

THE TAVERN

TRAINING THE BRIGHTEST AND STRONGEST TO BE THE KINDEST SINCE 12,000 B.C.



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Note: This is a rough draft. The structure of this module, and the information outlined in that structure, is likely to change. I'll also be adding illustrations at some point. Probably just simple pencil sketches; I'm not a Wizard of the Coast.

THE TAVERN


he quintessential scene that comes to mind when a roleplayer thinks of Dungeons and Dragons is the party hanging out at the tavern. Sighbiorn hustles the locals at the card table, Art tries to lure the barmaid up to his room, and Brex is pouring over maps of the region he borrowed from the library. Most players who reach very high levels in episodic campaigns don't think to buy houses - the tavern is just too fundamental to the experience. In some ways, the tavern is a fictitious equivalent of the social act of roleplaying.

WHY THE TAVERN

As D&D players get older, they face increasing demands on their time that make playing a traditional game impractical to all but the most dedicated players. This goes doubly for the dungeon master.

This campaign setting is optimized for episodic gameplay, to allow players to decide their own level of involvement.

- Characters have the means to step in and out of the action fairly easily.
- Running more than one character is reasonably easy in this setting, so a smaller number of players could work.
- Having a loose narrative allows players to take it in turn to DM the game so that no one person has to make that investment of time.
- A wide-open multiverse will bring out the best in experienced players and DMs, though this can be more daunting than inviting to young or inexperienced players.

THE PROTEAN PUB

The tavern isn't quite intelligent - it isn't the TARDIS - but it does respond intuitively. Much like certain locations in J.K. Rowling's world of magic, the tavern resists being mapped out. If someone asked how to get to the baths from the dining hall, no one could really tell you - but you're guaranteed to find your way there.

The tavern can alter itself in small ways. People will find that their rooms grow as they acquire possessions. Common areas will change to suit the needs and desires of the persons using them.

Aging and decomposition do not naturally occur in the tavern.

ROLLING A CHARACTER

Occasionally the tavern will welcome experienced adventurers into its halls, powerful men and women who require assistance to complete a mission of vast importance.

More often than not, however, the people who are introduced to the tavern fit a different set of parameters. They are young, usually in their teenage years. They tend to be exceptional specimens of their species, offering remarkable potential with the proper training. They have finely-tuned moral compasses. And they are almost always from hard situations in which their guardians were dead, neglectful, or abusive.

Learning and growing in the tavern is meant to be self-guided and hands-on, and tenants are expected to help each other within reason. This means that senior adventurers will be happy to instruct, but they also won't think twice about sending littles on errands.

GROWING WITH ADVANTAGE

The tavern only invites the most exceptional young inhabitants of the multiverse to exploit its resources. As a DM, you can simulate this in a number of ways.

- Let them draw their stats from the best 3 die of 5d6 instead of the usual 4d6. *I'd probably go with this approach. I've run several simulations and it averages around +1.25 per ability score.*
- Let your players roll for their stats, and once they have their set of stats, allow them to retroactively opt for the point-buy system if they would rather.
- Let them roll twice for each stat and take the higher number.
- Let them use the point-buy system, but with 36 points instead of 27.
- Let them take a free feat upon character creation.
- Let them roll for their ability scores, and let them round up to 10, should they end up with negative modifiers.

You might mention to your players that certain races are more common in the tavern than others. Planetouched races - tieflings, aasimar, genasi, eladrin, bairaur, chaonds, shadar-kai, githzerai - are more likely to find their home in the tavern. There might even be a rogue mindflayer or two. Mention it, but don't pressure them to play a planetouched race.

KEYS TO THE KINGDOM

Once a tenant has been established at the tavern, they will find a brass placard with their name on it on a door to their room. This room will be theirs for as long as they live at the tavern.

Inside they will find very simple quarters. A room of roughly 100 square feet holds a twin bed with one set of sheets, a blanket, a pillow, a wooden bathtub, a box of candles, a set of drawers, and a dutch oven. A small, one-way window looks out into the multiverse. Sparsely furnished as it is, however, they will find that the room naturally enlarges to accomodate their acquisitions over time.

On their bed they will find their toolkit for exploring the multiverse - a journal, a key, and a whistle.

JOURNAL

The journal is a message system - any tenant can write to any tenant, regardless of what plane they're on. Residents may address their note to anyone else who has a journal as well, but they shouldn't forget to sign their name.

KEY

The key will fit any lock in the multiverse, opening a door to any common area in the tavern. If they want to unlock a door normally, they'll need to find its actual, mundane key (or use a spell like *Knock*).

WHISTLE

The whistle can be used to summon a prefect to your assistance anywhere in the multiverse. This may sound like a perfect safety net, but of course there are catches: the players waive all experience points and any loot involved goes to the treasury.

Whistle abuse is taken pretty seriously. Their attitude is that you should go outside of your comfort zone, but that you shouldn't intentionally bite off more than you can chew. If the prefect on duty is saving you, they can't save someone else. If there's a good reason to put yourself in a situation where you know ahead of time that you'll need a prefect's help, ask them ahead of time.

WHISTLE SUMMONS

1d6 + 1d8

Prefect
Rogue
Bard
Sorcerer
Warlock
Fighter
Ranger
Barbarian
Paladin
Monk
Cleric
Wizard
Mystic
Druid

CHARACTER BACKGROUNDS

Characters can start out with any background they want. However, for the most part, the residents of the tavern are taken in from a very young age; for them, being a resident of the tavern *is* their background. The **Tavern Resident** background on page 18 starts out weak but becomes very strong as the character learns from the best in the business.

A normal background would be more fitting for one of the desperately few grown heroes the tavern takes in.

PREFECTS

Most adventurers leave the tavern, some for solitude, others to settle down, still others for the afterlife, but a handful of adventurers have stayed on for centuries. No one can be said to own the tavern, but this small cadre of semi-retired adventurers can certainly be said to run it.

Always ready to jump in should a little's adventure in the multiverse go awry, prefects almost always have their weapon within reach and they take it in shifts to be fully geared up and ready for action at a moment's notice.

I'm going to add some more information on non-common, plane-specific languages and how people who speak languages from the same family might get the idea across ->

When they're not on call, prefects are running the tavern in plainclothes. To the casual observer, they seem like the lowest people on the totem pole - clearing tables, doing dishes - but they believe that leadership is first and foremost an act of servitude. In many ways, they are the ideal leaders. That said, they're not slaves and they won't tolerate being taken advantage of.

You can see the list of prefects and their basic character sketches on page 7, and you can see their statblocks on page 22.

TAVERN LIFE

The tenants of the tavern do not age, just as matter does not decompose naturally in this peculiar demiplane. These temporary immortals are drawn from all walks of life from any and every plane in the multiverse. They grow and learn together in this remarkable setting for decades, even centuries, before parting ways. It will come as no surprise, then, that the tavern has its own unique culture.

EXPECTATIONS OF RESIDENTS

If a tavern resident breaks the rules or becomes disruptive in some way, they can count on being confronted by a pair of prefects. Generally speaking, if a resident becomes a bully, mooch, or any other ongoing problem, they will find that their key goes missing - which means the next time they leave the tavern, they can never come back, and depending on just how much of a pain they've been, a group of prefects just might throw them out the door.

There are a lot of rules and gentleman's agreements that keep the tavern peaceful and running effectively. Here's the short version of that understanding.

- Half of your loot goes to the treasury.
- Use your whistle when necessary. If used, any loot involved goes to the treasury.
- Put in more than you take out.
- No violence between tenants.
- Respect other peoples' property.
- Clean up your own messes.
- Attend Saturday dinners.
- Heed the prefects' advice and requests.
- Help other tenants.
- Avoid bringing outsiders to the tavern.
- Maintain a will.

YOU SAY TOMATO

There is no "Common" across the multiverse, so whatever language is Common on a given character's home plane likely won't have any other speakers in the tavern.

The Comprehend Language spell is commonly used to get around this. In recent years Shiitake has taken to using his rapport spores to facilitating communication in groups. Most people who've been in the tavern for generations speak at least a smattering of Calant, the Common dialect of Faerûn.

Some languages are consistent across all planes. Celestial, Abyssal, Infernal, and Primordial, for example. Planar Trade is a kind of pidgin widely spoken in most inner planes.

Failing all else, simple mimicry and hastily sketched diagrams can communicate simple concepts, especially when there's an understanding of friendship.

VISITORS

The tavern doesn't host many official visitors, but when it does it's usually an exchange of some kind orchestrated by the prefects. They may host a delegation of mindflayers offering a significant exchange of historical lore, or may have a bariaur planeswalker run an herbalism workshop, or may invite doppelganger courtesans to a party if they want things to really come off their axle.

Privately, however, inviting people into the tavern is discouraged. Putting up a fellow planar traveler in your room for one night probably wouldn't be an issue, nor would using your key to rescue someone from a fire and immediately depositing them safely elsewhere; having a hapless farmer's daughter up there for a week is going to provoke a visit from the prefects. If you want to settle down, you're going to need to conclude your time at the tavern.

This may seem draconian and arbitrary, but it isn't. Centuries past there were rooms in the tavern that basically became towns in their own right, sprawling households that regularly invaded tavern common areas and consumed tavern resources. Residents that tried to establish a dynasty in the tavern tended to become dead weight.

SATURDAY NIGHTS

The tavern runs on a week of seven 24-hour-long days. How you organize your time beyond this is your business, but the prefects strongly encourage tenants to show up for dinner on Saturday nights if they can possibly make it. This is when announcements are made and concerns are shared. If adventurers can't make it, the prefects like to know ahead of time.

Obviously these fellowships occur in the great room.

THE BIZARRE BAZAAR

The prefects are centuries old and not shockingly have contacts all over the multiverse, and some of those contacts are well-established enough to carry on at the Tavern from time to time. Ajmer is a kind of pseudo-slaad called a chaond, and loves to travel the planes in search of magic trinkets. Sometimes he'll arrange to have his shop open up onto the tavern for an afternoon and let everyone browse his wares.

The catch is that his magic items are never objects of great renown. They are interesting and fun, but will never turn the tide of battle.

Among his wares, characters may find a compass that points to the nearest pub, or an amulet that makes the wearer immune to fire damage at dusk and dawn only. Len Pelletier's [Weak Magic Items for 5e](#) would be a good choice for this.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Sometimes the party will intentionally go looking for people to help. Sometimes they'll do research on a specific location on a specific plain for days before they strike out.

But a lot of adventures aren't planned. Sometimes they just happen while the characters go about their lives as planar travellers and scholars.

THE SCARECROWS

Much like children may make jack-o'-lanterns or paper snowflakes, the adventurers of the tavern will occasionally build and animate scarecrows. The scarecrows act as a first line of defense - a militia of sorts - when the tavern comes under attack, hanging silently on the walls until they're needed.

