

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
1st Edition

PLANE

SCAPE

ADVENTURE

IN THE ABYSS



♦ IN ♦ THE ABYSS

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Pure fact is, there's as much intrigue as ever in Sigil today: The Doomguard has just completed what may be the biggest deal in its history — but the deal's gone sour. . . .

AN INTRODUCTION

huge *entropy weapons* intended for the Blood War. In payment for its help building the *ships*, the Doomguard was to receive one of them. Supposedly the tanar'ri honored the bargain, as they allowed the Doomguard to take a *ship* to Citadel Exhalus, a Doomguard kip, on the Quasielemental Plane of Vacuum. What the faction doesn't

know is that the *ship* is a sentient entity with a mind of its own (a transformed vrock, to be exact), beholden only to its tanar'ri lords. At an appropriate moment it

dashed back to the Abyss, hauling five hapless Doomguards-

men with it. As

soon as they noticed the *ship* was missing, the Doomguard dis-

patched a delegation to

Twelvetreets, thinking the tanar'ri

had turned stag on the deal, but they hit the blinds when they found out the *ship* wasn't there.

In Sigil there are vague rumors among all the factions that something momentous has gone down, but nothing's clear beyond the fact that the Doomguard is involved. However, the baatezu have learned about the *ship* and its disappearance. Baator's Dark Eight see the situation as a superb opportunity embarrass the Doomguard (whose love of entropy runs contrary to baatezu beliefs). They'd also like to examine the *ship* and determine what kind of threat it would pose if and when the tanar'ri deployed it in the Blood War.

Hence, under the guise of an agent of the *General Assurance Company* — a cartel that underwrites losses for interplanar merchants — a baatezu pit fiend plans to recruit the player characters (PCs) to enter the Abyss and recover the *ship*, or at least find out the chant on it and report back.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

In *Chapter I* the PCs meet Willum, a pit fiend posing as one of the General Assurance Company's high-up men, and hear his proposal. He sweetens the offer with spell keys, magical items, and cash as advance payment. Willum also offers valuable

power keys to the party's priests, which could help the PCs survive the rigors of the Abyss (although they also could be perilous to the characters). The PCs have time to consider his proposition as well as gather equipment and information before entering the Abyss. Several factions are interested in the *ship*'s fate, and they'll prod reluctant PCs into accepting Willum's job if necessary.

In *Chapter II* the PCs arrive on the Plains of Infinite Portals, the first layer of the Abyss, where they must deal with a molydeus who wishes to recruit them for the Blood War before they can begin searching for the *ship*. If offered sufficient jink, the molydeus will not only allow the PCs to proceed, but it will point them in the right direction. While searching, the party must deal with wandering hordes of strag-

THE **SHIP** HAS DISAPPEARED?
WELL, I SUPPOSE
I SHOULD BE DISAPPOINTED,
BUT WHO CAN COMPLAIN
WHEN BEST-LAID PLANS
GO ASTRAY?

— FACILITATOR
OF THE
DOOMGUARD

glers from the Blood War, groves of viper trees, and other hazards of the Abyss. The friendliest creature they're likely to meet is an efreeti, unwillingly pulled into the plane through a conduit from the Elemental Plane of Fire.

In *Chapter III* the PCs find and board the *ship*, where they must deal with a babau who has taken command. Even after the fiend is eliminated, the PCs must deal with the *ship of chaos* itself, for the vessel's vrock mind is as untrustworthy and capricious as any tanar'ri. It decides the PCs would make an excellent gift to its overlords, and if they aren't on their toes, the *ship* will take them to Twelvetreets, where it's certain they'll get lost unless they flee for their lives or garner assistance from the aforementioned delegation of Doomguardsmen there. 'Course, quick-thinking parties can escape from the *ship* or disable it before it kidnaps them, but whether they be bloods or deaders remains to be seen.

PREPARING FOR PLAY

To run *In the Abyss*, the DM needs to know the dark of the PLANESCAPE™ boxed set and the *Planes of Chaos* campaign expansion. In particular, the DM should understand Sigil's various factions, the Blood War, and the physical and magical conditions that exist on the Abyss.

Note that the adventure contains *italicized text* in amber: These passages should be read aloud, or at least paraphrased, to the players. Items marked with diamonds (♦) contain important information for the DM; the PCs may or may not discover this information, depending upon what they do. There also are special **DM NOTES** throughout the text.

In the Abyss is designed for a party of four to six characters at the 8th to 10th level of experience (48–60 character levels in all). However, many of the encounters in this adventure are sufficient to put even powerful groups in the dead-book if the players subscribe to a straightforward “hack ‘n slash” style of play – even in a place as rough as the Abyss, fighting ain't always the surest route to survival! The adventure assumes that the PCs are Outsiders, but they can more readily (and cheaply) gather information and proceed more smoothly if they belong to a faction.

Even though the Abyss is a deadly plane where a single misstep can lead to disaster, *In the Abyss* isn't intended to be a PC death trap. To keep the adventure challenging without making it too deadly, use the following guidelines when employing the tanar'ri *gate* ability: If the number of character levels in the party totals 48 or less, ignore gating (figuring that the creatures the PCs encounter are unwilling to become indebted to other creatures by gating in reinforcements). If the party's levels total 49 to 60, roll for gating only when the text in an encounter calls for it. If the party's levels total 61 or more, most tanar'ri the PCs meet should try to gate in reinforcements immediately, and *gate* attempts called for in the text should automatically succeed. However, fiends that have been gated into an encounter shouldn't use their own *gate* abilities unless the PCs are making quick work of it all.

All monsters that appear in this adventure are described in the PLANESCAPE MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM®, the *Monstrous Manual*®, and the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set. The DM will need those resources in order to know the full dark of each tanar'ri's powers.

FACCTIONS

Most factions play a secondary role in this adventure, though they can provide their members with information. However, the Doomguard and several other factions are more concerned with the *ship of chaos*'s ultimate fate, and the DM can use these factions to channel the PCs in the right direction if they're unwilling to start the adventure or waste too much time making preparations. These factions will also affect the rewards and consequences of the PCs' experience after the adventure.

THE DOOMGUARD

These poor sods face a major setback. Not only have they lost the *ship of chaos*, but they're certain to suffer great embarrassment and loss of face in Sigil if word of the broken deal with the tanar'ri leaks out.

AGENDA: Get the *ship of chaos* back, whatever the cost. The Doomguard hopes its delegation in Twelvetreets will recover the *ship*, but it's willing to take more direct action as well. The Doomguard knows nothing about Willum or the General Assurance Company, and faction members can easily discover the deception if they bother to go to their headquarters and ask. Nevertheless, the factol will order the PCs to undertake the mission. (Recovering the *ship* is recovering the *ship*, and forewarned is forearmed when it comes to a peeling.)

THE GUVNERS, THE MERCYKILLERS, AND THE HARMONIUM

These factions are delighted that the Doomguard is having so much trouble with the tanar'ri. On a more practical note, they're worried that the Doomguard might recover the *ship of chaos*, which is a threat to the “natural order of the multiverse.”

AGENDA: Destroy the *ship*, or at least keep it from leaving the Abyss. PC faction members are encouraged to accept the mission in order to be in a better position to destroy the *ship* themselves, or lead other faction members to it.

THE ANARCHISTS AND THE XAOSITECTS

These factions are furious with the Doomguard for letting a wonderful weapon like the *ship* slip through their fingers. They're also secretly excited about the prospect of stealing the *ship* for themselves.

AGENDA: Get the *ship*. Both factions feel they can use it to create more chaos than the Doomguard can, but in the end it doesn't really matter which of the three chaos factions controls the *ship*. What matters most is wresting the *ship* away from the tanar'ri or whoever holds it now.

It's a rare, clear day in Sigil. The air is fresh and sweet — except near the Foundry — and the roofs overhead are aglitter with a dewy sheen left over from last night's rain. Some of the Cage's nastiest berks ain't too fond of daylight, so the streets are bit quieter as the sky brightens toward midday. (Course, as all bloods know, the city's dives and back rooms are busy with intrigue all the time; that's the way of things at the crossroads of the multiverse.) You feel a chill as you amble down the street — the breeze that carries away the ever-present soot and smoke is a trifle brisk.

CHAPTER I: THE ANNOUNCEMENT

A bright note from a trumpet blows through your musings on Sigil's weather. As the clarion tone multiplies and divides into a lively fanfare, you mark its source, drifting on the breeze toward you: It's a tabard-clad trumpeter that's perfectly flat, like a sign hanging in front of a shop. A long banner hanging from

the horn bears some kind of proclamation. The musical flourish draws considerable attention, so you have to elbow your way through a crowd of shopkeepers,

tourists, and adventurers like yourselves before you can see what the sign says. It's written in Dabus, probably because most bloods in town "speak" the language.

"The Abyss!" mutters a nearby basher. "Pike that!"

A few minutes later, the trumpeter fades from sight and is gone like a whiff of candle smoke.

The trumpeter is a programmed illusion, which reads "Calling all bloods! The General Assurance Company seeks cutters to retrieve something lost on the Abyss. Excellent pay. See Willum in the *Grinning Imp*." Willum has ordered several of the heralds placed around the city. Most of them reappear on the hour to deliver their messages, and continue to do so until sunset.

Show the players the rebus — the picture-message — entitled "The Trumpeter's Proclamation," printed on the outside of the cover. If they can't translate it, the disgusted "nearby basher" can translate (with just a hint of amusement). If the PCs begin asking questions, they find no useful information on the street, but there are some rumors and gossip:

- ♦ The *Grinning Imp* is a high-priced tavern in the Lower Ward, not far from the Shattered Temple. It's known as a good place to go when a body's got a tale to tell about giving a power the laugh.
- ♦ An assurance company takes a body's jink and agrees to pay lots of it back if something bad happens. If nothing bad happens, the company keeps the cash. Wealthy merchants use assurance companies to offset the occasional business loss.
- ♦ Willum is unknown in this district.
- ♦ The Abyss is a nasty kip — it's full of tanar'ri.

I WOULDN'T SWEAT
OVER A FEW BUGS
IN YOUR FLAGON.
THE ACID'LL KILL 'EM
BEFORE THEY'RE
HALFWAY DOWN
YOUR THRAT.

— KOR CLOBUR,
OFFERING A LITTLE
FRIENDLY
ADVICE

+ @ A

NEW CUSTOMER

THE GRINNING IMP

A cast-iron imp's head with a toothy smile marks the entrance to the Grinning Imp. Without the sculpture, the entrance would look like any other back staircase leading into the crumbling tenements on the block. The place must be next to impossible to find in the dark.

The steps are steep and narrow — bubbers can't have an easy time getting into this place and must have even more difficulty getting out. They descend into a deep recess with a black, windowless door in its shadowy depths.

The *Grinning Imp* is a tiny establishment that serves beverages from all over the multiverse. Prices are high, but any drink a bubbler could want is available, from Krynn

dwarven spirits to Olympian wine. Shapeshifters comprise the regular clientele: lycanthropes, polymorphed fiends, doppelgangers, and the like. The place also is popular with Athars looking for a fairly quiet night. The *Griming Imp* is famous as a place where tall tales are told. The regulars, involved in the art of deception themselves, appreciate hearing a whopper once in a while.

The establishment doesn't accept silver coins (in deference to the lycanthropic clientele). It's open around the clock. During the day (when the PCs are most likely to visit), the common room is filled with assorted fiends and lycanthropes in human form (a *true seeing* spell would give a sod quite an eyeful). The place tends to be quiet then — clinking tankards and whispered conversations are the only sounds. The *Imp* is livelier at night, when Athars, performing bards, and wealthy, slumming rakes predominate. No questions are asked and a bubbler is only as good as his jink. The door's not locked, and nobody answers if the PCs knock; customers are expected to walk right in.

The room beyond the door is horseshoe-shaped and dark. The only light, other than a few pale beams that creep in from the street when you open the door, comes from large, caged beetles with luminescent eyes and backs. A motley collection of humans and tieflings relaxes at small tables, contemplating their flagons and exchanging quiet words. They give you half-interested glances as you enter, then turn away. A series of arched niches line the walls, creating areas even darker than the main room. Several pairs of glowing eyes briefly study you from those recesses.

The bar stands directly opposite you, where a huge tiefling lazily polishes mugs in the dim light. He has a high forehead and a long, impish nose. Six-inch fangs protrude from his upper lip. He gives you a noncommittal look as he continues his work.

The tiefling is Kor Clotbur (PI/♂tf/F5/At/N), the *Griming Imp*'s bartender and bouncer. Kor does nothing but continue to polish his mugs (with an occasional spit), unless the PCs start a fight or approach the bar to order drinks. He's friendly enough if the PCs strike up a conversation with him. If they spend too much time gawking when they enter, however, he assumes they're Clueless, newly arrived in Sigil, so he overcharges them for drinks, and he doesn't answer any questions unless he gets a little garish first. Otherwise, he's happy to tell the PCs what little he knows as long as they order a few rounds.

If the PCs ask about the restriction against silver coins, Kor tells them that the owner hates the stuff. ("It tarnishes too easily.")

Kor knows Willum pretty well, as the latter's a regular who often conducts business there. If the PCs ask, Kor'll point out Willum, who sits alone at a nearby table, with a tankard in front of him. Willum is polymorphed and doesn't look at all like a pit fiend right now.

The sabre-toothed barkeep points to a gaunt humanoid seated at a small table near the bar. His hair is as black as a lump of charcoal, and his skin is so gray and shriveled that it's hard to tell if he's human, tiefling, or githzerai — he could be a mixture of all three. He's well dressed, though, in a flowing green cloak and loose gray shirt. He grips a flagon in his left hand, and you catch the sparkle of gold and diamonds on his fingers. He wears a sword and dagger at his belt, but is unarmored. Willum casts a bored glance at the doorway, then takes another pull at his flagon.

If the PCs introduce themselves to Willum, he invites them to be seated, then gets down to business:

"Ah! Someone of consequence did see — and hear — my notice then," says the scrawny man in a remarkably clear and

youthful voice. He whistles up a tiefling waitress and orders a round of drinks. That done, he turns back to you: "So! A trip into the Abyss appeals to your bloods?"

Refer to the following as the PCs talk with Willum:

- ♦ Willum is seeking a certain "conveyance," a flying ship, which has become lost in the Abyss, at least insofar as its owners are concerned. Because the disappearance of this ship would represent a substantial blow to both the owners and to the General Assurance Company (which Willum represents), he would like to engage the PCs to travel to the Abyss and recover the ship or, failing that, render it useless to whatever berks have taken possession of it (this is as much a question of honor as it is of business).
- ♦ Willum is prepared to advance the PCs 2,000 gp each in gems to cover expenses, and he'll supply the group with a general spell key of their choice, scrolls containing up to 30 levels of priest spells of the party's choice, three magical items of the group's choice (but not artifacts or one-of-a-kind items), and one power key for each priest. Upon the successful completion of the adventure, the group will receive an additional 10,000 gp and a bonus of 25,000 gp if they recover the ship. The mission will be regarded as successful if the PCs locate the ship, board it, and return to Sigil with satisfactory proof that they have either destroyed or recovered it. 'Course, having possession of the ship and turning it over to Willum is the only acceptable proof of having recovered the ship, but to prove they've destroyed it the PCs must submit to a series of questions administered in the presence of several witnesses who can assure the PCs' veracity.
- The PCs can negotiate the price upward if they wish; Willum will gladly pay double his initial offer for expenses (4,000 gp each in gems and six magical items, but no additional scrolls or keys). He might also be willing to increase the bonus if the PCs haggle; the DM should set a final price according to what is appropriate to the campaign.
- ♦ Willum is confident he can acquire a spell key for any single school of wizard spells. He doesn't haggle on this matter, pointing out that spell keys are rare and valuable. "I'm offering you knowledge," he says, "and knowledge is wealth, power, and security all rolled into one." If the PCs are still reluctant, Willum offers to get five *specific* spell keys instead. Time won't allow him to gather any more for them than that.
- ♦ Regarding the power keys, Willum points out that they are very rare and highly sought after. He tells them confidentially that he has certain *connections* with several high-up men, but he won't elaborate. If the PCs insist on knowing where the keys specifically come from, Willum withdraws the offer. (See page 7 for the real chant on Willum's power keys.)

- ◆ The ship disappeared from storage on an Inner Plane and is now somewhere on the Abyss. Willum will tell the PCs which layer if and when they accept the job. The layer itself isn't inherently hostile to the PCs (i.e., the layer isn't infused with poison, disease, corrosives, or the like – the tanar'ri, of course, are hostile toward everybody).

Once the PCs have agreed to a price, Willum wants to shake hands on the deal: "So, do you wish to find the ship for me?" he asks as he offers his hand. His handshake is bonecrushing. If the PCs answer "yes" to Willum's question, they have literally made a *wish*. (Pit fiends can grant one *wish* per year.) He's eager to bob the PCs into making the wish, but if he can't subtly peel them, he gives up.

See "Back to the *Grinning Imp*," on page 7, for more player information about the mission.

Peery bloods might use a *detect evil* spell on Willum, or look at him with a *true seeing* spell. Willum radiates strong evil and his true form is huge, hairy, and winged. (Don't tell the PCs they see a pit fiend.) In either case the PCs will discover more than they bargained for, as the *Grinning Imp* is stuffed to the gills with evil creatures in disguise. Willum is carefully watching the PCs for any telltale reactions and expressions, and he'll know if they're using divination spells:

"Oh ho!" says Willum. "Aren't we curious? A little too curious for Sigil, perhaps. Now that you've stuck your noses where they don't rightly belong, shall we get back to business?"

Willum insists that the PCs have no reason to refuse his offer just because he's a pit fiend:

- ◆ He's not acting on his own behalf, but on that of the General Assurance Company, a firm based in Sigil, duly registered in the Hall of Records.
- ◆ This is ultimately a mission directed against the tanar'ri, so nothing but good can come of it.
- ◆ If the tanar'ri gain the upper hand in the Blood War, they'll begin attacking other planes after they subdue Baator.
- ◆ This is Sigil, after all, where the denizens of many planes mix together under the Lady of Pain's watchful eye. If the PCs can't stomach that, perhaps they should slink back to a nice place on the Prime Material and engage in a sodding holy war or three.

Pit Fiend (Willum): THACO 7; #AT 6 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d6/1d6/2d6/2d4 or by weapon (long sword) +8 (Strength and magic bonuses); AC -5; HD 13; hp 68; MV 15, Fl 24(C); SA Strength 18/00, fear, poison, tail constriction, spell-like abilities; SD regeneration, hit only by +3 or better weapons, immune to fire and poison, half damage from gas and cold; MR 50%; SZ L (12' tall); Int genius; AL LE; ML 20; XP 21,000.

Spell-like abilities (13th level): Always active: *know alignment*; once per round: *advanced illusion*, *animate dead*, *charm person*, *detect invisibility*, *detect magic*, *fireball*, *hold person*, *improved invisibility*, *infravision*, *polymorph self*, *produce flame*, *pyrotechnics*, *suggestion*, *teleport without error*, *wall of fire*; once per day: *symbol of pain*; once per year: *wish*.

Gate (once per round): Two lesser baatezu or one greater baatezu (100%).

If the deal is concluded, Willum gives each PC a 1,000-gp ruby and takes his leave to gather up the magical items, keys, and jink. He asks them to rejoin him at the *Grinning Imp* in three days. The

PCs are free to spend the time in any way they wish – most groups will probably visit their faction headquarters, gather information about the mission, and pick up equipment.

