

A PLANEWALKER'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

"You know there's more to reality than the place where you were born. You have a grasp of the true scope of things."

You've heard the maddening winds of Pandemonium and seen the crystal waterfalls of Mount Celestia. You've walked the Great Road and witnessed the naked reality of the Inner Planes. You are a planewalker.

Planewalkers can hold their own in a fight with a baatezu, share the chant with a githyanki, and navigate their way through the diaphanous Blade Maze of Therores in the heart of Ocanthus. They are capable, hearty, intelligent, and knowledgeable. Planewalkers know their way around a fight, but they know when to avoid a scuffle as well.

They're no strangers to magic, and they know which side of a sword-point to be on. The dark of subtlety in word and deed is not lost on them. "The planes are too big for anyone to know everything about them — and no true planewalker ever claims to know everything about everything. The trick is to know a little about a lot. That's what keeps a planewalker out of the deadbook. The essence of the planewalker is knowing how to get from here to there, who to talk to, who to avoid, and what to do to stay one step ahead. Knowledge is power."

Tarsheva Longreach



It's obvious that cutters can't go everywhere in the course of their planewalking careers. Still, planewalkers need to have a general sense of what's what and what's where. Bashers have to know the difference between Acheron and Arcadia to avoid getting lost in every sense of the word.

The following information comes from the renowned planewalker, Tarsheva Longreach. She claims that it's all - or at least mostly - accurate. She does extend the caution, however, that things change quickly on the planes, sometimes in major ways. Just because a body visited a town, realm, or even layer yesterday doesn't mean that it'll still be there today.

Before learning the specifics, it's essential to grasp a few multiversal truths and get the basics of "who" and "where" straight.

Three Truths

The multiverse operates around three basic principles. Learn these, and a basher'll have a head start on understanding how things really work.

The Center of the Multiverse

Primes think their little worlds sit at the center of it all, but it ain't true. Fact is, nothing sits at the center of the multiverse - how can there be a "center" of an infinite expanse? So, really, no place is more important than anywhere else. By the same token, wherever a body stands is the center of the multiverse - at least from his perspective.

The Unity of Rings

The multiverse tends to form endless rings - whether physical or philosophical. Sigil, the Outlands, the Outer Planes, and even the Elemental Planes form rings without beginning or end. Follow any ring, and a body'll always end up where he started.

The Rule of Threes

Things happen in threes. Simple enough? It's not logical, but it's almost always true.

Who's Who

Planars

Planars are natives of the Outer and Inner Planes - whether they're human, humanoid, or another shape altogether. Planars have a few special powers and restrictions that make them different from primes. First of all, they can see portals to other planes, as described in the "Traveling the Multiverse" chapter.

Second, it's crucial to know where a planar was born, because he's extraplanar everywhere else. This means that everywhere except on his home plane, a planar's subject to Protection from Evil, Holy Word, Banishment, unwanted Contact other Plane communications, and any other such spells that specifically deal with extraplanar creatures.

Third, planars can be summoned without warning by spells or psionic abilities designed to grab planar creatures from the planes and haul them to the caster's location. Spells of this nature include Monster Summonings cast on planes adjacent to the planar's current position; or Summon Planar Creature, a psionic psychoportative science.

Primes

Primes, who're often unfairly tagged "the Clueless," are simply natives of the Prime Material Plane. While they're often considered know-nothing leatherheads and easy marks for peeler, primes do have one big advantage over planars: They're not subject to any spells that summon, command, or banish extraplanar creatures, no matter where they go. For example, a good-aligned prime in the Abyss isn't subject to a Protection from Good spell, whereas his planar companion would be if that planar wasn't an Abyssal native. 'Course, any sod in the Abyss has more to worry about than that...

Petitioners

Petitioners are the spirits of deceased primes and planars who inhabit the plane of their deity or alignment. Petitioners take many shapes but are usually indistinguishable from other folks, at least at first. They don't remember their former lives and only vaguely reflect their previous personalities; they're shaped into whatever form their power or their alignment requires. About the only thing they have to work toward is the hope of attaining union with their power or plane. They never leave their home planes for fear of permanent dissolution.

Proxies

Proxies are the hand-picked servitors of the powers - those who some call gods. As servants of their deities, proxies act in their powers' interests and according to their wishes. Some proxies retain their original forms, while others are reshaped into forms favored by the powers. Naturally, their personalities and intentions vary, depending

on the particular powers they serve. Regardless, it's a sure thing that proxies answer to their gods and only to their gods, and a basher had better treat 'em with the respect they're due. Not all berks have a direct pipeline to their deities, after all.

Powers

Powers - whether a body worships them as gods or just thinks of them as really mighty bloods — are the high-ups of the planes. They rule over certain areas, establishing their dominion and enforcing their whims as their natures demand. They offer spells and abilities to those who worship them. Within their realms, the powers rule supreme; no mortal cutter's ever going to come close to challenging their might.

What's Where

Planes

Planes are infinite expanses that usually represent a certain alignment or element, and maintain their own physical laws, environment, and natives. The Outer Plane of Arborea, for example, exemplifies the qualities of chaos and goodness, and in general the plane's inhabitants exhibit characteristics of individuality and virtue.

Layers

Layers are portions of a plane, so to speak, that are linked to the other layers of the plane yet maintain their own unique environments. To continue the example above, Arborea has the three layers of Olympus, a layer of green forests and mountains; Ossa, an endless shallow sea; and Pelion, a stark white desert. All three layers are "infinite" unto themselves, yet are contained within the larger plane.

Realms

Realms are smaller portions yet, occupying only a part of a layer and unified by specific conditions and natives. Usually, "realm" refers to an area in which a power resides, but realms aren't absolutely limited to powers. In Arborea's first layer of Olympus, both the Greek and the elven pantheons maintain their realms, which include the homes of the gods, the proxies and planars who live there, and all the petitioners from all the countless Prime worlds who belong there. The realms of Olympus (Greeks) and Arvandor (elves) appear just as infinite as the layer they rest in, yet much exists on the layer besides rowdy Greeks and fey elves.

Sites

Sites are smaller, very specific locales, often - but not always - within realms. Somewhere within the realm of Arvandor lies the Evergold, a pool dedicated to the goddesses of beauty, which grants a body matchless comeliness and charisma if she can find it. Outside of any realm but still in the layer of Olympus, the Gilded Hall of the Sensate faction rings with continual revelry.

Town

Finally, there are towns, which even the simplest addle-cove understands. Like sites, towns can be located within or outside of realms; the treant-town of Grandfather Oak flourishes within Arvandor, while the philosophers of the town of

Thrassos thrive just outside the realm of Olympus. The ultimate town, however, is a place from which all others can be reached: a place known by many names, but most often called Sigil.

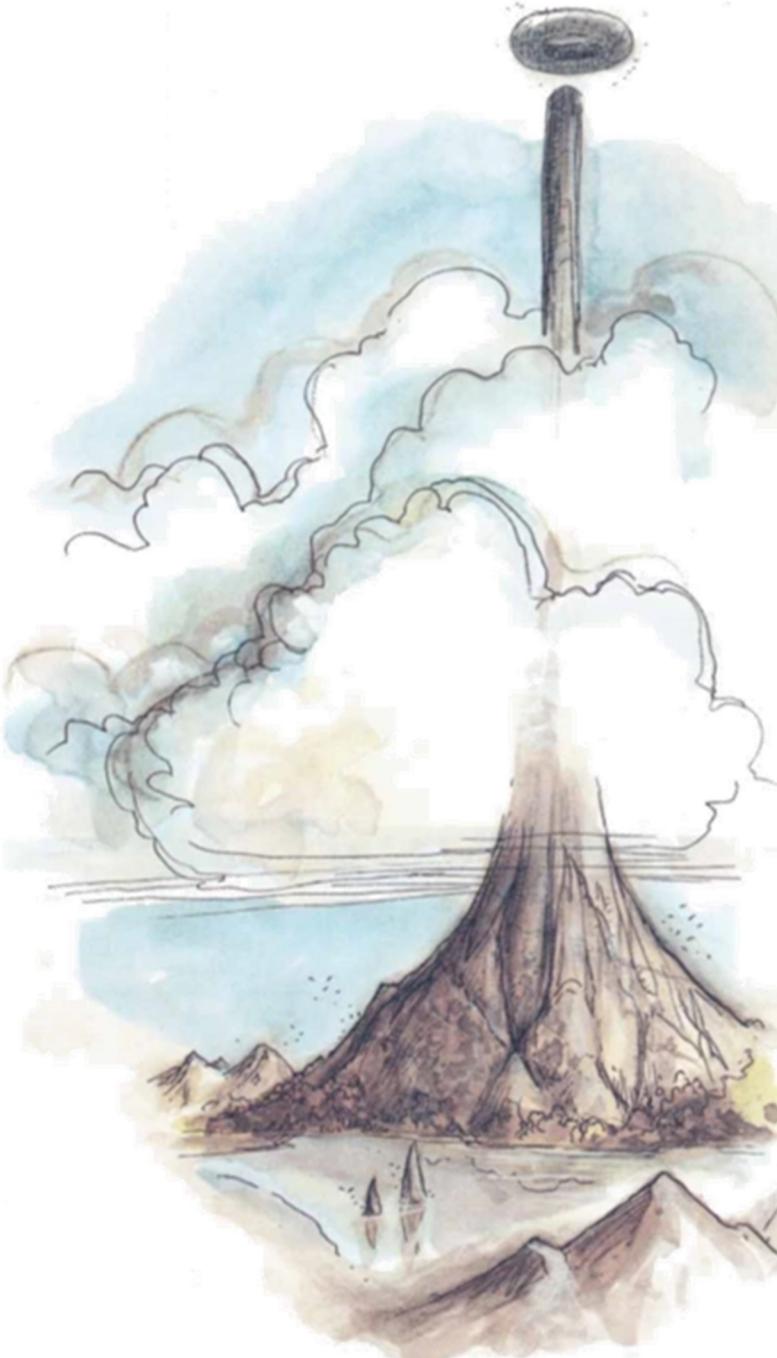
Sigil: The Cage

Every planewalker's got to know the City of Doors. Even bashers who hold no love for the place know that a body's got to take advantage of Sigil's location, its portals, and its services. Sigil's referred to as the Cage by those who live here, and it ain't much of a surprise why. For a place also called the City of Doors, getting in or out isn't always easy.

The only way in or out of Sigil is through the portals that show up in the doorways, archways, windows, manholes, fireplaces, and other openings found throughout the city. Nothing else - spells, magical items, innate powers, or anything else - gets a body into or out of the Cage. That's the way the Lady wants it.

The Lady of Pain calls kip in Sigil. She runs the show, but not in a direct way like a mayor or queen. In fact, she doesn't even show her death-dealing image around much. But Sigil's hers, plain and simple. She controls the portals, and keeps every power or archfiend out. Those who cross her die or end up in the Mazes, extradimensional labyrinths from which there's no escape. Is she a power? Is she a fallen celestial or a reformed fiend? Nobody knows. Canny cutters do know this: Leave her be. Don't talk to her, don't ask her for help, don't worship her, and certainly don't antagonize her.

Some suspect that the real power in the City of Doors is held by the dabus, humanoid creatures who serve the Lady of Pain directly. They act as her eyes and ears, but most importantly her hands, making sure that everything in Sigil works smoothly. See, Sigil's got lots of tricks built into it, many having to do with portals. The dark is that the air here comes from portals to the Plane of Air, and the water's drawn from the Plane of Water. Some sages think that the Lady can make portals wherever she wishes, and somehow directs the dabus to use and maintain them. A word of advice: Don't bother the dabus, and don't get in their way. They're not so tough, but any berk who crosses them is sure to get on the Lady's bad side - and that's no place to be.



The city itself is built within a torus (that's like a big wheel) that floats above the Spire at the center of the Outlands. How? Nobody knows. Many a graybeard has a theory, but no one can say for sure. Most agree that the city shouldn't be able to exist where it does, and that magic and other fundamental forces (maybe even life itself) should be altered or nulled or some such. The fact is, spells work just fine, and a body has no problem living here, except for all the smoke and polluted air - and the razorgive, cranium rats, fiends, cross-trading knights, and a population of generally surly berks. Most say it's the Lady who keeps everything working. Maybe she even built the place.

Sigil's informally separated into wards - The Lady's Ward, the Clerk's Ward, the Lower Ward, the Guildhall and Market Wards (which are often counted as a single ward), and the Hive Ward. Each ward has its own general purpose. The Lady's Ward is home to the wealthy upper classes and many of the powerful individuals who scheme and plot for their perceived control of the city. The Clerk's Ward houses the city's administrative offices and is the center of its bureaucracy.

All manner of goods are forged, built, or otherwise produced in the Lower Ward. These goods - and others that have been imported from across the multiverse - are sold in the Market Ward. In the Guildhall Ward, craftsmen gather and train apprentices. The poor and lowest classes call kip in the Hive.

The Cage is the center of faction activity. (See "The Factions" chapter for more on these philosophical and political groups.) The Guvners, Harmonium, and Mercykillers are the self-appointed judges, enforcers, and executioners of Sigil. Equally (but not always so "officially"), the other factions all fill a niche in the city's workings. The Lady of Pain tolerates the factions, their assumptions of power, and their various squabbles. As long as nothing they do threatens her goals - whatever they are - or the city as a whole, she doesn't pay them any attention.

Canny bashers should find Sigil a place of infinite opportunity. First off, a body can get anywhere from here. That alone makes it the most important place in the multiverse. (At least, that's how the natives see it - they're at the "Center of the Multiverse.") Any berk should realize there's more to it than that, though. Sigil's a center of trade. Not only can a body find whatever she's looking for here, but she can find somebody with a need for whatever she has - even if it's only a strong sword arm and a bit of smarts in her brainbox. Lastly, the Cage is the place to come for the big chant - the chant about anything and everything. Some well-lanned bloods live here, and a little garnish sometimes goes a long way toward getting a Cager to rattle his bonebox. Usually, it's more of a challenge to get him to pike it.

Tarsheva Recommends

First off, hire a tout. There's no point in wandering Sigil without a guide; that's virtually an invitation to be robbed, killed, or otherwise assaulted. Be wary, however, for many touts are either faction members who'll give only their faction's view of the city, or else knights of the cross-trade who'll bob a sod the moment he turns his back.

A good tout'll show a body where he needs to go to fill virtually any need or want, but here's two quick recommendations: Geldab's Bakery in The Lady's Ward sells excellent pastries and breads, magically preserved to stay fresh for longer than normal (useful for planewalkers expecting a long journey!); and modron armor and equipment may be commissioned from Burl, a smith who lives in the Hive.