Some people keep things simple, simply stuffing a straw body, maybe reinforcing it slightly with bits of torn up armor. But sometimes people go on scavenger hunts; there are scarecrows on the walls of the taverns with heads of pumpkins, exotic skulls, even lampposts.

The final touch is the spirit of a dark creature, which is used to animate the scarecrow. Adventurers often use simple things like snakes, scorpions, or rats, but again, some might go out of their way for something special.

CURRYING FLAVOUR

The residents of the Tavern maintain a lovely garden of vegetables, herbs, and fruit, but it's not enough to fully sustain them, so everyone contributes by hunting. In a pinch, the prefects might explicitly ask someone to go, or just pay for meat out of pocket at any old market, but that becomes staggeringly expensive over time; expecting everyone to hunt once a month is good long-term practice. By the end of their first year, every little is going to know how to field dress game animals.

HUNTING

Survival Check	Result
Critical Failure	Random encounter
10 or less	Unsuccessful
11-15	Small game (rabbit, pheasant)
16-20	Medium game (deer, pig)
20+ or Critical Success	Large game (bear, boar)

Bear in mind that there will be situational modifiers. If you're hunting a particularly plentiful area or if you're hunting with someone who knows the area, that might add to your roll. If the area is unknown, depleted, or suffering bad weather, your roll may suffer a loss.

LOCATIONS



everywhere in the tavern is either a private room or a common area. While private rooms expand to accommodate their tenant's acquisitions, the common areas change in thematic ways appropriate to their basic functions. The baths could be a sauna, or it could turn into an indoor pool, but it

wouldn't furnish itself with a pool *table* - the dining hall might though, if someone bought a pool table and made it publicly available.

PRIVATE ROOMS

The quarters that residents receive on their arrival at the tavern are very humble, but they are encouraged to bring in new belongings as they earn them. Their room will expand to accommodate these things, expanding from a room into a suite, and possibly an entire home in its own right.

Something that residents are discouraged from doing is engineering their private quarters in such a way that they don't have to leave. The prefects won't dog someone over it, but someone who takes most of their meals in their own private kitchen, or puts a billiard table in their lounge and has over the three best friend instead of playing in the great room will likely find prefects politely suggesting that they invest that effort in the public rooms instead.

COMMUNITY ROOMS

The tavern key every resident receives will open any door with a lock in the multiverse onto any community room in the tavern with the exception of the treasury and its direct attachments.

People usually exit the tavern from the mudroom or the stables. They usually come back the same way, unless they're in a very bad way, in which case they'll come in through the infirmary. Next stop after all that is usually the treasury if they have loot, or the kitchen if they have food.

Residents are encouraged but not required to spend their down time in community rooms. Residents are required to chip in around the tavern. This is usually just done by asking around, or by establishing yourself as a regular hand at certain tasks. A prefect who needs urgent assistance may summon help by addressing a note in their journal to "All".

REGARDING FURNISHINGS

The tavern rooms will furnish themselves with things that are needed as they are needed, assuming that people have brought those things into the room and made them publicly available. The DM obviously has wide latitude to determine what things may be available to residents.

THE GREAT ROOM

This, the center of the tavern, is where most of the socialization takes place. This is where people take their dinner, have drinks, play games, and sometimes study if they prefer a more lively learning environment. There are armchairs in front of the fireplace (*fireplaces* if it's a busy night), long dining tables, and secluded booths in dark, quiet corners.

THE KITCHEN

This is where people store and cook food for themselves and the other residents. Many residents like Grizdahl make a point of cooking up a lot of food at once so that people who are tied up with time-sensitive tasks aren't further pressed for time. There's usually a pot simmering and a spit turning in the kitchen unless it's the dead of night.

THE BATHS

The saline water pumped through this room - and all the tavern for that matter - comes straight from the Plane of Water. The tavern can furnish this room with baths and pools of any temperature or depth, including a sauna. There are showers and toilets here, though one of the first things residents outfit their private quarters with is a bathroom.

THE MUD ROOM

Though any room can be accessed and treated as a planar portal with a room key, the prefects encourage people to use the mud room when possible. You never know when someone will come stumbling back to the tavern when their adventure goes awry, maybe even with some local color on their tale. The tavern is fortified against intruders and the mud room takes those enchantments a step further.

THE INFIRMARY

At any point, there are at least two parties of tavern inhabitants getting into trouble in the multiverse, which means that there are usually people on the mend. When people come staggering back from a fight, or a briar patch, or a hurricane, the infirmary is going to be their first stop. There are setups for people in critical condition, but most people are in and out; people limp in with holes, Victoria patches the holes, and people limp out with patches.

THE SMITHY

A hazy, reinforced room with air that burns, Damien can be found here, standing barefoot and knee-deep in the blazing furnace that lets in flames directly from the Plane of Fire. Most smithy work - blacksmithing, glassblowing, etc - that is done in the tavern will be done here. Aside from the huge main forge in the center, there are forges, anvils, tools, and workbenches all around the room.

THE WORKSHOPS

The tavern and its residents require a steady stream of fabricated goods. The workshop is a wide corridor where people can set up a space for the practical application of their skills. Lachlann practices carpentry here, as Angus does leatherworking. This is an open space and any resident who wants to work outside of their personal room is invited to do so here. Residents can request supplies be furnished from the tavern's storage, but they will be expected to recoup the expenses.

THE STORAGE ROOM

When goods, supplies, and furniture aren't actively being used in the tavern, they can be found here. When people make purchases or gain loot outside of the tavern that's meant for tavern use, Bruno the ogre porter carries it to this cavernous, warehouse-like room. And when he isn't lugging heavy things around, Bruno sleeps above it all in a hammock the size of a hot air balloon.

THE GARDENS

This is the only room in the tavern with an open-air connection to the multiverse, though like the windows, it's only one-way. The gardens are deceptively vast, with Willow's tree at the center of it all. She grows fruit, vegetables, herbs, flowers, pipeweeds, and medicines here. She's as good as anyone in the multiverse at it, though she does request people's assistance in moving her produce.

THE LIBRARY

The library of the tavern has been maintained for thousands of years, garnering books from every discipline and every world in the multiverse. And due to the curious nature of the tavern, people tend to find what they're looking for rather quickly. Tachycardia runs a very tight ship from her web, suspended over the dead center of the stacks. Tavern residents from an early age are inundated with the advice to research the location and culture for upcoming adventures. A little knowledge can be the difference between smooth sailing and calling for a prefect to come save you.

THE STABLES

This room is one of the most readily accessed from the multiverse, with big bay doors at the back of the high-ceilinged room. Most people who've been at the tavern for a while have a mount of their own; while most of these are horses or some other fairly standard riding animal, some of them require special attention. Shiitake cheerfully mucks out and feeds most animals, but he has his boundaries. Dangerous animals like war drakes, wyverns, and griffins are solely their owners' concern.

THE TREASURY

The treasury is unique in that residents don't have ready access to it; only prefects and the porter have that privilege. Raum maintains the treasury and its records meticulously. He's very fussy about keeping tabs on everything that comes and goes. Each resident has their own private vault, while the tavern maintains an orderly treasure room the size of an aircraft hanger. The treasury and its subsidiaries are more complicated than most other rooms in the tavern, and so are elaborated upon in the following section.

OTHER ROOMS

The Tavern can add other rooms as need be, so obviously you, the DM, have a lot of flexibility here. My advice is to be careful. You don't want it to feel like a castle - you want it to feel like a tavern that goes on and on.

That said, there are a variety of rooms that might make sense, including but not limited to:

- Laboratory
- Gymnasium or Training Room
- Classroom
- Menagerie, Zoo, or Aviary
- Gaming Room
- Shrine or Temple
- Conjuring Room or Portal
- Study
- Observatory
- Dungeon
- Crypt
- Cistern
- Lounge
- Salon

Consider whether the casters of the tavern will want to share space with other people who are working on delicate experiments. Some furnishings are more likely to be kept in private quarters, or housed in storage until actively needed.

THE TREASURY

Adventurers who live in the tavern, make use of its facilities and tenants' expertise, are expected to pay half of their adventuring loot to the tavern treasury. This tax pays for everything that keeps the tavern running, from the salt on the tables to the expensive reagents for the enchantments that keep it safe and sailing through the multiverse. At younger ages it is assumed that adventurers will not generate any coin for the treasury. Littles who are too little to go on true adventures alone are given very modest allowances to spend as they see fit, though they are encouraged to invest in recreation that develops their skills or adds to their knowledge.

THE MAIN VAULT

This is where the tavern's common wealth is stored. The supplies that are used to maintain its physical structure, the money that is used to pay for its supplies, all of it is found here.

The main vault of the treasury actually has little treasure in it. Most of it is just straight up coinage, bullion, letters of credit, things like that. There are some valuable magic items, and they are sorted categorically, usually only employed when they are immediately needed and then promptly returned to the treasury. However, Raum can provide a list of available inventory on request.

THE PRIVATE VAULTS

Every resident of the tavern has their own personal vault in which they may store their wealth. Raum tends to advise people to sell things like gems and art objects that they don't want to actively use or display; given that the tavern already takes a 50% cut, he doesn't charge a finder's fee for prospective buyers.

THE GALLERY

Of course, there's treasure, and then there's treasure. Some things are too beautiful or historically significant or scientifically meaningful to part with. These things are kept in the gallery, a kind of museum that the prefects may escort their students or important visitors through to view particularly precious artifacts.

The tavern has some impressive trophies that aren't artifacts per se - a complete set of chromatic dragon skulls, for instance, or the shattered hull of an illithid nautiloid. These mementos of millenia of heroism are meant to set an example for current residents of the tavern.

THE ARMORY

People live and often work in the tavern, but much of the residents' lives are spent out in the multiverse, more often than not mixing things up. Being armed and armoured is par for the course. Most of the armory's equipment is simply reclaimed from various miscreants; orcish swords, mindflayer half-plate, and so on.

The treasury is going to have a lot of other, more advanced gear from the loot tax and Raum will be happy to sell most of it to tavern residents for an equitable price. As usual, what gear the treasury has for sale is entirely up to the DM.

QUARTERMASTERY

The treasury will comp most of an adventurer's basic gear, like their mess kits, armor, weapons, and simple clothes that cost less than 500gp as listed in the Player's Handbook.

The treasury will sell them standard gear over 500gp like plate mail, intermediate supplies like healing potions, and luxury supplies like finee clothes at cost.

More advanced (especially magical) things that are difficult or expensive to procure like a +1 shield must be paid for at full price.

Adventurers may ask for a small favor from the quartermaster - things like loans, or maybe discounts. It's up to the GM how they want to run this, but as long as the adventurer puts in significantly more than they take out, the quartermaster will likely be pretty flexible.

