other sources the GM can turn to for further information.

To Hell (or wherever)....: This section will describe various methods of getting your characters to the literary realms.

History: Including how the locale came into existence, and significant events that shaped its present form.

Geography: Including speculations about the region's physical location, and how it can be incorporated with an existing campaign and where it might be placed within the campaign world. Here lies the bulk of the campaign information.

Inhabitants: Describes the details of the various inhabitants of that realm.

Special Rules and Considerations: Includes various rules that makes the locale unique, as well as a variety of other interesting morsels such as optional character classes and magical items.

... and Back Again: Describes ways of ending the adventure and getting the PCs home (or to another dimension).

Adventure: Here you will find a few brief suggestions for adventures which can be fleshed out easily by the GM.



Other To Hell and Back Contents

Also in this package are Monster Folio pages of various creatures which can be encountered in each of the realms, and maps of each of the campaign areas.

Author's Note

These locales are based, in large part, on fictional works that are now in the public domain. Readers familiar with the original works of fiction might notice deviations, however. This is because To Hell & Back is a gaming sourcebook, and not a work of literary criticism or review. The changes are intended to make this book more useful for GMs, and more entertaining for players.

Getting There (and Back)

Although these realms can exist in any place or plane of the campaign world, one question must be answered: how do the PCs travel from their normal "turf" to the new locale? While each locale suggests its own, specific "travel techniques", there are some general considerations. The first factor is whether the PCs make their journey to the new locale voluntarily or involuntarily...

Involuntary Travel

There are many options here, ranging from a "randomly-occurring interdimensional gate" to the results of a curse or a miscast spell. In general, GMs should try and avoid the more heavy-handed options, those where the players feel they've got no choice, and are simply being railroaded.

If the players can look back on the course of events and pick some point where a different decision might have saved them from being transported to Atlantis (or wherever), they'll feel much less manipulated and abused. This is true even if the other choice would have led them to the same place, albeit by a different route. As a concrete example, the players would probably be much more likely to accept their sudden engulfment by a "dimensional rift" if they knew it was created by the mysterious artifact that they couldn't resist messing with.

Voluntary Travel

Here it's up to the players to figure out a way to get their characters to the destination. Obviously, this option requires that the PCs be motivated in some way. Perhaps their deity has assigned them a quest, or maybe they're on a rescue or recovery mission of some kind. Depending on the group involved, sheer joy of discovery and lust for adventure might be motives enough.

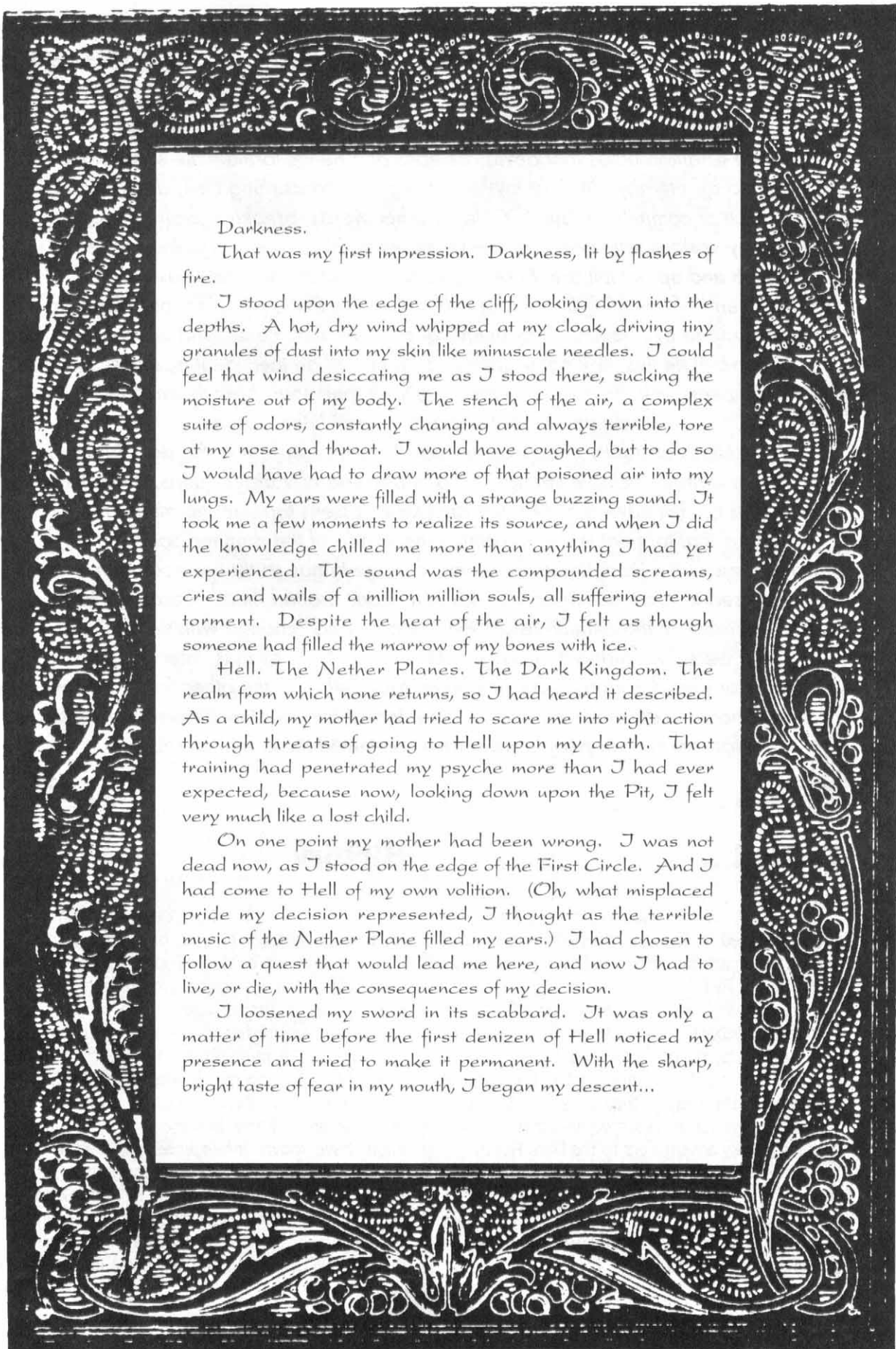
The major advantage of this option is that there's no GM manipulation involved. If the PCs get themselves into deep trouble, there's nobody to blame but themselves. A further advantage is that adventures can arise out of learning how to get to the destination, for example, tracking down the procedure and components for a spell to travel to Hell, without it being a one-way trip. If part of the puzzle is finding a way to get back, there's no reason that the same spell will work in both directions, of course.



HELL



*The
Legendary
Inferno*



Darkness.

That was my first impression. Darkness, lit by flashes of fire.

I stood upon the edge of the cliff, looking down into the depths. A hot, dry wind whipped at my cloak, driving tiny granules of dust into my skin like minuscule needles. I could feel that wind desiccating me as I stood there, sucking the moisture out of my body. The stench of the air, a complex suite of odors, constantly changing and always terrible, tore at my nose and throat. I would have coughed, but to do so I would have had to draw more of that poisoned air into my lungs. My ears were filled with a strange buzzing sound. It took me a few moments to realize its source, and when I did the knowledge chilled me more than anything I had yet experienced. The sound was the compounded screams, cries and wails of a million million souls, all suffering eternal torment. Despite the heat of the air, I felt as though someone had filled the marrow of my bones with ice.

Hell. The Nether Planes. The Dark Kingdom. The realm from which none returns, so I had heard it described. As a child, my mother had tried to scare me into right action through threats of going to Hell upon my death. That training had penetrated my psyche more than I had ever expected, because now, looking down upon the Pit, I felt very much like a lost child.

On one point my mother had been wrong. I was not dead now, as I stood on the edge of the First Circle. And I had come to Hell of my own volition. (Oh, what misplaced pride my decision represented, I thought as the terrible music of the Nether Plane filled my ears.) I had chosen to follow a quest that would lead me here, and now I had to live, or die, with the consequences of my decision.

I loosened my sword in its scabbard. It was only a matter of time before the first denizen of Hell noticed my presence and tried to make it permanent. With the sharp, bright taste of fear in my mouth, I began my descent...



Hell is located in the Nether Planes of existence, a dark and cruel realm where tradition holds that devils, demons and fiends torment the souls of the damned for eternity. In most myths and legends concerning Hell, damnation is a result of committing "sins" in life, in other words, breaking prohibitions set forth by various religions. For the purposes of this game realm, the only souls who end up in Hell are those of people who promoted the causes of the alignments of Lawful Evil, Neutral Evil or Chaotic Evil during life, or those who worshipped Evil deities. Proponents of non-Evil alignments, and worshippers of non-Evil deities, will not usually end up in Hell on their deaths, unless they have been tricked into selling their souls, or their souls have been stolen by some unpleasant denizen of the Nether Planes.

Hell is constantly changing. In fact, the only constant in the dark Nether Realm is unpredictable change. This is because of various things. First, the rulers of Hell have realized that familiarity lessens torment, no matter how hideous that torment is. To maximize the torture of the damned souls in Hell, the rulers of the Dark Realm frequently change things so that nobody can ever get used to, and thus inured to, the conditions around them. Secondly, to a certain extent the definitions of "Evil" and "Good" change with time. Souls that were Evil during their lives will remain in Hell, even if, later on, their behavior would no longer be viewed as truly Evil. On the other hand, as new behaviors become viewed as Evil, the rulers of Hell must make arrangements for the souls of people who have committed these new atrocities.

To Hell...

The most common way to get to Hell is to live a life dedicated to Evil, and then die! Hopefully, this isn't the path by which the PCs find their way to the Nether Realm.

Traditionally, there are many powerful curses that can transport the unwise or the unwary to Hell. Artifacts, particularly, might cast the PCs into the inferno if they don't treat the magical objects with the respect they deserve. Similarly, deities or powerful magical creatures might be able to banish pesky adventurers to the Dark Realm.

Good-aligned patron deities might send the PCs on a quest to Hell, to rescue a "wrongly-assigned" soul, for example, or just to stir things up, and could well handle the travel arrangements.

History

According to the most prevalent myths, Hell has been in existence forever, or at least as long as the multiverse has existed. Today, however, many sages believe that Hell came into existence no more than a few millennia ago, when humans and demihumans began to form civilizations throughout the multiverse. Before civilizations arose, there was no real conception of Alignment, and hence of Evil, among humans and demihumans. Early humans and demihumans might have shown intelligence, but it took them many centuries to develop the concepts of ethics and morality necessary to define Evil and Good. It was only when they could distinguish between the two alignments, and thus make a moral decision, that various Evil deities and Hell came into being.



Several of the deities who helped create Hell have residences there, although it's unlikely that they spend all of their time in the Nether Realm. So they wouldn't have to be caretakers of the Dark Realm themselves, they installed a powerful minion as ruler of Hell. This individual, known by many names including the "satan", is described in more detail later. The Lord has ruled Hell for millennia, and has built up a powerful and extensive hierarchy of lesser fiends to help him administer his realm. (Note: Throughout this discussion, the word "fiend" will be used as a generic term to designate a variety of demons, devils and other "custodians" and "warders" of Hell.) Over the past several centuries, many other hideous creatures have moved into the Nether Realm, staking out their own territory. Satan has usually been willing to let these creatures stay. They make Hell even more horrific and terrifying, and that after all, is the Lord's mandate.

How long will Hell exist? This is a common subject of discussion for theologians and philosophers throughout the multiverse. Many myths and legends claim that it will exist forever, even after the known races and their worlds have become extinct. Some philosophers, however, claim that when the last creature capable of committing an evil act has perished, then Hell, as a symbol, threat, and realm, will come to an end.

There exist certain apocalyptic sects which have a different view of the future. These fanatics claim that Hell is getting full. Even though it may seem capable of expanding enough to accept any number of souls, its ability to enlarge is limited. At some time in the future, the exact time of which is unknown, Hell will be no longer able to accommodate the souls of evil-doers. It is believed that, at this time, Hell will cease to exist. All souls currently in the Nether Realm will cease to exist, and various Deities of Justice will judge those sentient beings still alive throughout the multiverse. The souls of the good will dwell forever in rapturous bliss on a distant plane. Those who are judged evil will vanish into oblivion.

Geography

The Dark Realm of Hell is thought to be roughly cone-like in shape. It seems to be divided into eight layers, call Circles, arranged concentrically like terraces around the interior of

the cone. These eight Circles surround the central region known as Cocytus, or the Ninth Circle of Hell.

Within Hell, both time and space seem to be mutable. There seem to be distortions in space and/or time, which lead to many strange consequences, including grave miscalculations between apparent and actual sizes and distances. For example, a denizen of Hell might estimate that a landmark in the distance is three miles away (a one-hour walk). After five hours of walking, however, the landmark seems little if any closer. A minute or two after that, however, it might be within arm's reach.

Time, too, is highly variable. Two people in different parts of Hell might disagree widely on the period of time between two events. For example, two colleagues part, then re-encounter each other later. To one, it seems that only a handful of hours have gone by, but to the other, they've been separated for decades.

There's no way of predicting when and where such distortions might appear, or how long they'll last. (GMs should make as much or as little use of these distortions as they deem appropriate for the gaming group. Some gaming groups will be intrigued and entertained by such matters, while others will be frustrated and confused.)

Some argument that these spatio-temporal warps are created with intent, perhaps by Satan or by the original creators of the Dark Realm, or occur as a natural manifestation of Hell. If the latter is true, the distortions could be side effects of Hell's ability to expand and accept more souls.

Another topic of discussion among philosophers is, "What lies outside Hell?" What's above it, and what's around it? In fact, as some philosophers and theologians suspect, the question is totally meaningless. There's nothing "outside" Hell, just as there's nothing "outside" the universe. Hell is its own plane of existence, with nothing beyond the confines of the Wall surrounding the Vestibule and First Circle.

The sky above Hell, or more correctly, the lack of sky, reflects this nature. Anyone who looks up from the surface of Hell sees nothing. They don't see darkness. Darkness at least would be the effect of something. The appearance of the "non-sky" in indescribable, similar, but not identical to, what you see when you close your eyes. This effect is highly disturbing and disorienting.





Anyone who spends more than a second or two looking directly at the sky must save vs. spells or suffer a bout of vertigo and nausea for 1-4 rounds. During this time, the character cannot travel under his own power, is -3 to hit, and suffers a -1 penalty to all saving throws.

There are no light sources in the sky. All of Hell is illuminated, however, by a sourceless light with the intensity of distant fire light. Various areas are lit by the ruddy light of fires or flowing lava, and this light seems to reflect throughout the dark realm. Since there's no sun in the sky, and time is somewhat arbitrary, there can be no distinction between day and night. The levels of illumination and activity remain constant around the clock.

There is no weather in Hell (except where it's specifically described in later sections). There are no winds, clouds, rain or storms. Sometimes lightning bolts lash down out of the "non-sky", but this seems to be a magical rather than a meteorological effect. In some areas of Hell, the temperature is much hotter, while in others the temperature is well below freezing.

The air of Hell reeks, with a complex combination of distasteful odors: sweat, burning, corruption, mould, etc. etc. While human senses normally become accustomed to any odor, so much so that people stop noticing them after a while, this doesn't happen with the air of Hell. The mixture of smells in the air changes constantly, so much that nobody can ever get used to it. So nauseating is the stench that any living character in Hell must make a saving throw against poison each hour. A successful roll means the character has managed to control his nausea; a failed roll means he is at -2 on all to hit, proficiency and Attribute Check rolls for the next hour. (Note that this penalty is cumulative with the penalty for staring at the sky.) Every living character in Hell must make this hourly roll, no matter how long he or she has been in the Nether Realm. Damned souls find the putrid air distasteful, but it has no physical effects on them. Natural denizens of the Dark Realm, such as fiends, find it quite pleasant.

There's a constant background sound in the Dark Realm, low and pervasive, always just above the threshold of perception. It's the combined screams and cries of all the souls tortured within the Circles of Hell, a profoundly disturbing sound to any creature, living or dead. The demonic and

monstrous inhabitants of the Nether Realm appreciate this sound as a kind of background music, of course.

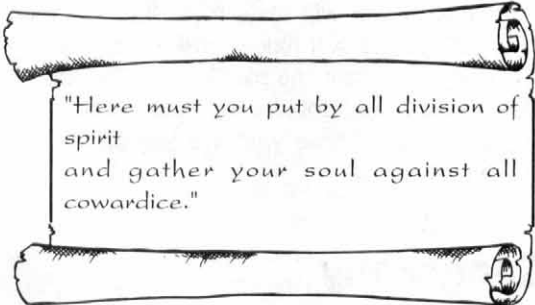
Location in the Campaign World:

Hell is obviously a dimension unto itself and need not be "placed" in the campaign world. There could be, however, any number of ways in the world of getting to the dark realm, such as by spell use or magical portals hidden in secluded and heavily protected areas.

Travel Within Hell

When dead souls are sent to Hell, they are usually sent to specific regions of the Nether Realm, regions appropriate to their philosophy and behavior during life. Once the damned souls have been assigned to their proper Circle, there are no laws or rules forbidding them from moving around within the Nether Realm. (Since the only way out is at the center, and things get more terrible as one moves downward and inward Satan, Satan, glories in the knowledge that few of the damned will ever have the will to make it all the way.) Certainly, the fiends assigned to watching certain areas sometimes consider it good sport to hunt down and torment any souls trying to leave their area of authority. They are sometimes lazy, however, and will often let souls travel where they wish, knowing that there is no escaping the torments of Hell. The only exception to this is the strict prohibition against anyone crossing the River Acheron heading from the First Circle back into the Vestibule.

The Wall



"Here must you put by all division of spirit
and gather your soul against all
cowardice."

The outer region of Hell is surrounded by a great Wall that appears to be made of massive blocks of cold, solid iron. The blocks are roughly cubical, about two yards on a side, and must weigh



in excess of 130,000 pounds each.

The Wall appears to be five rows of blocks high. Logically, then, it should be only 30 feet high. However, while it appears to be ten yards high (a deception confirmed by all but the most powerful magics) the actual distance that must be traversed to get from the ground to the top of the wall is infinite. Thus, any object thrown or shot from the ground upward toward the top of the wall will fall far short of its objective, regardless of how powerfully the object is hurled. An arrow shot directly upward will appear to fly no higher than 15 feet before it falls back to the ground.

No matter what is tried, it's impossible to reach the top of the wall or go over it. A character with the power of flight or the ability to climb walls likewise won't be able to reach the top of the Wall, no matter how high they go.

The Vestibule

*"I saw a banner there upon the mist.
Circling and circling, it seemed to scorn
all pause.*

So it ran on, and still behind it pressed

*a never-ending rout of souls in pain.
I had not thought death had undone so
many
as passed before me in that mournful
train."*

There are millions of souls inhabiting the Vestibule. However, because of the spatio-temporal distortions, the population seems much more sparse than it actually is. While most true devotees of Evil know that they'll likely end up in Hell (though they likely expect to go to a lower Circle), most inhabitants of the Vestibule find their arrival in Hell a terrible shock. The Vestibule is the destination of the Opportunists, those people who, in life, chose to take advantage of the evil acts of others and eventually became tainted with evil themselves. The souls here endlessly pursue a flying banner which they crave (but don't know

why) and is impossible to catch. The souls themselves are chased by vast swarms of stinging wasps and hornets. These swarms will also attack living creatures, but not with the same furvor that they pursue the souls. Living creatures who do not flee from the insects will be stung 2-8 times for every 10 stings, the character loses 1 HTK point and must save vs poison or lose 1 point of STA. If a character's STA drops to 0 he will die in 1-6 turns.

The Vestibule is the outer region of the terrace, nearest the Wall. It's an area of rolling, barren hills. The soil is coarse, with the consistency of sand mixed with cinders. The soil has obviously never been capable of supporting plant life. There is no water on the surface, though there is a water table close to the surface. Any hole dug more than three feet deep will strike water. This water is foul-smelling and even worse-tasting, but will only cause mild nausea if drank (one of the few safe sources of water to be found in the Nether Realm).

The Vestibule is empty of native life except for several species of biting and stinging bugs similar to mosquitos, horseflies and hornets. There are no monstrous denizens here, and the fiends rarely patrol the areas near the Wall.

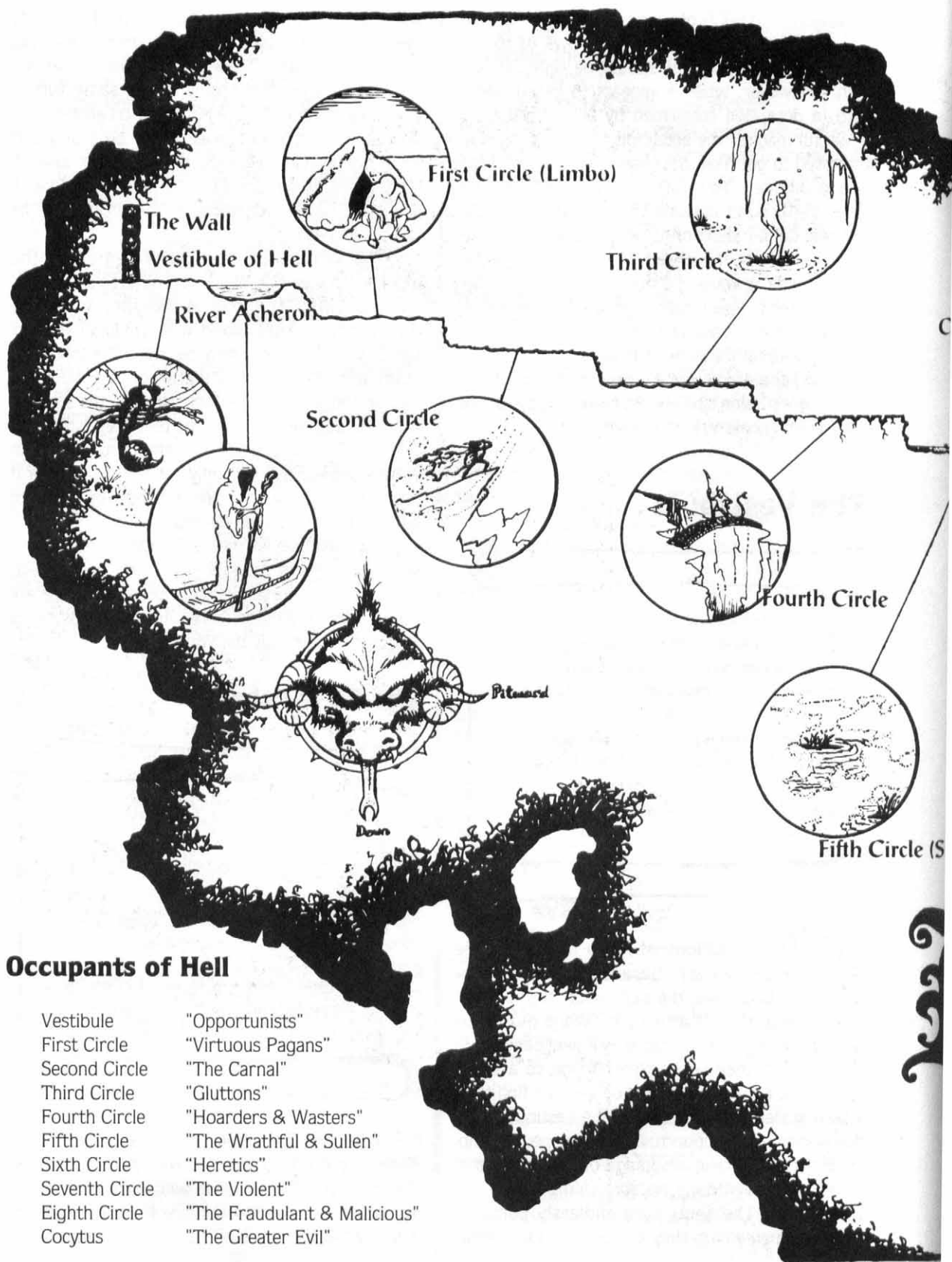
The River Acheron

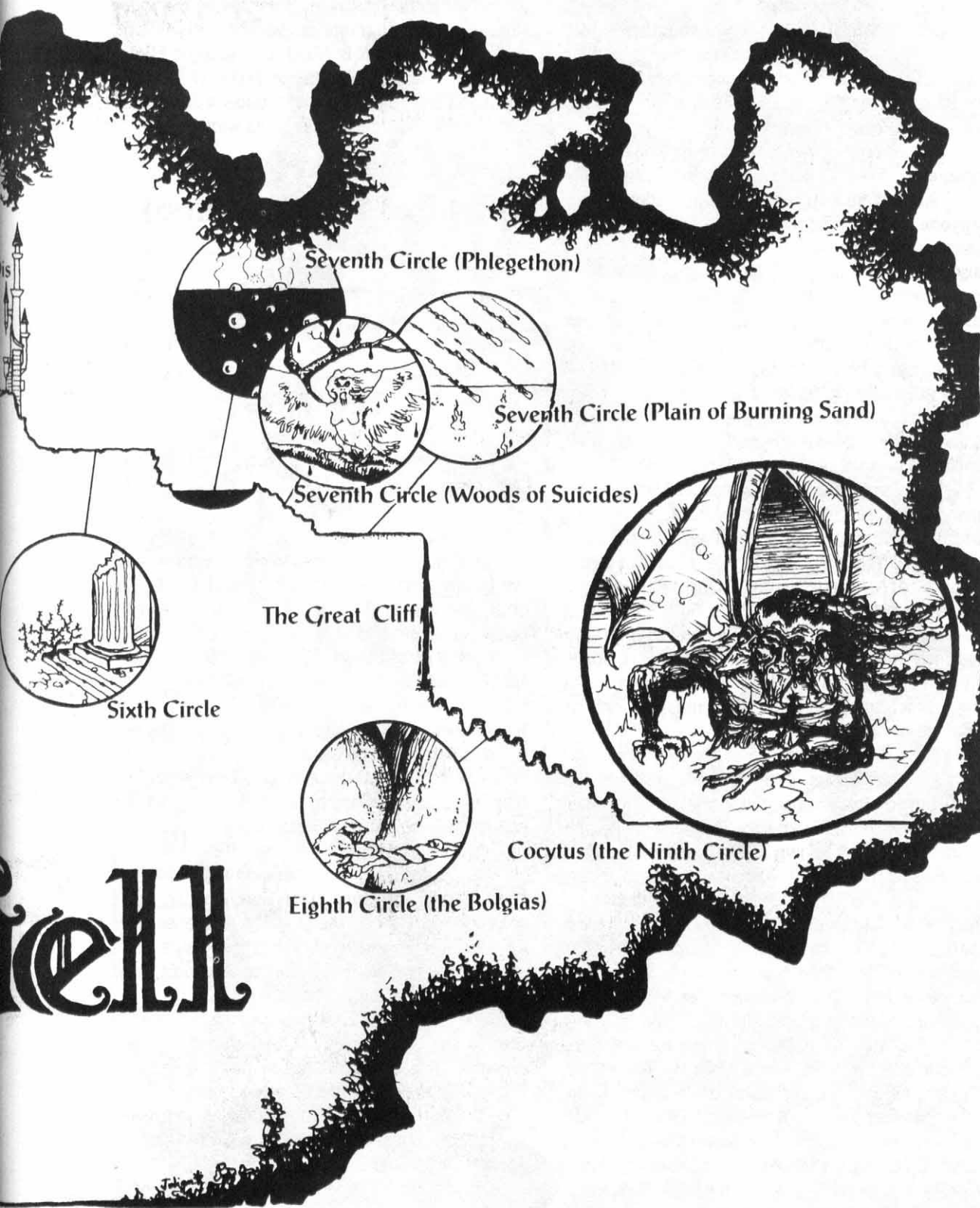
*"There, steering towards us in an
ancient ferry
came an old man with a white bush of
hair,
bellowing: 'Woe to you depraved souls!
Bury*

*here and forever all hope of Paradise:
I come to lead you to the other shore,
into eternal dark, into fire and ice."*

Between the Vestibule and the First Circle flows the River Acheron, a cold and deep, slow-flowing river that varies in width from 100 yards to almost a mile. The surface is mirror-smooth, undisturbed by waves or eddies. This smoothness







Seventh Circle (Phlegethon)

Seventh Circle (Plain of Burning Sand)

Seventh Circle (Woods of Suicides)

The Great Cliff

Sixth Circle

Cocytus (the Ninth Circle)

Eighth Circle (the Bolgias)

Hell





is somewhat deceptive as the waters flow at more than 5 knots. Acheron flows counterclockwise around the terrace, never changing in elevation (apparently another effect of the spacial distortion). The river's banks, beneath the water's surface, slope steeply, so the river reaches its maximum depth of 30 feet within five feet of the shore.

The waters of Acheron appear to be black, opaque and almost viscous. They are exceptionally cold, and radiate a strong aura of alteration magic. Anyone approaching within five feet will feel it start to leech the heat from his body. The water also has a strange odor, thin, cold and with the unpleasant smell of death. The water is, of course, highly dangerous. Any damned soul who touches the water is instantly drawn down to the bottom of the river where they stay until Hell comes to an end, eternally suffering from the biting cold, unable to escape without aid. If the soul can somehow be located and pulled out of the water, it is free to move about the first Circle again.

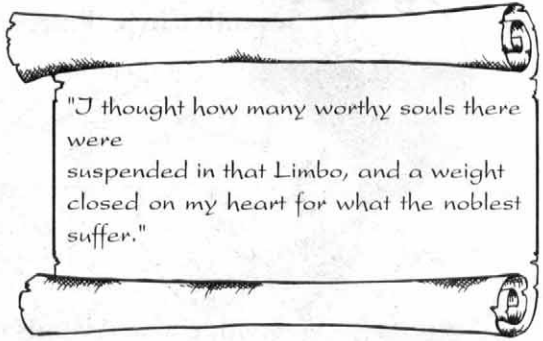
The water also has unpleasant effects on living creatures in Hell. Any character who so much as touches the water must save vs spells at -3 or instantly suffers memory loss (similar to the effects of a Forget spell). One year will be forgotten per point the save was failed by. Even a successful save will cause the loss of anything recently memorized, such as spells. The Spells heal, restoration, limited wish or wish will counteract this effect but they must be cast at level 10 to be effective.

There are no bridges over the Acheron. The only safe way across (other than magical flight) is a system of ferryboats that constantly ply their way across the chill waters. They are crewed by a species of fiend known as Charons (see Monster Folio page for details). Each boat, more a raft really, is a small, flat floating platform about six feet wide and twice as long. The charon propels and steers the raft with a single long oar mounted on the stern.

Nobody knows how many ferries and how many charons there are, although they probably number in the hundreds. The charons will ferry anyone from the Vestibule inward to the First Circle. All a character has to do is stand on the riverbank and call out, and a ferry will soon appear. Predictably, the creatures won't ferry anyone but high ranking fiends from the inner Circles back to the Vestibule. It's vaguely possible

that the PCs could somehow impersonate such a fiend well enough to convince a charon to take them back to the Vestibule. Considering the acute senses of the charons, however, this seems unlikely. If a charon is killed and his boat taken, any other charon encountered (10% chance per Turn) will immediately attack. It takes 4-80 rounds to cross the river, depending on its width.

The First Circle (Limbo)



"I thought how many worthy souls there were suspended in that Limbo, and a weight closed on my heart for what the noblest suffer."

Some say that the First Circle of Hell is occupied by "virtuous pagans", people who did not live by the teachings of certain religions but lived good and moral lives anyway. This is merely propaganda generated by certain religions with particularly strict beliefs. The First Circle is actually the home of those who spent their lives inadvertently furthering the cause of Evil while truly believing they were promoting the general Good. Many of the souls in this part of Hell believed in life that the end justified the means, that one sometimes had to be cruel to be kind, and similar false beliefs. These people were truly deluded, they didn't just use these ideas as rationalizations, they truly believed them, but still they caused the spread of Evil, and so were consigned to Hell on their deaths. Because their motives were good, however, these souls don't exist in constant, searing torment as do most other denizens of the Dark Realm.

The topography of the First Circle is similar to that of the Vestibule, with low, rolling hills and extensive flat plains. The soil here is no more fertile than that in the Vestibule.

The First Circle is dotted with primitive shelters constructed of slabs of rock. The shelters are often clustered in small "villages".

The population of souls is relatively low here.

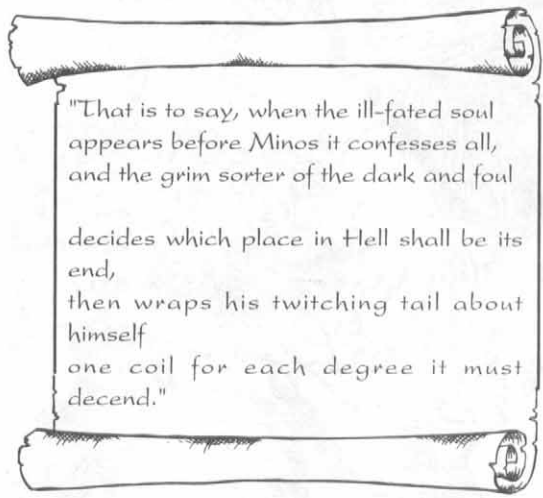






Most of the villages are occupied by a handful of souls. No monsters and few fiends wander the First Circle. The major torment for the souls here is boredom. There is absolutely nothing for a soul to do except dwell upon the decisions that brought him or her to this place (which is torment enough, they would say). The inhabitants are free to move inward, to the Second Circle, but few do, preferring boredom and mental anguish to the physical torments that await them below.

The Second Circle



"That is to say, when the ill-fated soul appears before Minos it confesses all, and the grim sorter of the dark and foul

decides which place in Hell shall be its end, then wraps his twitching tail about himself one coil for each degree it must descend."

According to prophets, the Second Circle is the destination of the "carnal", those whose Evil was manifested in sexual desire and behavior and who put the pleasures of the flesh above all else. The damned souls here are constantly whirled around in the winds, few ever touching the ground or each other.

While many souls are "assigned" to the Second Circle, few stay there for long. The only ones who do are those too cowardly, or perhaps too wise, to risk greater torments in the lower reaches of the Nether Realm. The strongest and fiercest of damned souls have usually found some form of shelter, shallow caves or ravines with small overhangs, to prevent them from being hurled about by the wind, and will fight to keep their shelter for themselves. The weaker, or those who for some reason won't fight for shelter, are left out in the open, to fly about in the winds, and to be torn and broken from impacts with the sharp rocks (though they never die or lose

consciousness). Living creatures are not hurled about by the winds, but are frequently buffeted (20% chance per turn) by flying souls which causes 1-2 points of damage.

Minos, the semi-bestial judge of the damned, holds his "court" here. Seated atop a great block of stone, Minos assigns new souls to their eternal torment. No soul may resist his decree. While Minos would find living creatures a curiosity, his job does not deal with them so he will usually leave them alone.

Minos, Judge of the Damned

Skill 15 wizard

Skill 20 fighter

STR: 18 (51) , **INT:** 18, **INS:** 14

STA: 16, **DEX:** 12 , **APL:** 2

HTK: 50 , **AC:** 1

MV: 18" , **AL:** C. Evil

AT: 2 , **DM:** 3-18

THACO: 5

The Cliff of the Second Circle

The Second Circle is separated from the first by a vertical cliff more than 100 feet high. There are enough ledges and cliffs to make it possible, albeit dangerous, for someone to climb down. Since nothing is natural in Hell (everything is designed and created for a specific purpose) these ledges and ravines didn't arise through natural erosion or other processes. The builders of the Nether Realm created them to make it possible for souls to travel from the First to the Second Circle.

The reverse isn't the case however. The cliff is extensively patrolled by a variety of demons and devils. Although they always torment anyone they catch, they allow souls who are heading downhill to "escape" or otherwise avoid them. Souls trying to head uphill are driven back to the Second Circle. Anyone wishing to climb back up the cliff must escape notice by the fiends, or be powerful enough to defeat the creatures they meet on the way up.

The Winds

The Second Circle slopes somewhat downward and inward. The slope isn't severe enough to make travel treacherous unless travellers are hurrying or careless. There is no vegetation, and no obvious water. Living in crevices in the rocks are small, aggressive rodents known as rippers (see the Monster Folio). The fact that these

creatures can live here indicates that there must be some water, but it lies deep within the rock, accessible only through tiny crevices that only the rippers can use.

The Second Circle is constantly lashed by vicious winds that scream and howl like banshees. They generally blow in a counterclockwise direction around the Circle, but the ravines and bluffs cause it to swirl and eddy unpredictably. The average wind speed is around 90 knots, although it sometimes reaches much higher speeds. The wind is strong enough to knock size M or smaller creatures from their feet if they don't keep low and close to the ground. Even so, it inflicts a -4 penalty or -10% penalty on all physical activities. (The to hit penalty is decreased to -2 for size L creatures.) Characters who are caught by a particularly strong gust, and aren't lying nearly flat against the rock, must save vs breath weapons or be picked up by the wind and flung 2-16 feet.

The winds of the Second Circle make life particularly difficult for flying creatures (other than fiends, who seem immune to its effects) and characters using magical flight. Each round that a creature or character tries to fly in the winds it must make an ability check against its DEX. A failed roll means the winds have dashed the

creature or character against the rocks, inflicting 1-10 points of damage. (Note that this damage will break the concentration of a flying wizard, perhaps leading to a fall and even more damage.)

Fiends and other native denizens of Hell are able to fly normally through the fierce winds. Nevertheless, they too suffer the combat penalties, and also may be flung from their feet by strong gusts (though they save at +2). The temperature of the Second Circle is very cold, with the wind whipping it much lower. Bare skin will become frostbit after 8-13 (1D6+7) hours of exposure.

The Third Circle

"I see now torments and new souls in pain about me everywhere. Wherever I turn away from grief I turn to grief again."

The Third Circle is the destination of "gluttons", those to whom material possessions were more important than the well-being of others, or even their immortal souls. They sought possessions for the sake of possessing them. The population of souls here is quite large, since so many Evil-aligned individuals meet this materialistic criteria. Souls here can be found standing around, knee-deep in freezing muck, fighting for what little high ground there is, or (in the case of the more fatalistic individuals) sitting, or even lying, in the mire.

The Cliff of the Third Circle

Again, the Second and Third Circles are separated by a steep cliff; as steep as treacherous as that between the First and Second Circles. As a traveller descends the cliff, the winds from the second Circle lessen in severity, but the temperature drops much further. By the time the plains of the Third Circle are reached, the ambient temperature fluctuates below the freezing point, and the wind becomes cutting. Exposed skin will become frostbit in 1-4 hours. Throughout the Third Circle, the storm of putrifaction is always





falling. Stinking snow and founts, frozen rain constantly pelt the landscape. As well as soaking characters to the skin within a few minutes, this cuts visibility ranges in half. Living characters exposed to these dreadful conditions for more than three consecutive hours will start to lose one point each of STR, DEX and STA for each additional hour they're without shelter. If any of these attributes reaches zero, the character dies. Lost points will return at a rate of one for each attribute for every half-hour the character is in shelter, or in a less inhospitable climate.

The cliff is patrolled by a minimum of fiends who and they seem to take little interest in their duties. It's not difficult to sneak past them or distract them with simple ruses. If they do catch anyone climbing the cliff (in either direction) the fiends will enjoy tormenting them. Once the hapless soul is unconscious or unresponsive the fiends will tire, leaving their victim to his fate.

The Swamp

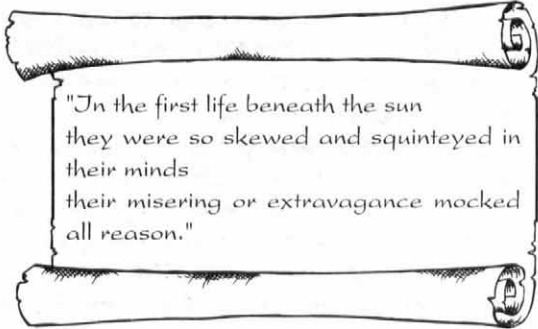
The Third Circle is a hideously depressing place, a great plain covered, sometimes to a depth of several feet, in stinking, half-frozen slush and mire. The highest ground barely rises two or three inches above the surface of the icy muck. These small, dry(er) patches are hotly coveted by the souls inhabiting this Circle, since they at least give some respite from the miserable cold of the mire. As on the Second Circle, the strong and the cunning have taken possession of the high grounds, and will fight to keep them.

The mire is deep enough to slow movement. All movement rates for size S creatures are reduced by 5". Size M creatures are slowed by 3", and size L creatures are slowed by 1". Characters can try to run, moving at their normal rate, but each round they must make an ability check against their DEX. If they succeed, they manage to keep their footing. If they fail, they fall headlong in the mire. For each level of encumbrance beyond "unencumbered", the ability check is at -2. (Thus, a character who is "severely" encumbered suffers a -8 penalty to the roll.) If the GM is using rules for fatigue, characters moving for long distances through the mire become fatigued 1 1/2 times as fast as normal.

Fiends don't patrol this area extensively, but those few who do seem to take great pleasure in finding those individuals who've found high ground and throwing them back into the muck, just to

watch the battles rage over the newly-vacated hillocks. The mire of the third Circle is home to a vicious, metal-scaled snake known as "the Silver Death", and to demonic, three-headed hounds called cerberi (Refer to the Monster Folio for statistics).

The Fourth Circle



*"In the first life beneath the sun
they were so skewed and squinteyed in
their minds
their misering or extravagance mocked
all reason."*

The Fourth Circle is the home of "hoarders" and "wasters". The Evil souls assigned to this place were, in life, those who hoarded more than they needed (wealth, food, etc) or wasted the same commodities while those around them were in great need. The souls condemned here are split into two armies (the hoarders and the wasters). Each soul rolls a huge boulder towards a soul in the other army, who is also rolling a boulder. These souls are destined to clash boulders against each other for all of eternity. As with most areas of Hell, those souls that remain here do so because they believe that the rest of the Nether Realm is even worse than the fourth Circle.

The climate here is quite different from the Third Circle. The temperature rises sharply to 95 degrees, and all precipitation vanishes. The humidity approaches zero, and the constant wind feels like its coming from a blast furnace. Living creatures dehydrate and become fatigued rapidly here. For each level of encumbrance past unencumbered, the character will tire +1 times faster. For example, a heavily encumbered person would become fatigued 4 times more rapidly than an unencumbered person. Characters must drink twice as much water as normal while on this Circle. If they don't, they lose 1 point of STA each hour past the fourth they spend here. When 0 Stamina is reached, the character dies.

The cliff which separates the Third and Fourth Circles is effectively identical to that between the Second and Third. Identical, too, is the fiends' reaction to souls found trying to climb the cliff in either direction.

The Fourth Circle is a blasted, rocky area, slashed in many places by broad, deep chasms that extend for many hundreds of yards. An average chasm varies in width from 15 feet to 48 feet (3D12+12), and its usually-vertical sides drop 12 to 72 feet (3D8x4) to the chasm floor. The walls of the chasms are smooth as glass, without even the smallest foot or hand-holds for a climber. There are no trees, boulders, or other objects around the chasms to which a rope can be tied. The only way of crossing a chasm, without the use of magic, and without the risks of jumping, is by using one of many narrow wooden bridges.

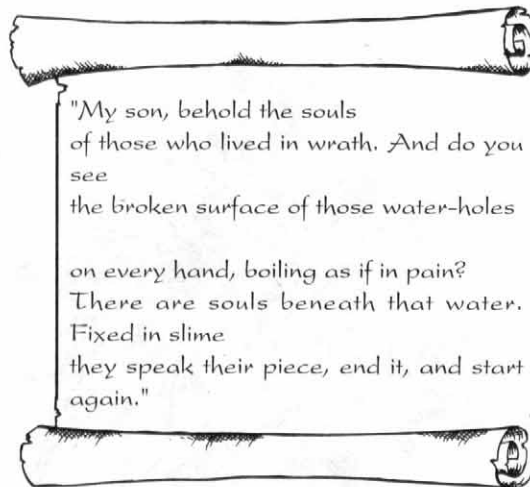
There are one or more bridges crossing each chasm. The bridges are all eight feet wide, with no handrails on either side. The surfaces of the bridges are constructed of rough, badly-attached planks and have intermittent holes or missing planks. Anyone trying to cross a bridge at more than a walk must make an ability check against his DEX or trip. He then must make another ability check against his DEX or fall over the edge of the bridge into the chasm below, taking the normal damage from the fall. Standing in the midst of each bridge is a Warder of the Damned (see the Monster Folio). This fiend's task is to stop any soul from crossing the bridge, or at least torment anyone who wishes to cross.

Damned souls do try to cross the bridges, regardless of the fiendish presence guarding them. The rugged areas between the chasms are prowled by hellish versions of predatory animals, wolves, lions, bears, tigers, and other, less familiar, creatures (30% per turn of encountering one). These animals will try to attack any soul (or living character) on sight. As denizens of Hell, these creatures don't have to eat, they exist to tear the damned souls (and anyone else) to pieces. The animals can be wounded and killed normally (although they reform after 12 hours), but the souls of the Fourth Circle have no weapons to use against them. An encounter between a predator and any number of souls will end with the souls being torn apart or chased (for perhaps centuries) until they are caught. When the souls flee from the predators, they often try to dodge past the fiends guarding the bridges. If a soul can manage

to make it over a bridge in one piece, it usually enjoys a short respite, as the animals will not pursue across a bridge. There is usually only a short wait, however, until another beast comes along.

It's important to point out that predators also prowl the bottoms of the chasms. Since the chasms are such close quarters, there's much less chance of a soul escaping an animal. For this reason, the souls try very hard not to fall into the chasms. Every few weeks the chasms pinch shut from the bottom up, crushing any souls within, and squirting their remains to the surface to reform.

The Fifth Circle (Styx)



The Fifth Circle is home to the "wrathful and sullen", and the souls here certainly live up to this description. The wrathful are those who took vengeance for the sake of taking vengeance, whether it was right or wrong. The sullen are those who committed evil acts because they felt slighted by those who profitted from good acts. The sullen sit and moan woefully, sometimes submerged beneath the marsh for centuries. The wrathful will attack any character (or other soul) for merely looking at him. Bumping into a wrathful soul, or trying to climb onto his island or section of path (described below), will definitely trigger an attack. There is a 30% chance that any soul encountered will be sullen, 70% that it will be wrathful.

The cliff leading down to the Fifth Circle is effectively identical to those listed above. The temperature drops off sharply as you go down the



cliff, and the air becoming more humid and foggy. Half-way down, the cliff is cloaked in thick, chilling fog, reducing visibility to 1/4 normal and making the rock treacherously slick with moisture. By the bottom of the cliff, the temperature has dropped to within a few degrees of freezing. Living creatures suffer the effects of exposure as described in the Third Circle.

The entire Fifth Circle is a cold and treacherous swamp called the Styx. The murky waters are 6 feet deep, plus or minus 1-4 feet. Throughout the swamp are small, marshy islands, and damp, twisting paths that lead from island to island but go nowhere. As on the Third Level, the strongest or most cunning souls have fought their way onto these islands and paths, and defend their high ground against any intruders. The rest of the

souls wallow in the misery of the swamp. Since the souls don't need to breathe, some of them are completely submerged.

It's impossible to cross the entire Fifth Circle entirely on paths or islands. Unless the PCs can fly, or seek the aid of the boatmen (mentioned below), they'll have to walk through the swamp for at least some distance.

Another means of transportation is available, but the PCs might not wish to take it. Many boats, like the ferries on the River Acheron, constantly crisscross the swamp. The creatures, called phlegyas, crewing these boats have been charged with tormenting the souls of the Fifth Circle by chasing them off their islands or paths, or dragging them through the swamps behind their boats. They are also responsible for ferrying other fiends through the swamps. If the PCs hail a phlegyas, it will always come to investigate (in case the characters are actually senior fiends in disguise). If it finds out the character's true nature, the charon will attack them, trying to kill them or throw them into the depths of the swamp. There is a password however, which will gain the seeker safe passage aboard the phlegyas' boats. It is rumored that this password is, "This has been willed, where what is willed, must be, and is not yours to ask what it may mean." Resourceful PCs might be able to find this out through divinatory magic, through old folk tales, or from research done previous to coming to Hell. If the PCs use the correct phrase, the phlegyas will take them across the swamp from one side to the other. It will not go anywhere else on the Fifth Circle, and will carp and complain throughout the voyage. As with the ferries on the river Acheron, if the PCs manage to kill a phlegyas and take its boat, they'll be attacked by any other charons who sees them.

Few fiends are present on the Fifth Circle, preferring to leave the torments there in the hands of the phlegyas. From time to time, however, a Warder or other fiend will check on the area to make sure the charons are performing their duties.

The cold swamp is home to an unpleasant creature called a blood leech (see Monster Folio). Anyone wading through the swamp has a 10% chance per turn of encountering 1-4 of these nasties.

Near the walls of the infernal city of Dis, roam medusas and fiends called furies (see Monster Folio).



The City of Dis

Between the Fifth and Sixth Circles lie the walls of the city of Dis. Within half a mile of the city walls, the air temperature rises to over 125 degrees. Great thermals and wind currents can be seen disturbing the air over the walls. The walls range in (actual) height from about 50 feet to well over 200 feet, and there are many zigurrats, towers, turrets and spires that extend much higher than that. The walls are built of huge blocks of solid iron, which glows red with the heat of a furnace. Any living creature who so much as touches the walls suffers 3-60 points of damage (save vs. breath weapons for half damage). Even coming within ten feet of any wall inflicts 1-8 points of damage every round (again, save for half damage).

A detachment 1-6 Sentinel Demons, 2-12 Warders of the Damned and 3-18 Demon Soldiers (see Monster Folio) stand guard at each of the main gates to the city. These guards will allow any fiend to pass, but will harass anyone else wishing to enter the city (doing things like knocking them into the walls, etc). Their normal instructions, however, are to let anyone who wishes to enter Dis pass, but to only allow non-fiends to leave the city by exiting into the Sixth Circle.

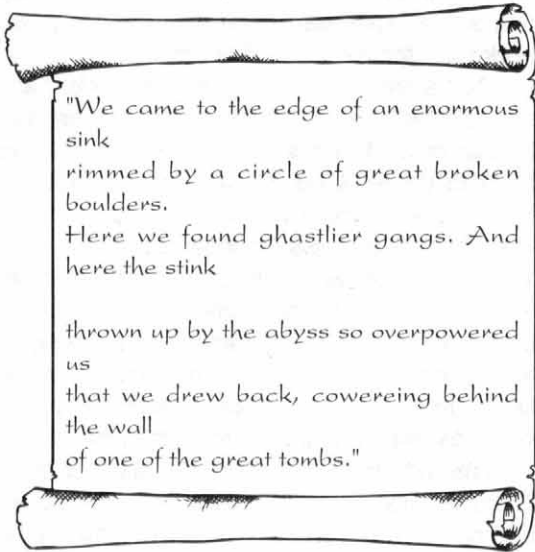
A strong magical warp effects the entire city of Dis, preventing most living creatures from entering. Any living creature which passes through the gates to the city is immediately transported through the city gates leading into the opposite Circle. This gives the illusion that the entire "city" is merely a huge wall. To enter the city, living creatures must have the passage symbol seared onto their flesh. Just within each city gate is the passage symbol, raised in relief on the wall. Living visitors must touch this relief and allow it to burn into their flesh (doing 2-20 points of damage). Once this is done, the dimensional warp will admit them into the city.

Dis is a huge city to be sure. Few have attempted to map it, and perhaps none has done so accurately. Because of spatio-temporal warps, the interior of Dis is much larger than its exterior. In fact, many sages believe the interior layout changes with time as a result of the spatio-temporal warps. What is understood is that there are hundreds of miles of corridors, thousands of offices, dozens of parade squares, countless cells, and enough "barracks" space for all the fiends in Hell. The corridors and offices are alive around

the clock with traffic, fiends of all kinds.

It is said that Dis contains records listing every soul in Hell. If the record for a soul ever disappears and can't be retrieved, Hellish law dictates that the soul must be released from the Nether Realm and sent to another plane which matches its Alignment. Many cultures have folk tales of brave souls, banished wrongly to Hell, infiltrating the city of Dis to find and destroy their records so they could go to the plane of their true destiny.

The Sixth Circle



"We came to the edge of an enormous sink
rimmed by a circle of great broken
boulders.
Here we found ghastlier gangs. And
here the stink

thrown up by the abyss so overpowered
us
that we drew back, cowering behind
the wall
of one of the great tombs."

The Sixth Circle of Hell is said to be populated by "heretics". This is a somewhat biased statement made by various Good religions. In life, the souls assigned to the Sixth Circle were the priests of various Evil religions, particularly those who inflicted ill on innocent victims. Though true believers in the precepts of Evil, these persons were considered to be heretics by the population at large. The soul population on the Sixth Circle is relatively low, compared with elsewhere in Hell. Few of the souls in the Sixth Circle came from elsewhere in the Dark Realm. The proximity of the city of Dis is enough to keep most travellers well away from here.

The cliff between the Fifth and Sixth Circles is not as high as the earlier cliffs, and generally less steep and treacherous. The fogs from the Fifth Circle roll over the edge and tumble down the cliff, thinning and evaporating about half-way down.





As one descends the cliff, the temperature rises again, from near freezing at the top to over 100 degrees at the bottom. The humidity is very high, just short of condensing. Living creatures who are unencumbered become fatigued three times faster than normal. Further, any character who is more than lightly encumbered must make a System Shock roll each hour that he tries to function normally. Also, at the end of any combat that lasts for ten or more rounds, every living combatant who engaged in melee must make a System Shock roll. A character who fails either of these System Shock rolls collapses from heat prostration, passing out for 1D6 minutes, and suffering a -3 penalty to hit and on proficiency rolls, and a -15% penalty on subsequent System Shock rolls, for the next 1-6 hours.

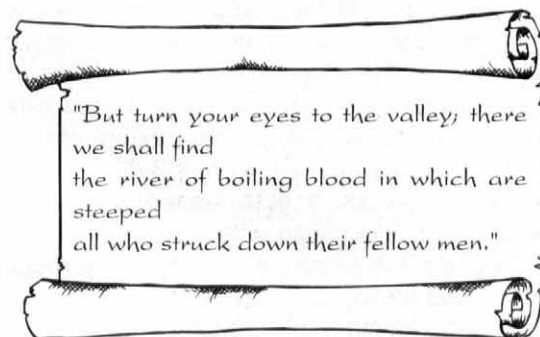
The terrain of the Sixth Circle is cracked and irregular, leading to precarious footing, but not like that created by the marshy unpleasantness in the Fifth Circle. A particularly hideous odor of brimstone and boiling blood (rising up from the Seventh Circle) grows stronger as the Seventh Circle is neared. Some vegetation grows here, though it is not a welcome change. This vegetation consists of rugged bushes with vicious, stinging thorns (that do 1-4 points of damage to anyone thrown into a bush); stunted, twisted trees with poisonous fruits (reduces all abilities by half for 1-3 days); and black, orchid-like flowers that smell of rotting flesh (save vs poison or cause violent retching for 2-8 Turns). The only animal life is roving packs of vicious, rabid dogs (5% per point of actual damage of contracting rabies).

Here and there are small stone buildings, mausoleums and museum-like structures, as well as other classically constructed buildings (small replicas of the Parthenon, the Acropolis, etc.). None have doors or windows that can be closed, or furniture or contents that can be fashioned into barricades. Thus there's no way to turn them into sanctuaries from the prowling dogs. Nevertheless, most of the souls on this Circle can be found cowering in these buildings, because at least the roofs conceal them from the eyes of fiends flying overhead.

Any kind of shelter is important, because the fiend presence here is higher than normal. This is due to the proximity to Dis, the City of Hot Iron, the horrific capital city of the Dark Realm. Fiends crisscross the plane around the clock, going about their hellish business. Many are on specific

assignments and can't take time (or much time, at least) to exercise their cruelty on the cowering souls. Others, however, have no dark assignments and are free to torture and torment the damned at their leisure.

The Seventh Circle



The Seventh Circle is the hell of the violent, those who committed acts of violence against themselves, others, and nature. The targets of their evil determined which part of the Seventh Circle they were sent to.

The cliff separating the Sixth and the Seventh Circles is a huge pile of rubble, perhaps felled in some cataclysmic battle centuries before. This makes the climb down easier but no less dangerous. Great, black minotaurs prowl the rubble searching for souls (or anyone else) to brutalize. During the trip down the 500 yard slope, there is a 30% chance per turn that a minotaur will be encountered.

Phlegathon, The Lake of Boiling Blood

The lake of boiling blood is occupied by the people who killed and maimed and destroyed others in the name of Evil.

The rocky cliff descends right into the body of liquid called Phlegathon, boiling blood. A lake of phlegathon several hundred yards wide rings the entire Seventh Circle. Phlegathon is one of the most terrible places in the Nether Realm. Damned souls stand waist to chest-deep in the boiling blood, howling their agony to the skies, for all eternity. Here and there throughout the lake are small, jagged islands, rising a few inches above the surface of the blood. As elsewhere in Hell, the strongest and fiercest souls have fought their way out of the blood and pain, and now defend their



vantage-points with understandable ferocity.

Immersion in the boiling blood of the lake inflicts 1-12 points of damage each round of contact. The souls in the lake are constantly healing from this damage, and their agony is never-ending.

The shores of the Lake are patrolled by herds of evil centaurs. Their assignment is to shoot any soul who attempts to rise up out of the Lake. They go about their task with visious glee, but would be unsure what to do with any living creatures.

The air temperature and humidity around the lake is nearly as high as in Dis. Characters must make System Shock rolls described in the Sixth Circle to avoid heat prostration. The air in this region reeks with the sweet-sharp smell of blood.

At various points, rivers of blood flow from the lake, toward the center of Hell. Eventually, these rivers plunge over the Great Cliff between the Seventh and Eighth Circles.

The Woods of Suicide

The Woods of Suicide are home to those who killed themselves in the name of evil. Upon reaching the Seventh Circle, their souls are transformed into twisted, thorny trees. The leaves of these trees are regularly plucked at by hideous harpies which eat them greedily. The wounds created when these leaves are taken, bleed human blood. These souls are only able to speak when their leaves have been stripped and their branches are bleeding.

The Woods are a very dangerous area of Hell (particularly for the living). As if the harpies aren't bad enough, packs of hideous creatures called raptors (see the Monster Folio) prowl the Woods of Suicide, falling upon any victim they can catch with unmatched ferocity.

Topographically, the Woods of Suicide resembles the worst badlands to be found on Earth. There are low hills, split with narrow, deep ravines and dry, blasted riverbeds. The soil is sandy and gritty, with many jagged, fist-sized rocks making movement treacherous. A misstep can easily lead to a sprained or broken ankle, or a wicked cut. Hot winds whip the land, sometimes stirring up stinging, abrasive dust storms.

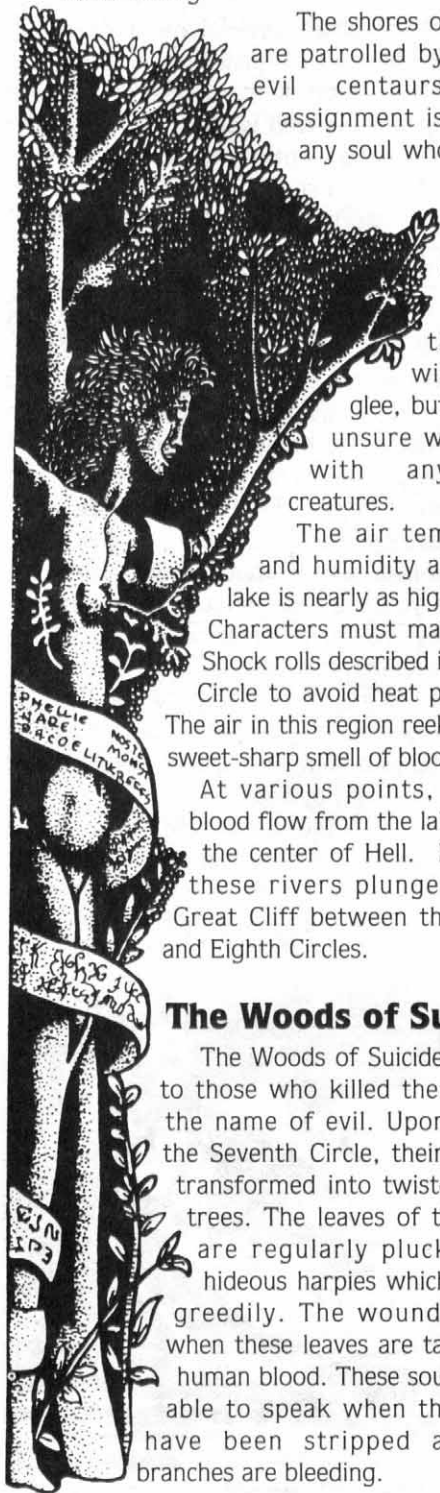
As mentioned earlier, there are several rivers of blood flowing inward through the Woods of Suicide. These rivers average 50' wide and about 10' deep, flowing swiftly at about 10 knots. Few outside Hell know that there are piranha-like fish living in the fast-flowing blood which feed on bones instead of flesh.

The major rivers of blood never change their courses. Sometimes lesser streambeds fill and empty with little apparent reason, and no warning. Once in a while, a dry river bed is filled with a flash-flood of steaming blood, which surges through it like a 10-foot-high tidal wave. These flash floods of blood rarely lasts for more than a couple of hours, then dries up almost as swiftly as they began, the blood simply sinking into the gritty soil.

The fiends who patrol the Woods of Suicide are free to inflict whatever punishments they can dream up on the souls around them. The inventiveness and ferocity of this torment are the stuff of the insanes' nightmares. Some fiends entertain themselves by chasing fleeing souls throughout the Woods of Suicide. Others have collected groups of "pet" souls, who they keep in deep ravines and pits, and torment incessantly.

The Plain of Burning Sand

The Plain of Burning Sand is occupied by those who committed "crimes against nature". The souls assigned to this desert are those who committed heinous, unnatural acts against the creatures of the world (including other races) against their wills. The regions around the rivers of blood are almost crowded with souls, and those who would prey on souls, while the rest of the desert is virtually deserted.





As one moves further towards the inner edge of the Seventh Circle, the temperature rises again, and the air becomes ever drier. Eventually the Woods of Suicide give way to hard, baked desert. Here the temperature is well over 120 degrees, and characters must again make the System Shock rolls described earlier to avoid heat prostration. Because the heat is so severe, all System Shock rolls are made at a -5% penalty.

The rivers of blood flowing towards the center of Hell, travel through the Plain in some places, cooling the immediate environment down to a relatively comfortable 100 degrees or so. Within 50 feet of such a river, living creatures do not suffer the -5% penalty to System Shock rolls, although they still must make the rolls. The rivers also dissipate the effects of the rain of fire (mentioned below), turning it into steam. It's obvious that it's less painful to stay near the rivers. Most of the souls here know that too, as do the fiends and the other predators that hunt them. The regions around the rivers are much more crowded, and therefore dangerous, than the rest of the Plain.

Although the ambient temperature is almost lethal, it isn't the greatest danger in the Plain of Burning Sand. Fire constantly falls from the skies like rain, small drops of liquid fire. Though the fire-rain is light, little more than a "shower", it can be lethal to unprotected characters. Each round, an unshielded size S creatures will be struck by 1D4-2 drops of fire-rain, size M creatures will be struck by 1D4-1 drops, and size L creatures will be struck by 1D6-2 drops. Each drop inflicts one point of damage. Further, a single drop can ignite any flammable substance it touches, clothes for example, so characters wanting to shield themselves must use fire resistant materials to do so. Without adequate shielding, even the most powerful warrior can die while trying to cross the Plain.

Even though the damned souls regenerate the damage inflicted by the fire-rain, they still suffer the agony of burning. To add to their misery, fiends (who are immune to the effects of the rain) scour the region, tormenting anyone they encounter. Also, packs of raptors sometimes wander into the Plain of Burning Sand from the Woods of Suicide. These creatures' scales protect them from the fire-rain, as they do from all fire and heat-based attacks.

The Great Cliff

This is the highest, steepest and most treacherous cliff in Hell. It's (in reality) at least 500 feet high, dropping vertically down to the rugged plains of Inner Hell. Climbing up or down is incredibly difficult and dangerous, even with the aid of ropes and other mountaineering gear. All characters suffer a -15% penalty to their normal climbing rolls because of the nature of the rock face. Damned souls who want to get down the Great Cliff have an option not open to living characters. They can simply hurl themselves over the precipice, confident in the knowledge that, though they'll suffer hideously, they'll eventually regenerate after the crushing impact.

There is a specific species of fiend known as geryons that patrols the bottom of the Great Cliff. If called from above, they will fly up to the cliff's edge to investigate. Usually they will taunt or push souls off the cliff, however it is possible to persuade the geryons to ferry souls (or characters) to the plains of Inner Hell. The same "password" formula described earlier for the charons ("This has been willed, where what is willed, must be, and is not yours to ask what it may mean."). Though they will ferry people safely down, they need not make the trip a pleasant one. Once at the bottom, no one will be able to convince, trick, or intimidate a geryon into ferrying them back up the cliff. The geryons know that if they did so, they'd be tortured eternally by Satan.

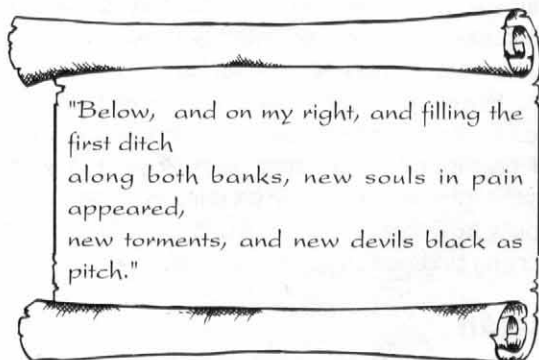
The rivers of blood running through the Seventh Circle flow over the edge of the Great Cliff in huge "waterfalls". Winds, whipping around the cliff face, blow sprays of blood onto the



surrounding rocks, making them slick and even more treacherous for climbers. Once it reaches the bottom of the cliff, the blood from these falls simply disappears into the ground leaving nothing but spray.

From the top of the Great Cliff, the view down into Inner Hell is one of darkness and smoke, shot through with occasional lashes of flame and lightning. The sharp, choking smell of sulphur rises from the regions below.

The Eighth Circle



The Eighth Circle is the destination of the most Evil of the Evil, those most strongly dedicated to spreading the precepts of corruption and malevolence. It seems that the actual behaviors practiced while alive don't matter much. What does matter is the strength of Evil in the heart.

The ground here is hard, dry, and very rocky. Jagged, torturous hills and ravines mark the landscape. The temperature here is about 100 degrees. (If the GM is using rules for fatigue, characters must rest twice as often as usual, and must drink twice as much water as normal to resist the debilitating effects of the temperature.) Winds gust around the base of the Great Cliff, sometimes whipping up the gritty soil in short, localized dust-storms. The air is choked with clouds of black smoke that rise from the firepits nearer the center. The light is ruddy and dim, the effect of firelight reflecting off the underside of the clouds. Visibility is cut roughly in half due to the smoke, and the whole of The Eighth Circle reeks of sulphur and burning flesh. The screams of the tormented echo throughout the area.

The foot of the Great Cliff is patrolled by geryons. These fiends have the job of preventing

any souls from climbing out of The Eighth Circle back to the Seventh Circle. There aren't enough of them to maintain constant supervision over the whole cliff, and it's relatively easy to hide from them on the ground. Anyone trying to actually climb the cliff will often be totally exposed, and anyone attempting to climb will certainly attract the attention of the fiends. The geryons are unconcerned with souls (or even living characters) who are making their way down the cliff, or have just done so (though their curiosity may cause them to investigate).

The Bolgias (The Evil Ditches)

The Eighth Circle is broken up by ten canyons, called bolgias, arranged in concentric circles. The canyons are some 30 feet deep, with rough, sloping sides. They range in width from 30 feet to over 150 feet. The bolgias are separated by stretches of boulder-strewn badlands, each about 300 feet across. Bridges cross the bolgias every few hundred yards. These bridges are offset, so it's impossible to sprint straight across one bridge and onto another. The bridges are made of roughly-dressed stone blocks, set together without mortar. (The physics of this would, of course, not work in the real world.) The bridges are typically 10 feet wide, with no railings or walls on either side.

In this area of The Eighth Circle, the damned souls are kept in the canyons, under the watch of a great many fiends. Most of the fiends are down in the canyons with their charges, torturing and tormenting them. Some, however, patrol the canyon edges, looking for those souls who would escape. These fiends keep most of their attention focused on the canyons themselves, but might still notice movement on the boulder-studded badlands between the bolgias. Sometimes fiends can be found standing on the bridges, watching the entertainment below.

A wide variety of horrible tortures take place in the Eighth Circle, a different type in each bolgia. In the first bolgia, horned demons constantly chase souls in endless circles. In the second bolgia, souls flounder in excrement of ever-changing depth. In the third bolgia, souls are stuffed into cylindrical holes filled with flames. Souls in the fourth bolgia constantly have their bodies twisted by fiends. In the fifth bolgia, souls thrash in sticky, boiling pitch while demons with grappling hooks constantly drag them beneath the surface. The souls of the



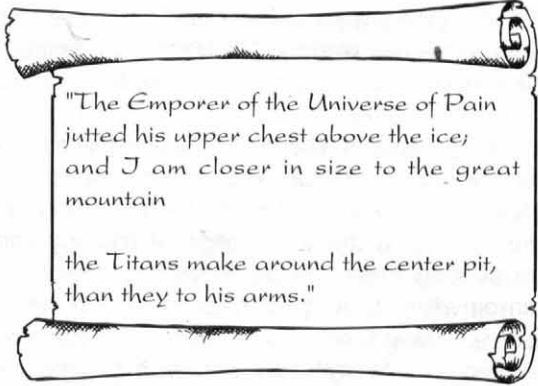


sixth bolgia must constantly walk while wearing blazing, leaden robes. In the seventh bolgia, souls are constantly tripped and entangled by various reptiles, some of which burst into flames. The eighth bolgia is filled with black flames in which the souls must eternally walk, their flesh searing from their bones. In the ninth bolgia, demons constantly dismember souls, whose limbs crawl about trying to reassemble. In the tenth bolgia, all senses of the souls are eternally assaulted by a hideous variety of sensations.

If the fiends find living characters wandering between the bolgias, they will likely toss the mortals into the nearest or most unpleasant bolgia to be tortured rather than killed.

The badlands between the bolgias are home to a small, aggressive species of lizard known as the fire lizard. (Refer to the Monster Folio for details.)

Cocytus (The Ninth Circle)



"The Emporor of the Universe of Pain juttet his upper chest above the ice; and I am closer in size to the great mountain

the Titans make around the center pit, than they to his arms."

Souls condemned to the Cocytus have had particular attention paid to them by a member of the heirarchy of Hell, those who performed a particular slight against one of the fiends (or perhaps against a greater good diety). The acts committed by these souls was so henious that their souls were taken while they were still alive, and their living bodies were inhabitted by demons. In the real world, these creatures are known as Ptolomeans (see Monster Folio).

Once the tenth bolgia is past, the terrain is unrelieved badlands for several hundred yards. As one heads inward, the temperature drops rapidly, plummeting well below 0 degrees, and the winds

pick up. When the end of the badlands is reached, the vicious winds drive hail and snow before them.