The Outlands

Sigil sits at - above, really - the Spire at the center of a plane called the Outlands, or the Land. Technically, the Outlands are part of the Great Ring, but since they exist at the "center" of the Ring, nobody ever thinks to include them in it. As things count on the Outer Planes, the Outlands are realms of true neutrality, but most folks think of them as places with no alignment at all. The Outlands serve as meeting places and common ground for any berk from the Outer Planes. Oh, the Land has its share of natives, and a good number of powers, but most folks steer clear of actual Outlander settlements except for the gate-towns (see below).

The realms and towns of the plane all follow the same basic precept: The closer a body gets to the Spire, the more things cease to work. As

a cutter travels spireward, spells begin to fail, psionics cease to function, and eventually even the powers' might dwindles. The plane is organized into nine rings surrounding the Spire, and as a body passes through each ring, more magic and abilities vanish. Learning these borders isn't a valuable way to spend a body's time, however, 'cause they move and change all the sodding time. Chant is, a race of unknown creatures lives near the base of the Spire. These mysterious gray folk remain hidden because of their isolated location. Due to obvious reasons, they don't use magic, and have some other (more neutral) force at their disposal.

The realms of the Outlands mostly belong to powers of neutrality, so most of 'em don't care one way or another about casual visitors. But other powers lair here too, and not all of them are friendly. Plenty of small Outlands towns thrive here also, some of them attached to realms, some of them standing on their own. And then, of course, there are the gate-towns, which see more traffic than most of the rest of the Outlands put together.

Tarsheva Recommends

Any basher with a strong sword arm or command of a few spells can make a quick pile of jink guarding the constant trade caravans (like those belonging to the Planar Trade Consortium) that crisscross the Outlands.

The Gate Towns

Situated about the Outlands are burgs that contain gates leading to the various other Outer Planes. Each gate-town opens onto the first layer of its respective plane. The areas around the gate-towns, as well as the burgs themselves, take on various aspects of the plane to which the gate leads. So the area around the gate to Mechanus is extremely orderly, while the town around the gate to the Abyss is sinister and foul.

The gate-town of Automata leads to Mechanus. It's full of lawful, orderly, overly organized bashers who can't strap on their own boots without filling out a form. In short, watch out for the red tape. But it's the only place outside of Mechanus that a body can find the strange new clockwork weapons that've been developed on the Planes of Law. Crossbows that fire more than one bolt (and more accurately, too), armor with built-in dart-throwers, and even stranger things can be found here, as long as the buyer's extra-generous with the jink (and is willing to fill out all the proper forms).

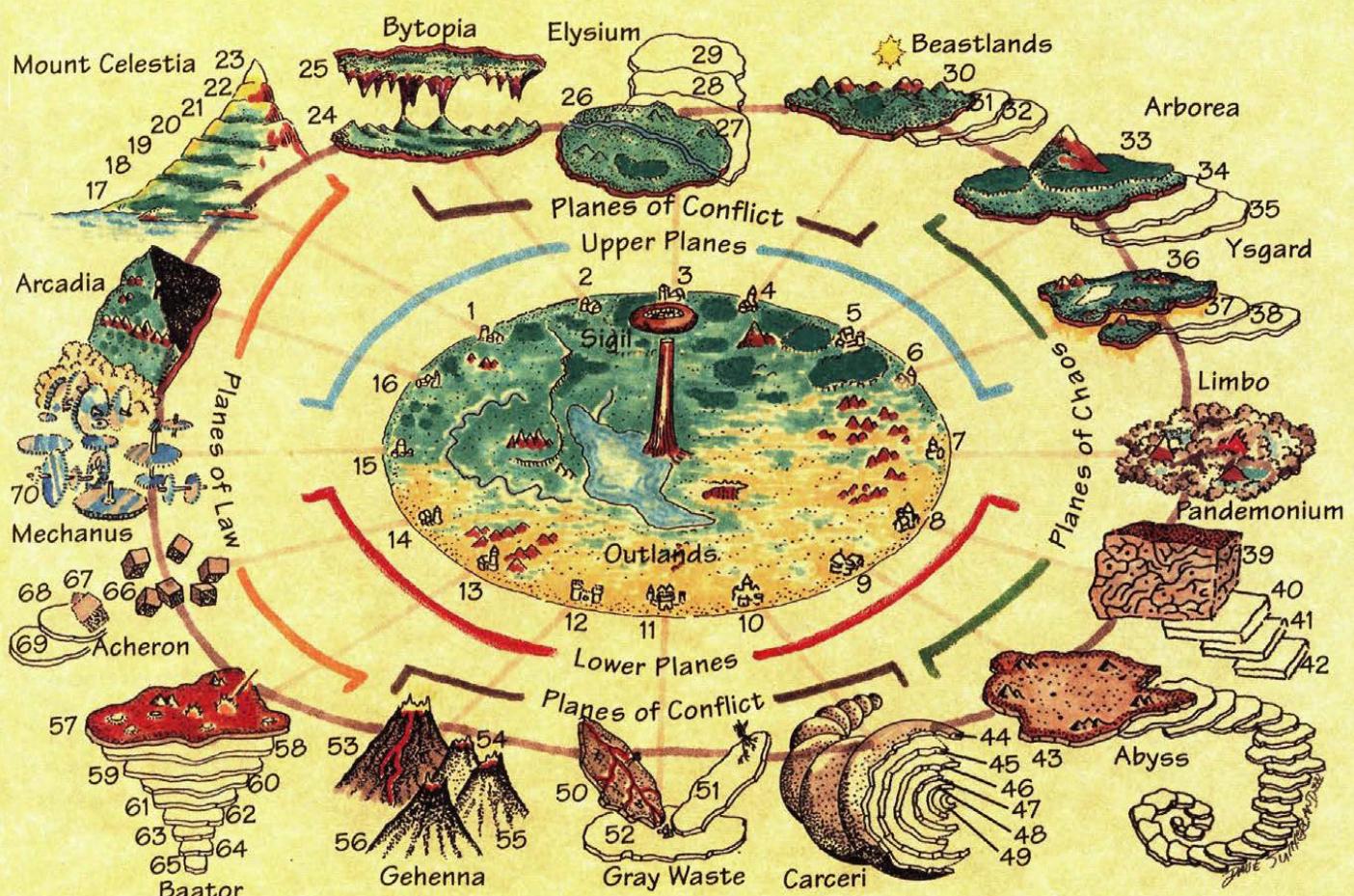
Bedlam's the gate-town to Pandemonium, and it's a barmy place that doesn't look quite right to a body wandering about the streets. Don't assume anyone here's completely sane, but don't think they're all deranged sods, either. If possible, contact a bariaur here named Thrist. He's a little touched, but more lucid than most, and for a price he'll keep a sod out of the blinds.

Curst leads to Carceri, and like that plane, is full of exiles and refugees. There's said to be a slaver ring here that has ties all the way into the Inner Planes.

Ecstasy holds the gate to Elysium. The town's known as the City of Plinths for the tall stone and iron monuments that dot the burg. Here, bashers sit idly and contemplate the multiverse. Everyone else in town is equally as motivated - they do what they want, when they want, and generally enjoy life. This isn't a bad place for a planewalker to take a break, but don't look for much from the local folks - they're busy with their own cares.

In Mount Celestia's gate-town, Excelsior, the streets are paved with gold-flecked brick and floating castles of paladin lords keep the perimeter safe. In fact, a body can't swing a dead vrock without hitting a paladin in Excelsior. If that's not something a basher appreciates, she should just avoid the place.

Although it looks like a ruin, Faunel is actually the gate-town to the Beastlands. This burg's been overgrown by plants and is populated by more beasts than people. Here's a fact some leatherheads can't tumble to: The place is supposed to be wild. Berks trying to fix the place up and establish a real city wind up in the dead-book. The dark is that something here lurks in the shadows, championing the wild side, killing anyone that opposes it.



THE GREAT RING OF THE OUTER PLANES

GATE-TOWNS

1. Excelsior
2. Tradegate
3. Ecstasy
4. Faunel
5. Sylvania
6. Glorium
7. Xaos
8. Bedlam
9. Plague-mort
10. Curst
11. Hopeless
12. Torch
13. Ribcage
14. Rigus
15. Automata
16. Fortitude

PLANAR LAYERS

17. Lunia
18. Meruria
19. Venya
20. Solania
21. Mertion
22. Jovar
23. Chronias
24. Dothion

25. Shurrock
26. Amoria
27. Eronia
28. Belierin
29. Thalasia
30. Krigala
31. Brux
32. Karasuthra
33. Olympus
34. Ossa
35. Pelion
36. Ysgard
37. Muspelheim
38. Nidavellir
39. Pandesmos
40. Cocytus
41. Phlegethon
42. Agathion
43. Plain of Infinite Portals
44. Othrys
45. Cathrys
46. Minethys
47. Colothys
48. Porphatys
49. Agathys
50. Oinos

51. Niflheim
52. Pluton
53. Khalas
54. Chamada
55. Mungoth
56. Krangath
57. Avernus
58. Dis
59. Minauros
60. Phlegethos
61. Stygia
62. Malbolge
63. Maladomini
64. Cania
65. Nessus
66. Avalas
67. Thuldarin
68. Tintibulus
69. Ocanthus
70. Regulus

Gate-town connections

Great Road connections

NOTES:

The Abyss has innumerable layers; only the first is named here.

Arcadia certainly has more than one layer, though the Harmonium and the inhabitants are peery of anyone trying to travel beyond the first.

Though Limbo has been divided into named sections by sages and scholars, the plane doesn't have layers in the planar sense.

Mechanus consists of countless gears, of which Regulus (the home of the modrons) is only one.

Fortitude is the gate-town to Arcadia, although some bashers call it the Egg because the town's wall makes a perfect oval shape. The burg's a beautiful place, but it's an ordered beauty. The trees line the parks in neat rows, the grass is uniformly clipped, and the streets are polished to a shine. An intolerant lot of berks live here - beware showing too much individuality.

Glorium's got two gates to Ysgard. One's on the water, big enough for ships to sail through, while the other is actually part of Yggdrasil (see page 12). The town's a very small anthill and there's not much to see. Look for a blacksmith named Thurnur who makes a nasty chiv for not a lot of jink. Some say he enchantments his wares, but Thurnur denies it.

Hopeless is built in a spiraling pit with the gate to the Gray Waste at the bottom. The burg's a depressing place with only one street - the one that spirals down into the pit. The Lonesome Fear Inn caters to planewalkers, particularly those who've spent a lot of time on the Lower Planes and know the dark of the nether regions.

The ramshackle town of Plague-Mort leads to the Abyss. Here, might makes right, and the strongest rule the day - rather ruthlessly, too. The shacks that make up the city surround a huge, ornate iron keep where the ruler makes his case. The current chant is that the burg's ruler has a group of plane-touched enforcers called the Hounds - and they're always looking for new recruits. Tieflings beware, 'cause these folks don't take "no" for an answer.

The fortress city of Ribcage, nestled under the curving "ribs" of the Vale of the Spine mountains, protects the gate to Baator. The people are a peery bunch who work hard and keep their eyes open. Fail in either, and there'll be music too harsh to pay.

Even more of a military camp is Rigus, the gatetown to Acheron. The gate itself lays far underground, and a basher's got to get through guards and protections too numerous to catalog, but rumors say there're other, secret ways to get to it.

Sylvania (which surrounds a gate to Arborea) is a burg for the party-loving planewalker. There're more taverns than in any other gate-town, and that's not even the beginning of the sensual delights to be found here. But beware of partying too hard, 'cause plenty of cony-catchers and cross-trading scum wait to peel and bob the unwary bubbers who fill the streets.

For safer entertainment, the Sensates run the God Bar, where powerful illusions temporarily give a basher the appearance and faux abilities of a known power so that he can fight other, similarly enchanted takers in an arena. These "god battles" are popular with the Athar (who enjoy debasing the powers), as well as the Godsmen and the Signers, both of whom like the idea of being powers themselves.

The horrible town of Torch is built amid volcanic spires and surrounded by a blood-red marsh. The gate to Gehenna hovers high off the ground, making it a real challenge to get to it. Torch is full of spivs and knights of the cross-trade, many of them well-lanned about the Outlands and the Lower Planes. For information, look for the top-shelf blood Badurth in the Festhall of the Falling Coins.

Bashers hoping to get to Bytopia might try Tradegate, but the gate's real hard to use 'cause a berk's got to find a cutter named the Master Trader first. Most folks just come here to buy and sell, since this is the center of Outlands commerce.

Barmy's the best way to describe Xaos, the gate-town to Limbo. There's so much chaotic energy here that the town shifts and changes in an eyeblink. The folks here can handle it - lots of travelers can't.

Tarsheva Recommends

Gather a batch of newly grown razovine for the Cilenei brothers in Curst and have 'em turn it into a bottle of heartwine - it's delicious!

The Outer Planes (The Great Ring)

See, the multiverse has a thing about rings. Rings wrap around everything and everything is a ring wrapping around itself. (That's the Unity of Rings at work.) But who needs philosophy, right? What's important is that the Outer Planes form a ring - the Great Ring, or the Great Wheel. (That's outer as opposed to inner, as in the Inner Planes.

It's all in relation to the Prime Material Plane, which everyone says doesn't rate, but it must, since so much adjoins it.)

The Outer Planes only appear as a ring when they're drawn out on paper. But just 'cause some leatherhead sketches a picture of the planes and puts Mechanus next to Acheron, it doesn't mean that a planewalker can just hop across some physical border or boundary between the two.

The infinitely big planes don't really lay out like countries on a map. Instead, they're organized according to outlook, good versus evil, order versus chaos - get the picture?

There're several ways to look at the ring. Most primes twig to the idea of the "good planes" and the "evil planes." When a cutter refers to the Upper (or "good") Planes, he's talking about the planes of Arcadia, Mount Celestia, Bytopia, Elysium, the Beastlands, Arborea, and Ysgard. The Lower - or "evil" - Planes are Acheron, Baator, Gehenna, the Gray Waste, Carceri, the Abyss, and Pandemonium. That's everything but Limbo and Mechanus, respectively the planes of purest chaos and law.

Another way to dissect the ring is by the planes' orientation towards law or chaos, which is as least as important (sometimes more so) to planewalkers than good and evil. On one side are the planes of law, which include Mount Celestia, Arcadia, Mechanus, Acheron, and Baator. The planes of chaos are Arborea, Ysgard, Limbo, Pandemonium, and the Abyss.