GOOD AS GOLD

A master appraiser, the quartermaster takes stock of everything an adventurer deposits and withdraws from the treasury, keeping track of heroes' balance in **aureates**, which can be converted into a number of different currencies or readily bartered goods. An aureate is roughly equivalent in value to a Waterdhavian gold dragon. Exchange rates can be hard to determine when almost no good or service in the multiverse has a fixed value, but an hour's unskilled labor is a reliable metric.

Of course, the multiverse is infinitely vast and Raum isn't all-knowing, so sometimes he needs help. He can cast *Identify* and *Detect Magic* in a pinch. Failing that, Genevieve and Tachycardia are both good bets if he comes across something he can't recognize. And then of course there's the library. As a last resort, he can visit a number of associates he maintains in Sigil, though he doesn't like to do it; they're the powerful, assertive, amoral types and keep close tabs on what they're owed.

IMPORTANT NPCs



Several millenia have passed since the tavern was...built? Founded? Magicked into existence? No one who was around for the event is still alive, though some incidental records go back over ten thousand years. There are artifacts in the gallery that predate the oldest prefects. Over all of that time, the tavern has acquired a wide variety of exceptional people that make its mission of nurturing good and undoing evil far more effective.

PREFECTS

Most residents eventually leave the tavern for one reason or another, but some stay on to guide and teach others. Those few who rise to positions of leadership don't go out on adventures so much; one could say they're semi-retired. They run the tavern, performing the most essential tasks. At any point, there are at least two prefects geared up and ready to jump into the fray in case younger adventurers should need their help.

A common trait they share is their advanced age - they've been in the tavern for centuries. As a result of their longevity, they have proficiency in all basic skills; where other characters have proficiency, the prefects have expertise.

It is also interesting to note that a disproportionate number of prefects are from races and backgrounds not noted for their benevolence. Many theories have been whispered behind hands. Maybe the tavern means to support change among those led astray? Or maybe those exceptional few merely enjoyed having a people that accepted them and shared their ideals? It's anyone's guess.

ANGUS LONGHORN

Race: Minotaur
Class: Berserker
Job: Bouncer
Art: Cobbling, Leatherworking
Origin: Krynn

Angus had an unusual upbringing for a minotaur. His father, Cinmac, hadn't been *trying* to be a hero. Those orcish raiders merely had armaments that - by right of strength - belonged to his people. Yet the villagers of Pinerose were so grateful; they brought him food and drink and provided him with the best lodgings. But it was their gratitude and admiration that threw him; he didn't know what to make of it, only that it was intoxicating and deeply fulfilling.

Eventually he forsook his people's wanton cruelty, took his young son Angus with him, and dedicated his supremacy in combat to protecting the town of Pinerose. But of course his people came to punish him for his "cowardice". Angus watched as they slew his father, set fire to the town. He fled, badly injured, through a random door in the burning town, straight into the great room of the tavern.

Angus is usually either in the great room or the workshops. He's a tanner by trade, but he's also the unofficial enforcer of the tavern. Angus believes that people shouldn't have to be afraid of being good, and anyone who undermines the benevolence of others is his sworn enemy. He's impeccably polite, but gruff.

Note to self: These write-ups are very much rough drafts, mostly taking up space until I finalize some decisions and pull the trigger. Some are good, some are pulp fantasy tropes taking up space; character bios and the resulting statblocks are the least important part of this write-up in that nothing else depends on them. They're the top floor, so to speak.

CHANDRAJA RAMJEE

Race: Naga
Class: Sorcerer (Wild)
Job: Barmaid
Art: All Games, Potting, String Instruments
Origin: Amonkhet

Almost anyone could be expected to mistake Chandraja for a yuan-ti, as she has the head and torso of a large human, but she's actually a naga sorceress, shaped by the dark, wild magic of her desert homeland. Chandraja drew her power directly from within even from a very young age and, unlike many naga hatchlings, played nice with others. Deviance, finding one's power within, and providing aid outside of the enforced system are not traits that despots or theocrats tend to tolerate, so the curious hybrid was exiled from the city-state to face death at the hands of the suns and the undead outside of the Hekma.

Chandraja, still only a child at this point, took shelter from the sandstorms and wandering dead in a forgotten chamber beneath a buried monument in the desert. She dug through the ruined tomb, only to blunder headlong through a trap door and right into the tavern.

DAME VICTORIA OF WESTGATE

Race: Vampire
Class: Cleric (Grave)
Job: Physician
Art: Alchemy, Disguise, Keyboard Instruments
Origin: Zendikar

When Victoria was young, she maintained a close written relationship with a human girl named Jessica, a merchant's daughter and child of nature in Westgate. Eventually, she set out to meet her penpal, but stopped and drained a young woman picking roses by the roadside, only to discover after the fact that she'd murdered her lifelong friend. This drove deep the fact that everyone she'd ever hurt was someone's beloved, and at the height of her self-hatred the tavern took her in.

In her youth she returned to Westgate often. She turned herself in and served a century of indenture for her crime. During this time she found fulfillment in the service of the Raven Queen, and continued to pay her respects to her friend through her service. She still feeds, but only infrequently and only upon the irredeemably wicked.

Victoria spends most of her time in the infirmary. One of the more solitary prefects, her cool demeanor belies her sensitivity; she puts her heart into her work. When she's not actively patching someone up, she enjoys reading, practicing alchemy, and - if she can get away from the infirmary - playing the piano in her drawing room.

DAMIEN FAHRENHEIT

Race: Red Dragonborn
Class: Warlock (Celestial)
Job: Blacksmith
Art: Blacksmithing, Glassblowing, Jewelry
Origin: Elemental Plane of Fire

Damien was an unwitting participant in an experiment to create the ultimate dragonborn. Two royal houses of Tymansher mixed their blood - one with an efreeti, the other with a particularly powerful red dragon - before combining their bloodlines with the purpose of creating a master race. Damien was the result of their efforts.

He did exhibit from an early age a trait they hadn't been looking for; he was - *ugh* - nice. They prayed to Tiamat for guidance, and her terrible answer was to have the boy beaten, to have him witness dark deeds, to have him subjected to terrible choices.

In his darkest hour, a flame came to him in a vision, an ancient source of warmth, cleansing, and enlightenment called Zaaman Rul. This benevolent fire spoke to him of protection in exchange for protection, led him to the slave pits of his father's keep. Damien saw the snoring taskmaster and knew what had to be done. Damien slashed the man's throat and led his father's slaves to safety. His father's men pursued him for days, and fleeing the hounds in the deep wilderness, Damien unwittingly staggered into the tavern

Primordial fire rages through Damien's blood. He was born unnaturally powerful. Kings of men and princes of demons have all vied for his service, but Damien serves Zaaman Rul, the good archomental of fire.

GENEVIEVE FOSSILSTONE

Race: Water Genasi
Class: Necromancer
Job: Brewmaster
Art: Brewing, Chess, Sea Vehicles, Tinkering
Origin: Eberron

Genevieve had an unusual upbringing for a genasi; unlike most of her race, she not only knew her marid mother, Amphitrite, but had a good relationship with her. Though in her childhood, it became clear to the marid princess that her daughter was spoiled, and it was making her callous to the needs and feelings of her family's vassals. Amphitrite thought it best to send her daughter out into the Plane of Water on walkabout to learn the cold realities of life.

After a few years of wandering, she found her way to a coastal town where she signed on with the crew of the HMS Krassen, an ironclad dreadnought, as a navigator and advisor. Her supernatural knowledge and appearance made her the darling of the crew and this became her home for the next ten years.

One night, two corsair ships got the Krassen in between them and sank her, effectively robbing Genevieve of her home and all of her friends in five minutes. Genevieve meditated on the ocean floor for days, the ruins of the dreadnought all around her, pondering her loss. As she meditated, ghosts of those who perished in the disaster came to her; they told her secrets, had questions for her, asked favors of her.

Genevieve, despondent and defeated, returned to the ship to collect what was left of her things but, opening a bulkhead on the Krassen, got swept into the baths of the tavern instead.

GRIZDAL THE FLAVOR MASTER

Race: Aasimar (Hill Dwarf)
Class: Monk
Job: Cook
Art: Cooking, Masonry, Percussion Instruments
Origin: Oerth

Brunhilda believed with all her heart that the best way for her to contribute to her community was by making the most delicious, most nourishing meals for their artisans, labourers, and troops, and threw herself into her craft, teaching "Grizzly" every step of the way. Grizdal was a favorite of the community; obviously with some divine bloodline - or was it just a blessing? - his people knew he was destined for greatness and everyone was kind to him. Some would've been made rotten by this, but Grizdal just got friendly.

His home under the mountains was destroyed without warning when wizards from one of two warring nations, in an act of desperation, briefly merged their plane with the Gray Wastes. Grizdal was one of the few survivors, spending days digging through collapsed tunnels and pushing through starvation before being introduced to the tavern in an unusual way.

The residents of the tavern had received word of what had happened on Oerth and had been sending rescue teams around the clock; one of the teams excavating the tunnels found Grizdal on death's door. Later, in the tavern's infirmary, the tavern gave him a key of his own. This unusual, because most new residents inadvertently "find" the tavern alone.

LACHLANN DONNELLY

Race: Werewolf (Half-Orc)
Class: Ranger
Job: Carpenter
Art: Billiards, Carpentry, Woodcarving
Origin: Ravenloft

Lachlann's mother was an unhinged alcoholic washerwoman among the Vistani of Ravenloft, so he was effectively raised by a dozen parttime parents among his caravan. He went out of his way to give as good as he got; if someone made him dinner, he cleaned their home, if someone taught him a hunting trick, he brought them a deer.

A Vistani hunter named Flynn especially took Lachlann under his wing. Once when they were hunting together, a grizzly bear laid Flynn low, but Lachlann refused to abandon his friend, standing his ground. He nearly died of his injuries he sustained, but they both survived.

Lachlann was initiated into the White Wolves, an organization with a special strain of lycanthropy. Unlike regular werewolves, these wolves remained their true selves when they turned, and were carefully chosen from those who demonstrated selflessness and heroism.

Not long after his turning, his pack was slain by the feral werewolves of the deep woods, leaving Lachlann alone at a crucial time. Not knowing how to cope with his newfound strength and feral nature, he thought to study in the library in town, but found himself in the library of the tavern.

That Lachlann is a werewolf isn't a secret, but he lets it be known that he isn't comfortable discussing the possibility of turning others.

MISS TABITHA

Race: Tabaxi
Class: Bard
Job: Bard
Art: All Instruments, Liar's Dice, Painting
Origin: Ixalan

Tabitha was with the very first refugees who fled from the Free Cities of Torrezon when the vampires swept through, taking to the chaos of a pirate's life. Just an orphaned kitten, hers was a frantic life from morsel to precious morsel. She was kinder than most; she shared with the smaller and weaker any time she had more than she could eat in one sitting.

She was there when High and Dry was founded, when it was more desperate and dangerous than raucous; her saving grace was that she was pure gold with a lute in her hand. She briefly signed on with a pirate captain - servitude in exchange for protection - but when she sabotaged his efforts to execute simple merchants, he had her thrown in the brig. In the minutes between the brig and the keel, she picked the lock of her cell, only to find herself in the great room of the tavern.

