

Chapter 1

Infernus



In the beginning, there was nothing. A void of eternal darkness—perfect and endless. When the perfect void was corrupted by light, a whole new era began. An era in which the ancient gods gave shape unto the multiverse—creating and dividing planes to be used as their playground. No one knows where the ancient gods came from, nor how many there were. But, at one time and despite the lack of evidence seen today, they were definitely real.

Long ago, when the powers were but children of these ancients and mortals were only an idea, unrest developed on a grand scale. For these new children had been given much power and the will to do as they please; and it was this will that pitted power against power until the grandest war of all time ensued.

The Planar Wars was the name later given to this unrest, for it marked war unlike anything the multiverse would ever see again. In this war the ancients attempted to restore order, but the powers were many and the ancients few.

*Prepare yourself,
berk, for you are about to
bear witness to such
genius that the mortal
mind cannot comprehend
it.*

*If you survive its in-
terpretation, then we will
teach you the Old Way.*

*But, I can see that
you are not ready for our
wisdom, and so you must
experience its alterna-
tive: undying torment
eternal...*

*—Words of an Elder
to a Clueless Mortal.*

In the end, the ancients were driven out or silenced, and the powers seized control of the multiverse. These powers found that although they could not create divine life, the most powerful of gods could create mortal life. And so they did.

But unrest continued, for the powers could not agree on policy. It was then that the Divine Compact was created when all the powers gathered unto a single place for that last time. They set limits to what individual powers could and could not do in the meddling of other powers' affairs. Furthermore, in light of a mortal's will to choose, the powers would use the mortals as pawns in their games much in the same way as they themselves had been played by the ancients.

But, like the powers' secession from the ancients, so did the mortals use their own power of choice to decide who, if any, they would worship.

As the way developed, mortals became the real wielders of power, for their worship determined which gods gained power and which faded away—as it is and continues to be today.

Elders: From Past to Present

One group of powers—a few of the original gods and their lessers in direct service of the ancients—were beaten-down during the Planar Wars, but not wholly destroyed. This group of powers later became known as the elder gods, for they and their lessers have since been hidden away in the demi-plane of Infernus—a series of realms created by the last fleeing ancient.

The elders were once the proud denizens of Baator, Acheron, and Gehenna. But when they fled to Infernus, newer races (offshoots and mutations of the elders themselves) began to gain power. As they grew during the era of the Compact, they met little or no resistance in their inexorable rise to power—filling the void of evil left behind by the elders. These younger races are, of course, the baatezu, yugoloths, and tanar'ri.

Today, although the elders have restored much of their power, the younger races immeasurably outnumber them, having had reign of the planes for so long. However, the elder gods themselves retained great power, and are still among the greatest of the divine beings.

Currently, with the elder armies vastly outnumbered by their younger cousins, Infernus is hard at work increasing the number of its worshipers and, hence, the number of petitioners received. The more petitioners, the more elder armies.

In this effort, Infernus does have one clear advantage. Not only is it now powerful enough to no longer fear detection, it is not a part of the ongoing Blood War. Avoiding the Blood War is one sure-fire way to gain on the baatezu, yugoloths, and tanar'ri who lose countless armies in every skirmish and battle.

Until recently, it took Infernus eons to rebuild only a fraction of its forces, for it did so in the dark. Today, it is more openly recruiting worshipers and offering unmatched temptations in doing so. These actions will see a rapid gain of power for all denizens of Infernus.

The chant is that a few of the powers of the Upper Planes have recently taken notice of these activities and begun watching. Surprisingly, these powers have been quiet thus far concerning such discoveries and have not moved directly against the elders, for they are still busy combating the machinations of the baatezu and tanar'ri much to the elders' delight.

How to Get In

Considering that Infernus only recently unsealed its “doors” to the rest of the multiverse, cutters will find it surprisingly easy to gain entrance to the realms. Unlike Baator's heavily defended planes, the elders aren't particularly worried about tanar'ri or baatezu invasions—and with good reason: no one knows just how powerful the elders really are, and no one has ever given an elder power the laugh.

With the plane itself blocking all attempts at astral travel and *plane shifting* (something requiring a power key known only to the elders themselves), there are only three ways into Infernus—and all of them are watched carefully. Now, perception is everything, and what the elders perceive as trouble or benign depends on what travelers bring with 'em.

Naturally, baatezu, tanar'ri, and the like aren't allowed anywhere near Infernus, and the elders seem to have developed a means of detecting the *polymorphed* and *shape changed* fiend. Likewise, an aasimon had better think twice about entering the realms as well.

So, just who is allowed in then? Just about everyone else. You see, the elders are promoting commerce and trade, for they believe it strengthens Infernus. Cities such as New Paradise are a virtual plethora of black markets and businesses where a berk can buy almost anything—and not just legally, but without heavy tariffs and taxes too. Cities such as these have become so popular that Infernus may soon become the number one economic power as well.

Now, you might be wondering if the occasional proxy of a rival power or a cutter bent on putting evil in its place manages to sneak its way past the elder sentries. The truth is, a lot of them do. But the elders don't seem particularly worried about such things these days, and when a rival proxy or cutter gives some elders the laugh, those fiends seem to take it in stride as a necessary trade off.

So, what are the three ways in? The first is the original way (and probably the hardest): Through the old city slag mines on Maladomini, Baator's Seventh. If one travels deep enough in these old mines, he eventually surfaces in like mines on Infernus. These mines are, in fact, the means through which the elders fled Baator back during the Planar Wars. Now, if a berk is able to fight his way all the way down to Maladomini, and then make his way through the vast mines and arrive safely on Infernus, all the more power to him. Truth is, the elders have stationed some pretty nasty critters down in those mines, not to mention an entire legion of elders constantly camped just outside the pit in case of a surprise baatezu visit.

The second means is via the River Styx. However, it's said that not even the marraenoloths know how to locate the tiny tributary that makes its way to Infernus. Sure, a few have stumbled across it in the past, but when they returned again later (assuming they ever made it out of Infernus alive in the first place), the channels had changed and the path had instead led to Baator's Fifth. Still, a few marraenoloths and others claim to reliably know the way.

The third, and most easy method of entrance, is through the City of New Paradise. Not only are there direct portals to Sigil and its sister city in the Outlands, there are also some gates that reportedly link to a number of worlds on the Prime Material Plane.