DM Note: Most of the magical items Willum offers are temporary constructs. The only genuine items Willum can get are magical weapons: He can procure Abyss-forged weapons (booty from the Blood War) of almost any type. All such weapons have a bonus of +3 (or less) on the Abyss and no special abilities. Willum gladly supplies virtually any items the PCs request, but they'll all disappear utterly and irrevocably in about a month. Until then, the temporary items are indistinguishable from permanent items by any means short of a *wish*.

All scrolls are genuine, however (drawn from a secret baatezu stockpile in Sigil). The PCs can ask for any combination of priest spells, so long as the total number of spell levels does not exceed 30. For example, Willum can supply four *resurrection* spells and one *aid* spell on a single scroll or 30 cure light wounds spells on 30 different scrolls.

WHAT THE FACTIONS KNOW

Every faction in Sigil knows something about the Abyss, but only a few of them know anything about Willum's mission. If the PCs go to their faction headquarters, they can find someone who can give them any information included in *The Travelogue* in the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set. For a little extra jink the PCs also can learn the dark of how magic works on the Abyss. Factions with specific information about the situation are listed below.

THE DOOMGUARD

This faction knows the chant, though they know nothing about Willum. Doomguard PCs can learn the following at the Armory:

- ◆ The Doomguard has lost a flying ship in the Abyss, but it hasn't engaged the General Assurance Company to retrieve it. Five high-up Doomguardsmen have gone to Twelvvetrees to find out if the tanar'ri had anything to do with the ship's disappearance – that's the full extent of the Doomguard's efforts to find the ship.
- ◆ Five Doomguardsmen disappeared along with the ship. They could be either innocent victims or traitors. The PCs should find out what happened to them if possible.
- ◆ Whoever Willum is, he ain't a Doomguardsman! (His faction isn't known, but he's probably an Indep.) It's possible the ship he's looking for isn't the *ship of chaos*, but it would be quite a coincidence if there were two flying ships roaming the Abyss right now.
- ◆ The ship is no mere "conveyance," but an entropy weapon of considerable power. Its permanent loss would be regrettable.
- ◆ The fact that Willum would see the *ship of chaos* destroyed indicates he's an enemy of the faction. Nevertheless, any Doomguard PCs in the party are instructed to accept the mission. Willum is doubtless plotting some treachery, but the PCs are forewarned and therefore forearmed.

The PCs should not go to Twelvvetrees if they can help it. The tanar'ri are touchy and the PCs' sudden appearance could upset negotiations.

- ◆ If the PCs press the point, the Doomguard agrees to match Willum's bonus for returning the ship.

- ◆ If the PCs recover the ship, they should take it back to Citadel Exhalus, where it came from.

THE FRATERNITY OF ORDER, THE HARMONIUM, AND THE MERCYKILLERS

These factions keep a wary eye on the Doomguard, and they know some of the dark surrounding the mission. PC faction members can learn the following if they visit their headquarters:

- ◆ The Doomguard has recently concluded some sort of deal with the tanar'ri. The details aren't well known, but those allies almost certainly intend to spread chaos throughout the planes.
- ◆ Willum's lost ship probably has something to do with the Doomguard's deal. Willum is a known Indep, and probably is a front for the Anarchists or the Xaositects. The other chaotic factions probably want to steal the ship for themselves and deny it to the Doomguard if they can't have it — typical chaotic behavior.
- ◆ The PCs should accept Willum's mission and destroy the ship; anything the chaotics want can't be good for the rest of the multiverse.

THE ANARCHISTS AND XAOSITECTS

These factions are sometimes Doomguard allies, and they have a pretty good idea of what's going on.

- ◆ The Doomguard has recently acquired an entropy weapon, and then foolishly lost it. Willum's flying ship could be that weapon.
- ◆ Willum is a known Indep who could be acting as an agent for any of a number of factions ("but not ours"). He seems to be playing his cards close to his chest, because his desire to see the ship destroyed could mark him as either a Doomguard agent or foe.
- ◆ The PCs are to accept Willum's mission and find out what the ship really is. If it is an entropy weapon, it should be delivered to one of the chaos factions — if not to them, then to the Doomguard.

OTHER FACTIONS

All other factions know very little.

- ◆ The General Assurance Company provides financial security to traders, but no Sigil-based merchant owns any flying ships.
- ◆ Willum is an Indep — that faction can confirm this to its own members. It's likely that another faction or a mercenary company is Willum's true client.

BACK TO THE GRINNING IMP

Willum returns to the *Grinning Imp* to meet the PCs exactly three days (to the minute) after he took his leave. He is seated in one of the dark alcoves with two erinyes for company (freshly *gated* in for the task). The erinyes are polymorphed into the form of extremely attractive tiefling females, and they carry the PCs' scrolls, magical items, and cash in big leather sacks. Priests who accepted Willum's offer of power keys each receive a small, jet-black amulet. Each is a flat pentagon about 1 inch thick.

DM NOTE: Willum's power keys contain confined spirits. Each amulet can power any six priest spells before the spirits in it are exhausted and the key becomes inert. A *true seeing* spell reveals the spirits within.

The PCs are fairly safe using the keys on the Abyss, where most powers have very little influence, but good and neutral characters who use them might have some trouble with their own deities after the adventure — once the PCs exit the Abyss, the powers *will* take notice. Unless the PC immediately discards her key after departing the Abyss (preferably by sacrificing it to her own deity), she suffers some minor disfigurement (her eyebrows grow together, her hair changes color, a favored magical item becomes permanently soiled or corroded, etc.). The disfigurement is a sign that all is not well between the PC and her power.

If the PC uses the key after becoming disfigured, she is further transformed, suffering a more noticeable change (a wart on the nose, leathery skin, a short tail, etc.), which lowers her Charisma score by 1 point, except to fiends. Further, her deity no longer grants her highest level of spells, but a power of Baator grants them instead (unbeknownst to the priest).

If the PC uses the key yet again, she undergoes a major transformation that also imparts some special ability (DM's choice: small wings that allow limited flight, fangs or claws that allow the character to inflict 1d4 points of damage in unarmed combat, scales that improve Armor Class by 1 point, etc.). At this point the character no longer receives any spells higher than 2nd level from her deity, but the power of Baator quietly grants them instead.

If the PC uses the key once more, she becomes lawful evil, loses an experience level, becomes a cleric beholden to the power of Baator, and loses *all* granted powers from her previous deity.

The character can halt the transformation anytime before her alignment changes by discarding the key and receiving an *atonement* spell (a *quest* is required to affect the *atonement* in advanced cases). Once the character's alignment changes, she can regain her former status only by renouncing her fiendish patron. This strips the PC of all spells and effectively makes her a dual-classed character with 0 experience points in her present character class. If human, the character can pursue any other class for which she qualifies. If demihuman, the character can become a specialty priest or cleric. Any character can choose to return to her former deity. The character regains spells and granted abilities as she gains new experience, but does not gain any new hit points or proficiencies until she surpasses her old experience point total.

Willum has some additional advice for the PCs before they leave:

- ◆ Take along plenty of food and water.
- ◆ Watch out for the molydei, the guardian tanar'ri who keep watch over everything that moves in and out of the Abyss. The PCs will know when they meet one, as they're about the only tanar'ri that have two heads.
- ◆ Never forget the value of a little garnish. ("Sometimes a lot works when a little won't.")
- ◆ The PCs will know the *ship* when they see it. It's 300 feet long and looks unlike anything else on the planes.
- ◆ Willum's sources have informed him of the rumored location of a temporary portal that will take the PCs directly to the Plains of Infinite Portals, the first layer of the Abyss. It's in or near *Tashad's Barber Shop*, near the Shattered Temple. The key to the portal is reported to be any scrap of rusty iron, *not* steel; the PCs should be able to pick some up anywhere.

- ◆ The party should be fairly near the *ship* when they arrive on the Abyss. They should wave some jink at the first intelligent body they meet – even a leatherheaded tanar’ri should remember seeing a flying ship.
- ◆ When the PCs are ready to leave the Abyss, they might prefer to use the portal that leads to Plague-Mort rather than the portal to Sigil; it’s in the burg called the Broken Reach. Red Shroud, the ruler of that cage, is a noted poisoner, so it might be a good idea to take along a vial of poison as garnish. (Willum can provide it if the PCs ask, but he’ll insist that they give it to Red Shroud with *his* compliments, rather than theirs.)

THE PORTAL

Willum’s directions lead you to Tashad’s Barber Shop, a small case located on the ground floor of a tall, half-timber building near the Shattered Temple. Like everything in the area, the building is covered with filth, soot, and a thick layer of razorvine. There are no obvious clues that indicate a portal, but the open doorway into the shop seems to be the only archway in the area.

As you study the arch, a stifled groan erupts from the shop’s dingy interior. An agonized scream follows a second later.

Tashad (Pr/♀h/T11/FL/N) is a barber-thief from Zakhara. She came to the Outer Planes involuntarily some years ago, after offending a marid. After discovering the City of Doors, she decided to stay. In addition to providing shaves and haircuts, she also serves as a surgeon and healer. The Athar, who pike most priestly assistance, provide her with plenty of business. She’s busy cleaning out an infected wound right now, hence the screams.

Tashad knows her shop’s door is the portal to the Abyss, and that it’s active only for five days each month. For the price of a shave and a haircut, and a few civil words, she’ll tell the PCs as much. (They’re in luck: It just became active again today.) For another garnish, she’ll leave her door open until the portal shuts down on its own, in four days. (When Tashad shuts the door she closes the portal, as there’s no longer an open archway.)

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTERS

The DM can spice up the PCs’ time in Sigil by throwing in one or two of the following encounters. This section also includes two ways to start the adventure if the PCs are unwilling to get the ball rolling themselves.

BEWARE THE GUARDS: The PCs’ more-or-less open meeting with Willum at the *Grinning Imp*, and their subsequent efforts to gather information about the Abyss, have drawn the attention of the involved factions. The Mercykillers and the Doomguard are the most likely candidates – use the faction most opposed to the group’s general faction allegiance. If the PCs refused the mission, both factions might hunt the PCs because they assume the adventurers plan to recover or destroy the *ship*.

Two fighters approach the PCs on the street and tell them to forget going to the Abyss to look for flying ships. They point out that an arrow is aimed at each PC’s back. (If the PCs look behind them, they see archers with nocked arrows standing on a nearby roof.) If the PCs choose to fight, the two bashers on the street parry with their swords while their companions fire arrows. Each fighter has at least has a score of 17 or higher in at least one of the following statistics: Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution. If

the PCs don’t deal with the fighters immediately, they’ll have to face them when they try to use the portal.

Guards (8*): THACO 13; #AT 3/2 or 2/1; Dmg by weapon; AC 4; HD 7**; hp 5 per HD; MV 9; SA Strength and specialization bonuses as assigned by the DM; SZ M; Int avg; AL varies; ML 12; XP 975 each.

Equipment: Banded mail, long sword, long bow, 20 *sheaf* arrows +1.

* Assuming six PCs, there are two guards, plus one additional guard per PC.

** Assuming 10th level PCs – the guards should be two or three levels lower.

A LITTLE BUB GOES A LONG WAY: Sam (Pl/♂h/F6/S2)/CN, a down-on-his-luck bubbler with nothing to do but stick his nose into other people’s business, accosts the PCs while they’re sitting down for a drink or a meal. In return for a little bub, he can tell the PCs everything they need to know: “S’cuse me, friends, but are you planning a trip to the Abyss?” Sam actually knows enough about the Abyss to give the PCs the same general information they could get at any faction headquarters. He’ll also answer any other question the PCs put to him, provided they keep his cup full, but he collapses in a heap after about five drinks. Sam has the following additional information.

- ◆ Willum refused to pay off one of his customers recently. The client was shipping silver ingots to the Abyss and lost everything, right down to the pack animals and guards.

This is true; the silver was destined for Twelvetreets, where it was going to be turned into ballista bolts for the *ships of chaos*. Willum’s policy with the merchant helped him learn about the *ship*. This bit of information really has nothing to do with the adventure, but it might sound important to the PCs. If they ask Willum about the incident, he tells them that the merchant’s policy didn’t cover losses due to war – in this case, the Blood War.

- ◆ The Doomguard (or the Mercykillers) are looking for the PCs. (This is a good one to use if the PCs already have met the fighters from the previous optional encounter.)

The DM can use Sam to convey any other information that the PCs have overlooked. (If the DM wants the PCs to know it, Sam can tell them about it.)

ALTERNATE STARTS

FACTION START: If the PCs are members of one of the six factions mentioned in the “What the Factions Know” section (page 6), they can receive a summons from their faction. A high-up man in the faction tells the PCs about Willum’s announcement and suggests that they meet him. The conversation might go something like this:

“Some dried-up berk named Willum is trying to scare up people to go to the Abyss and find something that somebody lost. This Willum is sitting in the Grinning Imp, swilling bub. Go talk to him and find out the chant. There’s bound to be some jink in this deal for you, and the factol is very, VERY interested in the dark of it all – get the hint?”

NONFACTION START: Willum might forget his illusory trumpeter and contact the PCs himself, explaining that he knows the PCs by reputation. To get their attention, he might introduce himself by offering them a gem or magical item.



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CHAPTER II: IN THE ABYSS

The portal takes the PCs to a ruined city in the Plains of Infinite Portals, the first layer of the Abyss. The *ship* is somewhere nearby, roaming about under the command of a babau, collecting stray tanar'ri for the Blood War before it returns to its masters in Twelvetreets. The section of the plane that the PCs are visiting is safer than usual because many tanar'ri (who have no desire to serve in the Blood War) are avoiding the *ship*.

DM NOTE: There's no day or night on the Plain of Infinite Portals. Smart cutters might note the passing hours by how often they get hungry — otherwise, time flows by unnoticed. The air is fairly clear, but a dusty haze cloaks everything in the distance; visibility is the equivalent of mist or light rain (see the *PHB*, table 62). PCs on the ground can see landmarks such as mountains, lakes, and ruins nine or ten miles away (three hexes on the DM map — see the inside of the gatefold cover) at most. From a height, the PCs can see landmarks about 20 miles away (seven hexes). The large circle in the DM map's center marks the limit of the PCs' ability to spot landmarks if they climb on any roof of the ruined city, or if they fly up to get a better view.

Remember that magic is often altered in the Abyss. See the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set for details, but the effects of the plane upon the various wizard schools are briefly outlined below. ('Course, the PCs' magic works normally if they have the proper spell keys.)

- ♦ Alteration magic opens the recipient to uncontrolled transformations. (See the alteration spell effects, detailed on the map sheet entitled "An Abridged Lexicon of the Abyss," in the aforementioned boxed set, for guidelines.)
- ♦ Conjunction/summoning magic can draw the attention of the tanar'ri, as an evocation/invocation magic.
- ♦ Divinations are often safe, but when a true tanar'ri is subjected to a divination it can create a special magical counterattack (in addition to its own spell-like abilities). ESP is particularly hazardous to the caster.
- ♦ Illusion/phantasms are enhanced.
- ♦ Necromancy works normally.
- ♦ Wild magic is even more unpredictable than usual.
- ♦ Elemental magic is ineffective.
- ♦ Priest spells are affected according to their school, and most priests suffer a reduction in casting level.

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QUIE+ HERE. . . .

— GNØICH SENDØ+,
A BLEAKER

TANAR'RI SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Unless otherwise noted, all tanar'ri in this adventure have the following spell-like abilities: *Darkness* 15' radius, *infravision*, and *teleport without error*. These abilities are *not* subject to the Abyss's special magical properties.

COMBAT WITH THE DENIZENS OF THE ABYSS: Unless otherwise noted, nontanar'ri attempt to flee from combat if they lose at least half their hit points, and if they have an escape route (as those who surrender are generally as good as lost in the Abyss). Most tanar'ri teleport to safety if they lose 90% or more of their hit points or when their leader is defeated. All tanar'ri have the following resistances and immunities: They suffer no damage from poison, nonmagical fire, or electricity. They sustain only half damage from cold, magical fire, and gas. Greater tanar'ri suffer only half damage from silver weapons. Magical weapons carried by tanar'ri in this adventure disappear when the creature is slain. Smart DMs will consult the *PLANESCAPE MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM* and the *Monstrous Supplement* in the *Planes of Chaos* box for a clear understanding of tanar'ri.

ARRIVAL

The heroes arrive in a ruined city (at the center of the circle on the DM map) and cross the path of a molydeus, who thinks they'd make fine troops for the Blood War. The PCs must defeat the fiend or convince it to let them go. (The latter requires a lot of jink, but it's possible.) If the PCs fought the Mercykillers or Doomguardsmen from the

optional encounters in Chapter I, it's possible that their foes might pursue them through the portal and continue the attack. If so, the PCs' difficulties amuse the molydeus so much that it just blocks the portal and sits back to enjoy the show.

You step onto an empty street covered with orange-red dust. Your feet send up plumes of crimson motes, giving the air a dry, scratchy smell. The skeletons of gutted buildings loom over you, and dusty heaps of smashed masonry lie everywhere. A few patches of razorvine cling to the broken stones, and a bloated red sun looms high above the rooftops. The sunlight is strong and hot, yet utterly cheerless.

If the party has been followed by rival factioneers, say so and resolve the encounter before reading the next passage.

For a moment there is no sound except your feet scuffling in the ruddy dust and a sneeze or two from your party. Then, a hissing laugh erupts behind you. A massive creature with two heads, one snakelike and one canine, stands in the archway behind you, cutting you off from Sigil. The snake head continues to snicker as the canine head address you with a growl: "So, what have we here?"

"Planar volunteers for the Blood War of course!" answers the snake head.

"Look lively then," says the canine head. "The stinking baatezu are impressed by disciplined troops!" The creature hefts a wicked-looking double-headed battle axe.

Molydeus: THACO 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/1d6/2d10+5 (axe); AC -5; HD 12; hp 70; MV 15; SA vorpal axe of dancing, poison; SD hit only by cold-iron weapons, never surprised; MR 90%; SZ H (12' tall); Int exc; AL CE; ML 20; XP 21,000.

Spell-like abilities (12th level): Always active: *true seeing*; once per round: *affect normal fires*, *animate object*, *blindness*, *charm person or mammal*, *command*, *Evard's black tentacles*, *fear*, *improved invisibility*, *know alignment*, *polymorph other*, *sleep*, *suggestion*, *vampiric touch*; seven times per day: *lightning bolt*.

Gate (once per hour): 1d4 babau, 1d2 chasme, or 1 molydeus (35%).

The party would do well to negotiate with the molydeus. It cannot be intimidated or bluffed, and it will gladly fight if attacked. In combat, the molydeus uses its axe and drops back to use its spell-like abilities when the weapon begins to dance. If it suffers more than 20 points of damage, it uses its *gate* ability to summon a chasme. If the molydeus suffers at least 50 points of damage it teleports away.

The first spell attack that breaches the molydeus's magic resistance draws retaliation from a tanar'ri lord. (See the "Magical Conditions" section of the "Depths of the Abyss" chapter in *The Book of Chaos*, in the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set.) The tanar'ri lord causes 2d10 of the surrounding rocks to transform into dretches that swarm over the offending spellcaster. The dretches fight to the death if the molydeus is present, but teleport to safety immediately if the molydeus flees or is killed.

