




Pull of the Stars



Lands in Shadow for Shadow of the Demon Lord

The people of Urth are not alone in their universe. Demons rush forth from the Void, devils torment the wicked in Hell, and the faeries plot and dance in hidden kingdoms—yet worlds just as strange drift nakedly visible across the night sky. Power radiates from innumerable stars, while traumatic shockwaves pulse across the cosmos, the final screams of entire civilizations consumed by the Demon Lord's shadow. The seeming emptiness is filled with half-thoughts from idiotic star gods, the psychic wails of dying races, and the tremendous bursts of gravity as black holes collide. The prison moon of Tarterus shields the minds of mortals, elementals, and fey alike, but this protection is imperfect, and venturing out to explore and exploit those other worlds comes at great risk.

Madness is all too common among both astronomers and seekers who set foot on alien soils. It has innumerable forms and symptoms, but a common refrain is that *something* wants to be known. Moons full of the bastard offspring of the genies' insanity, mooncalves born of mortal creatures exposed to the energies of the aether, and artifacts of dreadful

~Credits~

Writing, Design, and Illustrations:
Jack Kaiser

Development: Robert J. Schwalb

Editing: Jennifer Clark Wilkes

Proofreading: Jay Spight

Art Direction: Kara Hamilton and Robert J. Schwalb

Graphic Design and Layout: Kara Hamilton

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SCHWALB ENTERTAINMENT, LLC



PO Box #12548, Murfreesboro, TN 37129
info@schwalbentertainment.com
www.schwalbentertainment.com

knowledge—all seem to join in a single song. Such whispers of a grand cosmic agenda are dismissed on Urth as paranoid, but it is impossible to deny that those exposed to the cosmos change in specific ways.

Pull of the Stars details nine worlds orbiting the same sun as Urth, each offering strange locales for adventures, as well as the means of getting to them and elsewhere in the solar system. Here you will find both stories and rules to help you send groups to truly alien locations and face all manner of mysteries and mad threats.

Venture beyond, and be forever changed.

The Aether

The first lesson any would-be explorer of the spheres learns is that Urth is separated from even Tarterus by vast distances of emptiness: the aether. Traveling physically to other worlds requires magic beyond the ken of even the most accomplished wizard. Instead, those who would set foot on other spheres must rely on portals and their mad creators.

Portals

Fewer than a dozen portals are known to exist in Rûl, and even those are closely guarded secrets. Most have been built into reflecting pools in rooms open to the stars, and all but the most clandestine—or insane—have enough space nearby for preparations. Portalmasters handle the fiendishly complex task of consulting charts, orreries, and abaci to ensure the journey through the ever-shifting dance of the spheres goes where it is meant to. They check and recheck the calculations with utmost care, since variance of even a cosmologically tiny degree can end with the voyagers merged with rock, appearing in free fall miles above their destination, drifting in a lonely and lethal orbit, or worse.

To open the portal, the master invokes a secret ritual that draws down a fraction of the power of the target location. A twin of the portal appears on Urth, assuming all went as calculated, which remains extant as long as the connection is maintained or until the portal has been locked down at the destination. Once locked down, the connection strengthens and makes subsequent journeys far more reliable.

Entering a portal is simple enough once it has been opened. The water of the pool mists over, obscuring the surface, and the travelers step through, sinking into the fog and emerging almost instantly from the linked portal at the other end.

The aether is saturated with strange forces and harsh energies, and portals do little to protect the intrepid fools and experienced adventurers alike who use them. You can roll on the following table to reflect this weird magic or invent your own maddening effects, since exposure to the aether strains sanity.