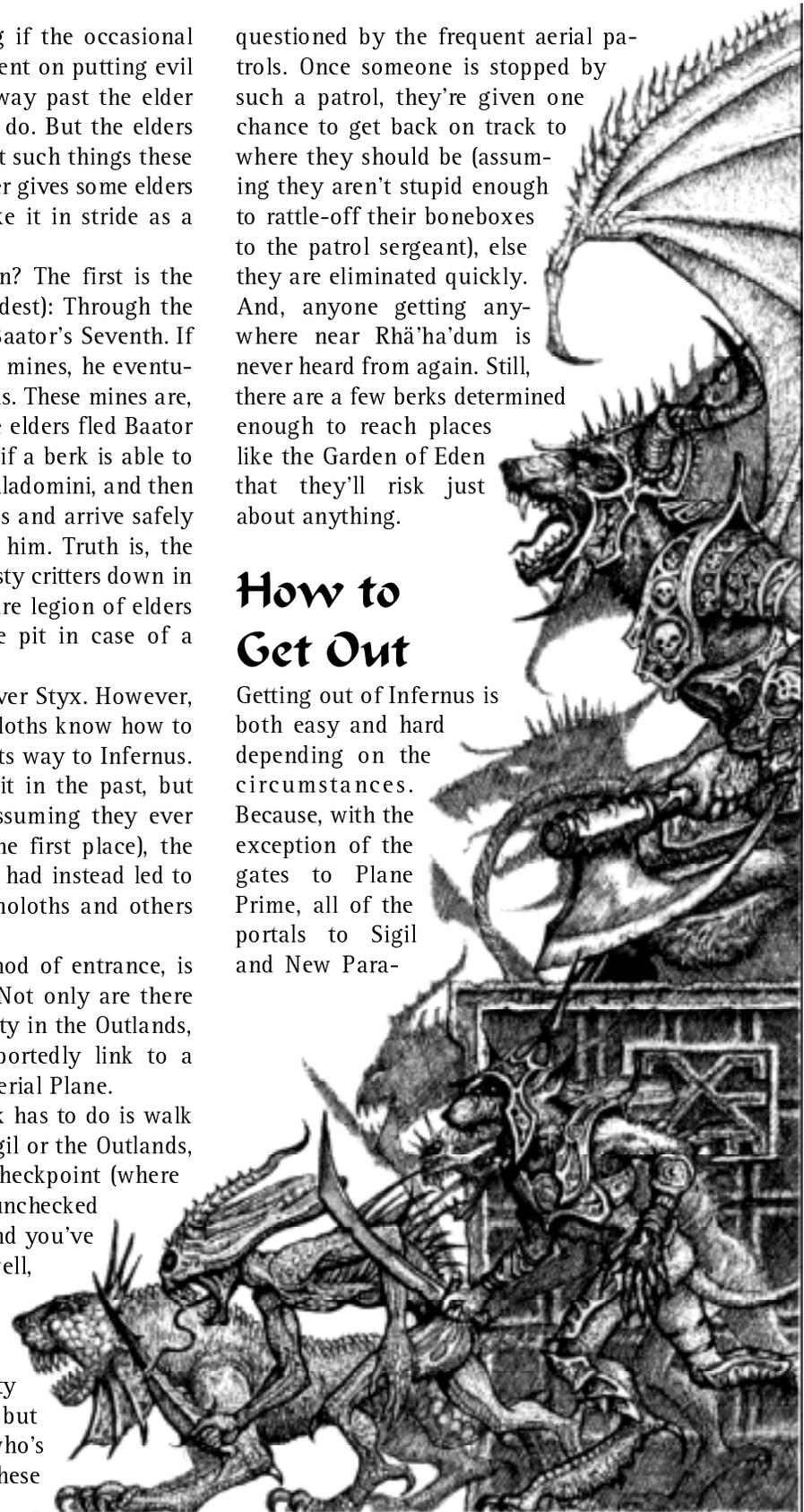
So, to enter Infernus, all a berk has to do is walk through a not-so-secret portal in Sigil or the Outlands, venture through a minor security checkpoint (where everyone's allowed to walk through unchecked unless they're a fiend in disguise), and you've got free roam of the realms—well, almost free roam.

The elders welcome travelers in the City of New Paradise, the drak are eager to open trade in their city Draal, as are the garmon of Gamora, but anyone wandering the Plains of Ög who's not on a direct path to one of these places is sure to be stopped and

questioned by the frequent aerial patrols. Once someone is stopped by such a patrol, they're given one chance to get back on track to where they should be (assuming they aren't stupid enough to rattle-off their boneboxes to the patrol sergeant), else they are eliminated quickly. And, anyone getting anywhere near Rhä'ha'dum is never heard from again. Still, there are a few berks determined enough to reach places like the Garden of Eden that they'll risk just about anything.

How to Get Out

Getting out of Infernus is both easy and hard depending on the circumstances. Because, with the exception of the gates to Plane Prime, all of the portals to Sigil and New Para-



dise are one-way only. That is, how you get in isn't how you get out.

Unlike the fiend watchers at the entrance portals, there are elders that check everyone as they leave. In addition to a somewhat modest egress tax, walking out of Infernus can be relatively easy. You see, the elders are happy to let a body go because, by making it easy to come and go while visiting the most lucrative and well-stocked black markets in the multiverse, bodies not

only come back but the number of bodies visiting Infernus increases tenfold. And bodies equal economics and power.

There are only a few simple rules of egress. And aside from the obvious (like trying to sneak a petitioner out of the realm), the elders seem primarily concerned with escaping knowledge. That is, someone who's been snooping around where he shouldn't is often tailed by a drak agent, assassin creeper, or worse, and watched carefully until they try to leave. If one hangs out by an egress portal long enough, he's bound to see a number of arrests, for the Infernal secret police are everywhere, watching everyone, all the time. But that doesn't seem to deter a typical berk's curiosity as it should.

For a cutter on the run, there's very little, if any, help to be found. Unlike the baatezu, the elders are not corrupt and so there's zero chance of cutting a deal to get out of an arrest. Worse, the secret police have even long-standing residents shaking in their boots, and it doesn't take long before someone reports a cutter's whereabouts to the proper authorities. These police are feared so much, in fact, that residents and travelers alike go out of their way to finger others whenever they witness a crime, for it makes them look better and, hence, law abiding. The scary part is that just about no one that's been arrested is ever seen or heard from again.

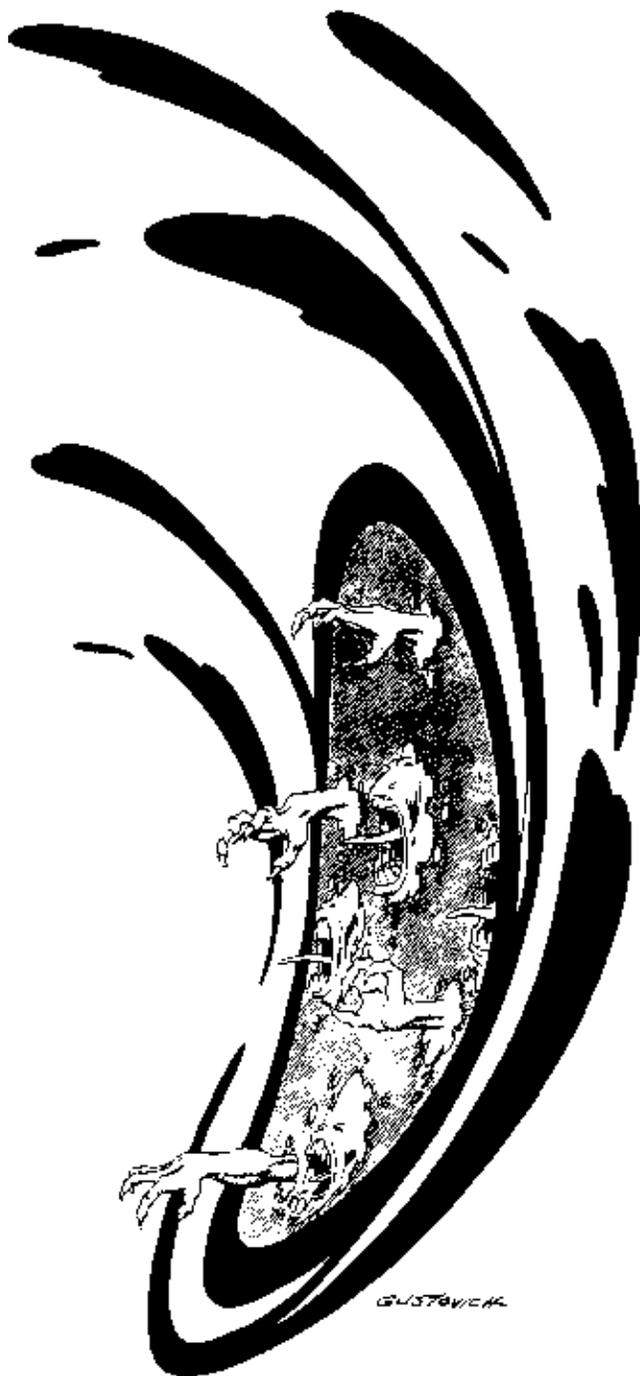
So, as long as a cutter is careful not to break any laws (and there's a lot of 'em) and doesn't go snooping where he shouldn't, he'll probably be allowed to leave without as much as a second look.