What's left over - Bytopia, Elysium, the Beastlands, Gehenna, the Gray Waste, and Carceri - are the planes of conflict, sometimes called the planes of neutrality by berks who haven't been caught between the extremes of law and chaos.

Two Rivers, a Mountain, and a Really Big Tree

Though plenty of gates allow bloods to travel between the Outer Planes (if they know where to look), most planewalkers know a few other ways to get around. In particular, four major planar connections link several planes and allow a more convenient (if somewhat more dangerous) means of travel.

The magical River Oceanus runs through a few of the Upper Planes. Its crystal waters are smooth and calm, as well as unfathomably deep. Sailing down the river is a straightforward way of traveling through and across Elysium, the Beastlands, and Arborea. What's hard for some to understand is that the river's path is neither straight nor regular. It dips in and out of the planes it passes through without warning. There's no use trying to understand it, though; most find that the river's flow takes them just where they want to go without really understanding how. Plenty of merchants use the river to transport trade goods, and many others use it for regular travel, so it's not difficult to hire a boatman to take a traveler along its course. Some folks say that certain creatures that live in the river sing a mystical song. If the music doesn't drive a sod barmy, it'll give her some secret of the multiverse.

The River Styx, on the other hand, is not as pleasant or welcoming. Its wine- (or blood-) red, dirty, and oily waters run through all of the Lower Planes in a twisted, aimless path. While its sister river, Oceanus, courses with pure, clear water, one touch of Styx's foul soup and a basher might forget his own name and whole life. Like Oceanus, the path of the Styx is never constant and always unknowable. Sometimes it takes a body straight to his destination, and other times its course meanders through a number of planes. Regardless, more than one blood has spilled the chant that it never takes more than a day to reach a desired location while moving along the Styx. Fewer folks travel by the Styx than by its upper-planar cousin, but the mysterious boatmen called marraenoloths transport anyone for a price.

Mount Olympus, a mountain realm on the plane of Arborea, holds a good number of planar pathways. Caverns within the mountain lead to Gehenna, the Gray Waste, and Carceri, while climbing along its slopes can take a traveler to any number of Prime worlds. As the paths shift into a new plane, a traveler sees a round, colored portal. To see where the path goes, a basher's got to go through the portal. Luckily most, if not all, of the portals are two-way.

Similar paths can be found on Yggdrasil, the World Ash - a gigantic plane-spanning tree. Its source lies in the first layer of Ysgard, but the branches and roots spread throughout many planes, layers, and realms - so many that no blood has ever been able to trace them all. The roots and branches are big enough to walk on or climb, and some branches even stretch to prime-material worlds. Yggdrasil seems to far exceed the reach of Mount Olympus, and its paths are more frequently used. Nevertheless, if a body wants to use the World Ash, it's best to have a guide or be ready to do some exploring.

The Blood War

Before a body learns about each of the individual planes, there's one last thing to talk about: a bit of a hullabaloo on the Lower Planes that most folks refer to as the Blood War. The principal inhabitants of the Abyss, the tanar'ri, battle the baatezu of Baator for nothing less than control of all of the dark planes. This eternal struggle is best characterized by the following excerpt from an interview with Verrith, a human observer of the war:

"Tanar'ri die. Baatezu die. The war rages on with an infernal intensity. Each side leads legions of troops, mercenaries, conscripts, slaves, and servant monsters into horrendous battle for control of the Lower Planes. Most think that it's a never-changing, futile stalemate, but each side has come close to defeating the other on numerous occasions. This war is a real threat to all the planes."

The Blood War creates a great need for supplies, weapons, troops, and leaders. Many bashers capitalize on these needs to earn some jink of their own. Some brave (or barmy) planewalkers deal in weapons or mercenaries with either or both sides. Those who don't end up in the dead-book often come out of it very rich. The yugoloths, natives of the Gray Waste and Gehenna, devote a great deal of time and energy in helping both sides - but only so they can earn a fair profit.

The Abyss

No plane, rightly or wrongly, inspires as much fear as the Abyss. This plane is the seat of ultimate chaos tainted by the darkest evil. Its virtually endless layers spiral deep down into the bowels of true vileness. No one knows whether the Abyss truly has infinite layers, but well over 600 have been catalogued.

All of the Abyssal layers have their own unique yet horrific environments. No unifying theme persists other than their harsh, inhospitable nature. A planewalker'll find lakes of caustic acid, clouds of noxious fumes, caverns of razor-sharp spikes, and landscapes of boiling rocks - and those're some of the tamer dangers! Rusty, jagged pieces of metal cover one particularly harsh layer, some big enough to build a city upon, others so small that they blow in the driving winds to lodge in a basher's flesh, mouth, and eyes. Other layers have more hidden dangers, such as the layer that slowly changes a body's alignment towards chaos and evil, or the one that infects a sod with an incurable wasting plague. Nevertheless, a few particular layers have interest to planewalkers, and it's best to head to those destinations directly; "exploring" the Abyss or wandering into uncharted regions is a good way to get killed fast (at best).

The Abyss is the home of the tanar'ri, creatures devoted to death and destruction. A tanar'ri on its home plane is likely to slay a planewalker or force him into serving in the Blood War or some other horrid duty. The best thing (for a traveler) about the tanar'ri is that they have no sense of responsibility, honor, or loyalty. They'll gladly accept a little garnish to look the other way - if the mood strikes them. Their behavior is always unpredictable. It's important to remember, too, that what's deadly to a human or a githzerai may literally be harmless to a tanar'ri. Just because they dwell safely in an area doesn't mean that it's safe for other planars. In fact, a number of layers of the Abyss are so terrible that non tanar'ri who enter them get put in the deadbook immediately. Therefore, even the toughest bloods need to be peery about shuffling about these layers.

The Abyss is the abode of a number of other monsters, including eyewings, fetches, fire shadows, undead of all types, retrievers, babiliths, and worse. It's also home to a number of powers, particularly

those worshiped by chaotic monsters like bugbears, beholders, lizard men, and drow elves. Most of these powers have their own layer or layers directly under their control.



Crucial to planar travelers is the uppermost layer of the Abyss, the Plain of Infinite Portals. Aside from being the easiest ingress and egress to the Astral, Carceri, and Pandemonium, crevice/gates here lead down into the other layers of the Abyss. Anyone passing through this layer should stop at Broken Reach, a fortress town run by a succubus (a type of female tanar'ri) named Red Shroud. Her rule is harsh and absolute, but it's not a bad place to find food, rest, and safety. Don't cross her, and she'll probably leave a basher unscathed - which is about the best a body can hope for in the Abyss.

The tanar'ri lord Graz'zt rules three Abyssal layers, at least one of which is filled with trees with poisonous snakes for branches. Despite the danger, though, Graz'zt is one of the few Abyssal lords who allows unhindered travel into and out of his realm. A planewalker willing to chance it can make a hefty bit of jink bringing goods to the market here. Besides, chant's that a powerful mage died among those viper trees, and that his decomposing bones still hold an artifact that renders a cutter immune to the harsh environs of the Abyss itself.

There's also said to be a layer where time moves backward in regard to aging. This could be used to a body's advantage to restore lost youth. However, it is also said that the reverse aging moves at random

speeds, and it's likely that a basher who stays too long will revert to an infant, or be aged back out of existence altogether.

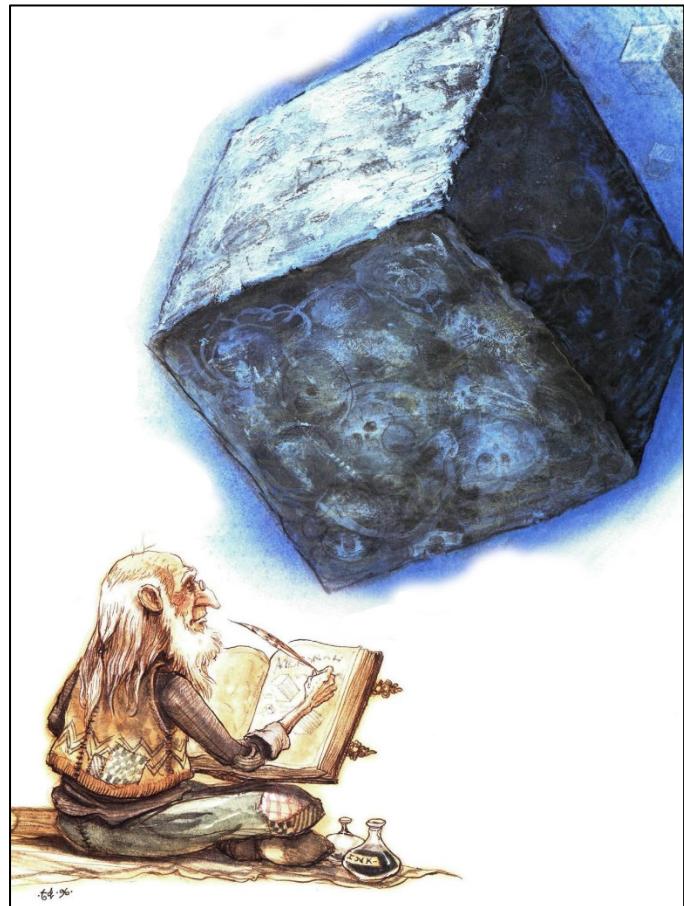
Planewalkers should take note of a network of planars dwelling in the Abyss to help those poor sods who end up here (for whatever reason) and want to leave. These cutters, known as the Desderain, use spells of illusion and other magical aids to allow them to remain and survive in the Abyss. The trick is finding these people when a body needs them. It mostly depends on luck, since they obviously can't be everywhere, or even on every layer. This altruistic group of tanar'ri-haters knows that it's barmy to think that a body, or even a group, could significantly deal the tanar'ri a blow. There's just too blasted many of them. Instead, they have chosen to help the potential victims of the tanar'ri. Not surprisingly, Desderain members are immediately killed by tanar'ri once they're identified.

Tarsheva Recommends

Look for a rook called Rcreen (not his true name, obviously) who dwells in the first layer. For the right garnish he'll show a body around and reveal some of the dark of the Abyss. Chant is, he's got a grudge of some type against his superiors and looks at this as a way to betray them.

Acheron

Battle. That's all there is on Acheron - conflict, war, strife, and struggle. For more than one reason, many planewalkers associate this plane with the clang and clash of metal against metal. Partially, this comes from the eternal striking of sword against shield, and blade against blade. It also comes from the sound of two of the gigantic iron cubes that make up this plane smashing against each other.



Each of Acheron's four layers consists of these cubes, which float through an infinite, air-filled void. Some of the cubes are small, but others are huge enough to hold whole cities and kingdoms. Each face of a cube is habitable, and gravity is always directed toward the center of a cube. (Not all of the cubes are actually cube-shaped - some are plates and other geometric shapes, but since most are cubes, they're all called by the same name.)

Worse, the cubes constantly move and occasionally collide, ringing a toll of disaster for anyone standing on one of the clashing cube-faces. The cubes are also riddled with tunnels and caverns, providing more space to marshal forces and fight battles. Travel between cubes is possible through use of special gates and spells.

Acheron is the home of the goblin and orc deities, as well as similar evilly militaristic types. These powers send their petitioners into continual battles for dominance. An Acheron petitioner cares little for form, only function. The beauty of a weapon matters little - what counts is only how badly it wounds a foe that it strikes. While skill isn't completely overlooked, in the end, brute force is king.

The first layer of the plane, Avalas, is the most heavily populated, but it's also where most of the fighting goes on. Yugoloths, baatezu, modrons, dwarven einheriar, petitioners (folks who died in inglorious battle), and planar mercenaries do battle with the aforementioned humanoids as well as with each other. There're towns and fortresses throughout, but mostly it's a layer of battlefields.

The second layer of Acheron, Thuldanin, is of more interest to canny planewalkers. It's the final resting place for more weapons and more types of weapons than a single cutter is ever going to know of or see. Machines and devices of war from endless conflicts throughout all the planes, including the Prime Material, end up here. Scavenging for intact weapons can be a valuable undertaking, since many of great quality, fantastic power, and intriguing mechanisms can still be found and used, or at least copied. A word of warning, however - the dark of this layer is that anything (including equipment, weapons, and flesh) staying too long turns to stone.

Tintibus and Ocanthus, the third and fourth layers of Acheron, aren't much visited. Folks who frequent such places aren't the types to rattle their bone-boxes without some significant garnish, so the chant remains dark. A few say that a huge city on Ocanthus is home to a powerful, isolated race, but this has never been confirmed.

Tarsheva Recommends

A cambion named Thrao sneaks about the plane looking for magical weapons. Chant is, he's got one of the greatest hoards on the Lower Planes (mostly weapons of low power, but he makes up for it in quantity). His prices are high, but his selection is superb - and he has a number of odd magical weapons, like garrotes, pikes, blowguns, arquebuses, and more.

Arborea (also known as Olympus)

Arborea scoffs at any basher who thinks he knows the dark of chaos. This chaotic plane isn't a realm of destruction and disharmony or a maelstrom of energy and cacophony, but a place of personal freedom, independence, and individuality. It's a place of goodness as much as chaos.

Arborea's a plane of extremes, whether one's talking about the landscape or the people. It's a land of huge trees, impossibly deep chasms, unimaginably dense forests, and mountains taller than any prime could comprehend. Everything's big. The passionate inhabitants play hard, fight hard, live hard, and love hard. If these bashers hate a body, she's really in trouble, but if Arboreans take a shine to her, she's got it made.

Not surprisingly, with terrain features like those mentioned above, travel's not easy on Arborea. Magic's the best way to get around, although if a berk's got access to a flying mount or other means of taking to the air, that's not a bad way to go.

Arborea has three layers: Olympus, Ossa, and Pelion. Olympus is named for the main feature of the terrain, the well-known Mount Olympus, which not only serves as a home for the Greek powers but also connects a number of other planes in a vast planar pathway. The rowdy Greeks form a powerful pantheon, closer to its worshipers than most. 'Course, the attention of powers - particularly tempestuous and chaotic ones such as these - isn't always something to be desired.

This layer also holds the elven realm of Arvandor. The elven powers are a particularly reclusive lot, so wigwagging with the elves isn't a realistic goal. These bashers seem more interested in the affairs of their brethren on the Prime Material Plane than on planar happenings

anyway. The Greek powers and the elves don't associate much, and the realms are separated from each other by endless miles of extreme wilderness. All manner of nature spirits, sylphs, satyrs, cyclopes, giants, titans, and other creatures often regarded as legendary on the Prime Material also populate this layer.