If the PCs decide to negotiate, the molydeus is arrogant and supremely confident. Its two heads keep up a running banter, suggesting various horrible fates that might await the PCs in the Blood War. The molydeus can be bribed to let the PCs pass, but is offended if offered anything less than 1,000 gp per person. It is satisfied with at least 2,000 gp per person or a magical item. Characters who cannot pay must fight the molydeus or become a draftee for the Blood War. If the PCs are reluctant to part with their jink, one of the heads suggests that *all* the party's treasure would be lost

if the molydeus simply slew them.

If the PCs mention the *ship of chaos*, the molydeus hints that it knows where the *ship* is. For a payment of at least 10,000 gp, two magical items, or one Blood War draftee, the molydeus tells the PCs that it saw the *ship* flying over the lakes of molten iron just a few hours ago. The information is correct; the molydeus assumes the PCs are Doomguard who have come searching for the *ship*, and that they eventually will be trapped on the layer of Twelvetimes if they board the *ship*.

If the PCs ask about a guide, the molydeus whistles up an armanite who will serve the PCs for a mere 5,000 gp, a magical item, or a Blood War draftee. The armanite is fairly reliable as tanar'ri guides go. It offers no information, but gives generally truthful answers to any questions put to it. If the PCs fight any tanar'ri, the armanite hangs back until it appears that one side or the other is winning, then joins the winning side. If the PCs don't watch the armanite carefully, it grabs their treasure or a wounded PC and teleports away. The DM is free to decide a kidnapped character's ultimate fate.

If the PCs don't survey the area from a height, all they see are ruined buildings and a few purple trees beyond. However, there are numerous rises and broken-down buildings that the PCs can climb in order to get a better take on the plane. The DM can suggest as much if the players ask about the surroundings. Read the following if the PCs survey the area from a height. The cover gatefold illustrates the following text; let the players look at it while the passage is read.

A bleak vista of rust-red dust, bathed in the crimson rays from the sun, surrounds you. The massive orb hangs motionless and directly overhead in a perpetual high noon. There seem to be no true directions here — the distant horizon is cloaked in a blood-red haze, and it appears to curve upward and away from you, as though you stand in the depths of a huge bowl, yet the ground around you seems flat as a tabletop.

A weird forest of grotesque trees immediately surrounds the ruins where your party stands. The plants are about 30 feet high and twisted into wild serpentine curves. Their bark and foliage are either disgusting purple, made even more lurid by the red sunlight, or bone white that appears to be freshly washed in blood — another trick of the red sun.

Straight ahead, you can make out the shores of a lake filled with white hot iron, but only the merest tip shows through the haze, and you can't tell how large the lake is. To the left, also cloaked in haze, you spy a great fortress of rusty iron. A seething mass of tanar'ri surrounds the citadel in a restless, living tide. Waves of attackers swarm over the battlements, tearing away great chunks of metal.

In the opposite direction of the molten lake, a ruin just like this one stands silently at the edge of sight. Further to the left as you scan, a second iron fortress lies within another forest of purple and white trees.



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SEEKING THE SHIP OF CHAOS

Once the PCs have dealt with the molydeus, they're free to search for the *ship*. If they allowed Willum to lure them into *wishing* to find the *ship*, it makes no difference where they go or what they do — they'll mark it eventually. If the party treated with the molydeus, they'll most likely head for the lake of molten iron immediately, as that's where the molydeus says it saw the *ship*. Fact is, the *ship* still is taking on crew in the town of Raazorforge (see the DM map). The party should have no difficulty finding the town and catching the *ship* before it leaves.

If the PCs did not make the *wish* and did not ask the molydeus about the *ship*, they must either stumble upon it or pick up some clue of its whereabouts from some passing denizen of the plane. Assume that the *ship* spends three or four days in Raazorforge, then moves counterclockwise around the map, visiting each of the citadels, cities, and ruins, pausing at each location for at least a few hours (never longer than a day) before exiting through the conduit nearest the top of the map. The *ship* moves about 24 hexes per day and completes its circuit of the map in ten days.

The *ship* is about 300 feet long and at least vaguely visible from up to 20 miles away. It also leaves a trail of dead larvae in its wake. When moving across the map, the *ship* drops the withered shell of a larva about every mile or so (three larvae per hex). Withered larvae appear to be blackened husks about 4 feet long. They crumble to dust at the slightest touch. Characters who examine a husk closely without touching it can make out the features of the larva's humanoid face. (Note that *speak with dead* spells are useless in this case; once a larva dies it is utterly destroyed.) Most tanar'ri the PCs meet can be bribed or coerced into revealing what they know about the *ship* (which is very little unless it has passed by recently); a garnish of about 500 gp or a suitable show of force is sufficient to extract a tanar'ri's information. Intelligent nontanar'ri are slightly more talkative; see individual encounters (in the pages that follow) for details.

DM NOTE: The meeting with the molydeus is the only preset encounter in this chapter. The remainder of the material in this chapter describes the various features of the DM map, and it's intended to be used for random encounters, to keep the action moving while the PCs search for the *ship*. Encounters are listed by terrain.

If the PCs get the molydeus's clue, head straight for the lake of molten iron, and proceed directly to Raazorforge, they should have only two or three random encounters. If they wander the plane instead, they should have about one encounter per day.



PLAINS

These open areas contain nothing but red dust, occasional outcroppings of rock, and patches of razorvine. The PCs might have any of the following encounters while traversing the plains.

HORDE OF WANDERING TANAR'RI: Two to four hundred least and lesser tanar'ri led by a cambion, succubus, or vrock have deserted the Blood War and are roaming the plane. The horde raises towering clouds of dust that can be seen from at least 15 miles away. The PCs easily can avoid the horde, but if they're addle-coved enough to approach it, the tanar'ri attack en masse until the PCs flee or are slain. (A horde can appear in the PCs' path whenever they go anywhere the DM doesn't want them to.)

CHASME SCOUTS: 1d3 chasme pass by, searching for stragglers from the Blood War. If the PCs attack, the chasme swoop into combat, using their *sleep drone* as they close. If the PCs ignore them, the chasme approach to within 100 yards, hover overhead for 1d4+1 rounds, and use their *sleep drone*. At the end of this time they might attack the group (40%), fly away (40%), or *teleport* away and return in 1d4 hours with three more chasme and 2d4 eyewings. The chasme and their allies attack unless the PCs pay a magical item in tribute.

Chasme (1d3): THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4; AC -5; HD 8+2; hp 38; MV 6, Fl 24(D); SA *wounding*, *sleep drone*, *terror*; MR 50%; SZ M (7' long); Int avg-very; AL CE; ML 15-16; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (8th level): Always active: *detect good*, *detect invisibility*; once per round: *insect plague*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *telekinesis*.

Gate (three times per day): 2d10 manes, 1d4+1 cambions, or 1 chasme (40%).

Eyewing (2d4): THACO 17; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d4 or *tears*; AC 4; HD 3; hp 15; MV Fl 24(B); SA hit from *tear* inflicts 2d6 points of damage — save vs. poison for half, splash from *tear* attacks all creatures within 10' at THACO 19, which inflicts 2d4 points of damage — save vs. poison for half; SD immune to cold; SZ L (15' long); Int low; AL CE; ML 12; XP 650.

RAMPAGING ARMANITES: A pack of 1d4+4 armanites charges the PCs. They have lost their kneet and attack until they're destroyed or the PCs find a way to escape. If the PCs attack the armanites as they approach, half of them halt and fire their arrows and spark bolts at the party while the remainder closes to melee range. Once melee is joined, the halted armanites charge.

Armanite (1d4+4): THACO 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/2d6 (hooves)/1d10 (flamerge) or 1d8+1 (arrow); AC 2; HD 5; hp 23; MV 18, Fl 18(C); SA spark bolts, crushing hooves; SD hit only by +2 or better weapons, immune to poison, cold, and electricity; SZ L (10' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML n/a; XP 2,000.

GIANT ANTS: The PCs stumble onto a nest of 1d100 giant red ants, which swarm out of the dusty ground. These ants are tougher than their Prime Material counterparts, but aren't otherwise unusual. They depend on their numbers and their sheer ferocity to survive on the Abyss. They attack fearlessly until half their number are slain or until the PCs use fire against them. They are hard to detect while lying in wait in the red dust, and impose a -3 penalty upon the party's surprise rolls.

Giant Ant (1d100): THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; AC 3; HD 3; hp 10; MV 18; SA hit allows sting attack for 3d4 points of damage, save vs. poison for only 1d4 damage; SZ S (3' long); Int non; AL N; ML n/a; XP 420.

VIPER TREE FORESTS

The tanar'ri planted a grove of viper trees to protect the portal to Sigil in the ruins. (See the *Monstrous Supplement* in the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set.) The trees are particularly aggressive and attack anything that comes within reach except tanar'ri that are man-sized or larger. When the PCs enter a forest hex, they stumble into 1d3 viper trees and must fight. If the PCs flee, each tree breaks off 1d4 branches, which pursue. If the PCs are wary of the trees, an alertness proficiency roll, *detect invisibility* spell, or successful Intelligence check allows them to locate the dangerous trees and avoid them. However, paying such close attention to the trees imposes a 90% chance of getting lost and wandering in circles within the forest; the chance of getting lost falls to 50% if the party has an armanite guide.

Viper Tree (1d3): THACO 13; #AT 7; Dmg 2d6; AC 7; HD 7; hp 30; MV 0; SA venom, detached branches; SD immune to cold, poison, acid, and spells that affect single creatures, half damage from type B weapons, double damage from fire; SZ H (30' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML 12; XP 5,000.



RUINS

These areas, including the one containing the portal the PCs used to enter the plane, are the broken remnants of former Plague-Morts. Periodically the gate-town is pushed over the boundary of the Outlands and into the Abyss, when enough folks in the burg go barmy with evil and riot in the streets. Over the centuries, a whole series of cities have drifted into the Abyss. (If the PCs follow the line of ruins, they'll eventually find the Broken Reach and its portal to the Outlands.) The transported Plague-Morts continue to function for a time, but they eventually fall into disrepair. Enterprising planars emigrate to other locales, where the tanar'ri overlord is more firmly in control, and the original city is gradually abandoned. Finally, a horde of tanar'ri invades the city and strips it of everything valuable.

If the PCs visit any ruins, they might encounter any of the following creatures.

Manes: 5d10 of these creatures are noisily scavenging. The PCs can give them the laugh if they move quickly, but the manes attack if they mark the party. The PCs cannot communicate with them, even using magic.

Mane (5d10): THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4; AC 8; HD 1; hp 4; MV 6; SA acidic vapor; MR 10%; SZ S (3' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML n/a; XP 975.

Armanites: 2d10 armanites are searching for a place to establish a new city. They'll attack at the slightest provocation, but gladly accept some jink in return for information.

Armanite (2d10): THACO 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/2d6 (hooves)/1d10 (flamerge) or 1d8+1 (arrow); AC 2; HD 5; hp 23; MV 18, Fl 18(C); SA spark bolts, crushing hooves; SD hit only by +2 or better weapons, immune to poison, cold, and electricity; SZ L (10' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML n/a; XP 2,000.

Cranium Rats: Forty cranium rats are attracted to the PCs' rations. There are enough of them to generate two *phantasmal force* spells (described for the players below). Because illusions are enhanced in the Abyss, the effects have an audio component.

You have entered an area of tangled wreckage, heavily overgrown with razorvine and carpeted with deep drifts of red dust from the surrounding plain. The dust muffles your footsteps, and you'd be as silent as wraiths if not for the jangling of your arms and equipment. As you trudge along, a despondent moaning seems to rise from the dust at your feet. Shortly thereafter, a cloaked apparition materializes before you: It is man-sized, but seems to be legless. Its pinched face is pale and covered with parchmentskin drawn so tight it's nearly skeletal. The creature clutches a wooden alms bowl in its clawlike hands. With another imploring moan, it holds out the bowl.

The rats hope the party will give up some food. The illusion can't speak, but it can moan and move to block a single character who tries to walk by without giving it anything. If several characters pass the illusion, a second begging phantom appears.

Anything the PCs put into the bowls disappears. Liquids seem to evaporate or drain away. Solid items such as coins clink in the bottom of the bowl, but vanish. Food disappears, too, but the PCs can "fill" the bowls if they pile in food quickly enough. The items actually fall to the ground, landing silently in the dust. If the PCs specifically look at the ground, they see the items and have good reason to disbelieve the illusion.

The rats let the PCs go if they surrender at least two weeks' worth of rations. They attack otherwise.

Cranium Rat (40): THACO 19; Dmg 1d4; AC 6; HD 1; hp 3; MV 15; SA spells; SD communal mind; SZ T (6' tall); Int low; AL NE; ML 7; XP 65.

Adventurers: A group of Clueless treasure hunters has lost all its rations to the cranium rats. They detected the rats' illusions and dispersed the pack, but the rats returned while the group was resting and stole all their food. The adventurers are starving and desperate. They'll pay 500 gp or a *potion* for a week's rations. (They have 2,000 gp and the potions listed below.) If the PCs refuse to sell, the adventurers attack.

Fighters (6*): THACO 13; #AT 3/2 or 2/1; Dmg by weapon; AC 4; HD 8**; hp 48; MV 9; SA Strength and specialization bonuses as assigned by the DM; SZ M; Int avg; AL N; ML 12; XP 1,400 each.

Equipment: Banded mail, shield, *long sword* +1, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, dagger, two potions each from the following list: *ESP*, *extra-healing* (x2), *fire breath*, *flying*, *gaseous form*, *healing* (x2), *invisibility*, *oil of slipperiness*, *speed*, *treasure finding*, *undead control* (spectre).

Priest: THACO 16; Dmg by weapon; AC 4; HD 9**; hp 45; MV 9; SA Spells cast at 7th level; SZ M; Int avg; AL CN; ML 12; XP 2,000.

Equipment: Banded mail, shield +1, *mace of disruption*, *potion of extra-healing*, *potion of fire resistance*.

Spells Carried: 1st-level: *cure light wounds*; 2nd-level: *aid*, *augury*; 3rd-level: *neutralize poison*, *cure disease*; 4th-level: *cure serious wounds*.

Wizard: THACO 18; Dmg by weapon; AC 4; HD 9**; hp 27; MV 9; SA Strength and specialization bonuses as assigned by the DM; SZ M; Int high; AL CN; ML 12; XP 2,000.

Equipment: dagger +2, wand of fear (19 charges), wand of wonder (41 charges), potion of ventriloquism.

Spells Carried: 1st-level: magic missile (x2), charm person; 2nd-level: ray of enfeeblement, stinking cloud; 3rd-level: fireball, slow; 4th-level: dimension door, improved invisibility; 5th-level: wall of iron.

* Assuming six PCs, there is one fighter per PC.

** Assuming 10th level PCs – the NPCs should be two or three levels lower.

CITADELS

Powerful tanar'ri lords maintain these enormous iron fortresses. Some of them are simply clever individuals who have managed to carve out personal domains in the internecine chaos of the Plains of Infinite Portals. Other lords (usually nalfeshnees, mariliths, and balors) actually serve in the Blood War by keeping a lookout for invading baatezu and others who might try to seize control over the lakes of molten iron. All the lords are especially wary, now that a *ship of chaos* is in the vicinity. They're apt to consider any stranger either a baatezu agent or just another opportunistic enemy.

YOU HAVE A MESSAGE
FOR THE MASTER? FOLLOW ME;
I BELIEVE HE WILL HAVE
AN IMMEDIATE REPLY FOR YOU.

— A CAMBION LIEUTENANT
+ A GROUP OF
SOON-TO-BE-LOST
LEATHERHEADS



Each lord is served by an elite cadre of about a dozen weaker true tanar'ri (vrock, glabrezu, and hezrou), an elite guard of a few dozen greater tanar'ri, and several hundred lesser and least tanar'ri. Wise bloods will stay well away from the citadels.

If the PCs approach a citadel, a security patrol comes out to meet them. A typical patrol consists of a vrock leader, accompanied by seven or eight alu-fiends and cambions – the patrol always outnumbers the PCs. The vrock demands to know the PCs' intentions. Generally, the vrock turns the PCs away, and probably will attack unless they offer it a substantial garnish. If a fight breaks out, one or two tanar'ri reinforcements arrive every round (teleporting to the battle from the citadel) until the PCs flee or are slain.

Alu-fiend: THACO 19; Dmg 1d8+1 (*long sword* +1); AC 0 (*plate armor* +1); HD 2; hp 9; MV 12, Fl 15(D); SA regain hit points; SD hit only by magic or cold-iron weapons, sense danger 75% of the time; MR 30%; SZ M (6' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 11; XP 4,000.

Spell-like abilities (2nd level): Once per round: *charm person*, *ESP*, *shape change*, *suggestion*; once per day: *dimension door*.

Cambion: THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+3 (+2 attack rolls, +3 damage for magic and specialization); AC 1 (*plate armor*); HD 9 (F9); hp 81; MV 12; SA cause *fear* by touch, thief abilities; SD never surprised; MR 30%; SZ M (6' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 13; XP 6,000.

Vrock: THACO 13; #AT 5; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d8/1d8/2d4+9 (*bill-guisarme* +2); AC -5; HD 8; hp 36; MV 12, Fl 18(C); SA spores, *screech*, *dance of ruin*, first attack; SD never surprised, hit only by +2 or better weapons; MR 70%; SZ L (8' long); Int high; AL CE; ML 17; XP 19,000.

Spell-like abilities (10th level): Once per round: *detect invisibility*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *mass charm*, *mirror image*, *telekinesis*.

Gate (once per day): 2d10 manes, 1d6 bar-lgura, or one nalfeshnee (50%).

If the DM wants a side adventure, glib-tongued PCs might gain entrance to the citadel by claiming to be messengers or merchants, or by offering to serve the lord. Generally, the tanar'ri will simply lure the PCs inside where they can be overwhelmed and killed or enslaved (unless they magically escape).

The citadel marked with crossed swords (inside the circle on the DM map), which was mentioned earlier, is under siege by a mob of manes, rutterkins, bar-lguras, and a few more powerful tanar'ri. Even from a distance it's clear that the attackers are swarming over the fortress like angry ants, literally tearing the place apart. If the PCs come closer, they see the mob pull down and devour a defender, and if they're barmy enough to come closer after witnessing that, they are attacked en masse and devoured themselves.

CITIES

These areas are vast slums teeming with dretches, Bleakers, tieflings, and assorted planars barmy enough to set their kip on the Abyss. Squads of babau and chasme patrol the streets and the surrounding plains, looking for deserters from the Blood War. Somewhere in the city's depths lies a palace or fortress where the local tanar'ri overlord resides.

The PCs should be able to survive a visit to a city, provided they mind their own business and watch their backs. Supplies and meals are available at three to five times the normal price. The PCs can find very little information, as the locals survive by keeping their bone-boxes shut about what they see and hear. They know nothing about the *ship of chaos* unless it has visited the city, in which case the city is a shambles because the *ship's* entropy field literally caused a riot. If the PCs ask about such destruction, the locals tell them a flying ship came by and made everybody barmy. For a minimal amount of jink, the PCs can learn details such as when the *ship* came and which direction it went when it left. Other possible encounters include:

Bully: A cambion with a habit of tormenting the city's planar inhabitants taunts or insults a PC. The cambion is armed with a *trident* +2 and is looking for a fight, but *teleports* away if the party gets the upper hand.

Cambion: THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+2 (+2 attack rolls, +3 damage for magic and specialization); AC 1 (plate armor); HD 9 (F9); hp 81; MV 12; SA cause *fear* by touch, thief abilities; SD never surprised; MR 30%; SZ M (6' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 13; XP 6,000.