Portal Travel Events

3d6	Event
3	You suffer a nightmarish vision, which seems to last for hours, of a milky white eye that glares at you with impossible hatred. Gain 1d6 Insanity.
4	A vision of a world being consumed by the Demon Lord assaults you. Gain 1d3 Insanity.
5–6	You suffer a horrible sunburn and are blinded for 1d3 hours. If you are a clockwork made of metal, your body glows white hot for 1d3 minutes and ignites any combustibles you are wearing or carrying if you exit into an environment with air.
7–8	You emerge unsettled and disoriented, and spend the next 1d3 minutes violently vomiting. If you are a clockwork, you are instead covered with thick dust and your key stops turning.
9–12	You arrive disoriented, but your mind is as it was.
13–14	You are displaced in time 1d6 hours, emerging before or after you left.
15–16	Blinding pain fills your skull as you see mind-bending perspectives during your travel. You are dazed for 1d3 minutes.
17	Your eyes blacken and fill with tiny pinpricks of stars, lasting until you return through the portal. You gain truesight for 1 hour.
18	Your mind fills with fragmented memories of everyone to pass through this portal in the last lunar month. You gain 1 Insanity, but you make Intellect challenge rolls with 1 boon for 1 hour.

Otherworldly Hazards

As perilous and brutal as life on Urth can be, its sibling worlds around the sun offer their own dread challenges. No other world has the comfortable mix of gravity and atmosphere that Urth offers, and to explore these sites requires powerful magic and clever devices to compensate.

Gravity

Neophyte explorers of the other bodies never step out of their first portal—they stumble. The aether itself has no gravity, and the smallest moonlets and countless asteroids have effectively none as well. Smaller worlds possess low gravity, while the greedy embrace of heavier ones is exhausting. For the first 1d3 hours on a world with a different level of gravity, creatures are impaired.

Null Gravity: The experience of null gravity is disorienting and challenging. There is no up, no down, and precious little to grab hold of. Creatures must push or pull themselves along on object or surface, throw something, or otherwise provide an oppositional force to move in null gravity. Those capable of natural flight can do so normally, provided there is any atmosphere to fill their wings, while magical flight is unimpeded. Enclosed environments, such as asteroid caves, are relatively straightforward to navigate, but in open environments, such as the surface of a small moonlet, combat carries the added risk of being knocked or launched into the aether.

Any creature or unsecured object in null gravity that takes damage from a weapon or other physical object, or that is subject to an effect that would push or knock it back (such as a blast), immediately moves 1d3 yards farther away. It moves an additional 1 yard in the same direction at the end of that round and of each round thereafter until it encounters a solid, secured surface to halt the movement. You might allow an affected creature to make an Agility challenge roll to grab hold of something, assuming there's anything suitable around.

Low Gravity: On Tarterus and many other moons, low gravity adds spring to one's step and enhances muscle power. Characters can generally jump twice as far as on Urth, both horizontally and vertically, and make Strength challenge rolls to lift, push, or throw objects with 2 boons.

High Gravity: In high-gravity environments, every step is heavier, every breath is harder, and even the slightest fall can be injurious. Creatures in high gravity are slowed (except when going downhill) and take 1d6 extra damage from landing after a fall (*Shadow*, page 38). For characters who have spent less than a month in high gravity to adapt, each half-hour of travel is equivalent to a full hour for purposes of fatigue.

Atmospheres

Most worlds in the system are either airless or have only a trace atmosphere. More substantial atmospheres are rarely breathable. Characters on worlds without breathable atmospheres immediately begin suffocating (*Shadow*, page 202).

Depressurization: In airless environments, living and breathing creatures must get a success on a Strength challenge roll at the end of each round or take 1d3 damage from depressurization until the creature returns to a pressurized environment, such as an aethersuit. Damage from depressurization leaves hideous bruises over exposed skin.



Aethersuit (5 gc; exotic)

A specially designed outfit made from heavy oilcloth with sewn-in boots and gloves and a metal helm, an aethersuit protects against depressurization and supplies a limited amount of breathable air. These suits are hard to find and must be custom-made to fit the wearer. Finding or crafting a design and locating a tailor capable of such painstaking work can be an adventure in itself, though most portalmasters keep a stock on hand.



New Spell

AETHER SKIN

ALTERATION UTILITY 1

Target One creature you can reach

Duration 4 hours

You touch the target. For the duration, the target no longer needs to breathe, and a faint crystalline scaling covers its body. The target is incapable of speaking or smelling, but it is immune to depressurization.

