

CODEX OF THE INFINITE PLANES

VOLUME XIII: OLYMPIAN GLADES OF ARBOREA

THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO THE PLANES OF EXISTENCE



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VOLUME XIII: OLYMPIAN GLADES OF ARBOREA

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"Few places across the multiverse embody the word 'passion' more than Arborea. Most elves I've encountered in my many travels are reserved, quiet, and aloof, but not so those born in the Olympian Glades. They are quick to revel in joy, sorrow, and rage, and so too are the many small communities of non-elves that dot the wild landscape. Weather is a perfect mate to this fierce temperament – or perhaps it's the weather that drives it? Also, it's curious to think whether Arborea's inherent nature draws fantastic beasts of legend into its many lairs or if they're born there inherently. It is all part of the grand mystery of the Olympian Glades."

Emirikol the Chaotic

Passion rules the Olympian Glades of Arborea, a lush and abundant plane where the power of nature grows fierce both physically and spiritually. Though limitless in its expanse, Arborea is widely known as the home to the gods of the elves, known as the Seldarine, and the court of Corellon Larethian. Good-aligned elves of all kind are found in small communities around the grandest temples to the elven gods known across the multiverse.

And yet, elves are not the only inhabitants. Wild villages of native humans and other types dance and make merry, most perpetually drunk on eternal wine brewed from perfect grapes and other fruit. These revelers are accompanied by many fey-type creatures, such as satyrs, and their wild abandon and never-ending partying stand in stark contrast to the dangers present around them.

These dangers come from roving bands of cyclops, giants, and titans, and while most hunt in small groups an occasional war party is formed when they are stirred up to action by an influential leader. And these are not the only threats, as sometimes the beasts of the forest, grasslands, and mountains turn suddenly violent and attack with little or no warning. Legendary beasts also lair in the wilderness, many guarding fabulous treasures.

The weather also poses a danger, though the inhabitants of Arborea view it more as a portent of the future than a direct threat. Thunderstorms, hail, blizzards, tornadoes, and more stir up with little notice, plunging large areas into dire peril. Some specific areas, such as the forests ruled by Corellon Larethian and certain legendary monster lairs, have muted or permanent weather shifts, but even so travelers must be cautious.

When most think about Arborea, they picture the top layer, known as Arvandor, with its limitless tracts of untamed forests, jagged peaks, deep lakes, and sweeping grasslands. The plane holds two other layers as well. The second is Aquallor, an oceanic layer of sea squalls and hurricane-soaked islands, where savage sea monsters play in an endless though often shallow watery realm.

The third layer is Mithardir, an eternal desert of white sand. Exactly what befell this domain is not known but beneath its white grit are the remains of cities, towers, and tombs belonging to ancient giants of a long-forgotten epoch. The weather is just as wild and unpredictable on

Mithardir as the rest of Arborea, though it tends towards the more deadly with its flesh-rending sandstorms, violent lightning strikes, and choking dust clouds.

Many secrets lay hidden across all of Arborea – some in the hands of the elves, some in the clutches of the past, and some beyond the understanding of any still living. Many travelers have sought out the prophetic wisdom of the Ivory Oracles, searched for the fabled Evergold Pool, found respite and horror in the Winesong Glade, toasted sailors in taverns on the island of Tempest Head, and climbed the dangerous heights of fabled Mount Olympus itself in search of secrets. Some never return and few find what they sought, but in the end the journey through the magnificence of Arborea is enough to move most souls towards a greater understanding.

LAY OF THE LAND

While Arborea is mostly known for its wilderness-filled first layer, Arvandor, it holds two others that are not as well known outside the circles of planar scholars and devotees. Though they may be less recognizable, Aquallor and Mithardir both hold their own share of wonders and excitement worthy of exploration.

ARVANDOR

The limitless expanse of Arvandor is filled with wilderness left to grow on an incredible scale. The forest trees stretch up to the sky, many more than a mile high, while heavy mountain ranges pierce the veil of rumbling clouds that gather around their peaks. The titanic trees create hundreds of natural glades on the forest floor with many sporting a natural canopy that makes them resemble fantastic ballrooms in a verdant green mansion.

Raging rivers wind their way through the forest down from the peaks of the soaring mountains. Many of these end in deep lakes which ultimately drain down to the plane's second layer, Aquallor, through permanent conduits.

As befitting a plane of passion, the weather is wild and unpredictable across Arvandor. The layer oscillates between spring, summer, and autumn in the blink of an eye, while up in the mountain peaks and passes winter falls hard and suddenly. Some regions across the layer, such as the Ice Forest of Thalassus, keep more steady weather patterns but these areas are the exception rather than the rule.

Humanoids of all type live in small communities in and around the great trees of Arvandor, dwelling in simple pleasure. Ruins of former inhabitants dot the area as well, and these crumbling fortresses and towns become more prevalent the closer one travels to the highest peak on the plane, Mount Olympus. Few have dared climbed its treacherous peaks but legends say a race of immortal titans once lived upon the mountain's top.

Elves claim a large swath of Arvandor known as Nasselaithe, which means "ancient high home" in Elven. There the elves have grown their homes out of the trees themselves, artfully combining star crystals into the trees to create natural beautiful buildings that blend perfectly

into the forest. Grand temples dedicated to the Seldarine, the pantheon of elven gods, form the cornerstones of Nasselaithe, with the High Court of Corellon Larethian dominating the center. Few non-elves are allowed into the borders of this wondrous realm.

AQUALLOR

Arborea's second layer is an endless if shallow freshwater ocean. The weather is just as volatile here as on Arborea, perhaps even more so as the full fury of emerging storms is fueled by the contrasting warm and cool waters that clash invisibly across the seas. Hurricanes, typhoons, water spouts, rainstorms, and more appear without warning to churn Aquallor's oceans into white-foamed terror.

Aquallor's bottom is a sandy expanse continually shifting with the powerful currents. The depth varies wildly, with some regions as shallow as 20 feet deep and others plunging to a mile or more. Great forests of coral reef, usually only found in saltwater oceans, dominate many shallower areas where the water is the color of pale blue crystal.

Few islands stand permanently up from Aquallor's bottom as the raging tides and waves batter everything down eventually, though spontaneous islands are not uncommon. Tempest Head is the largest island by far, and it holds a permanent settlement of lusty sailors upon its rocky expanse.

Below the waters, great sea monsters swim with fish of all kind. Massive schools of quippers compete against giant hunting gar for easy prey while merrow, merfolk, and locathah make their way through the terrain. Aquatic elves hold the largest domain in Aquallor centered around the impressive Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas, the god of aquatic elves.

By ancient decree of Deep Sashelas, non-water breathers that come to Aquallor are automatically imbued with the ability to breathe water. This does not protect travelers from the myriad of dangerous creatures that lurk in the freshwater ocean nor from the violent weather that destroys ships with ease.

The River Oceanus, which winds its way through the upper outer planes, ends in a fantastic waterfall on Aquallor called the Life Eternal Falls. Many planar scholars believe this forms the center of the layer, though its infinite size makes this point fairly irrelevant.