The second layer, Ossa, is a huge but shallow sea, called Aquallor by the elves. It's the endpoint of the River Oceanus, which begins in the watery layer of Thalasia in Elysium. It's said that water funnels draw water (and unwary leatherheads) back to Thalasia to flow down through the river once again in its never-ending cycle. Sea elves and all manner of aquatic creatures dwell here.

Pelion blows white with sand and snow. It's called Mithardir by the elves, who tell visitors that the name means "white dust." Chant's that this was once a very different place - a home to a group of long-gone powers whose disappearance caused the layer to fall into eternal disintegration.

Curious planewalkers might want to explore this place looking for clues and possibly even treasures left by the departed powers.



Tarsheva Recommends

A large reddish fruit called the thane's pear is said to cure many maladies when eaten, including all sorts of viruses and infections. It is rare, and found only in the forests of Arborea.

Arcadia

Whereas Arborea flourishes with wild forests and beautiful scenery, Arcadia thrives with orchards of perfectly lined trees, straight-flowing streams, and orderly, pristine fields. If Arborea is a realm of individuality and emotion, Arcadia is based around the common good, conformity, and temperance.

Because of the importance of conformity, Arcadia's not a realm for bashers who ain't lawful good. The inhabitants tolerate chaotic and neutral good folks, but they escort true neutrals to the nearest portal and attack evil berks outright.

To make matters more difficult, most if not all of the petitioners on this plane can tell a body's moral and ethical outlook just by looking him up and down. Unless a non-good planewalker can hide his alignment with magic, it might be best to just stay away.

Magic is difficult on Arcadia and all spells take twice as long to cast.

Some spells won't work unless they're cast to benefit the common good. The natives of the plane, including the petitioners, can see right through illusions and phantasms created by wizards.

As an aside, a planewalker would do well to obtain an Arcadian watchdog, due to this immunity to illusions.



Travel, however, is fairly easy. Arcadia has the most straightforward and organized system of roads on all the planes, although chaotic types have a little difficulty traversing these orderly pathways.

Only the first layer of Arcadia is commonly traveled, although certainly more layers exist beyond the first. It's not a mystery because no one knows - it's a mystery because no one's telling. The einheriar militia (upper-planar warrior spirits) and Harmonium patrols don't let anyone get far enough into Arcadia to ever find out. Why they're keeping everyone out is the subject of much speculation.

The known layer is home to such realms as the city of Marduk, which is also the name of the greater power who makes his case here. Mount Clangeddin is another Arcadian realm, this one brimming with dwarves and their halls, forges, and armories. The dwarves here are organized in a strict military structure, and quite effectively, too. These dwarves occasionally march into Acheron to do battle with the evil forces there, and can even be hired as stalwart mercenaries for a hefty pile of jink.

A few refuges offer an escape from the harsh strictures of this plane's inhabitants, though most are hidden and temporary, constantly on the move and running from the einheriar patrols. One permanent settlement is called the Ghetto, hidden between two mountains and (so the chant goes) under the protection of Meriadar, the patron deity of humanoids that have given up their evil ways. This burg's a place of constant transition as different folks take up short-term residences. Still, it's a haven for trading, and a refuge from the regimented life of the plane.

Tarsheva Recommends

In the Ghetto, a tavern called The Long Night offers fine food and safe rest for reasonable prices.

Baator (also known as The Nine Hells)

Here's another place every smart planewalker wants to avoid - but sometimes a body has to go places and do things he doesn't want to in order to get by. This plane is known to clueless berks as the Nine Hells. Clueless as they are, it's usually the first plane they want to visit.

It's true that the place has nine layers, but that's about all the Clueless have right. The native baatezu ain't a bunch of stupid fiends, waiting passively for do-gooders to come and "clean out" the place. No, a fouler and cannier bunch of creatures a blood won't find anywhere - even in the Abyss. These fiends disguise their dark hearts with a foundation of order, which at first might sound encouraging. Instead, it makes the plane one of rigid and unyielding law, a realm filled with struggles for absolute, total domination far worse than any Prime Material world's most terrible totalitarian rule.

A cutter's got to know about two groups of beastly folk when talking about Baator. First, there's the Dark Eight - eight powerful pit fiends who control large armies of baatezu and other creatures. These eight direct the baatezu forces of the Blood War. The other group comprises the fearsome beings known as the Lords of the Nine. Each of these rules a layer of Baator, hovering in status somewhere between the greatest of pit fiends and actual powers themselves. Much is unknown regarding these beings (including most of their names), but that may be for the best - a planewalker's better off not even referring to the Lords at all.

Each of Baator's nine layers has its own unique environment, but they're all inhospitable and deadly. The first layer's known as Avernus, a blasted plain with a red sky and explosive energies coursing through it. A host of baatezu fills this layer, led by the pit fiend Bel. Tiamat, dragon-queen of darkness, guards the passage to the next layer. Planewalkers would do well to avoid her, and rumor has it that a conduit to the second layer can also be found near a monstrous landmark known as the Pillar of Skulls - but considering that Bel's troops have an iron grip on the layer, it's probably guarded.

The next layer is Dis, also the name of the iron city at its heart. It's a realm of endless toil and hardship for the petitioners found here, and the place's evil ruler, Dispater, is merciless in the extreme. A rogue pit fiend is said to be secretly marshalling forces to challenge Dispater's rule.

Minauros is the name of the third layer, a horrible place (by now a body should begin to sense a theme) of acid rain and flesh-slicing hail. An immensely huge stone city, Minauros the Sinking, rests here, forever descending into the foul bog that fills the layer. The ruins underneath Minauros are said to contain vast riches - some say that the city under the city was not originally of Baator, but of the Outlands (though none know how or why it ended up where it is). Another city, Jangling Hiter, is made entirely of chains and suspended from unknown supports over the marshy landscape. If a basher needs chains of quality, Jangling Hiter makes the best in the multiverse.

Phlegethos, a layer of fire and pain, is more akin to the Elemental Plane of Fire than any other place on the Great Ring. The city of Abriymoch, built within a nearly extinct volcano, is said to lie on the spot where a power died, and the pit fiend that rules the burg does nothing to quell such tales. If a planewalker has the misfortune of finding himself in Abriymoch, he should look for a place marked by a simple sign with the word "Greth." This mysterious little sign is a front for a hidden magic shop, where the proprietor (Greth?) sells items of surprising power right under the noses of the baatezu who run the town. Presumably, the shopkeeper has some magical item or spell that keeps the fiends from scragging him and customers from pulling a peel.

The River Styx flows sluggishly through the frozen wasteland of Stygia, the fifth layer's cold chilling its fetid waters. Occasionally, icy swamps form in warmer areas where rugged plants manage to survive the harsh climate. The City of Ice, also known as Tantlin, is plagued with warfare among various gangs of baatezu and planars who fight for control of the city. Despite this, the city remains an important trading point on the Styx. Merchants (and their caravans) travel to and from Tantlin with goods from the other Lower Planes. The chant is that the lord of this layer is forever frozen within an ice floe, but even so, continues to rule his domain in such a state.

Deeper into the pits is Malbolge, an endless rocky slope. Cascades of boulders roll down the slope, crushing anything in their path. Not surprisingly, no cities survive here, unless one believes the rumors of the ancient places built underneath the slope, where monsters older than even the baatezu supposedly dwell. One thing is for certain - the surface is dotted with copper citadels filled with fiends whose main occupation is keeping the boulders from crushing them.



Ruined cities dot the seventh layer of Maladomini. Servants of Maladomini's lord constantly tear apart the blasted landscape for minerals with which to build ever-greater cities. As each is finished, however, the dark lord's dissatisfaction forces his subjects to begin anew. It's said that the ruins around and under the newest city of Malagard swarm with all sorts of terrible creatures.

In another part of Maladomini stands a burg of greater interest to planewalkers. The policies of Grenpoli, the City of Diplomacy, prohibit weapons or offensive spells and utterly forbid strife and conflict. That might make the place seem like a paradise of peace, and in some ways it's just what it appears to be, but there's more here than meets the eye. (There always is on Baator, friend.) The city thrives on politics and political intrigue rather than on combat and destruction. Trickery and deceit reach the level of art, wielded with uncanny finesse to become more dangerous than any physical weapon. For the right price, the Political School will teach a basher about maneuvering and deception, as well as propaganda, legal loopholes, and other tricks and manipulations.

Supposedly, the school also keeps the dark of every gate in and out of Baator and other knowledge unique to the baatezu, though a mortal basher shouldn't count on learning those secrets.

The eighth and ninth layers remain mostly undescribed; not too many cutters have returned to tell tales of things this deep in Baator. Caina, the eighth, is a frozen realm, much colder than Stygia. And the largest and most horrible fortress on all the planes is said to rest in the lowest pit, Nessus.

Tarsheva Recommends

Remember, no safe place exists on this plane. Period.

The Beastlands (also known as the Happy Hunting Grounds)

A harmless place filled with cute little furry animals, right? Berks with that attitude won't last long here. Yes, the Beastlands abound with animals - but they're as deadly and as cunning as animals can be. Remember, dinosaurs are "just animals." No spell or training can tame the beasts here, either. Animals brought here from other planes go wild as soon as they arrive. Even planewalkers need to beware the influence this plane can have over a body's "wild side."

Beast lords and special guardians watch over the animals to make sure that the ecosystem remains balanced and that sodding leatherheads don't get it into their brain-boxes that the Beastlands' creatures are pushovers. There're also such animal-related monsters as lycanthropes, lizard men, centaurs, and more. All petitioners on the Beastlands take the forms of animals or animal-related creatures, like centaurs or wemics. The mortal, mighty cloudlike beings, fill the skies of the Beastlands, presiding over the entire plane, and in particular its skies and weather. Lastly, some aasimon and powers make their homes here as well.

This is the plane of Nature incarnate; everything about the Beastlands is wild and untamed. The only society is the hierarchy of predator and prey, the natural order of the animals. The few intelligent beings here live in relative seclusion or in very small, rugged frontier towns.

The three layers of the Beastlands reflect the dominion of the sun and moon over nature. The first layer, Krigala, bakes under an eternal sunny noon. The second layer of Brux glows with the rosy reds of a perpetual dawn or twilight (depending on whether a berk's predisposed to see the proverbial glass as half empty or half full). The third layer is Karasuthra, the layer of night. Each layer is inhabited by beasts suited for the environment.

Tarsheva Recommends

There's said to be a magical spring in the nocturnal layer of Karasuthra whose waters, so the chant goes, restore life to a fallen comrade. The beasts of the plane avoid it, however, fearing its power, its guardian, or perhaps a curse laid upon it long ago. Some also tell tales of a powerful red dragon and even the presence of some foul tanar'ri in this layer.

Bytopia

Bytopia's home to hardworking, ethical, moral sorts. Those who favor this plane are the types referred to as the "salt of the earth," and the "backbone of society." Folks here generally keep to themselves, but help a neighbor when there's need.

Not as wild as the Beastlands, but not as ordered as Arcadia, either. Bytopia's two layers are sprinkled with towns and villages, which seem randomly dropped among beautiful forests, babbling brooks, and elegant mountains. Most bashers will find something beautiful about the plane.

But not everything is peaceful and easy on Bytopia. First, the place is industrious. If a body doesn't like work, then this ain't the place for him. Folks here don't take to berks who don't pull their own weight. This means that they don't care for spivs who make their way by "adventuring." On Bytopia, "adventurer" is synonymous with "someone trying to avoid an honest job." But real dangers exist here, one being the problem of simply getting from one layer to the other. Few gates or conduits exist here, cutter. On Bytopia, a body gets to the next layer the hard way - he climbs.

See, the twin layers of this plane - Dothion and Shurrock - hover over one another, like a sandwich with no middle. A cutter can look up and see the other layer, just as though she were looking down at it from above. At certain places, tall mountains from each layer meet and merge to form columns joining the two layers. This enables a basher to climb up one mountain and down the other to get from layer to layer. It's not all that easy, though, for a body's got to be prepared when the gravity of one layer shifts over to the other. One minute, a climber is

going up; the next, she's going down. The reorientation can be dangerous, especially to rubes who've never experienced it before.

Worse, flying beasts that aren't subject to gravity's pull hover about such areas, waiting for berks to hit the changeover point. Canny planewalkers keep a peery eye out for such dangers, 'cause it doesn't take much for an already off-balance sod to get pushed off a column altogether.

The usual list of upper-planar critters can be found on Bytopia as well - hollyphants, baku, treants, and even an aasimon or two. Bytopia is also the home of a small handful of good-aligned powers, but they're even more reclusive than the people and petitioners of the plane.

A note to discriminating bloods: If a body needs quality manufactured goods, Bytopia's the place to shop - specifically in a burg called Yeoman. Great veins of metals and minerals, as well as fine woods, provide the local folks (mostly petitioner gnomes) with ample materials for their skillful crafts. Don't try to cheat them, though. These mercantile people are wise to such peels and react harshly to scragged thieves.

Tarsheva Recommends

For the finest in carved wood, look for a gnome craftsman named Thinnoc Silvereye in a town called Carnbrook.

Carceri (also known as Tartarus)

Here's the dark of Carceri, cutter - nobody's here that wants to be. The exiled, the shunned, and the defeated are sent here. It's the prison plane - the universe's biggest birdcage. The plane's residents plot and scheme to leave Carceri and find their way back to their homes and positions. A smart planewalker notices that while a lot of gates lead to Carceri, blessed few leave - and berks who've been banished here can't even use those.

Carceri's got six layers, each nested within the one before it. Worse, each layer is made up of a series of orbs, a little like the worlds of the Prime Material Plane, although not as far apart. A traveler can fly from orb to orb in the same layer, assuming he's got the means. Chant is that horrible things lay imprisoned in the spaces between the orbs, which sometimes call out seductively to planewalkers making the trip between them. Most experienced cutters say that's just screed.

The only true native intelligent creatures of Carceri are the gehreleths, a disgusting bunch of fiends that're thankfully found in small numbers, and infrequently at that. Prisoners of Carceri include the Titans, a group of near-power status beings imprisoned here long ago by the powers of Mount Olympus. All of the petitioners on this plane are prisoners, unable to leave even if they wanted to. Each petitioner is sent to a different layer depending on why and on whom he turned stag during his previous life. Other residents of the plane include evil giants, cruel hunters serving the power Malar, horrible jungle creatures called vaath, and the stoic desert-dwelling gautiere.