Including wind chill, the temperature is probably around 20 degrees below 0. Characters who aren't dressed appropriately for the weather lose one point each of STR, INT and STA each turn that they're exposed to the cold, and will die as soon as one of the attribute reaches zero. Lost points return at the rate of one per hour once the character is back in a warm environment. Even those characters wearing suitable cold-weather gear lose one point each of STR, INT and STA each hour that they're out in the cold. Only magic will prevent this loss. Damned souls don't suffer damage from the cold, though it is absolutely agonizing. Mortals will eventually become numb to the pain; damned souls never do.

Beyond the edge of badlands is a vast sheet of ice. Footing is treacherous, but there is no danger of heavily-laden characters falling through the ice as the ice is very thick (perhaps infinitely thick). The souls in Cocytus are imbedded in this ice, at varying thickness depending on their evil.

Satan

At the center of Cocytus, imbedded in the ice up to his waist, is Satan, the Duke of Hell, the Emporor of the Universe of Pain. Towering above the plain of ice, his three faces constantly reach to pluck a soul from the ice and consume it. His six eyes cry eternally, the tears splashing to the plain and freezing in the chill wind whipped by his six bat-like wings. Satan is oblivious to any but the souls embedded here and will not communicate with anyone. (It is not known how he rules Hell. Some believe that his mind emanates waves of mental force which subtly command all the denizens of Hell) Anyone who views Satan must save vs death at -5 or be transfixed, unable to move for 6-17 turns unless roused by someone else.

The only non-magical way to leave Hell is to climb down the repulsive, furry legs of Satan, into one of the cracks in the ice around him. Anyone climbing down must spend at least 10 rounds climbing down and then climb back up in order to leave Hell. Anyone continuing to climb down could climb forever without reaching anything. Those who begin climbing back up again will reach a ledge in the ice in 2 rounds. At this ledge is a portal which will transport living creatures to their home plane and the dead, or the souls of the dead, to a plane which is in harmony with the person's alignment.

Special Rules and Considerations

Space and Time Warps

Because it is an effect of chaos and was originally created to add to the torments of Hell, the warps that affect time and space in Hell happen at random times and places and last for various durations. GMs should alter distance, time and speed in whatever way suits the adventure. The sheer unpredictability of travel time, spell and weapon ranges, etc. adds a lot to the torturous, unnatural "feel" of the Dark Realm.

Death in Hell

Normally when a character dies, his soul or spirit travels to the appropriate plane, based on their alignment. Theoretically, then, only the souls of Evil characters should remain within the Nether Realm should they be killed there.

In fact, however, the nature of Hell makes it very difficult for souls to leave. If a character is killed within the bounds of Hell, that character's player must make an ability check against his Insight. If the roll succeeds, the character's soul leaves Hell and travels to the appropriate destination plane. If the roll fails, the soul can't leave the Dark Realm. The character's body drops lifeless to the ground, and his life force is assigned to some part of Hell (though this assignment will likely be inappropriate). The soul of a character so "misdirected" cannot be returned to his body using normal magics such as raise dead or resurrection, while his body is still within the Nether Realm. If his comrades wish to raise him, they must find the character's soul within Hell and help it, and his former body, make it to the exit of Hell. Then and only then can the spell be cast.

Magic Use in the Dark Realm

Magic is an undependable force within Hell... for visitors, at least. Fiends can use their magical abilities normally, with no chance of failure or limitations on their effectiveness. Living

adventurers aren't so fortunate, however. (Damned souls, of course, cannot use magic at all.)

Wizard Magic

The flow of magical energy that drives spellcasting fluctuates considerably within the Nether Realm. For low-power, low-Skill spells, these fluctuations aren't too important; for more complex spells, however, the risk of a "spell misfire" is much greater. Every time a wizard tries to cast a spell, the GM should roll 1D12. If the die roll is equal to or less than the Skill level of the spell, the spell misfires. (The consequence of this is up to the GM. The spell can simply fizzle, or might misfire in some dramatic, and potentially lethal, manner.) If the spell being cast is Necromantic in nature, or if the spellcaster is evil in alignment, subtract 2 from the die roll. (Thus Skill 1 and Skill 2 Necromantic spells will never misfire.) Necromantic magic is closely attuned to the spiritual "atmosphere" of Hell, and thus is often more effective in the Dark Realm than it is on any other plane.

Clerical Magic

There are no penalties on clerical magic in Hell. However, non-Evil priests are unable to regain spells of Skill 5 or higher while within the Nether Realm. Evil priests do not suffer this limitation.

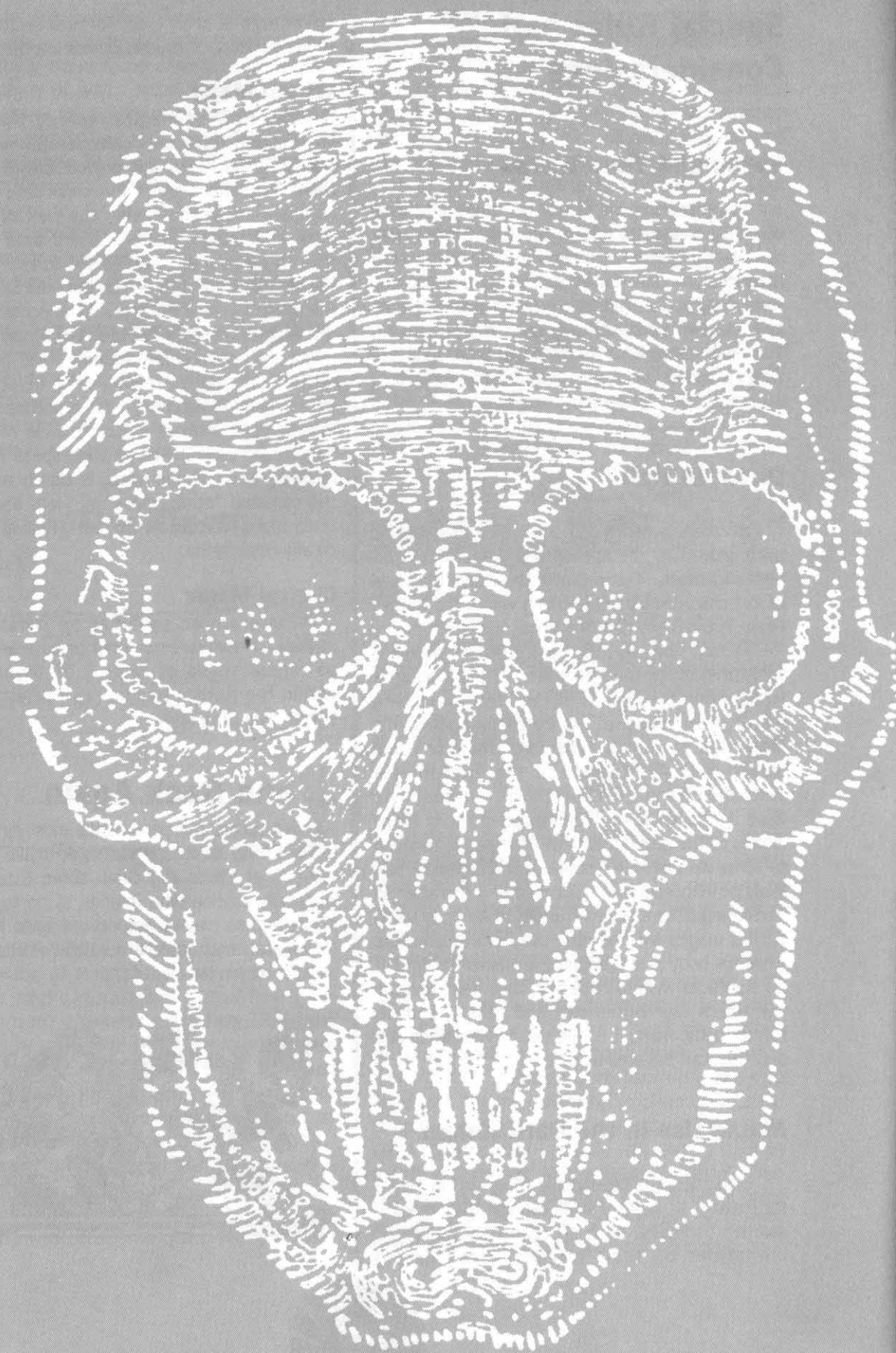
... and Back Again

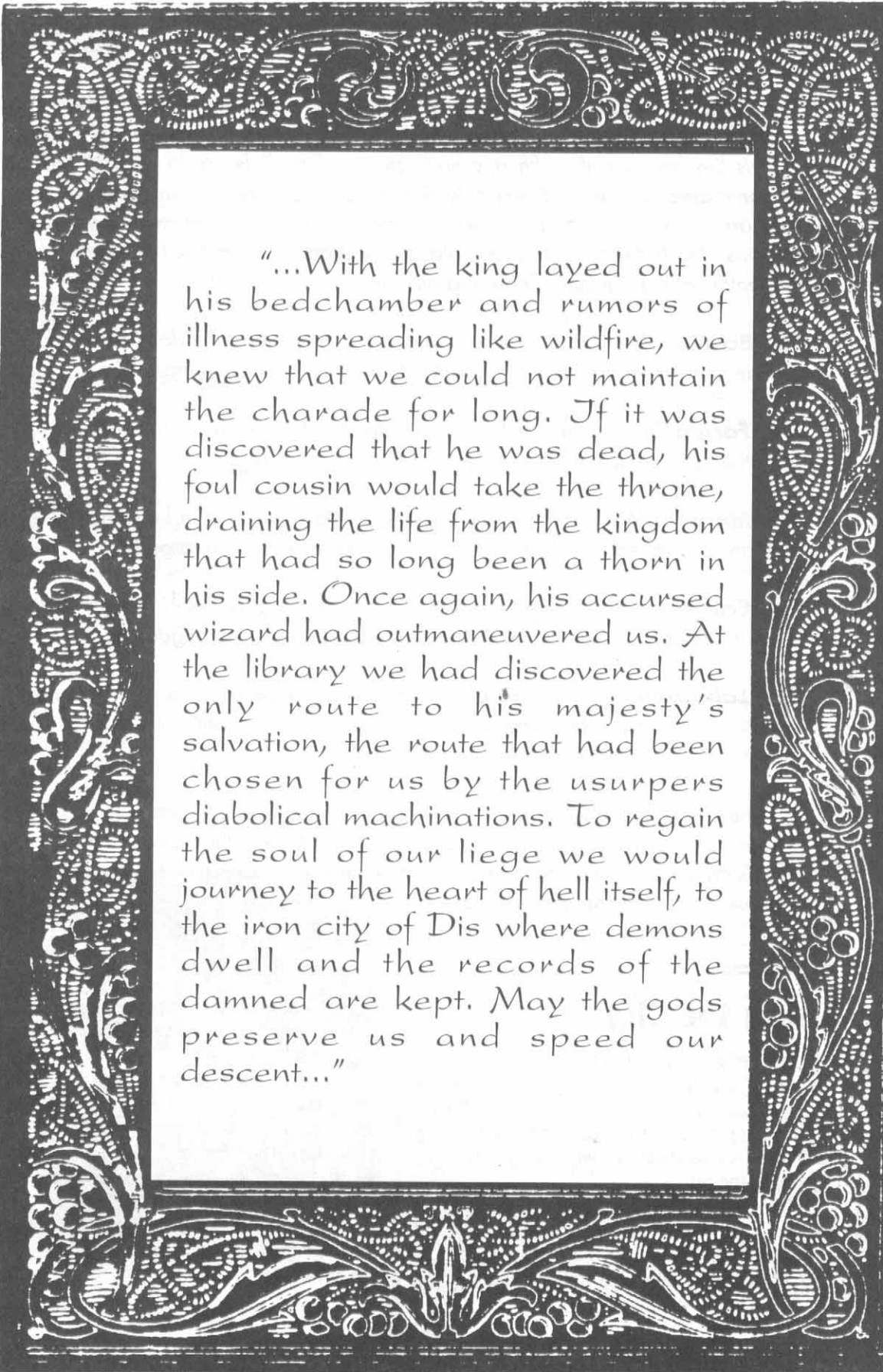
The surest, but perhaps the most difficult and terrible, way to escape Hell is to make it to the most inner Circle and climb down Satan's legs. Hopefully anyone who intends to go to Hell has planned some way of getting out again. A variety of magical methods are possible. Perhaps some way lies within the city of Dis



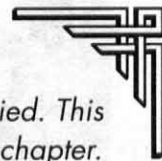
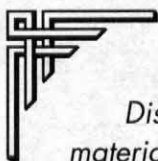
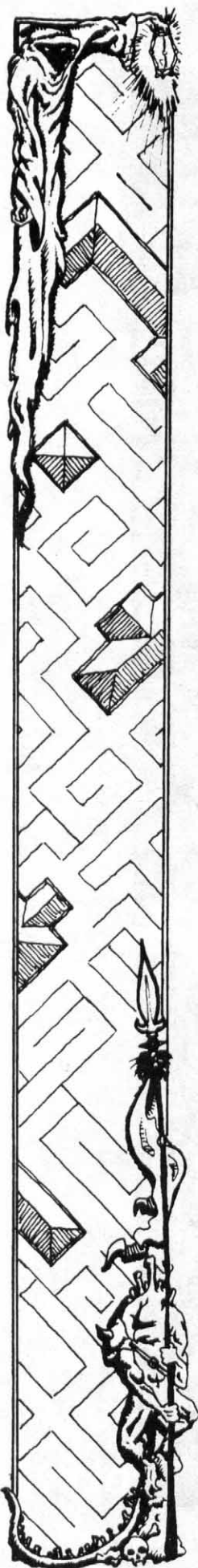
DIS

*City
of
Hot
Iron*





"...With the king layed out in his bedchamber and rumors of illness spreading like wildfire, we knew that we could not maintain the charade for long. If it was discovered that he was dead, his foul cousin would take the throne, draining the life from the kingdom that had so long been a thorn in his side. Once again, his accursed wizard had outmaneuvered us. At the library we had discovered the only route to his majesty's salvation, the route that had been chosen for us by the usurpers diabolical machinations. To regain the soul of our liege we would journey to the heart of hell itself, to the iron city of Dis where demons dwell and the records of the damned are kept. May the gods preserve us and speed our descent..."



Dis is the extradimensional city where demons are born, lived and died. This material can be used to expand on the Inferno described in the previous chapter.

Dis lies between the fifth and sixth circles of the Inferno. In the rust red city demonic essence is forged and new demons are born, reborn and find rest when they are slain. Dis is a sprawling metropolis that consists of many specialized regions. Each of these regions plays a critical role in the life cycle of the tormentors of the damned. These regions are:

The Bastion: *This barrier that separates the demonic and the damned and keeps any demons exiled to the inferno from returning to their spawning ground.*

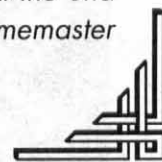
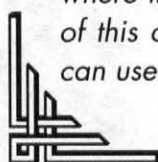
The Forge: *The demons of the inferno are not born of mortal flesh but forged from the essence of evil in the supernatural fires of this region.*

The Morgue: *When demons die there is no place for them in heaven or hell, so they are consigned to an eternal limbo until their essence is reforged.*

The Crucible: *Though they are not subject to the moral codes of mortals, demons have a hell of their own where they are punished for their wrongdoings.*

The Labyrinth: *At the heart of the city is an immense maze, at the center of which is one of the few passageways from the underworld to the land of the living.*

The City of Hot Iron is an exciting place for high level characters to adventure, where they can witness many fantastic sights and face untold dangers. At the end of this chapter is a section that contains several story ideas that the gamemaster can use to motivate the player characters to journey to Dis.



Using the City

This version of the iron city is an expansion to the area of the Hell in the previous chapter. Before an adventuring party can reach Dis they will have to brave the first five circles of hell unless they have some special means by which they may travel directly to the city.

The geography of Dis consists of five different regions. A sample sectopn map and description of each region is included in the following section. Each entry begins with a general description of the

region followed by any special considerations the gamemaster should be aware of, a map key and an encounter table.

When running an adventure set in the iron city, gamemasters should use the random locations and encounter sections to inspire encounters of their own. The descriptive passages that lead off key entries are intended to help gamemasters get a feel for the atmosphere the underworld so that they can improvise descriptions of the many horrific sights the characters will experience during the adventure.



To Dis...

The only way to get to the infernal city of iron is to travel to Hell and through the first five Circles. Powerful magics might allow someone to travel to Dis but because of the powerful anti-magic nature of the city and its outer walls in particular, any spells which might allow travel into the city are cast at -4. If the spell still succeeds, the travelers land in their destination. If the spell would have succeeded except for the -4 penalty, the travelers might arrive outside the city walls.

Geography of Dis

The Bastion

Hell and the City of Dis are effectively two different realms. In Hell, the demons who have been exiled from the City labor as tormentors of the damned. The tormentors long to return to Dis and many of the damned believe that there is a portal out of the Inferno at the heart of the city. The perimeter of fortifications designed to keep the exiled demons and damned souls out of Dis is known collectively as the Bastion.

The Bastion is an extensive series of walls, moats, gates and fortifications that is unassailable by any army, mortal or demonic. The fortifications also house the host of demon warriors who serve as the footsoldiers of the army of hell. These soldiers are sometimes stationed elsewhere in the city to serve as guards but all lair in the Bastion.



Special Consideration: Getting In

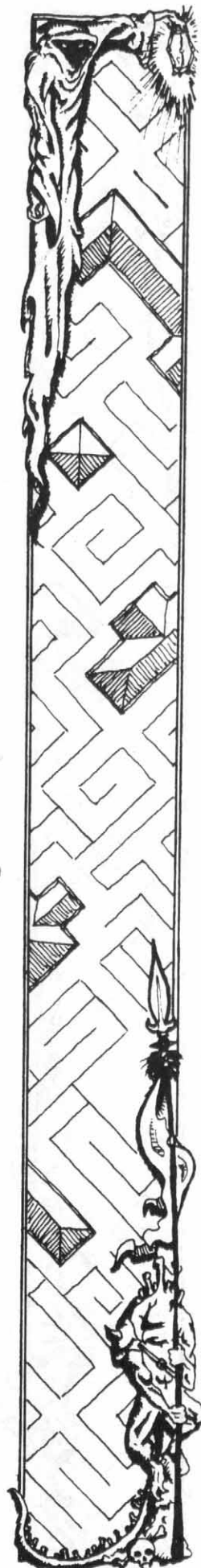
"...at last we had reached our goal but our eagerness gave way to dread as the object of our journey came into view. No description of the iron city had captured its magnificent malevolence. It seemed insane that we had chosen to come here, but our cause was just and it was grim resignation rather than courage that finally shook us from our reverie and allowed us to press on. Our path was barred by the walls of Dis, a massive barrier made of immense blocks of iron that glowed red with the heat of the inferno. The gates offered no better as demons stood guard against intruders such as us. Fortunately, we had come prepared..."

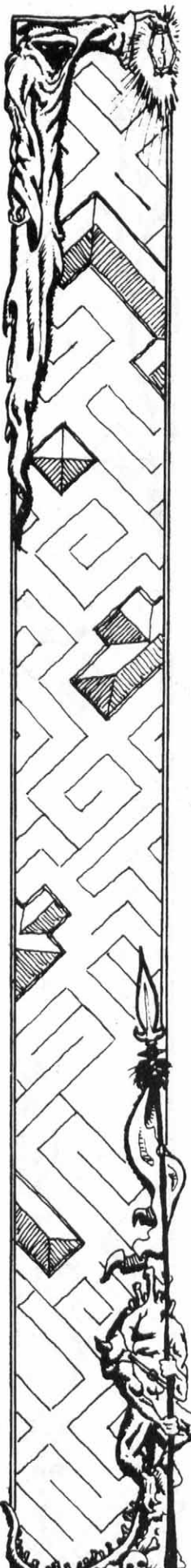
The purpose of the Bastion is to keep out all but those who reside within. The first of the many defenses in this region is the outer wall, which varies from 50 to nearly 200 feet in height. The wall is constructed from huge blocks of solid iron, which glow red with the heat of a furnace. Any living creature who so much as touches the wall suffers 3-60 damage a round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). Even coming within 10 feet of the wall causes 1-8 points of damage a round (save for half.)

Certain spells such as phase door and passwall would seem to offer an ideal solution, but the iron walls of Dis are inherently resistant to magic, having the equivalent of a Magic Tolerance of 99%. Characters using spells which affect the walls of the iron city must roll against this Magic Tolerance every round, so they run the risk of having their spell fail before they make it across, with potentially disastrous results. This defense also extends to spells such as teleport that must pass through the wall.

In addition to this, the distortion of the outer wall (as mentioned in Hell) limits any non-demon's ability to enter the city through the gates.

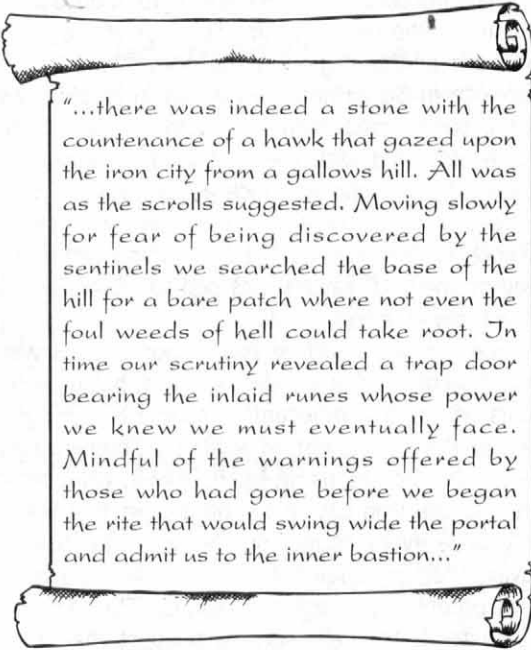
There are many gates in the outer wall but all are well defended. At each gate 1-6 Sentinel





Demons, 2-12 Warders of the Damned and 3-18 Demon Soldiers stand guard. If a battle begins, any of the soldiers can blow a signal horn which will summon 1-12 additional soldiers every round until the disturbance is dealt with. Trying to take the gates by force is a losing proposition. In addition to the forces already discussed, if any confrontation continues for a turn or more, a detachment of 100 Demon Soldiers and a Demonic Commander will be sent to overwhelm the intruders.

Even flying over the wall is problematical. The infernal heat of the city is even worse overhead, buffeting flying characters with waves of hot air that do 3-18 damage a round (save vs. breath weapon for half damage.) This heat also creates strong gusts of wind that make controlled flight very difficult. Every round, flying creatures and characters must make a Dexterity Attribute Check or they are tossed back over the wall. Getting over the wall requires at least three rounds, so three of these rolls must be made. Worst of all the Sentinel Demons can fly, so every round a character flies above the level of the walls they will attract the attention of 0-6 (2D4-2) of these creatures.



"...there was indeed a stone with the countenance of a hawk that gazed upon the iron city from a gallows hill. All was as the scrolls suggested. Moving slowly for fear of being discovered by the sentinels we searched the base of the hill for a bare patch where not even the foul weeds of hell could take root. In time our scrutiny revealed a trap door bearing the inlaid runes whose power we knew we must eventually face. Mindful of the warnings offered by those who had gone before we began the rite that would swing wide the portal and admit us to the inner bastion..."

Fortunately, the formidable defenses of the iron city have a few flaws that may be exploited by exceptionally clever or fortunate adventurers. Finding one of the many secret entrances concealed in or near the outer walls of the Bastion

can take an eternity without special guidance. Simply searching has only a 1% chance of turning up a hidden entrance every 1-100 days no matter how many characters are searching and no matter how long they search. Some of the lost souls who believe there is a way back to the land of the living at the heart of the city have been looking for a way in for centuries.

A few of these secret paths have been discovered before and references to them may be found in ancient writings that may contain clues to their location. If the adventurers have read one or more of these texts they have a 3% chance of locating an entrance for every 1-10 day they search. If the text contained a detailed description of the entrance's location, the chance of locating that particular entrance is raised to 5% per day and if the text contained illustrations the chance is raised to 7% every 1-4 hours.

Certain spells and magic items may also provide guidance. True seeing will allow the caster to locate a secret door if he makes a successful Intelligence Ability Check, but forces him to save vs. death or suffer the effects of the feeblemind spell. A find the path, limited wish or wish spell can be used to try and determine the location of one of the secret doors, but they are subject to the structures 99% Magic Tolerance. A wand of secret door and trap detection has a 3% cumulative chance per charge of locating an entrance so long as the charges are used no more than one hour apart (the first charge has a 3% chance, the second a 6% chance, the third 9% and so on.)

The secret entrances can take a variety of forms from simple doors in the outer wall to tunnels that bypass the Bastion entirely. To determine the extent of access provided by any given secret passage, roll a 2D6 and subtract 2 for a scale of 0 to 10 where 0 is a door in the outer wall and 10 is a tunnel that leads directly to the next region. Intermediate values will provide access to an area of the Bastion several map tiles in.

Using these secret entrances can be as difficult as finding them. Often, they are protected by physical and magical traps. Unless the gamemaster decides to design a specific traps for the entrance an adventuring party will be using, assume that each of the secret entrances has 3 inset locks so complex that they inflict a -33% penalty to the pick locks roll of any thief who attempts to open them. Concealed in each of the 3 locks is a trap (-33% to find and disarm) that will

fuse the lock shut if it is not removed, leaving the adventurers with no choice but to try and force open the door somehow.

Trying to open one of the secret doors with spells such as knock is possible but all magic is subject to the 99% Magic Tolerance roll. Opening them by force is very difficult. No spell of the 6th Skill Level or less can harm the enchanted iron, and those of the 7th Skill Level or better who get past the Magic Tolerance have to inflict 3-300 points of damage (determine randomly for each door encountered) before the door will give way.

Physical force is even less effective. The bend bars chance of anyone who tries to force one of these doors is reduced to 1/10th normal (round down), with an additional -5 penalty for mortal characters. Anyone with less than stone giant strength doesn't have a chance. In addition, 1-100 successful rolls must be made before the door will give way, so the character could spend days hurling himself against the barrier. Every time the character comes makes a bend bars roll, he suffers the 3-60 damage from touching the hot iron. Interposing objects such as shields and battering rams will lower the damage to 3-30, but the object must save vs. breath weapon every time or it is destroyed.

As was the case with finding one of these secret doors in the first place, knowledge is the surest key to opening them. Many can be opened simply by uttering an arcane phrase or by using a special item such as a chime of opening. Considering the alternatives, the time spent searching for an obscure ancient text that might contain the means to open one of the secret doors would be worthwhile for any party intent on gaining entry to the city of hot iron.



Travelling the Bastion

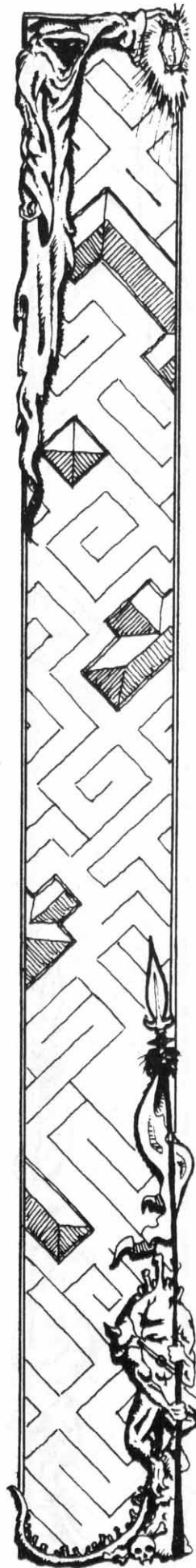
"...everywhere we went the demon soldiers were in evidence. The entire region seemed to be some kind of an armed camp where legions of warriors prepare for some kind of climactic confrontation the scale of which boggles the imagination. Our progress was slow and anxious for no matter where we went it felt as though we were under constant scrutiny. Were it not for the talisman we would surely have been captured..."

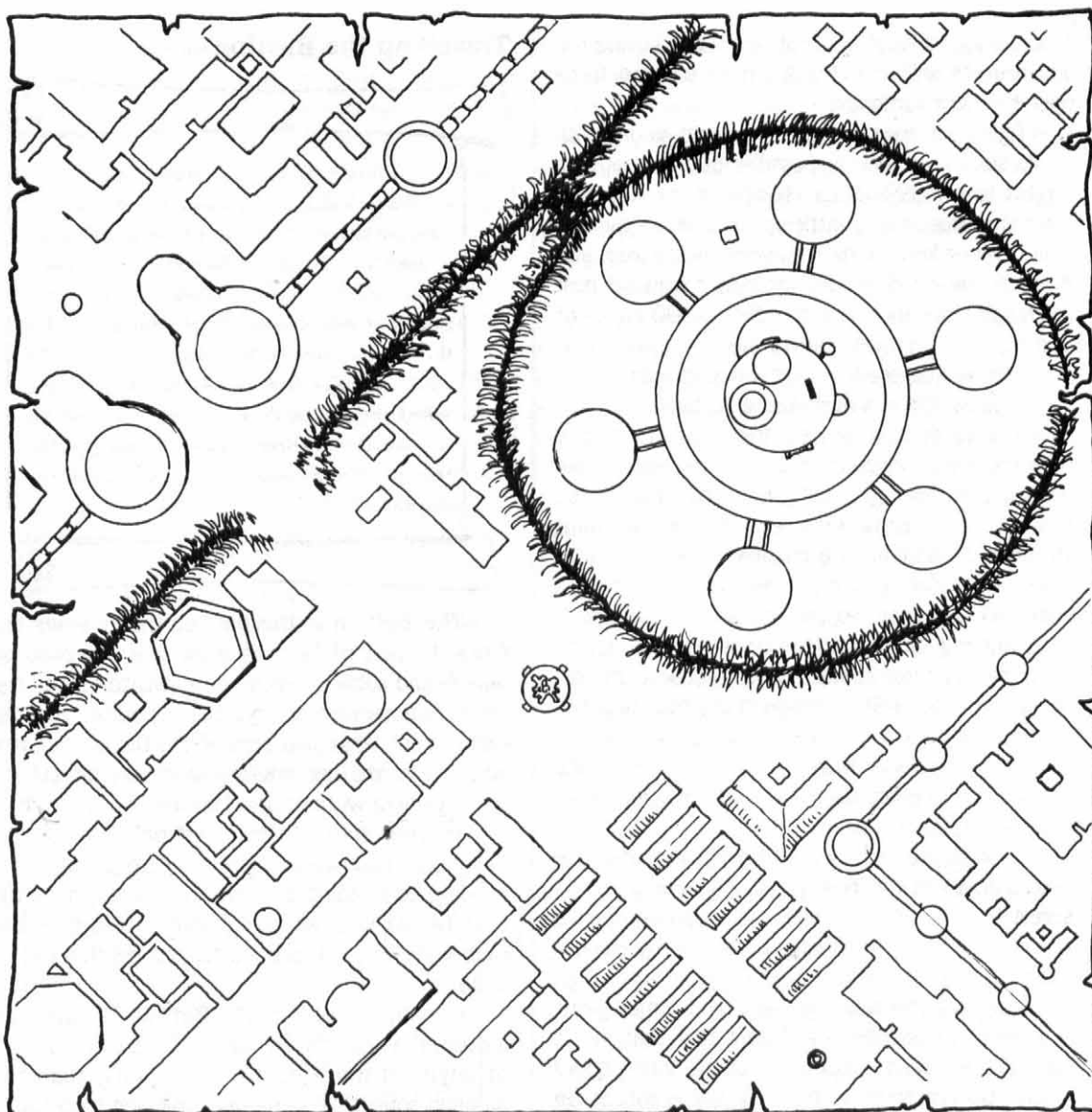
The Bastion is the barrier that divides Dis from the rest of hell. As such, it is patrolled by guards and soldiers whose duty it is to defend the inner regions of the city. These patrols and the existence of large numbers of the Demon Soldiers who live in the barracks make it very difficult to get anywhere without being noticed by someone.

Moving about in the Bastion is a nervous business. Adventurers will have to sneak from building to building in hopes of making it to the next region without being seen. Because of the caution necessary this is a slow process that can be quite an ordeal.

Getting caught in the Bastion is very bad indeed. If any of the Demon Soldiers catches sight of anything more dangerous looking than the damned souls that sometimes manage to get past the outer perimeter they will sound the alarm with the signal horns they carry, summoning scores of warriors to their aid. There is little hope for a party if they are spotted, because there is an effectively infinite supply of opponents and the Demon Sentinels can track them no matter where they go.

If a party of adventurers hopes to make it through the Bastion in one piece they would be well advised to come equipped with a variety of spells and magic items that they can use to cover their tracks. Invisibility, misdirection, non-detection and dust of disappearance are would all come in useful as would teleport spells that could be used to extricate the party from awkward situations that could lead to their discovery.





The Bastion



- 2: Demon Commanders Lair
- 3: Abandoned Building
- 4: Warehouse
- 5: Armory
- 6: Barracks
- 7: Guardhouse
- 8: Barracks
- 9: Armory
- 10: Warehouse
- 11: Abandoned Building
- 12: Demon Lord's Lair

Random Locations



"...strangely incongruous were the banners that seemed to hang from every available window ledge and flagstaff. The streets and alleyways of the iron city groaned with age but these bright adornments seemed new. We also noticed that some of the demons wore tabards and armbands of the same color like badges of honor. I later decided that these were the soldiers, a theory supported by our discovery of an infernal barracks..."

Another aspect of the bastion is its role as the heart of the political infighting that dominates the demon city. When the adventurers arrive the gamemaster should decide which faction is currently in power. Since all the factions are basically the same it doesn't matter which one is on top. The chosen factions color will be in evidence everywhere the adventurers look. They may find some tattered scraps of another color, but there will be little evidence of the regimes that have gone before.

Map Key: The Bastion

Bastion is dominated by an extensive series of fortifications including walls, towers, moats and keeps. There are also countless buildings, but all play some part in the defensive role for which the region was created.

Random Locations

To determine what any given building in the Bastion contains, roll once on the following table. The sample map contains at least one of each of the following locations, so if the adventurers are looking for a specific location they have encountered before, choose an appropriate building or buildings and tell them what they have found.

- 2: Demon Commanders Lair
- 3: Abandoned Building
- 4: Warehouse
- 5: Armory
- 6: Barracks
- 7: Guardhouse
- 8: Barracks
- 9: Armory
- 10: Warehouse
- 11: Abandoned Building
- 12: Demon Lords Lair

Abandoned Building

Even in the Bastion, a few of the buildings are not currently in use. Some of these buildings are run down, but most are in good condition. To determine the condition of the building randomly, roll 2D6 and subtract 2 which yields a range of 0 to 10. 0 indicates a ruin and 10 a newly constructed building.

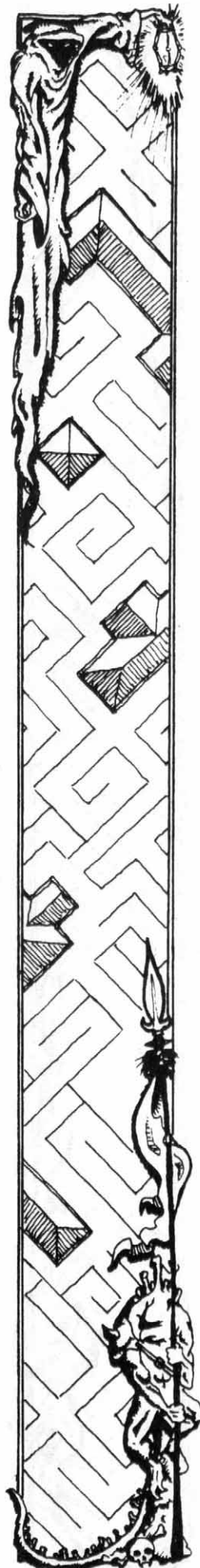
Some of these seemingly abandoned buildings (roughly 20%) contain secret passages which can be used to move quickly to other sections of the Bastion. These tunnels are well-hidden and lead to another abandoned building 0-5 (D6-1) map tiles distant (roll randomly for direction.) A few of these tunnels (roughly 10%) lead all the way out of the Bastion to the nearest adjacent region.

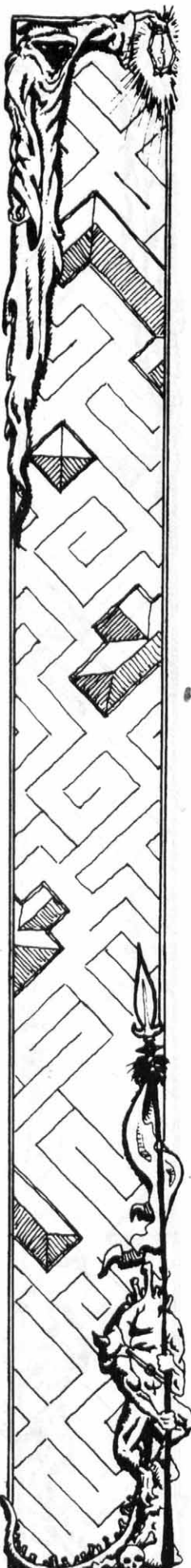
The tunnels were dug by various of the warring political factions who use them to move about the Bastion more freely. Most of the Demon Commanders know about the tunnels but they can use them to outmaneuver their opponents so they have yet to seal them up. This can lead to a nasty surprise for adventurers who assume the demons don't know about the secret passages under their city.

Armory

The armies of hell are in constant need of new weapons. As different commanders rise to power entire legions are refitted with different equipment. All of this gear is stored in the armories, where the quartermasters of the demon armies work around the clock to keep the soldiers outfitted and running smoothly.

The armories are usually large buildings containing huge racks of weapons of all description. There are at least 1-100 of every standard kind of weapon and as much as 10 times as many of the more common ones such as





daggers and broadswords. At the center of each armory is a smithy where new weapons are forged and old ones are repaired.

There are 3-18 Demon Laborers at work in each armory at any given time and there are 0-10 (2D6-2) Demon Soldiers on guard duty. There is also a 13% chance that a Demon Sentinel has been stationed there.

The Commanders of the demon armies demand better weapons than their underlings and compete to have better equipment than their peers. Some armories have a few of these high-quality weapons on hand. There is a 66% chance that there are 1-6 "special orders" on hand and if such orders are present there is a 33% chance that one of them is a magic weapon. The magic weapons found in one of these armories are usually +1 weapons, but there is a 33% chance that it is a random magical weapon.

Barracks

Demon Soldiers forsake their individual lairs to live together in a larger structure designed to house whole units. These group lairs contain functional furnishings of stone and iron, sufficient quarters to house as many as 50 demons and a small cache of melee weapons such as knives, swords and spears (3-18 of each.)

Roll 3D20 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Demon Soldiers who are stationed in a particular building. The lower of the two rolls is the number of those who are on patrol. If both rolls were the same, the barracks is empty.

There is little of interest or value in most of the barracks. There is a 13% chance that one of the soldiers has accumulated a small cache of valuables (3-24 gold pieces, a 12% chance of 1-3 gems and a 3% chance of a random magic item) which is hidden among their common belongings.

Demon Commanders Lair

The Demon Commanders are important members of the society of Dis. They do not enjoy the wealth and influence of the Demon Lords, but they are treated very well. Their lairs are efficient, defensible and very comfortable.

Each Demon Commander is served by 1-10 (3D4-2) Demon Laborers and a personal guard of 3-12 Demon Soldiers. There is also a 25% chance that there are 1-3 Demon Sentinels in the area at any given time.

The commanders of the demon armies usually accumulate small hordes during their conquests. This cache is usually hidden and protected by lesser demons or physical traps such as falling stones. A commanders personal treasure consists of 1D100 times 1D100 gold pieces and 0-14 (2D8-2) gems. There is also a 66% chance that the demon will have a trophy room with 1-12 valuable keepsakes worth 1D20 times 1D20 gold pieces each.

The influence of Demon Commanders is often measured by the quality of their weapon. Most commanders own an ornate weapon worth 100-1,000 (D10 x 10). There is a 66% chance that the demon owns a magic weapon, and if he does there is a 33% chance that it is a random magical weapon, otherwise it is only +1. These weapons will usually be carried by the demon unless they are in their lair.

Demon Lords Lair

The Demon Lords are the aristocracy of the society of the iron city and are treated as such. Their lairs are more like palaces containing opulent furnishings and possessions in a conspicuous display of wealth and power. Their allegiance is reflected in the color scheme of their interior design and the colorful banners which hang from every wall.

Each Demon Lord is served by 2-12 Demon Laborers and has a personal guard of 2-8 Demon Soldiers. There is also a Demon Sentinel on duty in their lair at all times. The guard patrols are also more frequent and more attentive around the lair of a lord, so if the alarm is sounded twice the normal number of soldiers will respond.

The influence of the Demon Lords allows them to build considerable hoards of treasure taken from the bodies of mortal interlopers. Each lord has a vault sealed with a 16th Skill Level glyph of warding and a complex lock that can only be opened with magic. A lord's personal treasure is 1D100 times 1D100 gold pieces, 0-18 (2D10-2) gems and 0-6 (2D4-2) pieces of jewelry. There is also a 66% chance the lord owns a random magic item though this may not be in the vault if it is something he could use.

Guardhouse

The soldiers of hell live in the barracks but are stationed at the guardhouses. There are



literally hundreds of these sturdy structures scattered throughout the region where legions of demon soldiers stand ready for battle.

Each guardhouse is a 1-3 story building constructed of stone and steel with thick walls and barred windows. Iron spikes cover much of the outer surface, making climbing easy but very painful (+15% to climb walls but 2-12 points of damage per story climbed unless the character makes a Dexterity Attribute Check.)

There are 100 demon soldiers assigned to each of the guardhouses. Of these, 15-90 (3D6 x 5) will be on patrol at any given time. If 75 or more soldiers are present there is a 33% chance that there will also be a Demon Commander. If there are 25 soldiers or less there is a 66% chance that 3-18 laborers are cleaning the building.

Inside there is very little in the way of furnishings and what little there is is primitive and functional; crafted from solid blocks of jagged, black lava. There is a small room where armor and weapons are kept and a prison area with 1-6 cells. There is nothing of value in any of the guardhouses. What little treasure the demon soldiers have managed to amass, is cached in their lair in one of the barracks.

There is a 33% chance any given unit is loyal to a faction other than the one in power, hidden somewhere in the building. Bringing the units traitorous activities to the attention of one of the Commanders could be a useful bargaining chip for the adventurers unless the Commander is also a traitor (there is a 33% chance that he is.)

Warehouse

These buildings contain the various supplies used by the laborers in the maintenance of the Bastion. There are boxes, bags and casks of all manner of dry goods from nails and furniture to unworked blocks of iron and stone.

Encounters in the Bastion

The Bastion is a busy place, constantly bustling with activity. Mortal intruders will have to be very careful as it is the duty of the inhabitants of this region to safeguard the iron city. Roll on this chart once a turn or once for every map tile traversed.

Bastion Encounters

- 2: No Encounter
- 3: 1 Sentinel and 3-18 Soldiers
- 4: 2-12 Laborers with heavy bundles
- 5: 1 Sentinel
- 6: 2-12 Soldiers on patrol
- 7: No Encounter
- 8: 3-18 Soldiers on patrol
- 9: 1-3 Sentinels on patrol
- 10: 1-12 Laborers
- 11: 1-3 Sentinels and 2-12 Soldiers on patrol
- 12: Roll On Special Encounter Chart

Special Encounters

- 2: Roll on Morgue Encounter Table (page 50) *
- 3: Roll on Forge Encounter Table (page 45) *
- 4: 1-6 damned souls wandering aimlessly
- 5: Revolution begins (Described below)
- 6: 50 soldiers on parade
- 7: Demon Commander and 2-12 Soldiers on patrol
- 8: Demon Lord, 1-2 Sentinels, 4-16 soldiers and 3-18 laborers
- 9: Runaway rebel (described below)
- 10: 1-12 damned souls wandering aimlessly
- 11: Roll on Labyrinth Encounter Table (page 60) *
- 12: Roll on Crucible Encounter Table (page 56) *

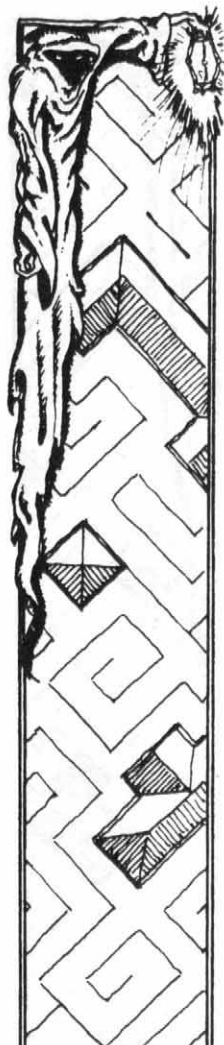
* do not use that table's special encounter table - roll again.

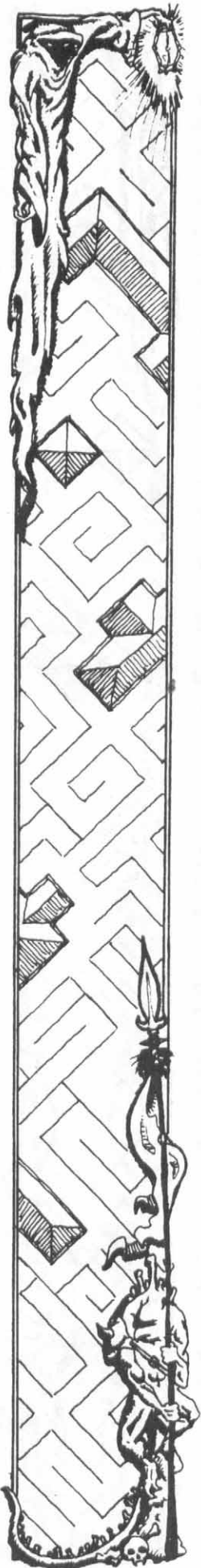
Revolution Begins

Another shift in the balance of power has triggered a revolution. At first, the characters may spot a few demons skulking in the shadows, taking no notice of them. Perceptive characters might figure out that they are wearing armbands of a different color than those they have seen so far.

The adventurers can keep moving as usual, or if they suspect what is about to happen they might try and find shelter, but either way, in 1-6 turns the revolution will begin. When this happens thousands of demon warriors will flood the streets, howling as they rip savagely into one another.

Fortunately, the battle will occupy most of





the demons attentions. The combatants will be so intent on destroying one another that they will not bother with trivialities such as mortal interlopers so it will be much easier for them to slip past, though any mortals disguised as demons may be attacked (33% chance). While it might not be immediately obvious, this is an excellent time to cover as much ground as possible.

The battle will be over very quickly, lasting only 1-100 turns, and the rebels will always win. When it is over, a horde of laborers will pour into the streets to rip every shred of the losers color from the buildings and the bodies of the fallen. When every trace of the old regime is gone, the workers will return with new banners and in a matter of minutes there is no sign of the conflict save the new colors flying overhead.

Runaway Rebel

The current regime has discovered a headquarters of one of the rebel factions and has descended on it with full force in an attempt to destroy any they find within. The characters will notice a knot of activity just ahead as the soldiers converge on the headquarters. They can make out a large group of soldiers and a few of the winged Sentinel Demons fluttering overhead.

One of the rebels has managed to escape through a secret tunnel which comes out not far from the player characters. The demon will try and approach them, begging for their help. It offers the location of several underground tunnels it knows of (see the Abandoned Building entry on pg XX) in exchange for distracting his pursuers.

The detachment assigned to destroy the rebel headquarters consists of 3-18 soldiers led by a sentinel are following the escaped revolutionary and are not far behind.

If the adventurers agree, the demon will give them the locations he promised and will run off into the night. Seconds later his pursuers arrive and will simply ignore the mortals unless they take some kind of aggressive action. At the gamemasters option, the demon could have lied about the tunnel locations or one or more of them could be very dangerous (filled with molten iron or the lair of some demonic beast.)

The Forge

Demons are not born of the union of flesh - they are forged from the raw essence of evil. Spirit creatures with no mother save the fires of the Inferno and no sire save the Duke of Hell, demons are created more deliberately than their mortal counterparts. The Forge is where new demons are crafted by a special guild of demons under the direction of creatures called Midwives.

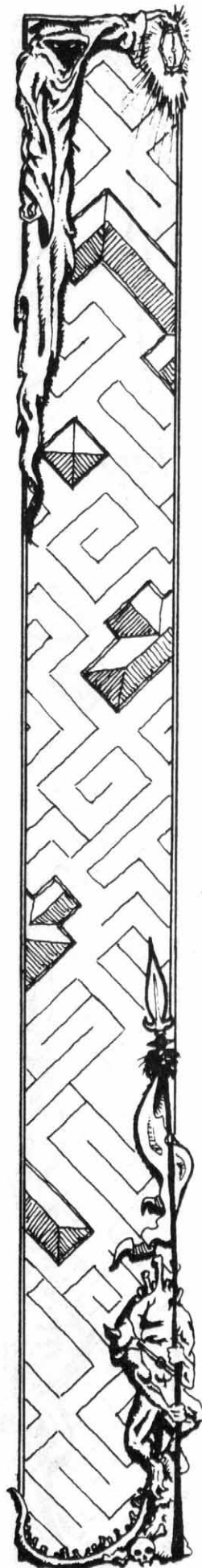
As the mortal population grows and their social morals decay the demand for tormentors continues to increase. So great is the need for new demons that all of the Forges are in constant operation. Even so, the Inferno cannot produce new fiends fast enough so the midwives are forced to drive their charges relentlessly in hopes of meeting an impossible quota.

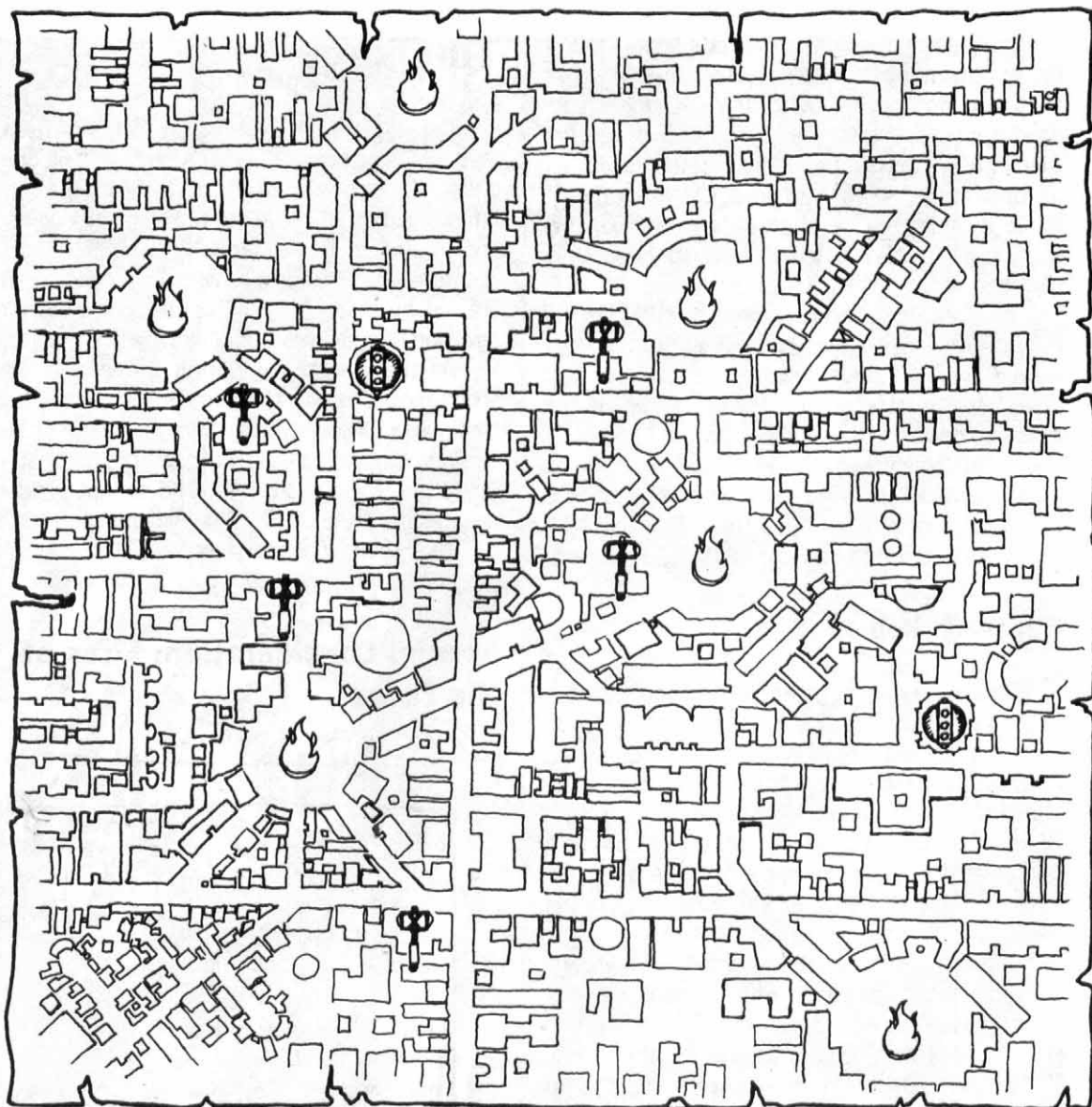
Special Consideration: Fires of the Forge

"...we were first aware that we had come to a new region of the accursed city when the unbearable heat to which we had almost become accustomed suddenly redoubled its efforts to wither our weary husks, returning them to the ashes from which they had come. It was as if the sun himself had become our travelling companion..."

The heat of the Forge is more intense than anywhere in hell. Any mortal who spends more than an hour in this area without suitable protection must make a Stamina Ability Check every turn or temporarily lose a point of Stamina. Lost Stamina returns at the rate of 1 point for every hour of complete inactivity spent outside the Forge.

Only certain spells and magic items can provide protection against the effects of this supernatural heat. No mundane mortal precautions can soothe the suffering caused by the fires of the Forge. Protective magic items such as magic armor





Random Locations

The Forge

- 2: Guard Post
- 3: Abandoned Building
- 4: Midwife's Lair
- 5: Laborer's Lair
- 6: Warehouse
- 7: Laborer's Lair
- 8: Warehouse
- 9: Laborer's Lair
- 10: Midwife's Lair
- 11: Abandoned Building
- 12: Guard Post

Special Locations

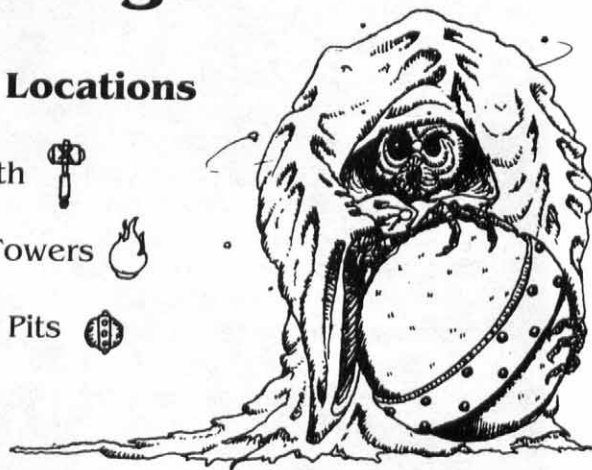
Bloodsmith



Furnace Towers



Incubator Pits



or a cloak or ring of protection of +2 or better enchantment offset the heat somewhat, so the wearer only needs to make a Stamina Ability Check once an hour instead of once a turn.

Because of the magical nature of the Forge the endure heat spell is useless but resist heat provides complete protection from the Forge for the duration of the spell. At the gamemasters discretion spells that alter the characters form such as polymorph self and wraithform may provide some measure of protection, the extent of which depends on the spell and how it is used.

Characters whose Stamina is reduced to half of their original total are overcome by the heat and their Strength and Dexterity are reduced to half until their Stamina is fully recovered. If a characters Stamina is reduced to 0 or less they lose 1 hit point a round until they are dead or their Stamina is somehow raised above 0.

Travelling the Forge

"...this region was busier than those we had encountered thusfar. Gone was the strange sense of chaos - this had the aspect of an organized city, bustling with regular activity. So intent were the bulbous demons on whatever task occupied them, that little notice was taken of the mortal travellers who wandered among them...."

The Forge is an important area that is very busy but not particularly well guarded. It is believed that the Bastion is sufficient to keep out any potential threat to the Forge and its operation. For this reason it is fairly easy for adventurers to get around, so long as they do not interfere with the operation of the Forge.

None of the demons hustling through the streets of the Forge in pursuit of their designated tasks can spare the time to talk to mortal intruders. The workers dare not risk the wrath of their relentless taskmasters so they will not slow for even a moment.

If the adventurers try and stop any of the demonic laborers or interfere with the operation

of the Forge in any way, any demon who sees the intruders will utter a keening wail that will bring swift intervention from the foremen of the forge - hideous demons known as the Midwives.

When the Midwives are summoned 1-6 of them will arrive in 1-6 rounds. They will attack immediately, uttering howls of their own that they use to call the guard. Once the Midwives start howling, 3-18 Demon Soldiers will arrive in another 1-6 rounds. In addition, every round the characters are engaged in combat with the denizens of this region roll once on the encounter table to see what demons are drawn by the commotion (do not use the special encounter table - treat rolls of 2 and 12 as no encounter results.)

If the characters decide to follow any of the demonic laborers they encounter, roll on the Random Location chart on page XX to determine their destination.

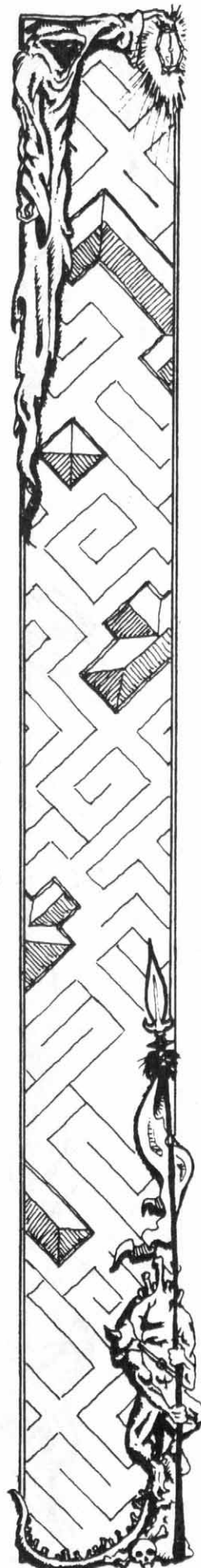
Map Key: The Forge

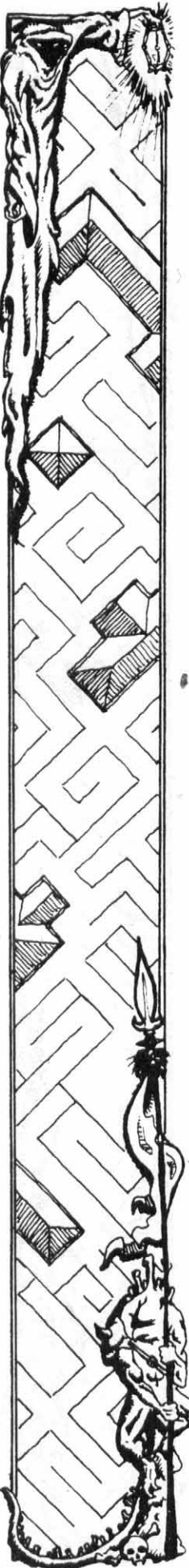
Most of the buildings in this region are integral to the arcane process of creating new demons.

Random Locations

To determine what any given building in the Forge contains, roll once on the following table. The sample map contains at least one of each of the following locations, so if the adventurers are looking for a specific location they have encountered before, choose an appropriate building or buildings and tell them what they have found.

- 2: Guard Post
- 3: Abandoned Building
- 4: Midwives Lair
- 5: Laborers Lair
- 6: Warehouse
- 7: Laborers Lair
- 8: Warehouse
- 9: Laborers Lair
- 10: Midwives Lair
- 11: Abandoned Building
- 12: Guard Post





Abandoned Building

There are many stone and iron buildings that are either no longer in use or have yet to be used. Some are run down, but most are in good condition. To determine the condition of the building randomly, roll 2D6 and subtract 2 which yields a range of 0 to 10 where 0 indicates a ruin and 10 a new construction.

Roughly 5% of these buildings are used by the various renegade political factions as headquarters where they hold their subversive meetings. Concealed in a trap door or behind a loose stone in each of these headquarters are 3-30 colored armbands, a banner of the same color and a cache of 3-18 weapons.

There is a 3% chance that they have also obtained a random magic weapon. If they have, it will be kept separate from the main cache and well be both well-hidden and trapped against potential thieves. There will also be 1-3 of the renegades watching the building at all times who will attack any intruders to protect their find.

Guard Post

While most of the iron city's army is stationed in the Bastion, there are outposts in important areas of the city. These outposts are usually unfurnished save for the yards of iron chain used to bind prisoners and a rack of weapons.

Each guard post is manned by 3-30 Demon Soldiers, half of which are out on patrol at any given time. It is their duty to ensure the smooth operation of the Forge. In this task they are answerable only to the Midwives.

Because most of the soldiers stationed in the Forge lair in the Bastion there is little of interest or value in the guard posts.

Laborers Lair

The Demon Laborers who are the driving force behind this region's production live a spartan existence. Their lairs are square iron buildings with meagre obsidian furnishings - usually little more than a table, some chairs and the long stone couches that serve as beds.

Roll 3D6 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Demon Laborers who live here. The lower of roll is the number of those laborers who are at work. If both rolls were

the same, no one is here.

There is little of interest or value in most of these lairs. There is a percent chance equal to the number of laborers who dwell in the lair that one of them has accumulated a small cache of valuables (3-18 gold pieces, a 9% chance of 1-3 gems and a 3% chance of a random magic item.)

Midwives Lair

The Midwives live better than the laborers and have the luxury of more time to spend in their lairs. Their lairs boast more opulent furnishings. They are tended by 0-6 (2D4-2) Laborers and protected by 0-3 (D4-1) Demon Soldiers.

Roll D3 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Midwives who live in any given lair. The lower of roll is the number of those Midwives who are at work.

There is little of interest or value in most of these lairs. There is a percent chance equal to three times the number of Midwives who live in the lair that one of them has gathered a modest hoard (3-36 gold pieces, a 25% chance of 1-6 gems and a 5% chance of a random magic item.)

Warehouse

These large buildings are usually low and long or tall and circular, like the towers of a keep. They contain tools, building supplies and the raw materials that are consumed in process of forging the raw essence of demons into new life.

There are 0-6 (2D4-2) Demon Soldiers guarding any given warehouse. There are also 0-9 (3D4-3) Demon Laborers working in the warehouse and 0-12 (4D4-4) additional Laborers on hand at any given time. The Laborers come and go constantly, so the number present is always changing but will seldom be 0.

Special Locations

There are several special locations in this region dedicated to specific roles in the creation of new life. These placement of these locations are not determined randomly. Their positions are indicated on the map.

Bloodsmith

"...as I approached, the sound grew steadily louder. What had begun as a distant throbbing had grown to thunderous proportions, the rhythmic crescendo of punishing steel. I followed this cacophony to a large structure wrought entirely of obsidian. Gazing into the glistening, blackened glass, I tried to imagine what it was that made the unholy racket that had drawn me to the unyielding window..."

To the demons of the Inferno conception is pain. To reforge a demon, the raw essence of their soul, taken from the crypts in the Morgue, is exposed to the searing flame of the Inferno Towers where it is rendered from a glowing orb of ethereal energy into a molten blob that is beaten a thousand times with silver sledges and then crafted into the shape its physical form will assume when the creature reaches maturity.

When the work is complete the battered soul is sealed in an iron womb to recover its energies. These wombs resemble large eggs crafted from strips of iron. They are actually cold to the touch and cannot be warmed. When the demon within has gathered sufficient energy, it awakens and is reborn.

The iron wombs provide considerable protection to the new life within. They are effectively Armor Class 0 and save as +3 enchanted iron. In addition the wombs confer a 33% Magic Tolerance both to the iron shell and the demon within.

The fetal demons absorb the energies they need to grow through the walls of the womb. Normally, the wombs are submerged in a pool of boiling blood in an incubator pit that provides all of the nourishment they require to reach adulthood (see below). If a womb is removed from the pit it needs to absorb the equivalent of 1 life level every 3-18 days or the demon withers and dies. Outside the pit it can only absorb life levels from living beings who are brought into physical contact with the shell of the womb. Anyone touching the womb will instantly be drained of 1 level per turn of contact.

If an iron womb is removed from the pit and fed regularly, it will eventually grow to adulthood and "hatch" but it will be under the control of whoever "raised" it. It is possible for mortal wizards to enslave demons in this manner for use as servants.

In these buildings 3-18 Demon Laborers are hard at work at all times under the watchful eye of 3-18 Demon Soldiers and 1-3 Demon Sentinels. All of the necessary tools and raw materials are on hand in abundance. The flames of the Furnace Towers are drawn through a bellows in a central area between the various workshops. Anyone exposed to the bellows fire takes 3-36 damage.

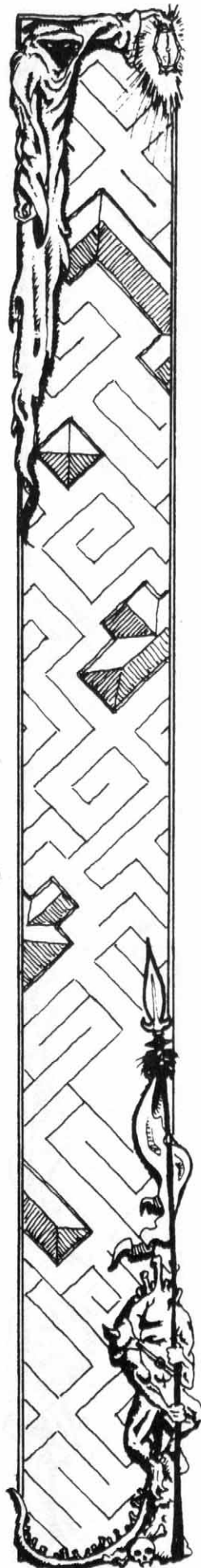
Furnace Towers

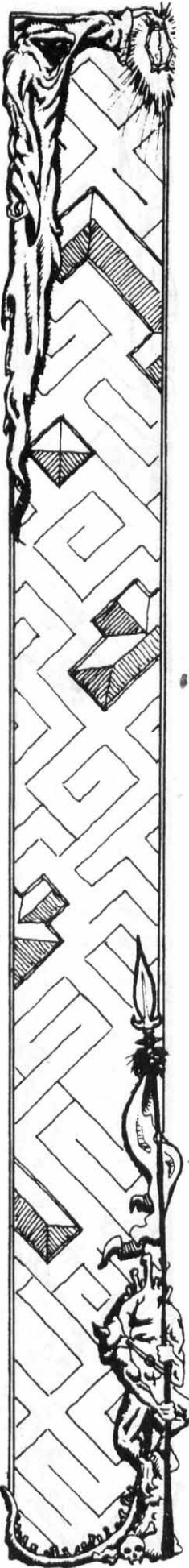
"...most numerous among the strange new buildings in this fiery region were glowing white towers whose brilliance provided a stark contrast to the dreary shadow of the underworld. As we neared the first of these luminous monuments it became obvious that we had found the source of the infernal heat that had overwhelmed two of our number..."

To forge the essence of evil into the black heart of demon requires a supernatural flame hot enough to melt the soul. These fires are produced by special buildings called Furnace Towers that dot the crowded cityscape of the Forge. The Bloodsmiths draw the flame through a complex series of underground tubes with the bellows located at the heart of their workshops.

The Furnace Towers are made of iron which is so hot that it glows white. Nothing but the towers can withstand the fiery intensity they generate, so there is a clear area around each of these buildings. Even so, the infernal heat has melted the foundation, creating a blackened crater 3-18 feet deep around each tower with a pool of molten iron at the base.

Approaching these towers without protection is a dangerous proposition at best. Any mortal who





enters the area described by the crater takes 3-18 damage. If the character tries to reach the tower despite the damage they will take 6-36 damage when they are halfway to the tower and 9-54 damage when they reach the pool of molten iron. In each case a successful save vs. breath weapon will reduce the damage by half.

Touching the tower causes 12-72 points of damage per round and the character must save vs. death or their soul is destroyed as per the finger of death spell.

So powerful is the hellfire that it can destroy spells directed against the tower. Any spell targeted inside the crater must resist a Magic Tolerance of 80% or it is consumed by the infernal heat. This also applies to any spell that must pass through this area such as teleport or telekinesis.

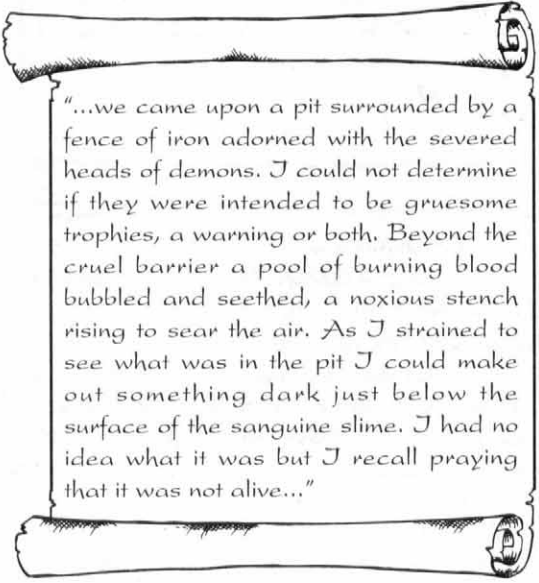
Any mortal object is instantaneously incinerated on contact with the wall of the furnace tower, even if it is enchanted. Only artifacts are allowed a saving throw to resist the hellfire unless the gamemaster has determined that contact with the tower is one of the ways to destroy the artifact in which case no saving throw is allowed.

There are small doors on each of the towers, but these were bolted shut when the tower was

completed. The near-molten metal is soft, but since most substances are destroyed on contact it is very difficult for mortals to affect.

If a powerful spell or artifact tough enough to resist the hellfire was used to pry open the door of one of these towers, a blast of flame would consume the immediate area and a thousand tiny demons would be loosed on the region.

Incubator Pits



"...we came upon a pit surrounded by a fence of iron adorned with the severed heads of demons. I could not determine if they were intended to be gruesome trophies, a warning or both. Beyond the cruel barrier a pool of burning blood bubbled and seethed, a noxious stench rising to sear the air. As I strained to see what was in the pit I could make out something dark just below the surface of the sanguine slime. I had no idea what it was but I recall praying that it was not alive..."

When the newly forged demons leave the Bloodsmith they are brought to one of the incubator pits by the Midwives. Unfortunately, the new souls are a ready source of nourishment for demonic appetite so each pit is surrounded by an iron fence adorned with the heads of those foolhardy enough to have preyed upon the helpless contents of the iron wombs.

The iron shells in which the fetal demons are sealed are stacked in a shallow pool of burning blood. Each demon gestates for a period of 3-18 months, at the end of which the womb takes on a red glow as the demons emerging energy heats the shell. When this happens the Midwives draw the creature from the pool and set it free.

If anyone tries to take a womb from one of these pits 0-6 (2D4-2) enraged Midwives will arrive in 1-4 rounds to kill the offending intruders. When they arrive their screams will bring 3-18 Demon Soldiers who will arrive in another 1-4 rounds.