MITHARDIR

The third layer of Arborea is both the most mysterious and most dangerous. Known as Mithardir, it is an endless wasteland of white, blowing, drifting grit and sand. The weather is especially harsh on this layer, the wind frequently whipping the fine particles about in dangerous sandstorms as the sky emits arcs of multi-hued lightning bolts.

Beneath the swirling, shifting white sands are the crumbling remains of an ancient civilization of giant proportions. Labelas Enoreth, elven god of time and knowledge, is said to be the only being in existence with knowledge of Mithardir's original inhabitants, but that knowledge is locked away in one of their secret tower libraries. The few tombs and ruins uncovered from the white sands give hints at an advanced society of titans or

giants who worshipped various animal-headed deities.

The white sand dunes are haunted by the remnants of this past civilization. Sand specters are seemingly mindless incorporeal undead giants that hunger for knowledge and wisdom, stealing it away from travelers with their ghostly touch. Blight giants are degenerate albino savages with a taste for flesh. Over it all, some travelers have reported the omnipresent feeling of being watched over, which gave rise to tales about the White Watcher lurking somewhere or everywhere across Mithardir's parched landscape.

CYCLE OF TIME

Each of Arborea's three layers has a bright, vibrant sun that rises and sets, giving way to a luminous pale white moon just as big in the overhead sky. No stars exist at night. The cycle is similar to the Material Plane, completing the transition from day to night to day again in 24 hours, but the exact length of day or night is highly variable. Some days, the night lasts 20 hours to the day's 4, while others it's the opposite.

The elves of Nasselaithe grow special flowers blessed by the priests of Labelas Enoreth to keep track of the cycle. The flowers react distinctly when both sunrise and moonrise approaches.

SURVIVING

Arborea is not inherently threatening to travelers. Even on Aquallor, the freshwater ocean layer, a special blessing from the elven god of sea, Deep Sashelas, immediately grants air breathers the ability to breathe water as long as they are in the waters of the layer. Each layer holds threats aplenty from weather and monsters, however.

GETTING THERE

Portals, gates, and planar conduits are plentiful leading into Arborea's first layer, Arvandor. Many elven strongholds across the multiverse hold permanent gates leading into Nasselaithe directly, and these are heavily guarded and monitored at all times on both sides.

Other portals exist into the wild expanse of Arvandor, many of which require a key that holds some spark of natural life. A sprig of an ancient oak tree, a vial of rainwater from the first thunderstorm of the year, or a jug of particularly potent wine are examples of keys that can open certain Arborea portals. Around the base of Mount Olympus, some portals require only a passionate thought about a certain topic, such as a loved one, a homeland, or a handheld item, to access.

Accessing the second and third layers of Arborea becomes more precarious. The easiest and most direct route into Aquallor is via the River Oceanus, which originates in Elysium, winds through the Beastlands, and finally ends in Arborea's oceanic second layer. Especially deep lakes on Arvandor hold permanent conduits leading into Aquallor as well.

Mithardir is little traveled, and the elves of Nasselaithess have worked hard to shut down or control every conduit leading to Arborea's third layer from within Arvandor. Sometimes, especially in the deepest heart of winter on wind-swept tundras of the Material Plane, spontaneous portals can spring up leading to Mithardir's white dust-filled layer.

TRAVELING AROUND

Arborea is vast, infinitely vast, so the largest impediment to travel is the sheer distance and terrain between locations. Arvandor especially is filled with vast tracts of dense forests, towering mountains with treacherous valleys, and sudden weather changes that change the landscape in the blink of an eye. Planar scholars recommend flying, either via winged mount or other means, but the best mode of transportation is teleportation magic.

The elves of Nasselaithess train teams of griffons to patrol the skies around their borders. An old network of portals around the base of Mount Olympus are still used to connect some small communities that worship old gods that stopped answering their prayers generations ago. Bacchus, Lord of Wine, possesses the ability to move about Arborea at will, so desperate travelers may seek his aid to travel a great distance. The price for such travels is always awkward, however.

THE POWERFUL AND MIGHTY

The passionate limitless realms of Arborea hold many influential groups, some obvious but even more hidden. The below list is a look at the most notable of these individuals or groups that a group of characters may come into contact with (either working for or against as the situation warrants!).

ARRATHALASS CONCLAVE

Elves are, at their heart, more in tune with the ways of magic than many other humanoid creatures. In the elven realm of Nasselaithess, the air thrums with magical power that mingles with the tingling sensation of a thunderstorm about to break. This power is controlled and maintained by an elite band of elven wizards known as the Arrathalass Conclave, though their influence reaches far beyond the borders of Nasselaithess.

The Arrathalass Conclave is made up of seventeen powerful elven wizards, each forsaking their family name and replacing it with Arrathalass signifying their loyalty (which means "ancient magic" in an old dialect of Elven). There is no distinct leader of the conclave as well, so each member's voice and opinion are as valid and powerful as another's. For decisions that affect the conclave as a whole, a simple majority is required to approve actions, and they meet irregularly to discuss events in Arvandor and across Arborea.

Members of the Arrathalass Conclave are the keepers of elven high magic, a potent form of wizardry taught only to elves and passed down from generation to generation.

Or at least that's been the idea. Over the centuries, some members of the conclave have left or gone rogue, taking their knowledge with them, and at least one has worked to spread the powerful elven high magic to anyone willing to learn it.

It is widely known in Nasselaithess that the Arrathalass Conclave are the ones responsible for shutting down access to Arborea's third layer, Mithardir. Exactly why is not understood but rumors persist that it is by divine decree the powerful elven wizards restrict access to the layer of white dust.

BACCHUS, LORD OF WINE

Where there is wine and song on Arborea there is usually Bacchus, or at least one of his disciples. Bacchus is a powerful being, perhaps even a god at one point, but his influence has waned to the point where he simply provides drink and merriment without end to the people of Arvandor. He appears as a devastatingly beautiful male or female satyr (whichever gender suits the situation, though more often male than female) carrying many jugs of wine over his shoulder. These jugs contain a potent concoction that never seems to run out, and Bacchus is never shy about pulling another one or three out to keep the drink flowing.

Bacchus is playful, dramatic, and curious, and he always tries to meet up with newcomers to Arborea to find out what they know and what they are after. His disciples are satyrs and drunken revelers that pass the good word of the Lord of Wine around wherever they go, and they believe that if they party loud and long enough Bacchus himself will show up (which he often does!).

Despite his carefree nature, Bacchus does have a serious side, which comes up anytime someone mentions Mount Olympus. Some planar scholars believe he is the last manifestation of a divine presence that once held that massive mountain as their home. Bacchus doesn't talk about his past without being tricked, which the Lord of Wine rarely is, but he is always keen to hear why others would seek out the secrets of Mount Olympus.

MISTRESS OF THE GLADE

Arvandor is home to a large number of animals and beasts, many of which are found across the Material Planes. They are as intelligent as their Material Plane counterparts on a whole as well, with one notable exception – they all recognize the absolute authority of the Mistress of the Glade.