Physical Conditions

The physical aspects of Infernus vary by geography and not by domain or city. This does make navigating Infernus slightly easier, for a berk isn't likely to be surprised (though, Infernus does have weather and it ain't pretty).

Basically, the bulk of Infernus is dry and hot. The temperature is not as debilitating as it is on Baator, but a cutter usually feels uncomfortably warm. With hot and dry air, water is a valuable commodity. It's easily found (and relatively pure) in all of the major cities, but out in the plains, a body can easily dehydrate and die.

The Plains of Ög do bring rain storms, but they aren't the kind that offer travelers any relief from dehydration. The blood rains, or so they're called, occur about once a day or so in the open desert and shower everything in rank blood. Other than the unpleasantness



of drying blood peeling from the skins of travelers, the rain doesn't seem to harbor any other ill effect.

Things aren't real close-by on Infernus either, especially when one considers that the closest city to New Paradise is Draal, and that place is more than 500 miles away. On foot, travel can take several weeks to reach neighboring cities. And, assuming one could get there in one piece, travel from New Paradise to Rhä'ha'dum could take a month or so. Portals are thus the preferred means of travel between cities. 'Course, most such portals aren't open to travelers and even fewer lead anywhere a body would want to go.

Out in the Kör mountains, the temperature is very cold. Still, it doesn't compare to the inexorable glaciers of Caina, but it isn't exactly hospitable either.

Those that reach the Garden of Eden boast a perfect spring-time climate with no ill surprises. Naturally, a body can't believe everything he's told, but the rumors of this paradise do seem to be the lot of chant.

And, no matter where you are (except perhaps Eden), the sky is always the same: a starless greenish-black void by night and a bright red glow during the day. No one knows why the sky radiates a dark green or red glow, it just does. The days are long (about 20 hours) and the nights short (about 6 hours), making for a 26-hour cycle.

The River Styx

Most travelers cannot honestly claim surprise by the presence of the Styx river. It is the one thing common to all of the lower planes. The river here is not any more or less potent than usual (unlike its presence on Baator), carrying the usual saving throw to avoid memory loss of one's past life, and a successful save still rendering the past day forgotten.

Magical Conditions

Magic in the realms of Infernus is rather straight forward. Surprisingly, just about everything works. Wild magic doesn't function at all, divination attracts the attentions of nearby fiends, as does conjurations and summonings, but necromancy and elemental magics work properly.

There are a few magics that utterly fail unless a body has the proper spell or power key. As far as priestly magic, no spells from the Astral, Chaos, or Weather spheres function at all. This includes such spells as *plane shift*, *astral spell*, *control weather*, and the like.

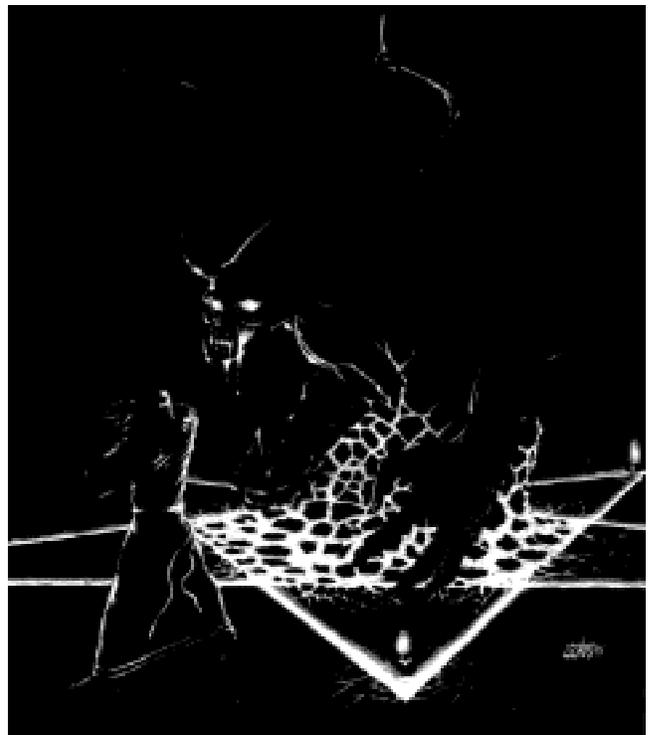
As far as magecraft goes, the individual spells *teleport*, *teleport w/o error*, *astral spell*, *control weather*, as well as a few other spells that make use of an extra-dimensional space or have chaos or wild magic properties, automatically fail.

Spell Keys

The spell keys that allow a body to *teleport* or use equally important spells are a closely guarded secret. Supposedly, only the elders know the dark of it, and they're not about to share. A perceptive traveler will note that a few other high-ups plus the clever mage or two may have learned the secret, but to add to the frustration, spell keys are changed every decade or so.

Power Keys

Like the spell keys, power keys that enable a priest to *plane shift* himself in or out of Infernus is something very few bodies have ever seen (much less possessed). The last thing the elders want is a bunch of cutters jumping in and out of Infernus unchecked. Anyone seen using such a power key (or spell key) had better be someone who's been given permission in the first place, else they're bound to be incapacitated quickly (and asked questions later, for the elders would just as soon kill the wrong person than allow a cutter to unlawfully escape the realm).



Denizens of Infernus

The elders are of course Infernus' primary inhabitants, but that's not what travelers see when they visit. Most of the elders (and elderkind) reside in Rhä'ha'dum, and no one goes there. True, their presence can be seen elsewhere—operating as police and army units—but for the most part, they're invisible.

What actually makes up the bulk of residents encountered elsewhere are lots of drak (q.v.), humans, tieflings, tso, aere (q.v.), giff, githyanki, and the occasional night hag, garmon (q.v.), reave, puck (q.v.), and illithid.