A dedicated bard, Tabitha is the most social of the prefects, almost always in the great room or the gardens advising littles, playing music for larger groups, and swapping stories with smaller ones.

RAUM EBONVOGEL

Race: Aarakocra
Class: Rogue
Job: Quartermaster
Art: Darts, Singing, Thieves Tools
Origin: Athas

Raum had the misfortune of being born on Athas, a savage desert world, abandoned by the gods and with virtually no natural resources, a world of heartless Darwinism. Raum's father was the shaman and de facto scholar, but he was slain by a silt drake early in Raum's life; the tavern took him in when in-fighting broke out in his tribe.

Even after he left for the tavern, the definition of "good" in his homeland troubled Raum - a very unambitious brand of good that mostly just meant the absence of wanton evil. Not killing and robbing people who wandered into your territory is "good" on Athas. He wants to bring the rains back to Athas, he wants to bring the divine influence of the upper planes back to Athas. Raum still returns to his home plane frequently with supplies for the locals - as well as a team of armed adventurers to slay those who prey on the weak.

Most of the time, though, Raum is minding the treasury. He's a genius with a mind for mathematics and inventory, and his knowledge of the planes and magical artifacts is as good as anyone in the multiverse. He's reasonable, but he runs a very tight ship.

SHIITAKE THE FLAYER SLAYER

Race: Myconid
Class: Mystic
Job: Groom
Art: Horsemanship, Poison
Origin: The Far Realm

Taken from its home by mind flayers when it was only a sprout, Shiitake can't recall where it's originally from. The mind flayers wanted to experiment on sentient creatures who lacked a literal brain, so it spent its formative years aboard a nautiloid, sailing along the gaps between planes. They experimented on it with psionics, but they did not appreciate the effectiveness of Shiitake's non-psionic empathic abilities; it learned much more from them than they did from it, ironically including psionics. Shiitake remained patient, lured them into a false sense of security.

Its chance came one day when the mind flayers left the helm relatively unguarded. Shiitake seized its moment, backstabbed the ulitharid captain, and steered the nautiloid right into a githyanki stronghold. As the fleet descended on the nautiloid, Shiitake attempted to fight its way to freedom and escape in the madness, but failed. It was then that the tavern opened the way for it to come home.

Shiitake looks intimidating from the perspective of someone who doesn't know it, but it's actually one of the most easygoing people at the tavern. That fact, combined with its ability to communicate telepathically over language barriers, makes it a comforting presence for the newest, youngest residents.

SIR DANE BALCON

Race: Tiefling
Class: Paladin
Job: Bartender
Art: Cards, Cartography, Navigation
Origin: Toril

Dane was taken to the tavern off of the streets of Baldur's Gate when he was very young, even younger than most new residents of the tavern. He made a name for himself for being an enterprising adventurer and a wickedly talented duelist.

Dane was still fairly young when he was visiting the sylvan kingdom of Eaerlann. A green dragon took their princess, Lauriel, and ransomed her. Dane told the king that the dragon would probably eat her either way, so they sent Dane up against it with predictable results. The tiefling swashbuckler stayed with them for some time. Dane became a beloved member of the community. He loved her, she loved him, they loved him, he loved them, it was a very happy life. It was the cheesy storybook ending everyone secretly wants.

Not long after they were married, they were waylaid by orcs - dozens of them. Dane is as talented as any warrior alive, but he can only slay so many so quickly. Lauriel died in the attack, along with her parents, leaving Dane hollowed by grief and once again with no family. The tavern must have sensed something, because it brought him back into the fold.

Now he pines for the day when he will be reunited with his beloved and join the Wild Hunt - and it tends to make him a little reckless. Still, he enjoys his work at the tavern and talking to the residents as they come in for a drink and storytelling. From time to time Dane will sign up for high stakes card tournaments in Sigil.

TACHYCARDIA

Race: Arachnian

Class: Fighter

Job: Librarian

Art: Calligraphy, Forgery, Weaving

Origin: Aradath

Tachycardia is from a wild, post-apocalyptic world where magic wiped out much sentient life and severely warped others. Her arachnid race were once the premiere experts on magic. It was - is - intrinsic to their very being, yet the cataclysm ripped from them the ability to wield it. This devastation occurred long before Tachycardia was hatched.

Though surly and intimidating like most of her race, she wasn't wantonly nasty and even had a maternal side to her personality, caring for new hatchlings - deeply countercultural for the brutal arachnians. The web-hold eventually labeled her a seditious deviant and prepared to sacrifice her to Taath, their god of cruelty, chaos, and death; however, the tavern welcomed her, although the residents at first thought they were under attack.

Tachycardia isn't her true name, of course. Her native language is one of snaps and clicks very few sentient creatures could reproduce, so she goes by "Tachycardia" - the most immediate symptom of her terrible venom. New residents are advised not to ask her for samples to help them in battle; apparently this is a deeply personal, intimate subject for arachnians, or at least for Tachycardia.

WILLOW OF THE SUMMER COURT

Race: Dryad

Class: Druid

Job: Gardener

Art: Herbalism, Wind Instruments

Origin: Feywild

The folk of the Feywild are known at times to draw hapless mortals that they find alluring or interesting into their realm of twilight. This act is rarely malicious, exactly, so much as selfish and thoughtless. Willow was a kind, young fairy who felt sorry for a little boy who cried for his parents, and led him back to a fey crossing home.

The fey were furious at having their plaything taken away and bound her spirit to a lakeside willow tree for her "crime." The tavern, though, took pity on her and drew her - tree and all - into its gardens, the only true outdoor space in the tavern.

Of all the tavern prefects, Willow is the most naturally peaceful; when they meet to discuss longterm plans and tactics, she's the least likely to suggest offense and the most likely to suggest mercy. She spends most of her tending to her orchards and flower gardens, a talent at which no one can match her.

OTHER NPCs

Of course, there are plenty of residents that have been around for ages that still aren't prefects. Maybe they provide a valuable service, or maybe they're just very interesting, but there are plenty more people at the tavern than just the one a resident can call with their whistle.

GOBBLIES

Some point back an enchanter awakened an ochre jelly for an experiment. When he came back drunk from a tavern feast, he accidentally left the jelly's tank open; the jelly, instead of eating him, oozed its way into the kitchen and started eating the leftovers of the feast, leaving behind a pile of bone-white dishes.

Sensing potential, the prefects trained the jelly - who they named "Gobbles" - where to go and what to eat. It is, for all intents and purposes, the janitor. Just don't get drawn into the game of what-won't-gobbles-eat. Gobbles is technically (if barely) sentient and isn't a toy.

Gobbles is an **ochre jelly** with an Intelligence score of 6. It understands, but can't speak, Calant.

TAILBONES

Anywhere from a prankster to a sage, Tailbones is a Cheshire cat-like fey spirit and embodies good-natured cheekiness.

There are a lot of theories about Tailbones. Some residents think he is the creator of the tavern, some even think he may be a mental projection of the tavern itself. Some think he's the ghost of a deceased adventure that assumes an unconventional appearance. It's anyone's guess.

BRUNO THE PORTER

The characters will frequently find loot or purchase merchandise that's really heavy or awkward. A group of teenage wizards aren't about to haul a pool table back to the tavern by themselves. Enter Bruno, a nine hundred pound ogre who understands that peacefully serving the residents of the tavern means an eternity of comfort and scrumptious nom-noms.

THE GREY LADY

Every once in a while, someone looking for answers may be visited by the Grey Lady, a cold but kind ghost that visits residents of the tavern in their dreams. She's an ancient, powerful spirit whose gaze pierces through the veil between planes.

She can provide a hero guidance through advanced divination magic. She can give a hero a lead on an innocent in need of help. Or she can simply give a hero some timely advice.

Her identity is a mystery. Those few people who know of Dame Victoria's friend Jessica think the Grey Lady may in fact be her spirit from beyond the grave.

ADVENTURE IS OUT THERE!

Planescape settings are naturally intimidating for the same reason that they are exciting. It can be hard to know where to start. Don't be shy about asking your players ahead of time what their characters would like to do and plan accordingly. They may tell you that they want to simply go for a walk in the woods, or that they want to seek out someone in need of rescue, or that they want to pick a fight with a big bad evil.

Here are some sample adventures to jumpstart your exploration of the multiverse.

VEGA THE GLASS WITCH

Vega is a master illusionist, a doppelganger disciple of Fraz Urb'luu. She prefers a female form because people are more likely to trust women, but she's practical.

The glass witch is known for her modus operandi. She has a sophisticated means of extracting a recurring nightmare from a subject, trapping it in a glass jar or bottle. From there, she can turn this bottled nightmare into a real-world monster enthralled to her will. Sometimes she may induce these nightmares herself by conditioning her victims, through magic concoctions or the *Dream* spell.

THE GIFT OF ORCUS

Low tier undead like zombies are usually the product of necromancy - dangerous in large numbers, but not self-perpetuating, no serious danger to a party of seasoned adventurers.

But when zombification becomes a highly infectious plague? That's an entirely different problem. Any world with even a few of these zombies faces a very real possibility of coming to an end.

Zombies with the gift of Orcus gain the following attack:

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack. +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit 3 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage. If the target is a humanoid, it must succeed on a DC 20 Constitution saving throw or be infected with the gift of Orcus.

When infected the target makes a DC 20 Constitution throw every hour or take 3 (1d6) necrotic damage. The damage increases by 3 (1d6) for each saving throw made against the disease, to a maximum of 24 (7d6). This damage lowers the target's hit point maximum by an amount equal to the damage taken. If the disease is treated, the target regains its missing hit point maximum, but should its hit point maximum be reduced to 0, it will die and be reanimated as a zombie carrying the disease.

IMVAERNARHRO

As the Notorious B.I.G. once observed, "More money, more problems."

There is a terribly powerful, ancient red dragon named Imvaernarhro, aka Inferno, that lairs in the Star Mounts, in the High Forest of Faerun. He is best known for having an incredible hoarde that Elminster himself judged to be worth well over 10 million Waterdhavian dragons.

The most reliable entry point would be Karse, an abandoned, overgrown city. From there a party may follow the river 20 miles west to the Star Mounts. Helpful enclaves of aaracokra live in the area and may be willing to guide the party to where Inferno lairs.

There will be more adventures and more information on the current adventures entered into this section in the very near future.

WORLDS OF THE MATERIAL PLANE

Beyond the exotic, remarkable planes which are home to angels, demons, genies, and fairies, much of the action in a Planescape setting occurs in more familiar landscapes. Your players can explore any and all of them as your gamemaster sees fit, but each world comes with its own rules and quirks that makes navigating them fascinating or uniquely challenging. One important piece of advice for dungeon masters: if you're going to play in worlds that aren't of your own making, you should be very well acquainted with them or you'll break the immersion.