This mysterious though clearly powerful being is able to take the shape of any animal of any size that can be found in Arvandor. She speaks many languages and is known to be friendly to the elves of Nasselaithess, but her true motives are largely unknown. Her favorite form is that of a magnificent white doe, but whichever form she chooses she remains bright-eyed, intelligent, and fiercely protective of all the wilderness of Arvandor.

The Mistress of the Glade has an uneasy relationship with Bacchus, as the Lord of Wine has no inhabitations and has been known to attempt the inebriation of many woodland creatures. But the Mistress understands that

Bacchus is mostly harmless in this regard, and the two share information about the events occurring across Arborea.

While she keeps a close eye on the wilderness of Arvandor (as close as she can considering its limitless expanse), the Mistress of the Glade can also take the form of an aquatic denizen to monitor the events on Aquallor as well. If she has any special ability to occupy Mithardir she hasn't let it known nor has she exercised it for generations.

SEERS OF TOMORROW

Scattered about Arvandor and buried beneath the waves of Aquallor are massive ivory statues roughly 20 feet tall. Each depicts a hooded male or female in a different pose, often with a book of some sort carved into their hands, along with a stylized symbol of an open eye located in different locations on each statue. These are the Ivory Oracles, imbued with powerful divination magic, and they are tended to by a sect of philosophers and scholars called the Seers of Tomorrow.

Divination is the most potent tool available in the arsenal of magic, or so believe the Seers of Tomorrow, and they are able to use the Ivory Oracles of Arborea to enhance the powers and reach of their own divination magic. The Seers live simplistic lives, tending to small libraries hidden near the Ivory Oracles, and after consulting with the magical statues they write their findings down in a book called the Tome of Tomorrow.

Or rather, in a replica of the Tome of Tomorrow. The book is said to contain all the prophecies and foretellings of countless generations, and thus its pages are beyond count. Each library around an Ivory Oracle is assigned a copy of the Tome of Tomorrow which appears as a massive book filled with blank pages. After the Seers have been writing in it for a day, the book sends its pages to the master Tome of Tomorrow, the exact location of which is known only to the Master Seer.

THE SELDARINE

The elven realm of Nasselaithess is held together by the will of the pantheon of elven gods, collectively referred to as the Seldarine. The priests of the Seldarine keep the peace and prosperity of the realm, but the actual gods usually do not interact directly with their followers. They watch from up above, in a grand invisible palace hovering over Nasselaithess known as the Elven Court.

Led by Corellon Larethian, the Seldarine are nonetheless a powerful force across all of Arborea, though frequently they are occupied with the events transpiring across the Material Plane. Labelas Enoreth, god of time and history, keeps an accurate accounting of what transpires in elven lands across the multiverse. Working closely with Labelas is Sehanine Moonbow, who watches over the spirits of the dead and keeps perhaps the most active role in the events of Nasselaithess.

Aerdrie Faenya, goddess of weather, keeps the worst of the temperamental weather of Arvandor at bay. Erevan Ilesere is the most mischievous of the Seldarine and has been forced out the Elven Court on numerous occasions, at which point he wanders the multiverse causing trouble.

Love and romance are the domain of Hanali Celanil, and her priests in Nasselaithess tend to pools of immense beauty that are akin to that of their goddess' in the Elven Court. The list of deities in the Seldarine goes on and on.

One conspicuously missing member is Lolth, queen of the drow. Dark elves are not known to exist in Arborea, but legends say that before their fall they did dwell with their queen among the Seldarine. The Grove of Night, a blighted dark region, was once their home but after Lolth's departure (or exile, depending on which version of the old story one believes) the trees in that area twisted and the sun no longer shone down. The Seldarine do not like to be reminded of the grove's existence.

WHITE WATCHER

Mithardir is a white dust filled wasteland, with spectral specters and savage blight giants moving around with evil intentions. Few travelers have been to Arborea's third layer, but those that have come back report the constant feeling of being watched, and on more than one occasion a pair of enigmatic opal eyes have been seen in the bleached sun overhead.

Some planar scholars believe the White Watcher, as they've dubbed the force, is a lingering memory from the ancient civilization that once dominated Mithardir before the white dust and sand swallowed it all. Others think it's the eyes of Labelas Enoreth, elven god of time, watching over the ruins to ensure a dark secret is never uncovered.

Whatever its true nature, the White Watcher has not made any direct action or contact with travelers in Mithardir. Some that have visited the wasteland have not even seen it, blaming its existence on delirium brought on by the glaring white sands.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Beasts of a wide variety populate the Olympian Glades of Arborea, from the majestic aethons that patrol the skies of Arvandor to the cunning gar fish that swim through the oceans of Aquallor to the insidious sand specters that haunt the white dunes of Mithardir. Travelers are advised to be on their guard if they travel through Arborea as the fauna can turn deadly as quickly as the weather.

AETHON

Eagles and their like are common in the skies above Arvandor, but few match the majesty of the aethon. This bird resembles a large golden eagle with a massive wingspan, a piercing intelligent gaze, and flame-colored feathers. They are noble creatures that become living flame as they fly, shooting across the sky like a comet, and always they watch for threats (or their next meal).

Flaming Guardians. Aethons are descended from a fiery bird that once dwelled on the slopes of Mount Olympus, a great intelligent animal also called Aethon. Long before the titans of that great mountain fell from the plane, Aethon took it upon himself to send his progeny out into the wilds of Arvandor to keep the skies clear of dangerous threats. It proved to be a wise maneuver as Aethon disappeared with the titans of Mount Olympus, but his progeny live on as flaming guardians of the azure skies.

Return of Aethon. The aethons that patrol the skies of Arborea believe that their progenitor, the legendary Aethon, will return one day in a fiery burst of glory. The exact details of Aethon's return have been left to mystery, however. Some of the majestic fire eagles believe their sire's return is predicated upon some curse being lifted from Mount Olympus, while others wait for the rise of a new champion that holds the "blood of Aethon" in their veins.

AETHON

Large beast, neutral good

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 60 (8d10+16)

Speed 10 ft., fly 80 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	20 (+5)	14 (+2)	8 (-1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)

Skills Perception +5

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities fire

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Giant Eagle, understands Auran and Common but can't speak them

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Fire Flyer. While moving with its fly speed, the aethon becomes living flame and can move through a space as narrow as 1 inch wide without squeezing. It can pass through a hostile creature's space, inflicting 5 (1d10) fire damage to the creature. The aethon cannot be grappled or restrained while moving with its fly speed.

Illumination. The aethon sheds bright light in a 30-foot radius and dim light in an additional 30 feet.

Keen Sight. The aethon has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The aethon makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its talons.

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 8 (1d6+5) piercing damage.

Talons. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 12 (2d6+5) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) fire damage.

Fire Burst (Recharge 5-6). The aethon releases a burst of fire in a 30-foot radius centered on itself. Creatures caught in the radius must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 21 (6d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much on a success.