The Powers

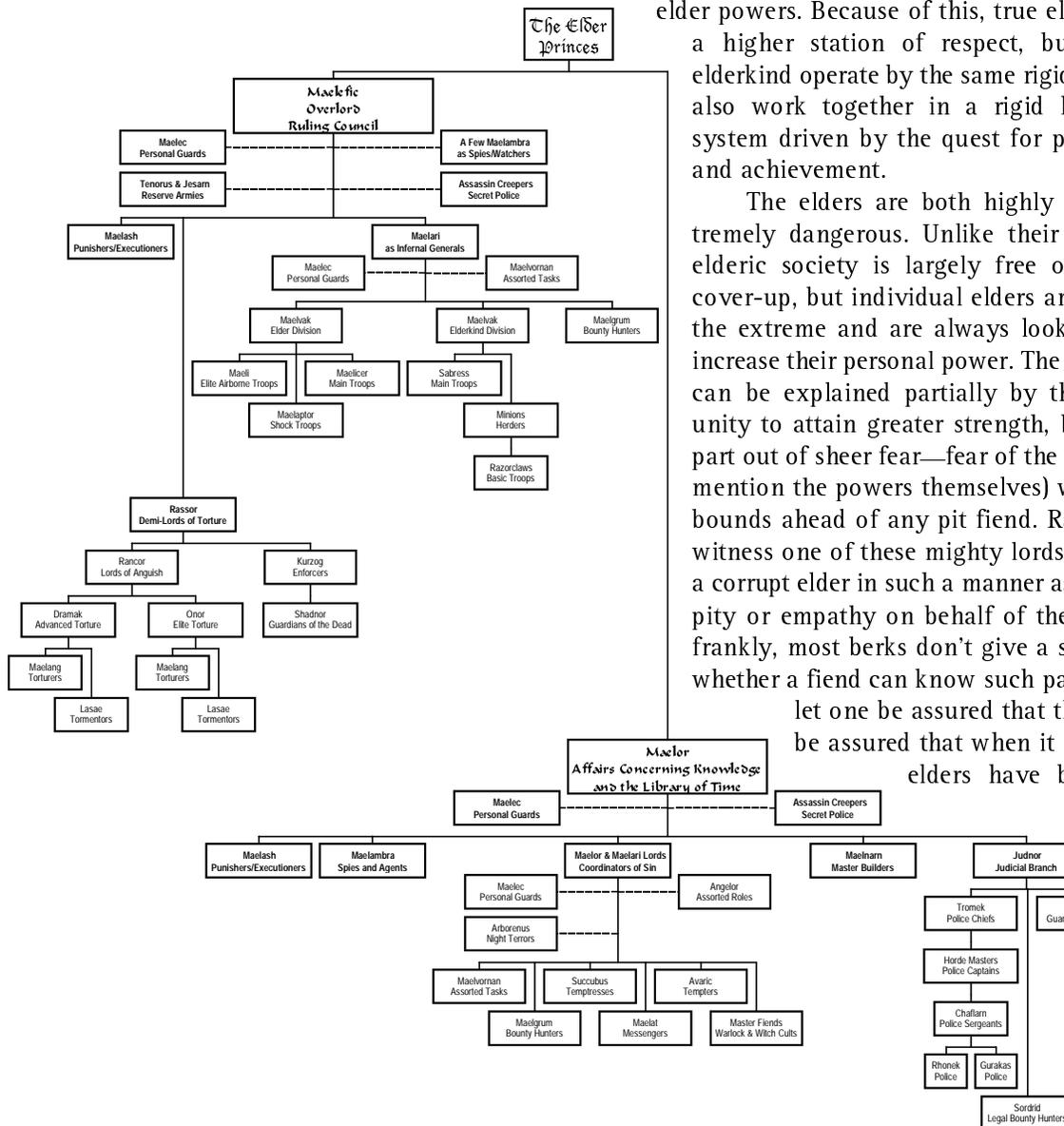
There's only one group of powers on Infernus: The Elder Gods. No other powers reside here and, frankly, no others ever will if the elders have anything to say about it—and they say a lot.

The Elders

There are two principal types of elders: true elders and elderkind. Elderkind are actually an offshoot race, like the baatezu or tanar'ri, but have remained loyal to the elder powers. Because of this, true elders are accorded a higher station of respect, but all elders and elderkind operate by the same rigid set of laws. They also work together in a rigid hierarchical caste system driven by the quest for power (promotion) and achievement.

The elders are both highly civilized and extremely dangerous. Unlike their baatezu cousins, elderic society is largely free of corruption and cover-up, but individual elders are still arrogant in the extreme and are always looking for a way to increase their personal power. The lack of corruption can be explained partially by the elder belief in unity to attain greater strength, but is also due in part out of sheer fear—fear of the elder lords (not to mention the powers themselves) who are leaps and bounds ahead of any pit fiend. Rarely, a body will witness one of these mighty lords descending upon a corrupt elder in such a manner as to almost invoke pity or empathy on behalf of the tortured elder—frankly, most berks don't give a second thought to whether a fiend can know such pain and terror, but let one be assured that they can. But, also

elders have been playing the game of deals so long that it is they who are the lords to us.



Concerning their rivals, there is one clear advantage the elders have over the baatezu. They are both more intelligent and older (and thus more experienced). And by intelligent, we mean *real* intelligent—as in godlike genius for most of the high-ups. Their timeless existences have also enabled them to achieve levels of wisdom not seen in other beings throughout the multiverse.

With all of this backing them up, most elders can peel a baatezu in their sleep. Now, if some clueless berk thinks he can just summon-up one of these fiends and then give 'em the laugh, best of luck to 'em.

Despite the danger, elders are often the desired fiend to summon because they can usually offer the most power and gifts. And the elders couldn't be happier because they're always looking for a chance to increase their own power and station (as long as it's legal). [For more information on dealing with these fiends and their contracts, see *The Forbidden Arts* Section which follows the *Realms of Infernus*.]

The Proxies

The proxies of the elder powers and lords are many, and they take the form of dark priests (warlocks, q.v.), warlords (q.v.), witches (q.v.), and even your run-of-the-mill wizard or priest.

A somewhat unusual characteristic of elder proxies is that they have been known to change hands. Elderic society is so closely knit that a proxy could start his career in service of a greater elder, then move on to an elder lord, and eventually wind-up in service of a prince or king. And then there's lateral changes too. A valued proxy in service of Grand Beelzebub might be tempted by Grand Belial's offers of even more power, and change allegiance as easily as the clothing on his back.

There's another trait that all proxies have in common, and that's that they're very dangerous. Most have been given powerful gifts and granted powers, and all are chosen for their drive and subtlety. Most are so adept in the art, that they can peel a berk almost as



Two Warlocks and a Witch rising from the Great Labyrinth.

easily as an elder can. On more than one occasion, elder proxies have been able to use agents and other proxies of good (who think they're doing a service for the cause of good) to commit evil acts. If that isn't enough to throw fear into a cutter, what is?

The Petitioners

There are only two types of petitioners. Those mortals in service of the elders or tempted by them who are of sufficient evil will evade status as lemures and become the pudcra of Infernus. Pudcra are, of course, the most lowly form of elder there is, and they're treated as such. Now, a body that wasn't sufficiently evil, but still rightfully the property of Infernus, becomes a pudhu. These creatures are totally mindless (unlike the pudcra who maintain some recollection of their past lives) and are haplessly slaughtered on the merest whim.