TORIL (FORGOTTEN REALMS)

Best known among fans for its central continent of Faerûn and especially Faerûn's west coast (the Sword Coast). This is a particularly flexible, conventional medieval setting that D&D is optimized for. Almost any adventure can be based out of Toril, which can be used as the standard against which any other campaign setting may be judged.

- **Humanity is widespread.** A good eighty percent or so of the world is human, but there are plenty of other races, especially in certain countries and cities.
- **Much of the world is wild.** There are plenty of civilized city-states and kingdoms all over the world, but most of the world is just wild green space, and traditionally this is where most of the action happens.
- **Magic is moderately common.** The overwhelming majority of people don't have access to magic, but casting prestidigitation in a bar won't get you a standing ovation.
- **The law of averages.** Most of the core assumptions outlined on page 9 of the Dungeon Master's Guide apply to Toril. The world is ancient, war has shaped much of the history, gods oversee the world but don't get heavy-handed, and so on. This is the world that is most in line with the core rulebooks of Fifth Edition. It's "vanilla" in a sense.

OERTH (GREYHAWK)

The Free City of Greyhawk is full of rogues and mages, and adventurers here are largely driven by greed. The primary antagonist in this setting is Iuz, the emperor of the north, the powerful demigod of deceit and pain.

- **Mages are more common.** Archmagi can be found with greater regularity in this campaign setting, especially in the cities. Mordenkainen, Bigby, Melf, Otiluke, and Tenser are all from Oerth.
- **The world is less defined.** There's less lore on Oerth than there is on, say, Toril. You can make up more as you go if you're not that familiar with the setting.
- **Medieval austerity is the driving aesthetic.** Greed motivates the expansionist human kingdoms, and scoundrels are spreading through all levels of society. The aesthetics, from the armor to the heraldry to the architecture is heavily evocative of England during the Middle Ages.
- **Iuz constantly looms.** The evil demigod runs an entire country and casts a constant threat over everything that goes on in the world.

KRYNN (DRAGONLANCE)

A world threatened by the return of Takhisis (better known as Tiamat in other settings). If you want a setting that constantly faces the threat of evil dragonkind, this would be a good choice. Fair warning: Krynn heavily plays up the "pulp" aspect of pulp fantasy. That's the established lore, of course; you have no need to adhere to it.

- **Arcane magic comes from the moon gods.** A funny quirk of this setting is that traditionally arcane powers clearly derive from three moon gods.
- **Dragons are central to the story.** Depending on when in the timeline you're looking at, Krynn has a disproportionately high number of dragons, chromatic and metallic, both. Many of the artifacts of this world are related to dragons, like dragonlances and orbs of dragonkind. The evil dragon god Takhisis is a chief antagonist here.
- **Christian iconography makes an appearance.** Keeping in line with the dragonslayer motif, Saint George and Saint Michael the Archangel both appear in religious imagery wielding dragonlances.

ATHAS (DARK SUN)

A heartless desert world where metal and water are precious commodities, and sorcerous bloodlines are closely associated with royalty. Kindness is all but extinct in this world of desperation and brutality. You should discuss this with your players ahead of time; not everyone will be comfortable with adventuring in Athas.

- **Athas is a giant desert.** A kind of magic called *defiler magic* destroyed this world. Now it is prowled by monsters of the desert. Athas is the homeworld of the monstrous thri-keen.
- **People are overwhelmingly evil.** The weak die, the strong survive, the strongest rule. Slavery, banditry, cannibalism, and gladiatorial combat are common.
- **Water and metal are priceless.** The Darwinian Athasians won't hesitate to kill for a full waterskin or a shiny, steel dagger. Most weapons on this world are made of wood, bone, or analogous material, and are prone to breakage.
- **Gods are largely absent.** They have abandoned this world. Clerics worship elemental power or abstract ideals.
- **Magic is associated with royalty.** The world is ruled by corrupt sorcerer-kings and their magic-wielding lackies.
- **There are no dragons.** There is one exception, a hyper-intelligent monster that appears before great natural disasters.
- **There are no commoners.** Everyone trains to defend themselves from the monsters of the desert.
- **Races have evolved to adapt.** Sentient races are larger, stronger, and more agile, have better senses, require less food and water, and often have psionic abilities.

EBERRON (EBERRON)

If your players are into steampunk, magic realism, or are eager to break the mold of fantasy tropes and stereotypes, they'll likely enjoy visiting Eberron.

- **Low-level magic is more common, but high-level magic is less common.** You'll see incidental magic like prestidigitation a lot more, but you'll see powerful bits like *raise dead* much less.
- **Technology is powered by magic.** Cities are connected by lightning rail and lit by magic lanterns, and air travel in skyships is possible.
- **They are ruled by Dragonmarked Houses.** These marks are manifestations of an ancient prophecy and provide their bearers with magic abilities. It came to be treated as a status symbol, and so dragonmarked houses came to dominate the social and political landscapes.
- **Races have less standardized alignments.** While good and evil still retain their meaning, you're much more likely to come across evil wood elves and good orcs than you would be in most settings.
- **Religion is more abstract.** The pantheon of Eberron doesn't make itself known. Clerics draw their abilities from belief systems and faith in principles.
- **Artificers are masters of magical item fabrication.** Magic items are more common in this setting.

AEBRYNIS (BIRTHRIGHT)

This setting revolves around bloodlines, divine power that heroes pass on to their children. Traditionally gameplay was meant to occur at least partially at the level of realm management, but the characters could still go on quests in person; if you've played the second half of Fable 3, you've gotten a taste of this kind of dynamic.

- **The old pantheon passed its power to mortals.** This is where the divine power that heroes pass to their descendants comes from.
- **Monsters have the dark blood of Azrai.** Those who received the power of Azrai turned into abominations, also called awnsheghlien. Gorgons, sphinxes, and vampires all are included in this family of monsters.
- **Racial characteristics are notably different.** Elves are actually pretty antagonistic, and lean chaotic neutral in this setting. Goblins are very crude but not really evil, and halflings bear the taint of the Shadowfell.
- **Cultures draw on real world inspiration.** Players will recognize elements from classical Romans, medieval English, Vikings, Celts, and more.

MYSTARA (EARLY D&D)

This setting from the early days was inspired by Lovecraft's "shared world" allowing and even inviting players to elaborate upon it. This is why the established places in lore are referred to as "The Known World".

- **It's a bit further along.** The Known World is roughly equivalent to the early Renaissance, and some areas like the Savage Coast are comparable to the Age of Exploration and even have gunpowder weaponry.
- **The world is hollow.** The poles are actually gently sloping entryways into this internal world of darkness and storms. Magic doesn't work right on the inside of Mystara.

- **There's a whole unwritten continent.** Very little lore was developed for Skothar, so players have effectively filled it in themselves as they carried on, making it up as they went.

Note to self: when I'm wrapping up this project, I should touch back down on this section; fact check again and flesh out the need-to-knows.

I'm also considering adding Amonkhet, Kaladesh, Innistrad, Ixalan, and Zendikar to this page.

EARTH

There is precedent in D&D lore for the existence of our own plane, which we call Earth, but you want to be cautious here for several reasons. A real world setting can really bring people's pet issues out. The rules of D&D allow for but aren't optimized for cultures that have advanced technology and no magic at all. How will the adventurers respond to seeing cars? How will the police respond to seeing heavily armed barbarians? Don't take your party to Earth unless your players explicitly ask to go, and even then only if you have great faith in the experience and judgment of your players.

There is a lot of "low fantasy" set on Earth. You should discuss your player's expectations with them. Is there, in fact, a school for wizards in Scotland called Hogwarts? Is there a demonic shapeshifter that terrorizes a small town in Maine every 27 years? Does an enclave of merfolk live off the coast of Denmark, or a coven of selkies off the coast of Ireland? Do cannibalistic monsters called wendigos really roam the deep woods of North America? Does an elder god called C'thulhu sleep in the deep ocean? Have we invented synthetic blood so that vampires can walk freely among us? Do some people have a sixth sense that exposes them to a world of ghosts? And is there a legendary sword called Excalibur that only obeys the one worthy to rule Britain?

Maybe none of these are true. Maybe they're ALL true. There's as much potential fun here as there is miserable complication.

NON-CANON WORLDS

There are plenty more planes that Wizards of the Coast didn't design Dungeons & Dragons for, but there's absolutely no reason that your characters can't visit Hyrule, Westeros, Skellige, Tatooine, Oz, Mordor, or Narnia. The fight against evil is fought on an infinite number of fronts, and if your players want to push back in a world they know from somewhere else, I wouldn't be shy about making it happen.

CHARACTER OPTIONS

Wizards of the Coast has provided several planetouched races for free, including tieflings (infernal and abyssal, both), aasimar, genasi, eladrin, shadar-kai, and githzerai. Any of these races listed here can be searched for and readily found on Wizards of the Coast's website, but I will list the hyperlinks here for your convenience; the exceptions are the traditional, infernal tiefling, which is listed in the Player's Handbook, and the aasimar, which is listed in Volc's Guide To Monsters.

Also take stock of the fact that eladrin and shadar-kai are subraces, not full races, and are meant to complement the elf race listed in the Player's Handbook. Also note that tieflings have several character options and exchanges in The Sword Coast Adventurer's Guide.

[Abyssal Tiefling](#)

[Genasi](#)

[Eladrin](#)

[Shadar-kai](#)

[Githzerai](#)

However, there are a few planetouched races that haven't been provided for in fifth edition at the time of this writing, so here are some possible write-ups for you to use at your discretion.

BARIAUR

Note: This write-up for the Bariaur race was written by Chris Perkins and can be found in his module Player's Guide to Planescape.

Bariaur are creatures born with the urge to wander and search. A nomadic people comfortable in the wilderness and with grand hospitality for strangers, bariaur are friendly and carefree, walking through the world with an open attitude. Some mistake this for frivolity, but the bariaur are known to be fierce combatants who shirk from no threat upon them or their friends. Many bariaur wander the planes in nomadic tribes, and many people from those tribes become adventurers, at least for a time, as it is a great way to see the worlds.

BUILT FOR TRAVEL

Few people would mistake a bariaur for a human, though some may mistake one for a centaur. Their bodies are that of mountain sheep or goats, wool and hooves and four legs and all. From where the head of the animal would occur, instead they have a human torso. In the case of males, this torso is topped with a head horns (majestic and curling, or short and spiky largely depending on the tribe). The four-legged, hooved form serves the bariaur well as they track across the planes, giving them great endurance and the ability to carry heavy loads on their backs for long distances. A bariaur's natural gait is swift and direct, and their surefooted stride carries them through rough terrain with ease.

Bariaur tend to be fussy about their appearances. Their skin tone ranges through human shades, but their hair is distinct - the thick, curly wool that occurs on their torsos may or may not be reflected in the hair their human half has.