Crave Horror

In Arborea, passions rule the day, and the creatures that dwell there thrive on their powerful emotions. Fear, anger, love, joy, sorrow, and more are felt keenest by the people of Arborea, they would say more so than any other plane, but these relentless passions have a dark side. When someone gives in fully to their passion and lets it consume them, they become an undead monster known as a crave horror. Gaunt, hollow-eyed, and sallow-skinned, crave horrors have lost the passion that once filled their lives and now seek to steal it from any they can.

A Passionate Curse. Some small communities in Arborea believe the first crave horrors were created when a village gave themselves over to a passion born of darkness and hate. The village set upon one of their own in a maniacal frenzy that went further than reason, descending into maddening craving that nothing could satiate. They moved into the forest seeking new passions but they found their bellies were filled only by consuming the emotions of others.

Mother of Dead Eyes. Crave horrors are universally feared and reviled in Arborea, but one stands out among the others. Known as the Mother of Dead Eyes, this crave horror was once a human woman of exceeding beauty, but she gave into her lust in such a way that her passion consumed her. Now she wanders the forests of Arvandor with a pack of crave horrors, luring travelers into danger with alluring sounds of celebration and merriment. The Mother of Dead Eyes is able to mask her true nature and that of her fellow undead monsters as part of the ruse, which she drops at the highest moment of passionate exultation experienced by the unwitting victims.

Undead Nature. A crave horror doesn't require air, food, drink, or sleep.

Crave Horror

Medium undead, chaotic evil

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 38 (5d8+15)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	19 (+4)	17 (+3)	6 (-2)	10 (+0)	6 (-2)

Skills Stealth +6

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities exhaustion, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages speaks and understands the languages it knew in life

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Aura of Despair. Living creatures that start their turn within 30 feet of the crave horror must succeed on a DC 13 Charisma saving throw. On a failure, they are overcome with despair and suffer disadvantage on attack rolls until the start of their next turn.

Regeneration. The crave horror regains 10 hit points at the end of its turn if it reduced a target's Charisma score during its action.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The crave horror makes two attacks, one with its claws and one with its bite.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) slashing damage plus 7 (2d6) psychic damage.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4), and the target's Charisma score is reduced by 1d4. The target dies if this reduces its Charisma to 0. Otherwise, the reduction lasts until the target finishes a short or long rest. If a non-evil humanoid dies from this attack, a new crave horror rises from the corpse 1d4 hours later.

GAR FISH

Arborea's aquatic second layer, Aquallor, is a freshwater ocean of green and blue water. It holds numerous creatures that are normally not found in freshwater locations, such as sharks and whales, but the numerous gar fish are a constant threat. These large flesh-eating fish have thick scales and long narrow mouths capable of lightning quick snaps at targets, and they produce a natural poison that make them a deadly foe to face underwater.

Though the gar are found predominantly in Aquallor's shallow depths, the numerous rivers and lakes that crisscross Arvandor have also played home to schools of these deadly predatory fish. They are patient hunters with unusual lungs that allow them to stay still for long periods of time, waiting for the right moment to strike. Gar can also be found in the deeper swamps of Arborea.

Spawning Pools & Pearled Eggs. Gar travel far from their spawning regions, which are usually located in shallow swamps filled with reeds and thick vegetation. On Aquallor, these spots occur spontaneously as islands are pushed from the ocean floor complete with mats of heavy seaweed that provide perfect cover for the gar's spawn. Eggs are laid in great pods in these spawning pools and then left to fend for themselves. Many eggs are devoured by water insects and ambitious fish, but some hatch into newborn gar who then mature rapidly.

Rarely, a gar on Aquallor lays an egg that is not an egg, but instead a shimmering blue pearl. The sea elves believe this is a blessing of Deep Sashelas, their aquatic god, and teams of pearl hunters have been known to scour the spawning pools of the gar in search of these rare objects. Each one is unique but most possess fantastic magical properties. The sea elves consider it a great blasphemy for a non-sea elf to be in possession of a pearled gar egg.

ARMORED GAR

One of the smaller species of gar, the armored gar is covered with thick scales that protect its insides from many attacks. They are slower than many other fish, but when they move to strike they can lunge with surprising speed and accuracy. The elves of Nasselaithess have been known to hunt the armored gar and use the scales to make fashionable armor plates, a practice borrowed from their aquatic cousins the sea elves in the shallow waters of Aquallor.

HUNTING GAR

Large enough to challenge sharks, the hunting gar is a feared predator with a knack for taking down bigger prey. The jaws of the hunting gar are wider than its body but just as long as its smaller cousins, and this massive bite is capable of tearing through flesh and bone in an instant. When a hunting gar senses blood, like a shark it moves in for the quickest kill to feast on the unfortunate victim at its leisure.

ARMORED GAR

Medium beast, unaligned

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 45 (6d8+18)

Speed 0 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Skills Perception +2

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages --

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Water Breathing. The gar can breathe only underwater.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.

Hit: 7 (1d10+2) piercing damage plus 14 (4d6) poison damage.

ROTTEN GAR

Sometimes, in the passionate realm of Arborea, nature and life take a dark turn. No one has yet been able to identify how or why some gar transform into undead monsters, but rotten gar are feared creatures by all dwelling in the waters of Aquallor and around the rivers of Arvandor. The natural poison of the fish is amplified in the rotten gar allowing it to exhale clouds of dangerous fumes capable of killing stout elves and other fish with ease. They are not possessed of any keen malevolence and seem to want nothing more than to eat and survive just as other gar, but there is something unnatural about them.

The sea elves of Aquallor believe the rotten gar originate from a dark place in the ocean known as the Bones of the Cold Caller. Deep Sashelas and her priests have forbid any talk of the unholy place within the Crystal Temple, but everyone knows it's a foul and dark place. Exactly what happened there and why it's shunned by the sea elves is a legend few of the aquatic dwellers are willing to tell strangers.

Undead Nature. A rotten gar doesn't require air, food, drink, or sleep.

HUNTING GAR

Large beast, unaligned

Armor Class 14 (natural armor)

Hit Points 68 (8d10+24)

Speed 0 ft., swim 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Skills Perception +2

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 12

Languages --

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Blood Hunter. The gar inflicts an extra 9 (2d8) damage to a target that is below its maximum hit points.

Water Breathing. The gar can breathe only underwater.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 13 (2d8+4) piercing damage plus 14 (4d6) poison damage.

ROTTEN GAR

Medium undead, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 75 (10d8+30)

Speed 0 ft., swim 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Skills Perception +3

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages --

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Noxious Aura. Living creatures that start their turn within 30 feet of the gar must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution or be poisoned until the start of their next turn.

Water Breathing. The gar can breathe only underwater.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The gar makes two bite attacks.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 10 (1d10+5) piercing damage plus 14 (4d6) poison damage.

Poisonous Cloud (Recharge 5-6). The gar releases a poisonous cloud in a 30-foot radius centered on itself. Creatures in the area must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, suffering 21 (8d6) poison damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.