On airless worlds and in the open aether, creatures also suffer from exposure to extreme temperatures under the full brunt of the sun's rays. As well, the lack of atmosphere prevents the transmission of sound, rendering creatures deafened. It is possible to sense vibrations by touch, although poorly. Attempts to "hear" this way require physical contact and impose 3 banes on the Perception challenge rolls.

Magic

The extreme environments and strange forces encountered in the aether can affect how magic functions. Since most spells require speaking arcane words, casting is usually impossible in a vacuum or trace atmosphere. In unbreathable atmospheres, a living, breathing creature that attempts to cast a spell must make a Strength challenge roll with 1 bane. The caster manages to choke out the words and cast the spell on a success, or wastes the casting on a failure.

Some environments prevent spells from certain traditions from taking effect. In a vacuum, any spell that would move air, create fire, or produce weather has no effect. As a rule of thumb, spells from the Air, Fire, and Storm traditions do not usually function.

Some regions enhance or modify how spells work. Attack rolls from casting a Celestial attack spell within the orbit of the Twins are made with 1 boon, and creatures making challenge rolls to resist such spells do so with 1 bane; on the surface of Dancer, the number of boons and banes increases to 3. Any spell cast within Voulge's orbit is subject to weird magic (*Shadow*, page 199) under the strange and unsettling light. Divination and Telepathy (see *Demon Lord's Companion*) spells function normally, but each time a creature casts a spell from these traditions, it must get a success on a Will challenge roll or gain 1 Insanity as its mind is forcibly expanded.

New Interesting Things

You can allow characters to roll on the following table instead of the normal **Interesting Things** tables when traveling among Urth's fellow worlds.

Interesting Things from the Aether

d20	Interesting Thing
1	A book of star charts
2	A telescope
3	A small bag holding a dried finger with four knuckles
4	A mirror that always reflects the night sky
5	A strange cage-like helmet made of green metal
6	A dream of a grand machine stretching across the solar system
7	Finger-sized, milky white crystals that ring softly during the new moon
8	Three vials of partially-congealed blood taken from a mooncalf
9	Silver leaves from an unknown plant that never seem to wilt
10	A thumb-sized, writhing mass of flesh
11	The journal of a long-dead portalmaster
12	A black onyx vial full of starlight
13	A deck of divining cards with unsettling illustrations
14	Five strands of forked hair
15	A chunk of bluish rock that gives off small static shocks when touched
16	A reen 's eye
17	Parallel scars along your spine and several days you can't remember
18	A pocket watch containing an intricately detailed orrery
19	A treasure map for one of Voulge's moons
20	An unhealthy amount of wanderlust

Heavenly and Hellish Bodies

By the time madness consumed the genies, many had already been driven from Urth. Petty rivalries, demonic incursions, and simple whim sent the creators to all corners of the solar system. Not everything now orbiting the sun is their handiwork, but most spheres at least bear the marks of their makers, if not house them.

The Sun

The sun orbited by Urth and the others is relatively young. A burning ball of plasma, its light, heat, and gravity form the core of the entire system. Some believe it to be filled with genies or other such beings of near godlike power, but few have ever sought to verify these tales.

Eight other worlds orbit Urth's sun, presented in order from nearest to farthest, as well as the moon Tarterus.

Dancer

The closest world to the sun is a small sphere orbiting at an impossible speed. In fact, astronomers studying the little ball have concluded that it should have been launched deep into the aether long ago, but some force holds it fast. An expedition of salamanders and like-minded pyromancers ventured there some years ago but returned burned and blistered, with tales of a hellish, airless world of cracked, dirty glass, its hills and landscapes cut into strange shapes as though by a giant blade. Magic suffuses the tiny world, with scintillating, streaming arcs of energy looping high over its surface.

Dancer's environment is brutal: gravity is low, but the surface absorbs the sun's heat so well that even on the night side, cloth or wood would spontaneously combust but for the lack of an atmosphere. The entire world is a weird magic environment (*Shadow*, page 199), and the sheer power contained within draws many curious minds despite the peril.

The last expedition saw only a single survivor return, perishing shortly after from his burns. His final words spoke of a door deep within a canyon, and within, "twitching things, legs and eyes and... and antennae. They spoke to me in my mind of a beautiful, horrible machine."