There are rumors of other forms of petitioners—even some that appear as normal humans with full memories of their past lives and who now reside in the Infernal cities, but these are quite rare.

Other Encounters

It's not too surprising that a body is bound to encounter a whole host of strange creatures when wandering the realms of Infernus. What makes it stranger is that the whole plane has been locked away for eons during The Great Era of Isolation, in which the elders hid to rebuild their forces. And so as with the evolution of all things, a number of new and exotic races, creatures, and vermin have popped up where nothing similar has ever existed before. So, beware he who travels the planes unprepared, for one is bound to run into something new and dangerous there.



A Black Witch in service of Great Asmodeus.

Realms of Infernus

Infernus is a rather large place for being a demi-plane, and some even say it's infinite. Besides Rhä'ha'dum (the capital city at the center of the plane), there are a lot of other cities that dot the landscape. In the farthest reaches there is a grand mountain range, and past that a fantastic garden of pleasure is said to exist.

New Paradise

The City of Commerce and Trade

CHARACTER: Got something to buy or sell? What's illegal elsewhere is often legal here. And, with only moderate to light sales and import taxes, a body can't find a better price. Things are generally less expensive here than they are in Sigil, and the market is a lot more diverse.

RULER: The ruler of New Paradise is the angelor Gorath(Pl/σelderkind (angelor)/10+9HD

(76 hp)/LE), who commands the city with an apparently loose fist. That is, a lot of nonsense seems to go on in the streets of this virtual plethora of commerce and trade, but no one has yet challenged Gorath's rule of the city. Truth is, he's probably backed by Rhä'ha'dum, considering the city's importance to the prosperity of Infernus.

DESCRIPTION: The walled city is accessible by foot through only one major gate, but this is only a formality as 99% of everyone coming and going makes use of portals that lead directly to Sigil, the Outlands, or Baator. The portals that lead to the Outlands actually connect with New Paradise's sister city located there and referred to by the same name. The sister city is only a fraction the size of the real New Paradise which is some fifty miles across and nearly a quarter that in height. The architecture is also quite magnificent and a breathtaking event to those who first see it.



Millions of residents live here in this enormous city, and tens of thousands more visit each day. Since the city is the only functional way in or out of the whole plane, elder troops and police can be seen attending the entrance and egress portals (which are not the same), watching for enemy fiends and angelic travelers.

“The City” (which is how it is often referred to by not only the natives of Infernus, but also by many who travel here from other parts of the multiverse) can be a rough place, and a body’s allowed to carry weapons, so open acts of violence are not uncommon. Such acts are still illegal, but the police force has its hands full watching for spies and major trouble.

The residents themselves are a diverse lot, though a lot of humans seem to call this place home. The city is also home to a lot of drak, tieflings, puck, garmon, tso, aere, giff, and githyanki. And yes, a body’s bound to see a few night hags selling larvae, some reaves banging a couple of heads, and the occasional illithid out for a snack when the police aren’t nearby.

Other than this, the city’s a fairly orderly and peaceful place, for everyone’s got one thing on their mind: business.

**“Do I Want to Buy a What?”
—Overheard in the marketplace.**

MILITIA: The militia is overseen by Gorath’s personal lieutenant, Myra (Pl/♀ elderkind (önor)/9 HD (58 hp)/LE), who oversees all police activities in the city. She is attended to by squads of chaflarn, rhonek, and gurakas elderkind. In addition, just over three thousand minion elderkind are also posted about the city as sentries. That may sound like a lot of police, but with one minion for every thousand or so residents, it doesn’t amount to much. Minions have been instructed to travel in groups of three, and when trouble is spotted, the first two attempt to detain the lawbreakers while the third notifies the nearest chaflarn, rhonek, or gurakas patrol.

With a lack of necessary police forces, Myra employs fear in order to maintain order. To accomplish this goal, she has reportedly gained the services of several dozen assassin creepers who serve as the secret police. These creepers are given a wide berth by the residents of the city, and a body often turns in his criminal neighbor. You see, no one who is arrested by these secret police is ever seen or heard from again, and so residents are all too eager to aid them, for it tends to suggest that they are themselves law abiding citizens. And with these creepers well disguised and watching

everyone and everything all of the time, a sort of paranoia seems to keep the locals in line. Visitors likewise had best be on good behavior, for ignorance of the law is no excuse in the eyes of these fiends.

SERVICES: If you’ve got something to buy, sell, or trade, this is the place to come. With everything from rare spell components to exotic contraband, it’s gonna be here. A wide variety of services are also available to anyone who’s able to pay. Mercenaries, spies, thieves, assassins—it’s all legal here (though, if the assassin carries out his deed inside the city’s walls, that’s another matter entirely).

Believe it or not, Gorath is also busy promoting tourism for the city. Sights such as the infamous *Succubus Club* draw men, young and old, from around the multiverse to see its most beautiful and exotic “women”. And there’s something for the ladies too, as the famous *Warlock Pit* and its dancers draw females that want only the best. ‘Course, it’s never a good idea to talk to the performers after the show (though many do), unless of course you’re prepared to deal with the multiverse’s greatest tempters.

Other sights include *Splash, You’re Dead*, a gigantic water slide with apparently random forks in the tunnels—choose the wrong fork and you wind-up in a pit filled with acid, planar worms, or equally unpleasant surprises; choose the right tunnel and win a prize.

Naturally, there’s the gladiator pits where countless folks come from all over to see the bloody sport. A lot of gambling seems to go on around the pit as well.

A particularly popular attraction is *The Infernal Arena*, where gladiators must fight their way through an obstacle course of unholy proportions, all the while in open view of bleachers filled to capacity.

The list of attractions goes on and on, and if a body can imagine it, it’s probably here to see—all for a price.

LOCAL NEWS: The gossip here rivals that in Sigil. Thus, a lot of bodies come here to catch-up on the local chant. Who’s trying to kill who, and which blood is trying to takeover what, is only the beginning. If there’s a rumor out there about someone or something, you’ll find it here (and if there isn’t, someone will make one up).

Truth is, the city’s doing quite well and nobody seems real interested in changing that. So the next time a body’s planning his vacation, he should keep New Paradise in mind—it’s full of surprises.

The Plains of Ög

These open plains make up every waking bit of land Infernus has to offer, short of the mountain range and Garden of Eden.

The physical conditions are consistent and were previously noted under the sub-section: Physical Conditions. Other than a few herd animals native to the plains (see Chapter 7), there really isn't much else to report here except death. Unfortunate for the unwearied travelers and since *teleportation* and other convenient modes of travel have been neatly cut off by the plane, a lot of unprepared bodies die from dehydration out in the plains, for watering holes are rare and far between. And if that doesn't depress the spirits, the Blood Rains certainly will.

Draal

The City of the Drak

CHARACTER: Everything and everyone seems to be a carbon copy of one another. Individuality is a rare commodity except for the high-up drak of Draal. Unless you're drak, there's not a whole lot for a body to do here.