GIANT, BLIGHT

Mithardir, the third layer of Arborea, is mostly a desolate landscape of endless white grit and sand, with rolling dunes and blinding glare. If the weather doesn't get to travelers, the roaming bands of blight giants can certainly cause trouble. The prevailing theory is that these gaunt, hairless albino giants are all that remain of a civilization of titans that once dominated Mithardir. If this is true, the giants have truly fallen far from their lofty position, as blight giants are savage brutes with no interest or skill in creating or maintaining permanent buildings. They move in small bands, hunting each other, and living off unusually large bleached rocks that occasionally appear amidst the blowing white sands.

At first blush, a blight giant may be mistaken for an albino stone giant, and the two species have similar physical characteristics. However, where the stone giant is lanky but full of sinewy muscle, the blight giant is gaunt and near-skeletal, with arms and legs elongated and developed to move quickly across the desert sands. They wield blades made from huge bones, usually of their own dead kin, and sharpened on white stone plateaus that appear when the winds of Mithardir blow in just the right way.

Feuding Roving Bands. Blight giants gather together in small roving bands, with individuals numbering between three and ten, each bound together by blood. In their crude dialect of Giant, these giants name themselves after natural phenomena around them, such as the Razor Wind, the White Flare, the Sand Shifters, or the Sun Fighters. Each band is closely knit, with duties shared equally among male, female, young, and old, but often times their activities are focused on finding and eliminating their rival band.

The feud between individual bands of blight giants is absolute and without reason or compromise. When another band has been labeled a rival, it is for life and usually continues along the generations (though blight giants live a long time and only rarely give birth to offspring). The band moves in concert to eliminate their rival with whatever means necessary.

Deeply Distrustful. Many blight giants are cruel, relentless hunters of the sand dunes, but some are merely concerned with the basic survival of their immediate band. All blight giants are deeply distrustful of anyone or anything outside their tightly knit group, and when faced with strangers most prefer to hide and wait for the opportunity to strike from a hidden position.

BLIGHT GIANT

Huge giant, chaotic evil or chaotic neutral

Armor Class 18 (leather armor)

Hit Points 115 (10d12+50)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	22 (+6)	21 (+5)	6 (-2)	11 (+0)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Dex +9, Con +8

Skills Perception +3, Stealth +9, Survival +3

Damage Immunities necrotic

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages Giant

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Cunning Action. The giant can use a bonus action to Dash, Disengage, or Dodge.

Sand Camouflage. The giant has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks made to hide in sandy terrain.

Sand Walker. The giant is not affected by difficult terrain caused by sand or dirt.

Sneak Attack. Once per turn, the giant deals an extra 22 (4d10) damage when it hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of the giant that isn't incapacitated and the giant doesn't have disadvantage on the roll.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The giant makes two bone blade attacks.

Bone Blade. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d8+6) slashing damage.

Rock. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, range 60/240 ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (2d10+6) bludgeoning damage.

HAG, FATE

Destiny and fate are curious bedfellows on a plane as passionate and chaotic as Arborea, but its roots in portents run deeper than many expect. The once proud titans that dwelled on Mount Olympus were slaves to this powerful force, and though they are all but gone from Arvandor now, the fate hags that served them still persist. The fat hag appears as a withered crone bent with age, with a great hunched back and gnarled hands that end in wicked-sharp claws. Scraggly gray hair hangs from their spotted pates and across their craggy, weathered face, but the eyes of a fate hag are bright and luminous. They speak in a honeyed voice that is more angelic than their fearsome form would suggest.

Fate hags are usually solitary creatures dwelling in remote places across Arvandor. Whatever calamity befell Mount Olympus drove them away from that mighty mountain and few dwell anywhere near it now.

Eyes of the Future. Fate hags are renown for their ability to foretell the future. Their unusually large eyes see the strands of possibility coalescing around great events and people, and they can focus this vision to accurately predict actions moment to moment or expand it to encompass the passing of epochs. This ability makes them sought after by ancient heroes and kings who wish to divine their fate from the lips of fate's messenger, but a hag does not give out such details for free. They demand high prices for their words, bargains that few travelers find in their favor in the long run.

Coven of Prophecy. Fate hags are solitary creatures most of the time, though occasionally a trio may come together to form a temporary coven in pursuit of a greater or more accurate foretelling of momentous events. On very rare occasions, the known fate hags across Arborea have gathered in a hidden underground lair to convene the Coven of Prophecy. Some elven sages believe the fate hags gather to transcribe high forebodings in the Scroll of Tomorrow. The Scroll of Tomorrow is said to contain the fate of gods, dragons, and the planes themselves. Few have ever seen the infamous document and no fate hag would reveal its presence or contents to an outsider.

FATE HAG

Medium fey, chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 78 (12d8+24)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	21 (+5)

Saving Throws Wis +6, Cha +8

Skills History +4, Perception +6

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities poison, psychic

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16

Languages Common, Elven, Primordial

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. The hag's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 16, +8 to hit with spell attacks). She can innately cast the following spells:

At will: *detect thoughts*, *chromatic orb*

3/day each: *arcane eye*, *divination*, *locate creature*, *true seeing*

Magic Resistance. The hag has advantage on saving throws against spells and 3d other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The fate hag makes two attacks with her claws.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 10 (2d6+3) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) psychic damage.

REACTIONS

Control Fate. After a creature has rolled an attack roll or saving throw within sight of the hag, she can change the number rolled on the d20 to 5 or 15 (her choice).

SAND SPECTER

The white sandy wasteland of Mithardir hides ruins beneath its mighty shifting dunes. These ruins hint at a sprawling civilization of giants or titans that once stood proud, but little is actually known about them. What little information is known has been gleaned from the living but savage blight giants that stalk the dunes, along with the incorporeal sand specters that rise up to threaten those that wander into the forgotten ruins.

Sand specters appear as shimmering white wraiths nearly 20 feet tall. Their forms are indistinct and misty with the exception of their hands and eyes, both of which they can use to drain living creatures of their living essences. They attack any without reason, leading some planar scholars to believe the sand specters view the entire layer of Mithardir as their home to defend.

Hate-Filled Guardians. To date no one has successfully communicated with a sand specter, but they seem dedicated to stopping exploration of the mysterious ruins beneath Mithardir. The layer receives few travelers of any kind, but some questing groups have gauged their closeness to the titan ruins based on the frequency of sand specter encounters. The tireless spectral giants attack without mercy, draining life and willpower away in quick strokes, and often use their invisibility to catch trespassers off-guard by attacking in the middle of a sandstorm.

Pale Towers. Much of the ruins beneath Mithardir's white sands are constructed of magically hardened alabaster and built to accommodate giant-sized occupants. One location that has drawn the interest of scholars and treasure hunters are the Pale Towers, which stand out periodically from the blowing dunes to pierce the brilliant sky of the layer. When enough sand and grit shifts away from the Pale Towers to reveal an entrance, the few travelers that have located the site have reported concentrated efforts of scores of sand specters to deter any exploration.