Encounters in the Forge

There is unusual activity in the Forge areas but most of the inhabitants do not have time to care about mortal intruders so long as they do not interfere with their designated duties. Roll on this chart once a turn or once for every map tile traversed.

Forge Encounters

- 2: No Encounter
- 3: 1-6 Laborers and 1-3 Midwives
- 4: 2-12 Laborers and a Midwife
- 5: 2-12 Laborers
- 6: 3-18 Laborers
- 7: No Encounter
- 8: 3-18 Laborers carrying heavy burdens
- 9: 2-12 Laborers carrying heavy burdens
- 10: 3-18 Demon Soldiers on patrol
- 11: 1-3 Midwives and 2-12 Demon Soldiers
- 12: Roll On Special Encounter Chart

Special Encounters

- 2: Roll on Morgue Encounter Table (page 50) *
- 3: Roll on Bastion Encounter Table (page 37) *
- 4: Moths to the Flame (described below)
- 5: 1-12 lost souls wandering aimlessly
- 6: Special Delivery (described below)
- 7: Roll on Labyrinth Encounter Table (page 60) *
- 8: Roll on Crucible Encounter Table (page 56) *

* do not use that table's special encounter table - roll again.

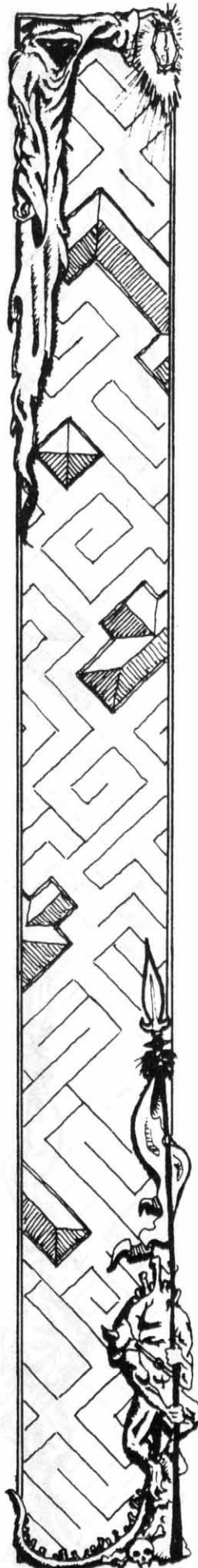
Moths to the Flame

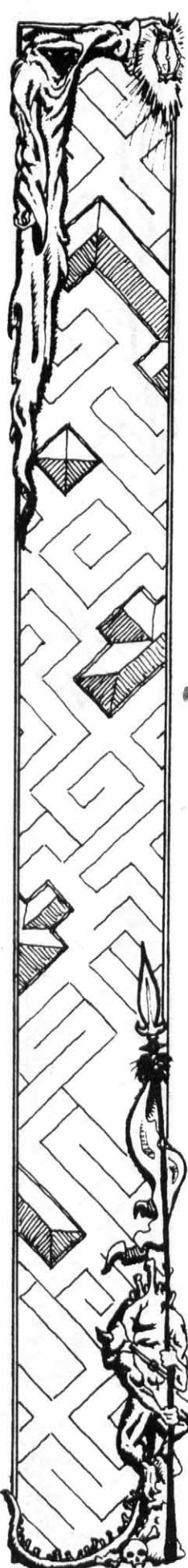
A small group of 3-18 damned souls have wandered into the Forge and are drawn by the light of one of the Furnace Towers. As the characters approach they see the first of them reach the tower. When the spirit touches the tower there is a flash of blinding light, a hideous scream and the poor wretch is gone. The characters can lure the lost souls away from the tower if they can distract them from their suicidal fixation on the tower's light. An impassioned speech, a burst of magical light or obscuring the tower would all be steps in the right direction.

Though ultimately pointless this act of kindness should be worth at least 100 experience points for every soul that was saved, divided equally among those who were involved in the rescue attempt.

Special Delivery

The characters happen upon the withered husk of a demon curled around a glowing red egg. The poor wretch stole an iron womb from one of the incubator pits and was trying to pry it open while the fetal demon fed on his life energy, killing him. As the demon has nearly reached adulthood, this final burst of energy has awakened it, causing it to signal its readiness to hatch by heating its shell. The shell can be opened by any character who can make the bend bars roll for their strength or by prying it open with a magic weapon. If it is opened, a "baby demon" emerges and attacks the nearest character. Whether or not the characters decide to open the egg a Midwife will show up before they have left the area. It will assume the characters have stolen the egg and will attack, howling for help.





The Morgue

When mortals die they go to heaven, to hell, or to the purgatory that lies between them but there is no place in the afterlife for demons. When a demon dies its essence leaves its body and returns to Dis where it finds its way to the Morgue and the peace of the tomb stones. This entire region is devoted to caring for the essence of demons who have been slain. Consisting mostly of massive crypts, the Morgue has the appearance of a cemetery grown to monstrous proportions.

Special Consideration: The Mists of Afterlife

"After a time we found ourselves hip-deep in a fog that had drifted in unnoticed by any save our wizard who commented that we had best stay focused on our task lest we lose ourselves in the mist. I thought it an odd turn of phrase at the time but in light of what was to follow his offhanded comment was characteristically prophetic..."

Part of the demonic life cycle is called "the nothing", a process where all of the memories, influences and associations still clinging to a demons essence are removed so the spirit can be reforged without giving rebirth to the slain.

One of the catalysts for the nothing is the mists that hang like a ground fog over the entire region. It is the nature of these mists to leech the identity out of anything and anyone with which they come in contact. For those not native to the Morgue the mists pose an insidious threat.

The first evidence of the mists effects is the subtle transformation of any physical objects brought into the region. After a few turns all color will slowly bleed out of the adventurers clothes and equipment, leaving them a dull grey. This is because the mist works faster on inanimate objects.

There are few things that can protect a character from the power of the afterlife mists. The first is Magic Tolerance

which offers total protection regardless of what the rating is. Of the spells available to mortals only anti-magic shell and mind blank will protect a character from the mists.

If the adventurers are not protected the mists will begin to drain their identity. Every turn a character is exposed to the mists he must save vs. death or suffer a profound loss, as determined on the following table;

- 1-2: alignment changed to neutral
- 3-5: highest attribute is averaged with 10
- 6-8: lose 1 Skill Level
- 9-10: memory erased - character forgets who they are

Spells such as negative plane protection that would normally defend the character from energy drain have no effect on the mist and its power.

If a character has become true neutral, is reduced to Skill Level 0, has all of their stats reduced to 12 or less and loses their memory they have lost everything that made them what they were and they become an NPC. Only a full wish can restore them and only if it is cast outside the iron city.

Profound dedication and extreme emotion can help a character stay focused and cling to his identity, so characters who are under the effects of a quest, geas or emotion spells receive a +2 bonus to their saving throw versus the effects of the mist. Characters whose focus comes from a more mundane source receive a +1 bonus.

Travelling the Morgue

"...this new region was uncomfortably familiar. Its narrow streets were lined with monolithic stone buildings that bore a striking resemblance to crypts but it was more than the crypts that lent the area its peculiar menace. There was very little activity, which was less reassuring than you might expect. From time to time one of us would see something moving in the shadows, but there was none of the activity that dominated the iron city we had seen so far. I believe we had ventured into a dead zone where even demons feared to tread..."

Because of its nature of its the Morgue is almost deserted, making it relatively easy for adventurers to get around without being noticed. However this emptiness should be described to the players in such a way that it makes them nervous.

The mists make the Morgue uncomfortable even for demons, so a special caste of demons has been assigned the task of caring for the essence of departed demons. Many quietly call them Undertakers, but the demons have no official name for them. The undertakers are immune to the effects of the mist because they have no identity to lose. Operating by instinct they move easily through the Morgue tending to their lifeless charges.

A few demon soldiers have been stationed near the morgue but they must be rotated out regularly or they will be undone by the mist that will one day render their soul. Because their magic resistance makes them immune to the afterlife mist, sentinel demons are the most common guardsman in this region.

Because the residents of the Morgue are so few and far between, this is one of the few regions where it is possible to have a confrontation with the denizens of the area without immediately attracting the attention of dozens more. Every round the adventurers are engaged in combat in the Morgue there is only a 1 in 6 chance they will attract someone's attention (roll a randomly on the Morgue Encounter Table to see who it is.)

Map Key: The Morgue

The Morgue consists mostly of crypts, but there are a few other buildings that support the operation of the final resting place of the demonic essence. The undertakers are mindlessly relentless in the pursuit of their sacred duty and do not lair so have no home save the crypts they tend. Laborers are vulnerable to the mists so when they are needed they are brought in from another region.

Random Locations

To determine what any given building in the Morgue contains, roll once on the following table. The sample map contains at least one of each of the following locations, so if the adventurers are looking for a specific location

they have encountered before, choose an appropriate building or buildings and tell them what they have found.

- 2: Guard Post
- 3: Abandoned Building
- 4: Warehouse
- 5: Abandoned Building
- 6: Warehouse
- 7: Abandoned Building
- 8: Guard Post

Abandoned Building

There are quite a few abandoned buildings in this region. Most are unfinished structures that will be converted into crypts when they are needed and the rest were once used for some forgotten purpose for which they are no longer required.

A few of these buildings (13%) have become lairs for the feral shadows who have forgotten who and what they are, knowing only what their instincts tell them. These pitiful creatures hunt the Morgue in search of weaker demons or lost souls to feed upon. They have no need for material possessions and never gather treasure.

Guard Post

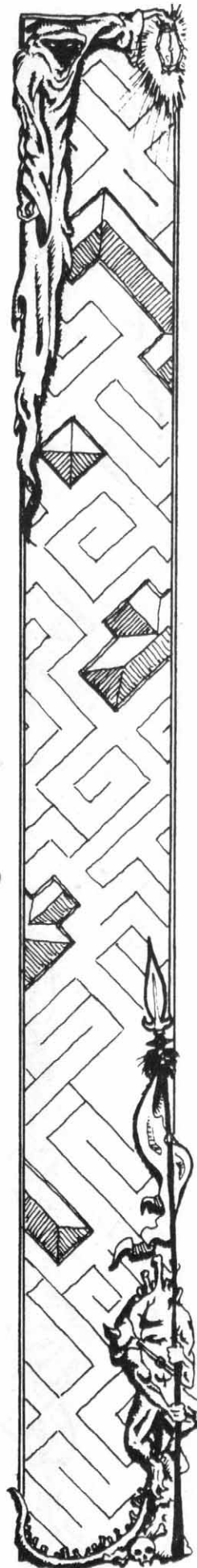
These solid little buildings are designed to support a small detachment of 20 demon soldiers. Of these, 5-15 (D3 x 5) will be on patrol at any given time. There are simple furnishings and an ample supply of weapons and armor.

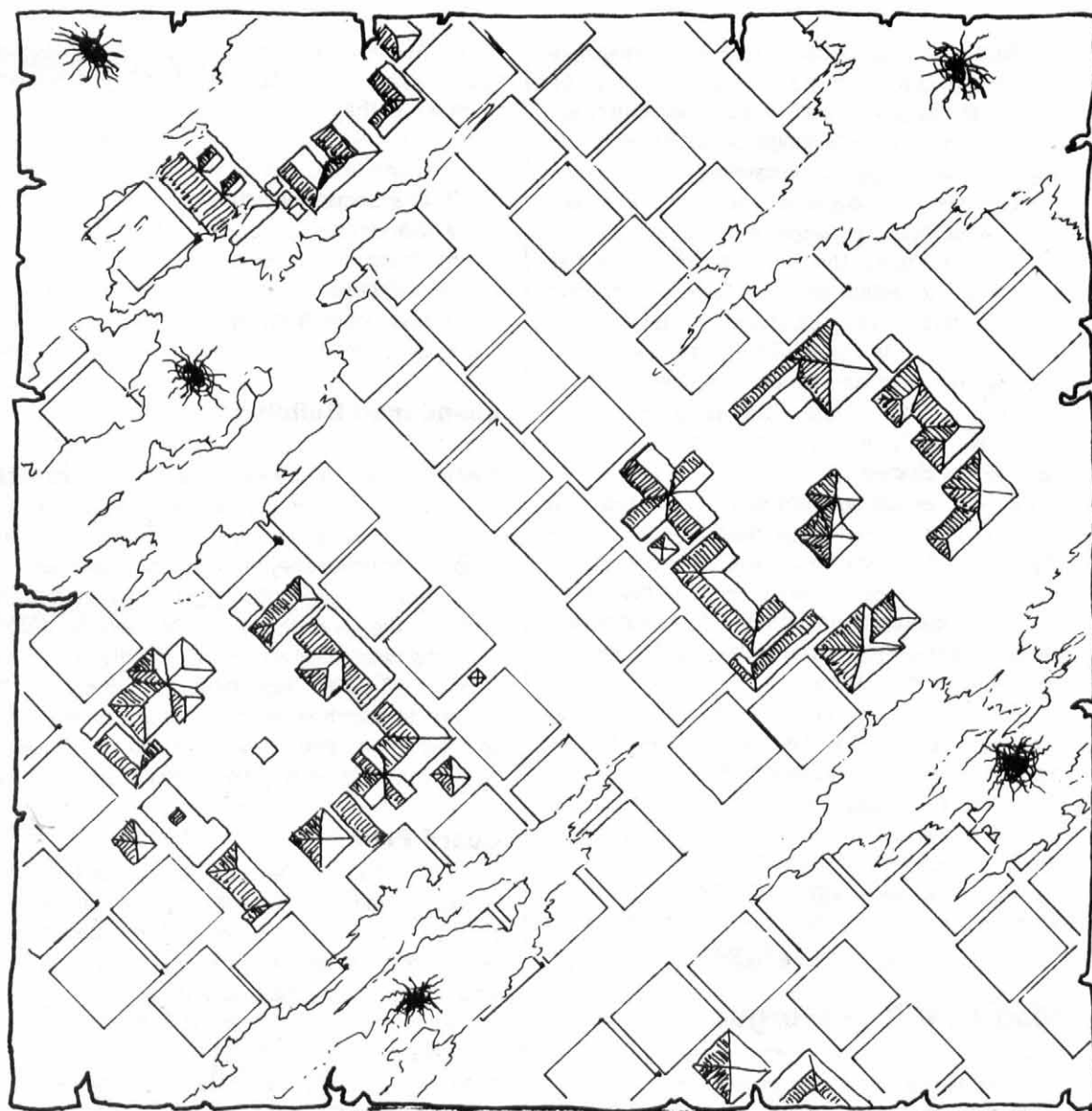
An effort has been made to keep the mists out of these buildings. Heavy curtains divide the rooms, and doors are sealed and resealed with wax. These precautions do not provide complete protection, but they considerably reduce the mists effects (mortals in one of these guard posts only need to save every hour instead of every turn.)

As all of the soldiers stationed in the Morgue have lairs in one of the barracks in the Bastion none of them will have any personal possessions with them so there is little of value in any of the guard posts.

Warehouse

All of these warehouses are filled with glass bottles. There are none of the more general supplies found in the other regions because the laborers bring those things with them when they are needed.





The Morgue

Random Locations

- 2: Guard Post
- 3: Abandoned Warehouse
- 4: Warehouse
- 5: Abandoned Warehouse
- 6: Warehouse
- 7: Abandoned Warehouse
- 8: Guard Post

Special Locations

Crypts



Limbo Pits



Special Locations

There are two special locations on the Morgue map that have a very specific function in the overall scheme of the region.

Crypts

"...our companion convinced us to investigate one of the countless buildings that lined the streets, identical blocks of iron and stone, featureless save for the single massive door. We experienced some difficulty gaining entry but fortunately the empty streets worked to our advantage and we were not discovered. As I crossed the threshold I was overcome by the sensation that we had violated sacred ground..."

These buildings are the resting place for the essence of fallen demons. As these buildings have no windows, the single iron door is the only possible way in. Entry is forbidden to all save the undertakers who know a special word for each of the doors that causes them to open when the word is spoken aloud. Together these words form an epic poem that is a lament for the damned.

Trying to get into a crypt without speaking the key word is extremely difficult and somewhat dangerous. First, there is a glyph of death on the door that will kill any living creature who touches the door handle unless they make a save vs. death. There are also three rather sophisticated locks that must be opened in the proper sequence. These locks are immune to magic. To try and open the door a thief would have to make three consecutive pick lock rolls at a -15% each. If any of the rolls is failed the door will not open.

For every round the adventurers spend trying to get into a crypt there is a 1 in 6 chance they will attract the attention of 1-6 undertakers, who will attack without hesitation. As each pick locks roll takes 1 round the characters will have to roll at least three times to see if they are discovered.

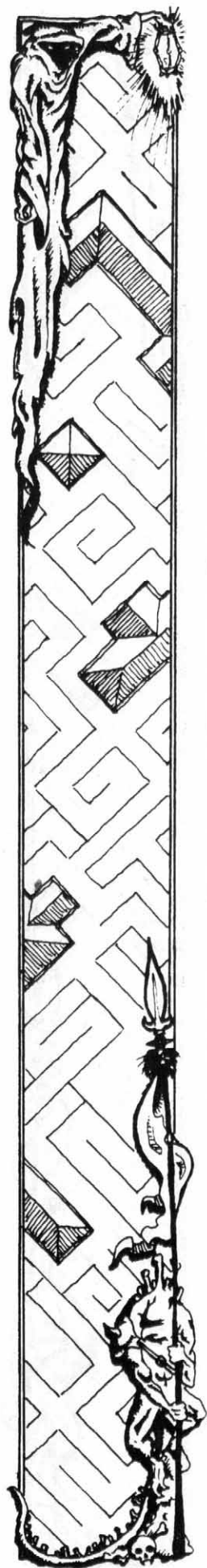
If the adventurers watch the undertakers and

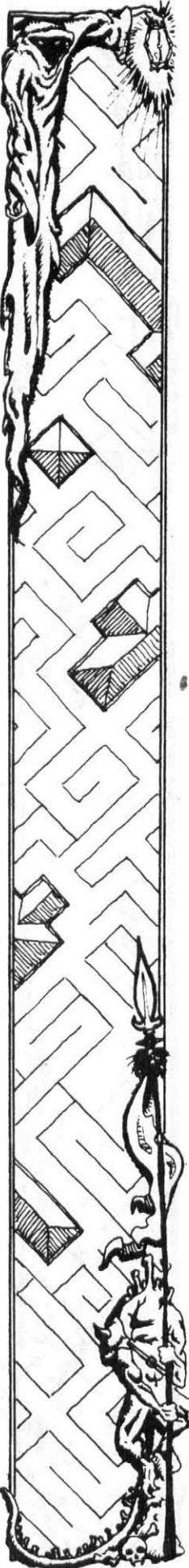
figure out how the doors are opened, they can try and use the same word the undertakers use to open a door. It will work, but speaking the word will automatically attract the attention of 2-12 undertakers who will descend on the mortal intruders in a murderous rage.

"...wandering through the aisles of the strange black tomb I began counting the black glass bottles that lined the shelves, their dead gaze glimmering green from within. When I had counted a single shelf, I tried to count the shelves in a single aisle. Reeling with realization I tried to deny what I had discovered. I had found the source of my lingering dread. In the empty streets we had been surrounded at all times and on all sides by a countless host, their combined will bearing down on us with hatred and hunger..."

Inside each crypt is a maze of narrow aisles filled with shelves that are laden with the bottles which contain demonic essence. This essence is the ghostly residue of demons who have been slain. Upon their deaths, their essence returns to the Morgue where it wanders, not fully self-aware, until an undertaker captures it in a large, glass bottle. Once these bottles have been retrieved from the Limbo Pits (described below), they are stored here in the crypts, aging like fine wine, until they are ready to be reformed by the Bloodsmith. At this time the bottles are transported to the Forge on two wheeled carts.

The bottles have the same basic effect as a trap the soul spell. Since the fallen demons no longer have bodies this is enough to imprison them as with a trap the soul spell. As these bottles are no more durable than the glass of which they are made they are easily broken. Destroying a bottle releases the spirit trapped inside, which will have the same statistics as a feral shadow. If a shadow is released, 1-6 undertakers will arrive in 1-6 rounds. If multiple shadows are released 3-18 undertakers and 1-6 sentinels will be dispatched to

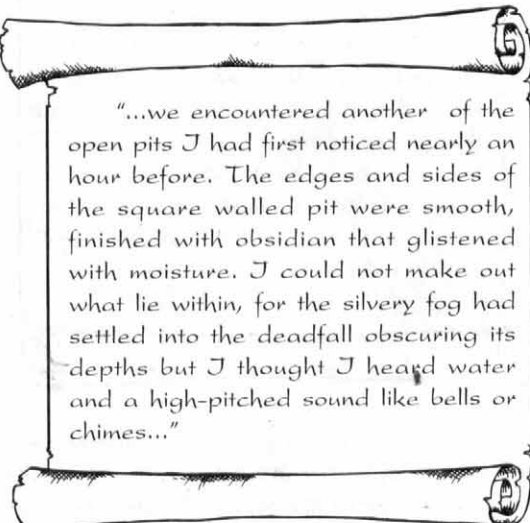




deal with the troublemakers. If a living creature touches one of the bottles the essence inside will try and possess them. If a mortal character fails a saving throw vs death, his soul is transferred to the bottle, and the essence within is released. If a bottle containing a mortal's souls is broken, the soul is destroyed.

The undertakers are more in evidence inside the crypts than in the streets outside. Every round the adventurers spend in a crypt there is a 1 in 6 chance an undertaker will discover them and will cry for help, calling an additional 1-6 undertakers who will arrive in 1-6 rounds.

Limbo Pits



"...we encountered another of the open pits I had first noticed nearly an hour before. The edges and sides of the square walled pit were smooth, finished with obsidian that glistened with moisture. I could not make out what lie within, for the silvery fog had settled into the deadfall obscuring its depths but I thought I heard water and a high-pitched sound like bells or chimes..."

When a newly freed essence finds its way to the Morgue, it is hunted down by the undertakers who trap it in a bottle and drop it into one of these pits where it suffers the Nothing (described earlier). When the essence is no longer weighed down by identity it floats up out of the pit where it is collected by an undertaker who takes it to the proper crypt.

The afterlife mists collect in these pits. Over the course of centuries condensation has formed pools at the bottom of each pit whose waters bear a concentration of the magic that brings on the Nothing.

If a mortal touches the water taken from a afterlife pit they must save vs. death or suffer all of the effects of the mists all at once and lose their identity completely, immediately becoming a Skill 0 NPC. Even if they make their save they still suffer the effects of having failed a saving throw versus each aspect of the mists.

Water taken from the pit loses its magic in a single turn.

Encounters in the Morgue

There is very little activity in the Morgue. If the adventurers do encounter anything, it will probably be an undertaker. Roll on this chart once a turn or once for every map tile traversed.

Morgue Encounters

- 2: 1-2 Undertakers with 1-6 bottled souls
- 3: An Undertaker on his rounds
- 4: No Encounter
- 5: No Encounter
- 6: No Encounter
- 7: 1-3 Undertakers
- 8: Roll On Special Encounter Chart

Special Encounters

- 2: Roll on Labyrinth Encounter Table (page 60) *
- 3: Roll on Crucible Encounter Table (page 56) *
- 4: New Arrival (see below)
- 5: A Sentinel on patrol
- 6: A Feral shadow
- 7: 1-6 damned souls wandering aimlessly
- 8: 1-3 Feral shadows
- 9: 3-18 Demon Soldiers on patrol
- 10: Blank Slate (see below)
- 11: Roll on Bastion Encounter Table (page 37) *
- 12: Roll on Forge Encounter Table (page 45) *

* do not use that table's special encounter table - roll again.

New Arrival

A recently slain demon has just arrived in the Morgue and has yet to succumb to the afterlife mists. He knows who he is, where he is and what is about to happen to him. Knowing he has limited time before he forgets who he is he is desperate to escape his fate and sees the characters as his last chance to cling to his identity.

The demon will approach the group and beg for their help. He is so frantic he is incoherent. He will start babbling about the undertakers and pleads for them to "save him from the bottle." Depending on how much the adventurers have seen of the Morgue before they meet the new arrival he may make very little sense to them.



In 1-6 rounds 1-6 undertakers will arrive, intent on capturing the demon. If the characters defend him he will be very grateful and will promise whatever he thinks will entice them to get him out of the area with his identity intact. As he is basically a Feral Shadow there is little he can actually do for them, but he would be a useful guide who might be willing to answer a few questions about the nature of the iron city.

Blank Slate

As the adventurers pass a afterlife pit one of the bottles within floats up and out of the mist. This means that the essence within is ready for collection and storage as described in the limbo pits entry found on page 50.

The essence in the bottle is in a kind of coma from which it will not awaken for 1-100 days. During this time it is actually safe to handle. Normally anyone touching the bottle risks possession as described in the crypt entry on page 50.

What the adventurers do with the bottle, if anything, is up to them, but in 1-6 rounds an Undertaker will arrive to collect it. If the demon sees that they have stolen or destroyed it he will attack, sending out a call for help that will be answered in 1-6 rounds by 1-6 Undertakers and a Sentinel Demon.



The Crucible

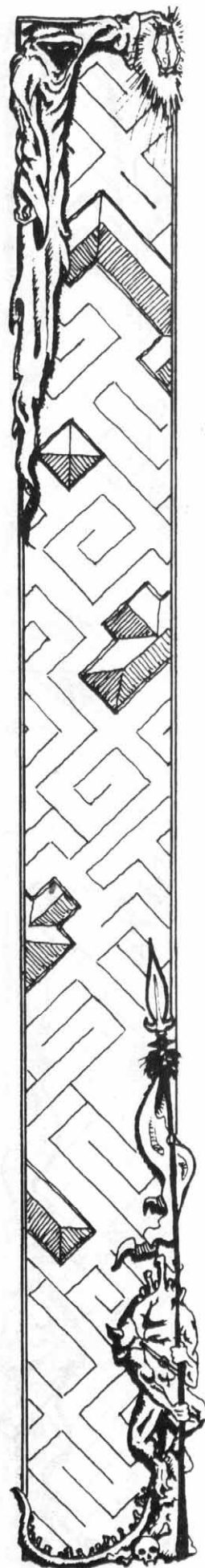
Dis is a world unto itself where Satan is both lord and god. His children, the demons, live by a code very different than that of mortal man but no less demanding. The Arch-Devil's will is enforced by the Black Bishops, a monastic order of demons with the dedication and power to act as the inquisitors of the underworld. When a demon goes astray, the Bishops carry him off to the Crucible where he is punished for his transgressions before he is killed and his immortal essence cleansed of the taint of sin.

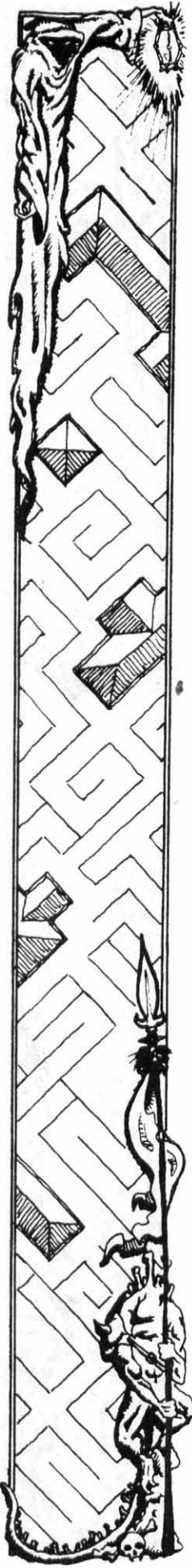
Special Consideration: Backfires

"...the wizard began his incantations, gathering the energies with arcane gestures that twisted his gaunt form. As the winds began to rise I cold sense that something was wrong, but foolishly assumed it was the sorcery that disturbed me. When the power turned on our companion I knew I had misjudged my apprehension. He rose slowly into the air, blue lightning arcing across him as he jerked like a puppet, helpless in its invisible grasp. I try to convince myself that I had no time to warn him, but his silent agony still haunts my dreams..."

There is a chance that mortal spellcasting will attract the attention of the powers who watch over this region. Wizard magic has a 5% chance per skill level of being noticed and Priest magic has a 10% chance per skill level, so a Skill 5 Wizard spell has a 25% chance and a Skill 3 Priest spell has a 30% chance.

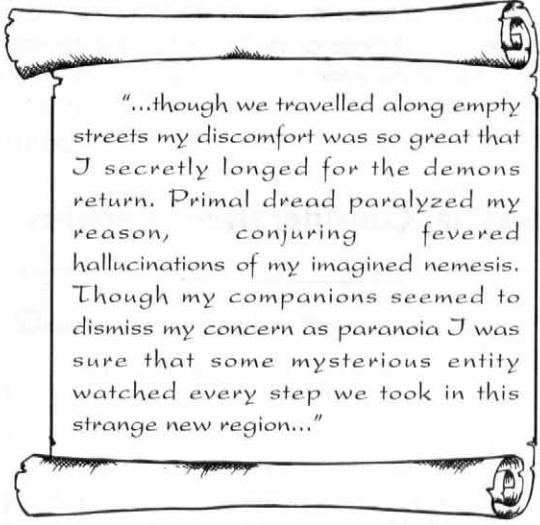
If spellcasting is detected the response will be immediate and deadly. First off, the spell will fail and the caster will be struck by a "bolt from the blue" that does 2D6 damage per Skill Level of the spell detected, so if a Skill 3 spell was cast, the bolt does 6-36 damage. A successful saving throw vs. spell will reduce this damage by half.





Second, 1-3 Black Bishops and 2-6 (2D3) Demon Sentinels will be sent to investigate the source of the disturbance. They will arrive in 1-6 rounds and start searching for the spellcaster and anyone in his company but will not necessarily attack (see the following section for details.)

Travelling the Crucible



"...though we travelled along empty streets my discomfort was so great that I secretly longed for the demons return. Primal dread paralyzed my reason, conjuring fevered hallucinations of my imagined nemesis. Though my companions seemed to dismiss my concern as paranoia I was sure that some mysterious entity watched every step we took in this strange new region..."

This region is sparsely populated but closely watched. Mortal intruders have to be very careful or the Black Bishops and their Sentinels will capture and destroy them. It is important for the Gamemaster to impart the persistent paranoia the characters will feel as they travel through the Crucible. Asking for mysterious dice rolls and passing some of the players slips of paper with cryptic notes such as "your character feels like he is being watched" will help establish the proper atmosphere.

In addition to the random encounter chance, there is a 3% chance per turn that mortal intruders will be detected by those who watch the Crucible. This is cumulative, so on the second turn there is a 6% chance of detection, 9% on the third and so on. Spells such as non-detection that affect scrying will reduce the cumulative chance to 1% per round as long as the spell is in effect.

If the intruders are detected, 1-3 Black Bishops and 2-6 (2D3) Demon Sentinels will appear but they will not attack. One of the Bishops will act as spokesman. He will ask who the adventurers are and what they are doing in the iron city. No matter how the characters respond the demon will try and convince them to turn back

and will even offer safe passage back to the main gate. In the unlikely instance that the adventurers take the Bishop up on this offer they are escorted to the Bastion where they are set upon by overwhelming force and destroyed.

Refusing to leave the iron city will anger the Bishop, who will explain that his order speaks for "Lord Satan" and insist that if the intruders do not leave immediately their suffering will be legendary. Threats will give way to violence, forcing the Bishop to summon additional Sentinels, 1-3 of which will arrive every 1-3 rounds until all of the Bishops involved in the melee are killed.

Map Key: The Crucible

Most of the Crucible is taken up by the special locations involved in the torment of the demons who have failed their dread lord. There are a few other buildings scattered throughout the region the purpose of which must be determined randomly.

Random Locations

To determine what any given building in the Crucible contains, roll once on the following table. The sample map contains at least one of each of the following locations, so if the adventurers are looking for a specific location they have encountered before, choose an appropriate building or buildings and tell them what they have found.

- 2: Laborers Lair
- 3: Warehouse
- 4: Abandoned Building
- 5: Trustees Manor
- 6: Abandoned Building
- 7: Warehouse
- 8: Laborers Lair

Abandoned Building

Some of the buildings in this region are not currently in use. To determine the condition of any given building, roll 2D6 and subtract 2 which yields a range of 0 to 10 where 0 indicates a ruin and 10 a recently completed structure. There is nothing of interest or value in any of these buildings.



Laborers Lair

The lairs of the Demon Laborers who serve the Bishops are dismal iron buildings with meagre furnishings which include little more than a table, some chairs and the long stone couches which serve as beds.

Roll 3D6 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Demon Laborers who live here. The lower of roll is the number of those laborers who are at work. If both rolls were the same, no one is home.

There is little of interest or value in most of these lairs. There is a percent chance equal to the number of laborers who dwell in the lair that one of them has accumulated a small cache of valuables (1-12 gold pieces, and a 6% chance of 1-3 gems.)

Trustees Manor

The Trustees are particularly evil damned souls who served the infernal powers in life. In hell they have been given dominion over the damned and the lesser demons who have been condemned to the Crucible. These favored souls live in luxury compared to the torments of their brethren.

Each manor is home to 3-18 Trustees, half of whom are in residence at any given time. They are served by 2-6 Demon Laborers who are always in residence.

Though the Trustees are favored among the damned there is usually little of value in their manors. There is a percent chance equal to twice the number of Trustees who live in the manor that one of them has a small cache of treasure (3-18 gold pieces, a 13% chance of 1-3 gems and a 5% chance of a random piece of jewelry.)

Warehouse

Storehouses containing the tools and supplies used to maintain the region. There is everything from nails and furniture to blocks of iron and stone. These buildings also contain the various tapestries, props and vestments used in the temples.

Special Locations

The Crucible contains several special locations pivotal to the purpose of the region.

The position of these locations are shown on the map and they are never determined randomly. The special locations for this region are:

Cells

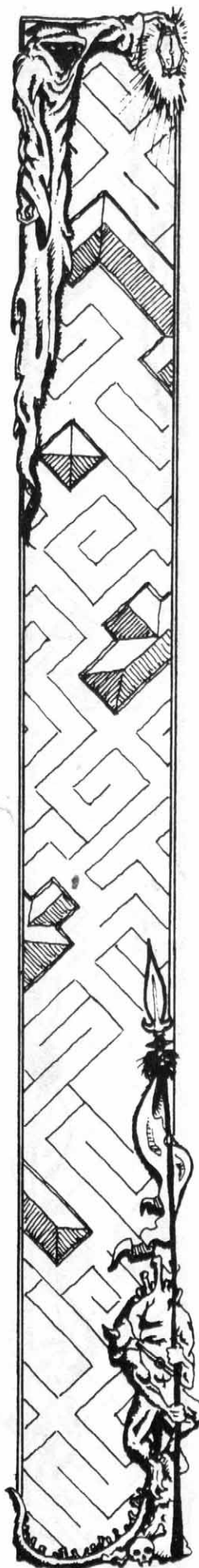
"...passing another of the massive cages I was compelled to peer inside, trying to catch a glimpse of what demons would imprison. Wary of the twisted spikes wrapped round the bars I ventured as close as my flagging resolve would allow. Inside there were dozens of chains dangling from the trap doors. Near the center of the cruel prison were the condemned. Bound by knots of iron, several demons writhed in agony, flesh flayed from their bodies and lidless eyes wide with horror..."

In these cells the demons who have been broken by the torments of the Crucible Pits await their demise. Only when their suffering no longer amuses the Duke of Hell will the Black Bishops give release to any of these pitiful wretches.

If approached, the demons imprisoned in these cells wail horribly, forcing any mortal who hears them to save vs. spell or cringe in fear for 1-6 turns, clutching their ears in a vain attempt to block out the sound.

Opening one of these cages requires magic that will reshape or destroy the iron as there is no obvious door or hatch. At the Bishops command, such openings will appear anywhere on the cell they desire. These openings will disappear without a trace as soon as the Bishops no longer have need of them.

There are 6-36 demons in each cell with the same statistics as Demon Laborers save that they have only half their normal hit points. If the adventurers decide to take pity on the imprisoned demons they will probably be surprised when the creatures turn on them in an effort to show the Bishops that they have seen the error of their ways.





The Crucible

Random Locations

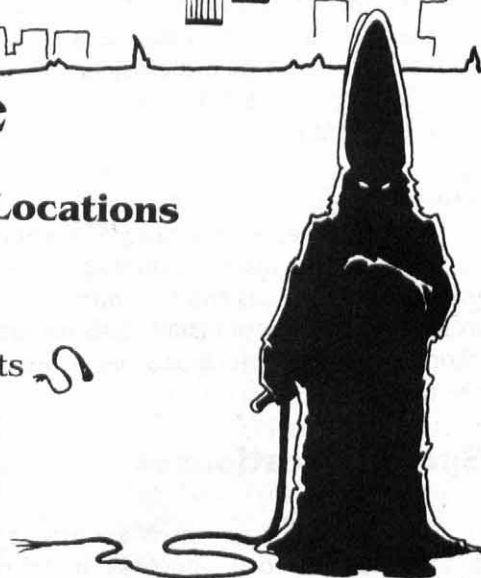
- 2: Laborer's Lair
- 3: Warehouse
- 4: Abandoned Building
- 5: Trustees Manor
- 6: Abandoned Building
- 7: Warehouse
- 8: Laborer's Lair

Special Locations

Cells 

Crucible Pits 

Temple 



Crucible Pit

"...though we tried to ignore them, several smoking pits dotted the landscape of the region. Incongruous among the stark buildings of iron, these gaping maws of stone served as the portal to untold horrors lurking in the bowels of the underworld. I could make out terrible echoing screams as we passed, inhuman cries of misery that suggested unbearable torments whose monstrous cruelties I dare not imagine..."

Satan has set forth a code of conduct for the demons of the Inferno in the form of a series of commandments that his children must follow or be condemned. These commandments are meaningless to mortals and have little relationship to a traditional code of ethics but involve such things as love and compassion which are known here as "immortal sins".

When the Black Bishops determine that a demon has disobeyed the commandments of the lord of hell, they condemn the poor wretch to one of these pits where they are tormented for their transgressions. When the Bishops decide that they have endured enough suffering for their sins they are and locked in one of the cells to await their destruction. These souls are not sent to the Morgue to await rebirth but are burned away to nothing in the Furnace Towers of the Forge.

The Crucible Pits are underground and resemble the various regions of the Inferno except that failed demons are tortured by damned souls called Trustees, in a bizarre turnabout on the



natural order beyond the outer walls of Dis. Exploring any of these areas is a bad idea. If mortals enter a pit 3-9 Bishops and 3-9 Sentinels will arrive in 1-3 rounds. There are 6-36 Trustees and 3-18 more Sentinels within, and hundreds of tormented souls.

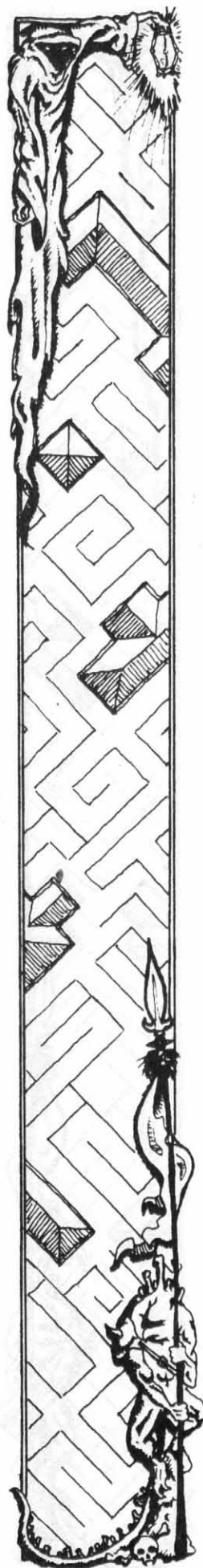
Temple

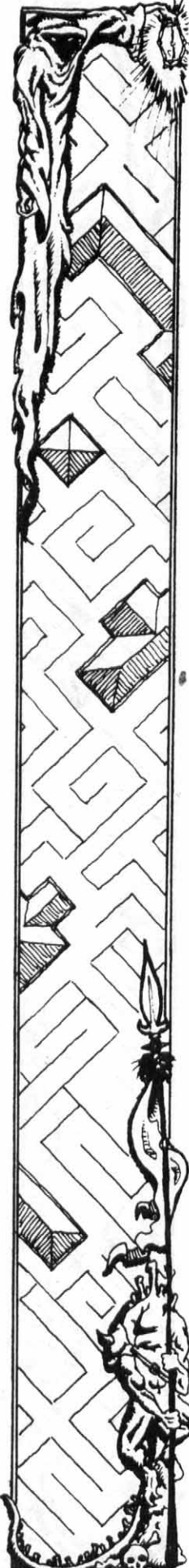
"...the street we had chosen ended abruptly at the base of a black tower. Smooth obsidian walls rose far above the city, featureless save for the eye carved into each of the four sides and the ironwork doors that seemed to be the only entrance. From deep within the monument feral voices snarled, a bestial chant whose guttural litany suggested foul blasphemies that were agony to hear. As we deliberated over an alternative route I observed a robed figure peering through the ironwork with eyes that burned green..."

The Black Bishops live in these monolithic temples of obsidian. It is in their sanctums that they commune with their lord and learn his will so they may serve him. Most of their time is spent in meditation trying to understand the few insights they have been given. They are the voice of Satan in his realm and their authority in Dis is absolute.

Each temple is home to 3-8 Black Bishops. Roll 1D6+2 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Bishops who lair in the temple. The lower roll is the number of Bishops who are in the temple at any given time. If the rolls are the same, no one is here.

Getting into a temple is very difficult and very dangerous. There is only one entrance to each tower, a worked iron door on which countless tiny runes are etched. These doors bear powerful glyphs that will slay any mortal who dares touch them unless they make a save vs. spell and a save vs. death. No spell or precaution can protect a mortal from this effect and the glyph automatically renews itself every time it is discharged so the adventurers will have to save every time the door is touched.





Inside the temple is hollow, having only one massive chamber. At the center of the tower is a dias on which an iron statue of Satan stands. Any mortal who views this statue must save vs. death or go blind. An iron stair winds up around the inside walls of the temple monolith, a gallery from which the unholy rituals can be observed by the demonic worshippers who come here in search of favor.

The Bishops are in a position to accumulate large treasure hordes, but these are kept in an open chest at the feet of the idol. If anyone tries to take the treasure, 13 Black Bishops will appear to defend it. If the adventurers survive there are 10,000 gold pieces, 40 gems and 12 pieces of jewelry. There is also a 33% chance that there will be a random magic item and if there is one, there is a 13% chance there will be two.

Encounters in the Crucible

There are few encounters in this region but those that occur are very dangerous for mortal adventurers. Roll on this chart once a turn or once for every map tile traversed.

Crucible Encounters

- 2: Roll On Special Encounter Chart
- 3: 1-3 Black Bishops and 2-6 Demon Sentinels
- 4: Black Bishop
- 5: 2-12 Trustees
- 6: No Encounter
- 7: 2-12 Laborers
- 8: No Encounter
- 9: 3-18 Trustees
- 10: Sentinel Demon
- 11: 1-6 Black Bishops and 3-9 Demon Sentinels
- 12: Roll On Special Encounter Chart

Special Encounters

- 2: Roll on Bastion Encounter Table (page 37) *
- 3: 1-12 lost souls wandering aimlessly
- 4: Roll on Morgue Encounter Table (page 50) *
- 5: Burning Love (see below)
- 6: Roll on Labyrinth Encounter Table (page 60) *
- 7: 1-6 lost souls wandering aimlessly
- 8: Roll on Forge Encounter Table (page 45) *

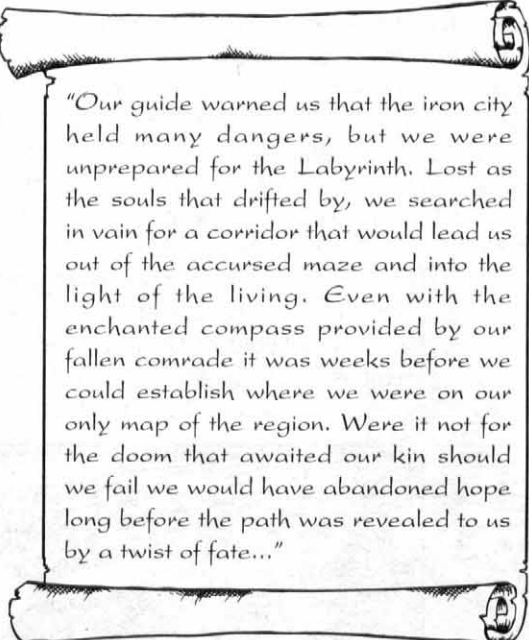
* do not use that table's special encounter table - roll again.

Burning Love

A condemned demon has escaped one of the Crucible Pits and comes to the adventurers looking for help. He was banished for falling in love with a mortal woman and tried to escape the iron city to be with her. He was punished by Trustees who tormented him by showing him visions of his beloved suffering in the Inferno. He wants to get out of the city to search for her but will need the characters help. A Black Bishop and three Demon Sentinels will arrive in a matter of rounds to try and return him to the pit, which will force a hurried decision.

If the player characters decide to help the lovestruck demon, they may split an award of 1,000 experience points and another 1,000 if they are successful. The demon has the same stats as a Demon Soldier and will be extremely grateful, doing whatever he can to help his mortal saviors. It is up to the gamemaster whether his beloved still lives and whether or not they can be rejoined. Perhaps the visions showed to the demon are true and his love is already in Hell.

The Labyrinth



"Our guide warned us that the iron city held many dangers, but we were unprepared for the Labyrinth. Lost as the souls that drifted by, we searched in vain for a corridor that would lead us out of the accursed maze and into the light of the living. Even with the enchanted compass provided by our fallen comrade it was weeks before we could establish where we were on our only map of the region. Were it not for the doom that awaited our kin should we fail we would have abandoned hope long before the path was revealed to us by a twist of fate..."

At the heart of the iron city is a massive Labyrinth at the center of which is one of the few passages out of the abyss. The twisting corridors



that dominate the region were created to protect this exit by concealing its location. Only the most diligent souls can find their way without becoming lost for centuries or driven insane by the misleading walls.

Special Consideration: The Thread

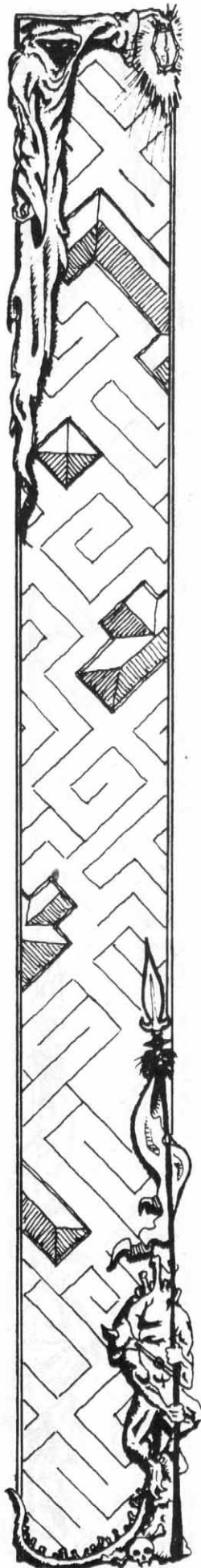
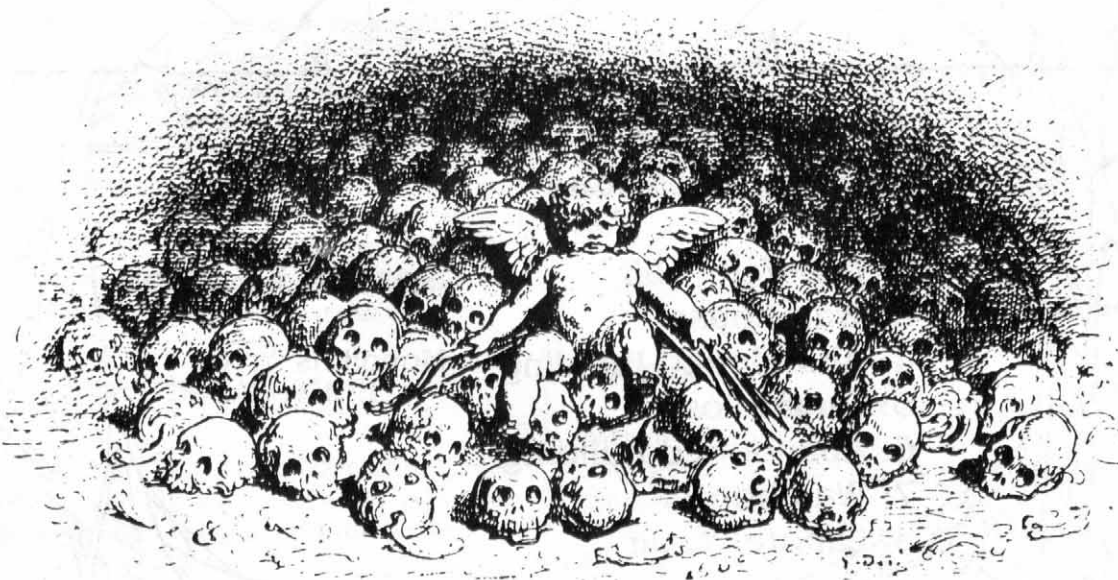
"... around the first turn, we caught our first glimpse of the strands that would preoccupy our time in the Labyrinth. We had come prepared to negotiate a maze of unprecedented proportion but we were dumbfounded by the mesh that bound everything, clinging like the web of some monstrous spider. Every step became a puzzle unto itself as we labored to determine the most efficacious route through the tangled skein..."

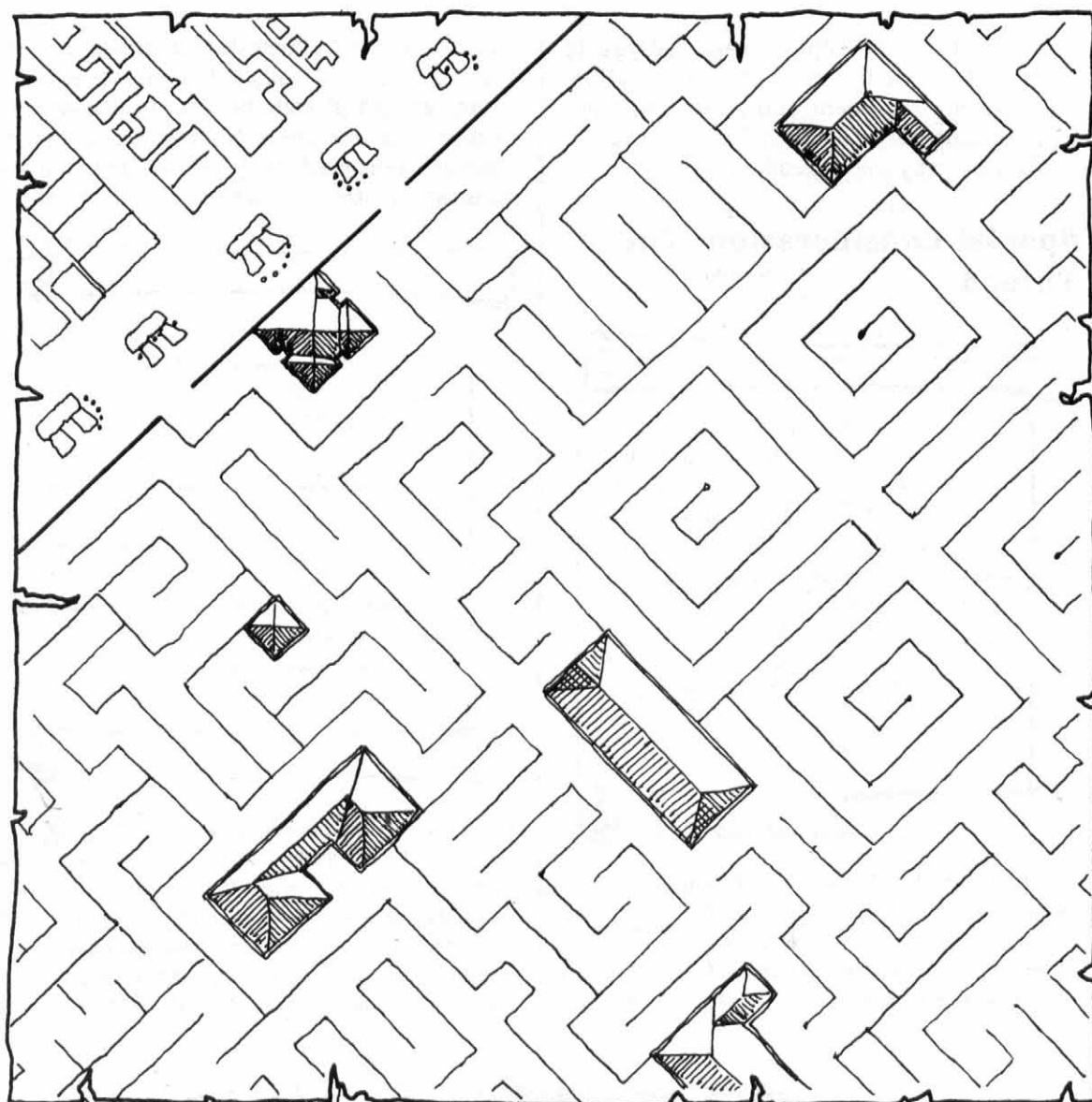
The entire Labyrinth is strung with grey fibers that resembles a spiders web. These fibers are not very sturdy and will part if characters push against them hard enough. It is very tiring to try and force your way through though.

Cutting a swath through them or trying to burn them is no less exhausting. Characters must either proceed at half their normal movement rate or lose one point of Stamina per hour, becoming exhausted. Only demons and damned souls can pass through the threads unhindered.

"...we realized we had solved the mystery of the threads. It was not the arachnid architect I half expected, but spirits that bore a distinctly feminine form. Their ethereal gowns concealed a pleasing shape but I could make out no features save a silvery trail of tears glistening on their cheeks. They danced, but there was no joy in their exercise. As they spun, wisps of thread floated from their fingertips, clinging to walls and buildings like dew..."

Fighting in the threads is difficult as they will snag the character's limbs, making them slow and awkward. Mortals forced to fight in the threads can only make one attack a round regardless of their normal ability, making this attack at a -2 penalty. In addition, the character receives no Dexterity bonus to their Armor Class.





The Labyrinth

Random Locations

- 2: Laborer's Lair
- 3: Warehouse
- 4: Abandoned Building
- 5: Guard Post
- 6: Abandoned Building
- 7: Warehouse
- 8: Laborer's Lair

Special Location

Monoliths 

The clinging fibers are strung by dancers who wander aimlessly through the Labyrinth. They are the spirits of those souls who braved the iron city in search of freedom but became lost in the maze. They perform the "dance of lamentation."

Whenever the dancers are encountered there will be 3-18 of them. Any mortal who sees their performance and makes an Insight Ability Check must save vs. spell or be overcome with hopelessness so intense that they cannot do anything until a dispel magic, remove curse, emotion or limited wish spell is cast on them.

As the dancers meander through the Labyrinth, wisps of thread fly from their fingertips, drifting out about them like a cloud and anchoring themselves on large stationary objects such as buildings and walls.

Travelling the Labyrinth

"...the first group of demon warriors we encountered in the maze sent us scurrying to draw our weapons and prepare some kind of defense but we quickly learned that our presence was tolerated so long as we kept to ourselves. Perhaps it is because they believed that we would never escape..."

There are few who exist in the Labyrinth who are not lost. This makes it very easy for a adventuring party to fit in. There are guards in the form of Demon Sentinels and Soldiers, but they are used to seeing mortals lost in the maze so they will not bother to question them under most circumstances. There are quite a few lost souls in this region, but most have lost their will to live centuries ago and continue to wander because they cannot remember doing anything else.

Map Key: The Labyrinth

The Labyrinth is a maze of corridors filled with a puzzling assortment of buildings whose design suggest a wide variety of architectural styles.

Random Locations

To determine what any given building in the Labyrinth contains, roll once on the following table. The sample map contains at least one of each of the following locations, so if the adventurers are looking for a specific location they have encountered before, choose an appropriate building or buildings and tell them what they have found.

- 2: Laborers Lair
- 3: Warehouse
- 4: Abandoned Building
- 5: Guard Post
- 6: Abandoned Building
- 7: Warehouse
- 8: Laborers Lair

Abandoned Building

Most of the buildings in this region are not currently in use nor will they ever be. To determine the condition of any given building, roll 2D6 and subtract 2 which yields a range of 0 to 10 where 0 indicates a ruin and 10 a recently completed structure. There is nothing of interest or value in any of these buildings. In fact, some of the buildings are hollow inside, having no interior walls or supports.

Guard Post

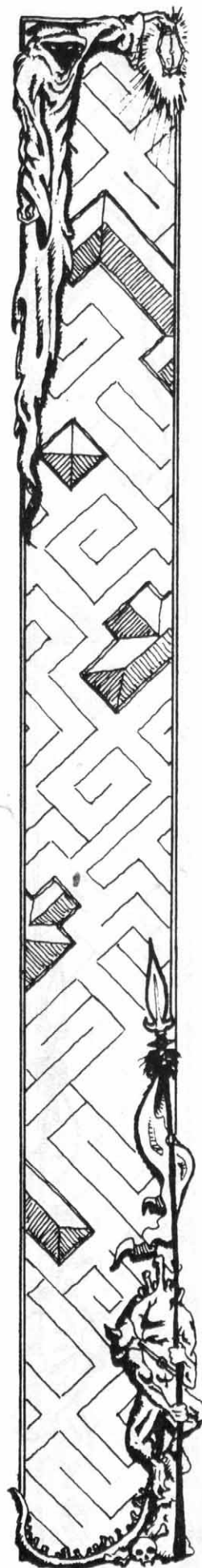
These outposts are usually unfurnished save for the yards of iron chain used to bind prisoners and a rack of weapons. Each guard post is manned by 3-30 Demon Soldiers, half of which are out on patrol at any given time.

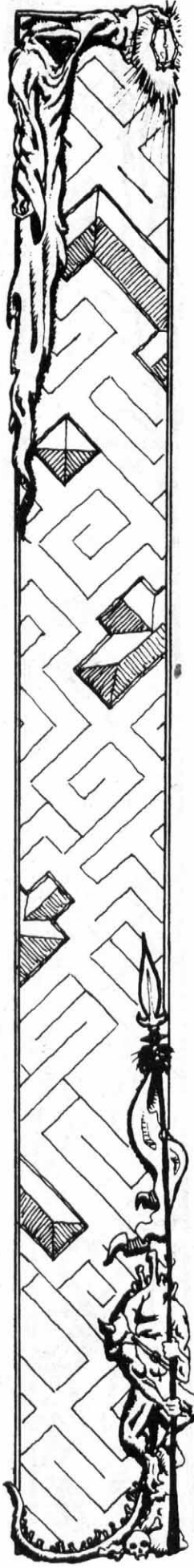
There is little of interest or value in most of these lairs. There is a percent chance equal to the number of soldiers who dwell in the guard post that one of them has accumulated a small cache of valuables (2-12 gold pieces, and a 9% chance of 1-3 gems.)

Laborers Lair

These buildings are rather plain and sparsely furnished, having little more than a table, some chairs and the long stone couches that serve as beds.

Roll 3D6 twice. The higher of the two rolls is the number of Demon Laborers who live here. The





lower roll is the number of those laborers who are at work seeing to the upkeep of the Labyrinth. If both rolls were the same, no one is home.

There is little of interest or value in most of these lairs. There is a percent chance equal to the number of laborers who dwell in the lair that one of them has accumulated a small cache of valuables (1-6 gold pieces, and a 3% chance of a single gem.)

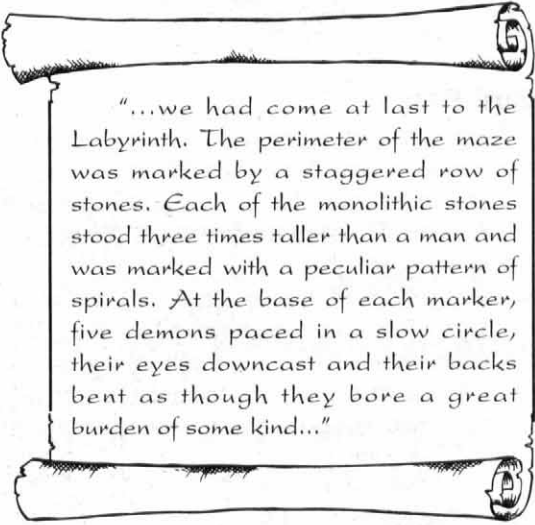
Warehouse

Storehouses containing the tools and supplies used to maintain the region. There is everything from nails and furniture to blocks of iron and stone.

Special Locations

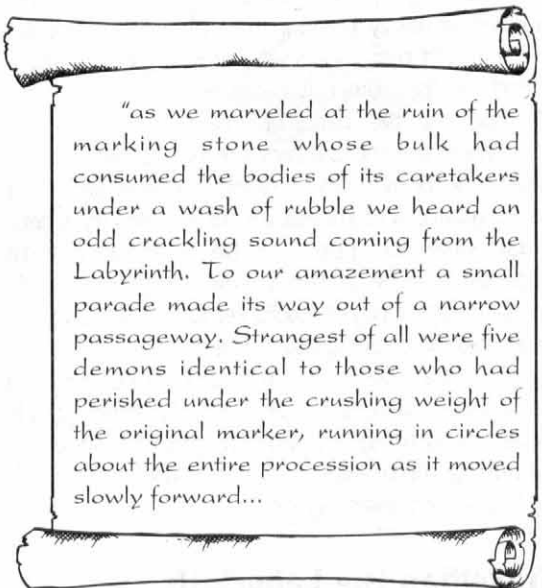
The Labyrinth contains two special locations, pivotal to the purpose of the region. The position of these locations are shown on the map and they are never determined randomly. The special locations for this region are:

Monoliths



"...we had come at last to the Labyrinth. The perimeter of the maze was marked by a staggered row of stones. Each of the monolithic stones stood three times taller than a man and was marked with a peculiar pattern of spirals. At the base of each marker, five demons paced in a slow circle, their eyes downcast and their backs bent as though they bore a great burden of some kind..."

The outer perimeter of the Labyrinth is marked by massive stone monoliths. Five demons walk in a slow circle around each stone. They will not halt their grim processional for any reason. The creatures are unaware of their surroundings and any attempt to initiate interaction with them will fail.



"as we marveled at the ruin of the marking stone whose bulk had consumed the bodies of its caretakers under a wash of rubble we heard an odd crackling sound coming from the Labyrinth. To our amazement a small parade made its way out of a narrow passageway. Strangest of all were five demons identical to those who had perished under the crushing weight of the original marker, running in circles about the entire procession as it moved slowly forward..."

If any of the demons is attacked or prevented from continuing their trek, all five of the creatures will stop, crying out in shock. Their monolith will rumble and collapse, crushing its minions. Any characters who are near the marker stone when this happens must make a Dexterity Ability Check or some of the shattered stone lands on them inflicting 2-24 damage.

Within 3-18 rounds of the destruction of a monolith, a replacement will arrive, borne on the backs of thirteen black bulls.

Encounters in the Labyrinth

Roll on this chart once a turn or once for every map tile traversed.

Labyrinth Encounters

- 2: 2-5 "Dancers"
- 3: 3-18 Lost Souls
- 4: 2-12 Demon Soldiers on patrol
- 5: 2-12 Demon Laborers
- 6: No Encounter
- 7: 1-12 Lost Souls
- 8: No Encounter
- 9: 1-12 Demon Laborers
- 10: 3-18 Demon Soldiers on patrol
- 11: 1-6 Lost Souls
- 12: Roll On Special Encounter Chart



Special Encounters

- 2: Roll on Bastion Encounter Table (page 37) *
- 3: Roll on Morgue Encounter Table (page 50) *
- 4: Lost Love (see below)
- 5: Demon Sentinel
- 7: Black Bishop and 1-3 Demon Sentinels
- 6: Roll on Crucible Encounter Table (page 56) *
- 8: Roll on Forge Encounter Table (page 45) *

* do not use that table's special encounter table - roll again.

Lost Love

One of the lost souls wandering the halls of the Labyrinth is a spirit of the girl who was destined to be the true love of one of the PCs, though they never met while she was alive. Upon seeing her, the character will be smitten and will not want to part with her. She has forgotten who she is and has abandoned all hope of escape and seems to be in a trance much like a sleepwalker, but passion can awaken her. Her name is Beatrice and she was a peasant girl who died of consumption at an early age before she ever got a chance to meet her beloved and fulfill her destiny. If the characters can get her to the center of the maze, she can go with them as a ghost who can be resurrected if her body is found (this could be the start of another epic journey.)

Inhabitants of Dis

There are hosts of demons in the city of iron. None of these demons participates in the torment of the damned that is the sole occupation of those who dwell outside the rust-red walls. Dis is the lair from which all demons come and to which they will all return to be reborn in a continuous cycle that started when Hell began.

Unlike the demons outside the city, whose lives are dictated by their post, the citizens of Dis enjoy some freedoms but still operate within the strictures set forth by the Duke of Hell and the hierarchy he established to rule the demon city. There are theories that claim that the civilizations of the mortal world are based on the politics of the iron city.

There are several distinct castes of demons in the city. The lowest and most numerous caste is the worker caste which consists entirely of Demon Laborers. Unlike mortal guilds the guilds of demonic workers have no significance other than the respect conferred on those who belong. The conditions for membership vary but the symbol is always a simple rune tattooed on the palm of the left hand.

More respected than the workers and guildsmen are the Demon Soldiers who defend the iron city. The soldiers have their own system based on tenure and skill. Those demons who lead the infernal armies also command the fear and respect of their troops.

Above the soldiers and their commanders are the Demon Lords who are the aristocracy of the inferno. There are numerous factions among the Lords, each of which is symbolized by a different color. The ruling faction changes regularly as different lords rise to power and are subsequently undone by their rivals.

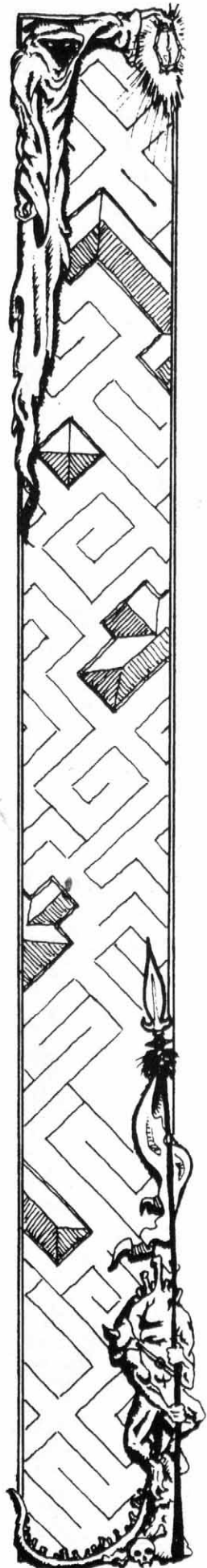
Only one caste wields more power than the Lords. The mysterious Black Bishops carry out the will of Satan himself. Their authority is unquestioned and they are feared by all but the most savage or stupid of the demonic host. One important reason is that the Bishops oversee the torment of "fallen" demons (those who have utterly failed in their demonic duties) in the Crucible. (See Monster Folio for complete statistics on all of these denizens of Dis.)

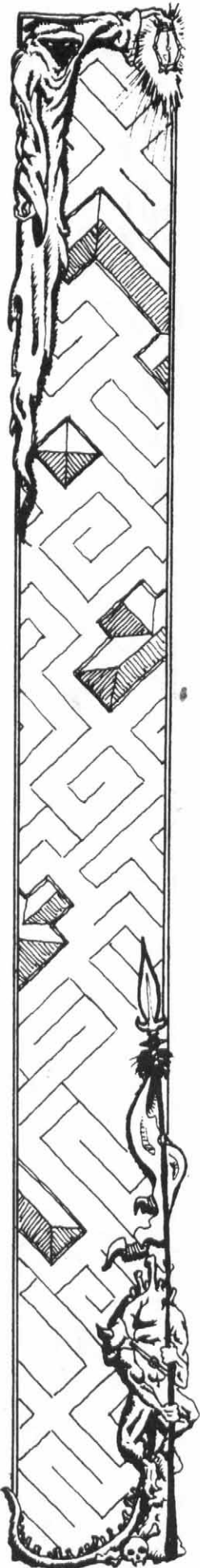
The following section will help gamemasters understand the infernal hierarchy. The roles played by each of the castes in the operation of the iron city will become obvious.

...And Back Again

As mentioned in To Dis..., magical travel to and from the city is very difficult. Attempts to leave the city via magical means suffers the same -4 penalty as entering the city.

The most efficient way to leave Dis is to reach the center of the Labyrinth and exit through the portal there. Another (if not the most pleasant) way to leave the city, is to leave the city through its main gate and continue on towards the center of Hell.





Adventures in Dis

Each of these brief adventure ideas is a simple idea around which a gamemaster can build an scenario. If the gamemaster spends a little time developing these ideas, each has the potential to be an exciting adventure that takes the characters to hell and back again.

Demon Borne

"Banii had succumbed to the heat, as I feared we all would long before now. The horrible obstacles we had faced to bring the cursed thing here were enough to make a paladin pause to consider if the trek were worth the suffering. But we had persevered. Ahead of us lay the white hot end to our quest"

The characters discover that an evil cult has concealed an object in the depths of hell. It could be an artifact that they intend to use to some apocalyptic effect such as sinking an entire continent, or perhaps it is an artifact that can be used against them or a child who is destined to destroy them but whom they cannot kill. Whatever the object contains, only a demon can reach it and only the cult has the proper spells to summon and control a demon. The characters learn that if they can retrieve an iron womb from the incubator pits of the forges of Dis they can raise a demon of their own that they can use to retrieve the object and put an end to the cult's sinister machinations.

To Resurrect a Hero

"We had been told what to expect upon reaching the crypts. Now, however, as we gazed down the seemingly endless rows of bottles, despair leapt into our throats as we realized that any bottle we examined, other than the one we sought, contained a horror which could rend us all."

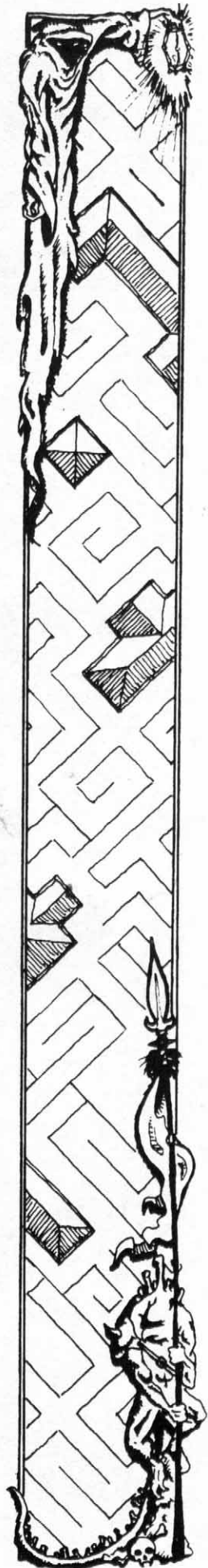
A hero of days long past died in an epic battle. It was said that his soul was cursed upon his death and was sent to Hell where it was collected like the essence of one demonborn. Now the threat which that hero originally thwarted has returned and only that same hero can repel it again. The PCs must journey to Dis and make their way into the Morgue where the hero's bottled soul (discarded as it was not true demon essence) is being kept in a crypt. The crypt must be found and the soul returned to the real world where it may be rejoined with its body in resurrection.