Planewalkers shouldn't plan a trip to Carceri without making sure that they know how to get back home - or at least off the plane - first. If a cutter's assured of that, she might want to visit the Bastion of Last Hope, a fortress in the control of the Revolutionary League. Here a planewalker can obtain all manner of forged documents, surgical alterations to aid disguise, and various other nefarious enterprises. It's a good place to hire assassins, thieves, and other characters of ill repute.

Tarsheva Recommends

A basher named Veddish duBran can be found in Carceri's first layer. He claims to have a key for any and every lock in the multiverse, available for the right jink. While his claims seem unlikely, no one's been able to dispute them.

Elysium

The plane of Peaceful Rest. The best night's sleep a berk's going to get. The Big Nothing. Various planewalkers have given Elysium these names, dependent on their outlook. Good bashers find this plane of harmony and peace a fitting rest to a life's work well done. Less altruistic berks find the place dreary and dull, with little excitement. The funny thing is, they're both a little right and a little wrong.

The great River Oceanus joins Elysium's four layers. Inhabitants commonly use the riverway as transport, and build burgs right upon its shores. Yggdrasil also connects with all four layers, making travel back and forth between layers easier than on most planes. Getting around on the plane, however, can still be difficult. A magical effect called The Traveler's Way (or The Traveler's Travail) prevents folks of evil alignment or intent from getting anywhere on Elysium. They can walk, run, fly, or whatever they want, but they never really get anywhere. Good beings can get wherever they want pretty quickly - they don't even have to know how to get there. Just think about it and go. Stopping to perform good deeds gets a body there even quicker. It don't have to make sense - that's just the way it is.

Magic's affected in much the same way. In general, spells cast to promote goodness are enhanced, while evil magic is diminished, canceled, and sometimes even reflected back upon the caster. The very plane itself is the strongest opponent of evil that there is, so good folks always know they can rest easy here.

If that isn't enough might in the face of darkness, a body can always rely on the guardinals. As the native beings of Elysium, the guardinals embody the essence of the plane. Like fiends, they serve no power but rather the greater force that governs their home. In the guardinals' case, that force is goodness, and they serve with might and steadfastness.

The petitioners of Elysium live their lives in peace and relaxation, more or less as they want - though nowhere on the plane is there anarchy or disharmony. The petitioners remain happy and secure at no one's expense. These bashers are pleasant and content, so much so that a nonnative might as well not even try to affect them. Even magic like charm or hold spells won't make an Elysian petitioner do anything she doesn't want to.

Tarsheva Recommends

Many places on Elysium allow a shrewd planewalker to improve his lot. At certain sites, the powerful energies of various realms - or even the plane itself - can be used to (temporarily) boost a body's personal might, intellect, or charisma. Magical items that duplicate the powers of the guardinals can be found, won, or bought (if a berk's got the right "flavor" jink, that is). Theirs is a power worth having, so that's no worthless dark.

Gehenna

The Fourfold Furnaces, the Fires of Perdition... these names don't begin to describe the horrors of Gehenna, where there's no escape from pain, no free will, and no mercy.

Each of Gehenna's four layers resembles a volcano floating freely in space, with a peak at both top and bottom. The volcanoes are literally hundreds of thousands of miles tall. As one proceeds from layer to layer away from the Astral Plane, the volcanoes start out fiery and tempestuous, but grow cold and dead by the fourth. No level ground exists on any of the layers, each (seemingly deliberately) as inhospitable as possible. Travelers to this plane've got to watch out for lava flows, gaseous explosions, burning grounds on the hot furnaces, and acidic snow and bitter cold on the cooling or cold ones.

The Yugoloths live on Gehenna, although some claim the Gray Waste was their original case. The Yugoloths remain neutral in the Blood War, but that doesn't mean they're not involved. They hire themselves as mercenaries to either side, profiting greatly from the Baatezu and Tanar'i war. In fact, it's rumored they had more to do with the beginning of the Blood War than the Baatezu and Tanar'i themselves.

A planewalker won't find much here but pain. One exception is the orb-town of Nimirri, which floats above the second layer. Its surprisingly organized and unified people run a fairly well-stocked bazaar, something not too common on the Lower Planes. Even better is the Teardrop Palace, the realm of Sung Chiang; anything stolen is likely to be found here. On the other hand, the Tower of the Arcanaloths holds great lore but also a messy death - chant is these Yugoloths don't take to visitors kindly, and thieves less so. One mercenary company claims to have been there once, having escaped with a completely new and different type of magic. Most of these bashers have since

disappeared, but it's said that the dark of this new wizardry is not necessarily completely lost.

Tarsheva Recommends

A few travelers have reported "dead areas" within this plane where its horrible effects are lessened or even missing. Some say that this comes from some sort of transference from the Gray Waste, as an effect of the magic used in the Blood War. In any event, these areas could provide a body with a moment's respite.

The Gray Waste (also known as Tarterus)

If any plane defines the nature of true evil, this is it. The three layers - or "glooms" - of the Waste are permeated with an apathetic, uncaring malevolence that crushes the spirit. Color leaches out of everything, leaving a dull gray wash. The petitioners here suffer without hope, knowing only quiet despair and eternal loss. Even visitors feel the plane slowly sapping their will and draining their memories.

Ironically, this is one of the easiest planes to reach, given that three of the great paths - Yggdrasil, Mount Olympus, and the River Styx - all give access to the plane.

The Gray Waste, in particular the first layer of Oinos, is a plane ravaged by war. For reasons too many and too confusing to explain here, this is the central battlefield of the Blood War. Fiends, their warrior-slaves, trained beasts, and hired mercenaries gather here to wage horrific battles on an epic scale. These battles despoil the already-bleak terrain, giving even the most addle-coved berk a clue as to why it's called the Gray Waste.

Travelers here find larvae, night hags, hordlings, diakka, nightmares, Yugoloths (as well as other fiends), and even more monsters and threats. The night hags seem to be the high-ups over the larvae (which they gather and sell), hordlings, diakka, and nightmares (which they dominate). Moreover, the Waste is full of disease and infestation.

Khin-Oin, the Wasting Tower, is a huge fortress that was built eons ago by the Yugoloths. It looks like a spinal column that is miles high, and the chant is that's exactly what it is. Some even say that it's the backbone of a power slain by the Yugoloths.

While the Wasting Tower is open to travelers seeking knowledge, it's not a recommended stop; the Yugoloths treat visitors as lab animals at best, and at worst - well, suffice to say it's just safer to avoid Khin-Oin altogether.

Instead, look for a tiny town on the second layer called Death of Innocence. It may be one of the few bastions against the utter loss of hopelessness. Hurry, though, 'cause the chant is that a power called Hel is sending trolls to attack the place - she doesn't want such a refuge to exist.

Tarsheva Recommends

In Death of Innocence, an elderly woman creates cloaks that ward off the will-draining effects of the plane. They are extremely expensive, however, and the woman is said to be completely barmy.

Limbo

It's one thing to have to contend with evil, malicious fiends who want to deceive or even skewer a body at the end of a lance, fiery pits that consume all who come near, and icy realms that reach into a chilling eternity. It's another thing to visit a place where hot and cold become meaningless, where the senses become unreliable, and where even a basher's body dissolves into nothingness. Energy and matter combine into a single, seething mass of everything.

This is Limbo, and until a cutter learns the dark of it, its sheer chaotic randomness'll make her wish she was on the Lower Planes facing a horde of fiends instead.

Once a body figures Limbo out, it's survivable. It almost makes a sort of sense in its lack of any logic or pattern (but don't tell a Xaositect that!). A planewalker has to learn to force Limbo to be what he wants it to be. Left alone, Limbo is everything at once - flame, wave, wind, rock, life, death, noise, silence - nothing and all-encompassing. Through conscious effort, intelligent visitors can stabilize a tiny section

of Limbo's maelstrom around them, forming a cocoon of sanity that travels with them through the plane. Some folks - called anarchs - are innately better at this than other sods. These bloods have even formed a guild to promote their services in stabilizing Limbo's reality.

Limbo's inhabitants have two methods of dealing with the soup: Some become adept at mastering the chaos (like the transplanted githzerai), while others reject the need for any stabilized reality at all (like the native slaadi).



The githzerai have a number of cities in Limbo, built on stabilized ground. Within one of these cities, Shra'kt'l'or (the largest of the githzerai towns, with over two million inhabitants), a githyanki mage operates a black market of sorts, supplied by his thefts of githzerai military goods. This perpetually disguised wizard offers fantastic weapons and items for very little jink. He's in it more to hurt his racial enemies, the githzerai, than to get rich. Those who don't mind stolen property can obtain completely barmy bargains here - if they can find the mage.

The slaadi homeland, called the Spawning Stone by some, lies deep within the chaos-stuff. Chant is a cutter who knows the dark can use the unique properties of the place to achieve immortality here. 'Course, that just could be the screed of some addle-cove rattling his bone-box.

As a canny cutter might suspect, Limbo's soup plays havoc with spellcasting. Bashers familiar with wild magic recognize this place as its true home - fact is, all magic is wild here. Magical effects are always unpredictable, and sometimes bizarre backlashes, or wild surges, result. It takes a brave soul to travel to Limbo, and a braver one yet to cast spells here.

Deep within Limbo, the site of Pinwheel remains fairly stable without effort from some intelligent mind. Pinwheel's named for the way it spins through the chaotic energies of the plane with strands of jumbled matter whipping about its edges. This heavily forested "island" is filled with dangerous and powerful beasts. Nevertheless, Pinwheel remains an important spot to planewalkers, useful when a body's tired of stabilizing the chaos on her own and needs a bit of solid ground. Also, the roots of Yggdrasil reach into Limbo here, connecting the plane to the grand pathway of the World Ash.

Tarsheva Recommends

In Shra'kt'l'or, a tavern for non-githzerai called Home Away From Home, run by a priestess of Lliira, provides a stark contrast to the harsh severity of the city - it's a nice, homey place.

Mechanus (also known as Nirvana)

Once a cutter's learned the dark of Limbo, he should forget everything he's learned and head for Mechanus. This is the home of law, order, and clockwork precision. It's also the home of the modrons, native beings that maintain and guard the plane and its workings.

The place needs such monitors, for the entire plane consists of a series of endless gears, forever turning and driving... something. Some say the entire multiverse is driven by the gears; some say the cogs accomplish nothing. Someday a planewalker may discover the dark, but for now the gears simply turn.

The inhabitants of Mechanus make their homes on the very cogs that make up the plane. The gears don't normally have vegetation or native wildlife, but plenty of life thrives amid the machinery. The modrons control a place they call Regulus, which is home to the supreme modron, a high-up called Primus. It may be that Regulus is a layer unto itself, or just a realm. See, on Mechanus it's impossible to tell. It's one constantly turning clockwork, and the boundaries between layers (if any layers exist) and realms aren't always clear.

The modrons, as a canny basher might surmise, maintain a strict hierarchy. They're divided into well-organized ranks, each modron rank more intelligent and powerful (but fewer in number) than the last. Despite the modrons, the Guvners (and a few Mercykillers as well) like to feel that they run the show on Mechanus.

A planewalker needs to know one more thing about the modrons, and that's the Great March. Approximately every 289 years as they measure them in Sigil (or 17 cycles on Mechanus), the modrons marshal a great host and leave their case to march around the Great Ring. No one knows why they march, especially since so few of 'em live to see the end of the trip. Many planewalkers follow the march, however, since interesting things always happen as the Great March makes its way through the planes, realms, and gate-towns.

Surprisingly, within this realm of perfect law, a place or two exists for less orderly types. One such place is Haven, and while it's not a wild, chaotic town to most folks' eyes, on Mechanus it's an anarchic cacophony of disruption and lawlessness. The city appears to be a huge cube, walled on all sides, including above and below. In order to keep the neutral and chaotic visitors in town in check, they must have a sponsor from among the lawful permanent residents of the city. It's a good place for a planewalker to take refuge, if she can convince a sponsor to let her into the burg.

Tarsheva Recommends

In Haven lives a bard who, at one time, was a priest of Lathander. It's said that if given good reason, he'll call upon that power's abilities to help or heal those in great need for nothing in return.

Mount Celestia (also known as The Seven Heavens)

This plane embodies the ideals of ultimate lawful goodness. Some berks call it the Seven Heavens, but these are usually only primes with a certain world view. To some folks, this place is anything but heaven.

The mountain is home to many creatures of good, such as shedu, noctrals, lammasu, and all types of aasimon. The primary residents, the archons, are to Mount Celestia what the baatezu are to Baator or the tanar'i are to the Abyss - natives of the plane and purveyors of its ideals.

The only way to reach Mount Celestia is by entering from the Silver Sea that surrounds the lowest layer, Lunia. Very, very few gates, portals or conduits ever lead to anywhere on the plane but directly over the Silver Sea. Canny planewalkers prepare to get wet when they use a portal to this plane. Creatures called zoveri aid travelers who've fallen into the water and keep them from drowning. Knowledgeable planewalkers can always spot a fiend who's taken the plunge into these holy waters and survived, for the very imprint of the waves is still etched into its flesh.

Mount Celestia's seven layers ascend, one atop another, in the form of a mountain that rises from the endless silvery sea. It should be possible to see the layers above the one a cutter's currently in - except that a bank of luminescent fog separates each layer. Only by climbing the mountain can a body attain the next level.

The trick to this is that each layer has a path leading up to the next layer, but the path can be found only by those who've been enlightened and have found some truth regarding law and goodness. (These paths mysteriously take a cutter from one layer to another - and some say they contain actual gates guarded by warden archons, the gate keys being various levels of purity.) Therefore, as a body climbs to the top, she becomes more and more pure until she reaches the pinnacle, where all evil is washed away and she becomes a perfect being in accordance with the alignment of the plane. That's the chant, anyway, but no one knows for sure, since those who reach the top never return to confirm or deny it.

So what does this mean to a planewalker who just wants to conduct some business here and be on his way? What if a berk doesn't want to take years and years to purify himself in spirit just so he can get to the next layer? There're a few short-cuts, but they aren't easy. The best one is the palace of Bahamut, the power that presides over good dragons. Word is, somehow his home traverses the first few (some say three, some say four) layers of the Mount. If a traveler's willing to pay some top-shelf music, the dragon-god allows him to use the palace as a short cut.