Undead Nature. A sand specter doesn't require air, food, drink, or sleep.

SAND SPECTER

Huge undead, chaotic evil

Armor Class 13

Hit Points 68 (8d12+16)

Speed 0 ft., fly 50 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	11 (+0)

Damage Resistances acid, cold fire, lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages --

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Incorporeal Movement. The specter can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

Invisibility. The specter can cast *invisibility* as a bonus action.

ACTIONS

Multattack. The specter makes two attacks using any combination of Life Drain and Willpower Drain.

Life Drain. *Melee Spell Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 21 (6d6) necrotic damage. The target must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or its hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the damage taken. This reduction lasts until the creature finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0.

Willpower Drain. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +7 to hit, range 60 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 21 (6d6) necrotic damage and the target's Wisdom score is reduced by 1d4. The target dies if this reduces its Wisdom to 0. Otherwise, the reduction lasts until the target finishes a short or long rest.

SCYLLA SERPENT

The never-ending ocean of Aquallor is a tempest-beset freshwater sea of lurking dangers and terrors, though few are as direct as the scylla serpents that rise up from the depths. These massive sea monsters have slick, scaly gray reptilian bodies that taper to long tails, with a pair of front legs that end in large flippers that allow it to move quickly in the water. Two long necks emerge from its torso each topped with dull red skull-like heads filled with crooked but sharp teeth. Scylla serpents are at home in any body of water, but they are amphibious and have been known to heave themselves upon ships and islands in search of fresh meat.

Apex Predators. In Aquallor, few other creatures match the ferocity of a scylla serpent, and the creatures feast on whales, sharks, gar, and anything else it can capture in its mighty jaws. A sack below its unusual skull-like head produces a special type of acid that burns in water and air, and it can send out a devastating spray from each of its heads to boil the flesh from foes.

Bony Appetites. Scylla serpents dine on the bones of its prey, melting flesh and muscle away with its powerful acidic glands. They lair among the coral reefs of Aquallor and range far and wide from their home in search of fresh bones to devour. Scylla serpents are possessed with a cunning animalistic intelligence that keeps them alert and always on the move while in the water, where few other creatures can challenge their mighty rein beneath the waves.

SCYLLA SERPENT

Huge monstrosity, unaligned

Armor Class 15 (natural armor)

Hit Points 207 (18d12+90)

Speed 20 ft., swim 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	13 (+1)	21 (+5)	2 (-4)	10 (+0)	9 (-1)

Saving Throws Dex +5, Con +9

Skills Perception +6, Survival +4

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16

Languages --

Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Amphibious. The scylla serpent can breathe air and water.

Regeneration. The scylla serpent regains 10 hit points at the start of its turn as long as it is fully submerged in water.

Two Heads. The scylla serpent has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks and on saving throws against being blinded, charmed, deafened, frightened, stunned, and knocked unconscious.

Wakeful. When one of the scylla serpent's heads is asleep, its other head is awake.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The scylla serpent's two heads can each take distinct actions.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 20 (4d6+6) piercing damage plus 9 (2d8) acid damage.

Acid Spray (Recharge 5-6). The scylla serpent releases a spray of acid in a 30-foot cone from one of its heads. Creatures caught in the radius must succeed on a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 48 (8d8) acid damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.

WINE SPIRIT

The most devoted servants of Bacchus, Lord of Wine, are the troublesome though rarely dangerous wine spirits that dance and cavort to their master's whims. A wine spirit appears as a slender humanoid dressed in loose-fitting silk garments surrounded by a faint shimmering hue that changes color from deep red to crystal white as its mood suits it. A pair of delicate insectoid wings sprout from their back, and the wine spirit is never without a fine goblet in its hand filled with a never-ending source of potent wine.

Heralds of Merrymaking. Wine spirits dance in the great forests of Arborea as harbingers of carefree parties. They are welcome in most communities of Arvandor, and though Bacchus only rarely appears in their wake, there is always a chance that the merrymaking brought upon by a band of wine spirits can summon the Lord of Wine. Many villages consider it a good omen to be intoxicated by a wine spirit and use the temporary lapses in judgment to let loose what little inhibitions they held. Even the elves of Nasselaithess welcome wine spirits into their communities.

Jugs of Bacchus. Each wine spirit is connected to a magical jug kept in the secret palace of Bacchus. This jug forms the source of their never-ending wine and wine-based abilities, and if this jug were ever to be lost or destroyed the wine spirit would slowly fade away. Bacchus is usually careful to not allow strangers to view the jugs of the wine spirit in his secret home, but the Lord of Wine is also forgetful and eager to boast to guests so he has been known to let select travelers view the magnificent cellars that hold the magical bottles.

WINE SPIRIT

Medium fey, chaotic neutral

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 30 (4d8+12)

Speed 40 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	21 (+5)	17 (+3)	11 (+2)	9 (-1)	14 (+2)

Saving Throws Con +5

Skills Performance +5, Persuasion +5

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 9

Languages Common, Elven

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Cunning. The wine spirit can use a bonus action to Dash, Disengage, or Dodge.

ACTIONS

Spoiled Wine Spray. *Ranged Spell Attack:* +7 to hit, range 60 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 12 (2d6+5) poison damage.

Intoxicate. The wine spirit chooses a target creature it can see. The target must succeed on a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or become drunk (poisoned) for 1 minute.

Command Drunk. The wine spirit chooses a drunk target it can see and gives a command. The target must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be compelled to follow the directed action of the wine spirit as their next action. The saving throw automatically succeeds if the command is to inflict damage or would cause direct damage to the target.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The major hazard posed by all the layers of Arborea is the volatile nature of the weather. At the drop of a coin the weather can shift violently from peaceful to a raging storm, though just as quickly it can switch back as well.

PASSIONATE WEATHER

The passionate nature of Arborea whips up weather into a frenzy that can take natives and travelers by surprise. Random weather tables are provided for each of the layers, and it is suggested that they be used with every change of scene while characters are exploring the Olympian Glades. Otherwise, each weather event can last 1d20 hours. Often times, the passionate weather of Arborea covers a wide area, large enough where the characters must last the duration, but for swift-moving parties escaping the weather area may be possible.

While extreme, the weather of Arborea mimics that of most Material Planes. Immediately threatening weather, such as acid rain or fire storms, are not part of the passionate nature of the plane. The passionate weather is also not affected by the day/night cycle, with equal chances during the day and night for weather events to occur.

Cold Snap. The temperature plunges in the area. Each hour, creatures exposed or traveling in the cold must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion. Creatures with resistance or immunity to cold damage automatically succeed on the saving throw, while creatures wearing cold weather gear have advantage on the save.

Deluge. Heavy rain comes down in sheets. Everything is lightly obscured, and creatures in the area have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight and hearing. Open flames are extinguished as well.

Hail Storm. The clouds unleash ice chunks in the form of hail. Each minute, exposed creatures in the area must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 11 (2d10) bludgeoning damage on a failure or none on a success. Hail storms last half as long as a typical storm on Arborea.