The Purging

"As we fled through the passage, our terrible burden began to hiss within the yellowed hide we had wrapped it in to protect ourselves. The demons were no longer pursuing us now and we stopped to assess this new situation. Carefully we unwrapped the thing of glowing iron and we could immediately tell from its distorted surface that it was about to break open."

One of the player characters discovers that one of the seemingly innocuous objects he has been carrying is actually a powerful evil artifact. This works best if the characters have recently looted an ancient temple or tomb. The artifact could carry a curse that brings persistent misfortune on the character whose origins are only revealed when the presence of the artifact is discovered.

The characters should seek the advice of a priest, wizard or oracle of some kind who will tell them that the artifact can be used for great evil. After extensive research, conjuration and deliberation the advisor tells the adventurers that the artifact can only be destroyed by the fires of the Furnace Towers in the Forge of the Iron City of Dis.



**Realms of Fantasy
To Hell and Back: Book II**

**Wherein the reader will find treatise
on the realm of sunken Atlantis;
on the enchanted isle of Avalon;
on the land of Faerie;
and the unliving city of Selene.**

Realms of Fantasy - To Hell and Back

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A Note on Language

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part, it simply takes up less space and makes for much smoother reading.

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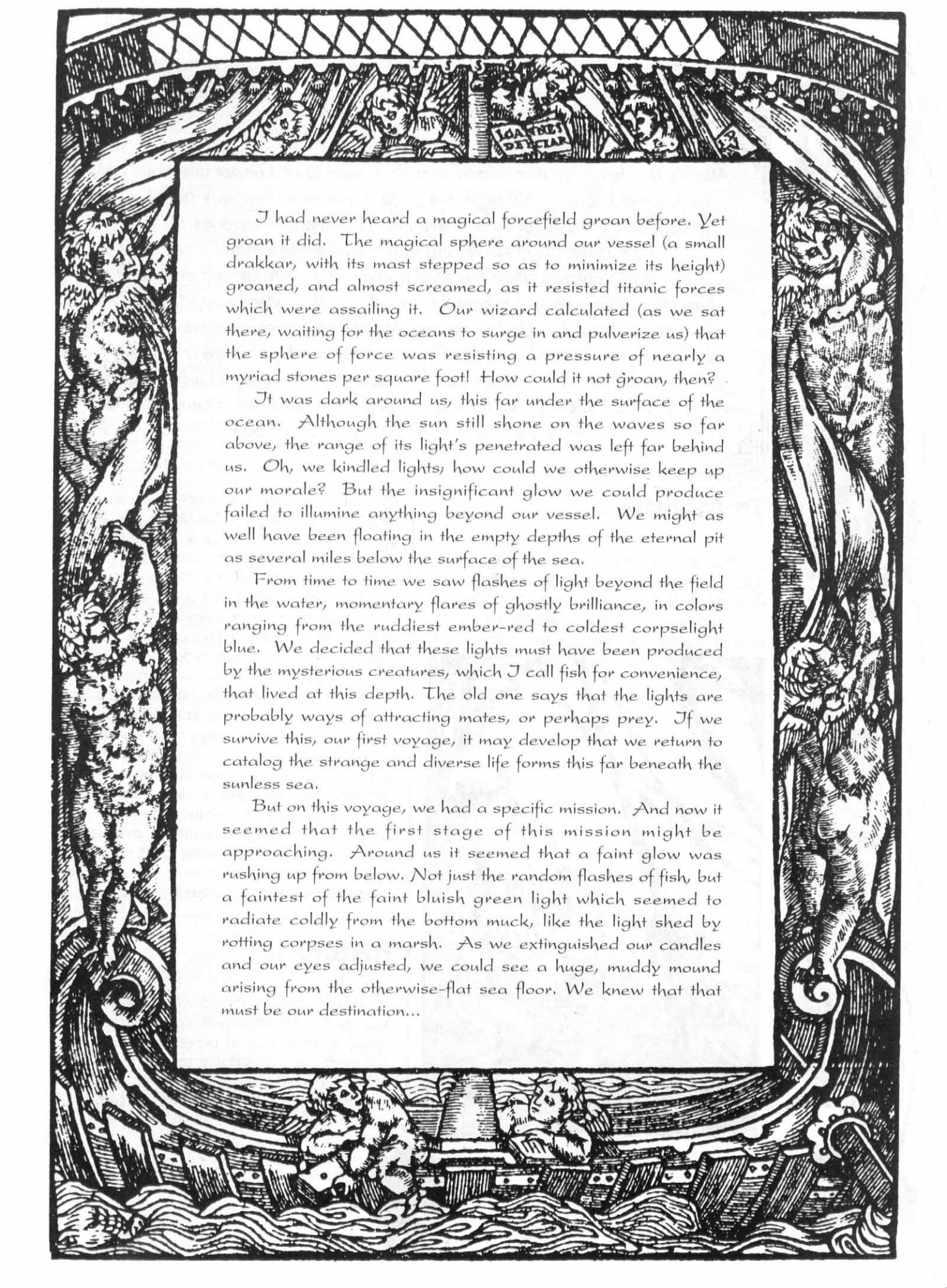
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ATLANTIS

*Realm
Beneath
The
Waves*



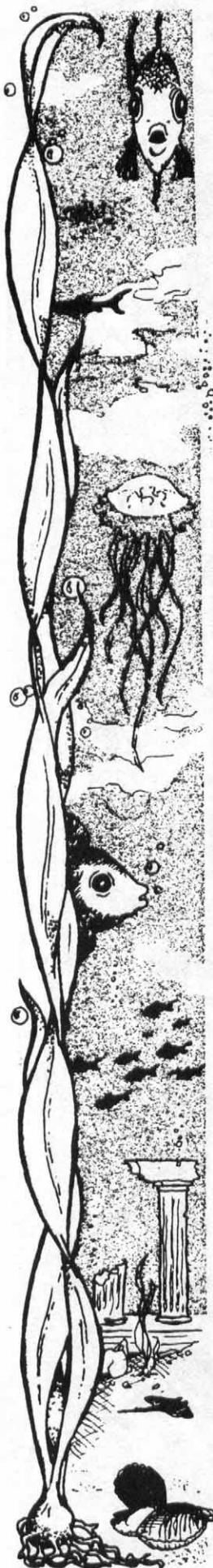


I had never heard a magical forcefield groan before. Yet groan it did. The magical sphere around our vessel (a small drakkar, with its mast stepped so as to minimize its height) groaned, and almost screamed, as it resisted titanic forces which were assailing it. Our wizard calculated (as we sat there, waiting for the oceans to surge in and pulverize us) that the sphere of force was resisting a pressure of nearly a myriad stones per square foot! How could it not groan, then?

It was dark around us, this far under the surface of the ocean. Although the sun still shone on the waves so far above, the range of its light's penetrated was left far behind us. Oh, we kindled lights; how could we otherwise keep up our morale? But the insignificant glow we could produce failed to illumine anything beyond our vessel. We might as well have been floating in the empty depths of the eternal pit as several miles below the surface of the sea.

From time to time we saw flashes of light beyond the field in the water, momentary flares of ghostly brilliance, in colors ranging from the ruddiest ember-red to coldest corpselight blue. We decided that these lights must have been produced by the mysterious creatures, which I call fish for convenience, that lived at this depth. The old one says that the lights are probably ways of attracting mates, or perhaps prey. If we survive this, our first voyage, it may develop that we return to catalog the strange and diverse life forms this far beneath the sunless sea.

But on this voyage, we had a specific mission. And now it seemed that the first stage of this mission might be approaching. Around us it seemed that a faint glow was rushing up from below. Not just the random flashes of fish, but a faintest of the faint bluish green light which seemed to radiate coldly from the bottom muck, like the light shed by rotting corpses in a marsh. As we extinguished our candles and our eyes adjusted, we could see a huge, muddy mound arising from the otherwise-flat sea floor. We knew that that must be our destination...



Atlantis is a huge, sunken island-continent, said to rest under the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Although the once powerful nation was sunk by a great cataclysm, its rulers and even some of their slave-races still live.

Once a decadent, repressive and highly evil empire many times more powerful and depraved than Imperial Rome, Atlantis continues to spread its unsettling influence throughout the world... and maybe beyond. Many adventurers have tried to find famed Atlantis and to recover some of the vast wealth reputed to lie there. Few have returned, even fewer with their sanity intact. Those who remember the experience tell tales of jealous gods, undying necromancer-lords, half-bestial predators, and some things that are best left unmentioned, even by light of day.

To Atlantis...

PCs can reach the domed city by using magic no more sophisticated than water breathing, or a magical item that grants the same effect. Once the location of Atlantis has been determined and the need to breathe underwater is dealt with, actually

travelling to Atlantis requires little more than stepping overboard. A person carrying the amount of equipment that most PCs do should have little trouble reaching the bottom of the ocean.

PCs could also find themselves transported to Atlantis as the result of a curse, a failed high-power spell, or the magical backlash of destroying an evil artifact (perhaps created millennia ago by Atlantean mages).

If the GM places Atlantis in the oceans of the campaign world, perhaps the Atlanteans sent forth exploratory missions to some of the campaign lands centuries ago. The characters could stumble over the remains of an Atlantean outpost where, long ago, ancient Atlantean Technicians were charged with setting up some kind of magical "teleportation gate" through which an invasion force could come. The gate could have been forgotten in the cataclysm and just waiting to be rediscovered. Alternately this scenario might not have happened in the past and could spearhead a great invasion scenario.



History

History doesn't record when the nation of Atlantis and the Atlantean Empire first arose. Certainly an empire so powerful doesn't arise overnight. It's reasonable to assume that the nation started its rise to dominance over 12,000 years ago, some 1,000 years before it reached the peak of its powers. Their civilization was incredibly



advanced. At the height of Atlantean power, a millennium before agriculture was introduced on most continents, they understood the rudiments of modern technologies.

Some chroniclers claim that the Atlantean Empire traded aggressively with the known civilized world, and even tried to conquer neighboring countries. Modern historians dispute this, however. It is currently believed that Atlantis sank before any organized invasion attempt was made. After all, what primitive nation could hope to stand against the Atlantean technology?

A third idea has recently been introduced which rationalizes both these theories, that Atlantis attempted their invasion after the island-continent sank. For this to be true, it would mean that the Atlanteans had a way of reaching the surface from their submarine nation; a very disturbing concept indeed!

While at its peak, the Atlantean Empire established far-flung outposts throughout the world. Many explorers are today still discovering small ruins which they claim are the remains of Atlantean constructions.

At the peak of its power, Atlantis had military forces, army and navy, with a total strength of well over one million. These warriors were responsible for keeping the peace within the Empire, and for defending it from external threats (though traditional history claims that there was no sufficient force anywhere in the world to present any significant threat to Atlantis).

Nobody knows the exact nature of the cataclysm that submerged Atlantis beneath thousands of fathoms of water. Some suggest that it was a random tectonic event, a volcanic eruption or earthquake perhaps. Others speculate that the Atlanteans somehow brought about their own downfall. Perhaps, in their arrogance, the Atlanteans trifled with forces, magical or technological, beyond their understanding and control. Still others hold that the (apparent) destruction of Atlantis was the retribution of gods, in response to the Atlanteans' pompous arrogance. ("Those who the gods would destroy they first make proud.") Whatever the truth of the matter, it appears that the continent of Atlantis slipped beneath the waves and disappeared about 5,000 years ago. In fact, some believe that the cataclysm didn't merely sink the continent, but actually transported it to another plane

or dimension entirely.

The cataclysm (whatever it was) didn't totally destroy the nation, however. Apparently, the ruling necromancer-lords knew, or at least suspected, that it was coming, and took extensive precautions. They constructed a huge dome-like structure of rock and metal covering the central regions of the capital city (also called Atlantis). When the island-continent sank, all of the ruling class took shelter within this enormous dome, along with enough slave-races to maintain the civilization. Atlanteans of lower caste, and millions of slaves, perished in the cold waters of the ocean.

Today, adventurers with the magical or technological capabilities to probe the ocean depths can find, half buried in silt, the extensive ruins which surround the domed area. Judging from the size of these ruins, it can be estimated that Atlantis once had a population of several million.

Much of Atlantis' wealth came from large deposits of a rare metal known as oricalcum with ran in liberal veins through the mountains of Atlantis. This precious mineral was, and still is, considered by the Atlanteans to be more valuable than gold. Some believe that oricalcum has magic-enhancing properties, and aids in the enchantment of weapons and other items. Whether this is true or not, all enchanted weapons created by Atlantean mages contain some oricalcum. Within Atlantis itself, oricalcum was considered too precious for use in something as mundane as coins. In Atlantis it is worth perhaps 50 times as much as gold. Elsewhere in the universe, where oricalcum is much rarer, it might be worth 75 or even 100 times as much as gold.

Geography

Before the cataclysm, Atlantis was a roughly elliptical island, some 330 miles long (north-south), and 225 miles wide. The center of the island-continent was a plateau, roughly circular and about 150 miles in diameter. This plateau was surrounded by steep, rugged mountains that overlooked the ocean. The mountain slopes and the many passes that led through them to the interior were liberally dotted with many prosperous villages and towns. The nation's extensive fishing fleets set sail from ports around the coastline and ranged far afield over the ocean. The mountain peaks were often wreathed in storm





clouds, and torrential rains were common on the upper slopes. This rain flowed down from the mountains, both toward the ocean and inland, in mighty rivers and small streams making the plateau very fertile.

The cataclysm that sank the continent also changed its topography somewhat. The mountains now are considerably lower than they once were, rising no more than about 10,000 feet above the plateau. Since the central plateau is now under 18,000 feet (3,000 fathoms) of water, the mountain peaks come within 8,000 feet of the surface.

The capital city of Atlantis was located near the center of the plateau. It was roughly circular, some 15 miles across. The center of the city was the home of the ruling class, the true Atlanteans. The outlying areas were inhabited by the many slave-races dominated by the Atlanteans. Before they were destroyed, these regions were also home to the merchant and artisan classes. Although these people came from the same racial stock as the "noble" Atlanteans and in fact were true natives of the island-continent, they were never thought of as "true" Atlanteans. When the cataclysm came, the "noble" Atlanteans, sheltered within the great dome, left their "inferior" brethren to their cold, watery fate.

The dome that protects the center of the capital has a diameter of almost six miles. Considering the crushing pressure caused by 18,000 feet of water overhead, the dome must be incredibly strong or somehow magically reinforced. At its highest point, the dome is about 300 feet above the ground.

Over the millennia, the ocean has deposited silt over the dome, concealing it from casual view. This silt varies in thickness from 10 feet around the top of the dome to some 250 feet around the base. The only exceptions are around the four major entrances/exits, referred to by the Atlanteans as "vomitoria". A casual viewer won't notice anything too unusual, but closer examination will show that there is a suspicious lack of silt in these areas. The air inside the dome and the dome itself are warmer than the surrounding water, so measurements of temperature in the area (assuming that such a thing is possible in the campaign setting) will indicate that there is something large down there.

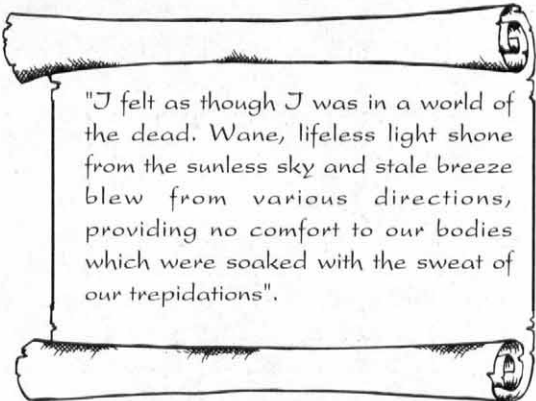
Tradition holds that Atlantis is deep under the surface of the Atlantic Ocean on our Earth.

Individual GMs might decide that this is true, forcing their PCs to find a way of getting to Earth. The GM could decide that the cataclysm that sank the island-continent also relocated it to another planet or dimension. Thus, Atlantis could be found beneath any major ocean of the campaign world. Another alternative is that Atlantis might now be on a different plane from the campaign world. Finally, Atlantis could be located in its own "pocket universe" or on an elemental plane. There might be nothing whatsoever above the vast "cosmic ocean" beneath which Atlantis lies. Individual GMs should pick whichever option best fits their adventure needs.

Location in the Campaign World:

GMs can situate Atlantis anywhere in their campaign universe, on any planet or plane with an ocean large enough to conceal the island-continent.

The Domed City



"I felt as though I was in a world of the dead. Wane, lifeless light shone from the sunless sky and stale breeze blew from various directions, providing no comfort to our bodies which were soaked with the sweat of our trepidations".

The great dome covers the central region of the old city of Atlantis, the old river ports, and some of the merchants' quarter that surrounded the capital. Most of the merchants' quarter has been devoted to food production. As detailed below, the necromancer-lords have developed magical techniques for growing crops, making the limited area fertile enough to produce food for the city's population of 50,000.

The air under the dome has basically the same atmosphere as the Earth's surface. Thus, surface dwellers can breathe perfectly while under the



dome. The air is free of the smoke that would be familiar to dwellers in most medieval cities, because the Atlanteans use magical means for heating their homes and cooking their food. The air has a characteristic odor to it, however, a strange reek that combines rotting food, salt, sweat, and other odors. Anyone who has dwelt in Atlantis for more than a few weeks simply doesn't notice the smell anymore. Visitors to the domed city, however, will find it quite distasteful, verging on nauseating. This strange atmosphere makes torches and other fires burn with a bluish tinge. (PCs might worry that this hints at explosive gases, as a bluish flame would imply in a mine, but this isn't the case, and there is no danger whatsoever.)

The air is kept breathable and (relatively) fresh by techno-magical means. Great magical engines, deep in the catacombs beneath the city, refresh the air, recirculating it through large gratings located throughout the domed area. Daring characters might use this network of air ducts as secret passages to get from one part of the city to another unseen. There should be risks however, such as getting lost, getting sucked into a large fan, or finding oneself drawn into one of the air-regeneration machines themselves. Slaves maintaining the duct system could be encountered. And, among Atlanteans, there are whispered stories of hideous spiders and other creatures that live in remote ductwork.

The temperature is a constant 60 degrees day and night with no breezes (except very near the vents) and no other manifestations of weather (thus it never rains in Atlantis). Player characters, depending on their place of origin, might find this either warm or cold.

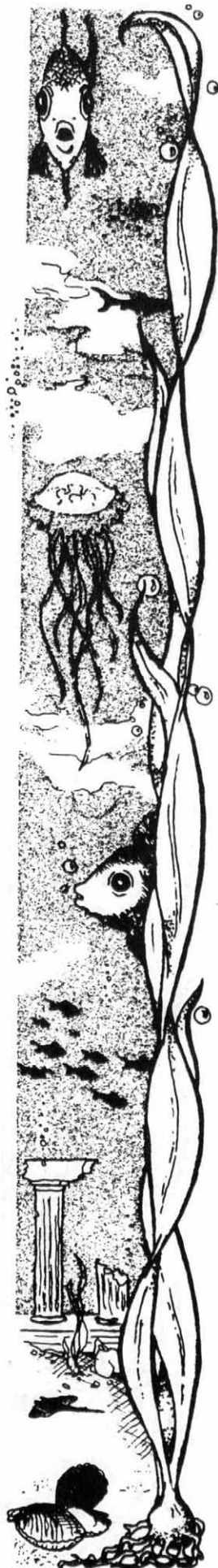
Although the dome is opaque and far below the deepest point where sunlight will penetrate, the city isn't dark. Over the millennia, the Atlantean necromancer-lords have cast powerful modified continual light spells all over the dome causing its inner surface to glow with a pale reddish light. This illuminates the city below with a ruddy glow approximately equal to full moonlight. Since the light is emitted equally by every point on the dome, it doesn't cast shadows in most places. Individual buildings have their own sources of illumination, ranging from the familiar candles and lamps (for the slave quarters) up to very elaborate magical systems in temples and palaces. There is no variation in light level between "day" and "night". Atlantis operates on a 36-hour clock, with people staying awake for 18 hours and sleeping for 18. Not everybody sleeps

the same 18 hours, however, so the level of activity in the domed city is more or less constant around the clock. Living high in the support beams of the dome as well as under many of the docks below, are dangerous Atlantean animals called darters (see Monster Folio).

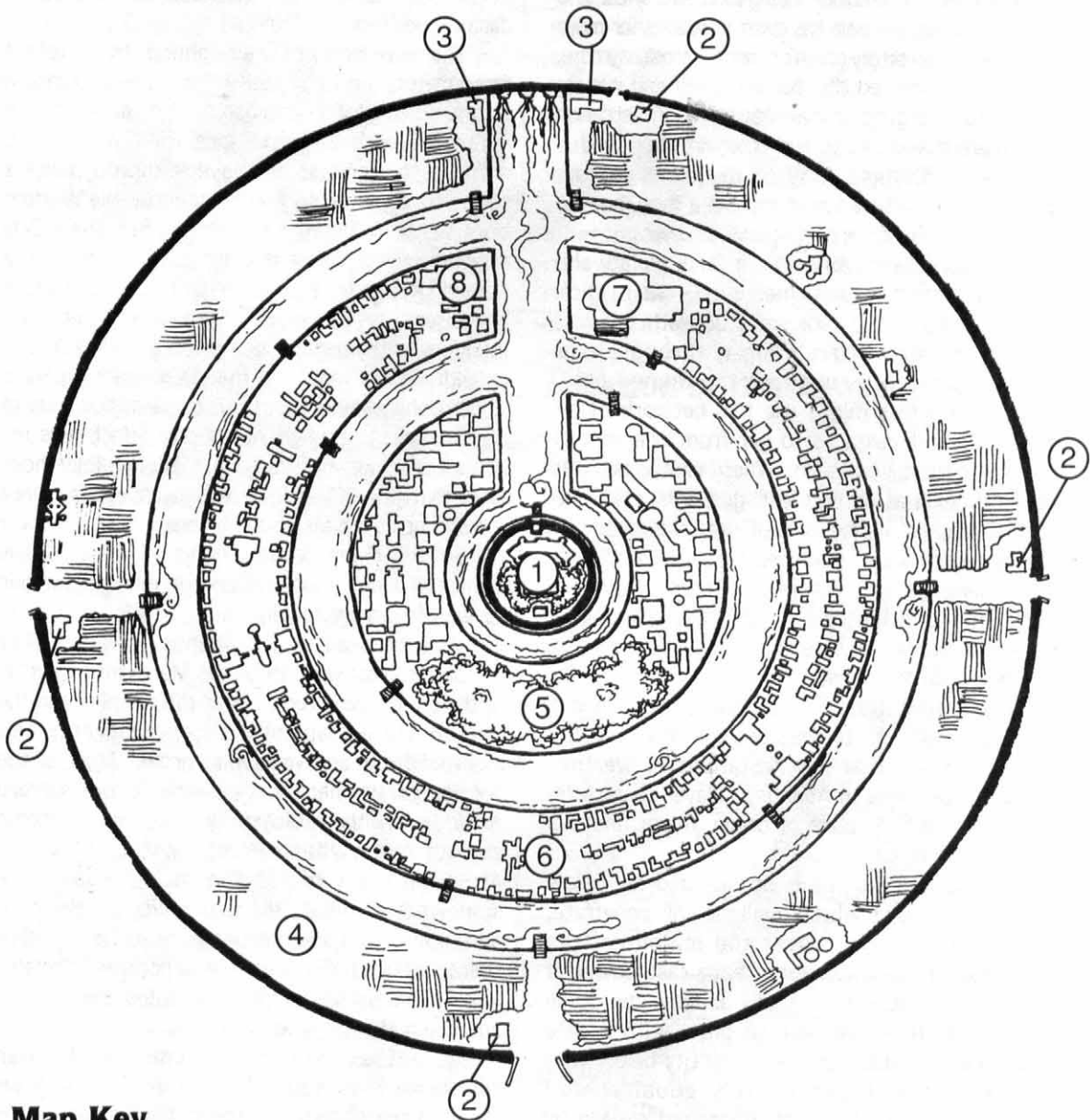
The low dome, the red lighting, the constant temperature and the lack of wind will create a strong feeling of claustrophobia in most visitors unfamiliar with the conditions. If GMs want to enforce this effect, all players should make a saving throw vs spells (with any applicable Wisdom bonuses). A failed roll means that the PC is affected by the claustrophobic atmosphere of the domed city, and the player must role-play the fear and discomfort it causes. (Though this shouldn't interfere with matters like combat and skill use, individual GMs may rule that PCs suffering from claustrophobia find it difficult to sleep and thus to regain spells.) This claustrophobic effect lasts for 36 hours minus a character's Wisdom. Each hour after that, the PC again saves against spells. Once the character makes a saving throw, he shakes off the effects of the claustrophobia. Once a PC has shaken the effects of claustrophobia, no further saving throws are required.

As mentioned earlier, Atlantis grows much of its food in what used to be the Merchants' Quarter of the old city, the region near the periphery of the dome. Here magically enhanced grains and assorted fruits and vegetables grow. Most of the species grown here were native to the surface world before the cataclysm but have since become extinct everywhere except within Atlantis. Although many of the foodstuffs might look somewhat familiar, there is always something abnormal about their appearance, taste or other characteristics. (For example, a popular vegetable looks like a purple tomato that tastes like a mix of zucchini and red pepper.)

Atlantean diet is supplemented by fish caught in the "sub-oceanic river" that flows through the domed city (described later) and by fish and other creatures collected by hunting expeditions outside the dome. These hunting parties usually consist of ten slaves and two overseers, all wearing rings of water breathing, armed with tridents and sometimes heavy crossbows adapted for use underwater. The slave races subsist almost entirely on vegetables. Fish is considered more of a "delicacy" and is reserved for the necromancer-lords.



The City of Atlantis



Map Key

1. Central Palace (including temples).
2. Vomitorium Control Building
3. River Control Building
4. "Merchants' Quarter" — food production area
5. The Second Circle
6. The Third Circle
7. Imperial Guard Barracks
8. Technicians' "Guildhall"



Entrance to the Domed City

The domed city of Atlantis has four major entrances/exits, called "vomitoria" (singular, "vomitorium"), arranged around the periphery of the dome. Each of these is a large, airlock structure with two sets of doors. These airlocks are controlled by techno-magical systems that prevent both doors from ever being open simultaneously. Water is pumped into or out of the chamber between the two doors, depending on whether the vomitorium is being used for exit or entrance. The north vomitorium is the largest with doors twenty feet wide and fifteen feet high and an inner chamber large enough to hold over 100 people. The east and west vomitoria are slightly smaller with doors fifteen feet by ten feet and chambers able to hold 40 people; while the south vomitorium, located right next to the entrance of the sub-oceanic river, is the smallest with doors eight feet high and six feet wide and a chamber able to hold only 10 people.

Inside the dome, next to each vomitorium's inner door, is a building containing the control system for the airlock. Each building is always occupied by a detachment of ten Imperial Guards. Each system is controlled by a group of six Technicians.

The major use for the vomitoria is to send hunting parties out onto the surrounding ocean floor seeking the greater flounder (see Monster Folio). These parties must frequently be on their guard for quickkillers, a deep, saltwater species of fish similar to piranha (see Monster Folio). In the past, Atlantis has sent forth exploratory missions and, if the stories are to be believed, military forces to spread the domed city's influence. Over the last several hundred years apparently, these missions have become fewer and fewer.

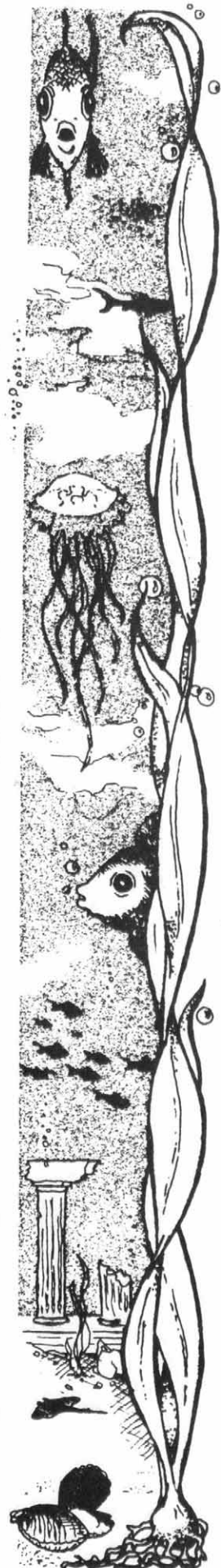
It's totally impossible to open a vomitorium airlock from the outside without the participation of the Technicians in the control building. People wishing to enter, usually returning hunting parties, press a large red button located next to the outer door. The Technicians view the returning party through various scrying devices, then open the outer door and start the airlock cycling system. If strangers ever attempt to gain entrance this way, the Technicians might allow them in since their orders don't cover such

an unlikely eventuality, but a contingent of Imperial Guards (quite possibly reinforced) would be waiting to take the visitors into custody for presentation before the rulers of Atlantis.

Someone who wishes to leave the domed city must have official authorization from the rulers. All hunting parties are issued such authorization as a matter of regular procedure. PCs might try to threaten, bribe, or browbeat individual Technicians into letting them leave without authorization, but this should be very difficult. The Technicians believe that their activities are constantly monitored magically by the rulers and know that going against their orders would be punished by torture and death.

The Sub-oceanic River

This great river enters the dome through a kind of floodgate system at the south of the dome. Large fish, about five feet long, weighing 80 pounds, sometimes pass through the valve and into the interior river. These fish are netted for food. The valve that controls the flow of the sub-oceanic river prevents large marine creatures from entering the dome. This floodgate valve



system is even more complex than those that control the vomitoria. The techno-magical system keeps the river flowing at a constant five miles per hour. From the valve system, the water flows northward until it enters the concentric circular streams within the central city. Water flows around these concentric circles at about three miles per hour. A system monitors and maintains this flow, and drains the water out through great underground outflow pipes. This system was constructed millennia ago, and no one, not even the necromancer-lords (although they'll never admit it), knows all the details of its construction. The Technicians assigned to "river duty" know how to maintain and monitor the system, but that's all.

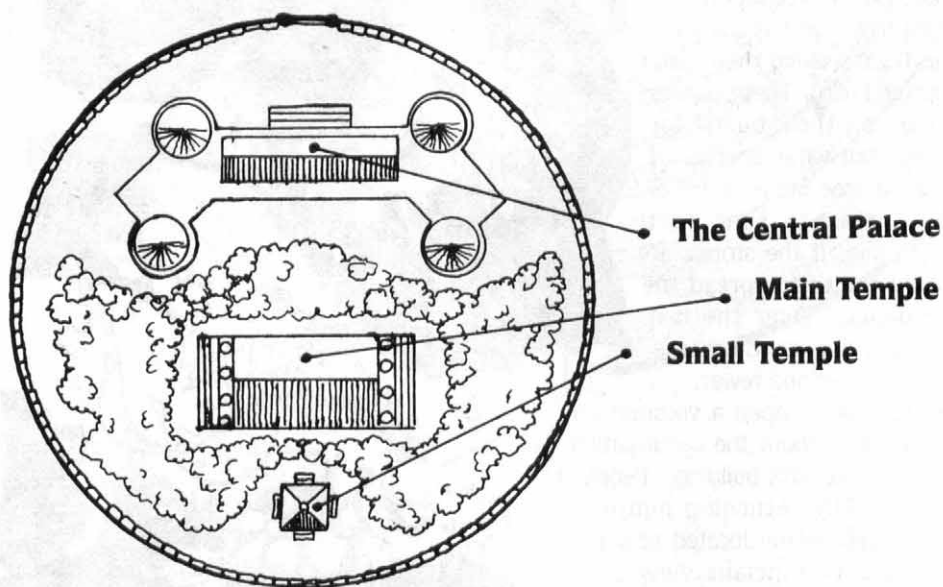
The system has many techno-magical "safeties", similar to those on the vomitoria, making it impossible to greatly increase the flow of water. If the system is somehow disabled, it closes off the valves entirely, stopping the flow of the river. Re-starting the river's flow would require the whole system to be reworked by many Technicians and Necromancer-Lords.

The control mechanisms of the valve system are contained in two buildings, flanking the place where the river enters the dome. Each building has a staff of 15 Technicians and is guarded by a contingent of 15 Imperial Guards.

The Central Palace

This is where the monarch of Atlantis, the Eternal King, lives and rules. The palace itself is a great, sprawling building built of black marble shot through with veins of blood-red. With the Eternal King lives his family, his retainers, and his personal bodyguard of 75 Imperial Guards. The palace contains hundreds of rooms, including several large auditoriums where the Eternal King meets with the other necromancer-lords of Atlantis. The palace is said to be riddled with secret passages, concealed chambers and bolt-holes, only most of which are known to the Eternal King. No-one knows the details of all the palace's secrets.

The Central Palace region, the central "island" of domed Atlantis, is surrounded by a high wall. This wall is said to be constructed entirely of oricalcum, but this is almost certainly false. Oricalcum is extremely valuable to the Atlanteans; it is easier to imagine fortifications built of pure gold. The wall does have a metallic sheen to it, and this is likely a covering of oricalcum "foil", sheets of the metal pounded thin. Even this amount of oricalcum represents a king's ransom. These walls are thirty feet high, with battlements along the top. Imperial Guards, armed with heavy crossbows and sidearms, patrol the top around the



The Central Palace



clock. The only entrance to the Central Palace region is through a gate on the south. This gate is guarded by more Imperial Guards.

Anyone wishing to enter the Central Palace must take a small ferry from one of the outer rings of the city. There are ten ferryboats, each capable of holding ten men plus a large amount of supplies. This fleet ferries people back and forth, and also brings food and other goods to the Palace. Each ferry is "crewed" by two Imperial Guards and a slave who works the single oar at the stern.

The Central Palace area also contains a small temple dedicated to the god Poseidon (or other appropriate water god). This temple is located in a small sacred wood. The temple's walls are of the same black marble as the Palace itself, embellished with inlays of gold and oricalcum. The temple is tended by a High Priest (Skill 13) and three lesser priests and priestesses (Skill 8). Every 28 days, the Eternal King, accompanied by 40 Imperial Guards, and several of the more influential necromancer-lord, visits the temple to worship.

Just outside the sacred wood is another building constructed of red-veined black marble. The walls here are not embellished with precious metals. The design of this temple is severe in the extreme. Above the main door is carved a representation of a medusa's head while other carvings on the outer walls represent scenes of cruel beauty and bestial lust. These carvings are extremely disturbing to anyone of Good alignment. Any Good priest who so much as looks upon them loses 1D3 points of Wisdom for a period of 1D3 hours. There is no saving throw against this horrible effect.

Within the small temple is a throne of black obsidian upon which sits a lifelike figure of a hideously ugly man. The figure's eyes are open, burning with a faint red glow in the darkness. This figure radiates an aura of fear within the temple. Anyone seeing the figure must save vs. spells with a penalty of -3 or flee in fear.

The figure's skin is dry and cool, with a texture like partially fossilized leather. The figure could be the product of some strange sculptor's art, but it seems more likely that it is a mummified body, millennia old. According to Atlantean legends, the figure represents the Lord of the Dark Face, an ancient and evil god. He has slept in his temple since the birth of Atlantis, these legends say, and will wake again only when the domed

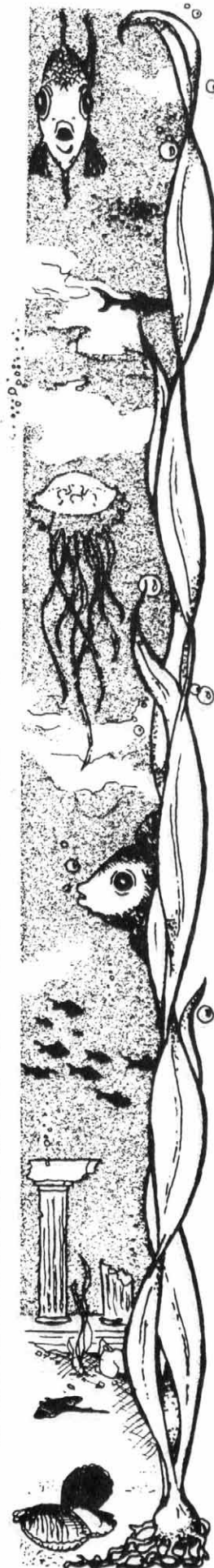
city's destruction is at hand. When that day comes, he will walk forth from his temple and slay all but those who still follow his ancient precepts. This concept is secretly terrifying to the Atlanteans who have, over the centuries, forgotten exactly what those precepts are. Nobody ever enters the temple to worship, and there are no priests who perform ceremonies in this horrible place. Nevertheless, the temple is always guarded by four Imperial Guards. It is whispered that the dread figure arose from his throne and walked to the temple's door the night that Atlantis sank beneath the waves, then returned when it appeared that the nation would survive. Nobody knows whether this is true or not, and nobody willingly discusses the matter.

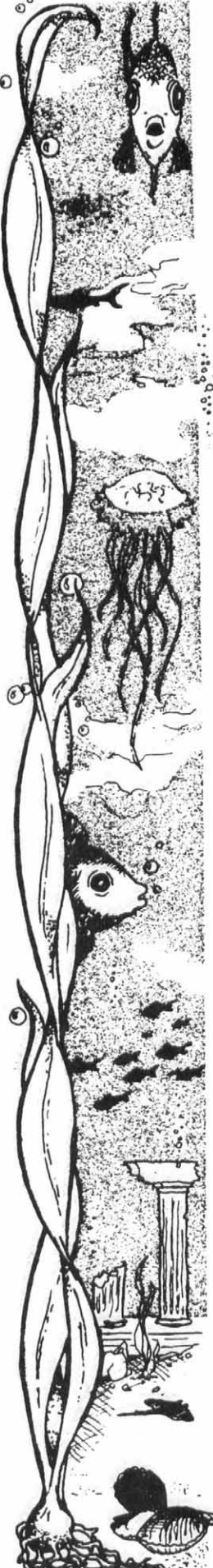
The Second Circle

This is where the other necromancer-lords live. Each lord and his (or her) family will have a large, almost palatial home. Space is, for obvious reasons, at a premium in Atlantis, so no lords have their own grounds or gardens. Each necromancer-lord family has a staff of slaves who usually live in the basements under the houses. Imperial Guards sometimes walk the streets of the Second Circle, much like a police patrol. This is a traditional rather than a necessary activity, however, as Atlantis has little crime.

Access to and from the Second Circle is via small ferries, like those used to reach the Central Palace. At any given time, there are usually ten to fifteen small ferries, carrying slaves, necromancer-lords or goods, crossing the canal between the Second and Third Circles. The ferries are crewed by a single slave, working the oar at the stern.

The Second Circle includes a large wooded area where the necromancer-lords go for relaxation. The magically-augmented trees are similar to, yet still noticeably different from, any species that grows in the sunlit lands. (As with the food crops, they are descended from species long





extinct.) It is here that some of the non-human inhabitants of Atlantis can be found. The undergrowth is home to a species of rodent called a kaleel (see Monster Folio). These nasty, mildly poisonous creatures are considered "cute" by Atlanteans (which is a strong statement about Atlantean tastes...)

The branches of the trees are home to crow-like birds called barkers (see Monster Folio) because of their hoarse, belching cries. They look evil and malevolent but are totally non-aggressive. The necromancer-lords sometimes hunt barkers for pleasure, using slings and stones.

The Third Circle

The Third Circle is home to about 10 less influential necromancer-lord families, the merchant and artisan classes, and many of the city's slaves. The necromancer-lords live in homes only slightly less elaborate than those of the Second Circle. Their lower social level is demonstrated more by their smaller retinues of slaves. The merchants and artisans, who manage much of the city's infrastructure, live in smaller homes, with only a handful of slaves each.

Atlantis has a large body of "communal" slaves — slaves not owned by individuals, but by the city-nation itself. These slaves live in large barracks distributed around the Third Circle. Slave barracks are always monitored by a contingent of at least 15 Imperial Guards. Again, this is more traditional than necessary, since hundreds of generations of slavery seem to have bred out most tendencies toward disobedience.

The two largest buildings in the Third Circle are the Imperial Guards' barracks and the Technicians Guildhall. The former resembles a fortress in its design. At any time, several hundred Imperial Guards can be found in and around this building.

The latter building is referred to as a guildhall, although the Technicians aren't strictly part of a guild. The technicians are also slaves, though raised as a distinct caste, and the rulers of Atlantis would never allow slaves the dignity implied by the word "guild". The Guildhall contains housing for all the Technicians, nurseries and schools for the future generations of Technicians, workshops, labs, and storage rooms containing equipment used to repair the city's techno-magical systems. There's also a small chapel dedicated to Athena (or similar goddess), the goddess worshipped by most

of the slave-races. Other, small chapels to Athena are scattered around the Third Circle.

Imperial Guard presence is high in the Third Circle, mainly because the Guards live and train there, but also because of tradition-dictated patrols through the area. The rule of law is stricter in the Third Circle than virtually anywhere else. Any slave who disobeys the slightest law, even accidentally, in the presence of an Imperial Guard is harshly punished, sometimes even killed on the spot.

At any given time, there are probably thirty to forty ferries shuttling slaves and goods back and forth between the Third Circle and the Merchant's Quarter.

The Merchants' Quarter

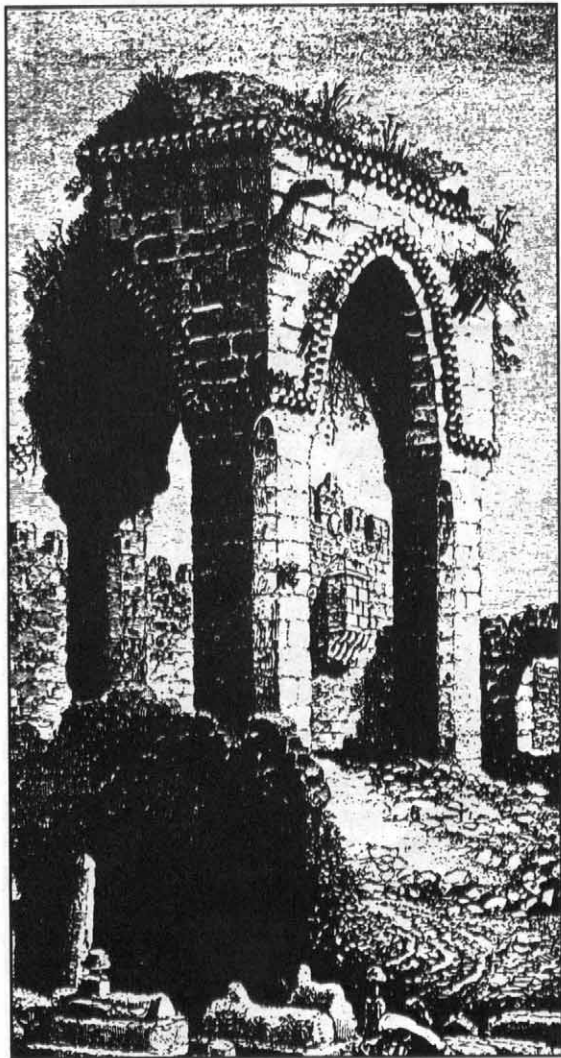
Although almost all of Atlantis' merchants now live in the Third Circle, this region has retained its traditional, pre-cataclysm name. There aren't many buildings to be found here (apart from the vomitorium control buildings). Those few that can be found are either abandoned residences or warehouses, where foodstuffs are stored before being shipped inward to consumers. These buildings are sometimes haunted by the



Tormented Spirits of dead Atlanteans (see Monster Folio). Most of the area is taken up by fields of magically-augmented crops.

Since there's no day or night and no seasons, harvest is an ongoing process. Fields are planted and harvested in rotation, so food production remains constant. At any given time thousands of slaves can be found working the fields. Perhaps 100 Imperial Guards patrol the entire growing area, travelling in pairs. They are a little more tolerant of honest errors here than they are in the Third Circle, but punishment for any real infraction is swift and cruel.

Most slaves work 18 hour shifts in the fields, then are ferried back to their barracks in the Third Circle. They then have an hour of free time (to wash, eat, etc) before they must begin their 17 hour sleep periods. Sometimes slaves aren't ferried back, and just sleep in the fields.



"The Undergrounds"

Since space became such a premium with the construction of the dome, there was only one direction in which the city of Atlantis could expand: downward. Over the millennia, hundreds of generations of slaves excavated miles of tunnels and caverns beneath the city that interconnect all areas of Atlantis. These are used as storerooms, magical workrooms, laboratories, torture chambers, prisons, and armories.

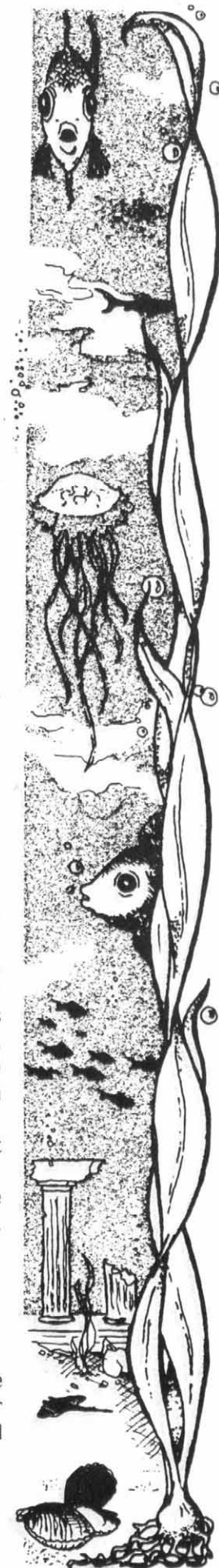
Today, no one knows all of the Undergrounds. Some areas have fallen into disuse and were forgotten, while new areas were excavated. The rock beneath the city is riddled with an incredibly complex tunnel network, only about 75% of which is currently in use.

There are few maps of the Undergrounds. The maps that exist are carefully guarded in the palace, and creating new maps is utterly illegal. Possession of a map, even by an unauthorized necromancer-lord, is punishable by death. This law was created because the early rulers of Atlantis realized that anyone could pass from one area of the city to another totally unseen and deterred by little more than ancient traps and locks. Escaped slaves could also hide in the tunnels and chambers, safe from discovery, and conceivably stage a coup against the hereditary rulers of Atlantis (though the current lack of ambition among the slavery makes this now seem unlikely).

To further diminish transgressions into the Undergrounds, rumors and legends have been spread describing horrible creatures that prowled the subterranean darkness: ghosts, man-eating spiders, slithering horrors, and other hideous things (see Entombing Worms and Earth Maws in the Monster Folio). Today, these legends are generally accepted as truth by the slaves, and to a certain extent, by most of the necromancer-lords. Every so often a story comes to the surface that seem to indicate some truth behind the legends. Nobody knows just what may lurk in the forgotten, disused regions of the Undergrounds... and nobody wants to find out.

Inhabitants of Atlantis

There are three sentient races in Atlantis: the Atlanteans (including the necromancer-lords), their slave-race, and the race of the Imperial Guard. All





are, strictly speaking, human, (though the necromancer-lords vehemently deny any kinship with the slaves). There are no demihumans or humanoids in Atlantis, and any that visited the domed city would certainly be taken into custody for "examination" by the necromancer-lords.

The Atlanteans

Atlanteans are tall and dark-skinned, with light-colored eyes and predominantly straight black hair. They are fine featured and their normal expression is one of arrogance, or haughty disdain. They speak their own language, a complex tongue that includes rasping and clicking noises. In addition, most Atlanteans understand the crude language spoken by their slaves, though they never speak it. It is considered prudent however, to be able to understand what slaves are saying to each other.

The Atlantean written language is similar to (though more complex than) ancient cuneiform. It is written from right to left, and from the bottom of the page to the top. Atlantean writing is ideographic rather than phonetic, making it virtually impossible to learn the spoken language from the written form. (Note that magics like read languages will not help in this, since they let the caster understand the content of written text.)

Native Atlanteans have natural life-spans in excess of 500 years. They aren't the "undying rulers" that ancient surface legends describe. This longevity resulted from magical and biological manipulations that the Atlanteans performed upon themselves centuries before Atlantis sank beneath the ocean. Atlanteans often live much longer than this through the use of magical spells and items.

Atlantean culture is based heavily around the use of magic. Atlanteans use magic as commonly as most people use tools. All native Atlanteans are necromancers of some power. An Atlantean child's upbringing and education includes training in the necromantic arts. The average Atlantean is a mage of Skill 2, concentrating largely in offensive spells. Some individuals, such as the Necromancer-lords and the Eternal King, are considerably more powerful than that. Even the lower class Atlanteans, the merchants and artisans, are mages.

The necromancer-lords rarely create enchanted items themselves. They leave this "menial" pursuit to the artisans. Of course they have no problem with possessing and using items created by others. Most adult Atlanteans usually



have enchanted weapons and armor, and frequently possess a stock of other magical items of various kinds.

Atlanteans believe in monogamous marriage, but not for life. Marriage "contracts" expire after 100 years unless both parties opt for renewal. Children are raised by house slaves under the close supervision of the parents. The slaves handle most simple education, while the parents themselves handle the child's indoctrination into the world of magic and other slave-forbidden knowledge. Birth rate in Atlantis is kept low, considering the constraints of space and the longevity of the Atlanteans. On average, a female Atlantean will bear no more than two children throughout her life, and many choose to remain childless.

Those living in Atlantis recognize three major dieties: Poseidon, Athena (or dieties similar to Poseidon and Athena), and the Lord of the Dark Face. Poseidon is the only god actively worshipped in Atlantis. Athena is quietly (and unofficially) worshipped by the slave-race. The Atlanteans also give brief, unceremonious worship at the temple of the Lord of the Dark Face (since all details of the religion have been forgotten).

When noble Atlanteans die, they are neither buried nor cremated. Instead, they are strangely mummified. The body is first painted with silver salts, and then is immersed in a liquid compound of oricalcum. A chemical process transforms the body into a statue of solid oricalcum-like alloy. The now-transformed nobleman is then placed in a position of honor somewhere in his old home.

Typical Atlantean and Necromancer-Lord

Human, Skill 10 mage (necromancer)

STR: 11, **INT:** 16, **INS:** 13

STA: 12, **DEX:** 15, **APL:** 15 (to Atlanteans; 6 to other races)

HTK: 31, **AC:** 2 (magically augmented)

MV: 12", **AL:** L. Evil

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 17

HT: 6'0", **WT:** 180 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, sling, dart

Weapons: dagger (usually highly enchanted)

Magic Items: typically bracers of defense, AC 2, plus many other items

Spells: Skill 1: cantrip, chill touch, detect magic, read magic; Skill 2: blindness, Improved Phantasmal Force, Ray of

Enfeeblement, Spectral Hand; Skill 3: feign death, vampiric touch, wraithform; Skill 4: enervation, phantasmal killer; Skill 5: major creation, shadow magic.

T'k'ls'zzt-P't'k'lt, Eternal King of Atlantis

Human, Skill 18 mage (necromancer)

STR: 12, **INT:** 18, **INS:** 14

STA: 14, **DEX:** 15, **APL:** 17 (to Atlanteans; 7 to other races)

HTK: 57, **AC:** 0

MV: 12", **AL:** L. Evil

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 15

HT: 6'2", **WT:** 195 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, sling, dart, staff

Weapons: dagger +4, dagger of wounding, staff of striking

Magic Items: bracers of defense, AC 0 (unique items), ring of spell storing, ring of spell turning, wand of lightning bolts, wand of conjuration, wand of fear, cloak of displacement, phylactery of long years

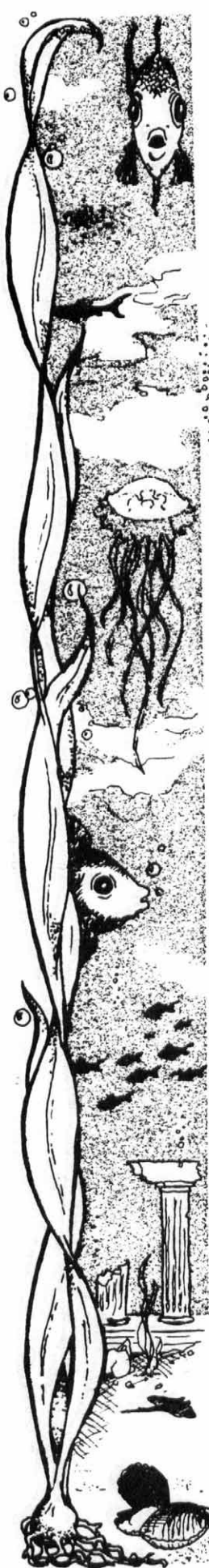
Spells: Skill 1: cantrip, comprehend languages, detect magic, spook, read magic; Skill 2: blindness, improved phantasmal force, scare, ray of enfeeblement, spectral hand; Skill 3: clairaudience, clairvoyance, vampiric touch, wind wall, wraithform; Skill 4: contagion, enchanted weapon, enervation, fear, phantasmal killer; Skill 5: advanced illusion, chaos, domination, major creation, shadow magic; Skill 6: chain lightning, death spell, disintegrate; Skill 7: finger of death, limited wish, power word stun; Skill 8: symbol, trap the soul; Skill 9: weird.

The Slave-race

Certain sages believe that the slaves currently living in Atlantis descended from ancient Greeks captured by the Atlanteans before the island-continent vanished from the face of Earth. Certainly, the slaves' language is similar to ancient Greek. The slaves are shorter than the Atlanteans, of medium build, and have pale skin and hair ranging from light brown to black. Slaves have a somewhat extended human lifespans (about 100 years). For the Atlanteans, it's easier to extend the life of experienced slaves than to train new ones.

All slaves understand at least enough of the Atlantean tongue to follow commands. By law,





slaves may not learn to read or write. The punishment for breaking this law is torture or the removal of tongue or hands. Nevertheless, it is said that some slaves do know how to read and write their own tongue, and some can even decipher simple Atlantean writings.

When it is decided that new slaves are to be bred, the Atlanteans select a "mating pair," and remove the two slaves from normal duty until the resulting child is born. At this time, the child is sent to a slave nursery. The parents may never see the child again or may not recognize it even if they are working side by side. Sexual relations between slaves, except for this purpose, is illegal. There is no such thing as legal marriage among the slaves of Atlantis.

Atlantean slaves commonly worship the goddess Athena. There are chapels to Athena around the city, at which slaves may worship (during their free hour). The Atlanteans themselves do not recognize Athena as a god and therefore do not consider her worship a threat.

Over hundreds of generations the slaves have become adjusted to their slavery. For most of them, the concept of freedom is unfathomable. Some slaves, of course, imagine freedom from the oppressive Atlanteans, but they know that any attempts to attain this freedom lead to torture or death. There are numerous, small resistance groups among the slaves, but they are unmotivated and never take action. Rumors frequently circulate through the slave community of escaped slaves living free in the Undergrounds, waiting for the day when they can strike against their hated masters. A slave caught repeating one of these tales is harshly punished. It's said that all the slaves needs is a strong leader, a martyr, or simply an example, to turn against their oppressors. The Atlanteans certainly don't believe that their slaves will ever rise up against them, confident that they've bred out any aggression or resistance.

It is illegal for any slave to learn magic. Confirmed attempts are always punished by death. Nevertheless, it is likely that at least some slaves have secretly learned to wield the Art to some degree. Slaves aren't allowed weapons. However, many farming tools, more easily accessible to the slaves, would work as well.

After their death, slaves' bodies are dumped without ceremony into the outflow pipes which return the sub-oceanic river waters to the ocean.

Technicians

Although they belong to the same race as the other slaves, and are slaves themselves, the Technicians are considered quite separate from their brethren. Their responsibility and duty is to operate and maintain the techno-magical systems that keep Atlantis habitable: the air recirculation plants, the river valves, the vomitorium air-locks, etc. In return for this, they enjoy significant privileges: better food, more free time, even monogamous relationships (although childbearing without express permission is a capital offence). Technicians aren't usually owned by individual Atlantean masters, but by the governing body of Atlantis.

Among themselves, Technicians speak the same tongue as the other slaves, but also understand and speak Atlantean. They are required to be literate, and are trained in a utilitarian form of Atlantean writing at childhood. This is necessary to read and understand the "operating manuals," tomes that explain the use and maintenance of the city's systems. These tomes explain how to run the systems and how to make simple repairs, but little on how they work. The Technicians are encouraged to believe, and many do, that the systems were created by semi-divine forebears of the Atlanteans.

Most Technicians worship Athena, but some worship Poseidon as well. Predictably, the Atlanteans won't let Technicians near the central Atlantean temple to Poseidon, so they must worship at smaller temples.

The Technicians are generally much happier with their lot than the common slaves. Since there is little dissatisfaction with their way of life, it is unlikely that Technicians would become involved in any kind of resistance.

The prohibitions against magic use and possession of weapons are enforced even more stringently against Technicians. This is because their access to vital systems makes them even more of a risk to the city-nation.

Imperial Guards

Nobody knows where the lineage of the Imperial Guards originally came from. The Guard are white-skinned, like the slaves, but are taller and thinner, like the Atlanteans themselves, with blonde hair and dark eyes. Like the Technicians, they are an independent caste within the nation of Atlantis. Offspring of Guards are raised from birth

to be Guards. They're proud of their station, considering themselves only one short step down from the Atlanteans themselves. (The Atlanteans, for their part, consider the Guards one small step up from the slaves...) They speak both the slave tongue and Atlantean (in the appropriate protocol modes, of course). They are generally illiterate, although not forbidden to learn reading and writing.

The Guards are highly trained in all forms of armed and unarmed combat. They drill incessantly with long swords and javelins, and many are trained to fire heavy crossbows. When on duty, Imperial Guards wear chain mail armor, and carry small shields. While Guards are allowed to carry weapons (when on duty), they are forbidden to practice or study magic.

Guards typically worship Poseidon, as do the Atlanteans. They look down on the worship of Athena as a "slave's cult". There is no tradition of marriage among the Guards. They are relatively free to have children — as long as they "book off duty" with their superiors during pregnancy and childbearing — but the birthrate is relatively low.

The Guards have the same lifespan as normal humans.

The Guard caste is unshakably loyal to the Atlantean rulers, and would cruelly put down any slave revolt.

Officers in the Imperial Guard may well reach Skill 8, or even more.

Typical Imperial Guard

Human, Skill 5 Warrior

STR: 14, **INT:** 10, **INS:** 9

STA: 14, **DEX:** 11, **APL:** 9 (to each other and other races; 6 to Atlanteans)

HTK: 25, **AC:** 5

MV: 12", **AL:** L. Evil

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 16

HT: 5'11", **WT:** 190 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, javelin, dagger, crossbow

Weapons: long sword, javelin (or crossbow), dagger, small shield

Magic Items: none

Spells: none

Officers in the Imperial Guard may well reach Skill 8, or even more.

Special Rules and Considerations

Oricalcum

As mentioned earlier, individual GMs might decide that if oricalcum is used in the fabrication of a magical item, the actual process of enchantment is somewhat easier. The incorporation of oricalcum into items to be enchanted could have one of a number of beneficial effects: it might raise the base chance of success by 5% to 10%; it might decrease the time required by 25%; it could actually increase the effectiveness of an item (a sword created to be +1 is actually +2, for example); etc. Other effects can, of course, be created.

Under Pressure

GMs who are interested in injecting a more realism into their campaigns might incorporate the effects of the immense pressure that the ocean exerts at a depth of 18,000 feet. As a general rule, the pressure surrounding an object increases by x1 for every 33 feet descended (i.e., at 33 feet, the surrounding pressure is twice as strong as at sea level; at 66 feet it's three times as strong, etc.) Thus, at 18,000 feet, the pressure is over 545 times the pressure exerted at sea level. This means that any hollow object containing air must withstand a pressure of over 7,600 pounds per square inch. Objects that aren't hollow, that can fill with water, don't suffer this kind of pressure because the pressure equalizes. The pressure





exerted on the inside of the object is identical to the pressure outside. Thus an unstoppered flask, or the lungs of a character under the influence of water breathing, won't be crushed. A flask that contains some air, even the airspace between any fluid it contains and the stopper, will suffer this crushing pressure and almost certainly implode.

If GMs are interested in applying this rule, they should examine the equipment lists of all PCs, and eliminate items that have sealed airspaces inside them. Examples might include things like hourglasses, bottles, potions, scroll cases and such. While the loss of these items might not overly hinder the party, it will certainly remind them that they're in an alien environment.

The Lord of the Dark Face

The Lord of the Dark Face is an incredibly evil, ancient deity, and the temple dedicated to this fiend might reflect this. Everyone and everything that enters this temple could be tainted by the deity's evil. Within the structure, it's impossible for Neutral or Good-aligned priests to turn or banish undead. In contrast, Evil-aligned priests gain a +5 bonus to all such rolls.

Any time an alignment detecting spell is used within 100 feet of the temple, the result will always be Neutral Evil (the alignment of the Lord of the Dark Face) regardless of the target's actual alignment.

Finally, priests of Good alignment are unable to regain any spells while within 100 feet of the temple. If they sleep within this radius, they are haunted by hideous nightmares. Although the details of the dream vanish on awakening, the memory of brooding evil lingers on.



Atlantean-crafted Magic Items

Because of the fine work of the Atlantean craftsmen and their use of the magical metal, oricalcum, magic items created in Atlantis are some of the most unique and sought-after in the world. There is a 20% chance that any craftsman's shop or residence in Atlantis will have a fine item waiting to be enchanted, and a 5% chance that a finished item will be present. Also there is a 65% chance that each Necromancer-lord will have 1-4 magic items, like the ones below, in their possession. Some examples of Atlantean magic items are:

Ensnaring Net

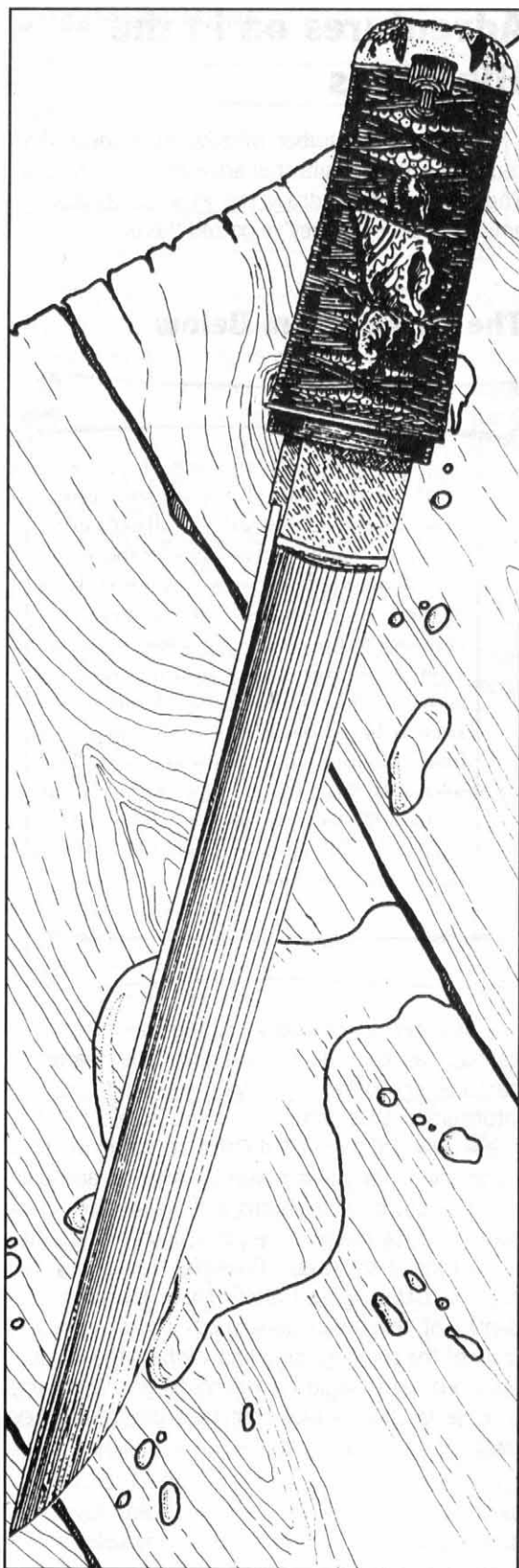
The ensnaring nets of Atlantis are commonly used by the imperial guard to quickly catch escaping slaves. The maximum throwing range of the net is 30 yards. It takes no range penalty when thrown, and is +2 to hit. Anyone hit by the net must save vs breath weapon at -2 or be hopelessly entangled until freed by someone outside the net.

Magic-Piercing Dagger

Atlantean magic-piercing daggers are designed to counteract the defence of the Weaponbane Robes (see lower entry). The oricalcum-rich blades have been enchanted to counteract magical defences. The dagger has no bonus to hit or damage but does counteract any magical enhancement of the target's Armor Class. Thus, +1 leather armor is treated as regular leather, and even +5 plate mail will only have the defences of ordinary plate.

Mask of Illumination

Sometimes used by the Atlantean technicians or those delving into the undergrounds, the masks of illumination are shaped to resemble simple festival masks (though the Necromancer-lords might have more elaborate ones). When worn on the face, these masks begin to glow with a soft, white light capable of fully illuminating a 50' radius, semicircular area in front of the wearer. These masks do not provide enhanced vision, but simple illumination. Anyone can see by the masks light, so trying to be stealthy while wearing a mask is nearly impossible.



Ointment of Lustrous Visage

This ointment is made to increase the physical attractiveness of anyone it is applied to. The ointment provides +4 APL for a 1 month period. It will also reverse 1-6 +1 years of aging and heal simple 1 point wounds without a scar. A typical container provides 6 applications.

Torque of Amphibiousness

This lightly ornamented neckware is found by the dozen in the vomitoria control rooms or in the possession of those Atlanteans who regularly venture outside the dome. When worn, the torque provides the wearer with a set of working gills just behind their jawline, allowing them to breath water as well as air. The devices cannot be worn for too long however. If worn underwater for more than 3 days, there is a 10% chance per subsequent day that the gills will become permanent and the wearer's lungs will stop functioning. This change requires a polymorph or similar spell to reverse.

Trident of Spearing

This three-pronged spear is commonly used by Atlanteans outside the dome where its power can be used to their greatest advantage. Normally it is a +1 weapon (to hit and damage), but when used in or underwater it becomes a +3 weapon which always does maximum damage when it hits (+3).

Weaponbane robes

The Atlantean weaponbane robe, or robe of protection, is a beautifully crafted piece of everyday apparel. It has no plates or chainmail concealed within, however it is magically enchanted to provide +1 AC to its wearer (some provide +2, +3, or even +4 AC). This protection is usually (though not always) against a specific type of weapon. The typical Atlantean Necromancer-lord will commonly wear a +1 AC vs daggers weaponbane robe. Other robes could be designed to defend against swords, clubs, pole arms, etc. Though normally worn as everyday clothing, the robes can be worn under armor to increase a character's AC.

Whip of Terror

Whips of terror are commonly used by commanders of the imperial guard. Anyone with fewer than 6 HTK dice or Skill levels who is hit





(+2 to hit) by a whip of terror is struck down by fits of fearful trembling as if by a scare spell. Only elves, half-elves and priests are allowed to save vs spells (at -2) to resist this effect.

... and Back Again

Unfortunately, getting into Atlantis will likely be easier than getting out again. If discovered by the Atlanteans, the PCs will be at least on the run, if not in custody already. If they are to leave through the vomitoria, spells or items must be at the ready to allow them to breath underwater, and some conveyance to the surface must be available. The Atlanteans must certainly have some type of magical or technological devices for traveling about outside the dome.

Another possibility could be magical portals which stand or are being built in Atlantis for use in an eventual invasion of the surface world. The inevitable guards or workers would have to be overcome before access to the device could be gained.

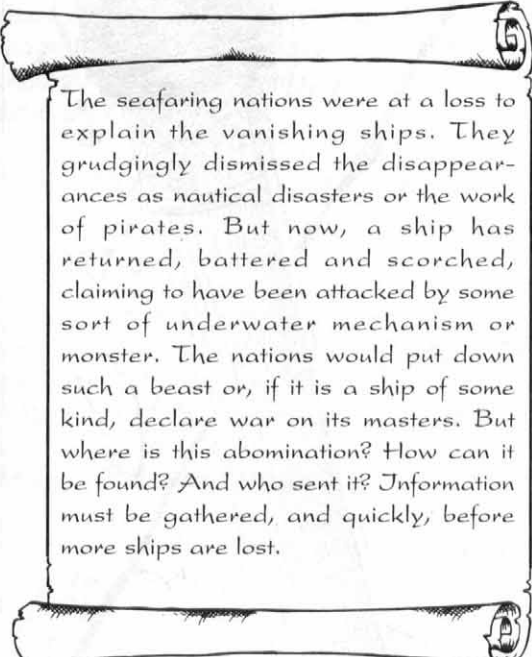
Well prepared characters might already have a powerful device which is designed to return them safely home once their mission in Atlantis is completed. Or one of the Necromancer-lords might, through the progression of the adventure, have reason to transport the party back to the surface.



Adventures on in the High Seas

Here are a number of adventure ideas that could be expanded into full adventures by the GM. They could either draw the PCs to Atlantis or embroil them once they've gotten there.

The Threat From Below



The seafaring nations were at a loss to explain the vanishing ships. They grudgingly dismissed the disappearances as nautical disasters or the work of pirates. But now, a ship has returned, battered and scorched, claiming to have been attacked by some sort of underwater mechanism or monster. The nations would put down such a beast or, if it is a ship of some kind, declare war on its masters. But where is this abomination? How can it be found? And who sent it? Information must be gathered, and quickly, before more ships are lost.

Atlantis is obviously raiding passing ships, perhaps as prelude to invasion. The seafaring nations are offering a vast reward for any information that would get them access to their foes. The PCs could decide to take up this challenge. They must travel to Atlantis and gain information of its strengths and weaknesses. Vast plans must be made if the party is to venture into the depths of the ocean. Powerful magics must be procured that would allow them to travel the depths of the ocean unharmed. The captain and crew of the surviving ship know where the incident occurred, and would be willing to give the party passage to that location, but then they're on their own.

Oricalcum Hunt

Oricalcum! Fabled metal of magic! And you must find some. But where?

There are many reasons why the PCs could be seeking oricalcum. The sheer value of the metal alone is enough to inspire many PCs to foam at the mouth. Imagine a metal worth 100 times an equal weight of gold. It is also reputed to have magic enhancing abilities. Could it make a spellcaster even more powerful? Perhaps a magical mentor or employer has sent the party on a quest to find the metal, providing only the information that it lies in fabled Atlantis. Maybe it is the only material capable of containing a troublesome demon. Or perhaps that very demon has offered the characters their lives and souls in exchange for the metal. But first, they must find a way to get there.

Revolt!

The time is at last at hand! The leaders of the escaped slave tribes have decided to move against their former oppressors. With the help of the outsiders they have the best chance they've ever had of bring down the empire.