Tarsheva Recommends

Take note of the small fortresses located in the Silver Sea off the coast of Lunia. The sea elves who come to trade here from the Prime (through gates so secret that they'll never reveal them) say that one particular castle is the home of a blood named Mahlhevik, a chaotic evil wizard who's attempting to learn the path of goodness.

While he's sincerely attempting to reform, he's got a long way to go, and still has many incorrect instincts and notions. Mahlhevik welcomes visitors and allows travelers of any alignment to stay at his fortress. The chant is that even a fiend or two who've survived a drenching in the Silver Sea have called kip here. Interesting trading occurs at Mahlhevik's, and it's a good place to stay if a body's not interested in dealing with archons, aasimon, lammasu, paladins, and other heavy-handed bashers and their philosophies.

Pandemonium

Pandemonium represents the barmy side of chaos, the chaos of the mind - insanity. Howling winds and horrible darkness await a planewalker here. The fierce winds make it difficult to perform any action, let alone something as delicate as spellcasting. Worse, after a while, the noise that the winds make - whether it's a low whine or the deafening roar of a gale - drives a body insane. The lucky ones go deaf first.

There's also no natural light on Pandemonium, and the winds blow out torches and lanterns, so the only hope a berk has of seeing is by magical light. These limitations on light mean that a planewalker never sees much of Pandemonium at once. Only small areas are illuminated, with the rest always remaining a shadowy mystery - and folks swear those shadows move when glimpsed out of the corner of an eye. The folks who live on Pandemonium, for the most part, have been exiled here; at least, no one admits to being a native. As a general rule, the plane's population is insane. It's simply a condition of life on the plane, and not every resident is a screaming, drooling barmy. Some seem stable and normal (at first, anyway), but a planewalker has to assume they're all touched in some way by the wind madness.

Pandemonium's four layers are a network of caverns and tunnels bored through solid rock. Gravity is always oriented to the ground under one's feet, so a body can stand on all sides of the passages and caverns. In general, as a traveler goes deeper into the plane, the passages get smaller and less accessible with each layer. The last layer is made up of caverns within the stone without connecting passages. It's rumored that some of these isolated bubbles have both treasures and prisoners stored within them, placed there by powers hoping that the caverns would be forever inaccessible and secret.

In Phlegethon, the third layer of Pandemonium, stands a town called Windglum. Like most islands of civilization on the plane, Windglum's characterized by an aura of suspicion. Everyone's peery of strangers, and at least a little touched. The only reason to visit is the Scaly Dog Inn, where a planewalker can get a decent mug of bub and talk to others of her profession, since many planewalkers use the Scaly Dog as a meeting place. It's a good place to gather mercenaries, become well-lanned, or seek employment.

The latest chant regards a site called the Harmonica in the second layer of Cocytus. In this place, which was obviously intentionally created long ago, the winds whip through a huge cavern with holes and tubes cut into various rock columns, creating a noise worse than anywhere else on the plane. Somewhere within this horror of noise and wind, it is said, lies the secret to true planewalking - traveling the planes without need of a gate or portal of any kind. This is, in all likelihood, just the screed of some addle-cove who spent too much time on the plane of madness.

Tarsheva Recommends

Vard gum, the sap of a tree found on Carceri's second layer, is extremely useful in making effective earplugs against the maddening howl of Pandemonium's winds. This gum can be found for sale in many places, even in Sigil.

Ysgard (also known as Gladsheim)

Some basher once pointed out that the planes seem to be oriented toward warfare. Acheron's one big battle, the Lower Planes rage with conflict from the Blood War, and a number of the other planes are sealed up tight like infinite fortresses - witness Arcadia. Ysgard follows that pattern. It's a place of heroes and the glories of battle and valor. The folks who call kip on this plane are as bloodthirsty as any fiend, in their own way.

When a planewalker first gets to Ysgard, he might not be able to distinguish it from Arborea. Tall mountains, deep gorges, mighty rivers, and thick forests make up the terrain. Arborea's got more of a good-natured attitude, however, and once a body meets the people, the differences become clear. The martial folk of Ysgard are more driven; celebrating's fine, but only after the battle's won. Glory's the thing - death means nothing.

Ysgard's three layers show fewer signs of civilization than Arborea, too. The populace, petitioners and planars alike, live in camps and rugged settlements with rough and wild conditions.

The first layer (also called Ysgard) is by far the most heavily populated. One of the primary realms here, Asgard (these berks are more interested in honing their battle skills than coming up with original names, it would seem), is the home of the Norse pantheon of powers. Another realm, Alfheim, is an elven case. Travelers should be real peery about this place, as visitors here sometimes disappear. Chant is, some spell charms them into becoming permanent residents (that is, servants) of the place. Giants, bariaur, and fensir all call Ysgard their home as well. Snake-women and a number of werebeasts guard the Gates of the Moon, a realm which holds a planar pathway called the Infinite Staircase.

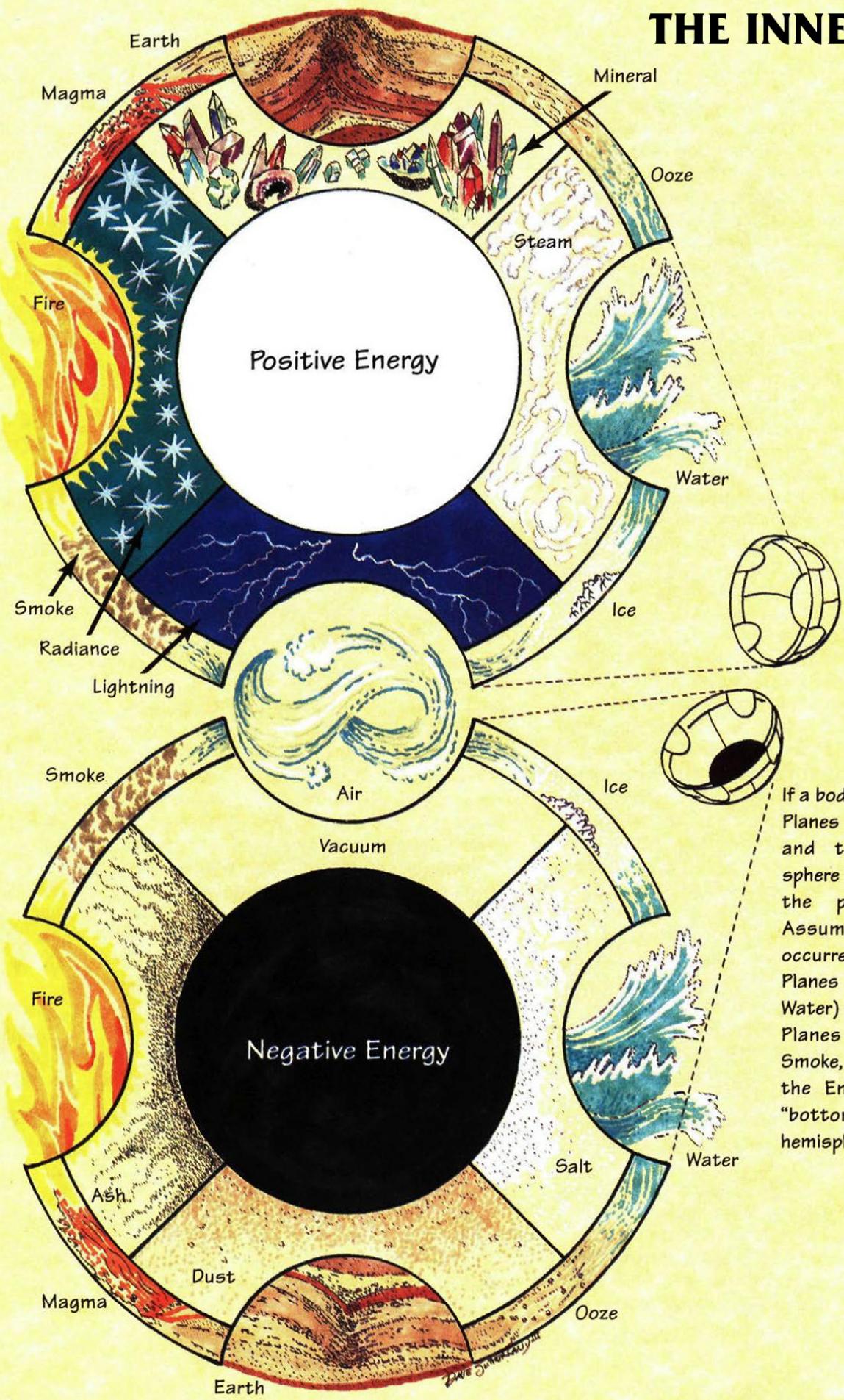
The second layer, Muspelheim, is the abode of giantkind, and is a fiery, inhospitable place.

The last of the three layers, Nidavellir, is a lightless place where dwarves and elves of darkness (but not necessarily evil hearts) dwell.

Tarsheva Recommends

A dark elf in Nidavellir named Nivan not only takes guests into her home (for a price), but offers them valuable information as they talk around the evening meal (again, at a price).

THE INNER PLANES



If a body thought of the Inner Planes as a hollow sphere, and then separated the sphere into halves, this is how the planes would look. Assume that the split occurred at the Elemental Planes (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water) and the Paraelemental Planes (Magma, Ooze, Smoke, and Ice), which leaves the Energy Planes at the "bottoms" of each hollow hemisphere.

The Inner Planes

The elements form the building blocks of the universe. They make up all that is, creating a foundation for all matter and energy. The Elemental Planes represent form and essence, but hold little thought and no ideology or high concepts. No philosophies bind these planes, and unlike the Outer Planes, they represent no aspects of morality or ethics. They simply are, representing the materials that comprise the Prime.

Surviving on the Inner Planes is usually more of a challenge than on most of the Outer Planes, but certain means (usually magical) make it possible. There's nothing hospitable about a plane formed only of fire, but at least it's predictable - a body knows what to expect on the Inner Planes. Since civilization in any form is rarer here than on the Outer Planes, a planewalker should make sure she brings everything she needs with her.

Each Elemental Plane is made up almost entirely of its base element. The key here, 'course, is almost. Some folks call it slippage, some call it seepage, but the fact is that sometimes bits and bubbles of one element make their way onto the plane of another. For whatever reason, the Inner Planes're full of leaks. Once they enter another plane, these elemental bits - or pockets - are subject to the conditions of that plane. This means that water seeping onto the Plane of Fire becomes steam, and fire pockets on the Plane of Water simply create hot water. Pockets of earth and air are harder to consume, and so create convenient places for planewalkers to breathe and rest. The Para-Elemental and Quasi-Elemental Planes also leak into each other as well as the four base planes.

The Inner Planes don't have layers, but each is infinite in size and scope in its own right. Nevertheless, it is possible to physically travel from one Elemental Plane to another. How? Don't ask. A graybeard'll give an earful of explanations and a body still won't know - mostly 'cause the graybeard really doesn't know either. He's bluffing. Some say that no mortal can really understand how the planes work, and nobody's ever proved them wrong. The point is, these infinite planes really do have physical borders that a body can cross over. Interestingly, this isn't where the aforementioned leaks are, since most of the time, the elemental pockets are not comprised of elements from bordering planes.

These border areas can be almost impossible to find without a native guide or magic. (The Elemental Rift spell does the job nicely, although it's not limited to taking a basher to only bordering planes.) A canny cutter'll notice that as she travels through one plane toward another, the elemental material of the first plane begins to subtly change to the element of the second. For example, a traveler journeying from the Plane of Earth to the Plane of Ooze (assuming she's got a guide or knows where to go) notices that the earth and stone begin to get more fluid and more slimy as she heads in that direction. If a berk's on her own, though, trying to get from one Inner Plane to another, her best bet's to look for one of the extremely rare inter-elemental vortices that'll pop her right into another plane.

The Elemental Plane of Air

Picture an endless, air-filled void, the eternal sky disturbed only by flying creatures that make their home here and by random pockets of other elemental stuff that float forever through the air. Among all the Inner Planes, this plane is the most hospitable to non-native life.

Wind is the major danger here, as a gentle breeze can become a hurricane-strength gale in no time. The most dangerous maelstroms grab objects and carry them away forever. Even the strongest beings are hard-pressed to escape the clutches of these storms, once caught in the whirling winds.

Belief equals power on the planes, and the Plane of Air goes a long way towards proving that. Here, if a bunch of bashers agree that a certain direction is down, then that's down - at least for them. It's not the same for everyone, nor does it need to be. The natives - air elementals, aerial servants, djinni, mephits, sylphs, and wind walkers (to name a few) - have no need for up or down, but the numerous extraplanars who have taken up residence here prefer to have some sort of orientation. Unfortunately, if there's a down, a berk can fall

toward it. Those sods fall in the direction they believe to be down until they hit something. Sometimes a leatherhead figures out how to reorient his belief in down, but that'll only start him falling in a new direction.

Inanimate objects aren't subject to this form of philosophical direction, and so never "fall." This means that if someone throws a stone here, it flies straight through the air until its momentum runs out. Once a cutter gets used to this, she'll find that it's easier to be accurate with missile weapons and any kind of hurled object.

Non-natives are more common on the Plane of Air than on the other Inner Planes. Many folks have adopted this plane as their own, thinking its endless blue skies and majestic cloud masses beautiful. They've built huge floating cities and fortresses, and have even filled the skies with beautiful birds, transplanted from prime-material worlds and other planes. The djinni have similar palaces, the greatest of which is the Citadel of Ice and Steel.

The number of extraplanar transplants gives rise to a high number of half-elemental wind dukes, who are far more numerous than other elemental scions. (See the "Races and Archetypes" chapter for more on the wind dukes, or air genasi.) Though they're regarded with disdain by the natives, the wind dukes have the respect and admiration of many of the non-natives dwelling on the Plane of Air.

Non-natives without the ability to fly ride hippogriffs, griffons, rocs, and other flying beasts. They also use huge flying ships constructed mainly of large gas-bags of heated air. A wind duke named Haalifith commands a fleet of these ships and the current chant is that he's attempting to conquer huge sections of the plane. So far, no one's made moves to oppose him, as his forces haven't yet claimed an area of major habitation.

Tarsheva Recommends

The natives and transplanted natives here have a great fear of dragons and dragonkind - even (or perhaps especially) those that have been charmed or otherwise controlled and used as mounts. Most are hunted down tirelessly as soon as they're discovered. Apparently, the natives're worried that the importation of dragons will lead to the reptilians taking up permanent residence here, threatening everything floating or flying.