Snake Oil: A tiefling dressed in gaudy clothing offers the PCs trinkets, small weapons, vials of poison or acid, and other small items. His goods are shoddy, but the prices are low. He keeps haranguing the PCs until they buy something. If the characters walk away, the tiefling tags along, still urging them to buy. If he can't make a sale, he picks the closest PC's pockets.

Tiefling (T9): THACO 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6+1 (*short sword* +1)/1d4+1 (*dagger* +1); AC 4; HD 9; hp 28; MV 12; SA infravision (60'), *darkness* 15' once per day, pick pockets 95%, backstab for quadruple damage, other thief abilities; SD half damage from cold, +2 on saves vs. fire, electricity, and poison; SZ M (5' tall); AL CE; ML 10; XP 2,000. S 11, D 18, C 11, I 12, W 11, C 12.

Succubus: A bright-eyed young woman throws herself at the PCs' feet. She is desperate to escape from the Abyss and begs the PCs to take her with them. She offers to cook and clean for them. She confesses to having some minor spell abilities, and offers to perform any services the PCs might think appropriate. She is merely seeking a victim, however. (See "Campfollowers," on page 32.)

Succubus: THACO 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3/1d3; AC 0; HD 6; hp 27; MV 12, Fl 18(C); SA kiss drains one energy level; SD never surprised, hit only by +2 or better weapons, immune to all fire; MR 30%; SZ M (6' tall); Int exc; AL CE; ML 13; XP 11,000.

Spell-like abilities (6th level): Once per round: *become ethereal*, *charm person*, *clairaudience*, *ESP*, *plane shift*, *shapechange* (to humanoid form of about own size and weight), *suggestion*.

Gate (once per day): one balor (40%).

Press Gang: A babau and a hezrou are in the city, collecting recruits for the Blood War. They decide the PCs would make good troops. (They might arrive on the scene if the PCs fight the cambion.) The PCs can bribe their way free for 10,000 gp, but only if there are no witnesses. If they fight, no one lifts a finger to help the tanar'ri (though they may use their *gate* abilities). The tanar'ri don't pursue if the PCs flee via a *teleport* spell or other magical means.

Babau: THACO 13; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 1d10+8 (*two handed sword* +1); AC -3; HD 8+14; hp 50; MV 15; SA *enfeeblement* gaze, thief abilities; SD acidic jelly, hit only by +1 or better weapons; MR 50%; SZ M (7' tall); Int genius; AL CE; ML 15-16; XP 17,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *levitate*, *polymorph self*.

Gate (once per day): 1d6 cambion or one babau (40%).

Hezrou: THACO 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/4d4; AC -6; HD 11; hp 58; MV 12; SA bearhug, stench; SD half damage from nonmagical attacks, hit only by +2 or better weapons, never surprised; MR 70%; SZ L (7' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 18; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *animate object*, *blink*, *produce flame*, *protection from normal missiles*, *summon insects*, *unholy word*, *wall of fire*; three times per day: *duo dimension*.

Gate (three times per day): 4d10 least, 1d10 lesser, or 1d4 greater tanar'ri (50%); once per day: one true tanar'ri (20%).

CONDUITS

Conduits are ragged cavities in the ground; they can be anywhere from a few yards to a full league wide. Conduits are gateways to deeper layers of the Abyss, and the PCs have no business entering any of them during this adventure.

If the party uses a conduit, it is literally at the DM's mercy. Once they enter, magical forces seize the characters and carry them through the loops and spirals in the conduit's tortuous interior; they cannot control their movement until they are propelled out of the conduit's other end. The sods might find themselves submerged in disease-infested muck, hurled into the waiting arms of an Abyssal lord, looped back to the Plains of Infinite Portals, or anywhere else the DM chooses to place them. The PCs have no encounters within the conduits (everything that enters is immediately shoved out the other end), but they can have encounters at either end. Possibilities include:

Army: Thousands of least and lesser tanar'ri led by a hezrou are on their way to the Blood War. The PCs must get out of the way or be trampled to death. If the party doesn't leave the area immediately, the commander tries to press them into the ranks. The PCs can avoid service by donating some jink or magical items to the cause, or by beating a hasty retreat. If they fight, they'll be overwhelmed and torn to bits.

Hezrou: THACO 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/4d4; AC -6; HD 11; hp 58; MV 12; SA bearhug, stench; SD half damage from nonmagical attacks, hit only by +2 or better weapons, never surprised; MR 70%; SZ L (7' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 18; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *animate object*, *blink*, *produce flame*, *protection from normal missiles*,

summon insects, unholy word, wall of fire; three times per day: *duo dimension*.

Gate (three times per day): 4d10 least, 1d10 lesser, or 1d4 greater tanar'ri (50%); once per day: one true tanar'ri (20%).

Molydeus: This creature is keeping watch over the conduit. It allows no one to pass unless he has a writ of safe conduct from a tanar'ri lord or enough jink for a bribe.

Molydeus: THACO 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/1d6/2d10+5 (*are*); AC -5; HD 12; hp 70; MV 15; SA vorpal *are of dancing*, poison; SD hit only by cold-iron weapons; MR 90%; SZ H (12' tall); Int exc; AL CE; ML 20; XP 21,000.

Spell-like abilities (12th level): Always active: *true seeing*; once per round: *affect normal fires, animate object, blindness, charm person or mammal, command, Evard's black tentacles, fear, improved invisibility, know alignment, polymorph other, sleep, suggestion, vampiric touch*; seven times per day: *lightning bolt*.

Gate (once per hour): 1d4 babau, 1d2 chasme, or one molydeus (35%).

Press Gang: A babau and hezrou are watching the conduit for deserters and strays. They find the PCs' presence near the conduit to be highly suspicious, and they offer the characters a chance to prove their good intentions by volunteering for a tour of duty in the Blood War. The pair can be bribed.

Babau: THACO 13; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 1d10+8 (*two handed sword +1*); AC -3; HD 8+14; hp 50; MV 15; SA *enfeeblement gaze*, thief abilities; SD acidic jelly, hit only by +1 or better weapons; MR 50%; SZ M (7' tall); Int genius; AL CE; ML 20; XP 17,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *dispel magic, fear, fly, heat metal, levitate, polymorph self*.

Gate (once per day): 1d6 cambion or one babau (40%).

Hezrou: THACO 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/4d4; AC -6; HD 11; hp 58; MV 12; SA bearhug, stench; SD half damage from non-magical attacks, hit only by +2 or better weapons; MR 70%; SZ L (7' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 18; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *animate object, blink, fear, fly, heat metal, produce flame, protection from normal missiles, unholy word, wall of fire*; three times per day: *duo dimension*.

Gate (three times per day): 4d10 least, 1d10 lesser, or 1d4 greater tanar'ri (50%); once per day: one true tanar'ri (20%).

Hole in the Ground: What appears to be a conduit is merely a deep crater. The rock lining the crater walls is loose and breaks away easily. Any creature that weighs more than a housecat creates a minor avalanche when trying to climb the walls and slides to the bottom. A slide from the rim inflicts 6d10 points of damage from falling rocks (save vs. petrification for half). A bebilih has made its lair in the crater and feeds upon anything that falls in.

Bebilih: THACO 9; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/2d6; AC -5; HD 12; hp 54; MV 9, Wb 18; SA armor destruction, poison; SD continuous *protection from good*, hit only by +2 or better weapons, webs, *plane shift* (Astral Plane only); MR 50%; SZ H (15' long); Int very; AL CE; ML 16; XP 13,000.

CARAVAN ROUTES

The dotted lines on the DM map mark the routes that wandering merchants use when plying their wares. The PCs find nothing to indicate roads except for the occasional set of wheel ruts or a few bits and pieces from an abandoned wagon.

If the PCs try to follow a route or spend any appreciable time in the vicinity of one, they might encounter Averil's caravan. Averil (Pl/♂ tf/F10,W11/FL/CN) roams the Plains of Infinite Portals with his band of tiefling followers and armanite bodyguards in tow. His train of 20 wagons carries supplies to the settlements and citadels. Averil also wanders the shore of the lakes of molten iron, bartering for weapons and iron implements. Averil is suspicious of the PCs, but relieved to see that they aren't bodaks. He is too careful to halt in the open, but will speak to the PCs if they hail his caravan. He introduces himself as Averil, "free trader of the luxurious and mundane." The DM can use Averil to impart any information the PCs need; however, the PCs must buy something to loosen his tongue. (He is too proud to accept a simple garnish.)



LAKES OF MOLTEN IRON

The lakes in this section of the Plains of Infinite Portals glow white hot. At the shoreline, the molten metal laps against beaches charred black from the heat. The warmth from a lake can be felt a league away, and no being can come within 100 yards of the liquid metal without protection from the heat. (Tandar'ri are immune to nonmagical heat.) Unprotected characters suffer 1d10 points of damage per round. Immersion in a lake requires a save vs. death magic, and failure kills the sod immediately. Even if the save succeeds, the swimmer still suffers 5d10 points of damage per round.

There's quite a bit of activity in the area.

IRON CARRIERS: A party of two dozen manes under a glabrezu task master toils along the shore, carrying crucibles of molten iron slung from iron poles. A dozen magma mephits lounge in the crucibles, keeping the metal hot. The glabrezu, G'oud'neejh, is not actively hostile, and greets the party in a friendly manner if they don't attack or flee. The tandar'ri is curious about the PCs, and once he learns (by virtue of his *true sight*) that they are not disguised baatezu, he's anxious to be helpful. The fiend readily answers all their questions, but is truthful only about the *ship of chaos* and the Plains of Infinite Portals. When the PCs are ready to take their leave of him, he gives them several gems (the DM is free to set the value) and a brass coin imprinted with his name. He tells the PCs to call on him if they get into trouble.

Fact is (and it should be no surprise), G'oud'neejh has no interest in the PCs' welfare; he's simply trying lure a PC into an indiscretion at some later date. If the PCs accept the coin, G'oud'neejh will answer their summons, but only after they leave the Abyss. (G'oud'neejh is not the fiend's true name and confers no special power over him.) If the PCs attack, G'oud'neejh orders the mephits to use their breath weapons while he uses *reverse gravity* on the PCs. (See "Campfollowers," on page 32, for more about G'oud'neejh.)

Glabrezu (G'oud'neejh): THACO 11; #AT 5; Dmg 2d6/2d6/1d3/1d3/1d4+1; AC -7; HD 10; hp 45; MV 15; SA grab; SD immune to nonmagical attacks, hit only by +2 or better weapons; MR 50%; SZ H (15' tall); Int exc; AL CE; ML 17; XP 12,000.

Spell-like abilities (10th level): Once per round: *burning hands*, *charm person*, *confusion*, *dispel magic*, *enlarge*, *mirror image*, *reverse gravity*; seven times per day: *power word stun*; continuous: *detect magic*, *true seeing*.

Gate (once per day): one greater tandar'ri (50%).

Magma Mephit (12): THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+1/1d8+1; AC 6; HD 3; hp 9; MV 12 Fl 24(C); SA breath weapon once every 3 rounds, heat, can attempt to gate in 1-2 magma mephits with a 25% chance of success; SD regeneration; SZ M (5' tall); Int low; AL N; ML 8; XP 420.

Mane (24): THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4; AC 8; HD 1; hp 4; MV 6; SA acidic vapor; MR 10%; SZ S (3' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML n/a; XP 975.

BODAK: Numerous mortals have foolishly allowed themselves to be killed in the lakes. One of the resulting bodaks approaches the party from the beach and attacks. (This plane's red sun does not harm bodaks.)

Bodak: THACO 11; Dmg by weapon (if any); AC 5; HD 9+9; hp 50; MV 6; SA death gaze; SD hit only by cold iron or magical weapons, immune to poison and *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, and *slow* spells; SZ M (6' tall); Int low; AL CE; ML 11; XP 5,000.

AVERIL'S CARAVAN: The tiefling is on his way to Raazorforge to barter for iron; see the "Caravan Routes" section (page 17) for details.

MOUNTAINS

These barren peaks are composed of flint and obsidian. The slopes are a mass of pockmarks and jagged fissures. Every defect in the surface creates an edge as sharp as a knife. Climbing to one of these summits takes two hours and provides a commanding view of the area, but the characters must successfully save vs. petrification each turn or suffer 2d4 points of damage from all the sharp edges (bonuses for Dexterity and magical armor apply).

VOLCANOES

These two peaks are loftier than the surrounding mountains. Gaping craters at the summits lead downward for miles. Glowing pools of magma are faintly visible in the depths. The crater walls are honeycombed with caverns where flocks of varrangoin dwell. The monsters fear the tandar'ri and keep to their caves. If nontandar'ri trespass in the craters, however, they become agitated. After 2d4 rounds, they swarm to the attack.

A pool of magma inside one volcano contains an immature (one-way) conduit leading from the Elemental Plane of Fire. When the PCs come within one hex of either volcano, they see a massive humanoid fleeing from a swarm of varrangoin. The creature is an efreeti who accidentally blundered through the conduit, and its efforts to find a way back to the plane of Fire have stirred up hundreds of varrangoin. The genie can outfly the varrangoin, but a few of them have gotten close enough to make melee attacks. If the PCs just cool their heels, the efreeti flies away after a round or two, easily outdistancing the varrangoin. (The varrangoin ignore the PCs.) But if the PCs intervene, the swarm descends on them. Only about 20 varrangoin attack at once, but another varrangoin joins the fray whenever one is killed. The whole flock retreats back to the volcano after 12 of them are killed.

The efreeti is not at all grateful if the PCs drive off the varrangoin, but decides the PCs might be useful and deigns to speak with them. (Efreet are haughty creatures who view non-efreet as either enemies or slaves.) The fire genie wants to know how to get off the Abyss — the quicker the better. This is a good opportunity for the PCs to get a *wish* or two. 'Course, any leatherhead knows a *wish* granted by an efreeti is as good as a curse, but if the PCs agree to *wish* the efreeti safely home, it will agree to give them one minor *wish* (such as a fresh cherry tart) and one more difficult *wish* (such as instant transportation to the *ship of chaos*), free of most of the strings that are usually attached to efreet *wishes*.



Efreeti: THACO 11; Dmg 2d8; AC 2; HD 10; hp 45; MV 9 FI 24(B); SA spell-like abilities; SD immune to normal fire, magical fire attacks suffer a -1 penalty to attack and damage rolls; SZ L (12' tall); Int high; AL LE; ML 16; XP 5,000.

Spell-like abilities (20th level): Once per round: *produce flame*, *pyrotechnics*; once per day: *detect magic*, *gaseous form*, *invisibility*, *polymorph self*, *wall of fire*; grant up to three wishes.

Type II Varrangoin: THACO 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d6; AC 0; HD 5+5; hp 28; MV 3 FI 18(C); SA breathe cloud of fire with 30' diameter, range 30 yards (three times per day); SD immune to fire, half damage from acid; SZ M (4'-5' tall); Int very; AL CE; ML 17; XP 2,000.



RAAZORFORGE

This burg is surrounded by a moat of molten iron and ramparts covered with razorvine. Until recently it was ruled by a marquis cambion who drew metal from the moat and forged weapons and materials for the nearby citadels, but the *ship of chaos's* entropy field has reduced the place to a smoldering ruin. Now, a pall of oily smoke hangs over the town. The massive iron gates that guarded the main entrance have been broken outward and lie in twisted heaps. The *ship's* babau captain has ordered the surviving dretches and armanites on board, and the town is deserted except for a few mephits and scavenging manes.

If the *ship* is still present when the PCs arrive, they can see it hovering over the center of town; proceed to Chapter III. (The survivors of Raazorforge are laying low and don't bother the PCs.) If the *ship* is gone, the PCs are free to search what's left of the town, though there ain't much to find. Most of the buildings were ramshackle affairs made from razorvine woven through frames of iron rods – not what a basher'd call sturdy stuff. Nearly everything in the town has been broken, bent, or carried off, but the PCs can still find anvils of all sizes, unfinished weapons, and piles upon piles of cast-iron bricks.

MEPHITS: The cambion employed a sizable cadre of fire and magma mephits to carry messages and assist with metalworking. Now, the surviving fire mephits fancy themselves the new rulers of Raazorforge. A dozen of them descend on the PCs, demanding a gift. If the PCs refuse, the mephits harass them with their breath weapons, *magic missiles*, and *heat metal* spells. If the PCs give up the garnish, they can learn what happened to the town and which way the *ship of chaos* went.

Fire mephit (12): THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3+1/1d3+1; AC 5; HD 3+1; hp 10; MV 12 FI 24(B); SA breath weapon three times per day, heat, can attempt to gate in 1-2 fire mephits with a 25% chance of success, *magic missile* (2 missiles) and *heat metal* once per day; SD regeneration; SZ M (5' tall); Int avg; AL N; ML 8; XP 420.

ALL HAIL THE NEW LORDS
OF RAAZORFORGE!
BOW DOWN, YE INTERLOPERS,
AND OFFER UP YOUR FINEST TREASURE,
FOR THE BONY SHIP HAS TORN DOWN
THE OLD REGIME
AND ELEVATED US TO
OUR RIGHTEFUL PLACES!
BY THE WAY, ARE YOU COLD,
OR IS IT JUST ME?
— A FIRE MEPHIT'S GREETING
TO TRAVELERS,
FOLLOWING THE SHIP OF CHAOS'S
VISIT TO RAAZORFORGE



MANES: These fiends served the town as a source of food and unskilled labor. Most of them have been killed, but a few survivors have broken out of the buildings where they were confined and now roam the streets, looking for food. A pack of 5d10 manes thinks the PCs might make a good meal.

Mane (5d10): THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4; AC 8; HD 1; hp 4; MV 6; SA acidic vapor; MR 10%; SZ S (3' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML n/a; XP 975.

DRETCHES: These creatures did all the work that couldn't be entrusted to mephits or manes. This group of eight dretches plans to remain in the town until the food runs out, then go wander the plains. They aren't interested in treasure, but they'll tell what they know about the *ship of chaos* (which is nothing beyond what it looks like, when it left, and which way it went) if the PCs offer them food. When taking the offering, the dretches bite the PCs, then teleport to safety.

Dretch (8): THACO 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d4+1; AC 4; MV 9; MR 10%; SZ S (3'-4' tall); Int low; AL CE; HD 2; hp 9; ML 11; XP 1,400.

Spell-like abilities (2nd level): Once per round: *scare*, *telekinesis*; once per day: *stinking cloud*.

BADLANDS

These areas of broken ground are riddled with hillocks, gullies, small caves, and narrow fissures. The going is rough, and the PCs' overland movement is slowed as though the characters were passing through low mountains (see the *DMG*, Table 74). Most of the

slopes are choked with razorvine. All manner of desperate hunters and scavengers lie in wait for their next meal. Almost anything might leap or scurry from a hiding place and attack.

Viper Tree: One of these creatures is rooted in a narrow ravine lined with razorvine and small shrubs. The tree's heads lie concealed in the shrubs until a victim comes within reach, then lash out. (The attack imposes a -3 penalty to the party's surprise roll.) Victims who are immobilized by the tree's venom fall into the ravine, suffering 2d6 points of damage from the fall and additional damage from the razorvine (4d6 points for characters with no armor, 2d6 points for characters in leather or quilted armor, and 1d6 points for characters in metal armor). The tree can use its reach to strike past the razorvine, but the PCs can't return its attacks unless they have large weapons or they wade into the razorvine — fighting in the razorvine inflicts the same damage (per round) as falling into it.