Once in Atlantis, the PCs have been contacted by the "revolutionary cabal" of escaped slaves, or have been captured by the Atlantean guard and freed by the cabal. Beneath the city, in the Underground, are hundreds of escaped or freed slaves waiting to overthrow the Atlantean hierarchy and free their slave brothers. Until now they have not been able to launch an offensive. Maybe it has been their anti-rebellious upbringing clouding their judgement or simply that they have not had sufficient tactical or magical might. Whatever the case, the PCs could provide that critical element that the cabal has lacked, be it

strength, magic, leadership or something else. Perhaps the PCs are to be misinformed and provided with a suicide mission to provide the rebels with a distraction of sufficient size to cover their true operations.

Merchant Ruins

The half-standing buildings looked indescribably old. They must have at one time been quite grand but now they sit abandoned, surrounded by these vast fields of strange vegetables. You enter the largest of the buildings, perhaps a statehouse, hoping to find some answers. A strange, greasy dust covers everything. You turn to test the stairs when you hear the sound...

The PCs are in Atlantis. They may be searching the underwater city or they might be escaped field slaves. The vast Atlantean merchant quarter has been transformed into fields to feed the populace. What buildings haven't been razed have been abandoned. In the teaming city of Atlantis, where space is at a premium, where would something horrible go to avoid discovery? Perhaps escaped slaves live here or perhaps something large and terrible, preying on field slaves and their keepers.

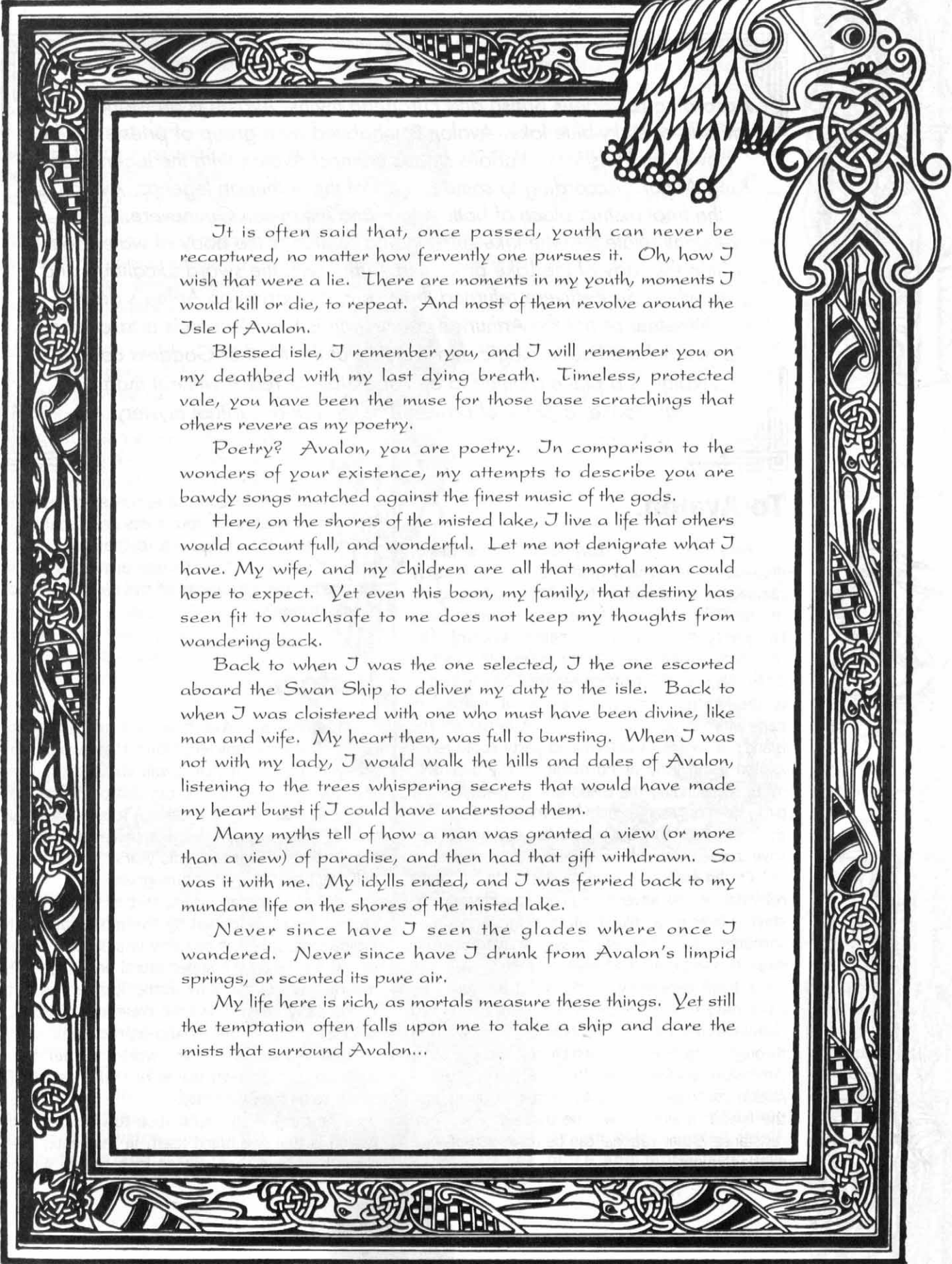
If the PCs do not explore the merchant quarter, this type of scenario would work as well in the vast, disused undergrounds beneath the city, or in the ductwork of the air recyclers.



AVALON

*Isle of
Arthurian
Legend*





It is often said that, once passed, youth can never be recaptured, no matter how fervently one pursues it. Oh, how I wish that were a lie. There are moments in my youth, moments I would kill or die, to repeat. And most of them revolve around the Isle of Avalon.

Blessed isle, I remember you, and I will remember you on my deathbed with my last dying breath. Timeless, protected vale, you have been the muse for those base scratchings that others revere as my poetry.

Poetry? Avalon, you are poetry. In comparison to the wonders of your existence, my attempts to describe you are bawdy songs matched against the finest music of the gods.

Here, on the shores of the misted lake, I live a life that others would account full, and wonderful. Let me not denigrate what I have. My wife, and my children are all that mortal man could hope to expect. Yet even this boon, my family, that destiny has seen fit to vouchsafe to me does not keep my thoughts from wandering back.

Back to when I was the one selected, I the one escorted aboard the Swan Ship to deliver my duty to the isle. Back to when I was cloistered with one who must have been divine, like man and wife. My heart then, was full to bursting. When I was not with my lady, I would walk the hills and dales of Avalon, listening to the trees whispering secrets that would have made my heart burst if I could have understood them.

Many myths tell of how a man was granted a view (or more than a view) of paradise, and then had that gift withdrawn. So was it with me. My idylls ended, and I was ferried back to my mundane life on the shores of the misted lake.

Never since have I seen the glades where once I wandered. Never since have I drunk from Avalon's limpid springs, or scented its pure air.

My life here is rich, as mortals measure these things. Yet still the temptation often falls upon me to take a ship and dare the mists that surround Avalon...



According to various British and European myths, Avalon is an island in the middle of a sky-blue lake. Avalon is inhabited by a group of priestesses of power and wisdom. Various stories connect Avalon with the legends of King Arthur. According to some tellings of the Arthurian legends, Avalon is the final resting place of both Arthur and his queen Guenevere. Other versions relate that the lake surrounding Avalon is the body of water from which the Lady of the Lake presented Arthur with the sword Excalibur, and to which Sir Bedivere returned the magical weapon on Arthur's death.

Whether or not the Arthurian connection is true, Avalon is a fascinating place, where Faerie magic and worship of the Mother Goddess coexist.

Avalon is a place reputed to be impossible to reach without magical guidance; a place of powerful magics and spiritual mystery.

To Avalon...

Because of the seclusive nature of the island, incorporating Avalon into the typical fantasy campaign is a little more difficult than adding most realms. There are several reasons, however, why the party might need to reach Avalon. The campaign world might be in desperate need of some magic or information secreted on the island, or the PCs might be in possession of a powerful item which needs the extensive protection of the island's defenses. A determined party could reach Avalon using little or no magic. If the defensive mists surrounding the island are sympathetic, the party need only sail through the mists to the isle. If their cause is not just, however, the group will have to overcome substantial magical deterrents.

Or, an encounter with Avalon could be totally coincidental. The adventuring party could simply be staying over in a village which neighbors a mist shrouded lake when priestesses arrive aboard a swan ship and call for all available men to assemble for a Hunt ceremony. A PC could be the lucky candidate. Another way for the party to inadvertently find themselves on the island is through a magical portal which employs the same dimension-hopping magic that the faerie races of Avalon use to get around. Accidental intrusion onto the island, however, will be met with eventual resistance. Other rational can be conceived of with a little thought.

Perhaps the island itself is in need of the PCs. Both the priestesses and mists are capable of transporting the characters to the island. Once there, they would have to face a menace which, assumedly, the inhabitants of the island could not handle themselves.

History

The origins of Avalon are lost in the mists of time. Some chroniclers claim that Avalon has always existed, and that it will always exist, that the only changes that time can visit on it is in how "close" (metaphysically speaking) it is to the "real" world. Others argue that the realm of Avalon is "only" three of four thousand years old, and that it will eventually fade into nothingness.

If Avalon has an origin, that is, if it isn't the eternal realm described by the more spiritually inclined sages, it was certainly in a simpler period of history, when the supernatural and the purely natural were in harmony, rather than in conflict. In the early days of Avalon, creatures of Faerie, such as sprites, faeries and leprechauns, were abroad in the "mundane" world, rather than confined to their own planes of reality as largely seems to be the case today.

The most likely explanation for the origin of Avalon is that the island itself, in the center of a clear, blue lake, had existed long before Avalon

itself came into being. There were no humans living on the island in those days, only numerous creatures of Faerie living in its sylvan glades. These creatures were not as reclusive then as they are today on most planes of existence, but still they liked having a place of their own where they could distance themselves from the races of human and demihumankind.

At some point, approximately 15 centuries ago, a group of humans and elves took up residence on the isle. These were exclusively female worshippers of the Mother Goddess, philosophers and practitioners of magic. Various histories relate a period of unease between the Faerie inhabitants of Avalon and the newcomers. While such a "culture clash" would normally have led to conflict, it turned out that the newcomers shared the same spiritual and metaphysical view of the universe as the Faeries. An accommodation was reached that eventually blossomed into understanding, friendship, and a sense of spiritual kinship. The women who had come to Avalon wished to distance themselves from the dangers and burdens of "mundane" life, a desire shared by the faeries. Together they created the shielding mists that still enwrap Avalon today.

the shores of the lake, supplies that would be ferried into the shrouding mists in graceful boats that seemed to move under their own power.

Young males from the outside world were regularly ferried to the hidden isle, for temporary unions with the women who lived there. The young men who were selected were always returned to their homes after a short period of time, rarely with any memory of their experiences in Avalon.

The male offspring of these unions were traditionally returned to the peoples living around the lake for rearing. These children were traditionally revered and were considered to be slightly other than human. Many of the myths of "changelings", Faerie children swapped for human babes, may have arose from this tradition. According to some tellings of the Arthurian legends, King Arthur himself was either one of these children, or one of the young men originally ferried to the island.

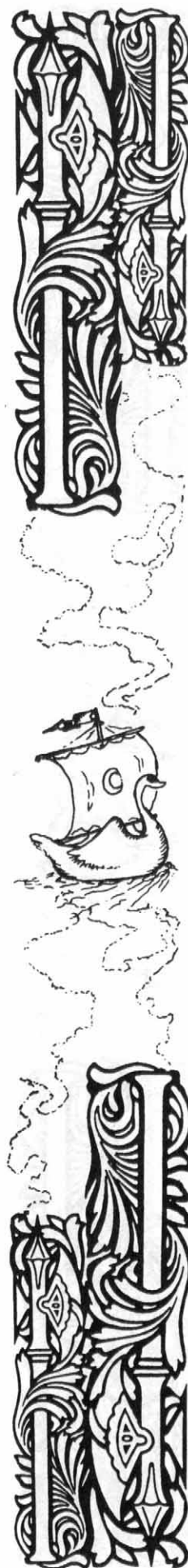
The female children of these ceremonial unions were tested by the women of Avalon. If they had the characteristics the Avalon society desired, specifically, a talent for magic and a sensitivity to the spiritual aspects of the world, they



For perhaps a century, Avalon existed safely, isolated from the outside world. The mundane peoples who lived around the perpetually mist-enshrouded lake, little more than semi-primitive tribes at this time, revered and quietly feared, the "witch-women" who dwelt on the mysterious island. They tithed to the society of Avalon, piling foodstuffs and other goods on

remained on the isle and were raised to be priestesses. If they were found lacking in some way, they were returned to the peoples surrounding the lake.

Several centuries late, the general populace turned away from worship of the Mother Goddess, and began to embrace other gods. As this happened, Avalon disassociated itself more and more from the





outside world. The enshrouding mists grew thicker and thicker; the vessels coming to collect the tithes became less and less frequent. Eventually, the isle of Avalon effectively ceased to exist in the mundane world. The mists still enshroud the lake, however, and the entire region is still considered to be highly magical.

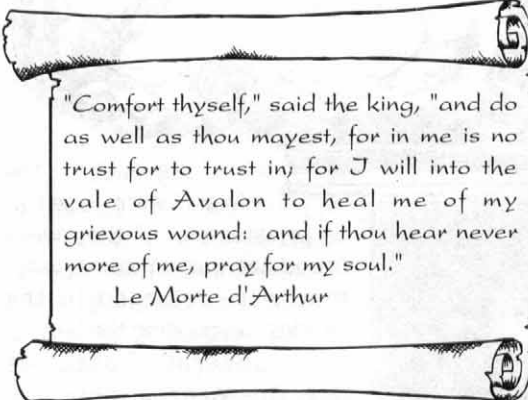
Geography

It seems likely that Avalon regularly transports itself elsewhere, leaving mists which eventually dissipate with no indication that anything had ever been within them. Either the magic of the island itself, or magic wielded by its inhabitants, causes the island to travel from dimension to dimension.

Location in the Campaign World:

GMs can situate the lake and the isle of Avalon virtually anywhere in their campaign universe, in a remote region of the main campaign world, or on some other plane or dimension. It should be placed in an area which isn't entirely uninhabited, but the inhabitants shouldn't be too advanced. Only relatively primitive or superstitious peoples would fear the "witch-women of the misty island" enough to tithe to them, and to allow their young men to take part in the priestesses' strange rituals.

The Lake



"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avalon to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

Le Morte d'Arthur

The lake that contains the isle of Avalon is roughly circular, perhaps ten miles in diameter. It's nestled in a range of low, rolling hills, in a geologically ancient and well-eroded area (of whatever world the GM decides to locate Avalon). Its waters are clear and fresh, fed by untainted

streams from the hills around it. By day, the lake has the pure azure blue of a cloudless summer sky (regardless of the actual weather conditions). At night, its waters are stygian black, like a pool of purest darkness. Some claim that stars can be seen reflecting in its surface, but the constellations don't match those of the stars in the sky overhead. The water is surprisingly cold, as if it were fed by glacial run-off, which is impossible, since the glaciers retreated from the surrounding hills millennia ago. No fish or other marine life (with the exception of water faeries) live in the lake.

The climate in the immediate area of the lake is more temperate than the rest of the region. Summertime highs rarely climb above 80 degrees, and winter lows never drop below freezing. Rain sometimes falls in the area, but is rarely heavier than a gentle drizzle, like a "Scotch mist". Winds, too, are moderate, and the immediate area of the lake is never racked by storms. As will be mentioned later, the climate of the isle of Avalon itself is even more moderate than this.

The Mists

Only the periphery of the lake can be seen. About 100 yards offshore, the mists begin, a curtain of grey, transparent at the edge, but quickly thickening until they are totally obscuring. As the mists thicken, the sunlight within dims. Once within the thicker regions, the mist seems to create its own light, equal in brightness to starlight. Sources of light taken into the mist, torches, for example, can illuminate only a very limited area. Even the brightest light found in most campaign worlds, such as a continual light spell, a fireball or a lightning bolt, can be seen no more than 25 feet away in the depths of the mist. If an explorer somehow penetrates the mists to their core, the natural light gradually returns.

The gentle winds that sometimes swirl around the lake do nothing to move or disperse these mists, which are apparently held in place by magical forces. Anyone who enters the periphery of the mists finds the temperature within is maintained at a constant temperature of 65 degrees, regardless of the season, time of day, or weather conditions. The mist feels slightly damp on the skin and in the lungs, but it doesn't dampen clothing or other equipment, and has no effect on torches or other fires.

The mists surrounding Avalon extend to a height of about 1,000 feet above the surface of the lake. The conditions described above apply to the higher altitude mists as well.

Astute observers will notice that birds and other flying animals don't willingly travel over the mists of Avalon, unless they can do so at an altitude of 2,000 feet or more.

Passing Through the Mists

It might seem that getting to the isle of Avalon should pose little problem. After all, the immobile cloud of mist identifies the right lake. There's no wind or weather to interfere with navigation, so starting from the lake shore and holding to a steady course should take a vessel directly to the island itself. Of course, this is not the case.

The mist surrounding the isle of Avalon is highly magical, with very unpredictable effects. Some sages claim that the mist itself is sentient. Only individuals who have been to Avalon before, who remember vividly the "spiritual atmosphere" of the place, are assured of traversing the mists. A character who meets this criteria can lead others through the mist to the isle, but only if he is not separated from them.

Most people who enter the mists seeking Avalon simply don't find it. They wander in the mists for a while, losing their senses of direction, and finally find themselves leaving the mist again without sighting the island. The reason for this is that the mists interfere strongly with the sense of direction of anyone passing through them. If this interference fails to dissuade encroachers, the mist's magic will actually turn the vessels slowly, without the occupants knowing. The only way for an explorer to tell that he's changed direction is to use magic, but even this is hampered. When spells such as find the path are used, the spellcaster must save vs. Breath Weapons at a -6 penalty or the spell fails. A failed saving throw means the character thinks he's continuing in the correct direction, regardless of the true situation. If the character is depending on a magical item such as an arrow of direction, there's a base 75% chance that the change in direction, while in the mist, will be undetected.

Some remember nothing between the time that they enter the mist and the moment they leave it again, often hours or days later. If an individual trying to reach Avalon is of evil alignment or intends to harm the isle, the mists

will induce retrograde amnesia in the travellers as well as misdirecting their vessel. This effect is the same as the spell lethe (described later under Special Rules and Considerations) except that the period of time obliterated from memory is 3-18 hours.

Very rarely, an individual or group will enter the mist with the expressed intention of harming the society of Avalon. In general, people with seriously malign or evil intent never re-emerge from the mists once they've entered. Folk tales claim that the inhabitants of the isle slay such people though many agree that the mist has simply transported them somewhere else (though where is unknown). The mists will simply teleport them in a random direction and a random distance (but never less than 100 miles). If the threat is truly great, the mists might cause an effect equivalent to plane shift on the intruders. In both cases, each traveller receives a saving throw vs. spells at -1 to resist the effect. The mists can cast such a spell no more than twice on each character in a single day.

The Isle

"I am going a long way
With these thou seest, if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt),
To the island-valley of Avalon;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with
orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with
summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

The Idylls of the King

The isle of Avalon itself is roughly elliptical, eight miles along its major (north-south) axis and six miles along its minor (east-west) axis. There is a small bay, a natural harbor, near the southernmost tip. The island slopes gently up





from the lake, rising to twin hills near the northern end. Avalon is an island of grassy meadows and unspoiled sylvan glades. Forests of deciduous trees cloak the shoreline and the lower slopes of the rounded hills, while the upper portions are clear of most trees, like grassy knolls, sprinkled with wildflowers. The forest usually grows no nearer to the shore than 50 feet, and around the area of the natural harbor it is more than twice that distance from the water.

The island's air is fresh and clear, maintaining a year-round temperature range of 78 degrees by day and 65 degrees by night. This is absolutely unaffected by the weather conditions outside the enshrouding mists. There are never strong winds, and the gentle rain that keeps the island fertile falls only at night.

There are many mysteries associated with the isle of Avalon, but a major one concerns the skies overhead. From outside the mists, it seems that the vaporous barrier forms a complete, unbroken cloud, both around and over the isle. From the isle itself, however, the sky can be clearly seen, though the stars that are seen at night aren't those of the outside world.

The Sylvan Glades

The unspoiled, sylvan glades that cover the lower hillsides are home to both the human (and elven) inhabitants and the creatures of Faerie who also dwell on the isle. Generally speaking, the northern third of the island is home to the Faerie races, while the humans and elves keep to the remainder of the island. There's no distinct boundary or division, however. The two groups are on excellent terms, and intermix relatively freely. The only restriction of this is the mutual respect for privacy on both sides.

The Human/Elven "Territory"

The human and elven women live in small cabins of earth and wood, scattered throughout the trees in the southern portion of the isle. The

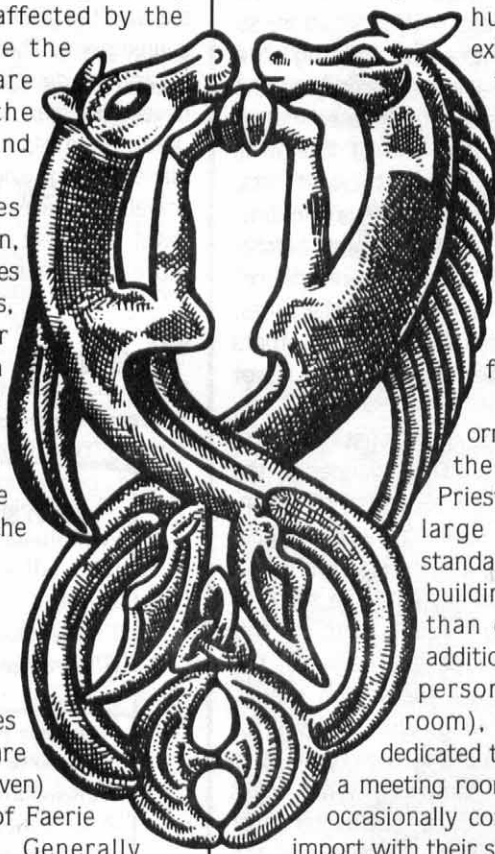
majority live alone. Some prefer more company and live in groups of two or three cabins. The women of Avalon live in harmony with nature as much as possible, and thus don't alter the landscape and the environment as much as most settlements. For example, they don't create irrigation ditches, aqueducts or cisterns; they carry their water from the many tiny streams that flow down from the twin hills. The water produced by these streams seems to be greater than the amount of rainfall on the isle (just one more of the mysteries surrounding the isle). The women do little cultivating of the land, preferring a kind of

hunting and gathering existence. The isle is so rich that the priestesses can live well without actively planting and harvesting crops. They also don't cut down trees. Instead they depend entirely on "windfall" branches for such things as torches and firewood, and dead trees for building materials.

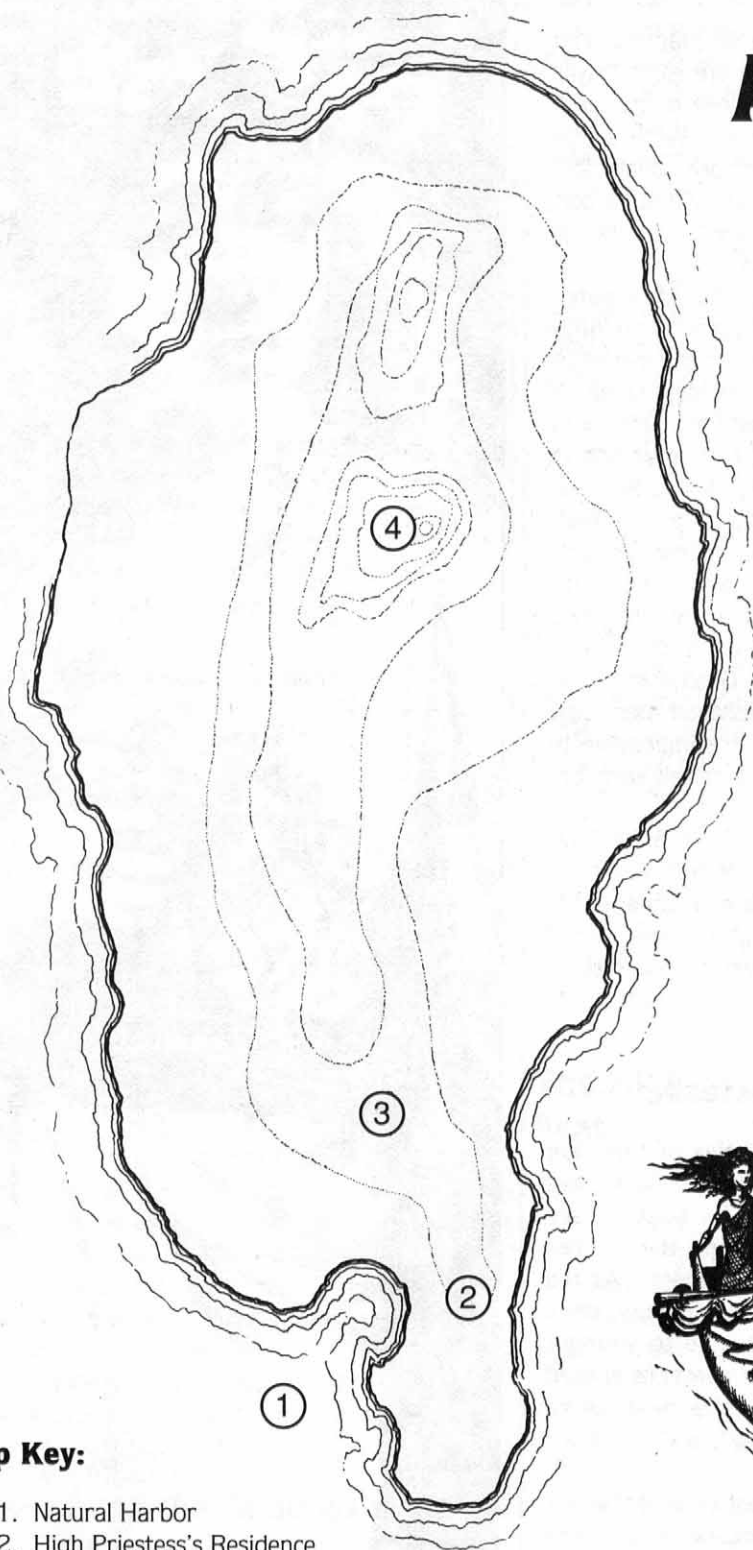
The largest and most ornate building on the isle is the residence of the High Priestess (though it is neither large nor ornate by most standards). It's the only other building on the isle with more than one or two rooms. In addition to the High Priestess's personal quarters (a single room), there's a small "chapel" dedicated to the Mother Goddess and a meeting room where other priestesses occasionally come to discuss matters of import with their spiritual "superior".

The Faerie "Territory"

As befits their nature, the Faerie inhabitants of Avalon live even more in harmony with their surroundings than do the priestesses. They don't build shelters, preferring to sleep under or among the leaves of the forests or to set up residence in hollow trees or abandoned animal burrows. The faerie reside mainly on the north end of the island, but individuals regularly travel south to visit with the priestesses. Priestesses seldom wander far into the Faerie "territory", thinking it rude to intrude uninvited.



Avalon



Map Key:

1. Natural Harbor
2. High Priestess's Residence
3. Glade of the Goddess
4. The High Seat



The Natural Harbor

This natural bay is where all planned boat traffic arrives at the isle. There are eight "Swan Ships" which moor here, though one or two may be elsewhere on the lake (or somewhere else entirely). During the day, there are usually 2-7 priestesses within sight or earshot of the harbor. At night, the region is usually unwatched though occasional passersby are common.

The Swan Ships are magical craft created millennia ago. Graceful vessels with high figureheads resembling the heads and necks of swans, they are driven by magic, needing no winds to fill their gossamer sails. Swan Ships are about 40 feet long, with a width of 10 feet or so, able to carry 20 passengers easily. They move slowly and silently, at a rate of 10". They have no wheel, helm or other steering device; instead, they're directed by voice commands. Each of the eight Swan Ships has a name (Gossamer, Silver Down, etc). This name, combined with a directional command, guides the craft ("Gossamer move forward, Gossamer turn left, Gossamer stop, etc). Without the appropriate name, it's impossible to get a Swan Ship to move, even if there's sufficient wind blowing to move another vessel.

Some legends say that the Swan Ships have certain other command words which allow the craft to move between planes and dimensions. Even if this is true, only the High Priestess would know these words, and is unlikely to reveal them to anyone.

Gowan the High Priestess

The duties and responsibilities of the High Priestess are simple, and not arduous. Four times each year, on the equinoxes and the solstices, she leads a ritual of worship revering the Mother Goddess, in the Glade of the Goddess. As the "spiritual guide" of the Avalon community, she's expected to make herself available to younger priestesses who have troubles or questions in need of her attention. In addition, she must decide when to hold a "Hunt ceremony", and select the priestess who will take part.

Traditionally, the High Priestess is the wisest woman on the isle of Avalon, and her instructions are immediately carried out. The High Priestess gives such instructions only rarely, however, and



only in dealing with important issues.

Throughout her reign, the "incumbent" High Priestess watches the other women around her, subtly gauging the attitudes of the community as a whole. When she decides it's time to retire, usually when she first senses her faculties are weakening, she selects another woman to succeed her. On her retirement, a High Priestess usually withdraws into private research and contemplation.

The current High Priestess is Gowan. Gowan appears to be no more than 30, although she is considerably older. She is petite, with strawberry-blond hair and blue eyes that sparkle with merriment.

Although she takes her responsibilities very seriously, she is not a somber person. She believes that life is to be enjoyed, and laughter and joy are as important to the Mother Goddess as prayers. In addition to her spells above, Gowan has the innate and permanent ability to speak with animals.

Gowan, High Priestess of Avalon

Human, Skill 13 priest

STR: 10, **INT:** 16, **INS:** 17

STA: 10, **DEX:** 10, **APL:** 16

HTK: 45, **AC:** 10

MV: 12", **AL:** C. Good

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 12

HT: 5'3", **WT:** 100 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: staff, sling

Weapons: staff

Magic Items: typically none

Spells: Skill 1: animal friendship, command, detect evil, entangle, pass without trace, sanctuary; Skill 2: barkskin, charm person or mammal, enthrall, flame blade, heat metal, obscurement; Skill 3: call lightning, dispel magic, flame walk, hold animal, lethe*, spike growth; Skill 4: call woodland beings, detect lie, hallucinatory forest, reflecting pool; Skill 5: commune with nature, moonbeam; Skill 6: forbiddance, mindwipe*

*: Unique spells. Refer to the New Spells subsection under Special Rules and Conditions.

The Glade of the Goddess

This clearing in the woods, north of the natural harbor, is the priestess' central

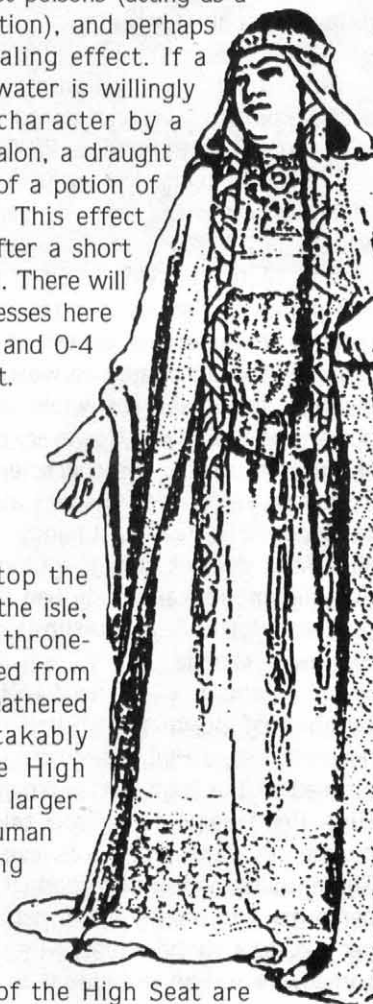
worshipping place of the Mother Goddess (The Faerie races worship the Mother Goddess too, but most do so privately). The ground is blanketed in short, soft grass and in the center is a shallow pool. The pool appears natural, despite the fact that it's perfectly circular. Also the pool has no visible source of water, though it always remains the same depth. A tiny stream leaves the pool flowing down to the south, where it eventually flows into the harbor.

The surface of the pool is always mirror smooth, virtually unstirred by the wind. By day, it takes on the pure blue of a summer's day, even if the sky is overcast. By night, it reflects the stars above Avalon (again, not the stars of the surrounding land) whether the sky is cloudy or not. Legends tell that the priestesses can cause the pool to show images of distant places and times. It's also said that the water, if drunk directly from the pool, is a highly effective antidote to most poisons (acting as a sweetwater potion), and perhaps even has a healing effect. If a vessel of this water is willingly offered to a character by a priestess of Avalon, a draught has the effect of a potion of extra-healing. This effect will dissipate after a short time if not used. There will be 3-12 priestesses here during the day and 0-4 (1D6-2) at night.

The High Seat

Located atop the highest hill of the isle, this is a large throne-like seat, carved from grey stone, weathered and unmistakably ancient. The High Seat is slightly larger than normal human scale, making anyone sitting on it look small in comparison.

The lines of the High Seat are





simple yet elegant. There are no embellishments of any kind, no inscriptions or carvings. There appears to have been carvings at some time, but they've weathered away. Considering the fair climate of the isle, that would indicate that the Seat has been here a very long time, perhaps longer than the community of Avalon.

The Seat radiates a powerful aura of evocation magic that seems to resonate with age. Any magic-wielder who casts detect magic on the Seat will immediately recognize two things: that it's a magical item worthy of being called an artifact; and that it's well over 10,000 years old!

The High Seat has many powers, but it's unlikely that a group of PCs will be able to access more than a couple of them:

- Any spellcaster, be they wizard or priest, who sits in the High Seat casts all spells as though he were three Skill Levels higher than he actually is.

- While sitting in the Seat, anyone can cast the following spells as though he were a Skill 10 spellcaster: call lightning, lightning bolt, animal summoning I, animal summoning II, animal friendship, call woodland beings, and whispering wind, each up to three times in a 24-hour period.

- Any evilly aligned character who touches the High Seat finds the stone to feel bitingly cold, and suffers 1-3 points of damage from contact with it. Actually trying to sit in the Seat inflicts 1-8 points of damage per round of contact on the evil character. If an evil character has the courage (and hit points) to weather the ongoing damage, he or she can wield the non-attuned powers of the Seat. However, each time he or she uses a power, the character must save vs. Poison or suffer a permanent alignment change to Good. (The Lawful-Chaotic "aspect" of the alignment doesn't change.) Characters of non-Evil alignments can freely use the non-attuned powers of the Seat, without any risk of an alignment change.

If a person is "attuned" to the Seat, a vast number of powerful abilities are possible, however, only a High Priestesses of Avalon can be attuned to the High Seat. When the incumbent High Priestess retires, she takes her chosen replacement to the High Seat on a moonless night. There, alone and undisturbed, the older woman performs a ceremony which permanently attunes her successor to the artifact. Presumably, there is some way for an individual to attune herself

without the ceremonial help of a High Priestess. Such an act would be necessary if a High Priestess were to die before attuning another. This process, however, is either closely guarded by the High Priestesses or has been lost to history. There are likely restrictions on exactly what kind of person can become attuned to the Seat, and dire consequences for "inappropriate" people trying to tap the artifact's powers. These details too are either secret or lost.

Attunement to the High Seat imparts a number of abilities:

- All spells listed above, when cast by someone attuned to the seat, are cast as if by a Skill 20 spellcaster, and any other spells cast take effect as if the caster were seven Skill Levels higher than they are.

- An attuned person sitting in the Seat will automatically know alignment (as the spell), and enjoys the safety of protection from evil 10' radius. These effects will also continue for 1D6 hours after the attuned person leaves the Seat.

- In addition, attunement brings a further set of abilities. Any individual attuned to the Seat can automatically sense when any non-attuned sentient creature comes within 15 feet of the High Seat. When this occurs, the attuned person can clearly see and hear what that creature is doing, as though through clairaudience and clairvoyance spells. These spells remain in effect for as long as the non-attuned creature stays within 15 feet of the High Seat, and require no concentration on the part of the attuned.

- Further, an attuned character can also cast clairvoyance, clairaudience, vision and foresight, all at Skill 20, twice in a 24-hour period.

Perhaps surprisingly, few living on the isle of Avalon attach great significance to the High Seat. Certainly, many recognize its antiquity and powers, and will protect it from being desecrated. But it's not a key artifact in their religion, so little attention is paid to it.

Only high priestesses have ever sat in the High Seat, and even they have never attempted to use its powers. Legend has it that only High Priestesses herself could ever summon the power of the High Seat, and then only in the defense of Avalon. Legend tells that the last time the Seat was used was during the great war between the Knights of the Round Table and the forces of Mordred. Legends are, of course, frequently incorrect. It's quite possible that more recent crises have prompted the Seat's use.



Inhabitants of Avalon

The Priestesses

Unless there is currently a "Hunt ceremony" (described later) underway, all human and elven inhabitants of the isle are female, priestesses of the Mother Goddess.

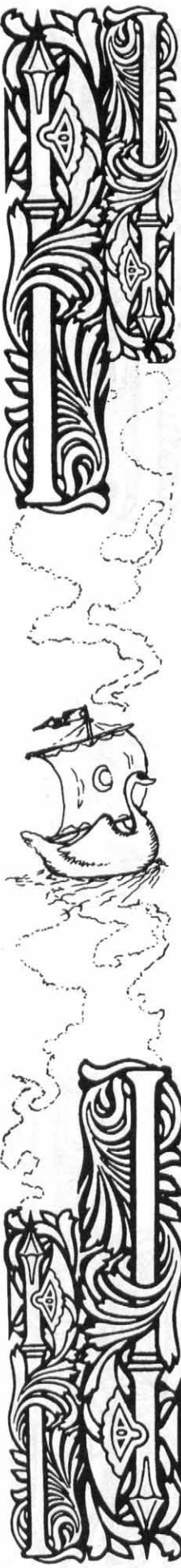
There are between 150 and 200 priestesses on the isle of Avalon. Roughly three quarters are human, a small portion are high elves, and the balance are half-elves. In addition to full-fledged priestesses, at any time there are probably 15 to 20 "novice priestesses", girls or young women being trained in the magical arts.

The age distribution of priestesses ranges from newborns, the offspring of priestesses and young men from the countryside, to old women (age 75 and up for humans, 1,000 and up for elves). The average age is currently well into "middle age" (regardless of race involved).

All of the priestesses have magical training, and some are rather powerful. The actual type of the magic varies wildly, however. Some priestesses are traditional clerics, worshipping the Mother Goddess and petitioning her for their spells. Others are true druids, drawing their power from nature. Others are standard wizards, while still others are Faerie Witches or Wiccan Witches. (Refer to *Witches*, also published by Mayfair, for more information on these types of witches.) Regardless of the tradition chosen, the priestesses concentrate almost entirely on spells related to nature, or those designed to gather information. Combat spells are a rarity, but some priestesses are very skilled in their use. All priestesses enjoy a permanent ability to speak with animals (as the spell of the same name).

Other than the High Priestess herself, there are no ranks among the priestess. All other priestesses are equal. In practice, of course, the younger priestesses usually respect and revere the





elders, treating them as mentors and guides for their own spiritual development.

Typical Avalon Priestess

Human, Skill 8 druid

STR: 9, **INT:** 12, **INS:** 13

STA: 12, **DEX:** 10, **APL:** 16

HTK: 26, **AC:** 10

MV: 12", **AL:** C. Good

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 16

HT: varies, **WT:** varies

Weapon Proficiencies: club, spear, staff

Weapons: staff

Magic Items: typically none

Spells: Skill 1: purify food & drink, locate animals & plants, pass without trace; Skill 2: charm person or mammal, goodberry, obscurement; Skill 3: starshine, call lightning, hold animal; Skill 4: protection from evil (10' radius), animal summoning I.

The Faerie Races

Avalon is home to a wide variety of faerie races: pixies, sprites, brownies, dryads, leprechauns, sylphs, and satyrs. Nixies live in the lake, and a few unicorns roam the hillsides.

The population of Faerie creatures seems to vary widely. At some times of the year, notably around the solstices and equinoxes, the northern end of the island seems almost crowded with creatures of Faerie. At other times, it's possible to walk for hours in the northern region without seeing a single faerie. This seems to imply that the Faerie races have ways of travelling to and from the isle, other than the Swan Ships used by the priestesses. Since the immediate area around the lake isn't the unspoiled sylvan countryside that the Faerie races enjoy, it's possible that they can travel to other planes or dimensions. Some sages claim that the very magical nature of the isle of Avalon allows certain "attuned" races to walk the planes and dimensions without recourse to the standard magic spells and items that normally allow such travel.

At significant faerie festivals such as the equinox festivals, or at times of major

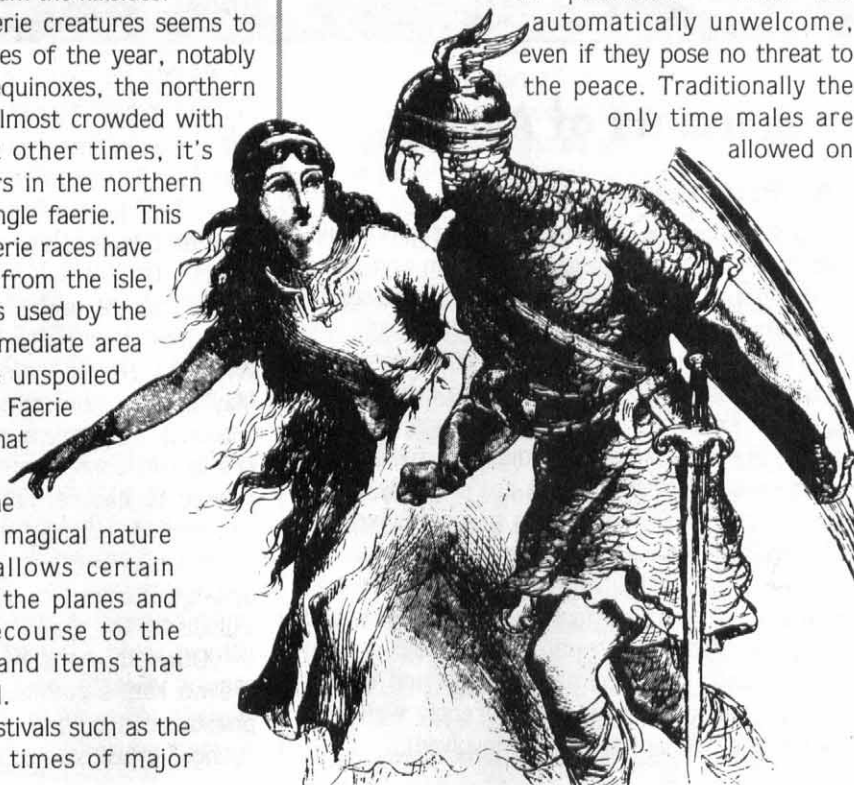
celestial events like grand alignments, as many as three hundred individuals of the Faerie races can be found on the isle.

There seems to be no formal government among the Faerie races. All exist peacefully and in cooperation with one another. Individuals are free to come and go as they please, live as they like, and visit the priestesses when they choose. The leprechauns, of course, still play practical jokes on each other and everyone else in Avalon, but the pranks are designed to amuse not aggravate the victim. This won't be the case with strangers, however. If anyone manages to find his way to the isle without proper invitation or escort, he'll likely find himself the target of all the pranks the faerie have been saving for such special occasions.

The Faerie races consider Avalon their home. If the isle is ever threatened, they'll help the priestesses in defending the island. Even if the cause appears futile, most will fight to the end to protect their sacred home.

Response to Strangers

The women of Avalon are very protective of the sanctity of Avalon. Anyone who would wantonly destroy that peace is considered an enemy, to be removed from the island as quickly as possible. Men are automatically unwelcome, even if they pose no threat to the peace. Traditionally the only time males are allowed on



the island is during the Hunt. Devotees of evil are also categorically unwelcome and will be defied with every resource at Avalon's disposal.

Women who display a peaceful nature are sometimes allowed to stay on the isle temporarily, as guests. After a few days, however, they are gently encouraged to return to their own world.

Perhaps once every millennium, the women of Avalon find an "outsider" who fits in so well with their philosophy and world-view that she could become a priestess herself. Should this be the case, the High Priestess herself extends the invitation. Avalon legends relate that no woman ever so invited has declined.

The priestesses are peaceful by nature, but not pacifistic. If there's no peaceful alternative to violence, they'll use force to defend themselves and their way of life. If they must rid the island of unwelcome visitors, they'll attempt to use reason first, followed by charms and other nonviolent magic. They'll kill intruders only if there is no other way of removing the enemy from the island. If she deems it necessary, the High Priestess will use her magic to erase the memory of unwelcome visitors.

The Hunt

This is the name given to the ceremony through which the Avalon community maintains its numbers. The Hunt occurs irregularly, as the High Priestesses see fit. There are usually one to four Hunt ceremonies a year.

When the High Priestess decides that the Avalon community must increase its numbers, or needs an infusion of new blood, she selects a small number of priestesses for the honor of bearing children. Then a contingent of three priestesses takes one of the Swan Ships through the mists to the shore, and request that all young, unmarried men of the local villages present themselves for selection. Though any man may refuse, few ever have, considering it an honor to be included in the ceremony. From among them, the priestesses make their selection. They then take this candidate back with them to the isle.

Before the Hunt itself begins, a solemn ritual of anointing is conducted at the Glade of the Goddess, involving both the selected male and the priestess. Then the young man, dressed only in a loincloth of deerskin, is told to flee from the priestesses, and the Hunt begins. The man's goal



is to avoid the priestesses for as long as he can. The priestesses (except for the one selected), conversely, hunts him. During the Hunt, the young man is expected to use all his skills to avoid detection. The priestesses are traditionally limited to the use of their own skills and what magic that will aid them while not hindering their "prey". According to belief, the longer the candidate manages to escape detection, the greater the chance that the eventual union will produce a male child. During a Hunt, the Faerie population of the island is always high, and the more playful races often bedevil the candidate, helping or hindering him in fun. The Hunt lasts until one of the priestesses actually lays a hand on the man, "catching" him. Then he is led back to the house in which the selected priestess is waiting. After a brief liaison is over, the young man is ferried back to his people, usually with only the memory that he has aided the priestesses. As a mark of proof of this claim, he is given a small tattoo on his right arm, a symbolic representation of a deer's antlers.

The liaison between the candidate and the selected priestess always yields a child, sometimes twins. Nearly 75% of these children are female, and most are suited for life in Avalon.

Monsters and Animals

There are no monsters as such on the isle of Avalon or in the lake (other than the Faerie races described earlier, of course). The region is home to many normal woodland creatures like songbirds, squirrels, and the like. All individuals of these species seem to be slightly more intelligent than those elsewhere in the world (their INT is one point higher than normal). This shows in their behavior. They are slightly more curious and less fearful than others of their species. Any creature with Animal intelligence that lives on the isle of Avalon for more than 6 months will gain one point of INT at that time. If it subsequently leaves Avalon, this additional intelligence will vanish within a month.

Some chroniclers claim that Avalon is home to strange animals that apparently came from other planes of existence (such as the Gold Minah. See Monster Folio). All of these are sylvan creatures, the other-worldly equivalents of squirrels and the like. Although unusual in appearance, they are simply animals, and not malign.



Special Rules and Conditions

Priestess of Avalon Character Class

At the request or acceptance of the High Priestess, a character may become a priestess of Avalon. Any Skill levels that the character might have had must be discarded, though characters who were formerly priests may advance up to the level that they formerly held at twice the normal rate because of their previous religious training. Progression beyond that point is normal.

Priestess of Avalon is a priest subclass, using the same Skill progression, HTK dice, saving throw and combat charts as that class. They must remain on Avalon until they have reach the second level and then may venture into the world outside Avalon, but must return to the island to participate in all formal ceremonies and festivals.

Prerequisites

Only females of the human, elfen or half-elfen races can become priestesses of Avalon. They must be of Lawful Good alignment and can never have been of any other alignment (including temporary



changes due to alignment-changing magic). Priestesses of Avalon must have minimum ability scores of Intelligence 11, Insight 13, and Appeal 11. Proficiency with quarterstaff is required.

Weapons

Priestess of Avalon may use the following weapons: blow gun (needle darts only), club, knife, footman's mace, quarterstaff, sling, spear, and staff sling.

Special Abilities

All priestesses of Avalon enjoy the ability to speak with animals (as the spell of the same name). This ability is gained immediately at level 1. In addition, priestesses learn spells that deal with nature as if the spell were 1 level lower than that listed.

New Spells of the Priestesses of Avalon

These spells should be available only to Avalon priestesses or, possibly to someone who is worthy and of similar alignment who the priestesses wish to teach.

Lethe (Enchantment/Charm)

Skill Level: 3

Components: V, S, M

Range: 30 yards

TTC: 2 rounds

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: None

Area of Effect: 20' cube

This spell is similar in effect to the magic-user spell *Forget*, except the period of time that is forgotten is much greater: 3 hours per Skill Level of the caster. (Thus a Skill 20 caster can make a subject forget the past 60 hours.) The excision of so much memory is traumatic. When and if the memory is ever returned (by a *Heal* or *Restoration* spell, for example), the shock is so great that the subject must save vs. Wands or be stunned for 1 round per hour of memory excised. Only 1 subject can be affected.

The material component is a drop of liquid extracted from a certain species of small blue woodland flower.

Mindwipe (Alteration)

Skill Level: 6*

Components: V, S, M

Range: Touch

TTC: 1 hour

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Neg.

Area of Effect: Individual

*: For Avalon priestesses only. For normal witches, *Mindwipe* is a Skill Level 9 spell.

This spell allows the caster to totally erase the subject's mental record, to totally obliterate everything that the subject remembers. *Mindwipe* allows for no half-measures or selective erasures: if the spell succeeds, the subject remembers nothing about his or her past life. It is as if the subject were literally born again, with a totally clear memory. For the first 2-20 hours after the spell is complete, the subject is effectively paralyzed, doing nothing but soaking up sensations. After that, the subject is able to function on a simple physical level. Physical activities such as walking are stored as "muscle memory" in the brain and are beyond the reach of this spell. The subject must learn language all over again, can remember no proficiencies that involve even the slightest level of mental involvement, etc. (This is the classic "soap opera" version of amnesia.)

The subject has lost all



experiences except for those at the most grossly physical level, and is effectively a Skill 0 (non-classed) character once more. If the subject was a fighter, he or she retains one-tenth of the Experience Points possessed before the casting of the spell (these points represent purely physical reactions, etc.); with correct training, the Character can theoretically advance in Skill again. If the subject was of any other class, that person's Experience Points drop to 0. Mindwipe will remove all spell-casting ability, but not the potential to retrain as a spellcaster.

A Heal or Restoration spell (if cast for this specific purpose) or a Wish spell will return some (but not all) of the subject's memory. The GM should roll 1D8 and multiply by 10; the result is the percent of memories that have been returned. The shock of returning memory is so great that the subject is stunned (as if by a *power word*) for

1-8 hours, *Feebleminded* for another 1-8 hours, and *Confused* for another 1-4 hours.

Reversing a Mindwipe spell could conceivably turn the subject into a dual or multi-classed Character. Take, for example, the case of a Character who attained several Skill Levels as a cleric, then was Mindwiped and trained to be a fighter. When the effects of the Mindwipe are removed, the Character becomes a fighter/cleric. If the Character is human, he can no longer make progress in the class held before Mindwipe; if the Character is a race entitled to be multi-classed, he may progress in both. There is no way that Characters can gain multiple classes through reversed Mindwipe that they would not otherwise be entitled to, for example, forbidden combinations such as cleric/magic-user. In such a situation, the return of conflicting memory wipes out one of the two classes (choose randomly).

Mindwipe is a very powerful spell, and, as such, puts significant stress on the caster. The caster must make a System Shock roll or permanently lose 1 point of STA. Whatever the outcome of the roll, the caster must recover for 1-4 days after the casting. During this time, he or she is unable to cast any spells of higher than Skill Level 4, and is incapable of physical exertion (including melee combat).

The material component is a hollow bust of the subject's head, cast from the finest china, which is broken during the casting.

New Race: Half-Faerie

In an area where humans and faeries live in close harmony (like they do in Avalon), it could be possible to encounter people who are "half-faerie", people with one human parent and one faerie parent. On Avalon the parental combination is almost always a faerie father and a human mother, though this will vary outside of Avalon. It is not fully understood how this union takes place but it is likely that faerie magic plays a key roll.

Half-faeries can often live for over 1,000 years, and are generally human looking in appearance, though faerie characteristics are present. Slightly pointed ears and short stature (4'-5 1/2' tall) are always a feature. 1-3 other features are usually present as well, such as bright eyes; frequent smile; small, useless wings, or small antennae are possible. A keen awareness of nature and sense of humor make up the psychological bent of the half-faerie.

Half-faeries have infravision and 25% can detect



invisible creatures, particularly other faerie races. This detection does not allow the half-faerie to detect the creature well enough to touch or attack it, but there is a distinct awareness whenever such a creature is nearby. Half-faeries are also 90% resistant to sleep and charm type spells and 10% resistant to all other magic. This is in addition to normal saving throws.

Available Classes

Half-faeries may be fighters (limited to Skill level 8), rangers (limited to Skill level 10), paladins (limited to Skill level 8), wizards, priests (limited to Skill level 13), druids, thieves, or multi-class (Fighter/Priest, Fighter/Thief, Fighter/Druid, Fighter/Wizard, Priest/Ranger, or Thief/Wizard).

Ability Scores

Half-faeries generate ability scores just like every other race. They do, however, have minimum and maximum ability requirements which must be met. These are:

STR	INT	INS	STA	DEX	APL
3/17	4/18	3/17	3/17	6/18	10/18

You must also make some alterations to the ability scores which were rolled. Make these adjustments even if the ability is then no longer within the min/max requirements. You do not have to choose a new race. These adjustments are: +1 APL, -1 STR.

Weapons of the Lake

In times of greatest need and dire consequence to Avalon or the surrounding area, a spirit which resides within the waters of the lake, perhaps a manifestation of the mists, will present

one who is worthy with a weapon of great power. This weapon is given with the intent that it be used in defense of Avalon and the cause of righteousness. Below are some examples of weapons of the lake.

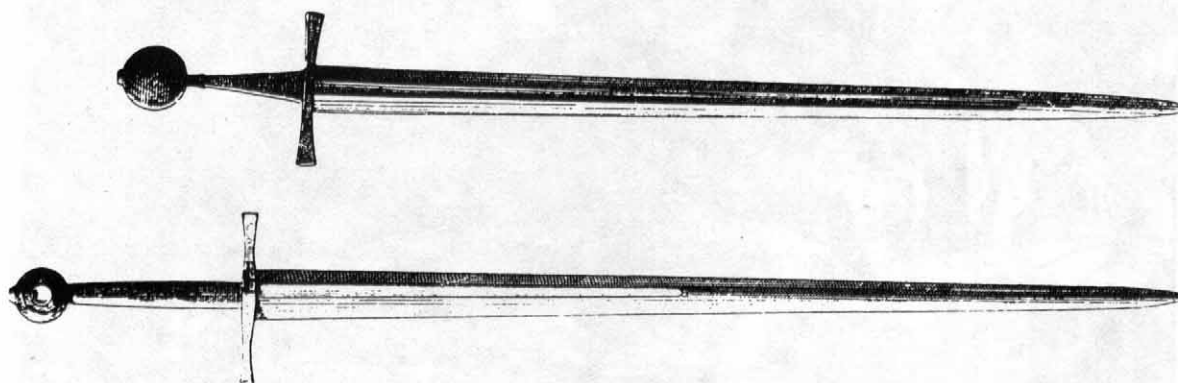
Blade of Eternal Redemption

This short blade is infused with life energy. When used against creatures of the undead it is +4 to hit and the damage it inflicts can never be healed by the creature. Once the creature is reduced to 0 HTK points (as it dies), the blade changes the creature's alignment to Lawful Good and allows its soul to rest for eternity.

In addition, the life energy in the sword can be used 6 times a day to heal 3-18 points of damage and can fully cure 1 person (of non-evil alignment) per day, healing all damage and curing any ailment.

Bow of Awakening and Arrows of Eternal Sleep

The Bow of Awakening is a medium sized longbow, finely crafted of ivory with a glowing opal mounted above its hand grip. It can be used only by someone of Skill 10 or higher and is +2 to hit. When a successful hit is scored, the Arrows of Eternal Sleep do no damage. However, unless the target saves vs spells at -2, his soul is drawn out of his body and is stored in the bow's opal. His body will drop to the ground, alive but unable to function. Any number of souls can be stored in the gem. For a soul to be returned to its body, the opal must be touched to the head of the victim's body. Alternately a dispel magic spell (cast by a wizard of Skill 10 or higher), cast on the stone, will cause all souls within to be released, at which time they will reenter their bodies in 2-12 Turns.





Flail of Bright Inspiration

This flail is a single chained weapon with a golden, ridged ball at its end. It is +4 to hit and does +4 damage. Whenever the weapon successfully hits, a bright flash of light is produced. Also when the weapon is swung above the wielder's head, it produces a bright light and a throbbing hum. Anyone (who is considered an ally of the wielder) who views this light is immediately healed of 1-4 points of damage and receives +5 to their morale. This effect can be produced up to 4 times per day.

Lance of Commanding Stature

This is a medium lance with a gleaming gold finish which never tarnishes. Its wielder is granted +5 Appeal for the sake of figuring loyalty and reaction of henchmen and those under his command. Any priest not prohibited from using this type of weapon repels undead creatures as if he were 5 Skills higher.

Spetum of Leadership

This long, multi-bladed spear is +3 to hit and does +3 damage. When the weapon is held and its magic is evoked, the wielder is transformed, immediately gaining +4 Skill levels and +2 to all abilities. In addition, the wielder's armor is magically improved by +2 AC and any other weapons he is carrying are imbued with +1 magic (to hit and damage). These effects will last for 1 day or until the spetum leaves the wielder's hand, and cannot be re-evoked for 1 day.

Sword of Blessed Rings

This fine longsword is +2 to hit (and to damage), +4 vs evil beings. It also projects an aura of purity which prevents evil beings from

striking or even touching the wielder while the sword is drawn.

The grip of the sword is composed of a row of rings which can be drawn off the grip over the pommel. Anyone wearing a ring from the sword receives the same bonuses as the sword's wielder for 10 rounds after which time the rings must be returned to the handle. If any ring is not returned by sunset on the day it was removed, the bonus for the sword (and the rings) is reduced by -1 (to hit and damage) per ring missing. Rings can only be removed from the sword's handle once per day.

Sword of Moral Adjudication

This longsword can only be wielded by a person of Lawful Good alignment and can never be used against anyone of Lawful Good alignment. When used against someone who is not Lawful Good, count the steps from Lawful Good to the target's alignment on the table below.

Lawful Good	Neutral Good	Chaotic Good
Lawful Neutral	Neutral	Chaotic Neutral
Lawful Evil	Neutral Evil	Chaotic Evil

For each step taken, the To Hit bonus increases by +1 and the damage increases by +3 (Do not take diagonal steps). For example, if the sword's wielder strikes at a foe who is Neutral Evil in alignment, he receives +3 to hit and +9 damage. (3 steps were taken on the chart. 2 down and 1 across.)

If someone not of LG alignment tries to use the sword, or if the rightful wielder willingly tries to use it against someone of LG alignment, the sword will deliver 10-40 points of damage to its possessor and will stop working until it has been blessed by a priest of Skill 10 or higher.





... and Back Again

Returning from Avalon should be a relatively simple matter as long as the island is located on the campaign world and the PCs don't have to do any dimension-hopping. Should there be any men in the party, the priestesses will want them off the isle at the first available opportunity. Even females will be asked to leave after a few days in the company of the priestesses. Swan ships will always be available to ferry the strangers off the island, or the party could leave by whatever magic might have gotten them there.

Adventures in Avalon

Here are three possible adventures that might draw the PCs to Avalon, or that they might become involved in after getting there on their own.

The Hunt



The crowd in the center of town was huge, obscuring whatever the throng was looking at. You wouldn't have thought that there were this many people in all the towns within fifty miles. As we pushed forward towards the front, we could hear a loud, feminine voice call out, "The time has come again for the sacred ceremony. All men who have not yet taken a wife are requested to present themselves for the choosing."

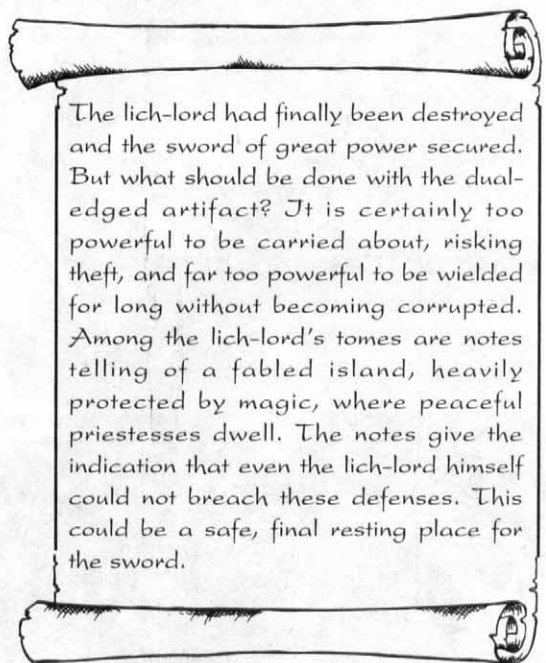
This adventure can be used whether the characters know of Avalon or not. The PCs are in a small, primitive town built on the bank of a beautiful lake. While here, priestesses from Avalon arrive in a swan ship to select the next male participant in the Hunt ceremony. If the male PCs innocently decide to participate in this local custom, one of the, or a male NPC, could be selected and spirited away for the Hunt.

The remaining PCs are left to wonder what

will happen to their comrade. The priestesses will assure that the character will be returned and that no harm should come to him, but will reveal nothing else about what is to befall him. The locals, however, are more than willing to break into tales of speculation regarding what happens to men taken by the priestesses. Most of these tales will have no substance to them, though some will be wild, blood-chilling tales of evil and mayhem. The fact that those who have participated have returned with little or no memory of what transpired will surely cause some trepidation.

Should the rest of the party decide to investigate, they will certainly have some difficulty in crossing through the mists. Once on the island, the party must wander about, perhaps encountering various faerie races, or watching their comrade, dressed only in a loincloth, flee from dozens of priestesses. Eventually, however, the fact that the priestesses are not evil will come to light. Once the priestesses discover that the party has "invaded" their island, a confrontation of some kind will surely take place.

The Safeguarding



The lich-lord had finally been destroyed and the sword of great power secured. But what should be done with the dual-edged artifact? It is certainly too powerful to be carried about, risking theft, and far too powerful to be wielded for long without becoming corrupted. Among the lich-lord's tomes are notes telling of a fabled island, heavily protected by magic, where peaceful priestesses dwell. The notes give the indication that even the lich-lord himself could not breach these defenses. This could be a safe, final resting place for the sword.

An introductory adventure in Avalon could occur after another major adventure finishes. If the PCs have acquired something of significant power that needed protecting, they might wish to

approach the priestesses of Avalon and ask them to protect it. All of the normal defenses and restrictions of Avalon must still be overcome and, once there, the priestesses must be convinced that their help is necessary. And what of the artifact's previous owner? He might decide to follow the PCs or invade the island in order to get it back.

The Salvation of Avalon

The barbarian horde, led by the ancient toad-like mage in the sedan chair, was sweeping across the plain. Mounted warriors extended as far as the eye could see. It was only a matter of time before they reached the lake. They might ignore the innocent, fog-shrouded waters, of course, but the prisoner they had taken gave them indication that the horde sought the island itself. Surely the priestesses are ill-prepared for such an onslaught.

A massive legion, perhaps led by a mage or dragon, seeks to invade Avalon. The PCs could happen along at any point in the process of the invasion. They also may or may not know of the existence of Avalon. If the hordes are encountered on their way to Avalon, the party might wish to follow them to see what they're up to or infiltrate the ranks to gain information. If the PCs are already in Avalon, they could be as surprised as the priestesses



when hordes of screaming barbarians come streaming from out of the mists. Or the PCs could arrive too late. The priestesses have already been captured and await their fates. The heroes must find a way to take back the island from the hostile forces.

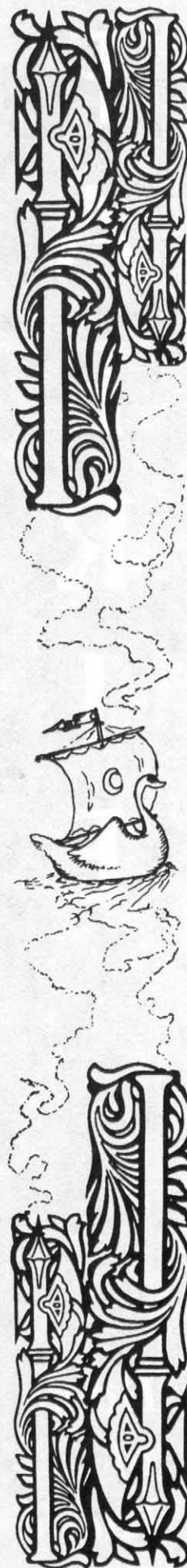
The Succession

"I realize that this is not the thrilling, adventurous lifestyle that you are used to, but after the events of the past few days I, and the others I think, can see your worth. Stay with us here, in Avalon, and become one of us, a priestess of the Mother Goddess. There is much we could teach you that all your travels could not..."

This adventure would be an interesting way of "retiring" a high-level female character whose skills and outlook match those of the Avalon priestesses. After an adventure in Avalon, after the High Priestess has seen of what mettle the PCs are made, she may decide to offer an appropriate female character a place among the priestesses.

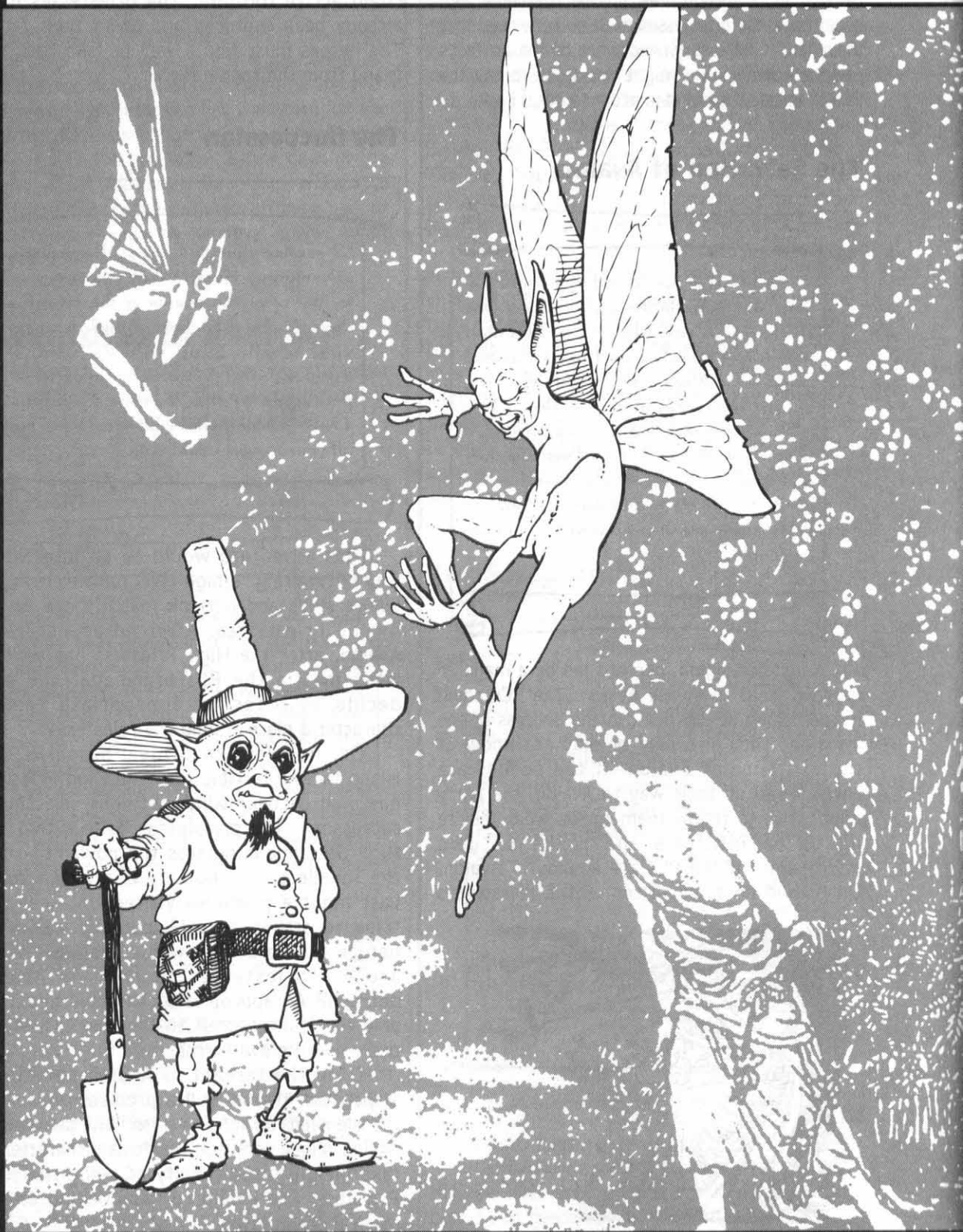
Or, in a less than ideal scenario, the island faces a terrible foe. The High Priestess has died or been killed without selecting a successor. The priestesses believe that the High Seat might possess the power to repel the invaders, but nobody is attuned to it. Last night a priestess visited the Seat and tried to attune herself, but she was slain before the ceremony was complete. What are the priestesses to do? Is Avalon doomed? An appropriate character might be able to attune herself to the seat in time to put down the evil forces.

Once the threats to Avalon have been dispatched, there's still a problem remaining: the isle needs a High Priestess. The denizens of Avalon might persuade the female character to take on the responsibility of being the High Priestess. She would remain behind on the magical isle, forever.



FAERIE

*Home
of the
Faerie
Races*





The myths say that only those who truly need to do so, find the Land of Faerie. Yet in whose mind is that need measured, and in what scale? For I would hardly say I felt such a need, I who had never considered Fairyland more than the most fantastical of tales...

Yet here I am, standing on the shore of the azure sea, looking with awe toward what can only be the palace occupied by the monarch of this land. Under the wash of moonlight, its alabaster whiteness seems to glow, to shimmer, with the faintest hint of gold. Above me, stars burn with the unaccustomed brilliance of unfamiliar constellations. In the geometric center of the sky there is a particular star, one that gleams with a harsh, angry light as though it would burn through the firmament that supports it, and plummet to earth. Under the light of this star, which rivals the full moon, I stand on the grassy meads of Fairyland and wonder how I came to this magical spot.

And, more to the point, how I should ever return to my home...





The Land of Faerie, or Fairyland, is an unspoiled, sylvan country far removed from the lands of humankind. It is a land of wondrous magic, transcendental beauty, fell beasts, and danger for the unwary.

It is said that Fairyland is not on the Primary plane, but located on its own plane of existence. This plane seems to lie near to the more familiar Primary plane and there might well be some kind of point-to-point passages between the two. Certainly, there are some people, particularly elves, who believe that the most sublime sylvan regions on the Primary plane are actually reflections of the the corresponding area of the Land of Faerie. Some go so far as to claim that the most untouched sylvan regions are actually part of Fairyland, and that one could theoretically travel to the Faerie plane through these regions.