The Elemental Plane of Earth

A solid mass of rock and dirt, that's all a berk'll find here - at least on first glance. But to a dwarf or a stone prince, it's the multiverse's greatest treasure-trove. All existing types of stone - granite, graphite, flint, chalk, and marble, to name a very few - can be found here. Within the rock itself run veins of valuable ores and metals, from the strongest iron to the darkest ebony and the brightest sapphires and diamonds. The Quasi-Elemental Plane of Mineral has a much higher concentration of valuable stones, but the Plane of Earth is far richer in every variety of sand, dirt, clay, gravel, sediment, loamy soil, and dry dust.

A planewalker faces multitudinous challenges here: Without magic, breathing, seeing, and simply moving through the rock become major trials. Thankfully, pockets of air and water grant a planewalker refuge from the surrounding mass, and plenty of spells and magical items create spaces in which a body can move around. Relating to the natives can be another ordeal. In general, beings from the Plane of Earth are slow movers and slow thinkers. They're not stupid, just ponderous.

Despite the hazards, there're a handful of established realms and sites scattered about the plane. Bashers willing to search for a while might look for the Black Palace, a fortress buried deep within a vein of obsidian. Supposedly created by a priest from the Prime Material world of Oerth, the chant says that the crazy old coot rewards any cutter canny enough to find the palace, figure out how to get in, and make his way through the magical barriers surrounding the center.

On the other hand, a shrewd blood would do well to avoid the Great Dismal Delve. The ruler of the dao, an evil slaver king, resides in this series of caverns. It's said that the dao travel the Inner Planes as well as the Prime Material looking for slaves to sell to various fiends through

a githyanki contact on the Astral. This bunch of ruthless bashers is better left alone.

Tarsheva Recommends

Azeraak, a powerful wizard of earth elementalism, maintains a fortress in an air pocket on this plane. He safeguards a village of humans, dwarves, and earth genasi; here travelers can find supplies, a wayfarer's inn, information, and guides.

The Elemental Plane of Fire

Hungrily consuming all it touches, fire rules supreme here. If a thing can burn, it burns immediately upon entering the plane. Even some things that normally can't burn do so on the Elemental Plane of Fire. Sods traveling here unprotected suffer damage just by being on the plane. Worse, travelers have to figure out some way to breathe fire or they'll suffocate faster than they'll burn to death.

Unlike the other three main Elemental Planes, Fire's got a definite up and down. Most of the plane is a huge ocean of flame, but occasionally one finds islands of burning, scorched earth that have not yet been rendered into magma, or hard chunks of obsidian that resist the flames altogether. In such places, a planewalker encounters efreeti, hell hounds, and the settlements of flame lords. In the depths of the flame itself live fire mephits, elementals, fire minions, fire snakes, harginn, and salamanders, to name a few. The Plane of Fire gives rise to more numerous and varied creatures than many of the other Elemental Planes.

Of all the Inner Planes, this is the plane that berks fear most. Maybe it's because of the monsters here, but it's probably 'cause every sodding rube knows what fire is, and how dangerous it can be. Not everyone knows what to expect if they're headed for the Negative Energy Plane (a far more dangerous place than the Plane of Fire), but anybody can imagine a place where everything's aflame. For these reasons, the Plane of Fire is often thought of as an evil plane - but a canny planewalker knows that all the Inner Planes are beyond (or maybe beneath) alignments and similar high concepts. Fire just is, but that makes it no less dangerous or destructive.

The most famous spot on this plane is the City of Brass, the realm of the efreeti. The efreeti have a spell that renders a being immune to flame and heat as long as he remains in the city. They use this magic upon their numerous captured slaves (and it keeps escape attempts to a minimum). Planewalker merchants keep a steady trade with the efreeti, bringing in goods (protected from fire) and taking away wonderfully forged metals and items crafted of a special material the efreeti call white iron. Other fiery sites include the Molten Tower of Kossuth, the tyrant-king of all fire elementals, where intruders are burned alive in fires so hot that they scorch even fire-based beings. Chant is that this is the hottest portion of the plane, a place virtually uninhabitable to any but actual fire elementals.

Tarsheva Recommends

Avoid a delicacy here called (of course) fire fruit. This red-hot spiky, apple-like fruit kills any non-native of the plane, burning him up from within. (Assassins have been known to use the fruit as a poison.)

The Elemental Plane of Water

Once a body comes up with a way to breathe, the Plane of Water is fairly survivable. Most folks have been underwater, and can imagine what it'd be like on this Elemental Plane. There's no gravity, so a body doesn't have to worry about the pressure increasing as he dives deeper. In fact, deep isn't really a concept on a plane where the water has no surface and the ocean has no floor. It's all deep here.

Currents pose a major danger, capable of sweeping travelers far away before they can escape the powerful tides. Water temperature can vary wildly, particularly near the crossover points to the planes of Ice or Steam. The water in the plane supports both fresh- and salt water creatures in a way not fully understood, but doesn't become noticeably salty until one nears the border with the Plane of Salt.

'Course, there're pockets of air (some filled with airbreathers or surrounded by sea creatures normally associated with ocean surfaces) and earth (covered with aquatic plants and various forms of

life such as eels and crustaceans) as well as steamy, scalding areas that originated as pockets of flame. Other pockets include streams of ooze, briny pockets of salt, and lumps of cooled, hardened magma. Not uncommon are the vast structures of coral that extend for miles in every direction, built upon the skeletons of unimaginably huge beasts.

The Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls is one such coral reef, housing the palaces of many noble marids. Not surprisingly, pearls are common here, and within huge clams one can find pearls of unbelievable size. The marids don't take kindly to visitors robbing them of their treasures, however.

Tarsheva Recommends

Visit the City of Glass, an obvious counterpart to the City of Brass on the Plane of Fire. This huge city is encased in a glass bubble that's miles across and filled with air. Planars can dwell here comfortably and safely (although there's still no gravity), trading and interacting with the marids, tritons, nereids, and other intelligent creatures of the plane. These watery races have embassies floating near the City of Glass for just such commerce. The city itself has a number of portals facilitating travel to and from other planes to this trading center.

The Para-Elemental Planes

The planes of Smoke, Magma, Ooze, and Ice lie between the main Elemental Planes. They are realms of duality, in which two forces have combined to make one. Less known and less traveled than the main four planes, they also hold fewer native inhabitants.

Where Air and Fire meet, they produce Smoke. The Plane of Smoke is similar to the Plane of Air, except that (of course) it's filled with foul smoke instead of pure air. A body can't breathe here without magical assistance - the hot, sooty atmosphere is completely saturated with choking clouds and noxious fumes. Like on the Plane of Air, down is relative and beings have to fly in order to get around. Earth pockets are few and far between, so if some barmy's going to build a home here, it'll probably have to be on a large cinder floating in from the Plane of Ash. There's little native life here to do any building, except at a place called the Choking Palace, where Ehkahk the Smoldering Duke rules over smoke mephits and other fume-based beasts.

Fire and Earth combine to form a plane even more inhospitable than the Plane of Fire. Imagine the Plane of Fire with an unstable, semi-liquid surface underneath, constantly churning and shifting - that's the Plane of Magma. The efreeti and dao meet here to trade, and a few other creatures of earth and fire dwell on this plane rather than their own. Otherwise, lava mephits are all one's going to find here. A basher named Chilimba claims dominance over the entire plane, and nobody cares enough to challenge his rule.

Earth and Water merge to form the Para-Elemental Plane of Ooze, a place as bad as it sounds - mud and slime fill an ocean with no end in any direction. Conditions aren't unlike those on the Plane of Water, but the substance here is opaque and thick. Creatures drawn here through vortices drown in the sludge - virtually nothing can survive in the muck save ooze mephits. No known cities or palaces exist, even in the few pockets of clear water or fresh air. The only "use" of this place comes from its function as a prison. If a wizard's got a mean streak, she's likely to dump her enemies here. If she's really cruel, she'll send 'em here with some magic allowing them to breathe but without anything to eat or drink. Such banishments have led to this plane's pseudonym, the House of Chambered Madness. The current chant is that there's a secret way into Sigil from this plane - one even the Lady of Pain doesn't know about.

Water and Air form the Plane of Ice, which has a navigable surface and breathable air - and nothing else but ice and snow. Endless glaciers, ice flows, snow fields, and frozen seas make up the landscape, and digging down into the ice won't reveal anything more underneath. Occasional pockets of air or earth mar the landscape, but mostly the ice just goes on forever. At the heart of the plane, Cyronax rules over all ice elementals and mephits, hoping to extend his influence even onto other planes. Rumors abound, however, of a race of powerful beings that even Cyronax knows nothing about, frozen forever under tons of ice, waiting to be released from their cold prison.

Tarsheva Recommends

The Plane of Ice produces a rare resource called eternal ice or unmelting crystal. Simply put, it's ice that won't melt at any temperature. It is likewise extremely hard, almost unbreakable. Weapons and other items made of this substance are very valuable, although quite rare because of the scarcity of the ice and the difficulty in obtaining it and working it into a usable shape.

The Quasi-Elemental Planes

The raw elements intersect with the pure energies of the Positive or Negative Energy Planes to form the eight Quasi-Elemental Planes, or Quasiplanes. Air, Earth, Fire, and Water and positive energy mix to create the Quasi-Elemental Planes of Lightning, Mineral, Radiance, and Steam, respectively. Similarly, Air, Earth, Fire, and Water combine with negative energy to form the Quasi-Elemental Planes of Vacuum, Dust, Ash, and Salt. Some are beautiful, some are horrible, and others are just deadly. All are dangerous in one way or another to visitors. They're also not commonly frequented by planar travelers, although the Doomguard have built fortresses within each of the Quasiplanes influenced by the Negative Energy Plane. Likewise, mysterious towers stand on all four of the positive Quasiplanes, but their unknown builders have apparently long gone.

The Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning is often called the Plane of Storms or the Vengeful Land by planewalkers and poets. It's like the Plane of Air in every way, except that there's always an electrical storm crashing down upon a body's head. (Rain rarely accompanies the storms.) All visitors and objects have crackling glows about them, and metal automatically attracts lightning bolts, accompanied by terrible thunder. The mysterious Tower of Storms is the only known structure here, but not even the native lightning mephits and shockers know who lives inside.

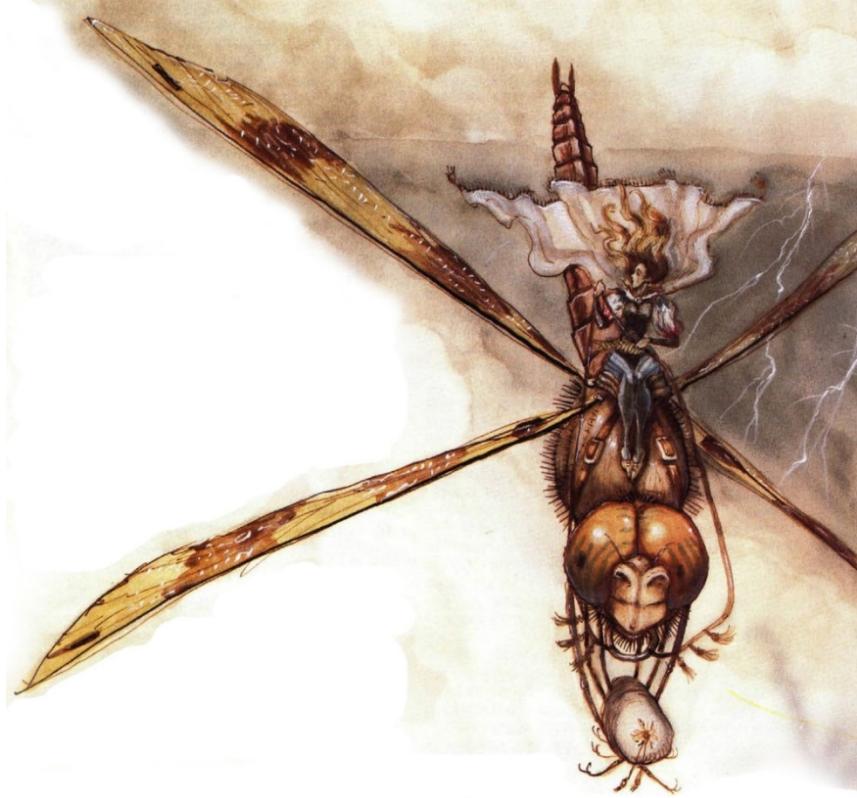
Planewalkers sometimes refer to the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Mineral as the treasure-trove of the multiverse, but only to clueless rubes who don't know the dark of it. Sure, the plane's filled with gems, gold, silver, and other treasures waiting to be mined, but the place is extremely dangerous and well-guarded. Native creatures like xorn, pech, and dao don't like leatherheads pouring onto their plane and carting off the elemental stuff it comprises. Getting through and around it poses the same challenges as does the Plane of Earth, except everything has sharp edges that cut like knives. Much worse, however, is that everything here fossilizes at an incredible rate, and sods remaining here too long turn to stone. Although the stone's valuable, that's small consolation to a petrified berk. Finally, Mineral hosts another of those enigmatic fortresses; it's said that forging done at the Tower of Lead is far superior to that performed anywhere else on the planes.

Cascading light, brilliant color, and mind-numbing illumination fill the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Radiance. Without protection, a traveler will go blind, and quickly too. It's both beautiful and horrible at once. Radiance is as empty as the Plane of Air, but as hot as the Plane of Fire; only radiant mephits live on this Plane of heat, light, and color. Near the edge of the Positive Energy Plane stands the blue-lit palace called the Heart of Light, where great healings are possible.

Much cooler is the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Steam, a chilly, misty place so thick with clammy vapor that a body runs the risk of drowning in it. Many bashers compare this plane to the Plane of Air for its relative emptiness – other than the mist and the steam mephits, there's little of interest except for the Tower of Ice, which has some sort of magical effect over potions and other mixtures blended here.

Vacuum is essentially a void of absolute nothingness - nothing to breathe, nothing to stand on, nothing to swim or fly through. Nothing. At its edge, the Doomguard's Citadel Exhalus, the Portal of the Last Breath, drifts anchored by a thread between Vacuum and Negative Energy. If a cutter can come up with a way to stay warm and do without breath (since there's nothing here to convert to breathable atmosphere), he can travel by sheer force of will, his mind taking him where he wants to go. Rumors say that beings of pure thought, without mass or energy, dwell here, and possibly travel out onto the other planes. No one knows for sure - how could they?

Travelers on the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Dust find themselves slowly disintegrating, their very forms breaking up into the dust of this place.