RULER: The High-King, Lavrik (Pl/♂drak/warlord17/91 hp/LE), has ruled Draal for more than 140 years. He took his position through proper rite among the contending princes when the last High-King was assassinated.

DESCRIPTION: With a population of around 50,000 (most of which are drak, though a few garmon live here too), some fifty clans compose this capital city.

Draal is an impressive city by design. Every stone set in each street, building, and spire is intricately engraved with unique designs.

All of the city's streets point toward the center tower, like spokes in a wheel. This tower of the High-King rises nearly a thousand-feet high, dwarfing every structure in the city. By law, no other building may rise above one-hundred feet so that the High-King's tower can be clearly seen from every vantage point in the city.

MILITIA: Over 10% of every able-bodied male citizen forms the Draal militia. This makes for a fairly strong army considering the size of Draal, and that's how the High-King likes it.

SERVICES: Draal is prosperous and extraordinarily clean for an Infernal city. Industries include weapon smithing, design, art, and numerous magical wares. Taxes are higher for non-drak citizens, so few other

beings choose to dwell or do business here—something the High King is currently trying to remedy.

"I was just here buying some poison darts when this lady came up to me and asked me if I knew how to get back to Sigil. I didn't know what she was talking about, so I tested a dart on her. It worked."

—A crazed marketplace patron standing over the corpse of a young girl, and being questioned by the authorities.

Unfortunately, the drak don't have much experience in dealing with outsiders, and they have yet to learn that if they arrest all of their marketplace patrons, their merchant businesses will fail.

"Oops..."

—A merchant having just realized he accidentally sold a bottle of poison to someone requesting a potion of healing.

LOCAL NEWS: The local chant is that only the barmy go shopping in Draal, 'cause only those who couldn't make it in New Paradise set-up shop here. This is mainly because drak don't know any better, plus they're hurting for merchants. Sure, the drak are a remarkable people, they've just never had to deal with outsiders before.

Gamora

The Garmon City

CHARACTER: Honor, station, and knowledge make up the sophisticated and civilized nature of Gamora. Unfortunately, not even legal counsel is informed on all of the laws that govern this city. There are so many laws, in fact, that not even the garmon in their impressive wisdom can keep all of them straight.

RULER: The Great Rurklar (Pl/♂ garmon/Priest 14/61 hp/LE) is the ruler of this city. He is currently being challenged by another garmon supposedly of greater wisdom.

DESCRIPTION: Gamora is a clean and empty city. Its small population of garmon (less than 5,000) maintain closed lives and are rather intolerant of outsiders.

SERVICES: What services? There really isn't anything a body would want in this city. And coming here is likely to mean arrest, for no one can keep tabs on all of the laws. 'Course, a garmon is allowed some leeway here, but outsiders aren't.

The Raen Ocean

The Raen Ocean is a place best avoided. Its blood red waters are deadly poisonous if ingested, and it gives off a rank odor so vile that air-breathing sea goers find it impossible to traverse. The Styx River flows into this ocean, and where it does so the green waters of the Styx mix with the oceanic waters forming a violet or deep purple mixture said to give off vapors which clear and sharpen the mind. But, get too close to the Styx and its vapors will wipe a body's memories, and get too close to the oceanic waters and one risks death.

Daemoch

The Sky City

CHARACTER: Loneliness, despair, and methodical business make up a day in the life of Daemoch. If a body's got no



need for carousing, gaming, art, music, or recreation, then Daemoch can make for an effective residence.

RULER: A veteran bounty hunter by the name of Ügliorce (P1/♂ elderkind (sordrid)/10+9 HD (78 hp)/LE) is the iron-fisted ruler of this lonely place. His position has not been officially challenged, but there have been a number of unofficial ones.

DESCRIPTION: Daemoch is a small city only a mile in diameter, and it is situated upon a levitated mass of rock. The city is apparently capable of movement, but its position has not changed for as long as anyone can remember.

SERVICES & MILITIA: The city's militia and services are one in the same as Daemoch is home to some of the best bounty hunters anywhere. Since just about every resident here is a skilled mercenary, it's not particularly wise to try and peel one. Similarly, if a body needs the services of a reliable and skilled mercenary, this is the place to go.

Tantlis

The Mage City

CHARACTER: Philosophy governed by magic and research fill every waking moment in the streets of Tantlis. Magic and knowledge is everything, and you need both if you expect to survive here.

RULER: The government of this city actually comprises a council of high mages overseen by a president. This president is voted into office by the members of the ruling council, and is currently a human by the name of Aezeron (P1/♂ human/W28/57 hp/LE).

DESCRIPTION: Tantlis is a truly beautiful city where its diverse philosophies are exhibited in a diverse and beautiful architecture. The city is quite large, housing nearly one-hundred-thousand residents—most of which are mages. There are also a few priests, witches, and sages, but they're a minority here.

Open displays of power and magic are quite common in Tantlis, and tempers have been known to flare wildly. Therefore, a body had better have some power behind his words and actions, or at least a strong resistance to magic, else he's liable to wind up toast.

It's also true that some of the residents here are close to believing in their own godhood, and so visitors can expect a plethora of outrageous egos. Ironically, some residents automatically assume a body's weak if he isn't walking around with a full entourage of arrogance.

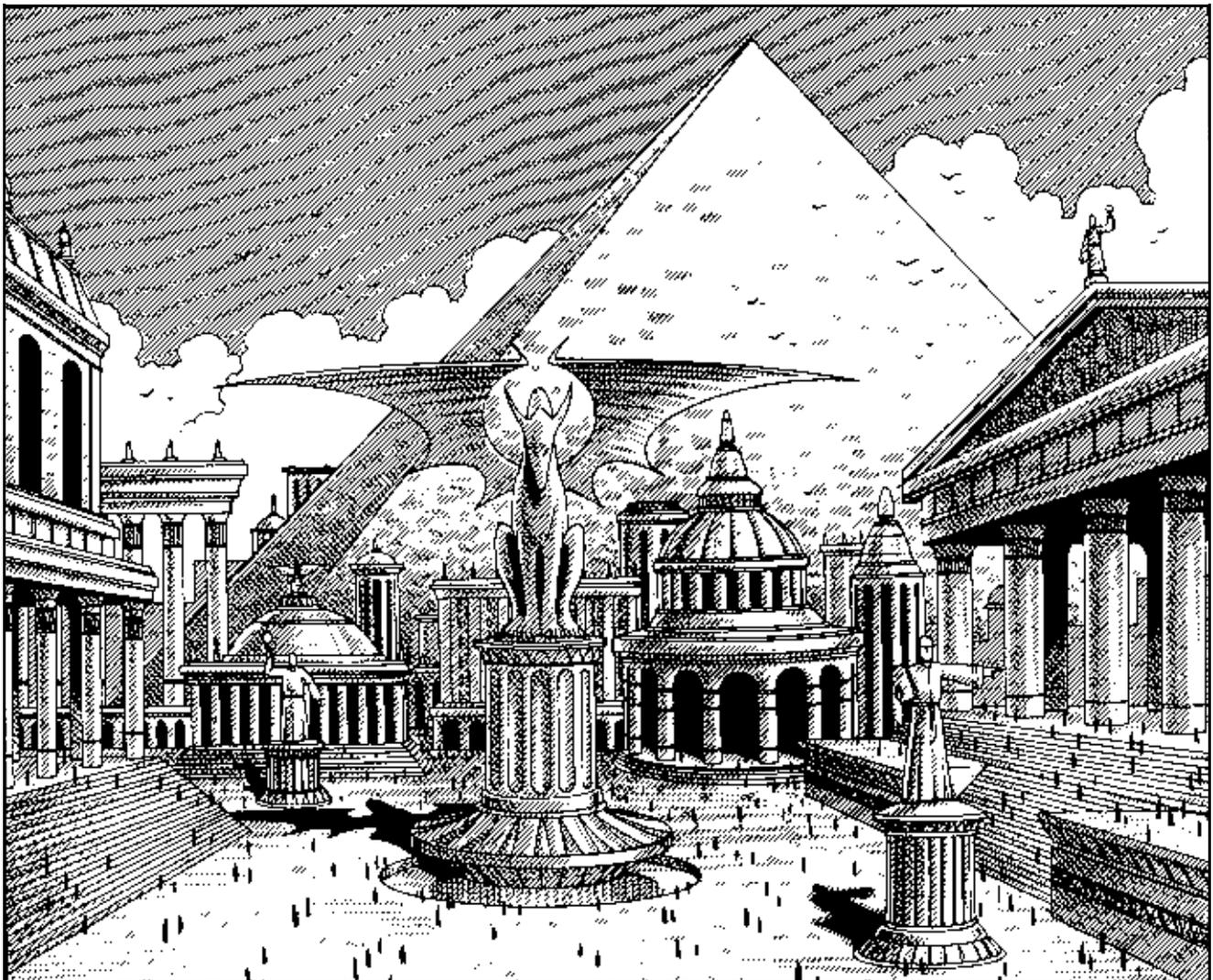
MILITIA: Not surprisingly, there hasn't been a real need for a strong police or militia here as most of the residents are capable of stopping a small army single-handed. There are still a few bailiffs and such used to man the jails and transport prisoners to and fro, but most of these are nothing more than conjured or summoned servants.