Voulge, the Ominous Giant

Voulge is an enormous sphere of swirling storms, a giant icy bruise half-boiling under the sun's heat. If any have been mad enough to travel there, whether with some means of flight or misguided belief in a

surface they could stand on, they have not returned to tell the tale. Three thick, black rings orbit the planet, accompanied by countless smaller, ever-shifting rings and dozens of moons.

Most of Voulge's many moons are airless, misshapen balls of ice and rock, but some have exotic environments. For example, Saolus is a twisting, roiling mass of ever-shifting volcanic mountains filled with creatures of flame, the creations of a fire genie long since lost to madness. The most recognizable life forms resemble human-sized maggots from whose backs protrude countless spider-like limbs. Far larger monsters prowl the sulfuric landscape, their bodies indistinct behind acrid smoke save for dozens of many-jointed legs. The atmosphere is a choking miasma of smoke and acidic clouds, utterly unbreathable and hot enough to sear unprotected skin. Its gravity is weak, and violent volcanic eruptions send molten rock arcing up hundreds of miles, raining death upon any who were not made by the mad hand of the moon's dominant fire genie. But even this hostile environment draws brave fools. The corpses of this moon's hostile life forms are much sought-after as powerful alchemical reagents, and more than one attempt has been made to bind the genie dwelling in its vast, smoldering castle.

Other satellites of this grim giant include: an airless null-gravity moonlet orbited by its own rent crust, inhabited by huge swarms of **reens**, alternatively building structures from the debris and tearing them—and each other—apart; a world colonized by a cult of necromancers centered around the bloated corpse of a vast creature in its icy canyons; and an oblong moonlet with a tower dedicated to the New God, now abandoned and wreathed in a thin, acidic atmosphere.

Red Eclipse: The aether's insane magic wells up within the planet, which the sun constantly blasts off in a faintly visible, wildly twisting red tail stretching far out into nothingness. Travellers on any given moon of Voulge suffer the effects of a red eclipse every 3d6 days they remain in the satellite's orbit, as it passes through the planet's tail. Creatures caught without shelter, such as being underground, must succeed on a Strength challenge roll or gain a mutation (*Shadow*, page 198) and make challenge rolls to resist gaining Insanity with 3 banes until they complete a rest.

Voulge is not large enough to fully eclipse the sun over Urth; its shadow is rare, brief, and touches only small areas at a time. Wherever the blood-red shadow falls, crops fail or twist into unrecognizable growths, colors become strange and painful to the eye, and spells drive their casters mad. Void breaches are common, and birthings of mooncalves inevitably follow these red eclipses.

The Bright Twins: Orphes and Kelna

Twin worlds orbiting a point between them, these two bodies revealed much about the structure of the solar system before the first portal was ever opened. Their great radiance allowed clear observations from Urth, teaching ancient astronomers about the nature of the great spheres, their orbits, their interactions, and their beauty.

The Twins do not properly orbit each other, however. A spindle connects the two, a mile in circumference and hundreds of thousands of miles long, made of a stony substance that defies all attempts to break, transmute, or alter it. To date,

no significant features have been found marring the smooth surface of the spindle, nor have any attempts to dig around it unearthed any clues to its purpose or origin.

This spindle is only the largest and most studied artifact on the Twins. Their surfaces are carved with deep canyons, whose delicate stone formations howl eerily in the wind under the equally light gravity of both worlds. Great sails and struts stretch across them, anchored to bulbous buildings with no known inhabitants. Crashed and derelict airships abound, and some efforts have been made to raise them into the acrid but breathable atmosphere.

The only known portals to the Twins connect exclusively to Orphes, the first of the two to be reached. Kelna resists any permanent portals for reasons unknown, and any established on it inevitably shift to its twin within hours.

Psychics who visit the Twins soon begin to sense a distant pressure emanating from Kelna, eventually manifesting as a dull, throbbing headache that returns swiftly against any attempt to cure it. Any creature with 5 or more Insanity hears some distant warbling sounds in their dreams, like the call of a loon or other large bird, coming from Kelna. All who spend more than a few days here find themselves moving and acting in odd unison during times of stress.