Despite this, Dust has a number of native inhabitants: dune stalkers, dust mephits, sandlings, and sandmen. Here the Doomguard have built their most popular tower, Alluvius, its magic protecting those within from the harshest aspects of the plane. The barmiest (or most fanatic) of those addle-coves head out into the plane deliberately to disintegrate into nothingness. Maybe it's their idea of the perfect entropic death.

The Quasi-Elemental Plane of Ash has fewer inhabitants than Dust and is as bad as Fire, for a traveler can't breathe here, and the cinders drain a body's warmth at every turn. Not many come here, for who's going to swim through an endless sea of cinder and ash on purpose? Well, the Doomguard maintain the Crumbling Citadel - the fortress and the surrounding plane suit their moods and philosophies. Similarly, a powerful lich named Vecna "lives" in a huge stronghold here. Chant is that once-living prisoners of Vecna are transformed into horrible undead aberrations unlike those found anywhere else, their new forms a result of the fortress's proximity to the Negative Energy Plane.

The Quasi-Elemental Plane of Salt is an oft-forgotten place of dry, moisture - leeching crystalline crust. Portions of the place are more liquid than others, but much of the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Salt is dry and parched, causing a body to shrivel and desiccate. Except for salt mephits, nothing can live here. A fortress carved of salt itself, Citadel Seal (yet another Doomguard palace), can be found in a hollowed-out place within the most solid crystalline portion of the plane.

Tarsheva Recommends

The Plane of Ash is said to be the home of an exiled efreet lord who rules a small city within its wastes. Despite the fire king's evil temperament, travelers with considerable jink can find shelter, supplies, and aid of all kinds.

The Positive and Negative Energy Planes

If the Elemental Planes are the cornerstones of all that makes up the physical universe, then it's the Positive and Negative Energy Planes that breathe life into (or take it away from) them. These are the planes of life and death. No truer opposites exist in all the multiverse.

These planes aren't the basis of energy in the sense of light or heat - that's the purview of the planes of Fire, Radiance, Lightning, and so on. The Positive and Negative Energy Planes are the planes of life force. All living things draw their energy from the Positive Energy Plane, while creatures of undeath draw from the Negative. Likewise, spells, magical items, and similar things based on promoting or taking life tie directly to these two planes.

The Positive Energy Plane is still a dangerous, terrible place to visit, however, despite its life-promoting nature. Its energy is simply too strong. Visitors find this plane even more brilliant than the Plane of Radiance, with nothing but powerful white light. Its energies seep into bashers entering the plane until their bodies can no longer contain the energy, literally burning the poor sods out. However, if a traveler is injured, the energies heal the wounds - and quickly. If a planewalker can work out some sort of system to transport wounded folks to the Positive Energy Plane for just a few moments and then retrieve them, she'll have created an infallible healing system.

On the other hand, there's nothing useful to a planewalker about the Negative Energy Plane. Further, there's really no reason a basher'd ever want to come here. This place's got a lot of names - the Black Barrier, the Great Void, the Cold Land, or just Death. This plane steals energy and destroys the spirit. It is a black, formless Plane of all-consuming hunger, feeding upon life energy. Addle-coves who come here without magical protection not only die, but their spirits are consumed forever, irrevocably - they're never coming back.

Some sodding idiots have actually made it possible to visit this plane. The Dustmen know of secret portals to a citadel that they maintain here, called the Fortress of the Soul. Great expense and magic has gone into making this place livable.

Surprisingly, there's life, or at least inhabitants, on both of the Energy Planes. The xeg-ya is a creature of positive energy, and the xeg-yi one of negative. Further, undead such as spectres, wights, and wraiths (and who knows what else) hover forever on the brink of the Negative Energy Plane, waiting to be loosed upon other planes where they can drain the energy of the living.

Tarsheva Recommends

Just avoid these planes, berk.

The Astral and Ethereal Planes

The Astral and Ethereal form the great highways of the planes, the infinite paths that connect all other planes. Essentially, they're the spaces in between. Most planewalkers don't think of either plane as much more than a path to be traveled to get where they're going. If a body stopped to look around, though, he'd discover much more to these planes than that.

The Astral Plane (The Silver Void)

The Astral Plane is a place of seeming nothingness – but things are often deceptive on the planes. There's plenty to see on the Astral if a body knows where to look. Like the Ethereal, the Astral fills the space between the planes it connects. It's dotted with color pools that serve as gates to all these planes, and thus can be used as a means of travel between them. Further, it's crisscrossed with astral conduits that connect the Prime with the Outer Planes. Cutters on the Astral see these conduits as snaky tubes running through the plane. A planewalker can tell when a conduit's occupied by planar travelers, because it thrashes about even more wildly than normal.

For the most part, however, the Astral is a big empty space. Planewalkers can make their way through it by merely thinking about moving. There's no gravity, no real directions, and no real physical difficulties like lack of air or temperature extremes. Solid ground mostly consists of the giant husks of former powers that float here - such is the fate of powers that lose their worshipers or otherwise fall from their lofty positions. Some native monsters, like astral dreadnoughts and foo creatures, can prove hazardous to travelers, but in general they're nothing compared to the githyanki.

The githyanki adopted this as their home plane, and no one knows it like they do. Githyanki sail the Astral in thought-powered ships as though it were a vast sea. They live in fortresses built upon chunks of matter brought in from other planes, or even upon the bodies of the long-inert powers (which're sometimes called the dead gods). These evil, ruthless cutters would just as soon put a basher in the dead-book as listen to why they shouldn't.

A prime using the Astral Spell (or the psionic devotion Astral Projection) for planar travel has a silver cord running through the Astral that

connects her with the Prime Material. If her astral body's killed, she'll head home in a big hurry - whether she wants to or not. But if the silver cord is severed, both her astral body and her real one die.

Planewalkers can find various bits of left-over weapons and equipment from Astral battles, as well as banished sods and magical items thought to be a threat wherever they originated. This stuff just floats through the plane, and is usually best left alone. If someone else didn't want it, a body can figure that he doesn't either. Sometimes valuable things can be uncovered this way, though.

Tarsheva Recommends

Some of the lifeless god-isles have plants growing on them; these bits of foliage are said to have vast curative properties, absorbed from the "ground" they're rooted in. It's a long shot at best, but if there's no other cure for a disease or poison, a basher might gather some leaves, brew an elixir, and hope for the best.

The Ethereal Plane (The Misty Shore)

The Ethereal Plane is a foggy realm, filled with swirling energies of various colors. It's been called an ocean of mist, not only for its multicolored vapors, but also for the fact that it has shallow and deep areas like a body of water. The shallow area is the Border Ethereal, where the Ethereal intersects with the Prime Material and all the Inner Planes. In the Border Ethereal, a planewalker actually exists on both the Ethereal Plane and the one it intersects with. She can see onto both (but not physically touch or affect anything in the adjoining plane), although those on the intersecting plane usually cannot see her without special aid. (Planewalkers take note: Most elemental creatures on their home planes can see onto the Border Ethereal as it intersects with that plane.)

Crossing through a curtain of swirling colors, a traveler passes from the Border to the Deep Ethereal. This is the true part of plane - the portion that fills the spaces between the Inner Planes and the Prime. Within this place, demiplanes float like strange islands of reality. While not infinite like "real" planes, they do have their own sets of physical laws, inhabitants, and landscapes. The majority of these are minor pocket demiplanes, created by mortal wizards; but some are major demiplanes, created by powers or primal forces - not unlike the Inner or Outer Planes. Sages think the latter sort may one day become real planes, but no one knows for sure. One such major demiplane, the so-called Demiplane of Dread, is the subject of much rumor and speculation. Plenty have heard of it, but no one's found it - at least, no one's found it and come back. Some berks say that another demiplane, the Demiplane of Shadow, touches every other plane through any shadow. If that's true, a planewalker might be able to make use of the place as the ultimate shortcut.

A planewalker can leave one plane by passing through the Border Ethereal, travel through the Deep Ethereal, and arrive on the "shores" of another plane touched by the Border Ethereal. Traveling through the Deep Ethereal is accomplished by pure thought - distance and speed mean nothing here. Finding one's way is never a problem, since all it takes is thinking about where a body wants to go.

But as usual, plenty of danger waits for an unwary sod. All manner of prime-material monsters can see into the Border Ethereal and attack berks there. Natives to the Deep Ethereal, such as the chronolily, phase spider, terithan, and thought eater attack travelers in both sections of the plane. Lastly, horrific storms called ether cyclones rage through the plane, hurling everything in their paths onto a random plane touched by the Ethereal.

Tarsheva Recommends

Unless a body's invited, avoid the wizard-created pocket demiplanes. They're specifically built by high-up spellslingers who value their privacy - and chances are they haven't been left unguarded.

The Prime Material Plane

Though planars look down upon primes and their clueless ways, the Prime Material Plane cannot be completely disregarded. It's as wondrous and infinite a plane as any, with an endless variety of places to explore. A countless number of Prime Material worlds float within

separate vast crystal spheres, which are themselves contained in an ocean of fiery material called phlogiston. Isolated as their worlds are, most Prime Material inhabitants believe themselves to be at the center of the multiverse, and their world the only one in existence.

And here's a word of caution to arrogant planars: Each Prime Material world is a unique domain, with its own environment and inhabitants. Traveling to the Prime Material without information about the destination is akin to casually jumping through a portal into an unexplored layer of the Abyss and expecting to survive. That said, here's a look at a few of the more prominent Prime Material worlds and their inhabitants.

Aebrynis

Hardly worth noting is Aebrynis, a world with very few portals or sites of interest for a planewalker. Because of a few local powers' supposed demise, a number of heroes of this world have special abilities related to their bloodlines and they rule by this birthright. Aebrynis has connections to a place the natives call the Shadow World, which is probably a demiplane (unrelated, most likely, to the Demiplane of Shadow except in name).

Athas

A secluded, hard-to-reach world called Athas is notable for a couple of reasons. First, "hard-to-reach" isn't just hyperbole; portals leading here are rare in the extreme, and spells that allow interplanar travel fail more than half the time. Recently, the githyanki attempted to reopen one of the few permanent portals to this world from the Astral, but their efforts were thwarted by the natives - which says a good deal for the inhabitants' might. Also, while the priests here have interesting connections with the Inner Planes, they refer to a number of the Para Elemental Planes by different names - so don't be confused if the sods talk about places called the Plane of Sun or Rain.

Krynn

Krynn is a world preoccupied with its own problems and not very active in regard to the planes. In fact, the inhabitants of this world refer to practically any plane other than the Prime Material as the Abyss, so they give new meaning to the term "clueless." Aside from a few new spells and magical items, there's not much here of interest - although ruins under the Blood Sea of Istar are said to contain great treasure.

Mystara

Mystara is not as active as Toril or Oerth in the planar sense, but it's a world filled with interesting magic, particularly in a realm called Glantri and in another fallen empire called Alphatia. Both have their share of gates and planar accesses, but most of the inhabitants of this world are too self-absorbed to leave for long (at least on purpose).

Oerth

Oerth was the original home of the lich Vecna, who now lives on the Plane of Ash, in a citadel bordering the Negative Energy Plane. This Prime Material world is of special interest to a number of powers, not the least of whom are the drow goddess Lolth and Luz, a demipower who originated here. The chant says that there once was a wizard here so powerful (and foolish) as to temporarily imprison some Abyssal lords (including Graz'zt), a proxy or two, and even some powers' avatars. Not surprisingly, no one's heard from him in a while. The world itself has a few permanent gates, but native heroes attempt to destroy or lock them when they can - the people here have a healthy fear of planar beings. A few that might still be open include gates to the main Elemental Planes in the Temple of Elemental Evil, a conduit to the Abyss found within the Vault of the Drow, and a few portals to the Lower Planes in a ruin called Castle Greyhawk.

Ortho

Still think the Prime has no interest or influence on the planes? It's this world that gave Sigil the Harmonium (for good or ill)! About 500 years ago, a bunch of cutters here decided to "rid the country of chaos and bring peace to the land." Well, they succeeded, and went on to

reshape their entire world in the Harmonium's image. Not satisfied with that, they moved on to the planes, carrying their message of harmony through law with them. Now the Harmonium's one of the most important factions in Sigil, responsible for maintaining the peace and policing the city. The Harmonium maintains a strong relationship with its prime roots; in fact, the current Harmonium factol was born on Ortho. Needless to say, Ortho embodies the Harmonium ideal of peace, harmony, and law - berks who can't stomach these ideals (chaotic planewalkers and free spirits, mostly) should just avoid this place.

Toril

Of all the Prime worlds noted here, this one's definitely of the most interest to planewalkers. For one thing, it holds gates and portals to virtually every plane. An elven island called Evermeet's got gates to Alfheim (on Ysgard) and to Arvandor (on Arborea). Some berk of a wizard has a number of open portals in an underground place called Undermountain that lead to the Lower Planes. (Traveling between the Lower Planes is possible by going through this labyrinth - but it's not recommended.) And an ancient realm called Netheril had a bunch of portals and gates to most of the planes. Though that empire's long gone, some of the portals still work - problem is, their locations on Toril have been lost. The point is, there're more portals here than a body could catalogue in a lifetime.

Here's the dark of it, though - this world has a lot of high-up wizards who don't twig to planars popping in and using their gates. They've got no particular respect for planars (especially those with attitude), and they've the power to back up their own arrogance. (In fact, a number of them are noted planar travelers in their own right.) Further, they've got their portals pretty sodding well protected. But there's no denying that Toril is one of the most magic-rich Prime Material worlds, so it's a great place for a planewalker wizard to learn a few new spells or gather a magical trinket or two.

A whole pantheon of powers has an affection for this world, and their avatars commonly appear to its inhabitants. Supposedly they use a big staircase from a mountain called Mount Waterdeep, which rises up to some planar nexus point, probably somewhere on the Outlands. 'Course, why the powers would even need to use something as mundane as a staircase isn't something the natives willingly think about.

Tarsheva Recommends

On Krynn, a tavern called the Inn of the Last Home is known for the remarkable hospitality of its two owners, Caramon and Tika. It's said that some of the world's great heroes spend a good deal of time there, but planewalkers have little time for local luminaries. (Tarsheva's addendum: Here's the latest chant. Recent upheavals on Krynn - involving native powers and invading fiends - make this an unstable world to visit at best. Chances are, a planewalker popping through a portal'll be taken for some leftover fiend and slain on sight. Just goes to show that things on the Prime sometimes change as quickly as they do on the planes.)