To Fairyland...

Though located on a separate plane from most PC worlds, Fairyland should not be too difficult to reach. Because there seems to be some correspondence between unspoiled sylvan areas on the Primary plane and the Land of Faerie, it is possible for characters to simply (and inadvertently) walk into Fairyland, perhaps with no immediate knowledge that they have. This passageway could be made unidirectional, if the GM wishes, forcing the PCs to find an alternate method of getting home.

As mentioned earlier, legend has it that one can reach Fairyland if they have a need to go there. This gives GMs great leeway in working up his adventure, particularly since the PCs don't have to know they have a need.

There are many ways to incorporate this "hidden need" into an adventure. For example, if the PCs have become hardened by the down side of their campaign life, this could be perceived by the faeries as a need to be exposed to the serene beauty of Fairyland. They could fall asleep under the stars one night, and wake under unfamiliar constellations, with two moons in the sky. (Of course, once the PCs have reached Fairyland they can be drawn into whatever adventure the GM has in mind.)

One last method for getting characters to Fairyland is the Fairy palace, which some faeries

believe has some degree of sentience, and has more powers than those it has displayed so far. It's conceivable that the Palace itself will sense a threat to Fairyland, perhaps an impending goblin invasion, and decide to transport a band of doughty adventurers from a distant plane to the palace to help.

History

According to its inhabitants, the Land of Faerie has existed "since the world was new". Sages interpret this statement to mean that Fairyland came into existence in the multiverse before the Primary plane. It's widely accepted that Fairyland predates the Earth and many other campaign worlds.

Many sages believe that the proximity between Fairyland and the Primary plane has varied over time. In the distant past, when the world was unspoiled, before the coming of (demi)humanity, Fairyland and the Primary plane were so close together that they overlapped, perhaps so close that they were, for most purposes, one single plane. As humans and demihumans emerged on the face of the campaign world and began to encroach on the wilderness, the two planes began to draw apart. Before, animals and the faerie races could move freely back and forth between the planes, but eventually,

only in the most unspoiled regions of the Primary plane, was it possible to reach Fairyland. It seems that the proximity between the two planes measures the degree to which the campaign inhabitants live in harmony with nature.

It seems likely this trend will continue. As civilization spreads further across the campaign world, there will be less and less contact between the Primary plane and the Land of Faerie. If this trend continues, eventually the two planes will be totally sundered from each other, and the only way to get from one to another will be through plane-traversing spells.

Some sages, however, believe that eventually this trend will reverse. Perhaps not until humankind has become extinct, but eventually the pure, sylvan forests will begin to spread again. The two planes will then draw closer together. The more mystical of these sages believe that when the two planes are again continuous and contiguous, then the multiverse may come to an end.

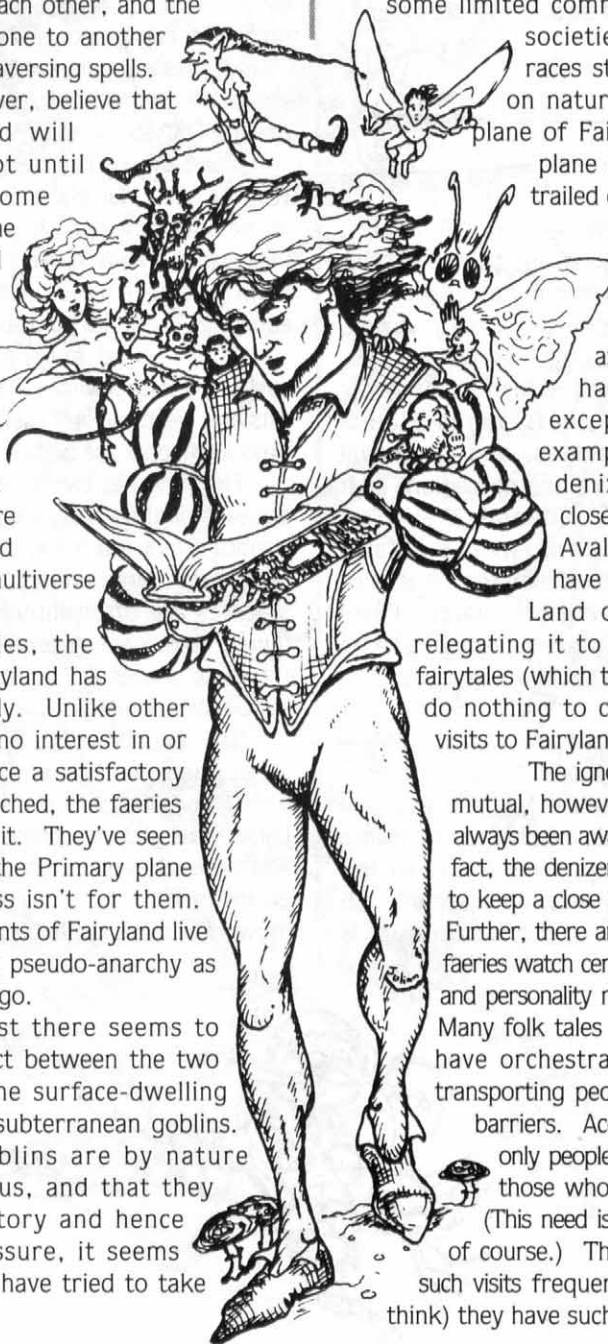
Over the centuries, the political history of Fairyland has not changed perceptibly. Unlike other races, the faerie have no interest in or desire for change. Once a satisfactory status quo has been reached, the faeries feel no urge to change it. They've seen enough "progress" on the Primary plane to decide that progress isn't for them. Thus, today the inhabitants of Fairyland live in the same easy-going pseudo-anarchy as existed many millennia ago.

In the distant past there seems to have been some conflict between the two races in Fairyland: the surface-dwelling faerie species and the subterranean goblins. Considering that goblins are by nature rapacious and covetous, and that they have very little territory and hence great population pressure, it seems certain that they must have tried to take over the surface lands.

If there was a faerie-goblin war, it happened so long ago that no living faeries (or goblins) have ever heard its events related first hand. As with the political situation, the faerie-goblin conflict has reached a stable status quo, though something could always change this in the future.

Contact between the faerie races and humankind has fluctuated over time. In ancient times, when the non-faerie races lived in harmony with nature, there was ongoing contact and even some limited commerce between the two societies. As the demihuman races started to work their will on nature, however, and as the plane of Fairyland and the Primary plane drew apart, this contact trailed off. While the faeries still occasionally visit the Primary plane, they generally limit these visits to remote sylvan areas devoid of non-faerie habitation. (There are exceptions, of course. For example, it seems that the denizens of Fairyland have close contact with the Isle of Avalon.) Most other races have ceased to believe that the Land of Faerie even exists, relegating it to the status of folk and fairytales (which the seclusive faeries would do nothing to change). Today, human visits to Fairyland are exceptionally rare.

The ignorance of other planes isn't mutual, however. The faerie races have always been aware of the Primary plane. In fact, the denizens of Fairyland are thought to keep a close eye on developments there. Further, there are some who claim that the faeries watch certain individuals whose ethos and personality matches those of the faerie. Many folk tales exist claiming that faeries have orchestrated visits to Fairyland, transporting people across the interplanar barriers. According to these tales, the only people who cross this barrier are those who have need of the faeries. (This need is determined by the faeries, of course.) Those individuals chosen for such visits frequently don't know (or even think) they have such a need.





Geography

"A little forest of wild hyacinths was alive with exquisite creatures, who stood nearly motionless, with drooping necks, holding each by the stem of her flower, and swaying gently with it, whenever a low breath of wind swung the crowded floral belfry."

Phantastes

The Land of Faerie is a large realm, perhaps with an area equivalent to the surface of the campaign world, or even larger. Its geography and topography are widely varied. There are great oceans, large freshwater lakes, mighty rivers and rushing streams. Majestic mountains soar above the wooded plains. There are rolling grasslands, and primeval forests. Apparently, there are no regions that could be considered "wastelands", such as badlands, or deserts. Life in great profusion can be found everywhere, from the depths of the oceans to the tops of the mountains. There are no barren, lifeless areas anywhere in Fairyland (though there are variations in population).

Those who have visited the Land of Faerie report that it is totally unspoiled. The weather is always mild. Around sea level, the average temperature is 75 degrees, with no more than a 10 degree variation between summer and winter. At night, the temperature drops no lower than 55 degrees. In the mountains, the temperature is

lower of course. The highest peaks are snow-covered throughout the year, and sometimes the passes leading through the mountain ranges are closed by heavy snowfalls.

Most days, the sky is relatively clear, with white cumulus clouds scudding across a background of deep azure. The rainy season is about three months long. During this period, there's an average 40% chance of brief, gentle rains. There are never any major storms except in the mountains, where great displays of lightning highlight the peaks. Winds are always gentle inland. Nearer the coasts, and out to sea, the winds are more brisk, though very predictable, making Fairyland a sailor's paradise.

The Land of Faerie isn't a sphere, like most worlds, but a flat plane. It is not known what lies at the boundaries of Fairyland, or if there even are boundaries. Thus there's no variation in climate from pole to equator, since there is no pole or equator. There are no icecaps.

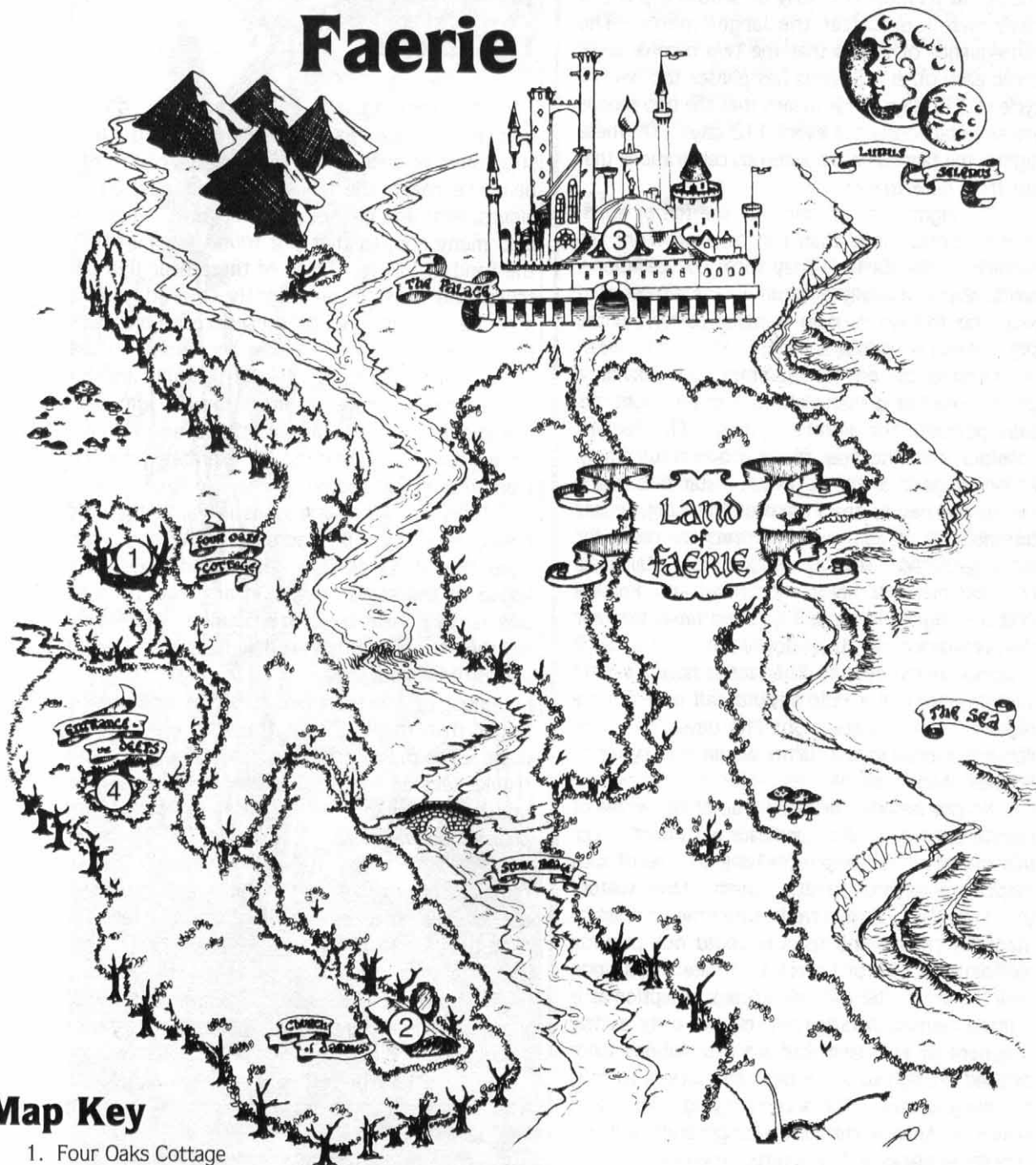
There is no magnetic field, so compass navigation is impossible. The sun rises due east and sets due west, passing precisely through the zenith. Days and nights are both exactly 12 hours long.

Fairyland has two moons. The largest, Lunus, appears slightly larger than Earth's moon. Its surface bears much the same features as Earth's moon, with large craters and dark "seas". These features are often interpreted as resembling a female face, seen in profile. Lunus goes through the same phases as Earth's moon, taking 28 days to complete a full cycle.

The second moon, Selenus, is much smaller, about one-eighth the size of Lunus. It is a dusty blue color, and has no visible features. While Lunus rises and sets precisely in the east and west and is exactly opposed to the sun, Selenus follows an inclined orbit. Its rising and setting points move over time, oscillating a full 15 degrees north



The Land of Faerie



Map Key

1. Four Oaks Cottage
2. Church of Darkness
3. Palace
4. Concealed entrance to the Deeps





and south of true west and east. A full cycle of this movement takes some 256 days. The rising time of Selenus also varies on the same cycle. When it rises due east, it does so one hour after Lunus. At its most northerly or southerly point, it rises two hours after the larger moon. The consequence of this is that the two moons never cover each other. Selenus has phases too, with a cycle of 112 days. This means that the two moons are simultaneously full every 112 days. On these nights, the faeries hold boisterous celebrations that last from dusk to dawn.

The night skies of Fairyland are full of stars, tens of times more than can be seen from the surface of the Earth. They form constellations, which shift drastically over time. It's almost as if each star follows its own complex pattern in the sky, moving at various speeds.

Occasionally one of the stars falls, leaving a great streak of golden light across the night sky that persists for several hours. The faeries consider a falling star to be a powerful omen, either for good or for ill. When a star falls, many faeries journey to the Palace of the King, where the monarch of Fairyland interprets the omen for those gathered. Several nights after a Starfall, a new star blazes to life in the firmament. For the first few nights, it burns a hundred times brighter than any other star, then slowly fades to the same brilliance as the others. The faeries have a legend claiming that if a star should fall and not be replaced within a fortnight (14 days), then the doom of Fairyland will follow within four cycles of Selenus (448 days).

No-one has ever drawn a map of the whole of Fairyland, or even of a significant portion of it, for that matter. The faerie races have no need of such maps, or interest in creating them. Most visitors to the Land of Faerie have had no time or want to map the realm, and usually could not provide sufficient details for others to create maps upon their return. The only significant exception is a human named Anados, who saw only a tiny fragment of Fairyland, but his descriptions were detailed enough to allow later chroniclers to map out his journeys. The accompanying map draws heavily on Anados' chronicle, and generally includes only those places and structures he visited.

Location in the Campaign World:

Since the Land of Faerie is located on another plane, it need have no specific place in the campaign world. It can be reached by normal

dimension-hopping magics whenever the players wish. A GM might want to plan in advance, where in the campaign world (if anywhere) the to planes might meet (places like unspoiled glades, forests, etc).

The Forests

The forests of Fairyland are dark, mysterious places, not threatening, but suggestive of ancient secrets. On the plains and near the coast, the trees are deciduous, oaks, alders, elms and birches predominant. There are also many species that are found nowhere but the Land of Faerie. Many of these bear unusual fruits and nuts, often brightly colored and of strange shapes. All of these are edible, and highly nutritious; their tastes are widely varied but uniformly delicious. In the foothills and on the mountain slopes, conifers like fir and pine are more common. Again, there are several unique species of conifers, for example, pine-like trees with bright red, artichoke-like fruit.

There are no real seasons in Fairyland. This means there's no fall, as such. The deciduous trees thus don't all turn golden and loose their leaves at the same time. On any day, perhaps one tenth of the trees are turning gold, while another tenth are covered with delicate, new leaves of brilliant green.

Most of the trees are huge, as large as or larger than the mightiest trees on the Primary plane. The tallest are hundreds of feet tall, with trunks tens of feet in diameter. There is little undergrowth, and the forest floor is soft and pleasant to walk on.

The forests are full of animals and birds, familiar species like deer, rabbits and thrushes, and unusual species as well, all more intelligent than their Earthly relatives.

The dominant emotion felt by anyone walking through the forests of Fairyland is one of wonder. There is a peaceful, calming atmosphere about them. When the wind stirs the leaves, the trees seem to whispers secrets back and forth. The air is fresh and clean, redolent with the scent of flowers and strange fruits.

There are areas of the forests where this feeling changes, however. These are darker and denser, with overhead foliage thick enough to block out most of the sunlight. Here the sense is one of ancient and unrelenting menace.



These "darkling groves" are the demesne of the ash tree spirits (As described in the Monster Folio pages).

There are many open glades, and thickets so dense as to be almost impassable. There are few paths, and no real need of them. The lack of undergrowth makes it easy for animals, faeries, or even non-faerie visitors, to travel without difficulty. Here and there, narrow roads lead between significant locales.

The Seas

When viewed from the shore, the oceans of Fairyland are brilliant greens and blues, hues usually found only in idealized paintings. The ocean swells are gentle, only very rarely whipped into whitecaps by the wind. Along the shoreline, the water is pleasantly cool, not cold (around 65 degrees). Further out to sea, or deep below the surface, it drops to 45 degrees but no colder. There are no ice floes or icebergs anywhere in the oceans of Fairyland.

Many species of seabirds wheel in the skies above the shore: gulls of many kinds, plus exotic species like puffins and albatrosses. There are also some birds native only to the Land of Faerie. The cries of these seabirds are less raucous than on Earth, often sounding almost musical.

The waters are full of fish and many marine mammals like whales, dolphins and seals. Among the most interesting species is the waverider, an intelligent whale that frequently plays in the bowwave of sailing ships crossing the oceans (see Monster Folio for more).

Faerie legends tell of great waterspouts that sometimes form in the centers of the largest oceans. These spouts sometimes pick up sailing ships, it's said, whirling them around and carrying them high into the air, then setting them down again undamaged. To the crews' amazement, sometimes the ocean they return to isn't the one they left, sometimes thousands of leagues across Fairyland, or even on another world or plane.





The Goblin Realm

Beneath the sylvan surface of the Land of Faerie is another, very different world. The land is riddled with complex networks of caverns, caves and tunnels. This sunless world, called by the faeries "the Deeps", is home to many tribes of goblins. These tribes, the most influential of which are called the Black Hand, the Cloven Skull and the Broken Spine, are autonomous and independent, almost constantly fighting among themselves for food and living space. Alliances among the tribes are shifting things, and only the most naïve goblin chieftain trusts his "allies". Even though treaties and allegiances are usually sworn to "in perpetuity", an alliance that has lasted more than a couple of weeks is one where no party has anything to gain by breaking the treaty.

The tunnels and caverns of the Deeps reach downward into the crust of Fairyland in many levels. The deepest occupied caverns are hundreds of feet below the surface. Goblin legends tell of even deeper caverns, but also claim these are filled with fell, goblin-eating monsters called Borabanes (see Monster Folio). Goblins are generally very frightful and superstitious, however, so the truth of these tales remains unknown.

The Deeps are generally cold and dank, with average temperatures of 45 degrees. Condensation constantly drips from the walls, the water flowing into many natural pools and subterranean lakes. The water has a harsh, mineral taste to it. Though the subterranean waters are not poisonous, the goblins are the only race who actually relish drinking it. The goblins practice simple agriculture, planting and harvesting various species of mushrooms, fungi and lichens. They supplement their diet by hunting the various subterranean creatures that share the Deeps with them: albino rats, sightless lizards (called "blindworms"), and other, less pleasant, fare. The Black Hand tribe is practicing rudimentary animal husbandry, running a "rat ranch" in a large cavern. So far, the other tribes have merely ridicule the Black Hands, taunting that the only truly "goblinly" way to obtain meat is to hunt it. When the others start to realize, however, how much better the Black Hands are eating, "rat rustling" or a "rat war" could break out.

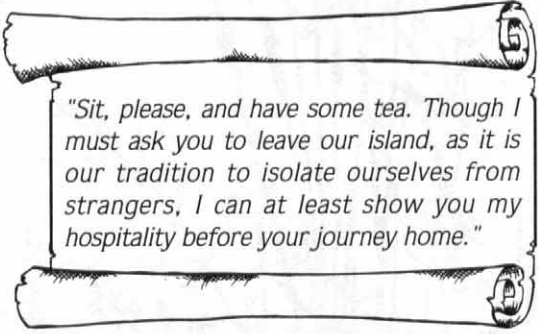
The goblins grow various bioluminescent fungi on the walls of their living caverns. These fungi produce a dim, blue-green light, about

equivalent to starlight.

There used to be many caves connecting the Deeps to the surface. Centuries ago, the faerie races magically closed most of these. Some still remain though, and the goblins sometimes dig new ones. The existing exit caves are always concealed from casual view.

The goblin tribes rarely raid the surface, although they'd like to. They've tried in the past, however, and been badly repelled by the magic-wielding faerie races. Sometimes they send small scouting parties to the surface to reconnoiter or hunt but they won't stage another major raid until there is some indication that they have a chance of defeating the faeries.

Four Oaks Cottage



"Sit, please, and have some tea. Though I must ask you to leave our island, as it is our tradition to isolate ourselves from strangers, I can at least show you my hospitality before your journey home."

This is a simple wooden cottage with a gabled roof. Its four corners are supported by the trunks of four large oaks, whose foliage shelters the cottage. Flower gardens, among which sprites live and play, are planted around the small building.

The cottage is home to a woman named Nivaene. Although she looks human, Nivaene is actually of the Faerie. Though she's lived in Four Oaks Cottage for several centuries, she looks as though she might be in her 40s or 50s. Nivaene is a kindly-looking woman, small and spry. She has an easy laugh, and is always smiling. Her shoulder length hair is black shot through with streaks of silver. She wears loose, flowing clothes of bright (sometimes clashing) colors. Nivaene has a strong antipathy to the evil ash trees, and will warn any visitors to beware of them. Some faeries believe that she once fell afoul of the evil trees.

Nivaene never leaves her cottage now. The sprites and other faerie folk bring her what she needs to survive. If she is ever threatened, 2-12 sprites will come from outside at her call,

to protect her.

She knows that the sea is nearby, as is the Palace, but she doesn't know how far away they are, or in which direction one should travel to reach them. She has no interest in, and little understanding of, maps or other guides. She keeps a crystal ball in her cottage, and will sometimes use it to help sincere visitors to Fairyland.

Nivaene

"Half-Faerie", Skill 0 (unclassified)

STR: 9, **INT:** 14, **INS:** 14

STA: 10, **DEX:** 13, **APL:** 16

HTK: 8, **AC:** 9 (magically augmented)

MV: 12", **AL:** C.Good

AT: 1, **DM:** by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 5'2", **WT:** 100 lbs

Magic Tolerance: 35%

Weapon Proficiencies: none

Weapons: none

Magic Items: crystal ball

Spells*: know alignment, detect lie, ESP, sleep (once per day, as Skill 10 wizard)

*: These spells are innate, a consequence of her Faerie heritage.

The Church of Darkness

"The visage before me was my own, but dressed in kingly raiments, and, for a moment, I felt as if I were ruler of all the world."

This is the name the faeries give to a long, low hut in a clearing near a broad and beautiful river. The building is about 75 feet long and about one-third as wide. Its shallowly-sloped roof is eight feet high at the center. There is a single door at one end, and no windows.

Inside, the building is a single, long room, with four central wooden pillars supporting the roof. The only furniture remaining is four fine wooden wardrobes. The doors of all four are

shut. One of these wardrobes contains a creature known as a "faerie shadow", which will attach itself to the first character to open the door. (See Monster Folio page for details.)

There is also a silvered glass mirror attached to the wall opposite the door. Once per day, the first individual to look into this mirror sees his own image, but changed in such a way as to reflect a "possible future". (The GM should determine this "possible future" in the same way he'd adjudicate an augury or divination spell. The image can be as symbolic or cryptic as the GM likes.) This ability works only once per day. Another character looking in the mirror will see nothing out of the ordinary.

Nobody in Fairyland knows why this building is called the Church of Darkness. There's little about it that resembles a church. An alternative name for it, used by some faeries, is the "House of the Ogre". Again, this makes little sense. There's no indication whatsoever that an ogre ever lived here, or anywhere in Fairyland. (The low ceiling makes this a much less than attractive home for such a large creature.) If asked, the faeries will explain that ancient tales claim the ogre left his home on some errand, and is expected to someday return.

The Palace

"[There] stood a stately palace glimmering ghostly in the moonshine: it seemed to be built throughout of the whitest marble. There was no reflection of moonlight from windows — there seemed to be none; so there was no cold glitter, only, as I said, a ghostly shimmer. Numberless shadows tempered the shine, from column and balcony and tower. For everywhere galleries ran along the face of the buildings..."

Phantastes

This beautiful, sprawling building is built of





purest white marble, subtly veined with gold ore (or perhaps iron pyrites, "fool's gold"). By day, it gleams in the sunlight; by night, it seems to shimmer subtly in the moonlight, although the moonlight doesn't reflect off its many glass windows. Its architecture is a conglomeration of many different styles. Gothic arches are next to delicate Moorish double-arches; square, blocky towers rise next to slender spires. The gates always stand open when non-faerie visitors approach, and no movement can be seen within.

Surprisingly, considering the size of most of the faerie races, the palace is built to human scale. The ceilings of many rooms are high even by human standards, 30 feet or more, which would make them seem unbelievably cavernous to faeries. There is little furniture; most of what there is also scaled for human-sized occupants.

The floorplan of the Palace is complex, with hundreds of rooms and almost as many stairways and corridors. It's incredibly easy to get lost within it. Attempts to map the rooms and corridors often fail, as if the layout changes from minute to minute. After a short time, even the most accurate map will become misleading.

The central courtyard is spacious, with many flowers and fruit trees. In the center is an elaborate fountain made entirely of a crystal-impregnated stone. The splashing of the water resembles the sound of distant, tiny bells.

There are several ballrooms and galleries within the Palace. The floors of these are inlaid with tiny chips of precious stones, creating complex mosaics that can only be appreciated when viewed from above. The walls are hung with huge, finely-worked tapestries, worth a king's ransom.

One of the most interesting rooms in the Palace is the great library. Here, all of the walls are lined with bookshelves, from the floor to the 40-foot ceiling. The upper shelves can only be reached via sliding ladders which are very narrow and treacherous for size M characters, and impossible to use for size L characters. The shelves contain thousands of books, of all kinds: histories and bestiaries from many worlds, interpretations of folk tales from a hundred cultures on two dozen planes, among many others. Perhaps a quarter are written in the common tongue; the others are written in dozens of other languages. Interspersed among the mundane books are several magical tomes. GMs should

select the books that interest them, or that are most appropriate for the party.

Near the central courtyard is the main throne room, a huge chamber with a high vaulted ceiling. The main entrance is through 15 foot high double doors. At the opposite end of the long room is the King's throne.

The throne room is something like a carnival hall of mirrors. The walls and ceiling are angled to throw off perspective. From the double doors, the throne, elaborately carved of white marble, appears to be at least 18 feet tall, and scaled for a giant. As an observer approaches the throne, however, it seems to shrink, or the observer seems to grow, it's difficult to tell which. When the observer finally reaches the throne, it turns out to be little more than a foot tall, and scaled for a figure about 18 inches tall. The optical illusion of great size is reinforced by magic. If the magical portion of the illusion is dispelled or successfully disbelieved, an observer still must roll less than or equal to his INT on 1D20 to realize that the perspective is false without approaching the throne.

The Palace is so extensive that it would take several days to explore the whole thing. Some explorers may want to find somewhere to sleep inside the palace. As soon as the players bring this up, the next doors they open lead to guest rooms which are identical to the adventurers' own rooms back home. (If they're itinerant sell-swords, then the rooms will resemble the guest rooms of the last inn they frequented.) At first glance, all the details will be right. However, there are no clothes in the closets, or items in drawers, etc. This familiar surrounding is an illusion. If the illusion is dispelled, the rooms appear very plain, but still clean and comfortable.

The Palace's Occupants

The Palace is the home of the King of Fairyland, currently a brownie named Springthorn. He and his court live and work within the Palace surrounded by magical splendor. Faeries from throughout the realm come to him, bringing him finely-wrought gifts in exchange for his wisdom and advice. Normally, the Palace is filled with hustle-bustle as faeries of many races go about their business. There are always sentries walking the battlements, and dozens of magic-capable observers using scrying spells and devices to watch the approaches to the Palace.

If "outsiders", that is, non-faeries, are seen approaching the Palace, the King is notified. Wherever he is in the Palace, he speaks a magical phrase and a powerful dweomer incorporated into the building (actually an enormous artifact) begins to operate. Every faerie individual within the Palace structure is instantly rendered totally invisible, inaudible and intangible to non-faerie senses (though they're still able to see, hear and touch each other). None of the techniques most adventurers use to detect invisible creatures will work, because of the power of the Palace-artifact. True sight spells will not work. A full wish can render the faeries visible again, but only if it is cast solely for that purpose. Wizards casting *detect magic* or *detect invisibility* will sense a strong aura of Illusion/Phantasm magic covering the entire area, but nothing more specific is revealed. The faerie inhabitants of the Palace can remain undetectable for a total of 20 hours, after which the effect ends and can't be re-activated for another 20 hours. The King can terminate the effect at will. Individuals can't attack or cast combat-type spells while undetectable. Any individual who does so immediately becomes visible, audible and tangible.

While undetectable, the faeries will watch the movements of the visitors and eavesdrop on their conversations, evaluating their outlook and apparent intentions. If items are stolen (such as from the library), an armed faerie garrison will

confront the intruders. If the King decides that the visitors are friendly he will terminate the magical concealment, and the faeries will greet the (startled) visitors.

Occasionally the occupants of the Palace have had to take hostile action

against would-be invaders. While the faerie try not to attack while undetectable (and thereby lose their invisibility), the powers of the Palace make it easy to set up a lethal ambush. (This happened to several goblin raiding parties centuries ago. The goblins still view the Palace as a place of deep and deadly magic.)

The Lake of Stars

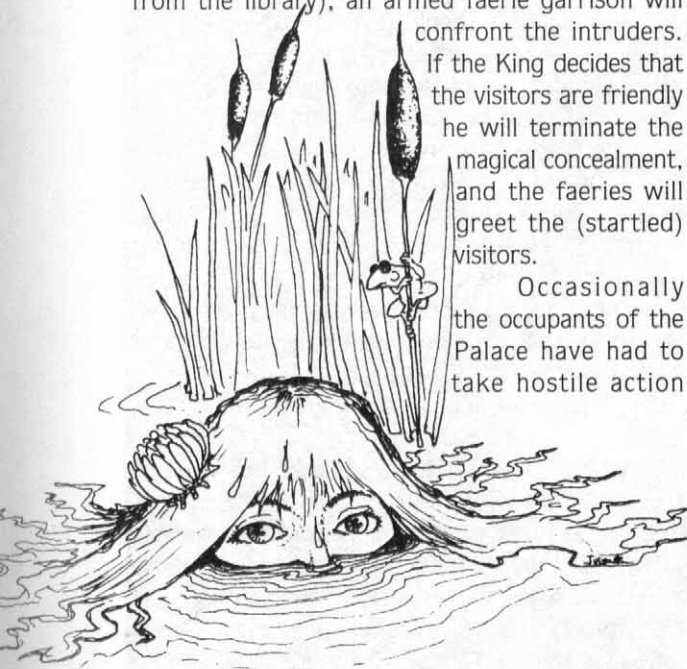
"Were I a man of unstable mental faculties I might have fallen into the pit of insanity. Here before me was a lake, beautiful and smooth as glass, which reflected perfectly the stars. Though when I looked above me, the stars I saw were not those in the pool before me, nor were they those of the land from which I came."

This is a small, clear pool located in the foothills of a mountain range not far from the palace. The rolling hills are covered with beautiful deciduous forests. In a natural glade lies the lake of Stars. No birds come within 100 feet of the glade. The PCs might notice the absence of birdsong (which is otherwise a universal feature of Fairyland) and realize it may have some significance.

The lake is roughly circular, some 10 yards across. By day, its water appears rich purple; at night, it's as black as ink. Day and night, however, stars can be seen reflecting in it, the stars that would be visible in the sky above. Regardless of where the moons may be in the night sky, they never reflect in the lake.

The faeries claim that the lake was formed millennia ago when a star fell to earth and melted here, that the "water" is actually star-stuff, and hence magical. Certainly, the water does have some magical properties, although its purported origin might be merely folklore.

To members of the faerie races, the water of this lake has the effects of the finest wine. When they drink it, they never get bellicose or morose.

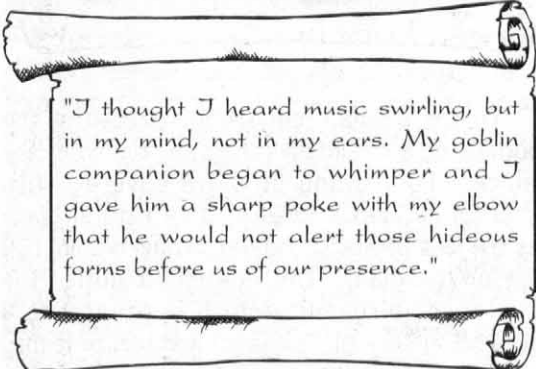




Instead, it seems to inspire them to heights of insight and creativity. Unfortunately, the effects are less predictable for non-faeries. Any PC who drinks of the water must make a saving throw vs. poison. If he fails the roll, he becomes happily drunk for 1-6 hours, and then suffers a crippling hangover for another 1-4 hours. If he makes the saving throw, roll 1D20 and compare it to his INT. If the roll exceeds the character's INT by three or more, he permanently gains a point of INT. This only happens the first time a character drinks from the lake. If he tries to drink again, he automatically becomes drunk then hung over. If a third drink is taken, he must save vs. breath weapon at -4 or permanently lose 1 point of INT.

Faerie legends say that the rightful King of Fairyland can use the Lake of Stars as his personal scrying device. Only the King knows if this is actually true, though he does visit the lake in private at least once every 100 days.

The Ruins



"I thought I heard music swirling, but in my mind, not in my ears. My goblin companion began to whimper and I gave him a sharp poke with my elbow that he would not alert those hideous forms before us of our presence."

Throughout the entire Land of Faerie, there are several mysterious sets of ruins that lead one to believe that there might be more to the history of Fairyland than is known. The largest is in the mountains near to the Palace.

The ruins are those of stone buildings, similar in design to ancient Greek architecture. Most of the columns have tumbled, and the few remaining walls are overgrown with plants. However, enough remains to convince observers that they weren't built by faeries, but probably by humans or humanoids. Nobody knows when the buildings were constructed, but they look to be thousands of years old. Even magical investigation, using stone tell and other dweomers, will be unsuccessful. All of the ruins

seem to be strongly "anti-magical". No divinatory spell cast on them will function, and other magics sometimes fail or misfire in the vicinity.

Some sages believe that the buildings weren't actually built in the Land of Faerie, but were somehow transported to the sylvan plane. Various goblin legends claim that, on nights when both moons are new, strange and hideous creatures gambol among the fallen stones. The faerie races claim these legends to be claptrap, yet no faeries are ever seen in the vicinity of the ruins on nights without a moon in the sky.

Inhabitants of Fairyland

Sentient Races

There are about a dozen sentient races in the Land of Faerie. They can be categorized into two major groups: the faerie races and the goblins.

The Faeries

"Faeries" is a convenient generic term, but it tends to encompass many very distinct races. The "Faerie" races include (but are not limited to) brownies, dryads, leprechauns, nixies (in the oceans and lakes), nymphs, pixies, satyrs, sprites and sylphs. GMs should feel free to include any other similar sylvan species from any bestiary or other source. All of the inhabitants of Fairyland should be Neutral or Good in Alignment.

The faerie denizens of the forests generally live in naturally-occurring shelters: natural bowers, copses, exposed tree-roots, and hollow trunks. Few have any interest in building anything like houses.

The different races generally keep more-or-less to themselves, though this is because of racial bonds rather than antipathy. Individuals of different races are often friends, and visits between races is the common.

As mentioned earlier, it's been centuries since the goblins made any serious raids on the surface. The faerie races have long memories, however, and their distrust of the goblins has faded little with time. The faeries have an ongoing policy of closing and sealing caves leading to the Deeps whenever they find them. There are so many such





exit caves, however, and the goblins are digging so many new ones all the time, that this is an ongoing battle.

Few of the faerie races have any desire for innovation or change, preferring to live in the "eternal now" rather than looking to either the past or the future. All of the faerie races are quite anarchic, living individualistic lives, and seeing no attraction in a government which would organize all the races.

With this background, it surprises many visitors that Fairyland has a King. On closer inspection of the institution of the faerie monarchy, however, it begins to make more sense.

The first monarch of Fairyland took the throne several thousand years ago. It seems that the faerie races decided a King would be a good idea, not because they needed a ruler, but for symbolic reasons. The first King was a sprite of great knowledge and wisdom, who held the throne for several centuries. He never really ruled, however, as no monarch since has truly ruled. His position was largely that of a figurehead. His decrees were obeyed more from mutual courtesy than actual power. He could and

did advise the races from time to time concerning important issues, interaction with other planes, the ongoing goblin threat, etc., but following them or ignoring them was left up to each individual within the realm.

Both then and now, the King of Fairyland is considered to be among the wisest, if not the wisest faerie of the land. Thus, when he makes a suggestion, everyone considers it, and most obey it.

Fairyland doesn't have a hereditary monarchy. When the current monarch

dies or steps down, the realm as a whole selects the next monarch. This selection procedure isn't as formal or as organized as an election. It takes the form of informal discussion, carried out over several days, eventually leading to a realm-wide consensus. This consensus process seems to be uniquely faerie in nature, and incomprehensible to all other races. Nevertheless, it's undeniable that it works in Fairyland. Never has the nation been "hung" with indecision, and never has someone taken the throne who wasn't wise, and perfectly suited to the role of monarch.

Springthorn, King of the Faeries

The current King of Fairyland, Springthorn, has held the throne for more than a century, and probably won't step down for another two. He is reputed to be a master augurer, and pilgrimages to the Palace (when a star falls) are larger than ever in recorded history.

Springthorn is a typical brownie: 1 foot tall, with sharp features, wearing simple clothes of forest hues. As do all his race, he saves against magic as a Skill 9 priest. His mien is a little more serious than his brethren, but he still has a strong sense of humor. Springthorn is very adept at scrying and wise in the ways of the stars.

Springthorn

Brownie

STR: 3, **INT:** 14, **INS:** 16

STA: 11, **DEX:** 18, **APL:** 16

HTK: 4, **AC:** 3

MV: 12", **AL:** L. Good

AT: 1, **DM:** 1D3

THACO: 20

HT: 18", **WT:** 13 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: shortsword

Weapons: shortsword +1

Magic Items: Crown of the Kingdom*

Spells: protection from evil, ventriloquism, dancing lights, continual light mirror image, confusion, dimension door (once per day)

*: The Crown of the Kingdom is a magical coronet that will automatically size itself to fit any faerie creature. The wearer enjoys the benefits of a permanent foresight spell (as if cast by a Skill 20 wizard), and once per hour can use clairaudience and clairvoyance as though cast at Skill 20.



The Goblins

As discussed above, the goblins live in dozens of independent tribes, which are locked in ongoing rivalries. The goblins prefer to live underground, having evolved for subterranean living. However, they lust to conquer the sunlit lands, "because it is rightfully theirs", not from any desire to actually live their. They hate the faeries, but they also fear them. The goblins' racial memory is long, and many stories lament their defeat at the hands of the "flower-suckers" from above.

At the time of the last major offensive against the faeries, the squabbling tribes of goblins had been somewhat unified by a single strong war-leader, Gralnakh. Unfortunately, Gralnakh was slain in the attempted invasion, and his dreams of a single goblin nation died with him. Without his unifying influence, the tribes returned to their old ways of intertribal warfare.

Currently there are three major tribes in the Deeps: the Black Hand, the Cloven Skull and the Broken Spine. Of these, the Black Hand is the most influential, although not numerically the largest. The war-priest and chieftain of the Black Hand is Thraekh, an unusually intelligent and aggressive goblin. He sees himself as "the new Gralnakh", and dreams of the day when he can lead a unified goblin nation against the flower-suckers. However, unless something unexpected happens to change the minds of the goblin race, it will take him years, perhaps decades, to forge even the most fragile nation out of the warring tribes.

Faerie Animals

Apart from the faerie and goblin races, there are many fascinating species in the Land of Faerie.

The woods and oceans are full of animals, both familiar and unfamiliar. All of these are more intelligent than their counterparts on most other planes. The most unintelligent animals and birds have Low INT (5-7), while some have Average INT (8-10). All can understand faerie and (demi)human languages, and some can speak the same tongues. All of the animals and birds in Fairyland are Neutral with Good tendencies.

In addition to "normal" animals, Fairyland is home to more exotic species, such as pegasi, unicorns and similar "mythic" creatures. Six species unique to Fairyland are described in detail in the Monster Folio.

Special Rules and Considerations

Controlling Animals

The extraordinarily intelligent animals living in the forests of Fairyland are unusually resistant to magical control. These creatures receive a +4 bonus to all saving throws against spells like charm person or mammal and animal friendship (in both cases, friendship and trust are best earned rather than enforced magically).

Further, spells like animal summoning may receive a bonus or penalty to their chance of success, depending on the intelligent animals' reaction to the call. If the call is from someone the animals know, like and trust, the spell should receive a significant bonus to its chance of success. This would also be true if the purpose of the call is known to the animals, and would meet with their approval. Conversely, there should be a penalty if





the call is from someone the animals dislike, or for a purpose they wouldn't agree with. The adjudication of this is left up to the GM.

Time

According to many folk tales, time runs at a different speed in the Land of Faerie than it does in the "real" world. When visitors to Fairyland return to their home world, they may find that virtually no time has passed, regardless of the length of their stay in the Fairyland. Alternatively, they may find that decades or even centuries have passed. GMs can use this mutable time flow as a plot device, making a trip to the Land of Faerie and effective "time machine". Or they may choose not to use it, allowing a couple of the PCs to complete their adventure in Fairyland without throwing them "out of synch" with the remainder of the party when they return.

Few if any folk tales tell of Faerie time flowing backward, but there's no reason why this couldn't happen. The PCs could return from Fairyland before they left it, possibly centuries before, making the sylvan realm a way of handling time-travel adventures. (The complexities of causality, paradoxes, meeting oneself, etc. are left up to individual GMs...)



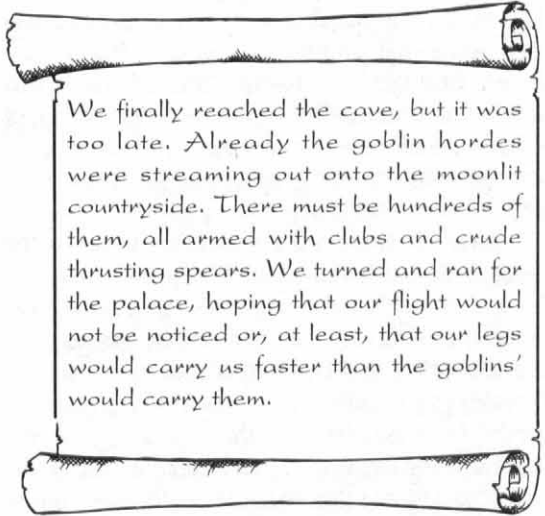
... and Back Again

Any of the methods used to get to Fairyland should be usable for getting home again. Passing through the same part of Fairyland that was connected to a sylvan area of the PCs home plane should get them back again. Also many faeries have the ability to pass between the dimensions and, since they're often responsible for whisking characters away to Fairyland, can certainly take them back again.

Adventure in the Land of Faerie

Here are ideas for possible adventures that could be used to draw the PCs to the Land of Faerie, or that they might become involved in after getting there on their own.

Danger from the Deeps



We finally reached the cave, but it was too late. Already the goblin hordes were streaming out onto the moonlit countryside. There must be hundreds of them, all armed with clubs and crude thrusting spears. We turned and ran for the palace, hoping that our flight would not be noticed or, at least, that our legs would carry us faster than the goblins' would carry them.

Something has happened to change the balance of power between the faeries and the goblins. Perhaps Thraekh, chieftain of the Black Hand goblin tribe, has assassinated the other chieftains and united the goblin tribes. Or perhaps he has recruited a band of orcs or other humanoids from another plane. With this powerful force the sunlit lands could now be theirs. Fairyland could now be in serious danger.



Starfall

We had just arrived in Fairyland and expected to encounter little more danger than the taunts and playful harassments of the Sylvan races. Imagine our shock when a mob of satyrs carrying spears round a bluff just ahead of us and shouted "Those must be the outsiders the King foresaw! Kill them quickly!"

A star has fallen in Fairyland and King Springthorn has predicted that someone will come from outside Fairyland with plans to destroy the entire realm. Enter the PCs, unknowing and innocent of the prophesy the King has foretold. The besieged party must convince the misguided faerie races that they are not a threat. But if the King's prophesies are by and large correct, what evil will soon set upon the faerie land?

Faerie Knowledge

All the information had finally been pieced together. The hastily scratched notations at the bottom of the scroll hinted that the information we needed was in a tome penned by an author named Towbedon. Various scribes and scholars knew only that Towbedon was reputed to be associated with the Fairies or perhaps was Faerie himself. Now this ornery, green-clad, little man we had pinned to the ground was telling us that not only was Towbedon indeed of the Faerie, but the tome we sought was in the library of the Faerie King in the Land of Faerie.

The library of the Faerie palace is vast.

Certainly there are many books which exist only there. Some information in these books could be needed by a PC or an employer of the PCs. This need alone, if it is benign, could be enough to attract some do-gooding faerie who would take the group to Fairyland. Or, the PCs could have to find their own way to the sylvan realm, involving much research and exploration of secluded, sylvan setting.

The Dancing Creatures

We could see the ruins in the distance, silhouetted against the fading twilight. They were vast and apparently not of faerie origin. The last glimmers of twilight dissipated, but their illumination of the stone structure was replaced by another glow, faint and undulating as if it were alive. As we crept closer we could hear sounds, as if several people, their tongues just removed, were singing some raucous song. As we peered over the toppled columns, into what appeared to have once been a courtyard, we could make out several shapes dancing about a pale white fire. They must have detected us because they all stopped dancing and turned towards us. That's when we saw that they weren't human, but something twisted and malign.

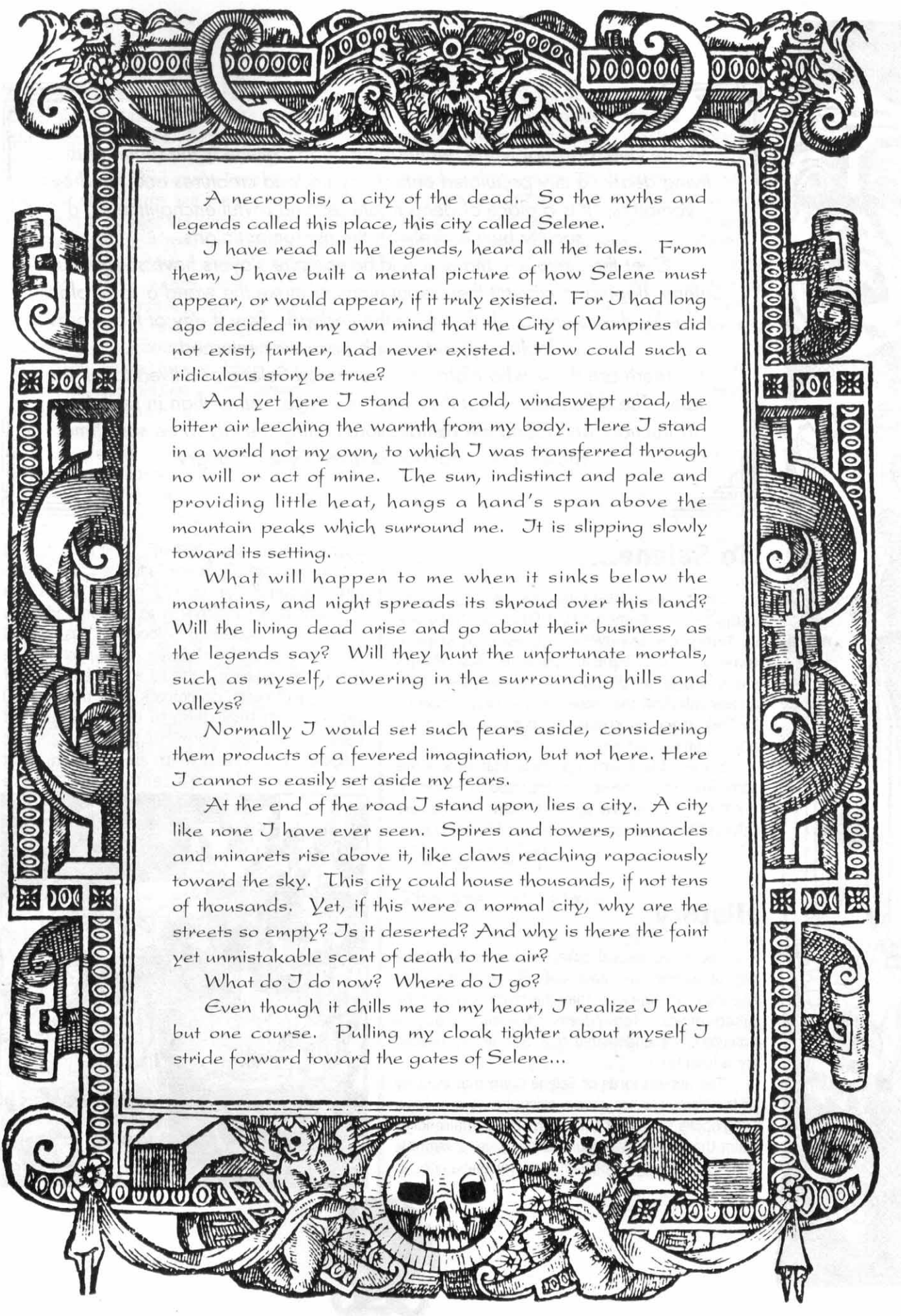
Goblin tales speak of misshapen creatures gamboling about in the ancient ruins scattered about Fairyland. What if these creatures were locked in another dimension and the only way out was the successful performance of a dark ritual? What if that ritual were eventually successful? Hundreds of sinister beasts would spring forth into Fairyland with unknown intentions. The PCs could already be in Fairyland or be brought here for the sole purpose of eliminating this threat. Or the party could inadvertently facilitate the creatures' escape and have to remedy the situation as quickly as possible.



S E L E N E

*City
of
Vampires*





A necropolis, a city of the dead. So the myths and legends called this place, this city called Selene.

I have read all the legends, heard all the tales. From them, I have built a mental picture of how Selene must appear, or would appear, if it truly existed. For I had long ago decided in my own mind that the City of Vampires did not exist, further, had never existed. How could such a ridiculous story be true?

And yet here I stand on a cold, windswept road, the bitter air leeching the warmth from my body. Here I stand in a world not my own, to which I was transferred through no will or act of mine. The sun, indistinct and pale and providing little heat, hangs a hand's span above the mountain peaks which surround me. It is slipping slowly toward its setting.

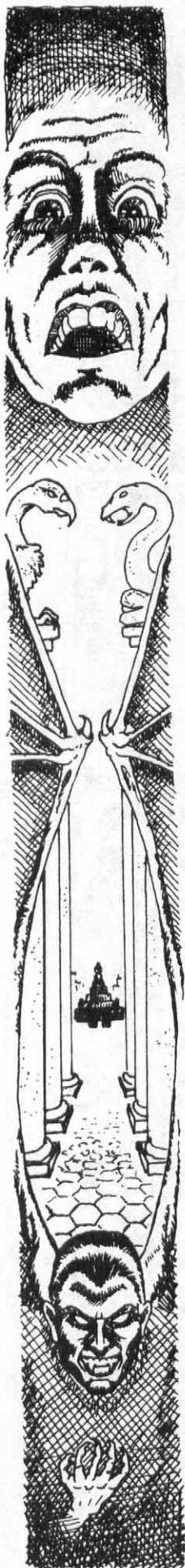
What will happen to me when it sinks below the mountains, and night spreads its shroud over this land? Will the living dead arise and go about their business, as the legends say? Will they hunt the unfortunate mortals, such as myself, cowering in the surrounding hills and valleys?

Normally I would set such fears aside, considering them products of a fevered imagination, but not here. Here I cannot so easily set aside my fears.

At the end of the road I stand upon, lies a city. A city like none I have ever seen. Spires and towers, pinnacles and minarets rise above it, like claws reaching rapaciously toward the sky. This city could house thousands, if not tens of thousands. Yet, if this were a normal city, why are the streets so empty? Is it deserted? And why is there the faint yet unmistakable scent of death to the air?

What do I do now? Where do I go?

Even though it chills me to my heart, I realize I have but one course. Pulling my cloak tighter about myself I stride forward toward the gates of Selene...



While Hell is arguably the realm of the dead, Selene is the realm of the living dead: a city populated entirely by undead creatures and ruled by vampires. It is a place of deep mysteries and awful enchantments, a society built entirely on the necromantic arts.

Over the centuries, many would-be vampire slayers have sought out Selene, hoping to cement their reputations or make the world a safer place to live by destroying a whole city of the undead. Few if any of these brave (or foolhardy) individuals have ever returned.

There are those who claim to have visited Selene and lived to tell the tale. The difference is that they went in peace, rather than in search of destruction, and found the vampire-lords ruling the city to be sometimes reasonable... so long as they weren't hungry.

To Selene...

Selene's isolation makes getting to the vampire city somewhat difficult. There are certainly ways, however. Quests to acquire something from Selene are always possible. Parties exploring some disused mountain pass could accidentally find themselves in the city, perplexed by their strange surroundings but unaware of the population's condition.

Some ancient writings imply that people are sometimes spontaneously transported to Selene. It is not currently known by what method this occurs (giving GMs great leeway in getting PCs to Selene).

History

There are several different "histories" of the city of Selene, and each with its advocates. At this date, it's unlikely that the truth will ever be discovered. Regardless of which story is accepted, it's undeniable that Selene has existed for a long time.

The undead lords of Selene claim that the City of the Vampires has always existed as it is now: a "necropolis", a city of the dead. The vampire-lords claim that Selene was founded by Canie, a vampiric deity or patron god of vampires, millennia ago, as

a haven for Canie's "children". The deity created the first vampires in Selene, and the city is said to have become the source of all vampirism throughout the multiverse as the undead lords spread their bloodline (or "bloodtrust", as they call it) to other locales and planes. In support of this belief, the vampires point to an ancient tome of bound parchments, dating back more than 10,000 years, which they claim to be the "Annals of Canie", the "holy book" of Selene's vampiric religion. The Annals, which are kept with great reverence in the city's central palace, were



purportedly penned by the first vampire created by Canie, who transcribed the god's description of how he founded Selene. Some sages claim to have seen copies of the Annals, and agree that the narrative is what the vampire-lords claim it to be, and that the age of the magically-preserved parchment is at least ten millennia. (This doesn't necessarily mean it is truly the recorded words of Canie, of course.) While interesting as a historical document, there's no firm evidence proving it is the transcribed words of Canie. (It's interesting to note that magical means of substantiating or debunking its authenticity, powerful divination spells, for example, have all failed. Some sages wonder whether this means some powerful entity, perhaps Canie himself, is preventing these spells from working.)

More practical historians propose that the city of Selene was founded by a group of vampires more than 10,000 years ago, but that there was no deific intervention involved. If this is true, it proves that vampires have much the same sociology as humans, in that they too, fabricate gods to add importance to their histories.

The third possible history is that a human town or city, existed on the site of Selene before the first vampires arrived in the area. Then, several thousand years ago, one or more vampires moved to the area, infiltrating themselves into the settlement, and secretly began spreading their fatal "bloodtrust" throughout the town. As the vampires proliferated, all the mortal inhabitants either fell prey to the undead lords, or fled. Eventually Selene became the city of vampires it is today. The weakness of this theory is that it doesn't fully explain how the Annals of Canie came into existence. Though the parchments could have been written much later than is claimed, magical attempts to date the tome still show it to be over ten millennia old. (Perhaps this is the second city to be called Selene.)

Whatever the case, Selene has been a vampire city for thousands of years. Many historians have wondered how this could be. No matter how powerful they may be individually, vampires all have the same weakness: they must hide from the light of the sun in some kind of haven. While solitary vampires can hide their havens, the vampire-lords of Selene don't have that choice, since the entire city is their haven. Why, then haven't hordes of townsfolk from nearby settlements descended on Selene during the day,

and burned it to the ground?

There are several possible answers. The first, and probably most important, is Selene's location. The city of vampires is nestled in the middle of a rugged mountain range. The surrounding terrain is very difficult to travel and the few passes very forbidding. Also there are no settlements larger than a few farms large, for many miles around.

The next two reasons relate to the psychology of the surrounding humans. Who would really believe, or more appropriately, *let themselves believe*, that the city over the mountains is occupied by vampires? After all, vampires are myths, aren't they? Also, if the people admit to themselves that there are vampires living in Selene, aren't they obligated to do something about it, even if it costs them their lives.

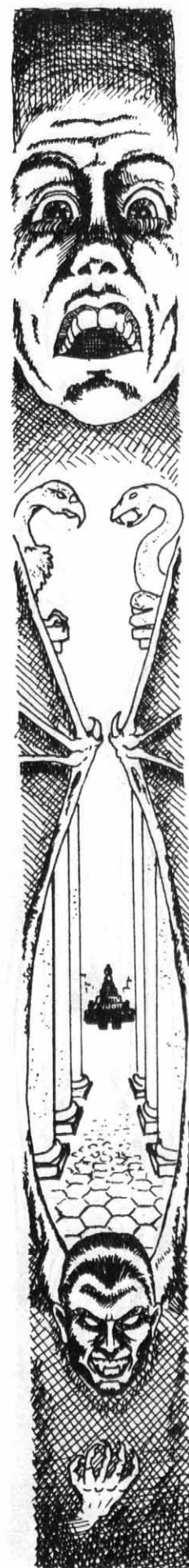
This ties in with the another psychological reason: fear. The easiest way to avoid the terror is to deny its source. If you don't believe in the city of vampires, you don't have to be afraid of it.

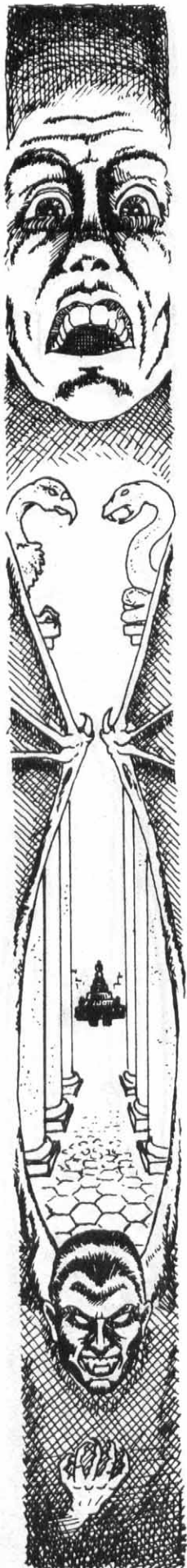
According to those who know of Selene, the city's culture and society seems to be frozen in time, virtually unchanged over the last several millennia. (Not unreasonable, considering the immense "life"-spans of its inhabitants.) Because the city is almost totally isolated, and thus never threatened by enemies, there are no external stimuli for change. The inhabitants approve of the status quo, so there's no internal stimuli either. Although theoretically stagnant and moribund, there's no hint that the society of Selene will collapse in the near future.

Geography

The Area of Selene

The city of Selene is situated in a saddle between two huge, jagged, mountain peaks which pierce the sky like two huge canine teeth. The topography is rough and rugged, with many mountains and harsh valleys. Surprisingly, there's no snow or ice on any of the peaks surrounding the city, and there are no lakes or rivers nearby. The only water in the area is in the form of subterranean lakes and streams which never come to the surface. The inhabitants of the city of vampires don't need much water, though the kobolds and other small humanoids living in the





surrounding mountains do. Animal life is very limited, and there is absolutely no vegetation on the surface, although there are some subterranean species.

The most unusual feature of Selene's climate is that the laws of nature don't seem to work normally in Selene. In the sky, there is no sun, or other direct source of light. During the day (which lasts exactly 12 hours) the entire sky glows with a deathly, sourceless light. This pale light, with a slight blue tint, illuminates the area with a brightness similar to bright moonlight. At "dusk" this light fades rapidly (in about 15 minutes) but doesn't vanish

entirely. During the 12 hours of night, the sky glows with a grey light equivalent to dim starlight. There are no stars or moons visible. At "dawn", the process reverses. Selene's daytime illumination affects vampires in exactly the same way as normal sunlight.

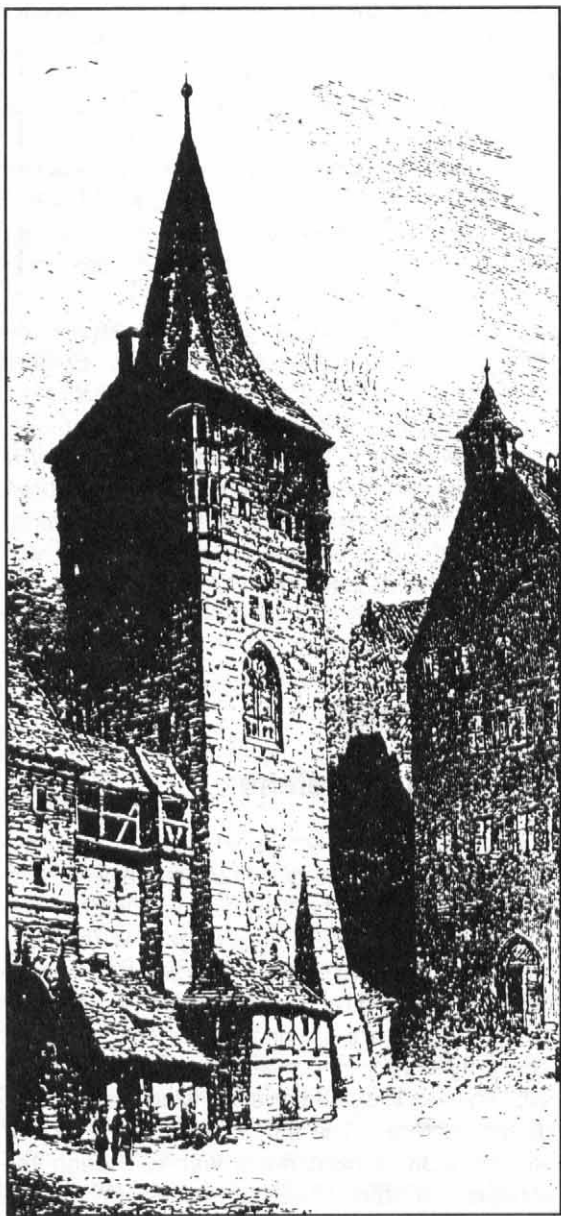
There is no weather on the plane. It never rains or snows, and there are never any clouds, just a uniform greyness. The air is always perfectly still, with no wind. The temperature fluctuates from a daytime high of 50 degrees to a nighttime low of 35 degrees. There are no seasons, and so no fluctuations in the lengths of day and night. There is no magnetic indication of north, so compasses won't work.

During the day, the city of vampires is perfectly still and appears deserted. There are no birdsongs or other natural sounds to disturb the stillness. At night, the only sounds are those made by the vampire inhabitants themselves. (For example, a great crystal bell in the palace tolls 23 times just before "dawn" and immediately after "dusk".) In the mountains, kobolds and other humanoids are active during the day, but are very careful not to draw attention to themselves. (Their myths and legends tell that some of Selene's inhabitants aren't hindered by daylight.) Even though they are repelled by the light, they realize this is the safest time for them to go abroad to search for food. As soon as the sky begins to darken, they disappear below ground, barricading themselves into their caves and caverns, ready to protect themselves from marauding vampires hunting for food.

Time seems to pass differently in Selene than elsewhere. This difference seems to be by a factor of between 10:1 and 100:1. Thus, adventurers spending 100 days in Selene might find that between one and ten days had passed outside the realm's influence.

Location in the Campaign World:

GMs should locate Selene in a rugged, near impassable mountain range of their campaign world. The surrounding area should be lightly inhabited though not uninhabited, and the mountains should be lightly populated by humanoid races, particularly kobolds.



The City of Vampires

Selene is a huge, sprawling city, several miles across. The total population is unknown, but is thought to be over 5,000 vampires and perhaps twice that number of other, lesser undead. The city is laid out in an orderly manner, based around a central square, dominated by the palace. From this square radiate four broad thoroughfares, and countless smaller ones. The four major thoroughfares divide the great city into districts, each of which is made up of countless buildings. These range in style from simple, square structures with only one floor, to ornate mausoleums, to highly elaborate, multi-story buildings that might elsewhere be called villas. These buildings are set close to each other, generally with only narrow streets or alleys separating them. There are no gardens or enclosed grounds, since no plants grow in Selene.

Selene isn't a walled city. It sprawls out beyond the ends of the four major thoroughfares, with the organization becoming more haphazard as one moves outward. Since Selene was designed for vampires, there aren't any sanitary facilities, such as ways of supplying water or getting rid of waste.

The Central Square

"If I did not know where I was, I would think that the scene below would appear normal, the scattering of houses and villas. The sunless sky was darkening though, and I knew soon the streets would be alive (if such a word could be used) with evil activity."

A great piazza paved with flagstones of what look like red-veined white marble, the Central Square is the center of the city. The buildings facing onto the square are the largest and most elaborate, the homes of the most influential vampire-lords (apart from the Necromancer-King himself, who resides in the palace). Around the periphery of the square are 24 finely-sculpted statues of purest white alabaster. Standing on

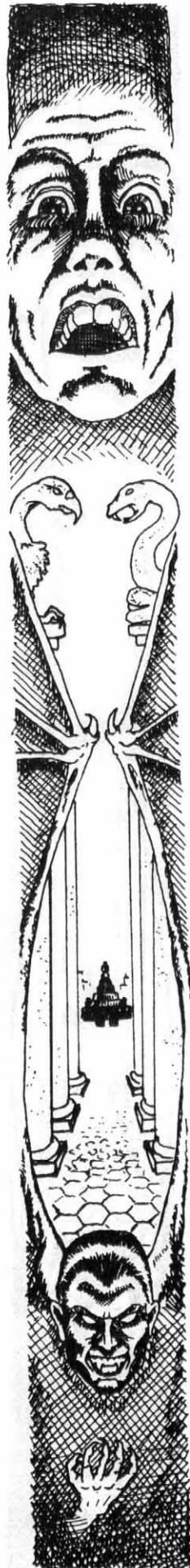
pedestals about six feet high are life-sized representations of beautiful young women. So fine is the workmanship that they look as though they could come to life. All 24 of the young women are looking at the same point, the tip of the palace's central spire, and have an expression of fearful awe on their faces.

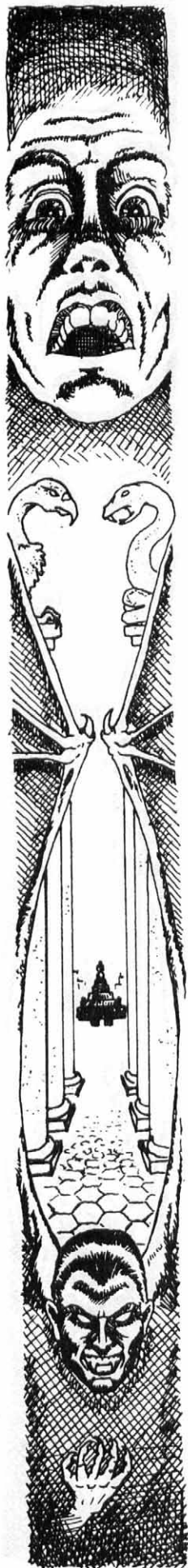
The Palace

"Like one entranced, I turned to follow the fearful gaze of the women, frozen forever in stone. They pointed to the highest spire of the palace, the home of the dread vampire lord. There, I could imagine, was perhaps one of the most horrible places one could be. My heart sank when I recalled myself and realized that, if I were to ever be safe in my homeland again, that was where I must go."

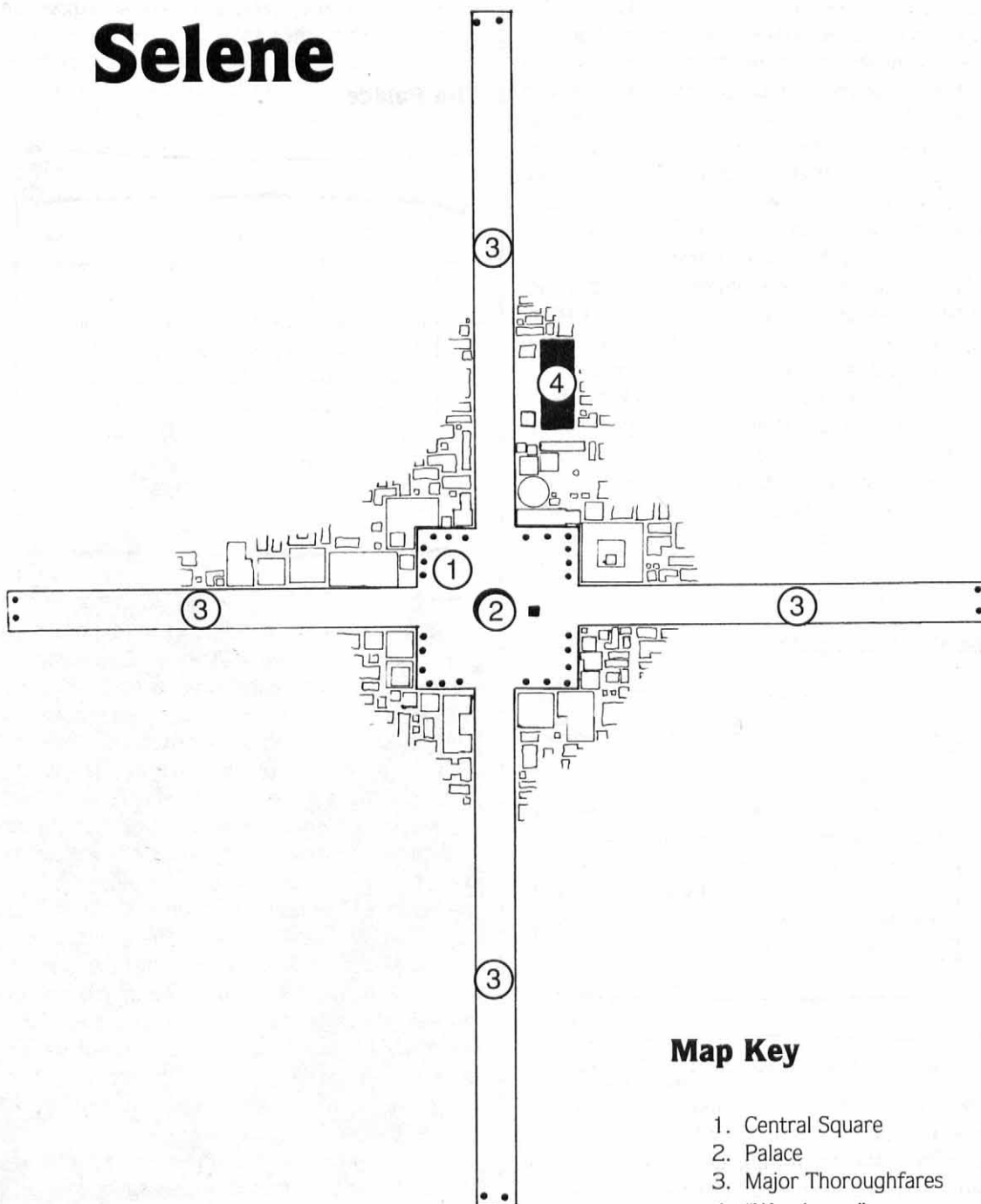
The palace is a huge circular building constructed out of pale green-blue stone known as "green water". The stone, which is translucent like amber, is cut into cubical blocks with perfectly smooth sides, splinted together with slender wedges of purest black marble. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of columns of all sizes and shapes, with many towers, pinnacles, minarets and spires. In cross-section, the overall structure resembles a stepped pyramid, like those found in the Yucatan. The central portion of the building is more than 200 feet tall, with the primary spire soaring another 100 or so feet into the cold air. There are many portals and gateways, most closed by heavy doors of red-veined black marble. These doors are all closed and latched, but not locked, during the daytime. At night they're unlatched, and prove to be so well-balanced that they'll swing open at the gentlest touch.