Vos, the World Specter

Rarely observed and seldom visited, Vos is a small, dark sphere visible from Urth only when it crosses the sun. It is a ghost world, the first to fall to the Demon Lord. But for reasons unknown, the foul demons departed, leaving Vos a cold, blackened ruin.

The world's surface is still and bleak, but beneath lie the ruins of once-mighty civilizations. The demons' efforts left reality thin and haggard here, and ghosts now rule this world that were ancient before the first mortals on Urth lived and died. They are nearly unrecognizable as anything once living, with ethereal bodies ranging from swarms of ghostly lights to dripping flesh stitched onto geometric frames. They communicate but rarely, implanting painful commands directly into the minds of intruders. Resisting such a command requires a creature to make a Will challenge roll with 1 bane. On a failure, the creature becomes compelled for 1 minute, made to perform tasks of inscrutable purpose and function.

The demons even snuffed the life from the world's core, and the deeper one travels into Vos, the more reality is distorted. Gravity on the surface is similar to Urth's, but below it shifts and warps shockingly, even within the length of a single hallway at times. Blackened machines of unknown purpose line the walls, while the ancient ghosts stand as silent sentinels, flicker in and out of existence, or assail intruders.



Depth

This world is larger than Urth, wreathed in featureless blue-green clouds. Its atmosphere is breathable, though it is so thick at sea level that it has a narcotic effect, leaving creatures impaired from a feeling of drunkenness. Depth's heavy gravity and gloomy, cold skies make the world oppressively still. Most of its known surface is covered in greenish-black seas of mildly acidic water, with scattered islands of gnarled fungal growths and coarse sand. A few of these bizarre islands reach up in twisted "trees," high enough to escape the intoxicating atmospheric pressure below. Here dwell most of the world's inhabitants, in a few scattered, monastery-like keeps and complexes. The seas are rarely sailed, for the air is deathly calm. Huge green patches of what looks to be moss or algae drift across the smooth surface, exploding into vicious things loosely resembling locusts with acid-lined mouth-suckers that dissolve anything they can catch. Vast glowing forms below the surface have also been reported, though if anybody has seen more than that ethereal light, they have not lived to speak of it.

Depth is a place where things are hidden or intentionally lost. Many relics have simply been cast into the dark seas to be forgotten, while more dangerous secrets are locked away in isolated fortresses built into the lower islands. Some of these include: an entire library of enchanted poisons; gigantic steel spheres, each taller than an orc and inscribed in inscrutable runes; and a sad remnant of an exiled clan, permanently transformed into abominations. Of course, there are tales of all manner of other things lost to the ages, from dread horrors sealed away for the good of all to unfathomable riches that drive those who seek them to madness or death.

Recently, a daring band of treasure hunters won the favor of the high court of Old Edene and embarked on an expedition to Depth. They brought supplies to build an airship and hoped to find some defense against the anticipated orc invasion of their homeland. They made semi-regular voyages through the upper atmosphere and discovered several previously unknown structures and fungal trees, but they returned from their last effort with numerous casualties. According to the dazed survivors, they encountered vast predators in the clouds, amorphous and aggressive things like jellyfish whose touch boiled flesh and who appeared to employ dark magic against their prey.