Heat Wave. A swelling heat and humidity fills the area. Each hour, creatures exposed or traveling in the heat must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or gain one level of exhaustion. Creatures with resistance or immunity to fire damage automatically succeed on the saving throw, while creatures in medium or heavy armor suffer disadvantage on the save.

Lightning Storm. Jagged streaks of lightning fill the sky. Every hour creatures spend traveling or exposed in the open during the lightning storm, one target randomly is struck by a lightning bolt from above. The target must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 28 (8d6) lightning damage on a failure, or half as much on a success. On Mithardir, the lightning is purple and the storm lasts twice as long.

Snow Storm. Snow begins to fall in great flakes across the area. The temperature drops enough where the snow doesn't melt right away, though the climate usually normalizes after a few days and any fallen snow would melt. During the snow storm, the area is lightly obscured,

and creatures in the area have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight.

Strong Wind. The winds pick up in a fury, blowing in a random direction and changing directions at the whim of some mysterious force. Ranged weapon attack rolls and Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing are made at disadvantage. Flying creatures in a strong wind must land at the end of its turn or fall to the ground, suffering appropriate falling damage. On Mithardir, the wind whips up the sand, imposing disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight as well.

Thick Mist. A thick fog engulfs the area. The area is heavily obscured, and all light sources drop down a degree (bright light becomes dim light, dim light becomes darkness).

Thunderstorm. Peals of thunder accompany the pounding rain that fills the region. The area is lightly obscured by the rain.

WEATHER TABLE OF AQUALLOR

The passionate weather of Arborea affects the area above the ocean of Aquallor, leaving the underwater regions relatively unaffected by the powerful whims.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF AQUALLOR
1-3	Cold Snap
4-7	Deluge
8-10	Heat Wave
11-13	Lightning Storm
14-16	Strong Wind
17	Thick Mist
18-20	Thunderstorm

WEATHER TABLE OF ARVANDOR

Every type of weather imaginable can crop up on Arvandor.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF ARVANDOR
1-2	Cold Snap
3-4	Deluge
5-6	Hail Storm
7-8	Heat Wave
9-10	Lightning Storm
11-12	Snow Storm
13-14	Strong Wind
15-16	Thick Mist
17-18	Thunderstorm
19-20	Roll twice, re-rolling results of 19 or 20

WEATHER TABLE OF MITHARDIR

The dryness of the white wasteland of Mithardir keeps extreme moisture-related weather at bay, but winds and lightning storms pose problems at all times.

1D20	PASSIONATE WEATHER OF MITHARDIR
1-4	Cold Snap
5-9	Heat Wave
10-14	Lightning Storm
15-19	Strong Wind
20	Thick Mist

MYSTERIOUS SITES & TREASURES

Mystery abounds across the layers of the Olympian Glades of Arborea. Adventurers of all kinds have explored the great forests of Arvandor in search of the mythical Evergold Pool, plunged into the ocean of Aquallor and sought out the wisdom of the sea elves in the Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas, or braved the white sands of Mithardir to uncover the Tombs of the Titans.

ARBOREAN STAR CRYSTALS

Strange clusters of luminous crystal formations are found on all three layers of Arborea. Planar scholars and merchants refer to them as Arborean star crystals, and the prevailing theory is that they were once stars in the sky of the plane that fell down eons ago across the landscape. They are rarely found in groupings of more than three or four, each about the size of a man's palm with protruding points from a central crystalline body. They glow white, pink, and soft blue and are incredibly valuable, not only for their rarity but also their attunement to magical enchantments.

In Arvandor, the star crystals are often found gathered around the moss-filled trunks of the oldest trees, while below the wind-swept waters of Aquallor they hide among muck and silt beneath glowing coral reefs. The Mithardir star crystals are the hardest to find as the few that have been uncovered have been worked into the alabaster stone monuments and buildings of the fallen titan civilization and protected by its guardians.

CRYSTAL TEMPLE OF DEEP SASHELAS

The sea elves that dwell in the waters of Aquallor live in scattered small communities around coral reefs and naturally rocky sections growing up from the ocean floor. All of them pay homage in one way or another to the home of their god, the magnificent Crystal Temple of Deep Sashelas. A truly awe-inspiring sight underwater, the Crystal Temple is located in a broad basin in what is considered the deepest section of Aquallor. Its slender towers extend up from the myriad of buildings built around a single great spire that serves as Deep Sashelas' personal abode.

The Crystal Temple is tended to by a large community of pious sea elves who ritualistically blind themselves as part

of their dedication. Some special property of the crystalline structure of the temple complex allows the otherwise blind sea elf priests to maneuver with perfect clarity through the halls, and they can sense the presence of other living creatures (though they cannot make out details). Deep Sashelas demands such fealty and never reveals itself to mortal creatures.

EVERGOLD POOL

The Evergold Pool is a legendary site of liquid gold that supposedly grants any who bathe in its waters supernatural beauty and long life. It is said to exist in a mystic glade somewhere in one of Arvandor's great trackless forests, guarded by a nymph princess who can see into the hearts of all who come seeking the pool's magic. These, at least, are the rumors.

Some planar scholars believe the Evergold Pool is in the possession of one of the Seldarine, specifically the elven goddess of beauty, Hanali Celanil. In this case, the pool would likely reside somewhere in Nasselaithe, though it is possible the elven goddess moves the pool around Arvandor according to some ancient whim. Kings, queens, lords, and ladies of all kind have sent countless expeditions in search of the mythical Evergold Pool to increase both their beauty and their life, but so far none have found the wondrous site.

GROVE OF NIGHT

A hundred miles beyond the borders of Nasselaithe, the sun does not shine upon a blighted region known as the Grove of Night. Elven legends say this was once the home of Lolth before the downfall of the drow and her banishment from the Seldarine. Even before this ruinous event, Lolth dabbled in dark and forbidden sorcery, adding legitimacy to the stories behind the shadow-haunted Grove of Night.

Darkness envelops the black oak trees of the grove where perpetual shadows hold sway in day or night. Monstrous spiders and other insects make their home there now, but if this was Lolth's former abode, there may still be secrets or lingering power from her time among the Seldarine. Some ambitious drow have sought out the Grove of Night in order to glean its secrets but the elven wardens of Nasselaithe keep a close eye on the surrounding region and have thus far not allowed any drow to step foot inside its borders.

ICE FOREST OF THALASSUS

The weather of Arvandor is as passionate as its people, and sometimes that means widespread cold grips the land. But it normally lasts only a few days before normalizing out to a comfortable temperature. Such is not the case in the Ice Forest of Thalassus, a wooded region blanketed perpetually in snow, ice, and cold. It labors under a permanent cold snap, with snow storms replacing deluges on the random passionate weather table.

The Ice Forest is named for the centaur king Thalassus, a special breed of shaggy white-furred centaurs dwell in nomadic tribes among the frozen trees and snow-covered

boughs. Thalassus was once a noble leader who earned the respect of the forgotten gods of Mount Olympus. Then, Thalassus' heart was forever broken by a mortal and the forested land of his home changed suddenly and dramatically into the Ice Forest. Thalassus still lives, an immortal creature, but his heart is as icy as his domain. The centaurs that roam the region keep to themselves and attack visitors on sight.