Viper Tree: THACO 11; #AT 9; Dmg 2d6 per hit; AC 7; HD 9; hp 42; MV 0; SA venom, detached branches; SD immune to cold, poison, acid, and spells that affect single creatures, half damage from type B weapons, double damage from fire; SZ H (50' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML 12; XP 7,000.

Varrangoin: Two dozen varrangoin dwell in a shallow cave with entrances lying right at the party's feet. The varrangoin can hear and feel the PCs' footsteps from several hundred yards away and ambush the PCs when they arrive.

Type II Varrangoin (24): THACO 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d6; AC 0; HD 5+5; hp 28; MV 3 Fl 18(C); SA breathe cloud of fire with 30' diameter, range 30 yards (three times per day); SD immune to fire, half damage from acid; SZ M (4'-5' tall); Int very; AL CE; ML 17; XP 2,000.

Bodak: The PCs can come face-to-face with a bodak when they top a rise or round a corner.

Bodak: THACO 11; Dmg by weapon (if any); AC 5; HD 9+9; hp 50; MV 6; SA death gaze; SD hit only by cold iron or magical weapons, immune to poison and *charm*, *hold*, *sleep*, and *slow* spells; SZ M (6' tall); Int low; AL CE; ML 11; XP 5,000.

Hunter: An arcanaloth and its pack of 12 yeth hounds, on loan from a tanar'ri lord, are out hunting vermin. (The plane's sunlight doesn't bother the hounds.) The arcanaloth sends the hounds after the PCs, who hear the baying for 1d4 rounds before they see any opponents. The arcanaloth supports the attack with spells (it doesn't enter melee unless forced). The hounds fight to the death, while the arcanaloth fights until all the hounds are slain, then teleports away.

The first spell attack directed at the arcanaloth draws the attention of the tanar'ri lord who is sponsoring the hunting trip. The offending spellcaster breaks out in painful blisters that reduce Dexterity and Constitution scores by 2 points and increase spellcasting times by 2. The condition lasts until the victim receives a *cure disease* spell. Nonmagical remedies are ineffective.

Arcanaloth: THACO 9; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/2d6; AC -8; HD 12+24; hp 88; MV 12, Fl 18(B); SA poison, spells, spell-like abilities; SD immune to fire, acid, poison, and mind-affecting spells,

half damage from gas, double damage from cold, hit only by +3 or better weapons; MR 60%; SZ M (6' tall); Int supra-genius; AL NE; ML 16; XP 20,000.

Spell-like abilities (12th level): Once per round: *alter self*, *animate dead*, *cause disease*, *charm person*, *continual darkness*, *control temperature 10' radius*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *improved phantasmal force*, *invisibility*, *magic missile*, *produce flame*, *shape change* (to humanoid form), *telekinesis*, *teleport without error*; once per day: *fear*.

Gate (once per day): 1d6 mezzoloths or one arcanaloth (40%).

Spells carried: 1st-level: *burning hands*, *color spray*, *grease*, *sleep*; 2nd-level: *detect invisibility*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *web*; 3rd-level: *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *slow*, *suggestion*; 4th-level: *contagion*, *enervation*, *improved invisibility*, *wall of fire*; 5th-level: *feeblemind*, *hold monster*, *shadow door*, *wall of force*; 6th-level: *disintegrate*.

Yeth Hound (12): THACO 17; Dmg 2d4; AC 0; HD 3+3; hp 18; MV 15, Fl 27(B); SA baying causes creatures within 90' to save vs. spell or flee in panic; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons; MR 10%; SZ M (4' tall); Int very; AL NE; ML n/a; XP 13,000.



If the PCs catch up with the *ship* before it leaves Raazorforge, it is about 300 yards away when they see it hovering over the center of town. Otherwise, the *ship* could be as far as 20 miles away when the PCs spot it. At that distance the *ship* is just a huge unidentified flying object, long and thin, with a pronounced hump at each end. When the PCs close to within 250–300 yards of the *ship*, they can make out the details described below.

CHAPTER III: THE SHIP OF CHAOS

Willum wasn't just flapping his bone-bar when he said you'd know the ship when you saw it. The construct has to be at least 300 feet long, probably longer. It's maybe 80 or 100 feet wide and at least 100 feet tall. There are two "heads" — one facing forward, the other to the rear. Each head is a colossal face as wide and tall as the ship. They both have glassy eyes, protruding noses, and gaping mouths full of teeth the size of tavern doors. What you take to be the forward head sports a pair of curving ram's horns that sweep behind and join together. The back of the rear head forms yet a third face which looks over the deck — this one is skeletal, having eyeholes sealed with milky

lenses and jaws filled with curved fangs the size of small trees.

Most of the ship seems to be made of a twisted mass of thick, ropelike fibers. The fibers are woven together in an organic mass of pale white, mottled with pale yellow, which looks like a vast piece of terra cotta soiled from long exposure to smoke and filth. An irregular row of translucent blisters, tinted blue, line the ship's flanks.

There seems to be a group of centaurlike beings moving about on the long, open deck between the two heads.

The centaurlike beasts are armanites patrolling the main deck (area 1). The PCs might mark the fiends if they've encountered armanites earlier in the adventure.

DM Note: The *ship of chaos* is a flying construct made of bone, crushed spirits, and thousands of larvae. It is an *entropy weapon* created for the Blood War. (Smart DMs will get to know the entire dark of the *ship* before the PCs come aboard — read this entire chapter and then see the *Planes of Chaos* boxed set for even more details.) The *ship* can fly at a maximum speed of 36 with class D maneuverability. It has no minimum speed, and it can hover. The *ship's* power source is its larvae. When the *ship* is at rest, a withered larva falls off every hour or so, but it expends larvae more quickly when in motion.

The mind and spirit of a transformed vrock provide the *ship* with an independent will and a limited number of special abilities, as described below and in the description of area 9 (page 30). The *ship* can see, but it has no sense of touch or smell. It doesn't feel pain, but it is vaguely aware of its general physical condition. The *ship's* vision extends forward, left, right, backward, above, and below itself, but it can't see its own interior. Its range of vision in daylight is roughly equal to a human's, and it has infravision to 60 feet. It is telepathic and can sense the general location and emotional state of every creature on board. It doesn't attempt to communicate with the PCs until they reach one of the control rooms (areas 8A and 8B), but it keeps the babau captain in area 7 apprised of what it knows.

The *ship's* hull can be breached by physical and magical attacks directed against it. Each 5-foot by 5-foot by 5-foot section has 100 hit points, an Armor Class of 0, and makes saving throws as a 12th-level fighter. (Bashers who try to blast the *ship* out of the sky are just plain barmy — 8,000 points of damage delivered to the midsection *might* crack it in half.) When a section is destroyed, most of it crumbles away, but 1d4+1 larvae remain attached to the sides of the hole. They cannot move because their bodies are connected to the rest of the hull, but they're free to attack anything they can reach. (Larvae embedded in intact sections of the hull cannot attack.)

The *ship's* vrock "brain" is contained in two nodes set high in the bow and stern (area 9). Whenever the *ship* is in motion, it's surrounded by a weak entropy field that

CHAOS, MAYHEM,
WHOLE PLANES
OF TANAR'RI
SLAUGHTERING
EACH OTHER
IN THE STREETS —
IT'S ALMOST A SHAME
TO SHARE THIS THING
WITH THE BAA'EZU.
— ONE CAMBION
TO ANOTHER,
FOLLOWING
AN ENCOUNTER WITH
THE SHIP OF CHAOS

defeats most teleports and similar effects; see the "Getting Aboard" section (page 25) for details.

Larva: THACO 20; Dmg 1d4+1; AC 7; HD 1-1; hp 3; MV 3; SA wounding, disease; SZ M (5' long); Int semi; AL CE; ML 2; XP 35.

Examining the *ship's* hull too closely is perilous for nonfiends. A *true seeing* spell reveals a horrific tapestry of wriggling larvae, raw chaos, and tortured spirits. The caster must successfully save vs. spell or become *confused* until the spell ends or the caster's eyes are covered. A *past life* spell similarly requires the caster to successfully save vs. death or fall into a faint for 5d10 rounds. In both cases, Wisdom bonuses are reversed (bonuses become penalties and vice versa), as superior insight makes the impact of what the caster has discovered all the more unbearable. The *ship* is a magical construct, and every part of the hull radiates enchantment/charm and conjuration/summoning magic.

The *ship* has several offensive capabilities. Its primary attack is an *entropy field*, which the *ship* can activate anytime while in motion. The field is a sphere with a 480-yard radius. (The entropy field has no effect upon creatures aboard the *ship*.) Creatures within the field are affected according to their Hit Dice:

- ◆ **5 Hit Dice or less:** Creatures are overcome by random thoughts and are confused as though affected by the 5th-level wizard spell *chaos* (no saving throw). Confusion lasts as long as the creatures remain in the area of effect and for 3d4+1 rounds thereafter. Note that at least 20% of any large group of creatures attack the nearest creature. In a locale such as a town or city, a general riot is inevitable.
- ◆ **5+1 to 8 Hit Dice:** Creatures are subject to the *chaos* effect as described above, but they are allowed saving throws as per the spell description.
- ◆ **8+1 Hit Dice and up:** Creatures must successfully save vs. spell or be *repulsed* each round they remain in the area of effect (as the 6th-level wizard spell).

The *ship* is fitted with eight medium ballistae in each "mouth" (see area 2 on page 26). The ballistae have a 45° arc of fire and a THACO of 14 (or the crew chief's THACO, whichever is better), a range of 11/22/33, and they can fire once every two rounds. The bolts function as +3 weapons for determining which creatures they can harm; a hit inflicts 2d6 points of piercing damage plus 8 points of electrical damage. A successful save vs. breath weapon reduces the electrical damage by half. Creatures immune to +3 weapons still are subject to the electrical damage (unless they are immune to electricity as well).

The *ship* also has *force projectors* in each "head" (see areas 8A and 8B on page 29). The *projectors* throw cones of force 200 feet long, 5 feet wide at the terminus, and 2 feet wide at the point of origin. No attack roll is required and the arc of fire is 120°. Creatures within the cone are affected as follows:

- ◆ **5 Hit Dice or less:** Successfully save vs. breath weapon or be *disintegrated*.
- ◆ **5+1 to 8 Hit Dice:** Successfully save vs. breath weapon or suffer 3d8 points of damage and be knocked prone*. If the target is man-sized or smaller, it is pushed to the far end of the beam, plus 2d20 feet. Creatures suffer an additional 2d8 points of damage if forced into a solid object.
- ◆ **8+1 Hit Dice and up:** Successfully save vs. breath weapon or suffer 3d8 points of damage. Man-sized and smaller creatures are knocked back 2d20 feet, falling prone*. Creatures suffer an

additional
1d8 points of
damage if thrown
into a solid object.

- A creature already knocked prone can be pinned in place if the beam is directed at it again. The prone creature saves vs. the beam at -2. If the save fails, the creature is pinned for the entire round and suffers 4d8 points of damage from the beam.

The *ship* has no special plane-traveling capabilities, but it can use any planar conduit or portal that is at least 5 feet square. When entering a portal too small for its bulk, the *ship* uses its entropy field to warp itself and literally squeeze through the space. Everything aboard the *ship* warps along with it. Creatures aboard the *ship* witness a series of transformations in which everything – including their own bodies – becomes mutable. Objects and creatures become twisted into peculiar shapes or are literally turned inside out, colors shift randomly, solid matter flows like water or boils away into varicolored gases, and other even more bizarre changes take place. Physical objects are not harmed, but the warp is destructive in subtle ways.

Magic tends to collapse as entropy rages through the *ship*. Spell effects and magical items aboard the *ship* when it warps are subject to disjunction, as though affected by the 9th-level wizard spell *Mordenkainen's disjunction*. Creatures aboard the *ship* when it warps undergo a painful psychic wrenching and must successfully save vs. spell or become permanently insane – only a *heal* or *wish* spell can restore sanity. The DM can treat insane creatures as magically *feebleminded* or *confused*, or the DM can impose a less obvious mental disturbance. (See area 4 on page 27 for some examples.)

An *anti-magic shell* resists the warping. If it is not disjoined, the shell stabilizes everything within its radius. Magic within an intact shell is not disjoined. Creatures within the shell, however, are not completely protected because they can still sense the entropy beyond the shell. Creatures gain a +2 bonus to the save vs. spell if blindfolded while protected by the shell, and an additional +1 if their other senses are deadened in some fashion, such as stopping the ears with wax, wrapping them in blankets to reduce tactile sensations, and the like. In any case, the bonus can never be higher than +3. Wisdom bonuses always apply to the save. Note that magical bonuses cannot apply if the items that produce them are within a functioning *anti-magic shell*. Note also that an *anti-magic shell* might prevent the *ship* from moving through a portal if the stabilized area is too large to fit through. In some cases, an *anti-magic shell* might render a portal inert. In such cases, the *ship* is thrown back from the portal and cannot pass through until the *anti-magic shell* is removed.

Tanar'ri and tanar'ri spell-like abilities are immune to the warp's detrimental effects. (Being creatures of chaos, entropy is not particularly upsetting or disruptive to them.) Magical items made on the Abyss by tanar'ri are similarly unaffected. Doomguardsmen, Anarchists, and Xaositects receive a +1 bonus to all saves vs. the warp's effects.



GETTING ABOARD

The PCs might have some difficulty boarding the *ship* once they find it. The craft hovers about 50 feet off the ground while in Raazorforge and between 50 and 100 feet while hovering over other stops. To complicate matters, the *ship* can spot the characters when they are about 500 yards away (unless they are invisible or take pains to hide) and can identify them as nontanar'i when they are about 250 yards away. Once it identifies the PCs, the *ship* flies away at top speed, firing its ballistae. The *ship* doesn't know who the PCs are, but it assumes they are Doomguardsmen come to take the *ship* back to Exhalus. Its first instinct is to run, as it has no way of knowing how powerful the PCs are. It has no intention of serving the Doomguard.

If the PCs act quickly, they might succeed in getting aboard while the *ship* is hovering. If the *ship* bolts before they can get aboard, they must find some way to overtake it.

If the party is desperate to get aboard, the characters can reach the *ship* via a *teleport* or *dimension door* spell. This approach, however, is not without its perils. Any attempt to board the *ship* by *teleport*, *blink*, *dimension door*, or similar effects automatically lands the intruder in the brig (area 4). The tanar'i built this feature into the *ship* to prevent baatezu from simply teleporting aboard during battle. Note that the spell used works normally in all other respects. For example, the 5th-level wizard spell *teleport* has the usual chance of failing by bringing in the caster too high or too low (and the additional hazard of perhaps becoming corrupted on the Abyss). The target location, however, automatically defaults to the brig regardless of the spell's final result or the caster's intended destination. Teleporting off the *ship* works normally, as does teleporting between areas on board. Note, however, that the PCs have no clear mental picture of the *ship*'s interior, so their *teleport* destinations are limited to areas they have visited. Such locations are "seen casually" at best.

Characters boarding the *ship* by more normal means can enter through the jaws (area 2) or the Main Deck (area 1). There are no other openings on the *ship*. A *passwall* spell cast on the hull is automatically corrupted. The spell does not make an opening, but causes 3d4 larvae to erupt from the hull instead. The larvae remain attached to the *ship* and are reabsorbed when the spell's duration expires. Until then, they attack anything within reach.

1. MAIN DECK: The *ship*'s contingent of eight armanites remains here unless the babau captain in area 7 directs them to go elsewhere. They keep a sharp lookout for any approaching nontanar'i.

This vast, open area must be 200 feet long and as wide as the ship itself. It looks like a peculiar cross between a ship's deck and a titan's back. A line of low humps, each the size of a large man on his hands and knees, runs down the center of the deck. An ankle-high ridge connects the humps, making the whole affair look decidedly like a spine. A series of low, curved depressions flanking the humps looks something like a starving man's ribs. The deck's edges curl upward where they meet the ship's hull, forming a fluted bulwark about 3 feet high. There is a ragged hole as wide as a man is tall in the deck's center.

A knobby, crescent-shaped column that gleams as white as a sun-bleached skull rises

from the depths of the hole. The column's peak is sharp and jagged, like a splintered bone.

The ship's forward head, with its goat horns, rises from one end of the deck; you see no opening along the back of that head. The ship's rear head, with its fangs and gaping maw, rises from the opposite end of the deck. There seems to be an entrance in the mouth, though getting by the fangs might prove to be a tight squeeze.

The armanites regard any planars or primes who come near the *ship* as Doomguardsmen who have come to take it back. If the PCs openly approach the *ship*, the armanites open fire with their spark bolts. The spark bolts (and ballista fire from the mouths below) make quite a barrage. If the missile fire doesn't drive the party away, the armanites make an airborne charge, slashing at the PCs with their hooves and weapons. Armanites are fairly clumsy fliers, and the PCs probably can outmaneuver them after the first round. If the armanites can't keep up the attack, they teleport back to the *ship*. A quick telepathic message releases them from the brig and they promptly teleport back to the main deck.

Armanite (8): THACO 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2d6/2d6 (hooves)/1d10 (flamberg) or 1d8+1 (arrow); AC 2; HD 5; hp 23; MV 18, Fl 18(C); SA *spark bolts*, crushing hooves; SD hit only by +2 or better weapons, immune to poison, cold, and electricity; SZ L (10' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 15; XP 2,000.

If a fight develops on the deck, the babau and chasme in area 7 try to gate in reinforcements, then move up to area 8B and man the *force projectors*. They use the *projectors* on any character standing free of the melee, but spellcasters are their most likely targets. (See the description of area 7.)

Clever bloods might approach the *ship* by disguising themselves as tanar'i, but the armanites can see through nonmagical disguises and will open fire after studying such PCs for a round. On the other hand, magical disguises (such as *alter self* and *polymorph* spells) fool them. Unfortunately, the *ship* will telepathically hail the PCs and quickly determine that they're impostors (no prime or planar has a mind quite like a fiend's). The ballistae begin firing immediately, though the armanites remain befuddled until the PCs actually board the *ship*. 'Course, the PCs can avoid a missile assault by approaching invisibly, but the vigilant armanites will detect them when they set foot on deck.

The hole in the deck's center leads down to the hold (area 3), and the bonelike column serves as a ladder. The tanar'i don't use it, preferring to teleport between areas, but the Doomguardsmen in the *ship*'s construction crew added it so they could move about without help from the tanar'i. Although it looks dangerous, the column offers numerous hand- and footholds. The PCs can easily grasp the column, step off the deck, and descend. Characters with climbing skills have no difficulty. Unskilled climbers must pass a Dexterity check or fall 20 feet to the floor of the hold. (The ladders in areas 5, 7, and 8 look and work exactly like this one.)

2. MOUTH: The ship's ballistae are mounted in these areas. Both the upper and lower jaws serve as fighting platforms; "up" is toward the center of the mouth. The PCs can discern a few details as they approach:

The flaring bolts that have harried you since you spotted the ship are coming from here. Gangs of diminutive fiends are scurrying about behind the ship's massive teeth, keeping up a steady fire from a battery of siege engines. Curiously enough, there are creatures standing on both the lower jaw and the roof of the mouth. There seems to be at least a dozen creatures manning the ballistae.

The creatures are 16 dretches in each mouth, front and rear – eight on each jaw. The teeth afford 75% cover against attacks from outside the ship (–7 to attack rolls for missiles and +7 saving throw bonus vs. area effects). It takes four dretches to fully man a ballista, and the weapon's rate of fire slows by 1 for each dretch short of a full crew (so a single dretch fires one ballista bolt every 5 rounds). Note that each jaw has two ballista "teams," but four ballistae; the teams man the weapons that offer the best firing angle, and they can split into four teams if necessary.