Additionally, most of these residents are arrogant enough to consider themselves judges, juries, and executioners. Peel a berk here, and you had better have a good defense against lightning bolts, else you're off to the dead book.

SERVICES: If you're a sage, mage, or philosopher, Tantlis is a virtual candy store. Some of the greatest sages and mages (evil, neutral, and sometimes good) from around the multiverse come here to learn. There are, in fact, a great number of schools taught by unparalleled masters.

Everyone seems to have something he or she can learn in Tantlis, and if you've got the answer to some secret or invention, expect a captivated and on-point audience. There are even some bodies that come here to test plans and theories by speaking to an audience and then noting all of the flaws listeners find with it.

The city does maintain a definite connection with Rhä'ha'dum, and it's quite likely that anything secret in Tantlis makes its way to the elders. The residents seem to know this, as the elders are so obsessed with knowledge, but it doesn't seem to affect the sharing of such information. There is, in fact, a statue in the city square as a tribute to the mighty overlords and maelor who offer not only financial support when needed, but also a trickle of tempting knowledge from their ancient Library of Time. Apparently, they hope that by sharing a little of their knowledge (just enough to peak interest), they'll in turn gather much more.



Wraethizaar

The Cold City

CHARACTER: Cold and remote best describes Wraethizaar, for few really know what goes on here. If you keep to yourself, enjoy high taxes in exchange for unsurpassed security, and are among the socially elite, then this is the place for you.

RULER: The Dark Lord Üzar (Pl/♂ elder lord (maelash)/18+37 HD (159 hp)/LE) is the defiant high-up of this city. When Üzar's jealousy of the overlords got the most of him, he turned stag on elderic society and built Wraethizaar from the ground up. Why an elder lord was allowed to secede from Rhä'ha'dum is anybody's guess, but Wraethizaar does seem to add a little bit of worth to the plane.

DESCRIPTION: Wraethizaar is a huge city of some half-million residents and truly magnificent to behold. Although stashed away high in the freezing Kör mountains, the bulk of the city is domed and quite warm

inside. It is kept so by a great hot spring that flows up through the middle of the city square like a great water spout feeding the massive gardens below.

MILITIA: Wraethizaar is a very well-defended place. Countless patrols of highly-skilled soldiers make up the bulk of the police force said to number around 5,000 strong. Also, an elite corps called the Ice Walkers form the advanced troops, and they are well respected by the city's residents.

SERVICES: Some of the best armor and weapons are forged here as well as some inventions bordering on true technology (and said to be worthy of a tinker gnome's envy). Some of what goes on seems to be so secret that not even the locals know what's happening. Naturally, security is very tight here, which might also explain the remote location of this misunderstood place.

LOCAL NEWS: The local chant is rather hard to come by, but if a body hangs around long enough, he's bound to overhear a thing or too. Truth is, with most folks keeping mostly to themselves and family, it's a bit hard to pick-up on much without raising suspicion.





Blasphemar

The Breeder's City

CHARACTER: Blasphemar is a noisy place, filled with all the squawks and cries from the animals bred there. If a body's good at training the untrainable, or has the egg or baby of something rare, here's the place for you.

RULER: The creature master, Domgum (Pl/♂ human/F14/75 hp/LE), is the only body currently capable of ruling Blasphemar, for others have tried and failed miserably.

DESCRIPTION: Blasphemar is a closed-up city on the top of some scraggy rocks. It's mostly enclosed and well defended from the air too. Inside is a virtual zoo of rare and exotic pets, mounts, and vermin—all under tight lock and key. In addition, Domgum has somehow managed to fortify the interior of his city so that no magic works within its walls. The reason behind this is, of course, to prevent wizards from causing unauthorized losses and “disappearances” from happening right under the guard's noses.

MILITIA: Not as strong as one might think, most of Domgum's militia double as animal trainers and keepers.

Truth is, if there was ever a real threat, there's more than enough critters to back up the guards.

SERVICES: Critters. Plain and simple. Everything from hawks, ögum, rhoden, worms, and even thunderbeasts are available for the right price. Not all of these critters come with guarantees, and so it's a buyers beware market, and patrons are strongly suggested to read over their contracts carefully. Luckily (or not), most of these critters are sold as-is.

Mirror Lake

Known as the Lake of Fire by men, many petitioners and a few unauthorized visitors wind-up here. It is a demonic place of torture overseen by maelang, önor, and dramak elders, and Rhä'ha'dum is located nearby.

The waters themselves are hot—hot enough to inflict first or second-degree burns on most humanoids, so few actually die right away from the lake itself.

Mirror lake earns its name from its otherwise smooth and reflective surface. The chant is that anyone who gazes into the still waters sees a reflection of his own person being tortured and withered unceasingly.



Sea of Tears

The Sea of Tears is located in the farthest most reaches of the Plains of Ög and at the base of the Kör mountains. The waters are so named because of their fetid properties which, if touched, are said to cause one to go barmy—totally and utterly depressed to the point of wanting suicide. Those who've been to the lake seem to support this theory as there are countless bodies decaying on the shorelines.

Supposedly, at the center of the lake is an island where trees bear a fruit of gemstones. Many have ventured here for this very reason, but few return and those that do talk not of any treasure (though, they do seem to undergo a rapid advance in social class).