Bariaur tend to pay a lot of attention to their wool, cutting it, cropping it, even dying it in patterns and colors. Their hair often gets brought into the mix as well. Amongst the bariaur, being good with a pair of shears and shampoo is a prized skill. Their large eyes tend toward shades of green and brown, and many of the males grow facial hair (a short goatee is especially common).

PARADISE IS EVERYWHERE

The bariaur culture is strong on laughter and enjoyment. Bariaur delight in physical contests like races and wrestling, hunting games, and butting heads. They also practice contests of magic and bariaur fashion shows are quite the magnificent sight. All this play helps them understand what it's like to win and lose graciously, how to root for your rivals, and how to welcome new people into the game. Few bariaur grow up alone or isolated, as they make an active effort to find the skills that any member of their race has, and bring them to the fore. This keeps them confident and jovial, rarely doubting themselves, and always sure that they have something to offer. This open, friendly attitude often serves them well as they wander the planes. Even the most sedentary of bariaur range over a wide area in their lives, and the bariaur find the thrill of discovery when entering a new place exhilarating. This can be true even if the place is unpleasant or harsh - a bariaur who wandered through a portal into the Abyss (and 13 managed to survive) would still be pretty energized by the experience. Bariaur enjoy travel for travel's sake, for the sake of challenging themselves, and for the sake of meeting interesting new characters on their journeys.

PASTORAL BLISS

Most of the bariaur of the planes wander in large tribes through the planes of chaos and good - Elysium, Arborea, the Beastlands, and Ysgard (and especially Ysgard, which is said to be their homeland). There, gather wild plants for food (bariaur are vegetarians, and meat makes them ill) and wander the infinite lands, meeting new friends, fighting fierce predators, and living a tolerably peaceful existence among the rolling hills, fertile plains, and plunging fjords.

Bariaur enjoy the natural world, though the draw of adventure will lead many into more urban settings, including, of course, Sigil. As the crossroads of the planes, Sigil is a place many bariaur cross through at least once in their life, and some take up semi-permanent residence place they can always return to, and a place that will be different whenever they do. Bariaur in Sigil don't necessarily stay there long (many prefer to raise families among their people), but those who do find the urban environment full of new discoveries and challenges.

BEYOND THE NEXT HILL

Bariaur generally see adventuring as just one particular expression of their tribal wanderlust. A little lonelier than wandering with your whole extended family, but in exchange you get to go places that a shepherd never does, explore places on the planes that you can tell your family about with

pride as they wonder at the remarkable things you've seen. Adventurers are respected tale-tellers and wealth-bringers, and while most bariaur are expected to "settle down" at some point in their life, the eldest bariaur adventurers go strong well into their old age.

The famous bariaur friendliness and openness means that this applies to different people and creatures as much as it applies to different lands. Half the fun of a place like Sigil is all the new people that come through, all the different types of creatures. Bariaur delight in the diversity of the planar peoples, and are excited to meet new people and encounter new ideas.

BARIAUR NAMES

A bariaur's name is given to him by his parents. It is usually a simple, one- or two-syllable name (the easier to be shouted across the hills). Within the flock, he denotes his parentage by adding "buck of" his father's name (or "doe of" the mother's name, if female); outside the flock, he relies instead on a flock name to indicate the extended family of which he belongs. Flock names typically describe the environments favored by the flock, and can change over time.

Male Names: Bex, Hul, Jek, Menok, Ril, Wyk, Ciou, Grazik, Darun, Jalen, Lijel, Mihel, Zatar

Female Names: Daeth, Hysh, Saph, Tyth, Vash, Floria, Glien, Kilil, Defilia, Entida, Jillia, Welida

Flock Names: Cloverfield, Dalewatcher, Farmountain, Greenpastures, Hillwalker, Meadows, Openplain, Widewanderers, Windingriver, Woodstrider.

BARIAUR TRAITS

Ability Score Increase. Your Constitution score increases by 2.

Age. Bariaur age similarly to humans, but their old age tends to last significantly longer. They may live to be about 170.

Alignment. Bariaur delight in personal freedom and value the lives of others, so they tend toward chaotic good or chaotic neutral alignment. This tendency isn't strict - any given tribe likely has the entire range of alignments, with only a plurality tending toward chaotic good.

Size. Medium. Bariaur are a little shorter than humans, but their centauroid form makes them considerably heavier and bulkier. It also means they have some difficulty with things like ladders and poles.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 40 ft.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Common and Celestial.

Gender-Based Traits. Bariaur society has strong gender-divisions and bariaur have different game rules depending on if they are male or female. These gender divisions are traditional, but bariaur are more than accepting of those that defy tradition to take on a nonstandard gender role.

MALE BARIAUR

Male bariaur are hearty warriors, trained to fight and defend the tribe. They grow horns fit to bludgeon their enemies with, and often tip them with metal so that they can make piercing attacks as well.

Ability Score Increase. Your Strength score increases by 1.

Ram. You can make a melee attack with your horns as a weapon. They deal 1d6 bludgeoning damage, and you are considered proficient in them. If the bariaur moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a ram attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra (1d6) bludgeoning damage. If the target is a Medium sized or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

FEMALE BARIAUR

Female bariaur are deeply knowledgeable in medicine and magical lore, and are tasked with sustaining the tribe and keeping its lore.

Ability Score Increase. Your Wisdom score increases by 1.

Perceptive. You have proficiency with the Perception skill.

Saving Throw Proficiency. Choose one, additional saving throw proficiency.

CHAOND

Note: This write-up for the Chaond race was posted at [To Chance With Hell](#), which drew the write-up from the now-defunct [Planewalker Planescape 3.0/3.5 Campaign Setting](#).

The implantation method used by the slaadi to reproduce is well known and feared, but what few planewalkers realize is that even when a victim is cleansed of the infection the remnants of chaos often persist. These lingering elements are overlooked as the unsuspecting soul continues about their life, but can become painfully obvious when their descendants appear more slaad than human. These hybrids are usually killed, but some are simply abandoned in remote places of the wild. Few survive on their own for long, but a small number manage to thrive and even procreate. As the generations pass, the slaad taint weakens and the human side grows stronger, allowing them to live lives that are more normal. The mark of chaos always remains with these planetouched, known as chaonds, forever separating them from humans and even other planar creatures.

FORMED FROM CHAOS

Chaonds normally appear as rudimentary humans with thick chests and limbs, blocky facial features, and slowly shifting skin and hair color. They range in height from 5'1 to 5'10, and are normally twice as wide as a typical human is. Many are repulsed and a little intimidated by the chaonds' savage body shape and posture, which disguises an agility surpassing most. Chaonds wear virtually anything, even patching different assortments of clothing together and equipment, having little interest in appearance or style. The result is often a gaudy display of color and design matching the chaond's own unorthodox form. They also possess a wide variety of unique physical features that link them to their slaad ancestor from patches of hardened scales to reptilian hands and feet. Most have a gravelly voice that sometimes resembles a croak when they are excited. These are just a few physical abnormalities; over the generations nearly any sort of alteration may develop among.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Chaonds are outgoing, flamboyant creatures. Whimsical and emotional, they are prone to sudden shifts in mood as well as flights of fancy, and feel no need to excuse their actions to others. Few look past the present moment or their own desires, and they are generally amused by the tendency of other races to trouble themselves with thoughts of the past and future. Though they are naturally very social, many people find their insensitivity to social custom and fits of emotion unsettling. This does not bother the chaonds, however, as they expect nothing from those around them and couldn't care less about the opinions of others. Their own interests and tastes change rapidly, causing them to live by a variety of different lifestyles and morals. They are not without reason for their actions, only quick to change their mind and even faster to act off it.

Chaonds have no organized culture or place to call home, but often live on the edge of planar civilizations. Rarely do they assume ownership of a particular area, believing that others have as much claim as they do, and having no desire to sit in one location for long.

EASY COME, EASY GO

The chaonds' indifference to the opinions and rules of others serves as both a blessing and a curse in their relationships. While most find chaonds pleasant companions (overlooking their frequent outbursts of emotion), the chaos planetouched are rarely welcome among structured societies or organizations. Chaonds instead choose to spend most of their time in the wild on the edge of civilization, mixing with others infrequently and only for short periods. Well aware of their unusual heritage and form, they tend to get along with any other race, treating everyone as equals with an openness that surprises the most liberal person. They get along particularly well with bariaur, who share their free spirited nature, and many tieflings feel some common ground with them. Chaonds view those who impose laws on themselves and others as misguided, and have no compunctions against ignoring or actively working against such tyrants.

With a deep-rooted need to travel and explore, chaond are natural adventurers and can be found in any sort of environment or among any party. They are comfortable with most of the terrain found on the planes, and many serve as guides. They are most at home on the chaotic side of the Great Ring, but some take bringing anarchy to order as a challenge.

CHILDREN OF LIMBO

Chaonds are inherently chaotic due to their slaad blood, but can be of any moral alignment. They are often self-centered in their apathy for the concerns of those around them, but some feel a calling to protect the freedom and lives of others. With anything being capable for the chaos-touched, some chaond show a preference for order and structure over freedom. Such folk are the exception, however.

Firmly believing that they choose their own path, chaonds have little use for fates or powers, and abhor enforced religion. Some choose to ally themselves with chaotic deities, if they share a similar belief or goal, but are as likely to ignore dictates as they are to obey them if it doesn't fit with the chaond's current taste.

CHAOND NAMES

Chaond names are based on where they were born, and thus can be nearly anything. Suiting their chaotic nature, chaond like going by alternating nicknames before falling back on their given name.

CHAOND TRAITS

The abilities and inclinations of chaonds are dominated by the chaos and mutability of their slaad heritage.

Ability Score Increase. Your Dexterity score increases by 2, your Constitution score increases by 1, and your Charisma score decreases by 2.

Age. Chaonds reach maturity around the same time that humans do, but live half again as long, well over a century.

Alignment. Chaonds are children of Limbo, and strongly predisposed towards chaos, though they have no such tendency towards kindness or cruelty.

Size. You're about a foot shorter than most humans, but twice as wide. Your size is medium.

Speed. You have a base walking speed of 30 ft.

Darkvision. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Metamorphosis. Your slaadi blood makes you resilient to the sudden forces of change that drive elemental chaos. Any time you complete a long rest, you may become resistant to one damage type out of acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage. If you want to replace your damage resistance, you must complete another long rest.

Protean Proteins. Your body carries some of the mutability of Limbo. Once per long rest, you can use a bonus action to regain a number of hit points equal to half your level (minimum 1) + your Constitution modifier.

Tumbler. You have heightened spatial awareness. You are proficient in the Acrobatics skill and have advantage on contests to escape a grapple.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Common and Slaad.

ILLITHID

Note: Much of this write-up has been drawn from the 5th Edition supplement, Volo's Guide to Monsters, and the 3.5 supplement, Lords of Madness.