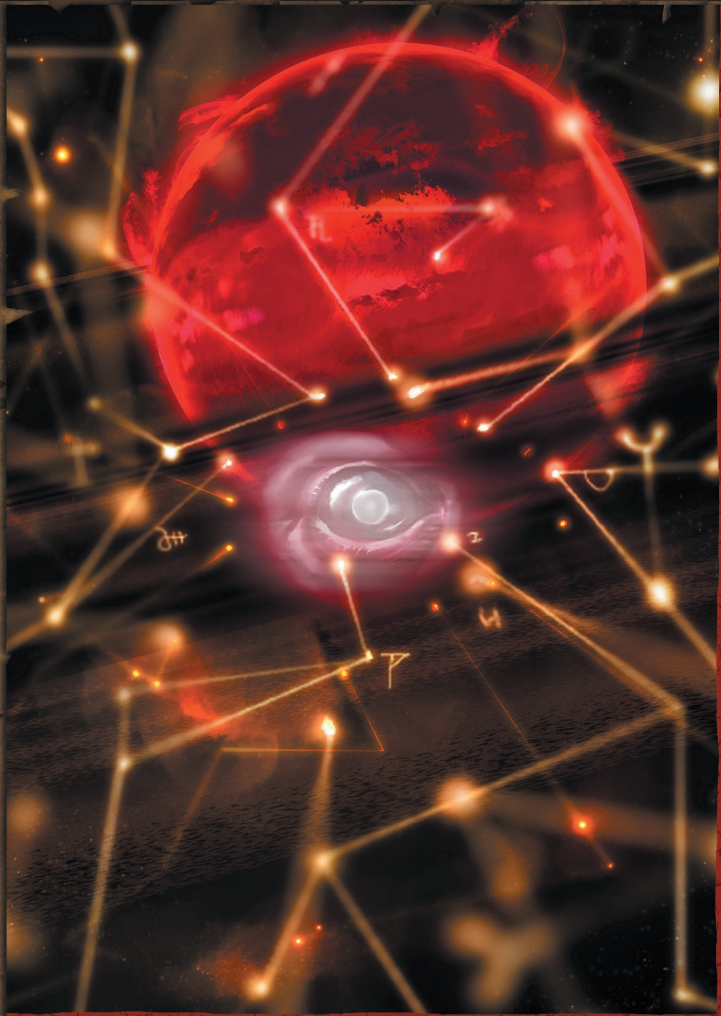
Tempest

The largest planet, Tempest is a hauntingly beautiful sphere of swirling brown, blue, and green surrounded by dozens of rings stretching out well over 200,000 miles. These icy rings are so bright that they are visible on Urth on clear nights of the new moon. Like Voulge, Tempest is a gas giant with no known land and an unbreathable atmosphere buffeted by horrendously fierce storms, and at least a hundred moons orbit the world.

One of Tempest's orbiting children, Heltfast, is a dense oblong of black basalt and obsidian with high gravity and an acrid but breathable atmosphere. Here stand the ruins of an ancient citadel surrounded by melted rock, inhabited by a humanoid race who garb themselves in thick oilcloths and helms made out of bone-like coral. They are locked in a containment war against giant, coal-black oozes intent on entering the citadel, an ugly thing of spires and buttresses that holds the still-living malignancy cut from an ancient god. The masked ones have never deigned to speak to visitors, observing in a stern silence as they take flaming blades to the encroaching oozes, and those that fall either self-immolate or are consumed utterly by the amorphous horrors. Countless animated corpses also meander this dark world, often parasitized by the rampant oozes.

Another moon once housed an optimistic clan of artists, refugees from the Witch-King's reign who sought a safe haven to explore beauty and meaning. They found a place with light gravity, covered with rocky growths resembling immense ivy. Above hovered Tempest in all its glory, inspiring countless masterworks. But this brief paradise was not to last. A decade after the last of these idealistic souls settled here, the college housing the portal was abruptly overrun by blood-seeking brambles and undead with wounds erupting in sickly flowers. It took legions of orcs to beat back the growth and reclaim the portal, which was swiftly unmade after a scouting mission returned from beyond. They brought back reports that the moon had apparently bloomed, with vast winged creatures hunting in its skies. All they recovered was a single painting, of a mother and child, that has since passed through the hands of dozens of ill-fated collectors.

In addition to its moons, Tempest shepherds three vast clouds of asteroids and broken planetoids. Two of these swarms of rock and ice share the beautiful world's orbit, one 60 degrees ahead and one 60 degrees behind, while the third lies between Tempest and the sun. These have been barely explored and could contain any number of bizarre leftovers from the genies' creation.



The Blind Eye

As long as there have been oracles, psychics, and the mad, a rare few have dreamed of a baleful, milky white eye glaring from within a boundless void. It is a dream of indescribable rage and fury, all-encompassing and terrible in its intensity. Within their insane writings and journals, and inscriptions of the most depraved spells, lurks the symbol of the Blind Eye. Would that astronomers had never peered deep into the Black and found this world.