The dretch know their tanar'ri lords are watching what happens to the ship, so they gladly exchange long-range attacks with the PCs, stubbornly manning the ballistae until the adventurers are wiped out. If the PCs try to climb aboard the ship, the dretches can blanket them with stinking clouds. However, if and when the PCs enter melee with the dretches, the fiends' courage falters and they teleport to area 6 as soon as half their number are slain.

Once they defeat the dretches, the PCs can examine the area:

You are standing inside what looks like a gigantic creature's maw, except there's no tongue – just a floor with the same rope-like texture as the ship's exterior. The ceiling is identical to the floor, right down to the swivel-mounted ballistae and bundles of metallic black ballista missiles. Looking up and seeing objects resting placidly on the ceiling sort of reminds you of Sigil. The floor and ceiling bend toward each other and meet at the back in a sharp curve. Instead of a throat, though, there are twin openings near the floor and ceiling. Beyond the openings, you see curving passages winding their way toward the ship's interior in corkscrew loops. They look like something a worm might make.

The black missiles are ballista bolts made of badly tarnished silver. They are worth 30 gp each in Sigil, and there are 20 of them left. Neither the bolts nor the ballistae are enchanted – the ship is the source of their magical properties.

Flying or levitating characters can move from the "floor" to the "ceiling" without difficulty, but they experience an abrupt shift in gravity halfway across. It's also possible to climb between the two surfaces with a rope or ladder, but characters unprepared for the shift in gravity fall one direction or the other (50% chance for each). The back wall is too steep to allow characters to simply run along the curve and reach the opposite side.

The wormholes are about 5 feet wide and lead to other parts of the ship as shown on the map. Gravity within the wormholes is very strong, pulling objects toward the walls. The easiest way for a man-sized character to move through a wormhole is to simply crawl along the passage. Walking in causes a body's head and torso to be pulled toward one wall while his legs and feet are pulled another direction – eventually, the sod missteps and falls in a heap. Characters less than 3 feet tall can walk along a wormhole normally, though a basher undergoes some odd sensations as his feet trace a convoluted path along the wall while his head loses track of up and down in the middle. Large creatures can't move through the wormholes at all; they become

stuck when various parts of their bodies "fall" toward the walls. The tanar'ri don't bother with the wormholes; like the ladder connecting the hold and main deck, the Doomguard added them.

Dretch (16 per mouth): THACO 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d4+1; AC 4; MV 9; MR 10%; SZ S (3'-4' tall); Int low; AL CE; HD 2; hp 9; ML 11; XP 1,400.

Spell-like abilities (2nd level): Once per round: scare, telekinesis; once per day: stinking cloud.

3. HOLD: The tanar'ri intend this 20-foot-tall area to house the ship's complement of assault troops and to store booty and supplies. If the ship were fully occupied, the hold would be packed with quarrelling tanar'ri, but it's nearly empty now.

You've entered a long chamber as vast as any private festhall in Sigil. A double row of curving ridges in the floor and ceiling make the place look like the ribbed belly of a gigantic whale. Purple light streams weakly through banks of portholes in the ship's sides, making the area look like it's spotted with old wine stains. The chamber's darker areas are cloaked in shadows tinged with fungal green.

Forward of the portholes, a wall of horizontal black iron bars forged in the shape of a titanic sternum and ribs seals off the rest of the chamber. You hear voices murmuring in the greenish shadows behind the bars.

Two sets of square cages, crudely made from rusty iron bars that are lashed together with strands of wire, line the walls in the chamber. Several dozen wild-eyed humanoids cower inside a few of those cages, and they send up a dreadful wail when you glance in their direction. Other cages seem to be occupied by a veritable menagerie of vile creatures: big scorpions with black and red shells; grossly fat toads, as large as sheep, with varicolored skin; and huge, hairy spiders busily filling their iron lairs with tangled webs.

The portholes are the blisters the PCs noted from outside the ship. The chamber's odd lighting is actually natural; light from the plane's red sun appears purple because the blisters are tinted blue, and the purple light casts greenish shadows.

The iron bars shaped like a ribcage are part of the ship's brig (area 4); the murmuring comes from prisoners within.

The small cages contain the ship's "livestock" (one or two creatures of the same type per cage). The wailing humanoids are manes, who are certain the PCs have come to eat them. (They're too leatherheaded to realize they can escape by teleporting.) The other creatures are also kept as food. When the tanar'ri are hungry, they remove some of the lashings and haul out whatever they can grab from within the cage. All the creatures are starving and extremely vicious, but the PCs are safe if they don't open the cages. The manes simply cower and wail louder if the PCs approach, but the other creatures hurl themselves at the bars, trying to attack. If the PCs are foolish enough to release anything, the creatures attack until slain.

Large scorpions (5): THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1; AC 5; HD 2+2; hp 11 each; MV 9; SA poison stinger; SZ S (2' long); Int non; AL N; ML n/a; XP nil.

Giant toads (6): THACO 19; Dmg 1d4+1; AC 7; HD 2; hp 9 each; SA poisonous bite; MV 6, hop 6; SZ M (5' long); Int animal; AL N; ML n/a; XP nil.

Giant spiders (5): THACO 17; Dmg 1d8; AC 3; HD 3+3; hp 17 each; SA poisonous bite; MV 3, Wb 12; SZ L (8' diameter); Int low; AL CE; ML n/a; XP nil.

Manes (4): THACO 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d4; AC 8; HD 1; hp 4 each; MV 6; SA acidic vapor; MR 10%; SZ S (3' tall); Int semi; AL CE; ML n/a; XP nil.

If the babau captain in area 7 sees the PCs descend into the hold, it sends four armanites down to release the monsters in the cages. The tanar'ri then teleport away, leaving the adventurers to deal with the voracious creatures.

4. Brig: The PCs find themselves in here if they try to teleport onto the *ship*. The area is designed to imprison baatezu; a cage of iron bars prevents prisoners from escaping into area 3 or tearing through the *ship's* hull. Alterations are 100% ineffective inside the cage — no alteration magic can be cast within the cage, and any alterations operating when a creature enters the cage are automatically dispelled. (The *ship* can cancel that effect whenever it wishes, however.)

As described above, the cage's front looks like a ribcage; the sternum serves as a door, and only the *ship* can open it. When closed, the door melds perfectly into the bars, leaving no visible joints or hinges. The cage is designed to withstand assaults by creatures of storm giant strength and is all but invulnerable to physical attacks. The horizontal "rib" bars, however, are spaced about 18 inches apart, which is sufficient to hold most baatezu, forced into their normal forms while inside the brig (because their *shapechange* and *polymorph* abilities are negated). Luckily for the PCs, the spacing between the bars allows man-sized and smaller creatures to remove bulky armor, then squeeze through the bars and slip out when the brig is unguarded — as it is now.

Five Doomguard bashers, who were aboard the *ship* when it fled from Exhalus, were subsequently imprisoned here, and two of them went insane when the *ship* warped itself through a portal. The barmies immediately waylaid their more stable brethren and tied them up. Since then, two of the bound Doomguardsmen have been murdered. When the PCs arrive, the only surviving sane character remains bound and gagged, leaving the two lunatics in an uneasy alliance.

Hugh Phagus, a warrior who suffers from delusions, greets the PCs when they arrive. (The PCs heard Hugh muttering to his companions if they came here from area 3.) He greets the PCs in a friendly way if they enter the brig.

"Well now my darlings, what brings you to this cozy little hostel on this blustery day?"

The speaker is a giant of a man, clad in rusty plate armor. A stubble of red hair sprouts from his shaven head, and he has a long, unkempt beard. He's sitting cross-legged next to a pile of swords, daggers, knives, darts, arrows, rations, and assorted equipment; apparently, he carries no weapon himself. Three more armored men lie nearby, bound and gagged. Two lie quietly, but the third is struggling against his bonds. A thin, dark-haired woman skulks in the shadows, about 20 feet away from the seated man. She has a malevolent, though rather feverish, stare.

The pile of equipment contains the following items: four long swords +1 (nonmagical on the Abyss), nine darts, one shield +2 (nonmagical on the Abyss), five short bows, 100 arrows, five days of iron rations, three empty canteens, and a *potion of heroism*.

Hugh is convinced he is a healer charged with tending the

bound characters, but he hasn't noticed that two of them are dead. If the PCs arrived here via teleportation, Hugh doesn't seem to mind. The woman is Falcata, a fighter/thief who has become deeply paranoid and homicidal. She has quietly slain two of the bound men and is waiting for Hugh to go to sleep so she can kill the last one. She fears Hugh, but she simply stays as far away from him as possible, rather than kill him — it doesn't make sense, but she is barmy, after all. Falcata distrusts the PCs, but does not fear them as much as she fears Hugh. Hugh is oblivious to Falcata's condition and attitude toward him; he regards her as his assistant.

Hugh's treatment of the PCs depends on how they arrived. He regards them as patients if they *teleported* in, and he sees them as visitors if they walk up to the cage. In either case, Hugh converses with the PCs in a lively fashion. He might reveal any of the following, depending on what the PCs say:

- ♦ "The struggling berk is Curly. He and his two companions seem to think they're patches of razorvine, as they're prone to slash about with knives and such. Curly's a bit hot under his leaves right now because he thinks he's not getting enough water. You don't have any water, do you? The other two are lying still, like good patches of razorvine should."
- ♦ "The woman is Katy, my assistant. She's a little shy."
- ♦ "Ship? What ship?"
- ♦ "No, no, no, this is a healer's house. You don't think I'd trust the Bleakers to care for every barmy in the city, do you? It's not that I hate the Bleakers, mind you, it's just that they never do anything for anybody."
- ♦ "Tanar'ri? Very untrustworthy creatures, but terribly misunderstood. There are a lot of tanar'ri in Sigil, and some of them are my friends."
- ♦ "Dead? Dead you say? No, they're just acting. Be careful what you're doing there, razorvine can cut you."

If the PCs aren't trapped in the brig, they can walk away from Hugh anytime they wish. If the PCs want to enter the brig from the outside, it's a tight squeeze. Any character weighing 90 or more pounds must shed armor and any bulky equipment, then spend one round wiggling through. Hugh gladly offers a helping hand, but while he is lustily tugging on the character's arms, Falcata dashes forward and delivers a fatal backstab to Hugh, then turns on Curly — the PCs will have to act on the fly to save him.

If the PCs are inside and want to get out, Hugh invites them to just walk away. When they begin squeezing through the bars, though, Hugh sadly notes how deluded they are and gently tries to pull them back into the brig. Meanwhile, Falcata attacks Curly as soon as Hugh's back is turned.

Heal spells can restore sanity to Hugh and Falcata. However, they are Doomguardsmen and healing magic doesn't work on them unless they each fail a save vs. spell. Hugh refuses to leave the brig as long as he remains insane, but Falcata is willing to go no matter what her mental state. If either barmy is restored to sanity, he or she immediately releases Curly, who was in charge when the *ship* was stolen.

Hugh (F3): THACO 18; Dmg by weapon; AC 1; HD 3; hp 21 (10); MV 9; SA long sword specialization, +1 attack bonus with sword; SD save vs. spell negates healing magic received; SZ M (6' 1" tall); AL CN; ML 10; XP 120.

S 18/37, D 13, C 16, I 11, W 10, C 11.

Equipment: Field plate armor, empty canteen, *boots of levitation*.

As long as Hugh remains barmy, he ignores any violence that breaks out. The PCs can easily slay him if they attack. He also refuses to leave the brig, and the bars are too closely spaced to allow the PCs to drag him out against his will if he's conscious. If Hugh is barmy when the PCs free Curly, he allows Curly to re-equip himself, but tries to keep him from crawling out of the brig. Falcata, if still crazed, decides to let Curly go and tries to rid herself of Hugh (with a backstab) while he struggles with Curly.

Falcata (F2/T2): THACO 19; Dmg by weapon; AC 4; HD 2; hp 14 (5); MV 12; SA +1 attack bonus with sword, backstab for double damage, other thief abilities; SD save vs. spell negates healing magic received; SZ M (5' 7" tall); AL CN; ML 10; XP 65.
S 17, D 18, C 15, I 12, W 9, C 12.

Equipment: Leather armor, *long sword* +1 (nonmagical on the Abyss), dagger, canteen.

While barmy, Falcata's primary intent is to kill Curly. She shies away from the PCs, and refuses to speak with them, even if she leaves the brig in their company. She defends herself if attacked.

Curly (F6): THACO 16; Dmg by weapon; AC 5; HD 6; hp 29 (19); MV 12; SA 60' infravision (*darkness* 15' once per day, long sword specialization; SD half damage from cold, +2 on saves vs. fire, electricity, and poison, save vs. spell negates healing magic received; SZ M (5' 9" tall); AL CE; ML 10; XP 650.
S 18/21, D 15, C 17, I 9, W 10, C 13.

Equipment: Chain mail +2 (nonmagical on the Abyss).

Curly is sane, but helpless as long as he remains bound. Any character can easily slay him in one round. If freed, he wants to gather his equipment and leave the two barmies behind.

Any sane Doomguardsman who escapes the brig distrusts the PCs and doesn't offer any information unless they ask the proper questions. Even in that event they have little to reveal:

- ♦ The *ship* belongs to the Doomguard, but the tanar'ri stole it.
- ♦ The *ship* is sentient, and is supposed to communicate telepathically with the babau captain.
- ♦ To gain control of the *ship*, the PCs probably will have to slay or drive away all the tanar'ri aboard. (None of the survivors are aware that the *ship* is capable of independent action. They assume a force of tanar'ri slipped aboard and stole the *ship*.)

If the PCs include any Guvners, Mercykillers, or Harmonium factioneers, the Doomguardsmen withhold their information. They claim to be caravan guards taken prisoner during a tanar'ri raid. Otherwise, the three surviving Doomguardsmen claim some of the equipment and offer to accompany the PCs (if sane). They do not have the PCs' best interests in mind, however.

- ♦ Curly claims the *shield*, and helps himself to a *sword*, bow, arrows, and rations. He takes the *potion* if no one else claims

it. If he wasn't a good Doomguardsman, he would be deeply embarrassed about letting the *ship* be stolen. He regards the theft as an example of entropy at work. He doesn't much care what happens to the *ship* now, but he'd like to keep it out of tanar'ri hands, just out of spite. If the opportunity presents itself, he'll try to return the *ship* to his factol.

- ♦ Falcata claims the *potion* and the darts. She also takes a *sword*, bow, arrows, and rations. Once she learns she's on the Abyss, she becomes unsettled, as she's not prepared for so much entropy so soon. She follows Curly's lead (or Hugh's if Curly didn't survive). She does what she can to stay out of the dead-book.
- ♦ Hugh picks up a *sword*, bow, arrows, and rations. He is unperturbed by what goes on around him, and follows Curly's lead if he survived — otherwise, he just tags along with the PCs, waiting to see what comes his way. He is utterly ambivalent to what happens to the *ship*, but will try to return it to his factol if he gets a chance.
- ♦ If the PCs include any Guvners, Mercykillers, or Harmonium, the survivors try to slip away if they can. They join the tanar'ri and do their utmost to destroy the PCs.

If the PCs remain in the brig for any length of time, the babau captain sends its chasme attendant down to hover nearby and use its *sleep drone*. The fiend teleports back to area 8B if the PCs counterattack.

I'LL BE+ THEM BARS
CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH YOU
FASTER THAN YOU
CAN
SQUEEZE THROUGH THEM. . . .
— HUGH PHAGUS



5. LABYRINTH: This area is designed to trap and misdirect nontanar'ri. Most of the area is as dark as a moonless night, especially near the secret door leading to area 1. There is a little more light in the forward section, where the "nostrils" let in a few purple rays.

The passage before you is low, narrow, and dark. There's barely enough space to stand up and no room to swing a sword. The shadows look thick enough to cut with a knife.

The passages in here are roughly circular and about 5 feet across. Characters more than 5 feet tall have to stoop to move through them, and lose all Dexterity bonuses. Most large- and medium-sized weapons are useless, except for short spears.

The sections of illusory walls blend perfectly into the real walls. The PCs can find them by touching or prodding the walls, or with a *true seeing* spell (but see the note on page 23). The PCs can walk right through the illusory walls. If they don't find the illusory sections, they can reach the ladder leading up to area 8A by chopping through the walls. (See page 22 concerning the effects of breaking through the *ship's* walls.)

In any case, the dretches from area 6 attack the PCs before they reach the ladder.

6. MAGAZINES: The tanar'ri store their silver ballista bolts in these two areas. There are 150 bolts and four dretches to guard them in each chamber. Any dretches that have fled from area 2 are here too. When the party enters area 5, the dretches conduct a series of hit-and-run attacks. Using their teleport abilities to get into position around corners and behind barriers, quartets of dretch hit the party's front and rear, one pair at each flank. Note that the dretches move to attack *after* teleporting, as teleporting directly

into melee range would give the PCs a free attack while the dretches recovered from the shift. The dretches then teleport back to area 6 after making one attack. (If they win the initiative on their second round, they get away before the PCs can strike them.) After teleporting away, the fiends repeat the tactic until at least half of them are killed by the PCs. Those survivors teleport off the *ship*. Note that if the party splits up, every group is subjected to these attacks.

Dretch (4 + stragglers from area 2): THACO 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d4+1; AC 4; MV 9; MR 10%; SZ S (3'–4' tall); Int low; AL CE; HD 2; hp 9; ML 11; XP 1,400.

Spell-like abilities (2nd level): Once per round: *scare*, *telekinesis*; once per day: *stinking cloud*.

7. QUARTERDECK: As described in the player text for area 1, the entrance to this chamber looks like a fanged maw. When a body approaches, the fangs retract, opening the maw, then snap shut as he tries to pass through. Characters using the entrance must attempt to save vs. breath weapon (Dexterity adjustment applies); those who fail are caught in the fangs and suffer 4d10 points of damage. The poor sods remain trapped until a companion pries the fangs apart with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll. A *chime of opening* forces the fangs open again, but the fangs snap shut on the next basher who tries to pass through. *Knock* spells have no effect on the fangs. (Note that both a *chime of opening* and a *knock* spell are alteration magic.) Those who make the save are assumed to leap clear, either forward into area 7 or back to the main deck (their choice). If the character leaps forward, the fangs close behind, separating him from the rest of the party. Only one or two man-sized bodies can walk through the entrance at once, so there's a good chance the party will be at least temporarily split.

Inside the chamber, the PCs find a ladder similar to that in area 1, leading up to area 8B. Beyond the ladder the PCs see two huge, round lenses which are colored like eyes — they have milky outer bands, reddish irises, and smoky pupils. The scene outside is visible through the pupil, as these are the eyes of the face that looks out the stern of the *ship*. Two sleek copper tubes are mounted on swivels next to the “eyes.” These are *force projectors* — see area 8 for details.

The babau currently in command of the *ship* directs things from here. The monster's in telepathic contact with the *ship* and all the tanar'ri aboard. It holds itself and its chasme attendant out of the battle as long as possible, hoping the PCs will exhaust themselves fighting the other tanar'ri aboard the *ship* before it has to join the attack.