Mind flayers, also known as illithids, are horrific, alien humanoids that lurk deep within the Underdark. Masters of psionic energy, they use their mental powers to dominate other creatures. The fortunate among their victims are slain, their brains devoured. The unlucky ones have their psyches warped, leaving them as mindless slaves with little hope of being rescued.

ABOMINABLE ABERRANT ALIENS

A mind flayer is roughly comparable to a thin human in height and build, but the external resemblance stops at that point. An illithid's head is a monstrous sight, resembling a four-tentacled octopus sitting atop the creature's shoulders. The two eyes, uniformly pale white and without pupils, are sheltered beneath prominent brow ridges. The creature's soft, moist skin is mauve in color and glistens beneath a thin

coating of mucus.

Mind flayers have three long, slender fingers and an opposable thumb on each hand, and two webbed toes on each foot. Each finger and toe is capped with a wicked-looking nail, which aren't as dangerous as they seem. In fact, the nails are composed of soft cartilage and present little danger to anyone struck or scratched by them.

Mind flayers don't reproduce in the traditional sense. Instead, they lay eggs from which hatch tadpole-like creatures that are used to make more of their kind through a process called ceremorphosis. First, a captured humanoid is rendered docile by a blast of psionic power. A newly hatched tadpole is inserted into the victim's cranium, usually through a nostril or ear canal. The tadpole grows as it devours the humanoid's brain, attaching to the victim's brain stem and becoming its new brain. Over the course of a week, the humanoid body changes form, and a new mind flayer comes into being. The emergent mind flayer often retains a few dim memories from its previous form, but these vague recollections seldom have any bearing on its new life as a brain-eating monster.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Because of their dietary needs and their otherworldly biology, mind flayers must remain within hunting distance of intelligent humanoids, even if doing so makes them vulnerable to attack from their enemies. They use the brains of such creatures as food, of course, but they also need sentient humanoids to propagate.

When a mind flayer devours a brain, it acquires stray memories from its victim and shares them with the other members of its colony. Mind flayers also receive a degree of sustenance from the physical substance of a brain, but subsist primarily on the psionic energy that they extract from it in its final moments of activity.

Through some quirk of the illithids' parasitic nature, the cultural sophistication of a mind flayer depends upon what sorts of brains are in its diet. For example, members of a colony that feed on grimlocks are no less intelligent than a colony that feeds on elves, but the former will pay almost no attention to crafting clothes to wear, and the latter will dress in elaborate robes. This phenomenon extends to all displays of culture, from modes of architecture to the decorations that adorn illithid funerary brain jars.

RESPECT YOUR ELDERS

Mind flayers use telepathy to communicate with each other and with other creatures. Among their own kind, they form a network of minds. Each mind flayer is an individual node of the network, taking on specific tasks, sharing information, and so on. At the center of this network is the elder brain. The elder brain is the most powerful member of a mind flayer colony. Just as mind flayers treat thralls made from captured humanoids, an elder brain expects perfect obedience from the illithids that dwell in its colony. If a single mind flayer in a colony sees or hears something, the elder brain and the rest of the illithids in the colony learn of it immediately. The colony relies on a collective memory, composed from the knowledge, experiences, and skills of all of its members and stored within the elder brain.

In some ways, a mind flayer colony is like a great library of lore stored within its members' minds, with the elder brain as its librarian. Each individual illithid represents a category or subsection within the library. One mind flayer might specialize in biology, while another is an expert in defending the colony. Given that an individual mind flayer has a near-genius intellect, the extent of its knowledge is equivalent to the highest levels of scholarship attainable by humans.

EDUCATION VERSUS ENLIGHTENMENT

Mind flayer society is unique in that illithids know their destiny is to dominate the universe. Illithids are not foolish enough to believe that the future cannot be changed, however, so they are not complacent. Elder brains excel at seeing the big picture. They take a long view that exceeds most races' lifetimes. Their active schemes might involve plans that won't reach fruition for decades or centuries. This sort of long-range planning makes it nearly impossible for outsiders to deduce what a group of mind flayers is planning.

In the short term, though, mind flayers work toward a few recognizable goals. They oppose and kill githyanki and githzerai wherever and whenever they locate them. They establish links to nonillithids who can be of service to them while scouting others as potential targets for raids. They seek to maintain a steady influx of brains for nourishment. They expand their knowledge in every area. Only through knowledge can they make accurate predictions about the future.

Mind flayers gather knowledge in four ways: They purchase it from traveling merchants, steal it directly from the minds of traveling merchants, absorb it from the brains of their victims, or read it from the minds of their captives. None of these methods are ever used in isolation. More than any other race, mind flayers are aware of the ways in which faulty perception and personal interpretation can distort facts. They always seek to verify important information with multiple sources.

ILLITHID NAMES

Among mind flayers, thoughts aren't communicated in language per se, but are instead transmitted telepathically as concepts and associations, which other humanoids interpret in their own language. Telepathic communication with a mind flayer is frequently accompanied by a mental static that "sounds" to the receiver like an underlying sussuration peppered with guttural clicks. The intensity of this static increases when a mind flayer refers to itself, because with the saying of its name, the illithid is communicating far more information about itself than other humanoids can comprehend. The syllables that make up mind flayer names as expressed in other languages are thus weak approximations of the sound that others hear in their minds when illithids refer to themselves.

An illithid might adopt a name that is easier for minions and allies to speak or that makes it seem more fearsome to enemies, but each begins its life with a thoughtname.

Thoughtnames: Aurangaul, Cephalossk, Drukt, Drusiss, Lugribosssk, Quoor, Ralayan, Sardsult, S'venchen, Tharcereli, Tobulux, Zellix

ILLITHID TRAITS

Illithid colonies and society at large don't allow much room for deviance or disobedience, so their traits - mental and otherwise - tend to be fairly uniform.

Ability Score Increase. Your Intelligence score increases by 2, and either your Wisdom or Charisma score increases by 1.

Age. Illithids can live up to 135 years after ceremorphosis, and though they are physically fully matured as soon as ceremorphosis is complete, they aren't considered fully matured until around 20.

Alignment. Illithids are required to consume the grey matter of sentient beings to survive. Though there are a number of exceptions in the established lore, Illithids are overwhelmingly lawful evil. Those that aren't are treated as dangerous deviants by other Illithids; they face exile at best, summary execution at worst.

Size. Illithids are about the height of tall humans, but they are much more slender, and weigh less than most creatures of their stature. Your size is medium.

Speed. Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

Darkvision. You can see in dim light within 120 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.

Tentacles. You are proficient with your tentacles, which are a melee weapon that deals 1d4 psychic damage and uses your Intelligence modifier on the attack and damage rolls. On a successful hit, your target is grappled and, if it fails an Intelligence saving throw with a DC equal to 8 + your Intelligence modifier + your proficiency bonus, stunned.

Extract Brain. You may make a tentacle attack against a humanoid target whose size is Medium or Small that you are grappling. On a successful hit, you deal 4d4 piercing damage. If this damage reduces the target's hit points to 0, you kill the target by extracting and devouring its brain. The damage increases to 6d6 at 6th level, 8d8 at 11th level, and 10d10 at 16th level.

When you devour a sentient creature's brain, you gain temporary hit points equal to your target's Intelligence modifier \times 1d4 (minimum 1). Furthermore, you learn one piece of useful information your target knew.

After you use your extract brain attack, you can't use it until you complete a short or long rest, while your extraction enzymes replenish.

Damage Resistance. You have resistance to psychic damage.

Languages. You can speak, read, and write Undercommon and Deep Speech. You have telepathy within 120 feet of you. You can write Qualith. Generally speaking, Illithids write in Qualith, an alien script that non-native speakers can only decipher with magic.

Brain Eater. All Illithids need to regularly consume the brains of sentient creatures to survive. You can go without eating a sentient brain for a number of weeks equal to 3 + your Constitution modifier (minimum 1). At the end of each day beyond that limit, you automatically suffer one level of exhaustion.

Eating a single sentient brain resets the count of days without eating to zero.

However, you still require the regular sustenance that all humanoids depend on. The standard rules regarding food and water apply to Illithids, with the stipulation that they are

carnivorous (allowing for minor exceptions like seasonings and broth bases).

BACKGROUNDS

Any background may potentially be used in conjunction with the tavern; however, for the purposes of roleplay, storytelling, and character development, the **Tavern Resident** background provided below is ideal for the setting and flexible across character concepts.

This background doesn't come with skill proficiencies, tool proficiencies, languages, or equipment; instead, characters will have the opportunity to learn these abilities and then some over the course of their training and adventures. For all intents and purposes, these kinds of characters are writing their backgrounds as they are playing.

TAVERN RESIDENT

You were rescued from a lousy situation in the multiverse by the tavern, a pseudo-intelligent demiplane that provides promising young people the best possible environment to become champions of good, unfettered by the veil between worlds. Like most newcomers to the tavern, you are so young that you've scarcely begun to write the story of your life.

Equipment: A journal you can use to write to any tavern resident, a room key that can turn any door with a lock in the multiverse into a portal back to any tavern common room, a six-inch-long whistle that can summon at a prefect to your aid anywhere in the multiverse, a set of simple clothes, 10 aureates

FEATURE: TAVERN TRAINING

The tavern is, as much as anything, a place for young heroes like you to learn your trade. The tavern has a library that makes Candlekeep look like an airport bookstore, plus senior adventurers are willing to lend you a reasonable amount of assistance in a wide variety of disciplines.

Every time you level up, you get 1 training point to put towards tavern training - a reflection of the use of your downtime in one of the best learning environments in the multiverse.