In front of one of the largest portals is a huge statue. Some ten times life-size, depicting a fierce lion clawing at the heart of a terrified young girl. This image, the lion and the girl, is the sigill of the Necromancer-King, and of the entire city of vampires. It appears in stylized form many times





Selene



Map Key

1. Central Square
2. Palace
3. Major Thoroughfares
4. "Warehouse"



throughout the palace and elsewhere in Selene.

The floorplan of the palace is very complex. There are hundreds of chambers, ranging from tiny rooms to huge theaters and reception rooms, and literally miles of corridors. Most of the inner walls are also made of "green water", except in the innermost regions of the palace, where red-veined black marble dominates. The scale of everything from corridors to doors, is one-and-a-half times normal human scale (for aesthetic reasons, not because the inhabitants are larger than humans. Visitors won't necessarily know this, however). There is little in the way of furniture. What there is is constructed of beautifully carved marble, and is normal human scale.

At the center of the palace, on one of the upper levels, is the throne room. This is a huge chamber with double-vaulted ceilings and many pillars carved from smokey quartz. The floor is paved with stone over which has been laid sheets of gold, beaten thin. The Necromancer-King's throne is carved from greenish obsidian, a baroque masterpiece that seems to exude an aura of terrible and cruel beauty. The throne is set on a large dais of black marble, and is approached up 23 shallow stairs. On either side of the throne are statues depicting the lion-and-girl image in stylized form.

At the absolute top of the palace is the haven of the Necromancer-King himself, constructed entirely of thick black marble and protected by heavy brass double doors that are always locked. Throughout the palace are other, smaller and less elaborate havens, devoted to the Necromancer-King's advisors, courtiers, assistants and servants, a total of 50 or more vampires. There are also many treasure rooms, libraries and museums.

By night, the palace is creeping with activity as the vampires go about the business of governing Selene. In addition to the courtiers and others who dwell within the palace, there are vampires from elsewhere in the city, usually the more powerful and influential, visiting the center of government on business. The vampires move so quietly that the place seems incongruously silent for such a level of activity. By day, in contrast, it is quiet and empty. The only "people" moving about the halls are the trained ghouls that Selene uses as cleaners and servants. Though, since the palace is huge and there aren't many ghouls, it's possible to avoid meeting even one of the creatures.

In the central spire, above the Necromancer-King's haven, is a belfry in which

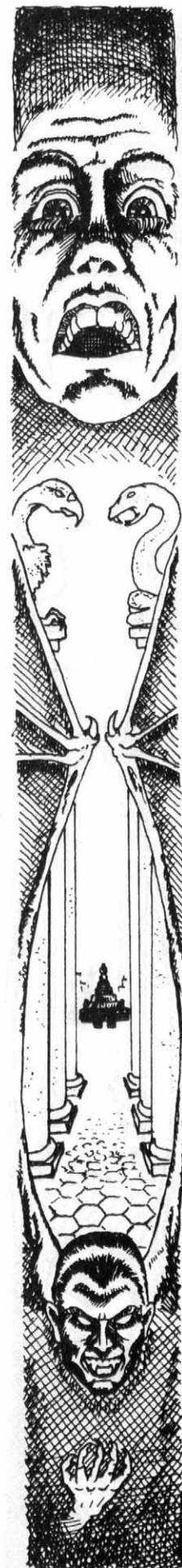
hangs a huge crystal bell. This is rung by a long silk rope that runs down into the heart of the palace. By tradition, the bell is rung 23 times in the morning as soon as the sky has reached its full brightness, and again in the evening as soon as the sky first begins to darken. The tolling of the bell is so pure as to be almost painful, and those who have heard it describe it as a sad, disheartening sound. Although someone standing in the belfry wouldn't find the sound painfully loud, it carries easily throughout the whole of the city, diminishing little in volume. It can't be heard at all more than a dozen yards outside the city, which implies that the bell must be enchanted in some way. It's said that the bell is also rung if there is significant danger to the city, and that all the vampires and other undead in Selene will answer its call, thronging to the central square to receive the orders of their king.

The Major Thoroughfares

"The statue seemed to scintillate and move upon its pedestal, as if the spirit of the creature had juxtaposed itself upon its stone image. Most of us drew our swords, fearing an attack. I caught myself reaching out to touch the stone surface which undulated just inches from my fingers and then withdrew my hand, dreading some terrible repercussion."

At the outer end of each of these wide streets there are several statues like the statues of the young women in the central square. The statues here depict animals: serpents, falcons, spiders, vultures, leeches, and other assorted creatures. The statues are larger than life-size. Regardless of the creature depicted, the statues stand about six feet tall. While the pedestals on which they rest are alabaster, the statues themselves are carved from some fine-grained grey stone.

According to the tales of various visitors, as soon as the sky begins to darken with the oncoming night, the statues stir as though the



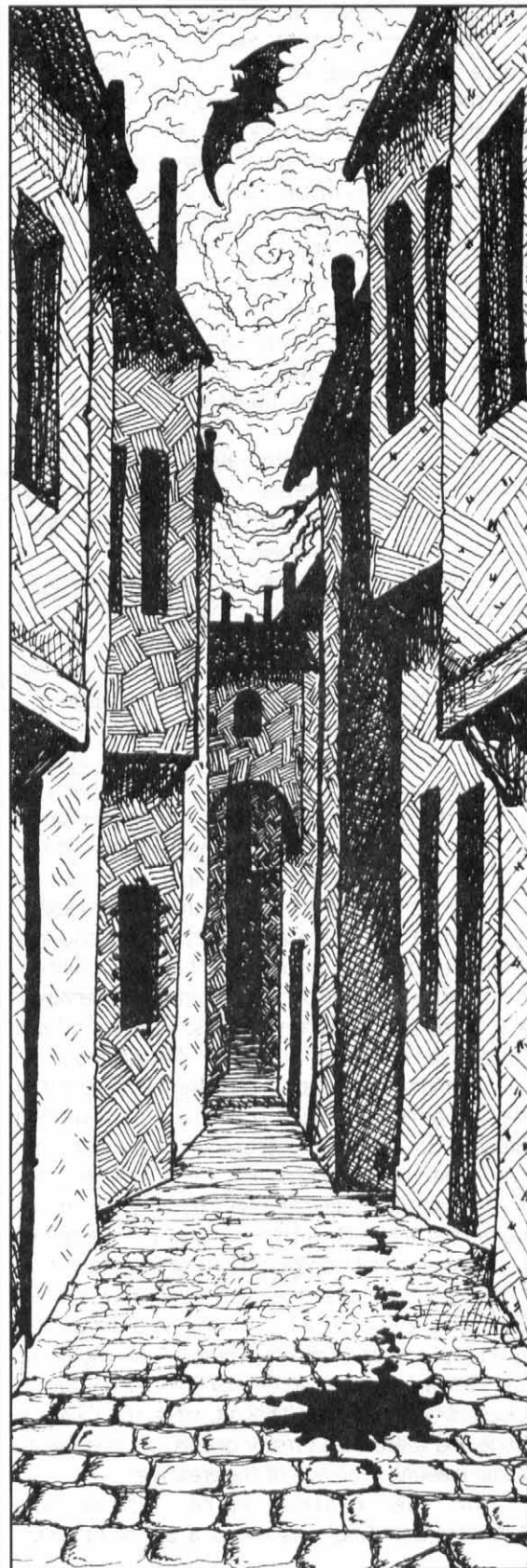
creatures were alive. Although this effect is highly disturbing to those who view it, there are no reports of the statues doing any more than shifting their positions slightly. (For example, they do not come down off their pedestals into the streets.) This movement stops as soon as the sky becomes night-dark. Apparently, at no time do the statues truly become flesh, and thus vulnerable to attack. No-one has ever tried to slay the beasts while they move, or shatter the stone at any other time. There may be dire consequences of such action, but no one knows for sure.

The "Warehouse"

"The stench of bodies packed close for many weeks permeated the air around the building. As we ducked close behind a crate to avoid detection by the passing ghouls, we heard a wail so horrible I thought it must have come from one tormented in the pits of Hell."

There is a large, warehouse-like building near the central square, just off one of the major thoroughfares. This long, low building has only one door, which remains shut and locked at all times, and no windows whatsoever. Those few who have actually seen this building claim to have heard muffled crying and wailing from within it, as well as screams of despair, frustration and rage. The language of the cries isn't the common tongue, or any demihuman language, but some humanoid dialect (kobold). The "warehouse" is a "holding area" for captured kobolds and other humanoids, a place where the vampires store "food" for eventual use. The lock on the single door is very complex, giving thieves a -10% chance on trying to pick it. (The keys are held by the Necromancer-King and the more influential vampires.)

Groups of vampires or trained ghouls regularly visit the warehouse to collect "foodstuffs" and take them elsewhere for consumption. No adventurers have ever seen this happen, so little is known of how the "livestock" is kept from escaping in time.



Inhabitants of Selene

There is only one race of sentient creatures dwelling within Selene: the vampires. These, however, are divided into two "castes": the vampire-lords and the "lesser vampires". This division seems to be based more on sociological criteria than on age or power.

All of the vampires share similar racial characteristics. They're relatively short, standing well under six feet tall, but broad and fairly muscular. Their complexion is olive, and their hair and eyes are dark, almost black. They do not speak common, but some ancient tongue. Few, those inducted into vampirism outside Selene, speak the common tongue.

The vampires vary widely in apparent age, from young children to the elderly. All have the same sense of inhuman wisdom and total self-possession. (If the GM decides that vampires become more powerful with age, then the vampire-lords of Selene all fall into the upper categories of potency, and the lesser vampires into the middle.) All vampires in Selene have the usual powers, abilities and weaknesses associated with vampires.

The Vampire-Lords

These are the scions of Selene, the caste responsible for ruling the city of vampires. All were at one time human, apparently individuals who were of high social standing while alive. They retain the same snobbish, arrogant attitudes they held while alive. They consider themselves far above their "common" kindred, the lesser vampires, and believe that they should enjoy the best of everything that Selene has to offer.

Most of the vampire-lords live alone, each with its own house within which it keeps its haven. The typical vampire-lord has a retinue of a dozen or so enslaved ghouls, and one or two lesser vampires as servitors. These servitors don't dwell within the vampire-lords' homes, but have their havens elsewhere in the city.

Many of the vampire-lords are necromancers of varying power. Nobody knows whether these individuals were magically active while alive, or discovered the Art after their deaths.

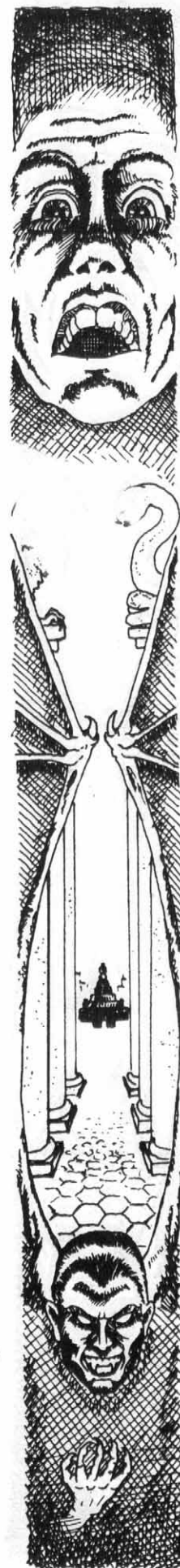
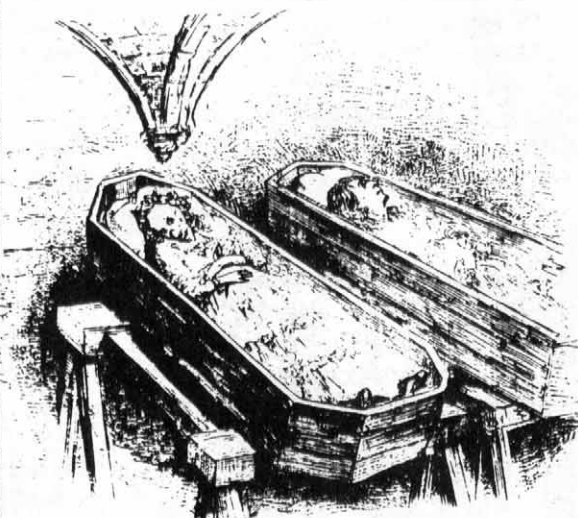
The vampire-lords are thought to feed on the kobolds and other humanoids kept in the Selene's

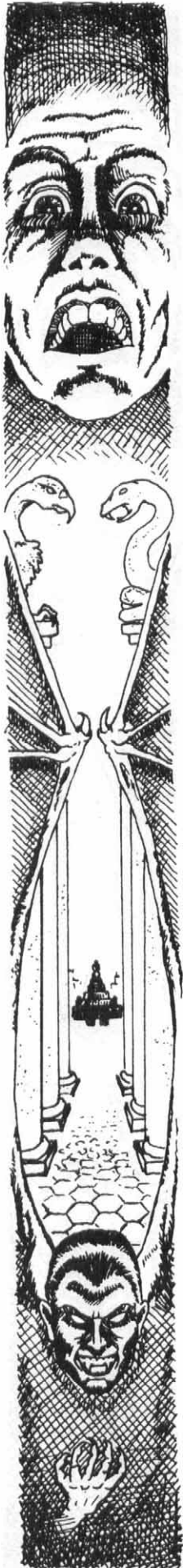
warehouse described earlier. Their "food" is brought to them by their servitors. These scions of Selene are well-fed, never wanting for fresh blood. Thus, they are rarely driven to precipitous action by hunger. Predictably, they consider themselves the lords of all they survey, and consider the living to be, at best, potential vampires who didn't "make the grade" or, at worst, cattle to be fed upon.

Because they're not motivated by their bloodlust as other vampires are, the vampire-lords of Selene are less likely to attack mortal visitors on sight. As long as the visitors treat them with the respect they think they deserve they will often be coldly and aloofly polite to them. (Woe betide anyone who wastes these creatures' time, however...) The lords are often whimsical and arbitrary in their decision-making, since they consider very little to be more important than their personal wishes. If adventurers were to request some boon from them, in a suitably obsequious manner, the vampire-lords are as likely to grant the request as fall upon the requesters and drink them dry.

The Necromancer-King

The current ruler of Selene is one Valav Reval. One of the oldest vampires anywhere, he has sat on the throne of Selene longer than anyone can remember. He feeds every day, whether he needs to or not, and so is even less driven by his appetites than the other vampire-lords. He is cruel but lawful, and always keeps his word. However, since he believes the best





way to keep his word is not to give it, he rarely does. A few visitors to the city of vampires report having an audience with the Necromancer-King, during which he was a polite, if aloof, host. Valav seems to have no territorial ambitions beyond the boundaries of Selene's plane. This could change at any time, of course.

Valav has been a vampire for several thousand years. Although vampires can't be said to truly age, they do sometimes become world-weary, and eventually weaken and die. This hasn't happened to Valav yet, but he is starting to feel the chill wind of eternity blowing through his soul. He knows that within the next few centuries, he'll no longer be suited to rule Selene. At that time, he'll step down from the throne, to be replaced by a hand-picked successor. He has several candidates in mind, but hasn't mentioned their names to anyone. He enjoys watching the sly and subtle posturing among the vampire-lords as they try to weasel their way into his favor. He knows that if he were destroyed without picking a successor, the city of vampires could possibly be torn apart in the ensuing "succession wars".

Valav Reval, Necromancer-King of Selene

Vampire, Skill 20 necromancer (wizard)

STR: 20, **INT:** 18, **INS:** 14

STA: 19, **DEX:** 19, **APL:** 18

HTK: 75, **AC:** 1

MV: 12"/18", **AL:** L. Evil

AT: 1, **DM:** 5-10

THACO: 6

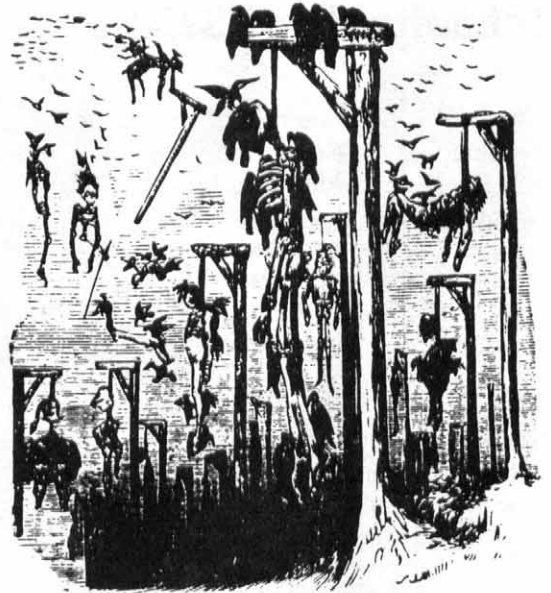
HT: 5'9", **WT:** 175 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff

Weapons: typically none

Magic Items: a huge arsenal (GM's option)

Spells: Skill 1: cantrip, chill touch (x2), color spray, comprehend languages, wizard mark; Skill 2: spectral hand, ESP, fog cloud, pyrotechnics, shatter, wizard lock; Skill 3: hold undead (x2), blink, dispel magic, non-detection, wind wall; Skill 4: contagion, enervation, minor globe of invulnerability, polymorph other, solid fog, stoneskin; Skill 5: animate dead, magic jar, summon shadow, distance distortion, telekinesis, teleport; Skill 6: death spell (x2), reincarnation, disintegrate, chain lightning; Skill 7: control undead, finger of death, phase door, spell turning; Skill 8: binding, incendiary cloud, polymorph any



object; Skill 9: prismatic sphere, time stop; charm, summon creatures, shape change (to bat), assume gaseous form — all at will

The Lesser Vampires

In physical appearance, these individuals are virtually indistinguishable from their senior brethren, having the same features and coloration. What difference there is shows in their clothes and their demeanor. Though they wear good quality garb, the styling is less elaborate. Though they still consider themselves infinitely superior to any mortal, they know that they are sociologically inferior to the vampire-lords. (The lesser vampires



of Selene are, in fact, ordinary vampires.)

Most lesser vampires share accommodation. In the lower-class quarters of the city, those regions furthest from the palace, the lesser vampires live two, or more to a house. Some of the more influential lesser vampires (not a contradiction) live alone in their own homes. These buildings are always much less elaborate than those of the vampire-lords, however.

The duties of the lesser vampires in Selene involve hunting for kobolds and other creatures to feed the vampire-lords, and help keep the warehouse stocked. Only when the vampire-lords have been fed are the lesser vampires free to feed themselves. Thus, the lower-class vampires are much more likely to be hungry at any given time, and more likely to see mortal visitors as convenient food.

Lesser vampires organize hunting parties, travelling in bat form, accompanied by rats and wolves, into the caves leading to the kobold settlements. Using magic and their great strength, the vampires break into what kobold lairs they can find, and carry off as many of the humanoids as they can. Though the kobolds set up elaborate warning systems and defences, few of them are effective against the undead creatures. If these hunting parties don't acquire enough kobolds to feed themselves as well as their masters, they sometimes summon wolves or bats to feed on. The vampires consider this an act of last resort though.

Because 10,000 vampires would quickly use up all the victims in the surrounding area, most of the lesser vampires don't kill their prey. They drain as much blood as they need to survive, then let the victim, weakened but alive, return to its home. The more enterprising of the lesser vampires keep their own private "stock" of kobolds and other creatures in the cellars and crawlspaces of their homes. They feed a little from each every day, gaining the energy they need, while doing the minimum possible harm to each victim. Unless the vampire gets overzealous, a single kobold can last months, perhaps years, before it dies of systemic weakness and the long-term torture it has endured. Officially, these "stocks" are illegal for lesser vampires. Those who

keep them, do so in great secrecy. In truth, however, the vampire-lords know about most of them, and simply turn a blind eye.

About half of the lesser vampires are necromancers of low Skill. Given time and inclination, they could certainly rise to the magical levels of the vampire-lords. Their own sense of inferiority tends to hold them back, however.

Typical Lesser Vampire

Vampire, Skill 3 necromancer (wizard)

STR: 18(76), **INT:** 15, **INS:** 13

STA: 18, **DEX:** 18, **APL:** 13

HTK: 44, **AC:** 1

MV: 12"/18", **AL:** L. Evil

AT: 1, **DM:** 5-10

THACO: 7

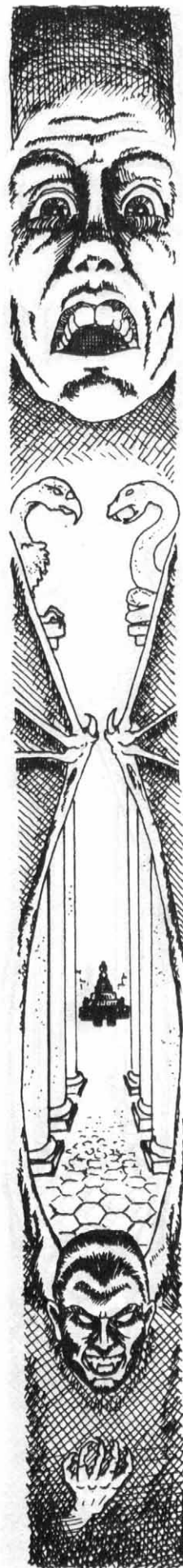
HT: 5'8", **WT:** 170 lbs

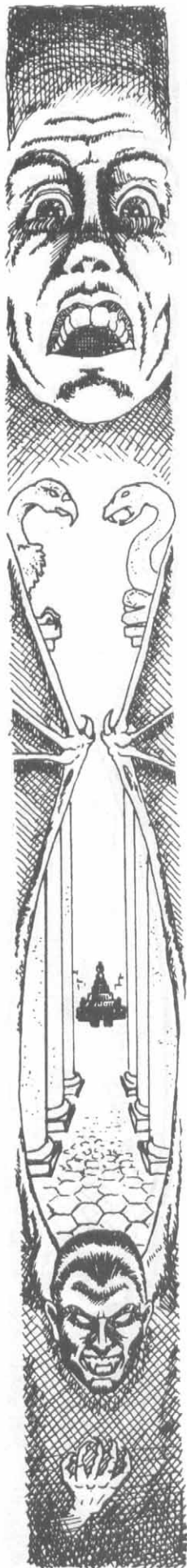
Weapon Proficiencies: staff

Weapons: typically none

Magic Items: typically none

Spells: Skill 1: cantrip, chill touch; Skill 2: spectral hand; charm, summon creatures, shape change (to bat), assume gaseous form — all at will





The Kobolds

The other sentient inhabitants of the area of Selene live outside the City, within the surrounding mountains. These are the kobolds.

Nobody knows how many kobolds there are on the plane. There are probably over 50,000 of them, split among several dozen cave complexes. This mass is divided into several groups called "survival bands", each numbering as many as 10,000 individuals. Each survival band has a chieftain and 4-8 (d4+4) "battle-priests". These battle-priests rarely hold the position of chieftain, but instead provide some measure of spell support against the encroaching vampires. The division of the population into separate and independent bands is a defense mechanism of sorts. Each band is separate and frequently does not know where any other band is. These bands are much bigger than the tribes into which kobolds normally congregate, and the level of cooperation within each band is highly unusual. Though there is little cooperation between bands, there's no rivalry or warfare either. These deviations from kobold tradition stem from the recognition that the real enemies dwell in Selene. From time to time the leaders of the survival bands discuss the possibility of merging the groups into one large kobold nation. Thus far, they have not been able to attain this goal. They argue that there is little to be gained by such a merger fearing that, even in large numbers, there's still not much they can do against the vampires.

While trying to avoid becoming food for the vampires, the kobolds of Selene must also find food for themselves. Much of their sustenance comes from subterranean plants they cultivate and harvest in their cavern complexes: mushrooms, fungi, etc. They also hunt small animals such as rats that live in the mountains surrounding the city of vampires. (They have to be careful to kill rats before returning home however, since they could be under the control of the vampires.) The caverns are also home to a variety of non-poisonous lizards and snakes, most of which have no eyes and function entirely by sound and smell. (These will have statistics similar to those of normal rats.)

The kobolds have been living under the threat of vampire predation for many generations, and have evolved a society that reflects this constant, looming danger. The entrances to their cavern complexes are as well concealed as possible. Their

caves are elaborately guarded and trapped with deadfalls, pits, cunning mechanical devices, etc. Usually these don't stop the vampires, but they sometimes slow them down long enough for kobold sentries to warn the rest of the band. There are thousands of concealed bolt-holes and passages for escape. The kobolds are ready to fight or escape at any moment. They know that they don't have a chance of destroying a vampire, but with armed resistance and their traps, they might be able to buy time for many to escape deeper into the cave complex.

The Selene kobolds are hard-bitten fighters, fatalistic about their own personal survival, but dedicated to the survival of the others. They're used to dealing with an enemy that they can't defeat directly, and living by stealth and quick relocation.

While the kobolds and their traps do little to harm attacking vampires, they can chew up any other enemy unfortunate enough to wander into their realm. PCs used to considering kobolds as totally harmless are in for a nasty surprise. The Selene kobolds are cunning and ruthless. If the PCs are foolish enough to try to invade the kobolds' lairs, or if the kobolds think the PCs are invading, the adventurers could find themselves getting cut apart by traps and small strike-teams of kobolds.

The kobolds are used to thinking that anything that isn't a kobold is an enemy. Certainly this is true with humans and demihumans. The small humanoids will automatically assume that any human or demihuman they see is a vampire. Should the PCs decide to befriend the kobolds, they'll find themselves faced with an untrusting, almost paranoid people.

Although the majority of the bands are composed of kobolds, there are individuals of many other humanoid races living alongside the kobolds. Hundreds of orcs, dozens of hobgoblins and a handful of gnolls, all stronger species, have submitted themselves to the authority of the kobold chieftains, hoping to survive.

Readers will note that some statistics listed for these kobolds are much higher than those of normal kobolds. This is because the vampires have acted as a form of "natural selection". Unintelligent, weak and otherwise "unworthy" kobolds are killed, eventually breeding these traits out of the gene pool. They also have evolved from evil to neutral in alignment, having little time to spread the cause of darkness.



Typical Kobold

Kobold

STR: 10, **INT:** 11, **INS:** 13

STA: 16, **DEX:** 10, **APL:** 10 (to other kobolds; 6 to other races)

HTK: 4, **AC:** 6

MV: 8", **AL:** L. Neutral

AT: 1, **DM:** 1D6 or by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 3'0", **WT:** 90 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, javelin, spear

Weapons: typically short sword and javelin, or short sword and spear

Magic Items: none

Spells: none

Typical Kobold Battle-Priest

Kobold, Skill 3 priest

STR: 10, **INT:** 12, **INS:** 15

STA: 16, **DEX:** 10, **APL:** 12 (to other kobolds; 6 to other races)

HTK: 4, **AC:** 6

MV: 8", **AL:** L. Neutral

AT: 1, **DM:** 1D4 or by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 3'0", **WT:** 90 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: club, sling

Weapons: club and sling

Magic Items: none

Spells: Skill 1: magical stone, shillelagh;

Skill 2: spiritual hammer

Typical Kobold Band Chieftain

Kobold

STR: 11, **INT:** 13, **INS:** 14

STA: 16, **DEX:** 10, **APL:** 15 (to other kobolds; 6 to other races)

HTK: 5, **AC:** 6

MV: 8", **AL:** L. Neutral

AT: 1, **DM:** 1D6 or by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 3'0", **WT:** 90 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, javelin, spear, axe

Weapons: typically axe

Magic Items: none

Spells: none

... and Back Again

Getting out of Selene should be a simple matter unless the vampires do not wish the PCs to leave. Magical transportation will work normally from Selene, and there are a few paths out of the city. Alternately the kobolds could have some other passage that lead from the area of Selene out of the mountains.

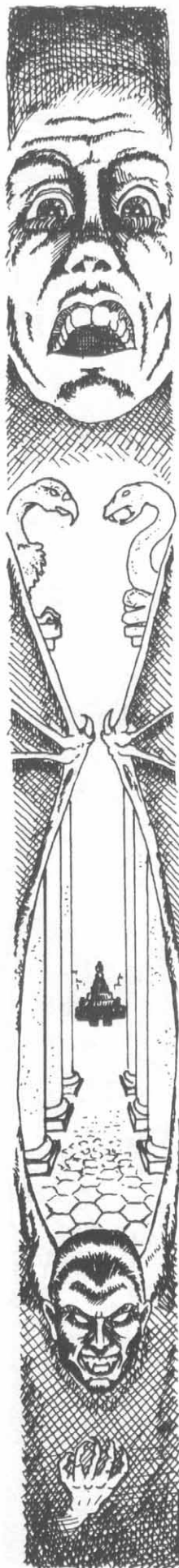
Adventures in Selene

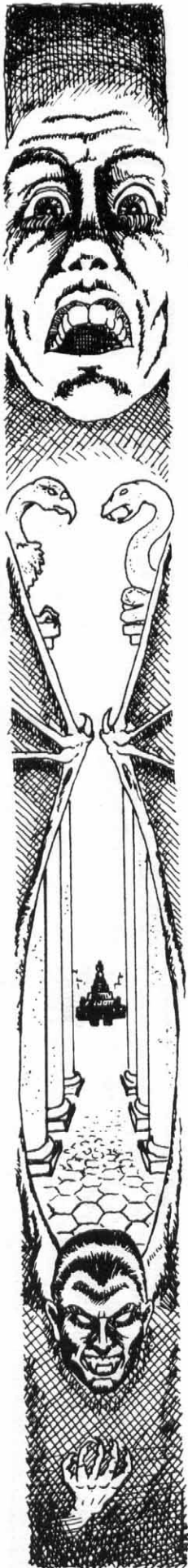
Here are some possible adventures that might draw the PCs to Selene, or that they might become involved in after getting to the vampire city on their own.

A Noble Goal

With sweat streaming from our faces, we bolted through another door. We could hear the goulsh creatures behind us as we threw the door shut. There must be a dozen or more of them now, the undead caretakers of Selene by day. When we broke into the room which we had assumed housed the artifact we sought, we found it to be just a normal treasure room, and that it was guarded by ghouls. Now it seems they never tire of pursuit and it appears, judging by the dimming Selene sky, that their dread masters will soon be taking up the chase.

It has come to the attention of the party, or to someone who will soon be the party's employer, that a powerful magical item is hidden deep within the palace of Selene. Some say it is a sword, enchanted with the power of the sun, which can destroy undead creatures with the





slightest touch. Others claim it is an artifact which is the source of all vampirism. The destruction of such an item would assure that the fiends would walk the world no more.

The PCs must travel to Selene, gain access to the palace, and find the item, hopefully escaping with their lives.

Those Who are not our Friends are our Enemies

We had discovered the trap just in time. As Molo pulled the activating pin from the tunnel floor, a trapdoor swung open before us revealing a shallow pit with dozens of sharpened wooden spikes pointing up from the bottom. We would have to go back the way we had come and find another passage. When we turned, Molo was struck in the leg by a stone, and Jenice in the chest. Something cracked beneath her robe. In the distance, concealed by the stones of the passage, was a group of kobolds with slings and daggers, preparing for another volley.

The PCs, unaware of the existence of Selene, have been exploring a labyrinth of cavernous passages beneath a distant mountain range. Eventually they transgress into the caves in which the Kobolds of Selene live. The kobolds must assume that anyone who isn't kobold is a vampire. The party will face imminent capture and death if they cannot escape (perhaps running headlong into the city). Or if they are captured, they must convince the kobolds of their innocence. If the kobolds believe, and if the group appears sufficiently powerful, they may free the party on the condition they steal into Selene and kill the vampire king.

Midnight Raids

The waiting was getting on our nerves. On almost every night for the past month, something has made its way into the city and taken one of its citizens. Their muffled cries could sometimes be heard echoing in the darkness. Now we walk the streets, along with many others, hoping to put a stop to these raids (and collect the posted reward for doing so).

Vampires from Selene have begun raiding larger villages outside the boundaries of their protective mountains, and stealing people for internment in the food warehouse. A reward has been offered to anyone who can stop the kidnappings. The PCs, either with honor or greed (or both) in mind, trek into the mountains to find the villains and end the raids. Perhaps the vampire king or a rival lord is initiating these raids. The group could find themselves embroiled in the strange politics of the vampire city.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Listed here are a number of literary sources from which the realms presented in these books have been taken.

Atlantis

Atlantis was first mentioned by the philosopher Plato in two works, *Critias* and *Timaeus*, both written in the 4th Century BCE. The legends of the sunken land were developed in *L'Atlantide* by Pierre Benoit (Paris, 1919), *The Maracot Deep* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (London, 1929), and numerous more recent writings, films and TV and radio shows.

Avalon

Avalon is mentioned in many books, including (but not limited to) the anonymous *La Mort le Roi Artu*, written in the 13th Century, *Le Morte D'arthur* by Sir Thomas Mallory (London, 1485), *The Idylls of the King* by Alfred Lord Tennyson (London, 1842-85) and *The Mists of Avalon* by Marion Zimmer Bradley (New York, 1982).

Faerie

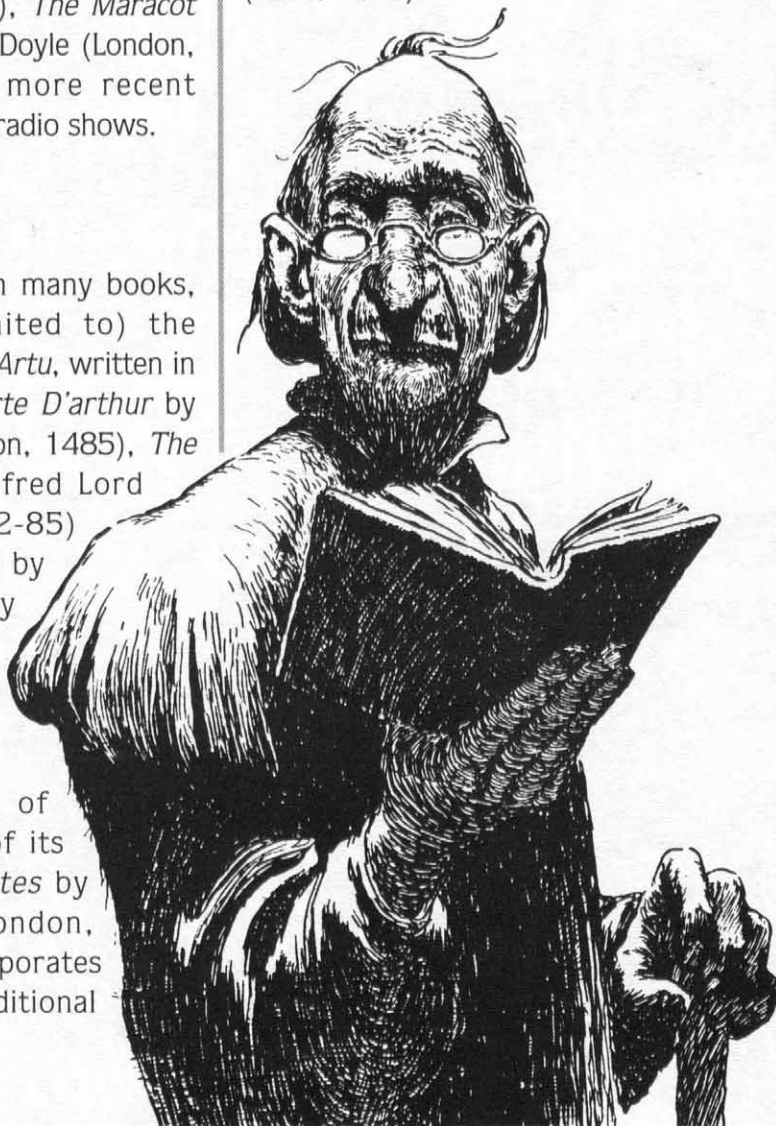
This description of Fairyland draws much of its influence from *Phantastes* by George Macdonald (London, 1858), although it incorporates concepts from many traditional folk and fairy tales.

Hell

Hell, in a variety of forms, is discussed by most religious traditions around the world. The "version" of Hell discussed here is largely based on Dante Alighieri's *Inferno*, although elements have been taken from many other sources as well.

Selene

A chronicle of a visit to Selene can be found in *La Ville vampire* by Paul Ferval (Paris, 1875).



Nigel Findley's

Realms of Fantasy

To Hell and Back

Monster Folio Sheets

Standard terms & abbreviations:

Abilities (or attributes, characteristics, or statistics) are derived from 3D6. The lowest score for a human is 3, and the highest score is an 18/00 (see standard rule book for more information).

Ability Checks against a Character's abilities work much like saving throws.

For example, when a character makes an ability check against his STR, the player rolls 1D20. If the resulting number is equal to or lower than the statistic, the save is successful.

Armor Class (AC) works on a scale in which a lower number is better. A Character with no armor is AC: 10 (unless otherwise stated within a Character's race statistics). A shield improves AC by 1 to make AC: 9; chain mail is AC: 5; and plate mail and shield is AC: 2. (See the standard rule book for details.)

"D" is used as an abbreviation for "die" or "dice." 1D20 means one 20-sided die; 3D6 means three 6-sided die; etc..

HTK (Hits To Kill) is the number of points of damage that a Character or monster may sustain before being killed.

HTK Dice is the number of dice rolled to determine how many HTK the creature has. The type of die used depends on the class of character.

Monsters always use 8-sided HTK dice to determine how many HTK they have.

Magic Resistance indicates whether or not a given creature is resistant to magic effects. If a percent is listed, this is the percent chance of a spell's failure on a given creature. This chance is based on a spell being cast by a Skill 11 spell caster, and must be adjusted upwards by 5% for each level below 11, and downwards for each level above 11.

Movement (MV) is the speed of a Character or monster on a constant basis. The creature moves the stated distance in tens of yards if outdoors, and tens of feet if indoors or underground.

If only one number is given, the creature can only move on land. Other terrains could be listed such as air, water, underground, web, etc.

Priest, unless otherwise stated, refers to clerics and druids.

Saving Throws (save vs.): are listed for each character class in the standard rule book. To make a successful saving throw, a Player must roll the saving throw value or higher on 1D20. A successful saving throw often reduces or negates certain types of damage.

Size indicates whether a creature is (S) smaller than man-sized (4' or smaller), (M) man-sized (4'-7'), or (L) larger than man-sized (7' or larger).

Skill refers to the level of the character or spell.

Spell Abilities: Many deities and monsters use certain spells and/or the magical abilities of specified character classes. See the standard rule book for descriptions of

spells not described herein, and/or for more information on the magic-using character classes mentioned.

THACO (To Hit Armor Class 0). When you know a Character's or monster's THACO, you will know the number required to score a successful hit on 1D20 (or multiply that number by 5 to get the percentage chance of success). A target's Armor Class is subtracted from the attacker's THACO to obtain the target number required on the 1D20.

For example, if a Character's THACO is 16 and his target is wearing chain mail with no shield (AC: 5), the Character needs to roll 11 or less on 1D20 ($16-5=11$) or roll 55% or less on a D% ($11 \times 5\% = 55\%$).

Treasure Type indicates the kind of treasure the creature has on its person or in its lair (see standard rule-books for details).

Value assumes that the value of one gold piece is about \$20 in current U.S. dollars.

Wizards, unless otherwise stated, refers to magic-users and illusionists.

ABBREVIATIONS

AC		Armor Class
AL		Alignment
APL		Appeal
ATT		Attack
C. Evil or CE		Chaotic Evil
C. Good or CG		Chaotic Good
C. Neutral or CN		Chaotic Neutral
cp		copper piece(s)
DEF		Defense
DEX		Dexterity
DM		Damage
ep		electrum piece(s)
GM		Game Master
gp or GP		gold piece(s)
HTK		Hits To Kill
INS		Insight
INT		Intellect
L. Evil or LE		Lawful Evil
L. Good or LG		Lawful Good
L. Neutral or LN		Lawful Neutral
M		Man-size
MV		Movement
N		Neutral
N. Evil or NE		Neutral Evil
N. Good or NG		Neutral Good
NPCs		Non-Player Character(s)
PCs		Player Character(s)
pp		platinum piece(s)
S		Smaller than man-size
sp		silver piece(s)
STA		Stamina
STR		Strength
SZ		Size
THACO		To Hit Armor Class 0
XP		Experience Points

Barkers

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Common
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-3
% IN LAIR:	25%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	1D3
THAC0:	20
ARMOR CLASS:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	3" land/15" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (1' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	N
XP AWARD:	7

Combat

Barkers, though menacing looking, are totally non-aggressive. The only time they might harm someone is if they are cornered and assaulted.

Notes

Barkers resemble crows with glaring eyes and a growling, barking call. Appearances can be deceiving, however, as barkers are completely harmless. They use their needle-sharp beaks to pick away tree bark so they can feed on the softer, sap-bearing tissue within.

Role Playing

Barkers seem to have an innate curiosity, which leads them to watch people from overhead branches. Because of their "evil" appearance, this curiosity is usually misinterpreted as malevolent intent.



Darters

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-8
% IN LAIR:	10%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	1-4 points
THAC0:	19
ARMOR CLASS:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (slash or bite)
DAMAGE:	1-3 (slash), 1 (bite)
SPECIAL ATT.:	paralysis
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	2" land/16" air/ 10" Water
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (1' wingspan)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	65

Combat

Darters have many piercing, teeth, but their primary means of attack is an elongated hind toe, or spur, which drags behind them when they fly or swim. This spur is tipped with a rough, dagger-like claw which they rake their prey with as they fly or swim close by them. The claw exudes a paralyzing toxin which must be saved against or the victim becomes paralyzed in 2 rounds.

Darters typically fly past their prey, usually springing from the cover of cliffs or from underwater, and slash their prey. They then circle the prey until it falls and they can land and feed on the immobile creature.

Notes

Darters are amphibious bats, having spiny, fin-like wings and fish tails. Their bodies are covered with a heavy, water repellent fur like that of otters. The sonar sensing organs of the darter (similar to the acute ears of the bat) are housed in two boney, hairless ridges above the creature's fishy eyes.

Darters commonly nest outside the water, on secluded cliffs or ridges, and have become adapted to living under the upper eaves of tall buildings. They spend a considerable amount of time though, in the water where they hunt small fish and spring out to catch low flying birds or large insects.

Role Playing

Darters usually avoid larger creatures than themselves unless they are hunting in a larger group of 6-8 creatures. They will then make multiple passes at the creature until it falls. In this case up to 4-16 additional Darters will join the feed if they are in the area.



Earth Maws

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	0
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	10
THACO:	see below
ARMOR CLASS:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	see below
DAMAGE:	see below
SPECIAL ATT.:	acid
SPECIAL DEF.:	camouflage
MOVEMENT:	4" land/1" burrow
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	L (30' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	L, M, V(non-organic)
XP AWARD:	5,000

Earth Maws are giant, amorphous, slug-like creatures that roam underground tunnels near sources of powerful evil. In their mobile form, the maws appear to be giant, black, dirt-covered maggots which undulate through underground passages. When at rest, the earth maw opens its frontal orifice, extending its "lips" to the walls of the surrounding tunnel and enlarging its "throat" (which has the texture of moist earth) creating a mansized passage to its stomach. When in this restive state the maw appears to be a natural extension of the tunnel which apparently ends (at the back of the creature's stomach). There is only a 10% chance (+2% per Skill) of distinguishing the creature from the surrounding tunnel.

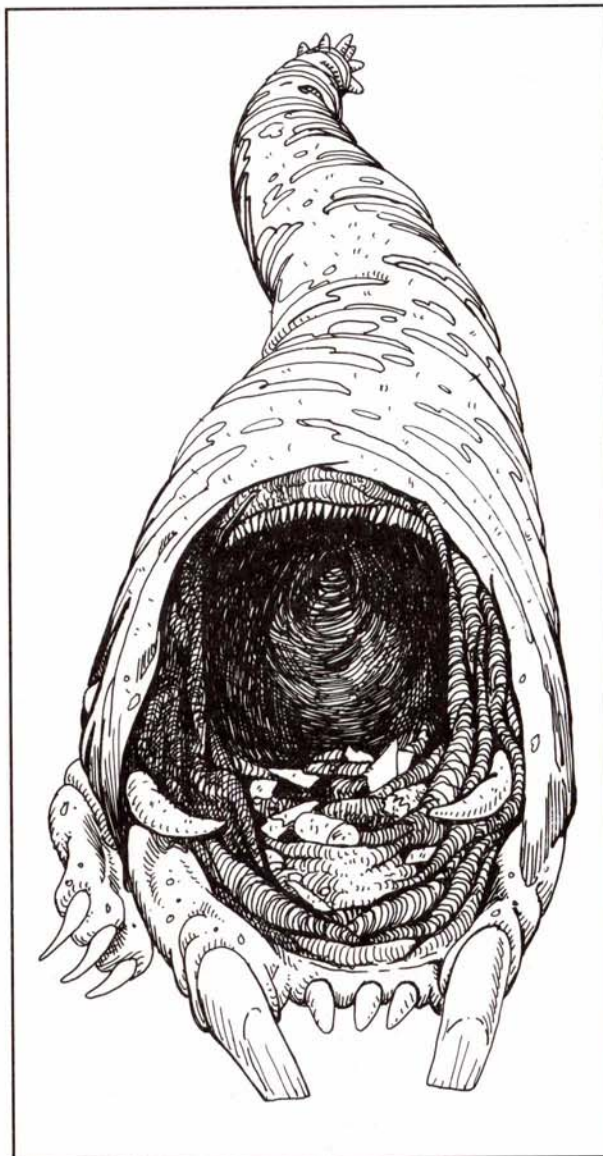
Combat

Earth Maws are not fighters and will either ignore damage caused to them externally or will attempt to amble away. Anyone attempting to pass a maw in a tight tunnel could be crushed by the creature's bulk which causes 3-18 points of damage.

Special

It is in its restive state that the creature attracts its prey. Its method of "hunting" is similar to that of the venus flytrap. With its maw open, the smell of rotting flesh (previously digested victims) wafts out into the surrounding tunnels and attracts various scavengers. When something enters the creature's stomach it has a chance of triggering a muscular reaction in the earth maw, causing its throat and stomach to contract shut, trapping anything within. The chance of various activities is listed below:

Walking softly	25%
Walking normally	45%
Running	75%



Disturbing stomach contents	65%
Stabbing stomach walls	95%
Applying fire to walls	100%

Check once per round of activity. If all creatures within the maw's stomach are doing the same thing, check only once. If more than one activity is taking place, check once for each activity. Once the maw's stomach has closed, an acidic secretion will begin to spray through the stomach, "digesting" any organic materials within (4-24 pts per round, save for 1/2 damage). Since the acid digests only organic materials, metal items such as coins and weapons can sometimes be found in the beast's stomach.

Entombing Worms

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-2
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	0
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	3
THAC0:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	5 (tentacles)
DAMAGE:	1-2
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	12" land/4" burrow
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	L (20' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	270

Notes

Entombing worms are bloated, black creatures which vary in length from 15'-20' long. At the front of their bodies, encircling their flapping, toothless maw, are five long, flat tentacles with dripping cilia growing from one side.

Special

The worms will attack any fleshy creature of man size or smaller they encounter. If it scores a hit with its tentacle the target is covered in a putrid black ichor which immediately begins to harden around the target. After 1 round of hardening the victim must make an Open Doors roll to break free of the casing. After 2 rounds and thereafter the victim must make a Bend Bars/Lift Gates roll to break free or must be chopped out of the casing (requiring 15 hits to be done against AC 7). Within the black casing ichor are thousands of entombing worm larva which will burrow through the casing to the victim and begin to eat his flesh in 1 Turn. If a victim is freed of this casing in less than 1 Turn he will emerge free of infestation, but if takes longer than 1 Turn the victim's flesh will be infested with larva. Cure Disease will immediately destroy the infestation. Reducing the temperature around the body to nearly freezing will cause the larva to remain dormant and raising the surrounding temperature to above 100 degrees will cause the larva to evacuate the flash after several hours of exposure. Infestation will cause 1 point of damage per hour until the victim dies, at which time the larva will begin



feeding on each other until one remains. This single larva will become dormant and reach maturity in 32 days.

Role Playing

Entombing worms will mindlessly attack any fleshy creature they detect, alive or dead, until the creature scores a hit on the creature or until the worm is killed.

Great Flounder

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	15D10
THAC0:	8
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (tail slap)
DAMAGE:	5-40
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	camouflage
MOVEMENT:	8" underwater
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	L (125' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	8,000

that it flips onto its upper surface with its side fins. If directly threatened, however, it can deliver a staggering tail slap. This is the creature's only attack form. It can't ingest human-sized creatures, and feeds on much smaller prey such as shrimp and fish.

Notes

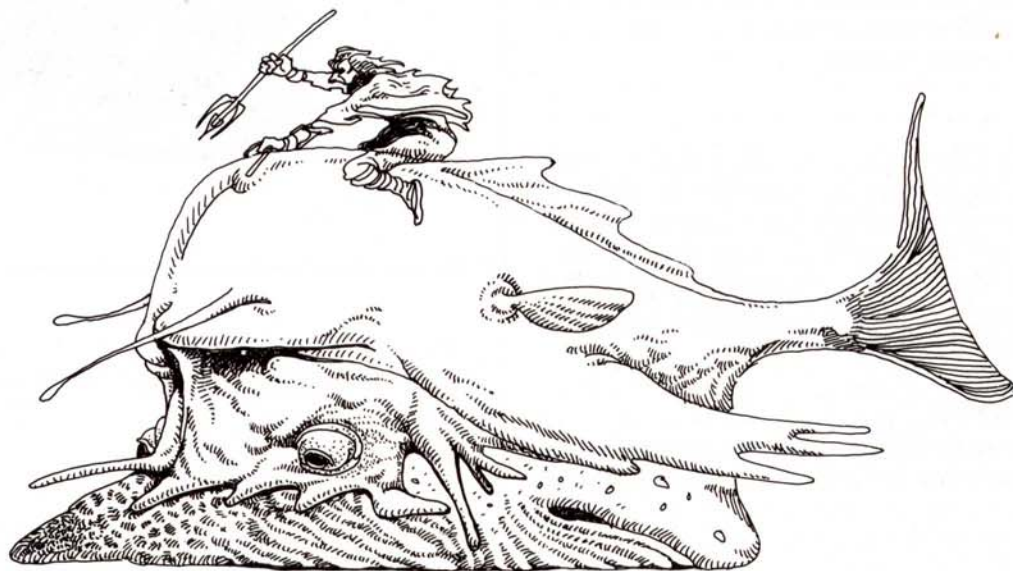
As its name implies, the Greater Flounder is a flat, bottom-dwelling fish. What separates it from the common flounder is its size. Greater Flounders grow up to 125 feet long! Atlantean hunting parties occasionally kill one of these giant creatures. Since it's too big to bring through the vomitoria in one piece, they generally butcher it outside and bring the pieces into the dome. During this butchering, sharks are often found in greater numbers in the area.

Role Playing

Its habit of camouflaging itself with ooze, and the creature's own ability to change its skin color, makes it very difficult to spot. If disturbed, by someone walking on it for example, it usually shakes itself free of the bottom and swims away (to the great surprise of whomever stepped on it).

Combat

This creature is generally non-aggressive, lying flat on the ocean bottom, with the margins of its body covered by silt



Kaleel

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Common
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-4
% IN LAIR:	30%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (evil)
HTK DICE:	1D2
THAC0:	20
ARMOR CLASS:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	poison
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (1' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	7

Combat

Normally, kaleel are cowardly creatures, fleeing danger if any opportunity is presented. However, they have a nasty disposition if threatened, and lash out with their stinging bite when cornered. Sometimes when surprised, they dart from concealment, deliver a venomous bite, then flee.

Notes

Kaleel resemble rats with enlarged, muscular, hind legs similar to those of rabbits. They live in low, dense underbrush near fields and trails.

Special

The bite of the kaleel carries a low-order poison that causes painful swellings and blistering around the area bitten. A character bitten by a kaleel must save vs. poison, with a +1 bonus to the roll, or be unable to use the extremity bitten normally for 1D4 hours. A character bitten in the foot would be able to limp along at 3"; a character bitten in the hand would be unable to wield a weapon.

Role Playing

Kaleel are generally harmless rodents, scurrying away whenever approached, and only attacking when they feel threatened.



Quickkiller

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	4-24
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	1D3
THAC0:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (bites)
DAMAGE:	1-2
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	15" underwater
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (6" long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	7

Combat

This carnivorous fish is highly aggressive and very quick-moving (reflected in its low THAC0 and relatively good AC). Because of this speed and ferocity, it delivers two bites per round. One quickkiller is little more of a threat than a rat. Unfortunately, quickkillers are never encountered singly, and their schools range from 6-24 creatures. Twenty-four quickkillers, each biting twice per round, can wear down even a veteran warrior, especially since all the fish can attack a single size M target at the same time!

Notes

The "quickkiller", actually a translation of the unpronounceable Atlantean name, is a small fish with a disproportionately large mouth full of sharp teeth, similar to a piranha. Unlike the piranha, the quickkiller is totally black in color. These small fish are the most clear and present danger to hunting bands of Atlantean slaves.

Role Playing

Quickkillers will attack anything if they're hungry, which it is most of the time. Quickkillers can sometimes be frightened off by bright lights, although occasionally this actually has the opposite effect, enraging the creatures. Similarly, concussive pressure waves generated by magic or by underwater explosive (if such exist in the campaign) can startle them off. (It is believed that the fish interpret these pressure waves as the approach of a larger predator.)



Tormented Spirits

ATLANTIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-4
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	Average of 9
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	8
THAC0:	12
ARMOR CLASS:	3
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE:	none
SPECIAL ATT.:	empathic damage
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	15"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	see below
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	I
XP AWARD:	3,000

Tormented Spirits are the souls of those persons who died in traumatic ways and were driven insane just before they passed. These shades wander the land near where they spent most of their lives, seeking to inflict their final torment on living beings.

Combat

Because tormented spirits exist primarily on the Negative plane, they can be attacked only with magic and magical weapons. Like many other undead spirits, tormented spirits are not affected by sleep, charm, hold and cold-based spells as well as poison and paralyzation attacks. The spirits *are* affected by holy water, taking 2-8 points of damage per splash, and are turned by priests as if they were 6 HTK Dice creatures.

Notes

Tormented spirits do not appear by light of day, and are most commonly seen at dusk and twilight. The treasure which the tormented spirit owned in life can sometimes be found nearby though the spirit will never lead anyone to it.

Special

Whenever tormented spirits encounter another living being, they will try to "inhabit" that being. The spirit makes a normal attack against the intended target. If successful, the spirit enters the target's body. The target then begins to relive the death of the spirit and must make a save vs death or suffer the same fate as the spirit. If the target successfully



saves he takes 10-25 points of damage (3D6+7) and is rendered unconscious for 1-6 Turns.

Role Playing

Tormented spirits will fearlessly and mindlessly pursue their intended target, screaming "Help me. Save me." as if the target might be able to divert the spirit's fate. If the spirit is unaware that anyone else is nearby, it can be seen wandering about its former haunts, moaning for help.

Gold Minahs

AVALON

RARITY:	Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-8
% IN LAIR:	10%
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi-
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	1-3 points
THAC0:	20
ARMOR CLASS:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite or claw)
DAMAGE:	1 point
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	2" land/32" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (1' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	J, K, R (in lair)
XP AWARD:	35

Combat

Though bold after their prey have been mesmerized, gold minahs are cowardly birds and will flee if challenged. If cornered they will lash out with their beak or claw and flee at the first opportunity.

Notes

Gold minahs look like small crows with gold-streaked beak and eye accents. They live near mines and mineral quarries, preferably in lightly populated areas, where they nest on cliffs and in surrounding trees. These nests are much larger than the birds require because of their attraction to golden objects. Small bits of gold or coins can be found among more worthless debris in their nests, and even some small jewelry such as rings, bracelets, and necklaces (10% of these could be magical).

Special

Gold minahs have the ability to mesmerize sentient creatures with the sound of their call. Anyone failing to save vs breath weapon will begin to empty their pockets and pouches onto the ground, after 8 rounds of hearing the call (7 rounds if two birds are calling, 6 rounds if three birds, etc.). These actions will seem totally natural to the victims until 2-8 rounds later. Once the mesmerized victims begin to empty their possessions, the birds will stop calling and land to carry away one or two small, gold objects. These objects will usually be coins (70%) or small pieces of jewelry (30%).



In addition to their mesmerizing call, gold minahs can mimic words or phrases which they hear other creatures say. These phrases they use as warning cries whenever anything gets close to their nest. It is not unusual for someone to hear a raspy cry of "get away from there!", when they stray too near a gold minah nest.

Black Bishops

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-3
% IN LAIR:	66%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 16
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	8+3
THAC0:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (claws)
DAMAGE:	2-5 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	fear, spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	66%
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	W
XP AWARD:	3,000

Combat

Black Bishops will normally allow demon soldiers or demon sentinels to defend them in a combat situation, however they are quite capable in combat. Typically Black Bishops will either use their spell-casting ability, or they will attack with a magic weapon of +2 or better magic.

Notes

Black Bishops are the "priests" of Satan in the realm of Dis. They oversee unholy ceremonies in his honor and meditate much of the time in contemplation of their dark lord's guidance.

Special

Black Bishops are fearsome wielders of magic, able to cast spells as if they were 20th level wizards. In addition, any offensive spell which they cast within the realm of Hell or the city of Dis are saved against at -4 and all spells will always have maximum effect.

Black Bishops have the ability, at will, to cause *fear* (as the spell) in anyone they gaze upon. A successful save vs this effect does not negate the fear, but will only cause the victim to flee for half the normal amount of time. Even if a Bishop is not employing this ability, any creature of good alignment, or of 5 or fewer HTK Dice or skill levels, must save vs spells or retreat from any advance the Bishop makes. Black Bishops, like all other demons are immune to heat



and fire-based attacks and can only be struck by magic weapons of +1 or better.

Role Playing

Black Bishops seldom talk, but their silence speaks volumes of the terror they inspire. Their need to give any command is minimal as all creatures of Hell know what the Bishops expect of them. If they should ever make a mistake, the Bishop will strike them down with their terrible might.

Demon Lords

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare (Rare in Dis)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-2
% IN LAIR:	70%
INTELLIGENCE:	Average of 16
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	3-8 or by weapon type spell use
SPECIAL ATT.:	+2 or better weapons to hit, immune to heat & fire based attacks
SPECIAL DEF.:	12"
MOVEMENT:	40%
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	M (7' tall)
SIZE:	F, U, Y
TREASURE TYPE:	5,000
XP AWARD:	

Not truly the ultimate of demons, as their name often implies, demon lords are the aristocracy of the city of Dis.

Combat

Demon lords fight with wicked, barbed weapons (usually magical) or with their claws if they are unarmed. Another heavily used tactic is to employ their powerful magical abilities. They prefer, however, to summon demon soldiers, commanders, or sentinels if time permits them to.

Notes

Demon lords are an evil mockery of the foppish aristocracy of other realms. The lords often dress in elaborate costumes made of human skins and adorned with bones, skulls and claws. Many carry an ornate walking stick or scepter (which is often a powerful magical weapon).

Special

Demon lords are immune to fire and heat-based magics and can be struck only by +2 or better magic weapons. All demon lords are mages of 10-20th Skill level, focussing mainly on offensive, illusory and necromantic spells. Besides this immense magical might, demon lords also have



many powerful magic items or even artifacts at their disposal and can call upon the cooperation of powerful allies.

Role Playing

Demon lords are the manic depressives of the Hell, ranging in mood from exaggerated woe to haughty rage. Most maintain a mocking, foppish attitude.

Demon Laborers

DIS

RARITY:	Rare (Common in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	4-24
% IN LAIR:	33%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 8
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	5+4
THAC0:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claw)
DAMAGE:	2-5
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	5%
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	650

Combat

Demon laborers are given a specific task which they must perform to the exclusion of all other things. Unless that task is to fight, or unless a potential foe is interfering in the laborer's assigned task, the laborer will not engage in combat. When it must fight, it usually uses its claws or occasionally a club imbedded with jagged obsidian which does 2-4 points to size S and M creatures and 1-6 -1 to size L creatures.

If the Demon laborer is able to avoid combat it will eventually alert a demon soldier, demon commander, demon sentinel, undertaker, or midwife who will arrive to investigate in 3-6 turns with 2-5 other of its kind.

Notes

For every 10 demon laborers encountered there will be 1 demonic guildsman with an Intelligence of 12 and a THAC0 of 15.

Special

Demon laborers can be hit only by magical weapons of +1 or better and are immune to fire and heat-based attacks.

Role Playing

Demon Laborers are frantic and stupid. Most have been beaten into a singleminded frenzy by their superiors and



will typically concentrate only on their assigned tasks. Each round a demon laborer is conversed with or otherwise

prevented from attending to his work he must save vs death. A successful save means the demon will allow himself to continue to be distracted or will attempt to return to his job. A failed save means the demon flies into a rage, attacking the source of its stress.

Demon Soldiers

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare (Uncommon in Dis)
NUMBER APPEARING:	3-18
% IN LAIR:	30%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 12
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	7+5
THAC0:	9
ARMOR CLASS:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (claws)
DAMAGE:	2-7 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	R
XP AWARD:	3,000
(Commanders)	6,000

Combat

Demon soldiers typically attack using a wickedly barbed broadsword which does 2D4+3 points of damage to size S & M opponents, and 1D6+3 points to size L foes. Lesser soldiers might carry common broadswords or bastard swords. Even unarmed demon soldiers can be extremely dangerous adversaries, doing 2-7 points of damage with their ebony claws.

Notes

For every 12 demon soldiers encountered there will be 1 Demon Commander who is AC 0 and has a THAC0 of 7 and 10+5 HTK Dice. These demon commanders hold the reins of their leadership with an iron fist, gaining the fear and respect of the demon soldiers under their command. When under the leadership of a commander, demon soldiers make morale checks at +2.

Special

Like all other demons, demon soldiers can be hit only by magical weapons of +1 or better and are immune to the effects of fire and heat-based spells.

Each demon soldier carries a horn capable of summoning 1-12 additional soldiers per round who will arrive in 1-6 rounds. If demons are summoned in this way, a demon commander will also arrive after 4 rounds of a horn's constant use.



Role Playing

Demon soldiers are scheming, though obedient under the command of a demon commander. Every demon soldier is secretly a member of some political faction. Each faction member keeps an armband of a given color denoting their faction, which they don during revolts. At frequent intervals these factions clash in the streets of Dis, attempting to wrest control of the city for their faction.

Demon Sentinels

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare (Rare in Dis)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-3
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 14
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	9+3
THAC0:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	3-6 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	12" land/18" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	40%
SIZE:	M (8' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	R
XP AWARD:	6,000

Combat

Demon sentinels will usually only attack when there are no demon soldiers readily available. When this is the case, they attack with saw-toothed longswords which do 2-7 points of damage to size S and M opponents and 2-9 to size L foes, or with their glowing claws.

Special

Demon sentinels prefer to attack by stealth, as do thieves when they backstab. When attacking from behind or from concealment, the sentinels are +4 to hit. Demon sentinels do not, however, have the damage bonus that thieves do. Instead the concealed attack is made using the fiends special claws. If given 1 round to prepare, a demon sentinel can fuse the claws of each hand to those of the other and elongate them, creating, in effect, a four-stranded garrote which extends from the ends of their fingers. After a successful attack from concealment, this attack does 2-7 points of damage and the demon need not make any subsequent attack rolls to continue delivering damage. The only way a victim can free himself from the clutches of a demon sentinel is with a successful bend bars roll. If the initial attack fails, the demon's claws snap back to their original form and the garrote attack cannot be used again unless the fiend can again attack from behind.

Like other demons, demon sentinels can be hit only by magical weapons of +1 or better and are immune to heat



and fire-based attacks. Demon sentinels also track with unnatural skill. On a base roll of 16 or less their Tracking proficiency will allow them to follow a normal trail. Normal tracking penalties are only half (round down) as effective against demon sentinels and tracking bonuses are doubled.

Role Playing

Demon sentinels are the watchdogs of Dis, overseeing all other demons and reporting to their sworn demon lord. Often these fiends are subverted by other lords to turn them against their sworn lords.

Feral Shadows

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-6
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 8
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
HTK DICE:	5+3
THAC0:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	3
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	2-5
SPECIAL ATT.:	chill touch
SPECIAL DEF.:	non-corporeal, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	9" land/15" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	1,400

When a demon is slain anywhere in the multiverse, its evil essence (since demons have no souls) travels to the Morgue in the infernal city, where it is captured by the Undertakers and eventually reforged into a new demon. Feral shadows are the manifestations, or ghosts, of this evil essence.

Combat

While non-corporeal (ethereal), feral shadows are not able to launch any physical assault into the real world and cannot be attacked in turn. In this condition they can be attacked normally by other ethereal creatures, in which case the feral shadow has an effective AC of 7.

The creature can, however, partially materialize in order to attack victims in the real world. In this situation the shadow lashes out with its claws. Anyone successfully hit must save vs petrification or suffer their "chill touch", taking an additional 2-12 points of damage and being driven insane for 2-12 turns.

In its partially materialized state it can be attacked by silver weapons (which do 1/2 damage) and magic weapons (which do full damage).

Notes

Feral shadows will frequently be encountered already placed within an essence storage bottle. These bottles are normally only found in the crypts of Dis but an occasional bottle, stolen from the depths of Hell, has turned up in the real world. If a bottle containing a feral shadow is touched by a living creature who also fails to save vs death, that creature's soul is transferred to the bottle and the shadow is



set free. It will typically attack anyone nearby, seeing them as a threat of the shadow's reinprisonment.

Role Playing

When encountered, feral shadows will typically be in an easily panicked state. They will not remember entirely who they once were or the circumstances surrounding their deaths. They will however, realize that they have died and that this last remnant of their being will some come to an end.

Midwives

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	80%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 12
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	10+3
THACO:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	3-6 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to heat & fire based attacks, immune to energy drain
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	6,000

Combat

In combat, a midwife's first act is to call out for demon soldiers to come to her aid. She will then fiercely attack using her claws which do 3-6 (1D4+2) or with a small, wickedly spiked club which does 1D6+2 points of damage to size S and M opponents and 1D4+3 points to size L foes.

Notes

The duties of the demon midwives is to tend the iron wombs from which new demons are hatched. A given midwife will have 30-180 iron wombs under her care and has 2-12 demon laborers under her direction. These laborers are whipped into a frenzy of activity by the midwives as they hurry about their tasks.

Special

Midwives share the common demon immunities to fire and heat-based attacks and are likewise immune to weapons of less than +1 magic. They are also immune to the life draining effects of the iron wombs which they must handle. Anyone touching an iron wombs immediately suffers the



loss of 1 level per round of contact. Anyone reduced to less than 0 levels dies instantly, and is left a withered husk.

Role Playing

Midwives are frenzied, gibbering fiends. They care about nothing but the accomplishment of their never-ending tasks and will ignore anything which does not interfere with these tasks.

Trustees

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare (Rare in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-12
% IN LAIR:	15%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 11
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	3
THAC0:	18
ARMOR CLASS:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	1-2 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	M (x2)
XP AWARD:	175

Combat

The evil souls who are the demons' trustees wield a multistranded flail made of the teeth and claws of tortured demons, called the strands of searing irony. These flails do 2-7 points of damage. In addition, anyone struck must save vs death or writhe on the ground in searing pain, unable to perform any action for 3-12 rounds. Those who successfully save are -3 or -20% to perform any action for the listed duration. Creatures of good alignment or creatures of more than 7 HTK Dice or skill levels save at +2.

If it ever seems that a fight might go against the trustees, they will summon 1-6 demon soldiers who will arrive in 1-4 rounds.

Notes

The trustees of Hell are the most evil of evil damned souls of Hell who have in some way garnered the favor of the Duke of Hell. They have been placed in a position to punish those demons who failed in their tasks to perform evil. Their status in Dis is much the same as that of the other fiends of Hell outside the walls of the infernal city, who punish the mortal souls of the damned.

Role Playing

The trustees of Hell are constantly bending and scraping to serve their dark masters, the Black Bishops. They will also endeavor to curry favor of any other demonic personage who they think might help them advance their station or prevent them from falling enough out of favor that they are



returned to the harsh punishments of the lower Circles of Hell. This subservient attitude will immediately end however, if the trustee should learn anything which they might use against a demonic ally, and they will report this knowledge to a superior demon.

Most of the lower castes of Hell secretly fear these punishers of the evil damned because of their wicked willingness to betray any demon.

Undertakers

DIS

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-3
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 11
ALIGNMENT:	lawful evil
HTK DICE:	6+3
THACO:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	1-4
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat based attacks, see below
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	see below
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	2,000

Combat

The sinister undertakers use only their claws in combat. If facing an obviously superior opponent, they will withdraw and return in 1-4 turns with 3-18 demon soldiers and 1 demon commander or demon sentinel.