When the PCs arrive on the main deck, a fight is inevitable. While the armanites and PCs exchange their first melee attacks, the babau tries to *gate* 1d6 cambions into area 7. If it succeeds, it directs the cambions to hide in the shadows and ambush the PCs if and when they enter. Then the babau teleports into area 8B and mans one of the *force projectors* at hand. The chasme also attempts to use its *gate* ability before manning a *force projector* itself. The chasme can make three *gate* attempts. If the babau's attempt to *gate* in cambions failed, the chasme attempts to summon them itself. If cambions have already arrived, the chasme uses its *gate* attempts to summon another chasme.

Babau: THACO 13; #AT 1 or 3; Dmg 1d4+1/1d4+1/2d4 or 2d4+9 (*ranseur* +2); AC -3; HD 8+14; hp 50; MV 15; SA *enfeeblement*

gaze, thief abilities; SD acidic jelly, hit only by +1 or better weapons; MR 50%; SZ M (7' tall); Int genius; AL CE; ML 20; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (9th level): Once per round: *dispel magic*, *fear*, *fly*, *heat metal*, *levitate*, *polymorph self*.

Gate (once per day): 1d6 cambions or one babau (40%).

Chasme: THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4; AC -5; HD 8+2; hp 38; MV 6, Fl 24(D); SA *wounding*, *sleep drone*, *terror*; MR 50%; SZ M (7' long); Int avg-very; AL CE; ML 15–16; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (8th level): Always active: *detect good*, *detect invisibility*; once per round: *insect plague*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *telekinesis*.

Gate (thrice per day): 2d10 manes, 1d4+1 cambions, or 1 chasme (40%).

Cambion (1d6 or 1d4+1): THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+2 (+2 attack rolls, +3 damage for magic and specialization); AC 1 (plate armor); HD 9 (F9); hp 81; MV 12; SA cause *fear* by touch, thief abilities; SD never surprised; MR 30%; SZ M (6' tall); Int avg; AL CE; ML 13; XP 6,000.

8A & 8B. CONTROL ROOMS: These areas function primarily as platforms for four more *force projectors* (two in each). An illusion, however, makes them appear to be the *ship's* control centers:

You ascend the macabre ladder and enter an oblong room with a domed ceiling. The interior resembles the inside of a fore-shortened human or riefeling skull. The skull's colossal orbits are fitted with milky white lenses that give a distorted view of the ship's exterior. A pair of sleek copper tubes as thick and long as hardwood logs are mounted on swivels in front of the lenses.

The oddest sight in the chamber is a massive obsidian throne, floating in midair at what appears to be the chamber's midpoint. A tall, lanky humanoid with feathered wings and a culture's head is seated on the throne. It seems oblivious to your presence.

The chambers are actually much larger than they appear to be. Illusory walls conceal the ladders leading up to the craniums (area 9), as shown on the map. The throne and its occupant (the vrook who provided the *ship's* brain) are illusions, too. If the babau and chasme from area 7 entered area 8B before the PCs did, they hide behind the illusory wall while the PCs examine the room. The tanar'ri use their abilities to confuse things as much as they can. For example, the babau uses its *fear* and *heat metal* abilities on characters who try to touch or study anything. The chasme uses *ray of enfeeblement* on characters attacking the illusory vrook. The tanar'ri attempt to time their attacks so the PCs think their own actions are triggering magical traps.

The *force projectors* are hollow copper tubes, closed at one end. Their interiors are smooth, but arcane reliefs and inscriptions cover every square inch of their exteriors. Handles mounted on the closed ends allow the operator to aim the weapon. Any intelligent tanar'ri can operate a *force projector* by aiming the tube and making a telepathic command which prompts the *ship* to fire the weapon. The cone of force that shoots from the tube is harmless unless focused through the lens, so the weapon can be used only against targets outside the *ship*. If the lens is destroyed, its *force projector* is useless. The lenses are AC -1, have 55 hp, and save as rock crystal. The lenses and *projectors* lose all their magical properties if removed from the *ship*, but the PCs can sell the *projectors* in Sigil as curiosities, for 500 gp each.

The illusory vrock does nothing unless the PCs attack it. The illusion has visual, audio, and olfactory components. Physical blows seem to strike it solidly, but don't create any visible wounds. The vrock returns the attacks, but fights clumsily, as though dazed. Finally, the illusion dissipates in a cloud of sulphurous smoke after 2d4+1 rounds of melee. (The illusion struggles in this fashion because the *ship* cannot tell exactly what the PCs are doing or exactly where they are, so it has difficulty making the illusion react appropriately.)

Illusory vrock: THACO 13; #AT 5; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d8/1d8/1d6; AC 10; HD n/a; hp n/a; MV 15; SA spores; SZ L (8' tall); Int n/a; AL n/a; ML n/a; XP nil.

When the vrock "dies," the throne falls to the floor with a thud and the *ship* seems to list. If a PC sits in the throne, it immediately rises into the air again, and the *ship* stops listing. (If the PCs are trying to use the throne in area 8B, the babau and chasme rush to the attack from behind the illusory wall, attacking the character sitting in the throne first.)

Read the following if the PCs believe the illusion and continue to fiddle with the throne:

You cannot feel the throne beneath you. Instead, you seem to be levitating in a seated position about 5 feet off the floor. You can see the throne beneath you, but you feel as though you're seated on thin air. The throne is perfectly smooth and featureless — there are no projections, buttons, or levers. As you begin to wonder what the previous occupant was doing while seated here, an unbidden thought tugs at a corner of your mind like a little boy tugging at his mother's skirt: "Where next? Where next?"

The thought is a telepathic message from the *ship*. It's trying to bob the berk into thinking he or she is at the helm. If the PC thinks or speaks anything that could be remotely construed as a command to the *ship*, the chamber's walls brighten and a three-dimensional image of the *ship*'s surroundings appears in a band that encircles the whole chamber. This is another illusion, intended to bob the whole party into believing they control the *ship*. Any clear command (up, down, left, right, faster, slower, etc.) that the seated cutter thinks or speaks causes the display on the wall to change appropriately. Those who look out through the *ship*'s eyes get a view that conforms to the display.

Fact is, the PCs ain't in control of the *ship*. Pure fact is, the contraption is slowly changing course, making for the conduit that leads to Twelvetreets. It intends to make a gift of the PCs to its tanar'ri masters. If the adventurers check the outside view from anywhere else on the *ship*, it shouldn't take them long to notice that they're not in control. For one thing, the *ship* is steadily gaining altitude. It's also moving at top speed.

9. CRANILUMS: These two areas are the *ship*'s centers of awareness, containing its vrock "brain." If the PCs reach either of these areas, they might gain control of the *ship*, but disabling it is easier. The areas are dark, and infravision reveals only a solid mass of apparently uniform temperature — empty spaces and solid objects all look alike. The characters must provide a light before they can see the area. The following text describes either area 9.

This birdcage is a low, rounded oval about 8 feet high at the center. Other than the entrance, its only feature is a great, sinewy gray mass embedded in the floor. It's almost as long and wide as the room, but only about as tall as a githzerai's knee. The mass is lobed and twisted into complex folds, like a vast heap of calcified noodles.

The gray mass in each cranium is a physical vessel for the *ship*'s brain. The *ship* continues to function as long as either one of them is intact.

Ship's brains: THACO n/a; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg special; AC -5; HD 8; hp 40 each; MV 0; SA spores, screech; SD hit by +2 or better weapons; SZ H (15' long); Int high; AL CE; MR 70%; ML n/a; XP 1,400 each.

Once per round, the brains can loose a cloud of spores anywhere within its chamber. All creatures within 5 feet of the location the brain selects automatically suffer 1d8 points of damage. After the spores hit, they penetrate the target's skin and begin to sprout, inflicting 1d4 points of damage per round for 10 rounds, leaving the victim covered with a network of vines that reduce Dexterity and Charisma by 2 points and slow movement by half. A *cure disease* spell kills the vines and spores. Once per hour, the brain can emit a screech which affects everyone in the room and those in the chamber immediately below. Victims are automatically deafened for one turn and stunned for one round.

The brain is susceptible to damage-inflicting magical attacks that can affect tanar'ri, provided they overcome its magic resistance. Nondamaging spells that have purely physical effects, such as *blindness*, *hold*, *slow*, and *irritation* are ineffective. Most mental attacks such as *charm*, *suggestion*, and *beguiling* work normally if they overcome its magic resistance. However, since the *ship* has two brains, they will have to double their spells; if only one brain is *charmed*, for example, the other takes over.

If both brains are destroyed, the *ship* stops in place and begins to break apart. Every surviving tanar'ri abandons the *ship* when the breakup begins. In 2d6 rounds, the *ship* is reduced to a mass of debris and larvae — plummeting earthward. . .

LEAVING THE SHIP

Once the PCs reach either of the two control rooms, the *ship* heads for the conduit to Twelvetreets (the one nearest the top of the DM map) with all speed. Assuming that the PCs boarded the *ship* at Raazorforge, the party has about six hours before the *ship* reaches the conduit and passes through it. If the PCs don't leave the *ship* before then, they are carried into Twelvetreets and must do their best to escape.

Unless the *ship* succumbs to a *charm* or *suggestion*, it's unlikely that it will land to let the PCs get off. The *ship* generally cruises about 100 feet off the ground. It begins climbing about 60 feet per round while streaking toward the conduit. It does not descend until it is ready to pass through the conduit, when it makes a steep dive into the conduit's center. If the PCs cannot fly or teleport off the *ship*, they'll have a long jump to the ground.

If the PCs destroy the *ship*'s two brains, they could be putting themselves in the dead-book, especially if they can't fly or teleport to safety, because the *ship*'s route is certain to take it over one of the lakes of molten iron. (The route from Raazorforge is almost entirely over the lakes). Plummeting into a lake inflicts normal falling damage, plus heat damage from immersion in the lake (see page 18).

Once they destroy and get off the *ship*, the PCs should leave the Plains of Infinite Portals without delay, as tanar'ri will begin to return to the area in increasing numbers. (Word that the *ship* has left spreads very quickly via tanar'ri telepathy.) If the PCs

travel overland, they'll have encounters with tanar'ri or other bashers on the plane every three or four hours. Their best bet is to *teleport* back to the portal where they entered — or make for the Broken Reach — and leave immediately. 'Course, if they go back to their original portal, they might have to garnish the molydeus again. The portal might also be temporarily out of commission because they ran out of time, or because Tashad has closed her door in Sigil (see page 8).

If the PCs go to Broken Reach, they should have suitable garnish in hand for Red Shroud — the vial of poison the PCs acquired in Chapter I, or a magical item, will serve nicely.

TWELVE TREES

If the PCs allow the *ship* to take them here, they may be as good as lost.

Luckily, the conduit from the Plains of Infinite Portals is large enough that the *ship* doesn't have to use its warp ability to get through, so the PCs are spared that complication; however, most of the realm is swarming with tanar'ri of all descriptions, and none of them are inclined to leave the PCs alone.

Characters on the lookout can see the area where the *ships of chaos* are constructed as soon as they exit the conduit. Huge scaffolds loom over the land like skeletal giants, and six more *ships of chaos* hover over the construction site. The PCs' *ship* will reach the construction site in about an hour.

Even if the PCs don't see the construction site, they'll immediately notice the tortured cries that constantly rage throughout this level of the sodding plane. From the second the PCs enter Twelvetreets, they can no longer converse among themselves, owing to the noise. They can only use sign language, telepathy, or written notes (if the characters can write, and if they have pen and paper — don't allow the players to write notes unless their characters can read and write).

If the PCs leave the *ship* right after it exits the conduit, they can immediately use the same means to return to the Plains of Infinite Portals and exit the Abyss as described above. If they allow the *ship* to proceed to the construction site, they see a huge area swarming with tanar'ri:

The ship is beginning to slow and descend toward a vast field littered with massive scaffolds as big as Sigil's largest buildings. Six more flying vessels similar to your own hover malignantly overhead, like great, two-headed birds of prey. Troops of armanites patrol the decks of all the ships.

The scaffolds and the surrounding ground literally seethe with thousands of tanar'ri of all shapes and sizes. They swarm over the scaffolds with armloads of bones, bundles of squirmy larvae, and other materials you can't readily identify. The ropelike outlines of more ships steadily take shape under the tanar'ri's restless hands. Heaps of bones and corrals full of larvae are scattered everywhere.

In the midst of all the tanar'ri activity stands an iron keep about 20 feet square and 30 feet high — it looks ridiculously small amid all the titanic structures. A standard bearing a horned skull waves over the keep — the sign of the Doomguard.

The iron keep is a *Daern's instant fortress*, where the Doomguard's delegates are staying. It could be a place of refuge for the PCs. The best way to reach the fortress is via a *teleport* or *dimension door* spell. Failing that, the PCs must either jump ship — drop 50 feet to the ground and make a dash for the fortress through the

mass of tanar'ri laborers — or fly there. In either case, a security squad of four vrocks and a chasme move to intercept them before they can reach the fortress. The vrock use their *mirror image* ability and dive to the attack. The chasme hangs back, using its *ray of enfeeblement* on each PC once, then joins the melee.

Vrock (4): THACO 13; #AT 5; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d8/1d8/2d4+9 (*morningstar* +2); AC -5; HD 8; hp 36; MV 12, Fl 18(C); SA Spores, *screech*, *dance of ruin*, first attack; SD never surprised, hit only by +2 or better weapons; MR 70%; SZ L (8' long); Int high; AL CE; ML 17; XP 19,000.

Spell-like abilities (10th level): Once per round: *detect invisibility*, *detect magic*, *dispel magic*, *mass charm*, *mirror image*, *telekinesis*.

Gate (once per day): 2d10 manes, 1d6 bar-lgura, or one nal-feshnee (50%).

Chasme: THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg 2d4/2d4/1d4; AC -5; HD 8+2; hp 38; MV 6, Fl 24(D); SA *wounding*, *sleep drone*, *terror*; MR 50%; SZ M (7' long); Int avg-very; AL CE; ML 15-16; XP 14,000.

Spell-like abilities (8th level): Always active: *detect good*, *detect invisibility*; once per round: *insect plague*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *telekinesis*.

Gate (thrice per day): 2d10 manes, 1d4+1 cambions, or 1 chasme (40%).

If the PCs defeat or evade the tanar'ri, they can reach the fortress and gain entrance. Inside, they find six high-ranking Doomguardsmen who are conferring with two balors, a marilith, and two succubi. If the PCs belong to the Doomguard (or are Anarchists who can pose as Doomguardsmen), they are safe. The Doomguard officials take them under their protection and ask them (via telepathy) to give an account of themselves. The PCs' story, whatever they say, brings howls of protest from the tanar'ri. If the PCs tell the assembly about the nonfunctional control rooms and the captive Doomguardsmen in the hold, their story seems to help the Doomguard win some vital point against the tanar'ri, who slink out of the fortress muttering (telepathic) threats against the PCs and all their progeny for generations to come. After a few days, the PCs are escorted safely back to Sigil. (NonDoomguard characters accompanied by Doomguardsmen also enjoy this treatment unless they are Mercykillers, Guvners, or Hardheads.)

If the party contains no Doomguardsmen, the PCs also are asked to explain how they got there, but their future is not certain. Mercykillers, Guvners, and Hardheads are unceremoniously handed over to the tanar'ri as slaves. The PCs can try to fight their way free, but their chances of surviving ain't good unless they can escape magically. Characters from other factions might win their freedom or might be turned over to the tanar'ri, depending on their ability to persuade the Doomguardsmen that they're worth saving. (This probably will require substantial promises of garnish and future services.)

If the PCs attempt to leave the area instead of going to the fortress, their best bet is to teleport back to the conduit. If they don't teleport, the security squad attacks them as they leave, using the tactics detailed above. If the PCs defeat the squad, roll 1d6 for every hour their party remains on Twelvetreets. On a roll of "6" another squad locates the PCs and attacks.

TAKING THE SHIP OFF THE ABYSS

It's nearly impossible for the PCs to leave the Abyss with the *ship of chaos*. The only way for them to get control of the *ship* is through a *rod of beguiling*, a *charm monster* spell, or some similar form of mental control that can affect tanar'ri. Any such attack must first overcome the *ship's* 70% magic resistance. Even if the PCs manage to establish mental control, they'll have a difficult time maintaining it. Most portals leading off the Abyss are too small to admit the *ship* unless it uses its warp ability – including the one leading to the barber shop in Sigil and the one between the Broken Reach and Plague-Mort.

If the *ship* warps, any magical effects the PCs have imposed on it are automatically disjoined (see page 23), and the *ship* regains its independence. (Don't forget to check and see if the PCs' magical items are disjoined.) The *ship* loses no time in charging right back to Twelvetreets. An *anti-magic shell* can prevent a charm effect from being disjoined in the warp, but it also suppresses the charm and allows the *ship* to act independently as long as the effect is suppressed. To sum up, unless the PCs use a *wish*, they aren't likely to take the *ship* anywhere it doesn't want to go – and the only place it wants to go is Twelvetreets.

The PCs could leave the Abyss by following the River Styx, but they'll still need to exit whatever plane they eventually sail into. 'Course, it's possible for the DM to place conduits large enough to admit the *ship* (they must be larger than 100 feet by 85 feet), but where such conduits are and what the PCs must do to reach them is beyond the scope of this adventure.

If the PCs manage to exit the Abyss with the *ship*, they definitely can't take it into Sigil – the Lady of Pain will seal all portals against them. (The *ship's* entropy field is too great a threat to her control over the city.) Furthermore, once the party reaches the Outlands or the Inner Planes, they must contend with teams of baatezu, Doomguardsmen, and Mercykillers who wish to commandeer the *ship*. Fact is, the only place the PCs can take the *ship* with any reasonable amount of safety is Exhalus on the plane of Vacuum – and the *ship* must warp to get there.

FAC+IØN REAC+IØNS

If the PCs' actions lead to the destruction of the *ship of chaos*, the party becomes a known opponent of the Doomguard, the Anarchists, and the Xaositects. If the PCs are members of these factions, they're held in very low regard by the factol and most of those faction members in Sigil, and they'll remain out of favor until they do something spectacular to redeem themselves. If they don't belong to one of these factions, they become known allies of the Mercykillers, Guvners, and Hardheads (which could be troublesome for characters who belong to opposing factions such as the Indeps). PC Doomguardsmen who help the delegation at Twelvetreets win their argument with the tanar'ri become favored by their factol and receive some small favor such as free training, a testimonial bit of jewelry, or anything else the DM decides is appropriate for the campaign.

Bloods who actually manage to get the *ship* off the Abyss and turn it over to one of the chaotic factions become minor celebrities among all the chaotic

factions. Bright-eyed young Doomguardsmen, Anarchists, and Xaositects follow the PCs through the streets of Sigil, and the PCs enjoy free drinks and food for at least a month. The group also gains some small favor from their factols, as described above, and the faction pays the group any bonus they negotiated with Willum in Chapter I.

THE PAYØFF

If the PCs return to Sigil, Willum pays them their bonus as negotiated in Chapter I. If they didn't recover the *ship of chaos*, Willum questions them intensely about everything they did while on the Abyss – he's particularly interested in the *ship's* powers. When he interrogates the PCs, Willum insists that each of them submit to a spell (forgo a saving throw). If the PCs comply, he uses his *charm person* ability on each character so they'll be inclined to truthfully tell him what he wishes to know. If they refuse, Willum withholds the bonus until they submit. The DM can make whatever use of the lingering *charm* effect he wishes, but Willum pays the bonus once he finishes with his questions.

CAMPFØLLØWERS

If the PCs picked up the succubus (from one of the cities) or accepted the coin from G'oud'neehj (the glabrezu from the lakes of molten iron), their travails are not yet over.