Mount Kör

Mount Kör is the infamous volcano in the heart of the Kör mountains. This volcano is said to be hotter and more massive than Abriymoch of Phelgethos. It might not actually be larger, but it's at least a close match.

A lot of bodies (especially good ones) try to fight there way here, for Mount Kör is one of the few places where the magma is hot enough to actually destroy artifacts and relics. And certainly more than one evil device has seen its finish here.

The volcano is not guarded by the forces of Rhä'ha'dum, but a number of Infernal Wyrms reside here, and they don't take kindly to strangers.

Paradise Pass

Paradise Pass, or the Pass to Eden, is a treacherous channel through the Kör mountains. It's not defended by guards, but few ever make it through—the skeletons of every possible creature are densely packed and mixed with broken rock, and cover the entire canyon floor.

You see, the cliffs themselves seem to attack travelers here. It doesn't seem to matter whether a body is invisible, polymorphed, or even undead, for the result is always the same: cruel and deadly rock slides seem to seek out their victims, crushing them dead. And those that try to fly above the canyon quickly gain the attentions of all the Infernal Wyrms roosting there.

The Garden of Eden

Rumors of this garden have captured the attentions of those as far away as Mount Celestia. It is a place of

supposed beauty second to no other, and where the trees bear fruits that bestow immortality.

It's a truly happy place where a body forgets about his past life and is simply content to exist forever in a land filled with sweet honey that is music to the senses; a place where both physical and mental pleasure abounds. There is even rumor of one rather ordinary bushel hidden away somewhere in the garden, whose fruit bestows divinity (godhood) upon those who eat of it. Also, it is believed that no fiends can dwell here.

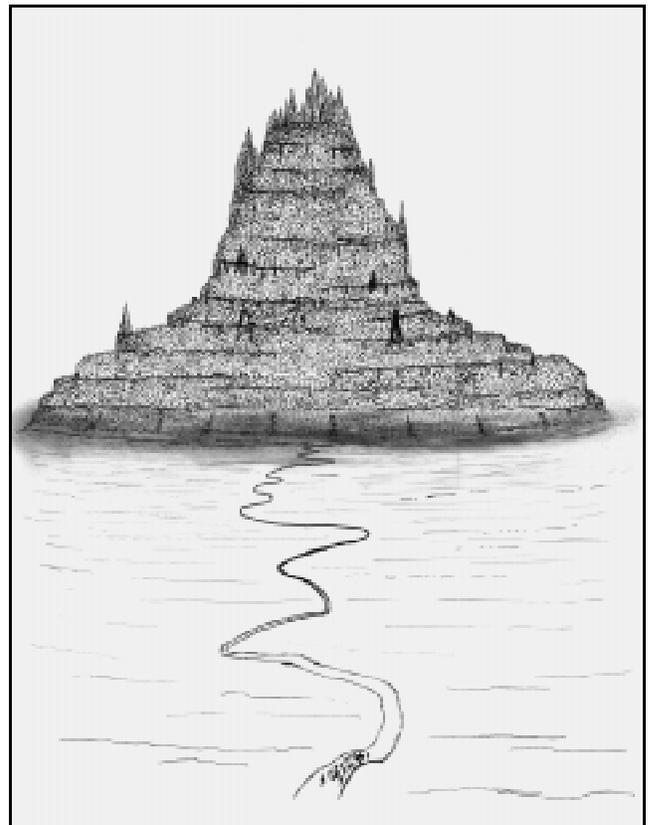
The Blood Sea

The Blood Sea exists at the edge of Eden, bordering on the mountains near the Raen Ocean. Its unholy waters are said to poison some of the garden nearest it, but little else is known of it. The chant is that some truly astounding fiend resides beneath its waters.

Rhä'ha'dum

The Elder City

Rhä'ha'dum, pronounced "RAW-haw-DOOM". The mere mention of this place is enough to cast shivers into any berk or blood. Not even the greatest of the aasimon talk



openly of this place, for no one (planewalker or otherwise) has ever returned from this unspeakable place of their own accord.

Rhä'ha'dum is located at the center of the Infernal plane, and it dwarfs even the mighty citadel of Malsheem in Nessus, if such a thing is possible—and as far as the baatezu are concerned, it's not. This dark citadel of the elders measures close to a thousand miles in diameter and height, though no one has ever been able to accurately measure it.

Rhä'ha'dum is truly a sight of such magnificence and awe that anyone close enough to view it must save vs. paralyzation or flee in panic, never to return. The architecture is both beautiful and dark, immense and detailed to the point that a body can go barmy just thinking about it. Of course, there's no information available concerning anything within its walls.

There are twenty-one entrance gates to Rhä'ha'dum (one of which is shown below), and each is magnificent and gigantic. Elder patrols can be seen frequently coming and going, and sometimes entire armies spill forth on their territorial marches across the Infernal plane.

Naturally, one of the most terrifying aspects of this place is not just the fact that mighty elder lords like the maelari, maelor, maelash, and maelefic dwell here, but also because the dark gods themselves reside within these walls. Even more terrifying than all of the foregoing is that an ancient power, a sort of god-of-gods, is said to reside at the heart of the citadel in a chamber more than a mile wide and at least half that in height. Whether this is true or not, none can say, but something's got powers pretty frightened of this place, and it takes more than just another god or two to do that.

Rhä'ha'dum itself is older than most of the powers that currently call the multiverse home, but sections of it are constantly being dismantled and rebuilt to suit the needs and desires of the high-ups that dwell there. This "rebuilding" is an actual art form seen to by the ingenious maelnarn who are the Infernal architects behind most constructions on Infernus.

All in all, Rhä'ha'dum is so vast that much of it lies empty and forgotten. Tales are told of tens of miles worth of chambers and tunnels that house creatures as unknown even to the elders.



Because of the citadel's size and technology, it is virtually its own ecosystem, capable of sustaining itself without contact with the outside indefinitely.

All other information regarding this place is hearsay at best, and a wise blood doesn't ask questions or speak of this place openly—because Rhä'ha'dum has eyes and ears everywhere.

Rol

The Dragon City

CHARACTER: Business and power—nothing more and nothing less.

RULER: The ruler of this unusual fortress is Lord Raymorn (Pl/♂ human/W21/52 hp/LE). He is a wizard of great power and personally knows the names and faces of every man, woman, and child living in his modest city.

DESCRIPTION: Rol is a place not unlike Daemoch, in that it's a mighty city built atop a massive levitating rock. The city hovers near a lone mountain and is connected to it via a precarious skywalk—the only permitted method of reaching the city.

The city itself is grand and well fortified, both against aerial and ground-based attacks. Furthermore, Lord Raymorn can move the entire city if he so desires, though it is said he is quite happy with where it's at.

MILITIA: The militia here consists of mainly wizards and witches and a few men-at-arms too. Unwanted aerial visitors are intercepted by the city's dragon patrols—of which there are many.

SERVICES: Aside from a variety of internal businesses, the only real export here is dragons. Lord Raymorn and his assistants are renowned for their ability to capture, domesticate, and train dragons of all sorts. Naturally, these sales fetch a hefty price...