The Blind Eye is a burning cinder, one-third the mass of the sun, orbiting so far away that Urth is invisible and the sun itself is barely distinguishable from other stars. Far more than merely a failed star, it is a thing possessed of a hatred that even the greatest genies might not match. All attempts so far to probe it with magic have left no answers as to whether the Blind Eye possesses any intelligence beyond its all-consuming anger—and those who have done so have died, their brains burned to ash within their skulls. The Blind Eye's orbit is such that Urth passes between it and the sun only irregularly, but its touch fills minds with nightmares and foul inspiration. The effect is far stronger on other worlds, and cabals of astronomers now sacrifice their sanity to plot the distant star's orbit so that the inhabitants might prepare themselves.

The Blind Eye has thin rings stretching out millions of miles, in which any number of cold, dark moons could be lurking. Few people have ventured there, and fewer have returned alive and sane. Only one portal, housed in a college at the base of the Teeth, is known to have attempted the connection, but it was long ago razed to the ground by the Orc King's marauders.

Tarterus, the Prison Moon

Tarterus hangs in the sky over Urth, its cloudy, ever-changing face flashing with crimson lightning. Wild storms visibly crackle during nights of a full moon, tiny sparks of red amid the starless void. Smaller than Urth, Tarterus has a thick, cold atmosphere and roughly half the gravity. Those who travel here soon learn to dread the flensing dust storms that tear across the craggy surface, carrying fist-sized rocks that such winds could never lift on Urth. Only a small fraction of the moon has been explored, revealing a bleak landscape full of peril. The stormy weather bears with it vast banks of **killing mists**, while pools of **living tar** lurk in its many shadowed pits.

Tarterus is populated by countless souls snatched up from Urth and the other spheres. Most of these abductions are carried out by **harvesters**, whose victims awaken missing nonvital parts, branded, or with scars over foreign objects under their skin. Vast subterranean complexes and bleak towers echo with screams as the harvesters and their strange, diaphanous-bodied masters conduct horrific experiments, but just as many abductees are left to their own devices and ignored. Countless abducted monsters prowl these prisons for prey and a means of escape. Even the most terrible of these, however, cower when the moon shakes and the storms flare even stronger, as *something* deep below the surface moves about.

Tarterus serves another purpose beyond a place of incarceration. Astronomers and sages have confirmed that the prison moon also protects Urth from the mad energies of the aether; some even believe the absorption of such energy fuels the eternal storms on its face. The effects of cosmic phenomena that pierce this magic, such as baleful comets and Voulge's red eclipses, confirm what a blessing this shield is.

Other Spheres

Half a dozen other planets orbiting the sun have been divined, though no known portals have been linked to those worlds. Oracles' descriptions of them are unreliable, due to the maddening effects of the aether: a vast world of ice; a broken, hollow crust of a planet; an entire rocky body carved into a fiendish gyroscope. All this and more lurks in the dark aether, waiting for the intrepid—to say nothing of what might exist around more distant stars.

Moonicalves

Pregnancies exposed to the strange magic of the aether, from Voulge's red eclipses to the passing of a comet to traveling through a portal, can all lead to monstrous births known as mooncalves.

These mutants resemble their parent species and can be born of any mortal creature or elemental, but are always clearly strange. Each is unique, but typical features include additional pitch-black eyes, multiple limbs, twisted or gangly physiques, utter lack of skin pigmentation or body hair, and glowing patches across the skull. Mooncalves can rival demons for obscenity or be disarmingly mundane beyond a single alien feature, but their behavior is universally bizarre. They react to stimuli that no magic or device has yet detected, engaging in all manner of activity apparently at random.

You can create a mooncalf by applying the following modifications to a living, mortal creature or an elemental.

MOONCALF

ADD 1 DIFFICULTY STEP

Gain the frightening trait

Perception +2; gain truesight

Agility -1, **Intellect** +1

Aether Bond A mooncalf within long range of at least one other mooncalf cannot be surprised unless all those mooncalves are surprised. As well, a mooncalf within long range of another mooncalf makes attack rolls and challenge rolls with 1 boon.