The succubus simply bides her time once the PCs return home, waiting for an opportunity to get a PC alone and drain the sod of one or more levels.

The glabrezu has a more insidious plan in store for the PCs. G'oud'neehj is not the glabrezu's true name, and it confers no real power over him, but it does allow the PCs to summon him whenever they wish. (G'oud'neehj never answers a summons if they're on a lawful good Outer Plane.) The fiend cheerfully performs any service the PCs ask of him, but always in the most chaotic and destructive manner. For example, if they wish to be transported somewhere, the glabrezu locates mounts, slays their owners, and presents them to the PCs. Inevitably, the PCs will be accused of murder and theft (because the glabrezu deliberately leaves clues implicating them). 'Course, G'oud'neehj would be glad to put their accusers in the dead-book. . . .

The glabrezu never performs a service that doesn't compromise the PCs in some fashion. Whenever possible, G'oud'neehj conceals the full extent of his transgressions from the PCs, but they'll eventually be faced with an ethical choice: Stop using the coin or continue allowing the glabrezu to spread chaos and evil in their names. If the PCs get rid of the coin, G'oud'neehj begins a

campaign to subvert them and arrange their deaths when they're most vulnerable to become bodaks or Abyssal petitioners.

If the PCs both accepted the coin and brought the succubus out of the Abyss, the two tanar'ri can begin a macabre contest to see which one can hurt the PCs more. The succubus does her best to gain every PC's trust and tries to drain them all, and the glabrezu occasionally offers his help even when not summoned. . . .



IN THE
ABYSS

THE TRUMPETER'S PRØCLAMATION



THE SHIP



Teeth



Ballista



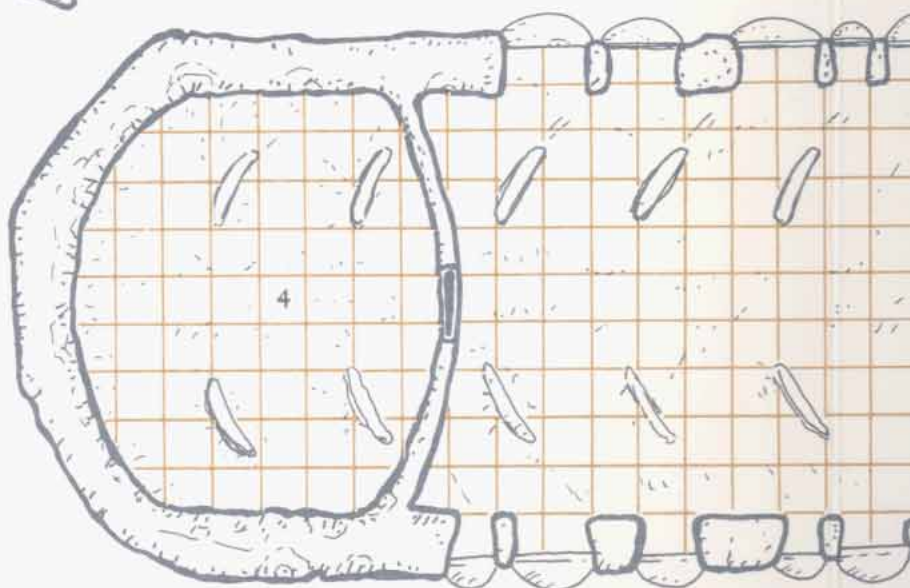
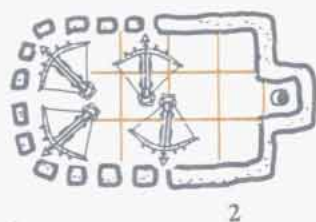
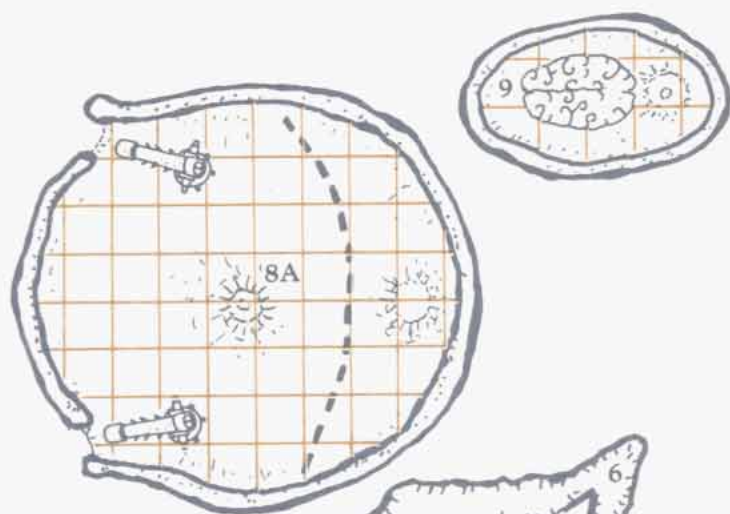
Wormhole





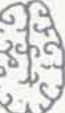





Hole overhead

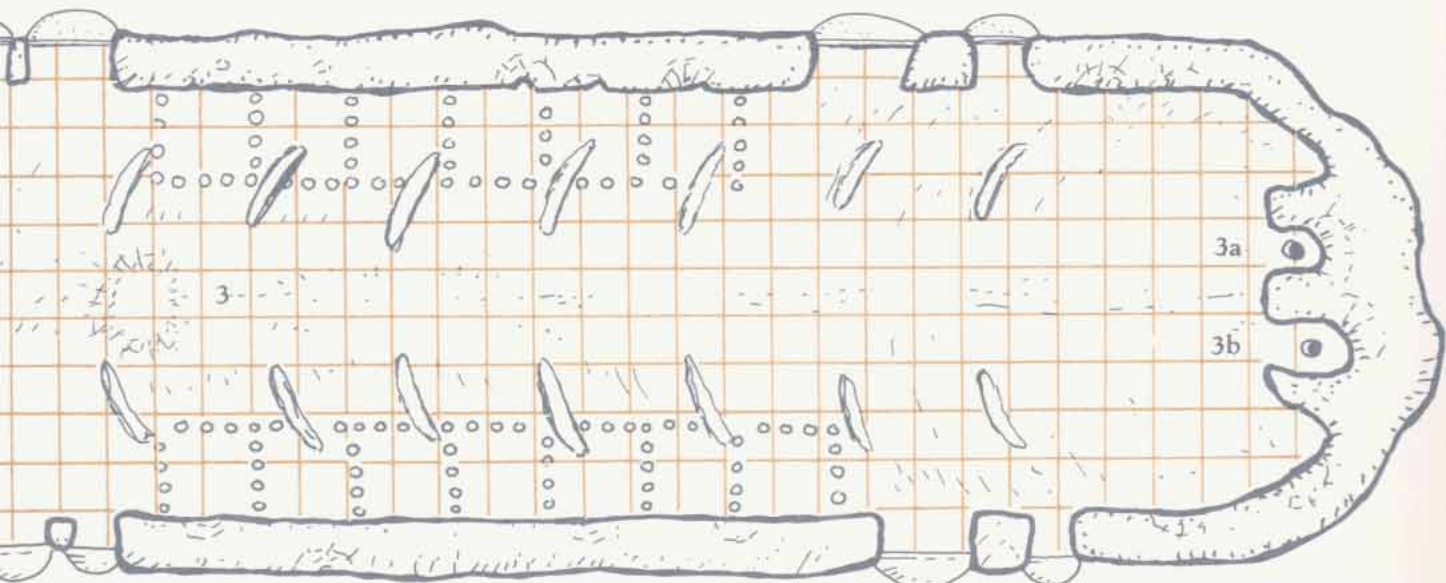
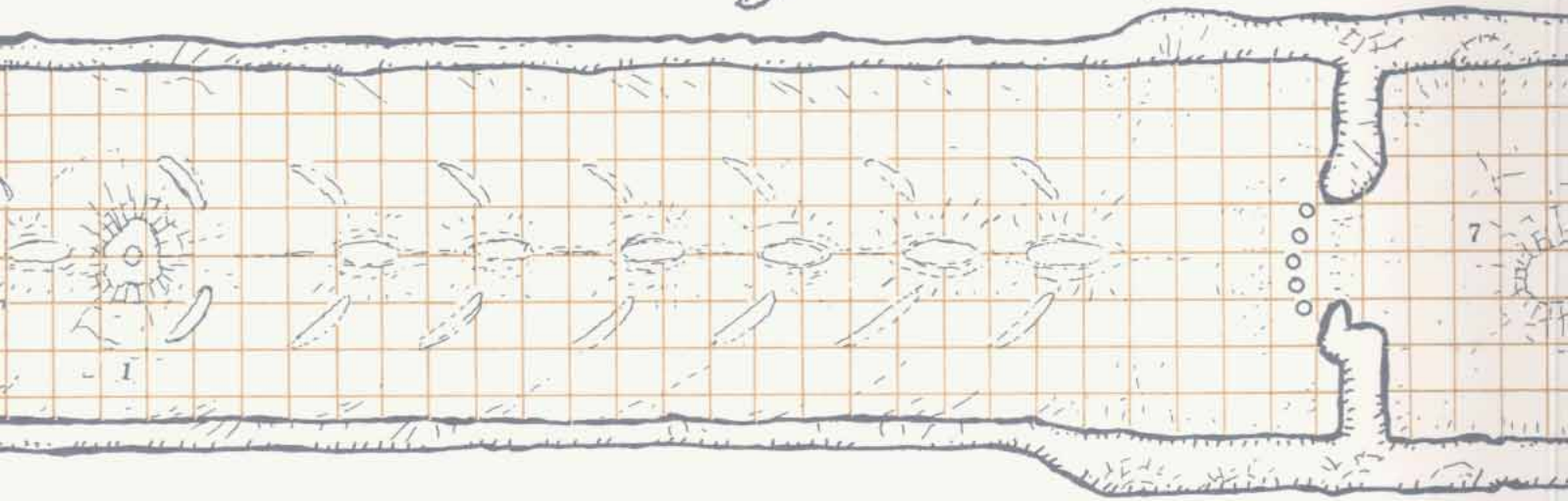
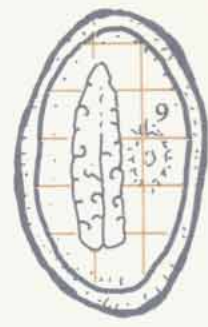


Hole in deck



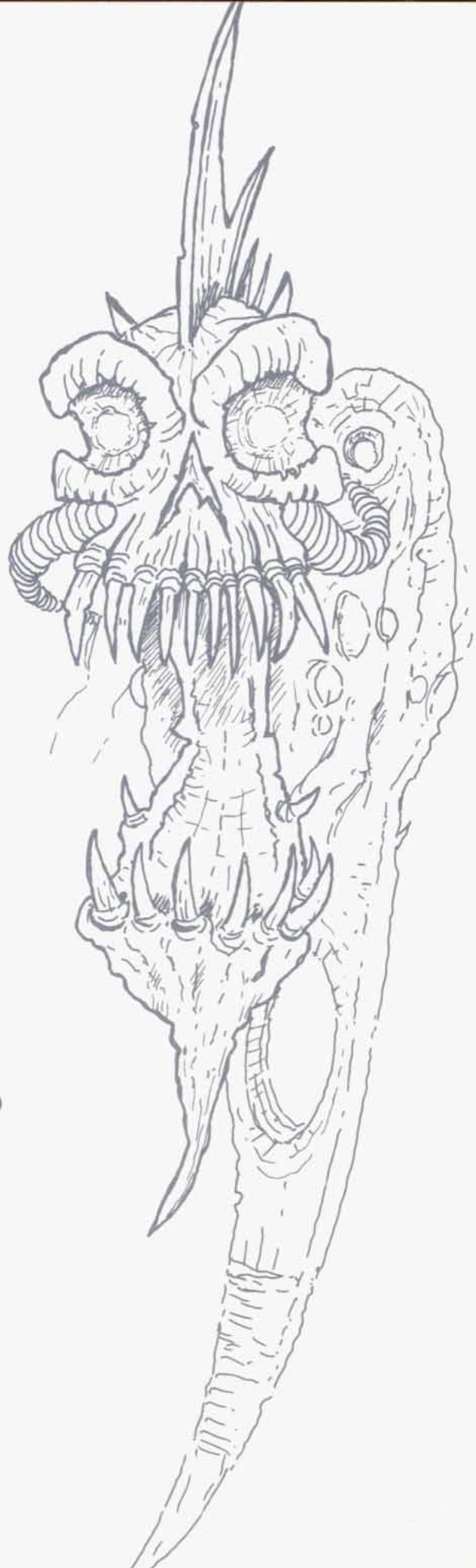
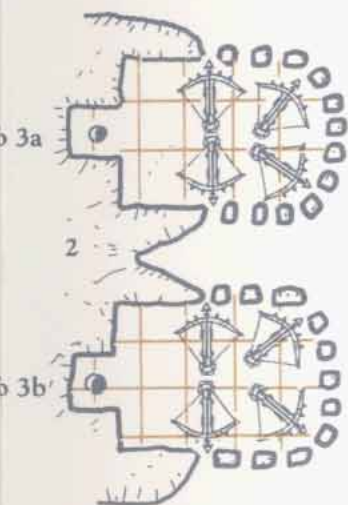
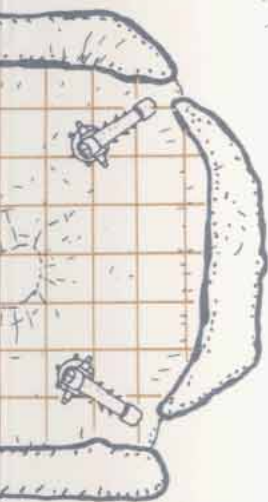
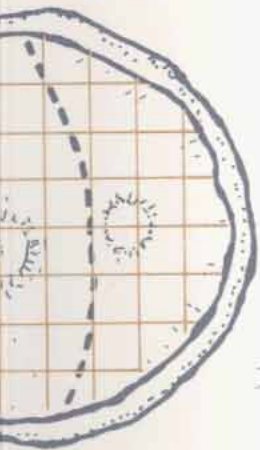
SHIP OF CHAOS

-  Illusory wall
-  Case of ballista missiles
-  Brain
-  Force projector
-  View bubble
-  Iron rib cage
-  Iron cages
-  One square = 5 feet



To 3

To 3



DM Map

Ruins

City

Viper tree forest

Conduit

Caravan trail

Attacking tanar'ri

Volcano

Badlands

Raazorforge

Lake of molten iron

Lake of molten iron

Lake of molten iron

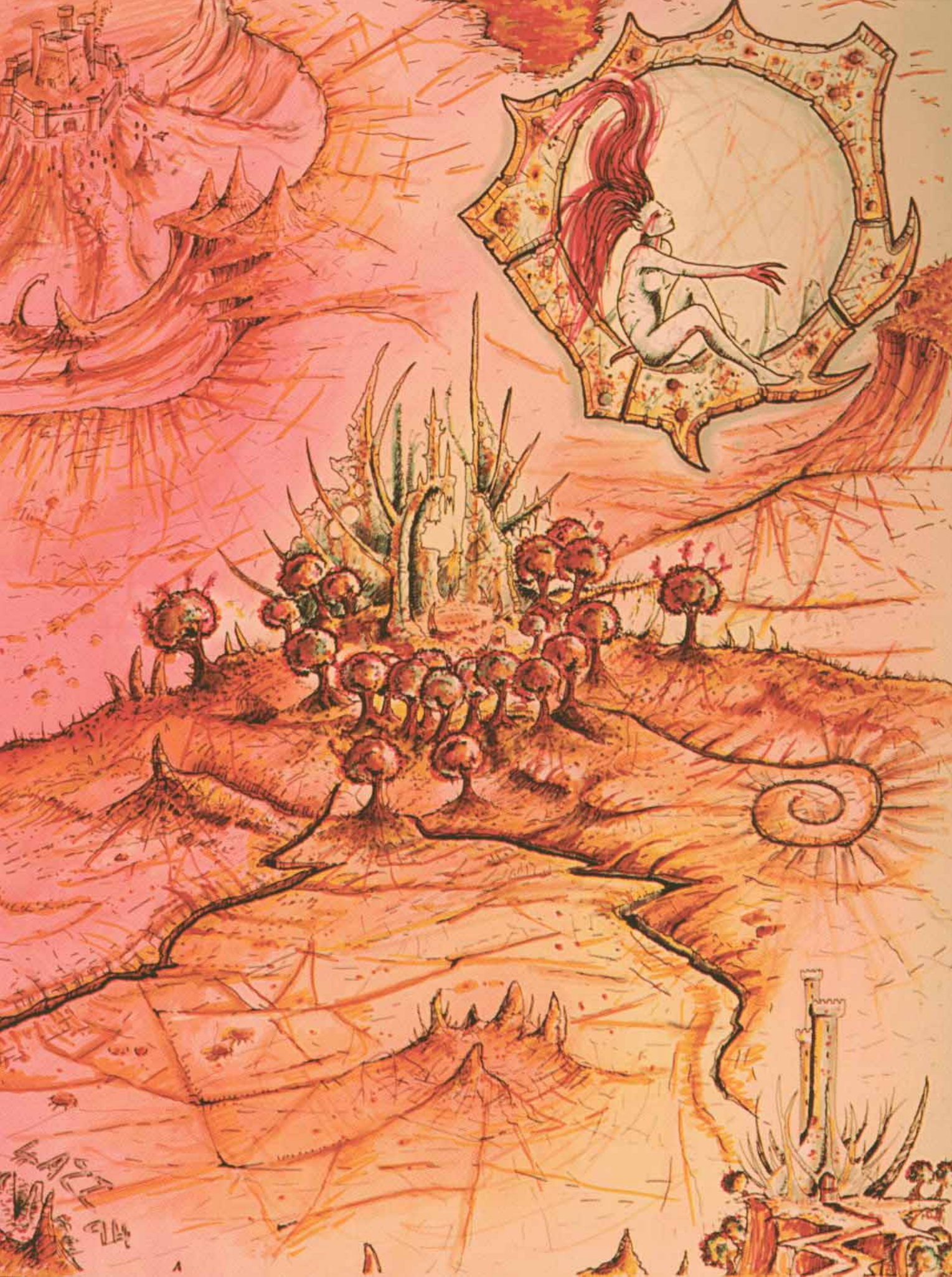
Lake of molten iron

Portal to/from Sigil

Initial Vision Limit

To the Broken Reach

One hex = one league (three miles)





Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®
2nd Edition

PLANESCAPE™ ADVENTURE

IN THE ABYSS

by Skip Williams

Looking for a little extra jink and maybe some excitement? It seems the Doomguard lost track of their coveted ship of chaos. It's flying about the Abyss, driving the local tanar'ri even more barmy than they already are. Several factions want to get their hands on the Doomguard's stake, so there's bound to be a few job offers for bloods looking for a little action.

Every sod's got a tale to tell about the Abyss – it's the sinkhole of the multiverse, after all, peopled with every kind of scum a body can imagine and a few he can't. Never been there? Well, there's no time like the present.

In the Abyss is a PLANESCAPE™ adventure for a party of four to six characters who are of levels 8 to 10. A simple errand to salvage the lost ship of chaos allows the player characters their first opportunity to explore the most notorious plane of them all. Of course, complications are as inevitable as the tanar'ri!

The Planescape Campaign Setting and Planes of Chaos boxed sets, as well as the PLANESCAPE MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® APPENDIX are required to run this adventure.

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