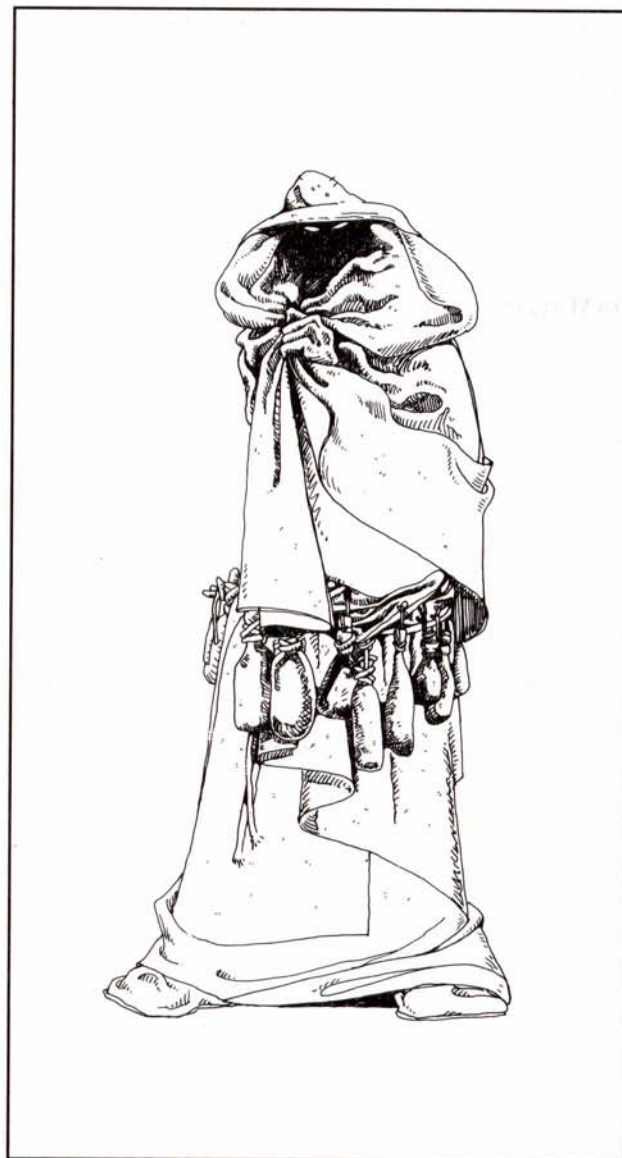
Notes

The keeper of slain demon souls are quietly called undertakers by the rest of the demon population. Cautiously shunned, even by other demons, the undertakers are charged with retrieving the souls of demons that have been slain and storing them away in magical bottles, until the demon essence is reformed.

Special

Undertakers are affected only by +1 or better magical weapons and are immune to fire and heat-based spells. In addition they are completely immune to magics which alter alignment or Abilities, drain life energy, or which affect memory such as *forget* and *feeblemind*. Finally, undertakers are immune to the soul-trapping effects of the bottles they tend, but not to anyone casting a *trap the soul* spell.

Not only can undertakers trap the essence of slain demons in their bottles, but they can also capture the souls of mortals with the same effect as the *trap the soul* spell.



Undertakers also have the ability to detect souls to a range of 200 yards, and to determine if the soul they are viewing is that of a slain demon, a damned soul or that of a living creature (though they cannot tell with this insight if a living creature is demon or mortal).

Role Playing

Undertakers are silent and sinister, stealing about their crypts sorting and testing the bottled souls.

Blindworm

FAERIE

RARITY:	Uncommon
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (Evil)
HTK DICE:	1D3
THAC0:	20
ARMOR CLASS:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	venom
SPECIAL DEF.:	camouflage
MOVEMENT:	5"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (1' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	35

Combat

Since they don't depend on sight, blindworms are not inconvenienced by darkness, and can attack invisible opponents with no penalties. They do suffer a penalty of -4 to hit against magically silent targets, however.

Notes

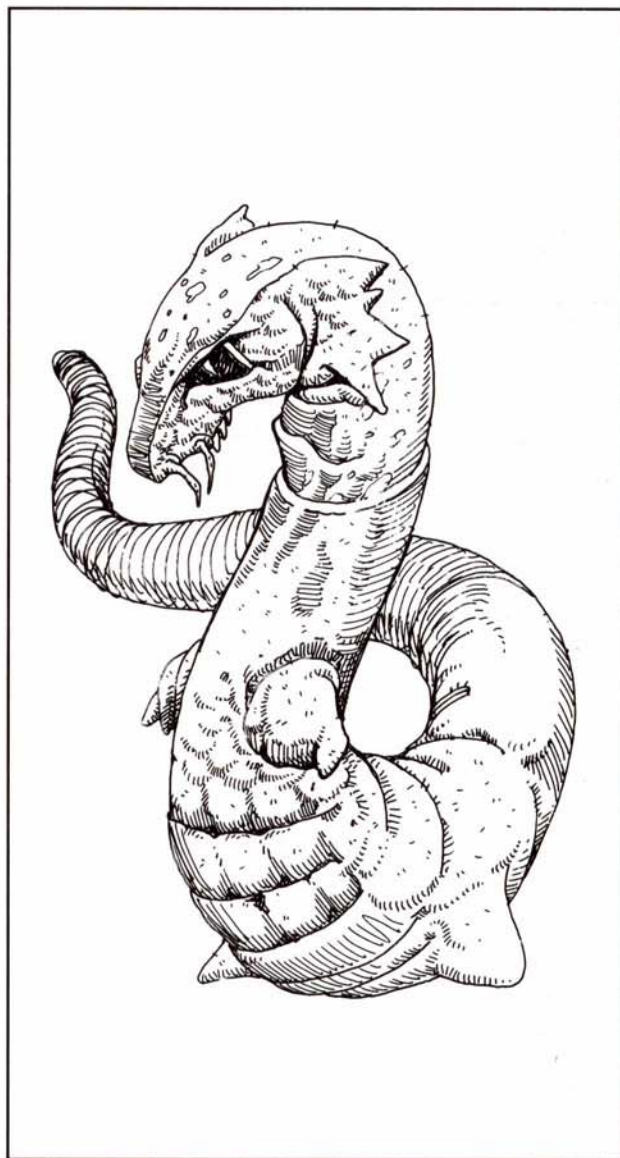
Blindworms are small (12") sightless lizards that live in the Deeps. They are slow-moving and lethargic.

Special

Like chameleons, blindworms can change color to match their surroundings, making them very difficult to see (+1 chance of surprise). They hunt other subterranean creatures, waiting in ambush for their prey to come by. When they hear, smell and sense the vibrations caused by their prey, they bite, injecting a lethal venom. This venom inflicts 2D10 points of damage, save for half-damage, with an onset time of 1 round. They are totally immune to their own venom, and can safely eat the flesh of a creature they've poisoned.

Role Playing

Blindworms are deathly afraid of fire, and flee from it.



Borabanes

FAERIE

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	2-8
% IN LAIR:	75%
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi-
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (evil tendencies)
HTK DICE:	1-4 points
THAC0:	20 (see below)
ARMOR CLASS:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite or claw)
DAMAGE:	1-4
SPECIAL ATT.:	disease
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	10" land/2" burrow
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (animal sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	J, Q
XP AWARD:	15

Borabanes were once innocent, woodland creatures (rabbits, squirrels, etc.) which roamed the surface of fairyland and other unspoiled sylvan areas. During a war or other great confrontation between the faerie races and various humanoid races, a variety of pure, sylvan animals were magically experimented on by humanoid shamen in hopes of developing a way to twist the innate goodness of the faerie into evil. The animals were altered but were ultimately uncontrollable and now desire nothing but the destruction of their tormentors, the humanoid races.

Combat

Unless confronted by humanoids, borabanes will take an excessive amount of abuse before fighting, sometimes even to the point of their own death. Whenever a borabane is assaulted in an abusive or violent manner, the creature makes a save vs death as if they were a 3 HTK Dice creature. If the creature fails the save, he sits unresponsive, taking whatever punishment is meted out. If it makes its save it will turn and attack the assailant.

If a borabane ever encounters a humanoid creature (goblins, orcs, etc.), it will immediately attack with maniacal fury, increasing its THAC0 by +3. In addition, the borabane will continue to attack humanoids for 1-4 rounds after it has been reduced to 0 to -3 HTK. Once the creature is reduced to -4 HTK it instantly dies.

Notes

Borabanes still bear a slight resemblance to the creatures they once were, but are now horribly scarred and mutilated.



Some have had their fur removed and their skin peeled back. Others have had their bodies sliced open and stitched shut again. A wide variety of deformities exist. A nauseous quivering wracks their disease-ridden bodies, and their inflamed, glowing, red eyes stare with unveiled insanity.

Special

Wounds inflicted by the borabanes have a 5% chance per point of damage of transmitting a disease. 90% of these diseases will be debilitating and 10% will be fatal.

Faerie Shadow

FAERIE

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	unknown
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	n/a
THAC0:	n/a
ARMOR CLASS:	n/a
NO. OF ATTACKS:	n/a
DAMAGE:	n/a
SPECIAL ATT.:	curse
SPECIAL DEF.:	immune to damage
MOVEMENT:	12" or as "owner"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	see below
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	n/a

Combat

Generally, Faerie shadows are immune to all physical and magical attacks. Attacking it is as useful as attacking a real shadow. The only exception to this is if the Faerie shadow's "owner" attacks it in any way. The attack still does no damage, but the Faerie shadow immediately separates itself from its alter ego and flees, never returning. As it leaves, however, it casts a powerful curse on the character. (Something significant, perhaps requiring a quest to reverse.)

Notes

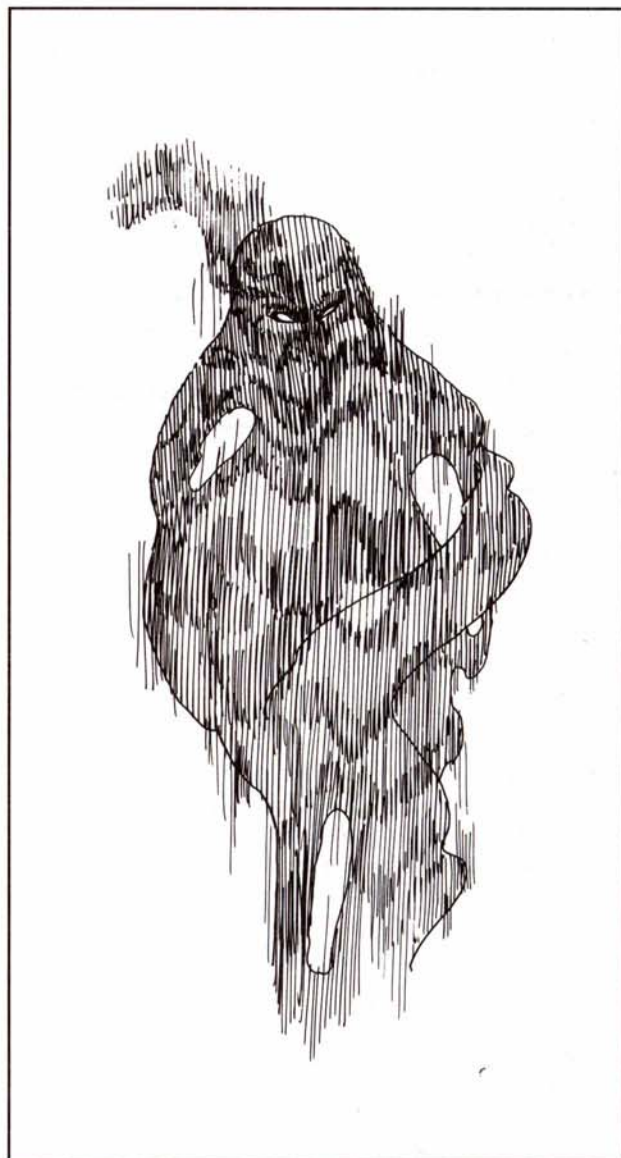
The faerie shadow is a mysterious creature (or, perhaps a manifestation of the magical nature of Fairyland itself) found only in the Land of Faerie. Faerie shadows can be found anywhere in Fairyland, waiting for creatures to attach themselves to.

In their "base" form, they appear as small, amorphous patches of shadow, roughly 3 feet in diameter, on the ground. They're almost indistinguishable from real shadows except that they can appear when there's nothing which casts a shadow, and they can move and change shape at will.

Nobody knows if Faerie shadows are intelligent. Mind-affecting magics and psionics have thus far been totally ineffective against them.

Special

When a Faerie shadow encounters a "suitable" host creature (the logic used for determining what is "suitable" is unknown), it attaches itself to that creature. From this point on, it acts as if it were the creature's own shadow. The Faerie shadow takes on the creature's shape, mimics its movements, and is inseparable from its "owner". There are



certain distinctions between the Faerie shadow and normal shadows however. First, it sometimes mistakes the angle from which light is coming, and doesn't position itself accurately, giving the creature two shadows. And second, it's always the same intensity of darkness, regardless of the level of illumination.

Once it's adopted a character, a Faerie shadow will never willingly leave its owner. The Shadow's new owner suffers no direct negative consequences, nor does he gain any benefits. Learned sages might recognize the shadow, and realize the character has visited Fairyland. Perceptive (and superstitious) observers might see that "something's wrong" with the character's shadow, and consider him to be a creature of evil, or something similar.

Faerie Steed

FAERIE

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	2-12 (or per rider)
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	Low
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
HTK DICE:	1+2 (see below)
THAC0:	19
ARMOR CLASS:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (hooves)
DAMAGE:	1 point (see below)
SPECIAL ATT.:	sleep
SPECIAL DEF.:	-1 to opponent's attack roll
MOVEMENT:	15" land/20" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	25%
SIZE:	S (see below)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	270

Combat

Faerie steeds are very peaceful creatures, usually trying to avoid combat whenever possible. To this end, if they are confronted by some potential foe they will employ their breath which induces sleep in 1-6 creatures directly in front of the steed. The victim must save vs breath weapon or fall asleep for 1-4 rounds, allowing the steed to flee.

If the steed must fight, it will fan its vividly colored wings causing waves of scintillating color to shimmer about it distracting and partially blinding opponents, and reducing their chance to hit by -1.

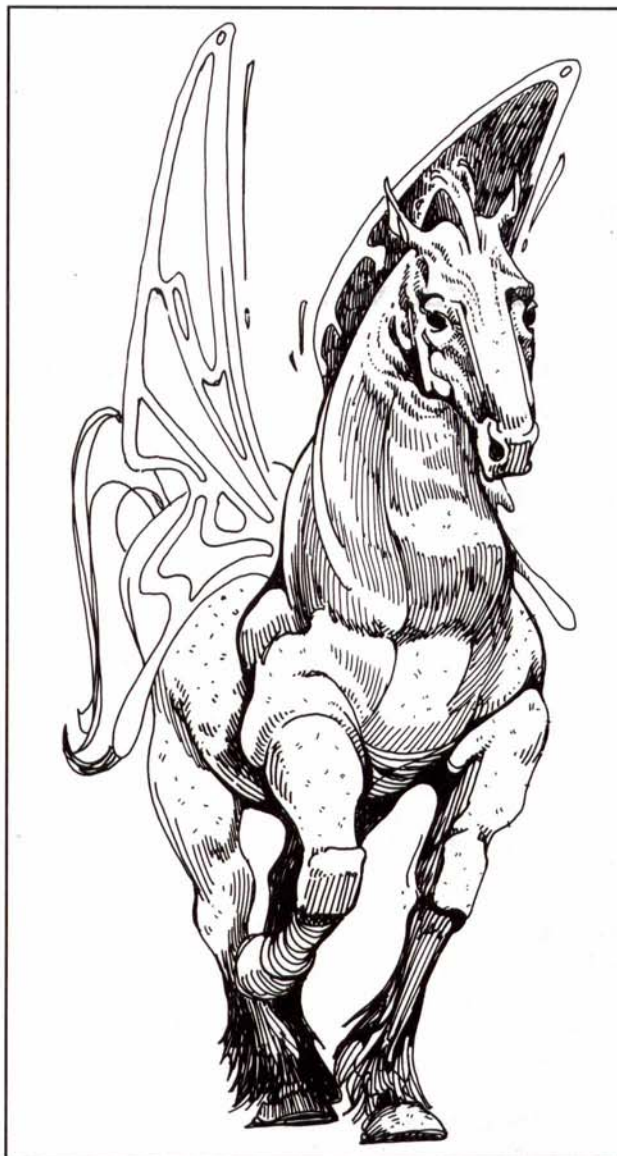
Notes

Faerie steeds are flying mounts which are often ridden by many faerie races. In their natural state they resemble diminutive horses (1' tall) with insect-like antenna and spectral butterfly wings. A faerie steed changes in size to accommodate anyone climbing onto the steed's back. This size change is accompanied by an increase in HTK Dice and Damage as follows:

Rider's Size	HTK Dice	Damage
S	1+2	1 point
M	2+2	1-4
L	3+2	2-8

Special

Faerie steeds roam wild in herds of 2-12, grazing on pollen and flower petals. Because of their intelligence and nature, faerie steeds need not be tamed for riding by members of the faerie races. For these races they will always be tame



and rideable. They will also be rideable by non-faeries when in the company of faeries.

Role Playing

Faerie steeds crave attention and will usually approach anyone, faerie race or not, if they do not appear threatening. Once close they will produce a low, rumbling purring sound, and will nuzzle the recipient of their affections.

Tree Spirits

FAERIE

	Oak	Ash	Alder
RARITY:	Rare	Rare	Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1	1	1
% IN LAIR:	100%	100%	100%
INTELLIGENCE:	Average of 14	Average of 13	Average of 13
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good	Neutral Evil	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	2	2	1+1
THAC0:	18	17	19
ARMOR CLASS:	10	6	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claw)	2 (claw)	2
DAMAGE:	1-4	1-4	by weapon
SPECIAL ATT.:	spell use	spell use	spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	spell use	spell use	spell use
MOVEMENT:	12"	12"	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	40%	45%	25%
SIZE:	M (human sized)	M (human sized)	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	M	W	P
XP AWARD:	270	270	175

Oak, ash, alder trees in Faerieland are the homes of tree spirits similar to dryads. The oak is protective and beneficent; the ash is evil and rapacious; and the alder is a sly ally of the ash. GMs should feel free to create similar spirits that might live within elm, pine and other trees. It's important to point out that not all oak, ash and alder trees are home to tree spirits. Even though the Faeries have no love for the ash and alder spirits, they certainly couldn't consider direct action against them, such as cutting down all ash and alder trees.

Combat

While physically manifested, tree spirits can be killed like any other monster. However they can, at any time, instantly hide within their tree (a modified form of dimension door). While within their tree, they can only be killed by felling the tree. Damage done to the tree while they're not in it inflicts pain on them, but no damage. If their tree is felled or destroyed (whether they're in it or not) the tree spirit dies.

NOTES

Tree spirits appear as women, physically manifesting themselves within 35 feet of their home tree. They speak all Faerie languages, as well as common.

ROLE PLAYING

All tree spirits are afraid of fire, knowing what it can do to their forest home.

Oak Tree Spirits

Oak spirits manifest as attractive adult women, with pale,

freckled skin, red hair, and green eyes. They wear simple clothes of russets and greens. They always wear a slender silver dagger on their belt, which they use to protect themselves.

Oak spirits consider themselves the protectors of the forest, and the creatures within it. They have precise knowledge of the woods around them for a distance of a mile, but have no knowledge or interest beyond this. If asked, they will fully cooperate with anyone of non-Evil alignment (so long as the task is not detrimental to the forest).

Ash Tree Spirits

Ash spirits are ugly, twisted parodies of women, with grey scaly skin, matted black hair, and red eyes. Their fingers are tipped with claws, with which they rake in combat. They have the ability to change self, which they often use to take the appearance of an oak spirit.

Ash spirits hate goodness, and will do whatever they can to corrupt or destroy it.

Alder Tree Spirits

Alder spirits resemble oak spirits quite closely. The only significant differences are that they are unable to smile without grimacing, and their voices are shrill or whiny and unpleasant. Alder spirits often ally with ash spirits, luring victims into the ash's clutches. Alders themselves are cowardly, and will avoid combat if possible. If personally threatened, they flee to their tree. If they are unable to flee, the only weapons they are capable of using are darts.

Waverider

FAERIE

RARITY:	Rare
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	Average of 13
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (good)
HTK DICE:	4
THAC0:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	3-24
SPECIAL ATT.:	<i>charm song</i>
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	20" underwater
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	65%
SIZE:	M (5' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	175

Combat

If forced into combat, a waverider's only attack form is a head-butt. Due to their high speed, however, this is a highly damaging attack.

Notes

Waveriders are marine mammals looking like slightly smaller versions of bottlenosed dolphins, with a black and white coloration reminiscent of killer whales. Waveriders have no natural enemies. As the top of the ocean food chain, they live on fish, seaweed and plankton. Nixies and other Faerie creatures sometimes use waveriders as mounts.

Special

Waveriders understand all Faerie tongues and many human and demihuman languages. They can speak the same tongues, but their "voices" are high-pitched and whistling, and hence quite difficult to understand until the listener becomes familiar with the sound. Their natural communication among their own kind comprises complex musical songs. So beautiful and entrancing are these songs that any human or demihuman hearing them must save vs. spells or be affected as by a charm person spell.

Role Playing

Waveriders very fast and incredibly maneuverable, and love playing in the bowwave of sailing vessels (hence their name). They are highly intelligent, and extremely playful.



Blood Leeches

HELL

RARITY:	Uncommon (Common in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-4
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	0
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
HTK DICE:	1 point
THAC0:	n/a
ARMOR CLASS:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	n/a
DAMAGE:	n/a
SPECIAL ATT.:	blood drain
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	1"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (5" long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	7

Blood leeches are fat red leeches, about the size of a large man's thumb, that live in the swamps of the Fifth Circle of Hell (though they have been known to exist in remote places outside Hell).

Anyone wading through the Fifth Circle swamp has a 10% chance each round of having 1D6-1 leeches attach themselves to him. Note that the first thing a leech does is inject an anaesthetic, so the victim seldom feels the creature attach itself. The only way to detect a leech is to look or feel for it.

Combat

Blood leeches do not engage in combat as such, but are extremely dangerous in other ways (see Special below).

Special

Like common leeches, blood leeches attach themselves to living creatures in order to suck their blood. While an attached blood leech does no normal damage, the creature does inject small amounts of its saliva into the wound to keep the blood from congealing. This saliva can cause a serious, potentially fatal, blood disease in the victim. For each full round beyond the first that the leech isn't removed, there's a 5% chance that the victim will contract the blood disease.

Blood leeches are easy to remove, but the correct technique must be used. Simply tearing the leech off leaves the mouth parts still imbedded in the flesh. Without magical intervention, this increases the chance of contracting disease to 75%. The only effective way of removing a blood leech is to burn it off by applying fire to it. Using something like a torch, or a red-hot dagger will work but might inflict



damage on the character. To avoid this, the victim must make a System Shock roll each time a leech is removed. A failed roll means the character takes 1-2 points of damage from the procedure. (The leech is automatically removed regardless of the roll result.)

Cerberus

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 8
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
HTK DICE:	4+4
THAC0:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	4 (claw/bite/bite/bite)
DAMAGE:	2-8/ 3-12/ 3-12/ 3-12
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	18"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	L (20' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	270

A cerberus (plural is Cerberi) is a three headed cross between a dog and a man. Its form is that of a dog with the abdomen, legs and arms of a man; and the chest, heads, paws, and tail of a wild, shaggy dog. Its eyes glow with fire and its snarling maws run with drool which matts its stinking fur.

Combat

Cerberi attack with a single claw and by biting with its three heads. Only one head may attack a given target at a time. If a target is successfully bitten, it must save vs breath weapon or be picked up. On the next round, and each successive round, damage is automatic unless the victim makes a successful open doors roll, allowing him to escape.

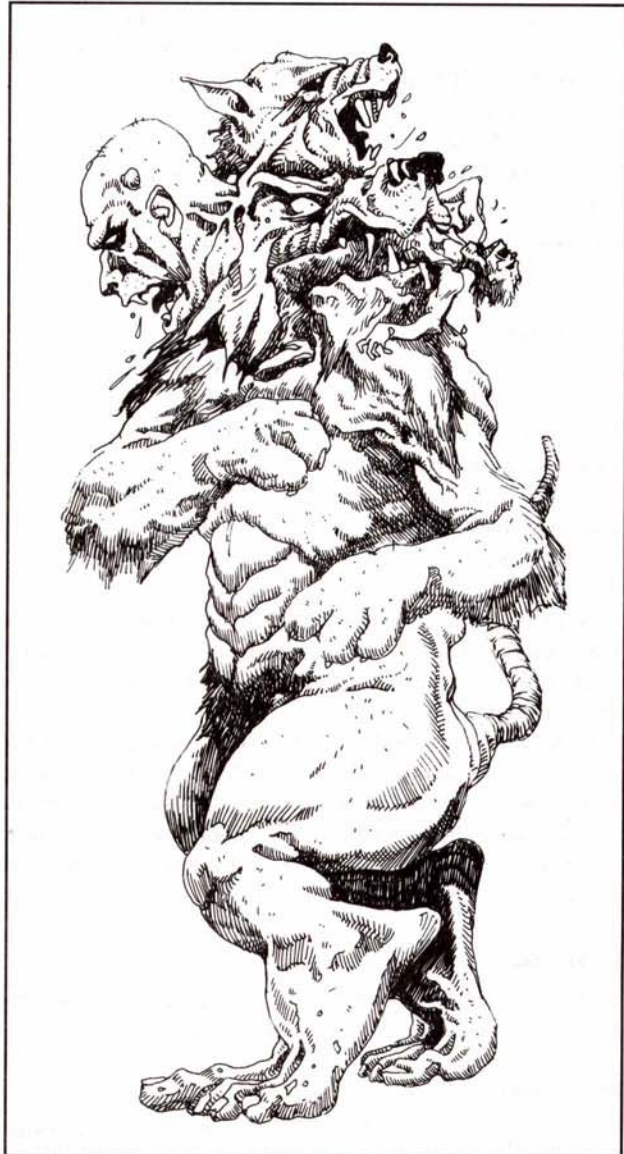
Wounds caused by the bite of a cerberus are 10% likely to become diseased.

Notes

Cerberi come from the Third Circle of Hell and are only encountered on other planes because of various summoning magics. Unless under the control of the summoner, they will act as they do in Hell, doing as much physical harm as they can.

Role Playing

Cerberi will attack anything that moves. They will commonly leap into a crowd and begin tearing into it. They typically don't focus on a single target for more than 1 round unless it is held in the beast's mouth, spreading its damage throughout as many targets as possible.



Charon

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 13
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	5
THAC0:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	6-9 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATT.:	fear (10' radius), venom
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit, immune to heat & fire based attacks
MOVEMENT:	15" land/6" water
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	30%
SIZE:	M (5' 5" tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	975

Combat

Charons are much faster than their appearance implies and as strong as Warders. Their 18(91) STR gives them +2 to hit and +5 to damage (already figured into their statistics). They normally wield long handled clubs (oars) which inflict 1-8 points of damage (2-8 on size L opponents), plus STR bonus. Though they sometimes carry other weapons, they have never been reported to use missile weapons. Charons are harmed by holy water, suffering 1-12 points of damage per vial.

Notes

Charons resemble wizened old men with thinning white hair and long white beards, wearing simple black robes. From a distance, they appear to be totally non-threatening. On closer inspection, however, you can see their foul-tempered expressions and their burning red eyes.

Special

In unarmed combat, Charons deliver a venomous bite. Anyone bit by a charon must save vs. poison or become paralyzed for 1-3 hours. If a character is bitten multiple times, the paralysis period is cumulative. This paralysis has an onset time of 1-3 rounds.

Charons can also cast the following spells: *pyrotechnics*,



produce flame (once per round, at will); *flame strike* (once per 24-hour period).

Charons speak the common tongue, the tongue of Warders, and several other fiendish languages. They have infravision and ultravision, both with 120' range, and unnaturally acute hearing.

Role Playing

Charons fear the Warders and other senior fiends, and will do anything to stay in their superiors' good graces.

Damned Souls

HELL

RARITY:	Common (in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-20
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 9
ALIGNMENT:	Evil (L., N., or C.)
HTK DICE:	2
THAC0:	20
ARMOR CLASS:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1-2 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	regeneration
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	65

Combat

Damned souls will usually only fight if they have something to gain (the target's possessions, a reward from the fiends, etc.). They normally only have clubs or rocks at their disposal or will attack with their bare hands.

Notes

The souls of individuals consigned to Hell look exactly as they did in life, and have the same Attributes and skills. The only exception is that no damned souls have *any* magical or psionic ability. As the vast majority of people in any campaign world are Skill 0, so are most of the damned souls in Hell.

On entry into Hell, the damned souls know only those languages they could speak in life, though they quickly learn the language of many other souls. A soul that's been in Hell for any significant length of time will know as many languages as its intelligence entitles it to.

Special

While in Hell, the damned souls naturally regenerate damage. Damage inflicted by attacks, falls and other wounds, regenerates at a rate of 2-8 points per round. Even if a soul is totally dismembered, the pieces of its physical body will recombine, and eventually regenerate to an unwounded state. (Within the Dark Realm, only the Satan can permanently destroy a damned soul.) "Ongoing" damage, such as that suffered from standing hip-deep in boiling blood, regenerates the round that it's inflicted (though its agony will linger). Similarly, while in Hell damned souls are immune to aging.

Spells that restore life such as *raise dead* or *resurrection* are totally ineffective on damned souls if they are cast in Hell.



Damned souls aren't undead, so spells that affect undead are likewise ineffective against them.

Role Playing

Most of the souls in Hell have become more or less insane, driven mad by the never-ending torment. All souls which have been condemned here will have been evil in Alignment (whether C. Evil, N. Evil or L. Evil), and they are unable to change Alignment while in the Dark Realm. Souls *can't* automatically identify living creatures as such, and could believe that mortal visitors are damned souls as well. If a soul learns the true nature of living creatures, they will do whatever might lessen their suffering.

Fire Lizards

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare (Rare in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	1-4 points
THACO:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1-2
SPECIAL ATT.:	venom
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	21"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (2' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	35

Combat

Fire lizards prowl the rocks of Inner Hell. Solitary hunters, they'll viciously attack anything that moves, including fiends.

Notes

Fire lizards are small, fast-moving lizards similar in shape to geckos but about two feet long. They are bright blue in color, with large black eyes. Despite their grotesque appearance, the flesh of the fire lizard isn't toxic if cooked. In fact, it's nutritious if somewhat unpalatable.

Special

Unlike most other species of lizard, fire lizards have fangs with which they inject a neurotoxic venom. The fire lizard venom is rarely fatal, but has other unpleasant effects. A character bitten by a fire lizard receives two saving throws vs. poison. The first is at +7, and failure means death. The second is at -3. If the character makes the second save, he is racked with muscle cramps for a period of 2-8 hours, suffering a -2 to hit and -2 or -10% on all other rolls. If the character fails the second saving throw, however, the cramps are much worse; -4 to hit and -20% to other rolls. He also temporarily loses 1-4 points each of INT and INS as the venom affects his central nervous system. (Note that the loss of INT may cause wizards to forget spells.) The duration for the cramps is 6-12 hours. At the end of this



period, INT and INS returns at a rate of one point per turn. Multiple bites have a cumulative effect on INT and INS loss. This venom has an onset time of one round.

Role Playing

The fire lizard is slow-witted but fearsome. They usually scuttle about in search of small prey but will scamper off in pursuit of anything they see moving.

Furies

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-4
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 11
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
HTK DICE:	4+2
THAC0:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1-4
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	silver or magic weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	9" land/16" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	O
XP AWARD:	650

Furies are spirits of horrible vengeance. They exist to punish the transgressions of the living. Any transgression is sufficient cause for furies to attack.

Combat

Furies attack either with their claws or with their scourge of snakes (explained below). They attack with mindless rage and are driven away only if they are reduced to 1/2 HTK points. If more than 1 fury is killed the others will attack until they or their foes are dead.

Notes

Furies look like tall, gaunt women with enlarged, bloodshot eyes and a writhing mass of worms for hair. They wear frocks of grimy, translucent silk which resemble burial shrouds. Often no legs or feet are visible beneath these shrouds.

Special

When in combat, a fury commonly use its scourge of snakes. This scourge is a short, multi-stranded whip made of braided snakes. A successful hit inflicts 1-6 points of damage. The victim must save vs poison or fall to the ground in writhing pain for 2-12 rounds.

Though not truly undead, furies do respond to the presence of holy men and can be turned as if they were mummies.

Role Playing

Furies are insane. They attack without provocation and seldom retreat. They will often scream mostly-unintelligible ravings about being the spirits of vengeance.



Geryon

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-2
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 13
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	7+5
THAC0:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	3
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite)
DAMAGE:	5-14/5-14/1-6
SPECIAL ATT.:	fear (20' radius), spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better weapons to hit, immune to fire & heat, regeneration
MOVEMENT:	10" ground/12" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	40%
SIZE:	L (10' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	3,000

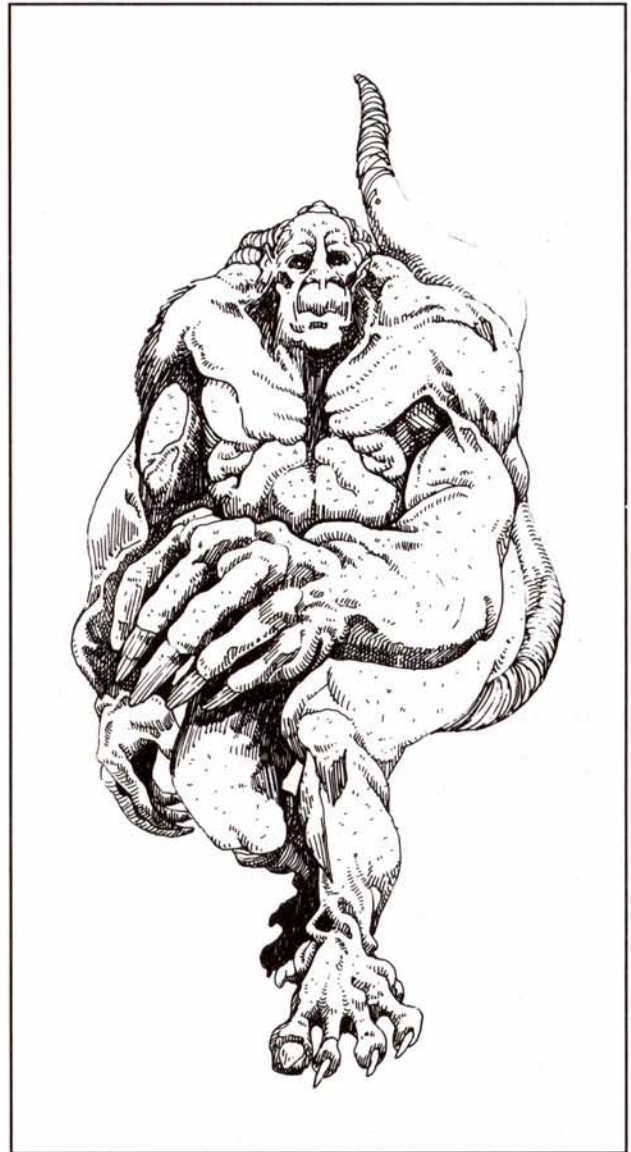
Combat

These infernal creatures are tremendously strong, with a STR of 18(76), giving +2 to hit (already figured into their THAC0) and +4 to damage. They rarely employ weapons, preferring to bite and rake with their claws. Like all fiends, they are totally immune to fire and heat-based damage. They regenerate 1D3 points of damage per round. Geryons suffer the burning effects of holy water, taking 1D12 points of damage per vial.

Notes

Geryons are roughly humanoid, with broad shoulders and bulging muscles. Their upper bodies are roughly reptilian in appearance, and their faces are human and totally innocent in visage. Although they have no wings, they are capable of flight. Their skin looks and feels like flexible, smoking asphalt, and smells of seared flesh. Long, eel-like tails drag through the air behind them. Their hands are huge, with six claw-tipped fingers, and their arms are covered with matted, shaggy hair. Geryons have infravision to a range of 120', and extremely acute hearing.

Geryons speak the common tongue, and many other human and demihuman tongues, fluently. They also speak all fiendish languages. Their voices are soothing and



melodious, totally out of keeping with their hideous appearance.

Role Playing

Geryons are further up the hierarchy than charons or Phlegyas, but far below the Warders of the Damned. They show more ambition than do charons, but are still very careful not to come under the wrath of their superiors.

Ptolomeans

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	30%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 12
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	5 (+20, see below)
THAC0:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1-3 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATT.:	see below
SPECIAL DEF.:	see below
MOVEMENT:	12" (14" air, see below)
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	W
XP AWARD:	1,400

Ptolomeans are the bodies of individuals whose deeds in life were so terribly evil that their souls were pulled to the Nether Realm before they died and replaced by a demon.

Combat

Ptolomeans normally attack with weapons or, particularly if they have dropped their civilized facade, with their long, dirty claws.

Notes

Ptolomeans look exactly like the person they are posing as, and may even try to act as that person did. Over time, however, their appearance will become shabby and their hair and nails will grow long and dirty.

Special

In combat, once the ptolomean's initial HTK points have been reduced to 0, the body it inhabits will drop lifeless to the ground and its demonic spirit will be released. This spirit resembles a humanoid cloud of swirling red mist with glowing eyes. In this form, the ptolomean is immune to sleep, charm, hold, and cold-based spells, can be hit only by +1 or better weapons, and will take 1-8 points of damage from holy water. This spirit will then attack by grabbing its victim and draining 1 level from it. If a victim's levels are reduced below 0, it dies.

Though not truly undead, Ptolomeans are affected by the power of priests and turn as do liches.



Role Playing

Ptolomeans will often try to act as the person, whose body they now possess, acted in life in order to harm others and spread evil. Eventually they will drop this facade and will roam the area attacking people at random.

Raptors

HELL

RARITY:	Very Rare (Uncommon in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	3-12
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	5
THAC0:	12
ARMOR CLASS:	5 (2*)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	3-10
SPECIAL ATT.:	none
SPECIAL DEF.:	immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	15"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	M (5' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	270

*: Raptors have AC 2 against piercing or slashing weapons, but AC 5 against bludgeoning or crushing weapons.

Combat

Raptors usually attack by first overbearing a victim, then delivering a tearing bite. Their scales are thick and hard, turning a sword thrust as effectively as would plate mail. Although not particularly intelligent, raptors are cunning, and instinctively cooperate during the hunt. They are fast-moving and vicious hunters, operating in packs of up to a dozen. If possible, a pack will attack its prey from all directions at once, making escape impossible. Their hissing, coughing calls are enough to strike fear into the heart of any denizen of the Seventh Circle Wastelands where the raptors dwell.

Notes

Raptors are large, aggressive animals that resemble Great Danes. Their bodies are covered with grey-green scales, and they have black, forked, reptilian tongues.

Some of the more senior fiends keep raptors as pets. Although they are trainable to some degree, raptors have never been totally domesticated.

Special

Raptors are totally immune to fire and heat based attacks.

Role Playing

Like most animals native to the Dark Realm, raptors are totally fearless, and will attack anything that moves.



Ripper

HELL

RARITY:	Uncommon (in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-8
% IN LAIR:	20%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	1-4 points
THAC0:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1-2
SPECIAL ATT.:	venom
SPECIAL DEF.:	none
MOVEMENT:	20"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (18" long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	15

Rippers are small, aggressive rodents found in the Second Circle of Hell. They look like a cross between rats and ferrets, with long, agile bodies and fleshy, hairless tails.

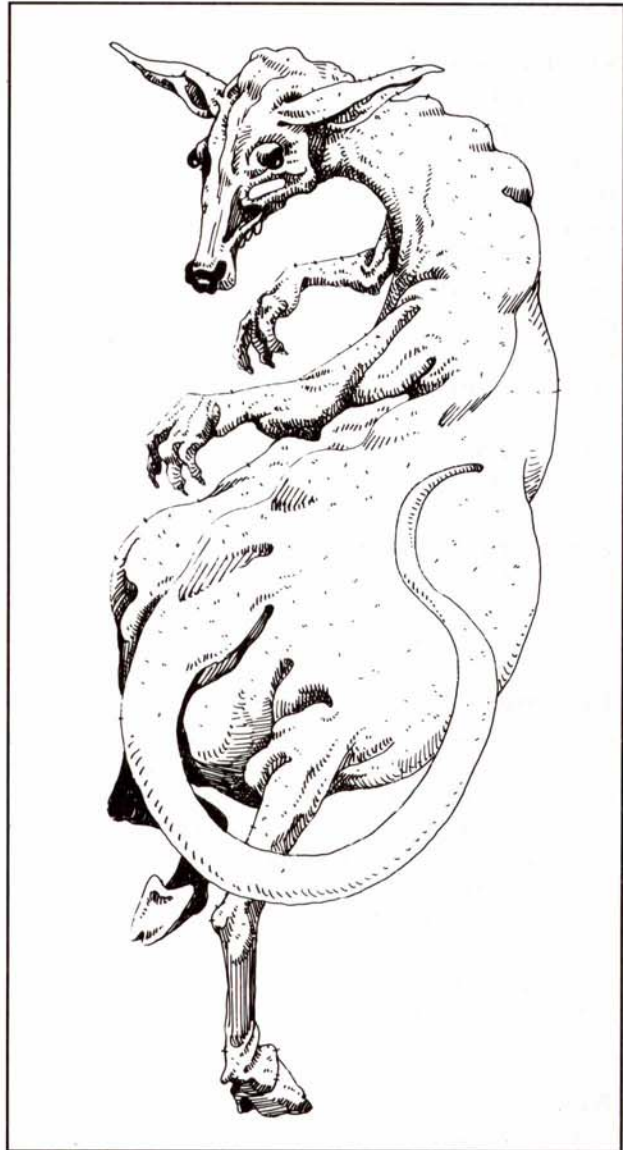
Combat

Rippers are frenzied fighters and are very fast. They will attack maniacally until severely injured and then will flee at the first available opportunity.

Rippers are hideously aggressive and totally fearless. They will attack anything, up to and including a Warder of the Damned, should one pass by.

Special

Traditionally, mammals are not venomous. The Hell-spawned Rippers, however, are. The rodents' saliva is venomous, causing wounds to discolor and swell agonizingly. Victims bitten by a ripper must save vs. poison at -3 or suffer agonizing pain from the wound. This pain inflicts a -3 penalty to hit and -3 or -15% on all other rolls (proficiency checks, climbing rolls, saving throws, etc.). The agony lasts for 1-4 hours. The effects of multiple bites aren't cumulative. The onset time for this venom is 1-4 rounds.



Silver Death

HELL

RARITY:	Rare (in Hell)
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	1-4 points
THAC0:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1-2
SPECIAL ATT.:	venom
SPECIAL DEF.:	immune to fire & heat based attacks
MOVEMENT:	15"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	none
SIZE:	S (4' long)
TREASURE TYPE:	none
XP AWARD:	35

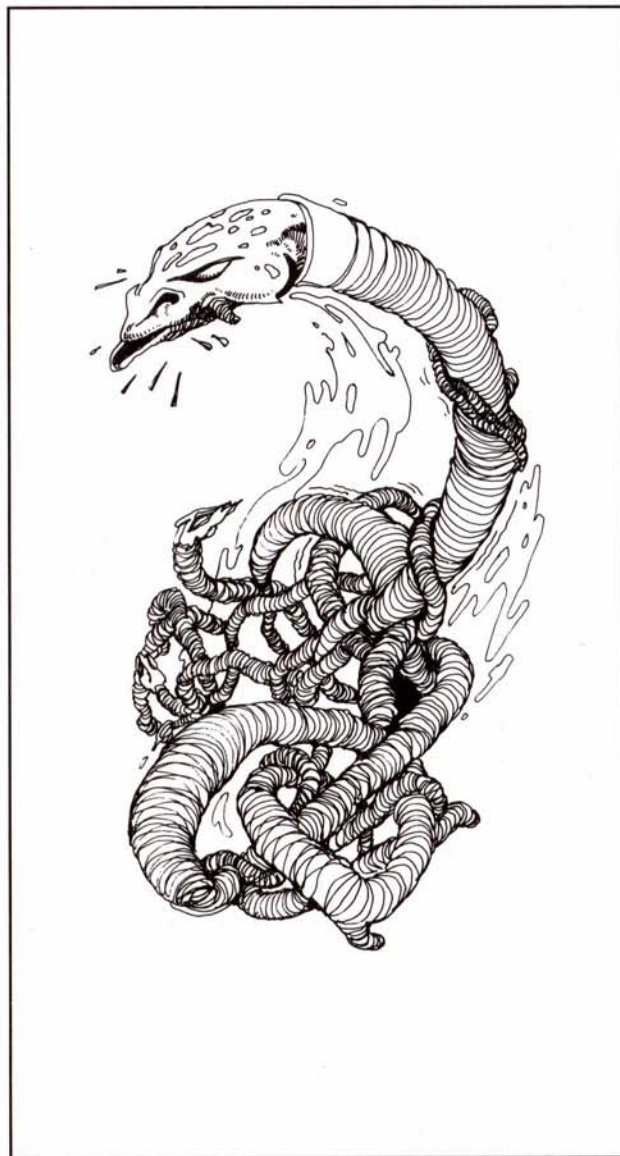
Silver deaths are small, silver snakes that dwell in the muck and mire of the Third Circle of Hell. They are about as thick as a man's thumb and three to four feet long. Their scales are tiny, and seem to be made of some highly-polished silver metal. Because the snakes are very fast they look like living quicksilver when they move.

Combat

Silver deaths deliver a swift, stinging bite. Their most dangerous effect, however, is their poison (listed below). Like rippers, silver deaths are totally fearless, and attack with no provocation.

Special

The bite of the silver death delivers a very powerful venom that rarely kills its victim, but inflicts pain intense enough to paralyze. A character bitten by a silver death makes two saving throws against poison. The first is made at +8; failure means death. The second is made at -3. Failure on this second roll means the victim is paralyzed with pain for 2D20 x 5 minutes. Success means the wound throbs agonizingly, inflicting a penalty of -3 to hit and -3 or -15% on all other rolls, for a period of 10-200 (2D20 x 5) minutes. The effects of multiple bites aren't cumulative. The onset time for this venom is 1D3 rounds.



Warder of the Damned

HELL

RARITY:	Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-3
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 15
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
HTK DICE:	9+5
THAC0:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	0
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite) or 2 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	7-17/7-17/2-12 or by weapon type(x2)
SPECIAL ATT.:	fear (25' radius), spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better weapons to hit, immune to heat & fire based attacks, regeneration
MOVEMENT:	10" land/15" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	40%
SIZE:	M (7' tall)
TREASURE TYPE:	J, K, L, M, N
XP AWARD:	6,000

Combat

Warders have STR 18(91), giving them +2 to hit and +5 to damage (already incorporated into their statistics). They typically wield huge military forks, which inflict 1-8 points of damage (2-8 against size L targets), plus the creature's STR bonus. So clumsy are these oversized weapons that only characters with STR of 18 can wield them normally. Weaker characters suffer -1 to hit and to damage for each point their STR is less than 18. (A STR 14 character suffers -4 to hit, and -4 on damage.) They are totally immune to fire and heat-based attack forms. They also regenerate 1-6 points of damage per round.

Warders can be harmed by holy water, suffering 1D12 points of damage per vial.

Notes

The Warders look like huge, stereotypical devils, with horns, bat-like wings, cloven hooves, and barbed tail(not usable as a weapon but is actually a sensory organ). Their skin is the red of a cooked lobster and looks as hard as carapace.

Special

Warders have infravision and ultravision (both with 120' range) and inhumanly acute hearing. They can also detect vibrations and changes in air pressure, allowing them to



detect invisible characters and objects (as long as the object is moving). Warders communicate with each other in a guttural language. They communicate with the souls, and with other intelligent races, via telepathy which resembles speech.

Warders can cast these spells: *affect normal fires*, *burning hands*, *protection from good*, *darkness 15' radius*, *pyrotechnics*, *fireball*, *wall of fire*, *teleport without error* (all once per round); *symbol* (once per 12-hours)

Role Playing

Warders are ruthless and deceptive. They are not usually susceptible to fast-talk or intimidate.

Lesser Vampire

SELENE

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1-6
% IN LAIR:	20%
INTELLIGENCE:	average of 10
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
HTK DICE:	6
THAC0:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	4
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	5-10
SPECIAL ATT.:	Energy drain, spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapon
MOVEMENT:	12"/18" flying
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	see below
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	W
XP AWARD:	1,000

Combat

Lesser vampires attack with their powerful claws when in combat, though they prefer to avoid fights and charm individual opponents.

Notes

In physical appearance, lesser vampires are virtually indistinguishable from their lordly brethren, having the same features and coloration. What difference there is shows in their clothes and their demeanor. Though they wear good quality garb, the styling is less elaborate. Though they still consider themselves infinitely superior to any mortal, they know that they are sociologically inferior to the vampire-lords.

The duties of the lesser vampires is to serve the vampire lords. This extends to the providing of food to their lords. Only after vampire lords have fed can the lesser vampires feed themselves. Many lesser vampires don't kill their prey. They drain as much blood as they need to survive, then let the victim, weakened but alive, return to its home. The more enterprising lesser vampires keep their own private "stock" of kobolds and other creatures in the cellars and crawlspaces of their homes. They feed a little from each every day. Unless the vampire is overcome by bloodlust, a single creature can last for months before it dies.

Special

Most lesser vampires are wizards of Skill 1-4. Spells learned are usually those involving necromancy.



Like common vampires and the vampire lords, lesser vampires are immune to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold* spells. They also share all other abilities of common vampires.

Role Playing

Lesser vampires consider themselves to be superior to common vampires (though they're not), but are subservient to vampire lords.

Vampire-Lord

SELENE

STRENGTH:	18 (76)
INTELLIGENCE:	16
INSIGHT:	13
DEXTERITY:	19
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 14 fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 8 magic user
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Evil
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HTK:	50
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (claws)
DAMAGE:	6-11
SPECIAL ATT.:	Energy drain, spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapon to hit
MOVEMENT:	12"/18" flying
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	see below
SIZE:	M (human sized)
TREASURE TYPE:	Z
XP AWARD:	5,000

Vampire-Lords were all at one time human, apparently individuals of high social standing while alive. Now they are rulers of all vampires in areas with a large population of the undead fiends.

Combat

Vampire-lords typically let their retinue of ghouls and lesser vampires do their fighting for them. When engaging in combat themselves, the lords fight fiercely and with guile.

Notes

The average vampire-lord has a retinue of a dozen or so trained ghouls, and sometimes a few lesser vampires as servitors. These servitors don't dwell within the vampire-lords' homes, however, having their havens elsewhere. Because of their high station, vampire-lords can force these servitors to bring them residents of the surrounding area to feed on. This has the effect of reducing the bloodlust which typically plagues lesser vampires.

Special

In addition to all of the abilities of the normal vampire, many vampire-lords are necromancers of considerable power. Nobody knows whether these individuals were



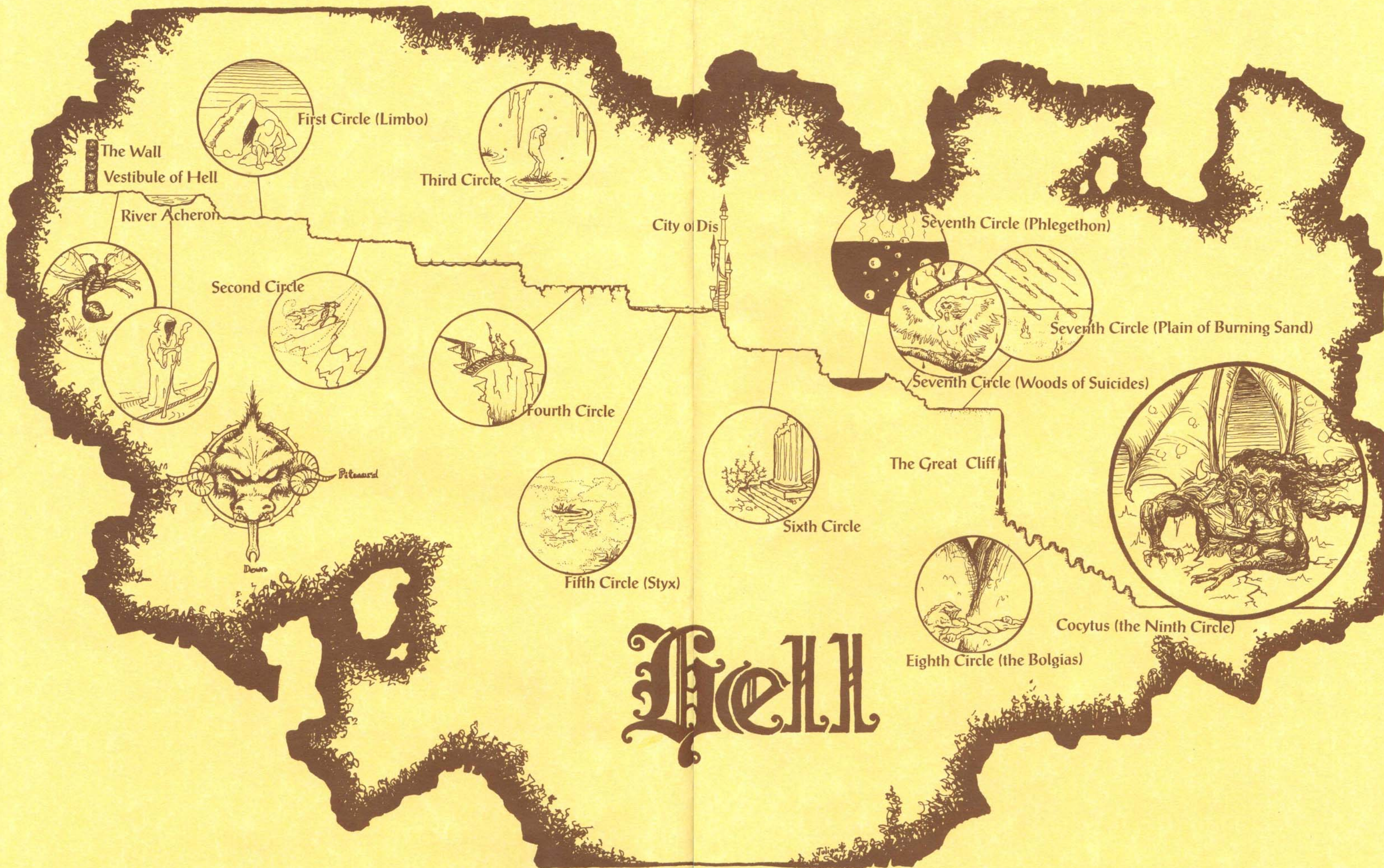
magically active while alive, or discovered the Art after their deaths.

Role Playing

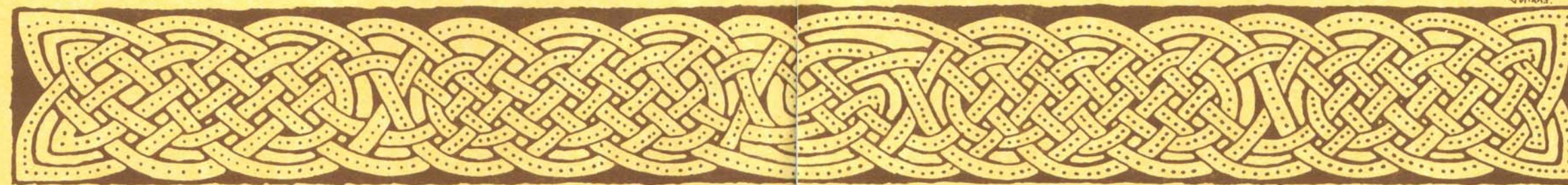
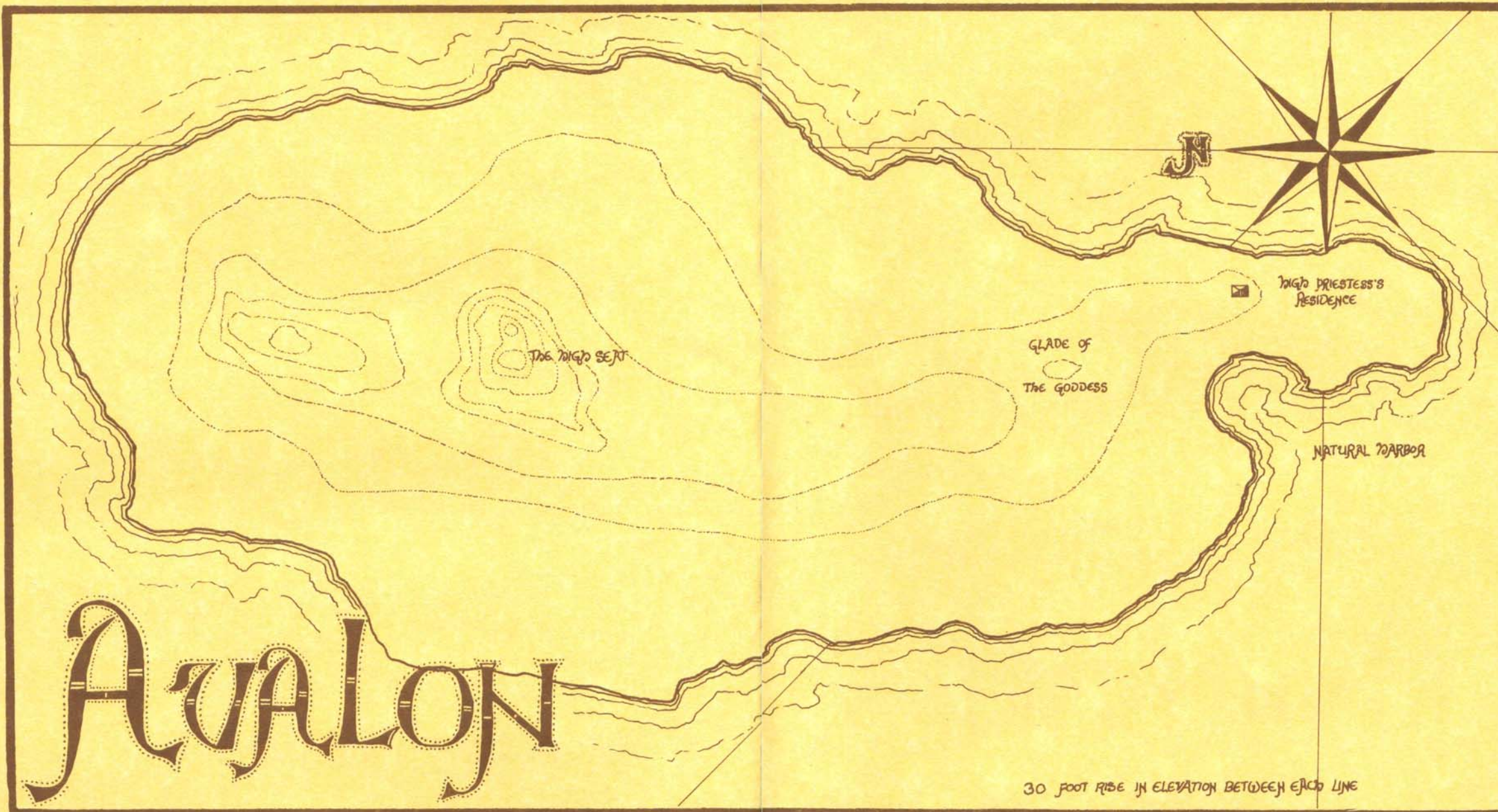
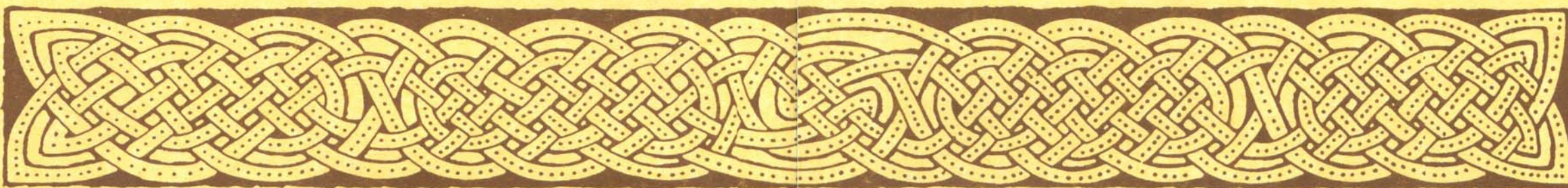
Vampire-lords retain the same elitist, snobbish and arrogant attitudes they had while alive. They consider themselves far above their "common" kindred and believe themselves deserving of the best life has to offer.

Because they're not motivated by their bloodlust, vampire-lords are less likely to attack random visitors on sight. As long as the visitors treat them with the respect they believe they deserve, and don't threaten them, the lords will often respond cordially.





Hell



Julian

Selene

Main Avenues
continue

The Palace of
"Green Water"

I Pread the
Warehouse

Alabaster statues surround the
main square all looking at the
topmost part of the palace with
a look of terrible awe

The city is full of other
statues of terrible beasts

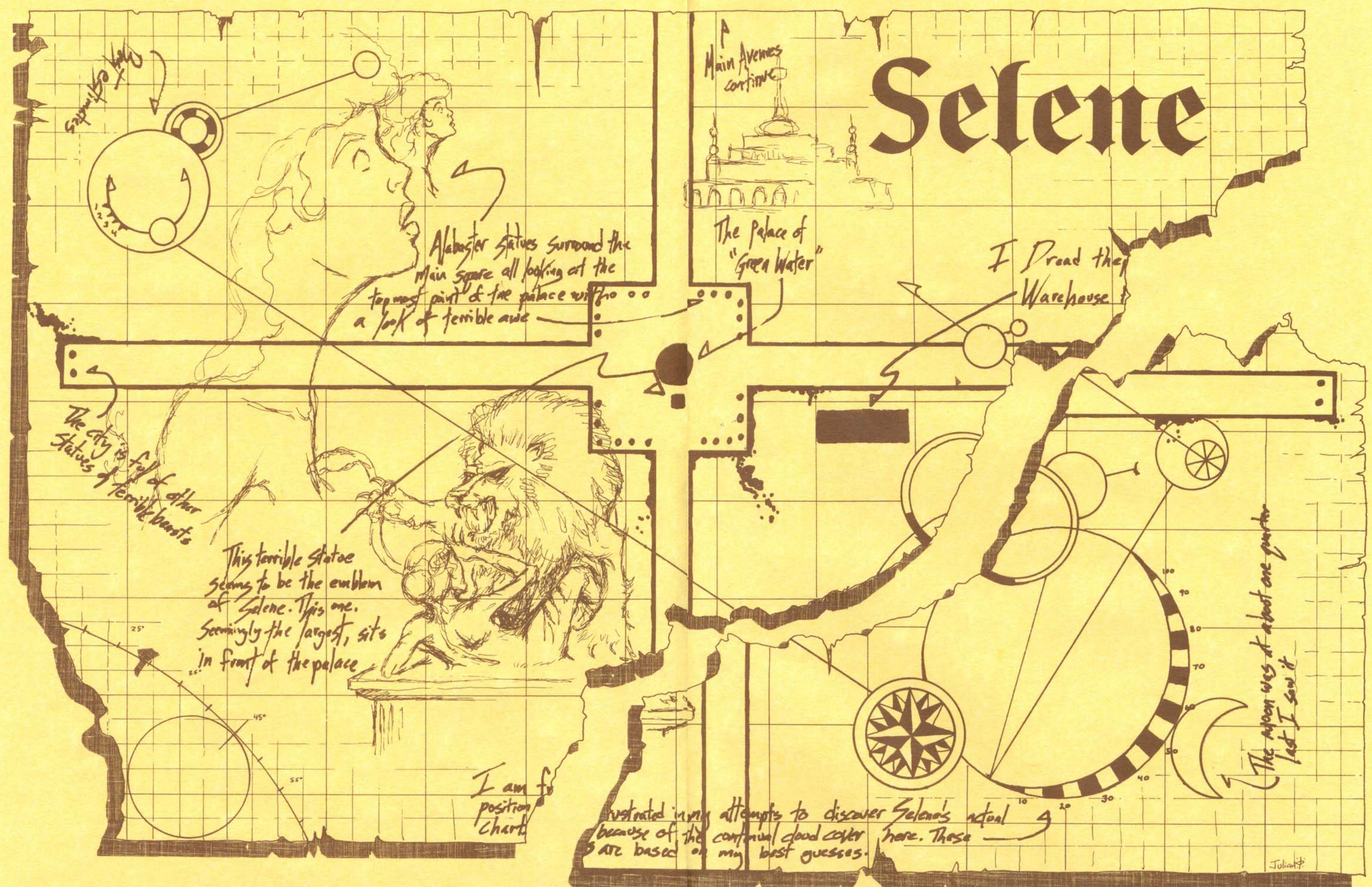
This terrible statue
seems to be the emblem
of Selene. This one.
Seemingly the largest, sits
in front of the palace

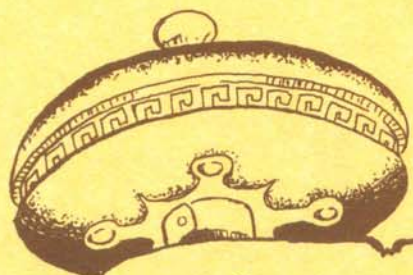
I am for
position
chart

frustrated in my attempts to discover Selene's actual
because of the continual cloud cover here. These
are based on my best guesses.

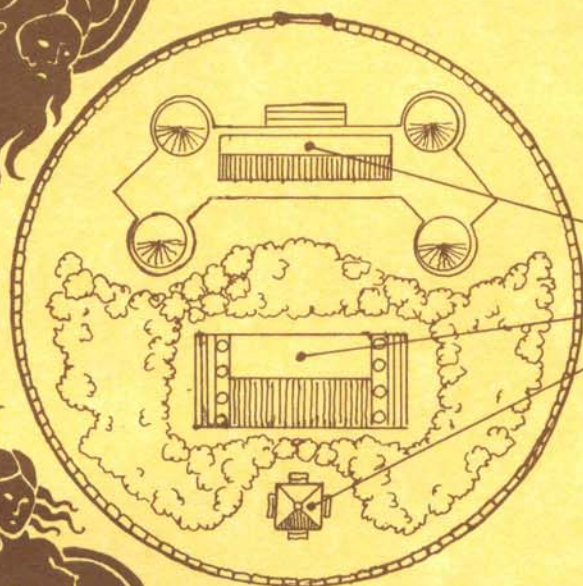
The moon was at about one quarter
last I saw it

Julian





CITY
CENTER

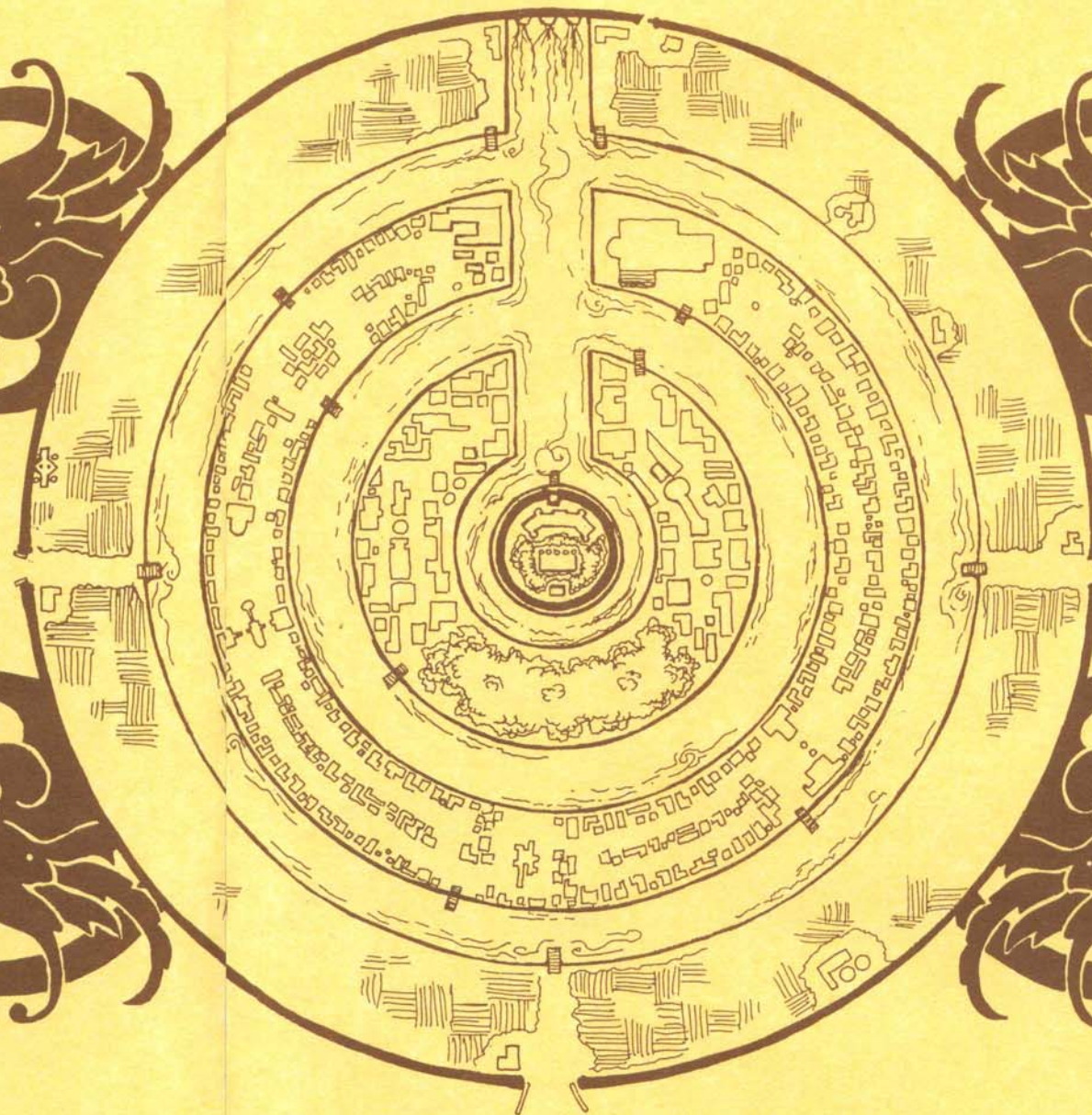


PALACE

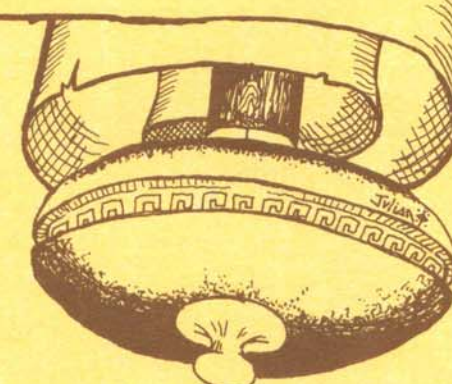
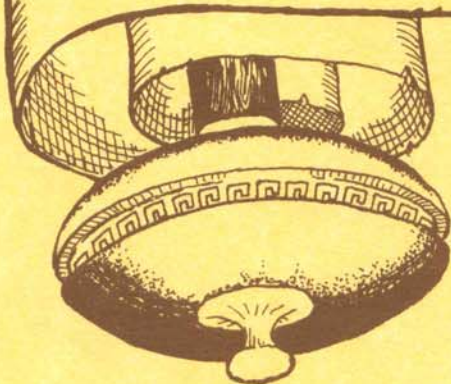
MAIN TEMPLE

SMALL TEMPLE

ATLANTIS



CITY
PROPER



Wonderland



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