Aetherspry Mooncalves do not suffocate and do not suffer the effects of decompression. They make challenge rolls to maneuver in null gravity with 3 boons.

SPECIAL ATTACKS

Voice of the Stars The mooncalf's eyes dilate, an external organ pulses, or an orifice contorts open. Each creature within short range of it that has an Intellect score of 7 or higher must get a success on an Intellect challenge roll with 1 boon or become dazed for 1 minute, as the creature's mind struggles to reject a signal it was never meant to process.

END OF THE ROUND

Lunacy Roll a d6. On a 1, the mooncalf becomes defenseless and immobilized for 1d20 minutes. If the mooncalf takes any damage, it removes these afflictions.



Otherworldly Features

Portals sometimes appear spontaneously in remote places or go wildly off course, opening remote or lost places across the solar system to exploration. There are hundreds of moons, asteroids, broken hunks of shattered worlds, and distant comets in the solar system, allowing for any environment you decide, and any number of strange mysteries to stumble across.

Interesting Aetheric Encounters

d20	Encounter
1	A tiny moonlet with crushing, magic-fueled gravity
2	A world of ice inhabited by salamander mooncalves
3	A half-dozen asteroids lashed together by a half-finished, abandoned structure
4	A comet swarming with displaced devils
5	A derelict machine, resembling a clockwork heart, orbiting a planet
6	The abandoned complex around a portal, ritually defiled and strewn with corpses
7	A moonlet tethered to a giant mirror-like dish carved from ice
8	A swarm of 2d6 lash crawlers with many-pupiled eyes
9	Dozens of demons apparently frozen in time
10	An asteroid that, upon close inspection, is made of the dust-covered, amalgamated corpses of millions of giant insectoid creatures
11	A hive-minded cult, hostile or benign, that seeks to add the characters to its union
12	A rocky ring exactly 6,000 feet in diameter, every inch of its surface carved in an unfinished mathematical formula
13	A swarm of reen building a telescope-like device
14	A tiny moonlet that periodically teleports around the solar system
15	A canyon lined with countless sarcophagi, all 13 feet long and made of polished basalt
16	A vast airship housing a mobile portal
17	An ancient set of ten standing stones with exact copies on three other worlds; those who see them are compelled to count them and ensure an eleventh never rises
18	A living, carnivorous sphere with branching insectoid limbs hundreds of feet long
19	A moonlet of dirty glass, blasted by the sun, with something pulsing deep inside
20	A hollow asteroid orbiting Urth and filled with a humid, alien jungle

Adventure Ideas

The following ideas can help you create adventures that incorporate the information presented in this supplement.

Rude Awakening (Starting)

The characters are abducted and wake up in one of Tarterus's citadels, disoriented and with strange, fresh scars along their spines. The **harvesters** who spirited them away must have used a portal, so the characters have to find it and get back home.

Mooncalf Menace (Novice)

A red eclipse shines down on part of Rûl's coast, turning dozens of farms strange with livestock birthing mooncalves over the following weeks. The characters are caught in the crossfire between superstitious citizens, conflicting efforts of priests of the New God and the Old Faith to address the "demonic" infestation, and a cult determined to steal away a newborn human mooncalf.

Wind Splinters (Expert)

Spontaneous, splitting headaches strike the characters and everyone else for a mile around, only to fade moments later. Thereafter, pulses of pain strike periodically, growing stronger the closer the characters travel to a strange university. Therein, they discover evidence of gruesome experiments, corpses of students whose skulls have spilled open, and deep within, a new portal linking to one of the Blind Eye's moons.

Shadow of the World (Master)

Demons invade Urth, spreading chaos and carnage wherever they go. Desperate to find a way to throw back the threat, the mages of the Tower Arcane claim the answer lies on Vos and have constructed a new portal to get there. The characters must venture to the depths of that world and scour the ruins for clues into what drove back the demons after their attempted conquest. There they might find the answers they seek from the specters of those slain by the demons and left to wander the passages as mad, raving things.