Training Points Training Type

1	1 Cantrip
1	Any 1 language
2	Proficiency in 1 type of artisan's tools
2	Proficiency in 1 skill from class list
3	Any ability score +1
6	1 Feat

TAVERN SPELLCASTING

In a Planescape setting, some spells are a necessary adaptation for the growing adventurer. All spellcasting classes have access to the following spells, whether they're in their class' default spell list or not:

- Detect Evil
- Detect Magic
- Identify
- Comprehend Language
- Planeshift

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

The residents of the tavern come from more walks of life than most people have seen, but there are some common traits. First and foremost, the tavern brooks no evil. Whether a character's evil is wanton, pragmatic, idealistic, or just stupid, the tavern will take such a character's key away and give them the boot.

d8 Personality Trait

- 1 As soon as I arrive somewhere new, I purposefully get to work trying new things and making friends.
- 2 I very methodically document the particularities of the places I visit for later cataloging.
- 3 We're not here to sightsee. There are damsels to save and dragons to slay, so let's get to work.
- 4 I naturally find common ground between enemies and diffuse tensions in uncomfortable situations.
- 5 I get a bit neurotic when the party splits up in unfamiliar territory. Where do they think they're going? Where do they think we are, on vacation?!
- 6 I've seen so many weird cultures with wacky customs that I'm entirely unflappable at this point.
- 7 I make a point to represent my people and values well, and I go out of my way to be gracious.
- 8 For better or for worse, I never give up. Rome wasn't built in day, and neither were tens of thousands of other empires.

d6 Ideal

- 1 **Freedom.** The multiverse is ours to explore, witness, and sample. Let's go! (Chaotic)
- 2 **Heroism.** It is our duty and our pleasure to protect the defenseless from evil and calamity. (Good)
- 3 **Mastery.** I must master everything I try. Only then can I truly be in control of my life. (Lawful)
- 4 **Friendship.** My life is defined by the people I share it with. They are my center. (Good)
- 5 **Knowledge.** Information is the path to every accomplishment, and the multiverse has an infinite supply of it ready to be discovered. (Any)
- 6 **Justice.** Evil of every kind must be relentlessly pursued, judged, and destroyed. (Good)

d6 Bond

- 1 I aspire to prefecture so that I may pass on the knowledge and protection that I myself received.
- 2 I left someone very important to me a long time ago. I will find them and lead them to happiness.
- 3 I found my paradise once, and I will do everything in my power to earn an eternal home in that place.
- 4 I want to deal a lasting, brutal blow to some great evil before I get shipped off to the afterlife.
- 5 My homeland was in rough shape when I left. I need to go back and help set things right.
- 6 The tavern rescued me from a terrible situation that was authored by a true monster. I will not rest until that villain answers with their life.

d6 Flaw

- 1 I'm short-sighted when it comes to picking fights, and sometimes I end up with powerful enemies.
- 2 I have no respect whatsoever for the local beliefs and social norms, and may alienate potential allies.
- 3 I sometimes let the infinite pleasures offered by the multiverse send me into a hedonistic tailspin.
- 4 I'm terrible at keeping a low profile; practically moments after I arrive, everyone in the greater geographical area knows I'm not from around here.
- 5 I was witness to unspeakable evil on a distant, dark world, and I'll never be right in the head again.
- 6 I have trouble committing myself to building anything of permanence; infinite empires rise and fall, so what's the point, really?

VARIANT RULE: TAVERN AGING

Aging and decomposition don't naturally occur in the tavern, and people will find that this effect lingers slightly even when they travel. If you want to track this, a character's aging will remain suspended for a number of days equal to $2d4 + \text{their Constitution modifier}$. It becomes suspended again immediately upon their return to the tavern.

FEATS

There are feats and training options that residents of the tavern may find that are unique to their situation.

DUAL SPECIALIZATION

Your character further explores the subtleties of their discipline. Dual specialization grants the character the first (**only** the first) specialization feature of another subclass. For instance, a fighter (battle master) could use this option to get the Improved Critical feature of the fighter (champion), or a wizard (necromancer) could get the Hypnotic Gaze of the wizard (enchanter).

GAMEPLAY OPTIONS

More advanced players will enjoy the flavor and potential challenges that fumble and critical charts offer. They can be a lot of fun, but take care not to add too many effects or to have many effects that apply modifiers that are complicated or hard to keep track of. There's a fine line between engaging and complicated. Also, be willing to make up a critical effect on the fly. If you do this well, your players will become that much more conscientious of the circumstances they engineer in combat.

And be mindful: some of these effects have the potential to end a character's adventuring career unless they have access to advanced healing magic (which the tavern, in fact, does). You can only square off with so many broadsword-wielding orcs before you lose a limb.

FUMBLES

d10	Effect
1	Tripped. You fall prone and can only use your remaining actions this turn to stand back up.
2	Thrown Weapon. You lose your grip on your weapon and it sails $5 \times 1d6$ feet in a random direction.
3	Wide Open. You leave yourself open to attack, provoking an attack of opportunity from every enemy within melee range.
4	Friendly Fire. Your attack strikes a nearby friendly target instead of your intended target. If no target is available, reroll.
5	Shattered Weapon. Your weapon breaks if it's non-magical. If it's enchanted, your weapon rebounds and hits you.
6	Torn Muscle. You can't apply your ability modifier to any attack roll, damage roll, skill check, or saving throw that uses the affected arm.
7	Dislocation. You dislocate your shoulder. Anything you attempt to do with this arm has disadvantage until someone else spends an action popping it back in.
8	Torn Ligament. Your speed is halved and any ability check or saving throw you make on the effected leg has disadvantage.
9	Disoriented. You drop to the bottom of the turn order. This will not allow you to repeat your action this turn of the initiative.
10	Broken Finger. Your melee, ranged, and spell attacks made with the affected hand suffer a -1 penalty.

TREATING INJURIES

- **Torn Muscles, Torn Ligaments, and Concussions** can be healed with 5 hit points from healing magic or potions, OR natural healing from a long rest.
- **Hemorrhaging** can be stopped by a character with 1 use of a healer's kit, by passing a DC 18 Medicine check, or with 5 hit points from healing magic or potions.
- **Fractures** must be set by a character with 1 use of a healer's kit or by passing a DC 15 Medicine check. From there, a fracture will heal with 5 hit points from healing magic or potions, OR over the course of $1d6 + 6$ weeks.
- **Blindness** can be reversed through healing magic like *lesser restoration* or *heal*.

CRITICALS

d10	Effect
1	Disarmed. Your weapon is knocked out of your hand and sails $5 \times 1d6$ feet in a random direction. If it hits a target, roll damage normally.
2	Exposed. Your armor has a break in a critical joint, leaving you partially exposed. Your armor suffers a -1d4 penalty to its AC. Only a proficient blacksmith with access to a forge will be able to repair this damage. If your armor is enchanted, it loses its magical properties for the rest of the encounter.
3	Shattered Shield. Your shield takes a catastrophic blow and shatters. If your shield is enchanted, it loses its magical properties for the rest of the encounter.
4	Shattered Weapon. Your weapon suffers severe damage and shatters. If your weapon is enchanted, it loses its magical properties for the rest of the encounter.
5	Broken Leg. You can only move at half speed if you have help or a makeshift crutch, and you can only remain standing under the same circumstances. Remember that if someone is using their offhand to support you, they can't do other things with it, like hold a shield.
6	Broken Arm. The arm in question can't be used to make attack rolls, hold a shield, cast spells, etc.
7	Concussion. You are stunned for 1 round. Every attack roll, ability check, and saving throw is made with a 1d4 penalty.
8	Hemorrhage. You're losing blood, fast. At the start of every turn, you must make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw; on a success, the hemorrhage ends, on a failure, you suffer $1d4 - 1$ necrotic damage as you bleed out.
9	Blinded. You've lost vision in one of your eyes. You must make a DC 10 Constitution saving throw; on a success, you're blinded for $1d4$ rounds, on a failure, you permanently lose vision in one eye.
10	Amputation. Your limb is severed, crushed, or otherwise destroyed.

- **Lost Limbs** can be fully repaired only through a *regeneration* spell or powerful arcane magic like *wish*.

GAME LOGISTICS

A Planescape setting where characters can return to the inn and/or summon help with relative ease is going to lend itself to a more challenging set of logistics for veteran players.

HITTING THE GROUND RUNNING

The wide-open possibilities and potential complications of a Planescape setting make it ill-suited to novices, who are more likely to enjoy simple gameplay and bright, hard objectives.

THE MONTY-MARTIN SCALE

Much of the chronic friction between players comes from differences in what they want from the game. Before you start with a group of experienced players, ask them - on a scale of 1 to 10, where 1 is Monty Python and 10 is George R.R. Martin, how serious do they want their campaign to be?

MULTIPLE CHARACTERS

Due to the flexible nature of the tavern setting, this is one of the desperately few game types where a player could reasonably have more than one character. However, unless there aren't enough players to form a full group, they shouldn't be allowed to actively play more than one at a time.

ROTATING GMs

The tavern lends itself to episodic gameplay. There may be recurring storylines, but each story is largely independent of the next one. One of the most prevalent complaints of DMs is never getting to play. Thanks to the casual storyline, players should be able to take turns filling this role.

THE FIRST VISITORS

You might consider running a game where there are no prefects, and your party are the first adventurers to take up residence in the halls of the tavern. What culture will they create? What laws will they lay down?

INNS & OUTS

When you can reach your home from any civilized area, and when characters can invest time in improving themselves while they recuperate, more realism within that fantastical setting can be palatable to a group of experienced players. Consider the following changes to gameplay.

GENERAL GUIDELINES

Speaking more generally, you'll want to come at combat realistically. That means that many intelligent monsters will be willing to negotiate, and those that aren't will employ clever tactics - after all, they want to kill and live as much as the characters do. Monsters that are clearly losing should try to flee, and monsters that are winning should be allowed to win.

HEALER'S KIT DEPENDENCY

Using this variant, characters won't be able to spend any hit dice on a short rest unless another character spends one use of a healer's kit to bandage and treat their wounds. (DMG 266)

GRITTY REALISM

In this variant, short rests are 8 hours and long rests are 7 days. This turns combat and the adventure in general into a much more realistic, cautious thing. Players will have to plan like their lives depended on it, will have to consider approaches aside from running up and kicking the door in. (DMG 267)

SLOW NATURAL HEALING

For the purpose of healing (not spell slots), long rests are treated the same as short rests - they may use hit dice, but do not automatically gain all of their hit points back. (DMG 267)

MASSIVE DAMAGE

If a character loses more than half of their hit points from a single attack, they must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or suffer an effect on the System Shock table. (DMG 273)

SYSTEM SHOCK

d10 Effect

- | | |
|------|---|
| 1 | The creature drops to 0 hit points. |
| 2-3 | The creature drops to 0 hit points but is stable. |
| 4-5 | The creature is stunned until the end of its next turn. |
| 6-7 | The creature can't take reactions and has disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks until the end of its next turn. |
| 8-10 | The creature can't take reactions until the end of its next turn. |

CRITICAL CONDITION

It can be a bit ridiculous to see characters with one hit point dancing around; consider having characters who are hit and drop/have dropped below a quarter of their health or so make a Constitution saving throw to avoid taking a level of exhaustion. Raging barbarians automatically succeed on this saving throw.

CRITICAL/FUMBLE CHARTS

The vanilla rules of D&D don't allow for things like shattering your enemy's sword or losing an eye. The internet is full of charts a DM can make use of to raise the stakes of combat.

SCARS

Something else that vanilla doesn't account for is the extensive scarring that's going to occur in an adventurer's lifestyle. Ruling that critical hits and knockouts scar a character can make combat more interesting.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

This module refers to the tavern as "the tavern", but there's an understanding that this won't be its name. This place will be dear to the players; let them make it theirs by naming it themselves at the outset of gameplay.

ABSENTEES

It's very easy for characters to come and go from the action in this setting, so it would be wise to decline to run characters whose players aren't present. Instead, treat XP as an incentive to attend as many sessions as possible.

APPENDIX A - STATBLOCKS



Note: this section will be the last section
filled in before the final draft is published.