Thalassus is said to hold a spark of divinity from the forgotten gods of Mount Olympus, and many have sought out the centaur king in search of this spark, whether to claim it or simply understand its unique powers. To all those that enter the Ice Forest and earn an audience with the centaur king, Thalassus poses a unique and life-threatening challenge. No one has so far completed Thalassus' challenge.

IVORY ORACLES

The great wilderness of Arvandor is dotted occasionally by impressive white statutes called Ivory Oracles. Each statue depicts a robed woman in a unique pose and they are possessed with a powerful spirit of divination that can accurately recall the past and cryptically predict the future. Each Ivory Oracle is tended to by a member of the Seers of Tomorrow, a sect of diviners who catalogue the words of the mysterious statues.

The largest cluster of Ivory Oracles is around the base of Mount Olympus and the prevailing theory connects the statues to the old gods that once resided on that monstrously huge mountain. But the Ivory Oracles are curiously silent on this matter, and it is rumored the Master Seer – secreted away somewhere in a grand library – may hold the truth in the Tome of Tomorrow. The Seers that watch over the Ivory Oracles assist travelers in asking questions and generally aid those who do not seek to destroy the powerful divination statues.

LIFE ETERNAL FALLS

The River Oceanus winds its way through the upper planes, a radiant reflection of the River Styx through the lower planes. Where the River Styx robs memories and leaves travelers befuddled, the River Oceanus is cool, clear, and refreshing, originating on the slopes of Mount Olympus and ending on Arborea's third layer of Aquallor. There, it spills from the sky itself in a magnificent and awe-inspiring site called the Life Eternal Falls.

Where the Life Eternal Falls crashes into Aquallor's ocean, great white foam and thick mist fills the air. Here, the refreshing power of the River Oceanus is said to cure many diseases and restore sanity to those that lost it through magic or fell power. Below the waves directly underneath the eternal waterfall is a gold-flecked stone castle of merfolk that protect the region from invaders. The Oceanus Knighthood of Life Eternal has kept vigilant watch over the site for countless generations and they patrol the River Oceanus through its winding length as well.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

Towering over much of Arvandor is the massive Mount Olympus. It can be seen hundreds of miles away, but its upper regions are obscured by churning storm clouds that never dissipate. Planar scholars say it is the second highest mountain in the multiverse, dwarfed only by the majestic height of the Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia. Mount Olympus is roughly divided into three tiers – the base, the middle, and the top.

The base tier of Mount Olympus is riddled with ruined temples and cities, long abandoned by ancient people, with surprisingly well-built roads running between them. Signs of art, theater, culture, and civilization mark these ruins, and no obvious signs of disaster mark them today – they're simply empty. Some the wilderness of Arvandor have started to reclaim, and others hold monsters and beasts, but little of the original inhabitants are left.

Further up the rocky slope, the roads become broken and the terrain rougher. This middle tier holds little permanent structures beyond an occasional stone altar or small temple, but they bear no sign of a deity or god for whom they honor. Flying beasts of all kind are found around the middle tier, which is as high up as any can see around Arvandor.

The top tier is a true mystery. Shrouded by storm clouds and filled with high winds and jagged lightning, the top is said to hold the home of a race of ancient gods or titans. But what happened to them? Do any signs still stand of their presence? The treacherous terrain and unpredictable weather has deterred all travelers thus far. The elves of Nasselaithess have records that go back to the days of Mount Olympus, but Labelas Enoreth and his associates have been forbidden from discussing it by some ancient yet powerful force.

NASSELAITHESS

Elven society on Arborea is centered in and around their grand realm of woodland beauty, Nasselaithess. To the outside or untrained eye, the elven realm that stretches across hundreds of miles of Arvandor wilderness is nothing more than that – perhaps a bit more primal, but pure wilderness. This image is carefully cultivated by the elves, who have gone to extreme lengths to ensure every building, every structure, every function of Nasselaithess is crafted to be in harmony with the forest rather than against it.

Homes are built into the trunks of great trees that grow in clusters, forming smaller communities, while granite and rock is shaped to form natural caves of glittering beauty. The elves of Nasselaithess are the purest souls, dwelling in the idyllic forest realm for as long as they like before being reborn across the multiverse. The elven gods, the Seldarine, keep their aloof homes above the treetops of Nasselaithess in an achingly beautiful region called the Golden Paradise. There, Corellon Larethian and the other gods of the Seldarine watch over elves across the multiverse, occasionally sending avatars down into Nasselaithess to spread word of news and danger.

In Nasselaithess, the elves have perfected every aspect of elf life. Magic, commonly associated with elves, is studied

and crafted with unerring precision, giving rise to powerful elven high magic unequalled across the multiverse. The borders of Nasselaithess are protected by arcane wardens – rangers with arcane abilities that are also found on the Plane of Faerie. Priests of the Seldarine speak and sing in divinely influenced voices knowing they are closer to their gods than any other.

The high priests of the Seldarine hold the greatest power in Nasselaithess, though they clash sometimes with the wizards of the Arrathalass Conclave. Each community in the elven realm is dedicated to one of the elven gods, and the highest ranking priest of that god leads the community. Below the Golden Paradise, the greatest temples of the Seldarine stand proud, and the leaders in these fantastically appointed holy sites command the legions that protect Nasselaithess' borders (though only in the name of the Seldarine, who are recognized as the absolute authority in the realm).

RUINS OF FORTRESS SIDERO

Numerous ruined castles and towers dot the wilderness of Arvador, each with their own unique history. Fortress Sidero is one of the larger ruins, with five castles built of solid gray stone connecting together via crumbling fortifications to form one larger sprawling site. It was the home of a mighty hero named Sidero, a warrior and champion who swore fealty to the titans of Mount Olympus. Their blood flowed in his veins, and through his wit and charm he built a fortress to honor his bloodline.

Then, the titans left Mount Olympus, and quickly Sidero's power waned. He railed against the ebbing of his influence and made a dark pact with powerful but mysterious forces. Sidero exchanged his blood for that of a still present patron, but the deal went bad for him and his loyal troops. Darkness enveloped his sprawling fortress, and one by one his forces turned into undead monsters. Sidero himself became a death knight, still possessing an unholy charm but now ringed hollow with his undead state.

TEMPEST HEAD

Aquallor holds few permanent islands amidst its endless freshwater ocean. Many are heaved up suddenly from the ocean floor by massive earthen movements but they often drop back down in a matter of days or even hours. The island of Tempest Head has so far remained above the waves, and it has for so long that a community of sailors has built homes upon its rocky shore. It is the only permanent settlement on Aquallor above the water.

The island itself is only a mile across and formed from porous gray and black stone. Water flows in and out of countless tunnels and holes. The island's center holds the shanty city of Tempest Head, built on wooden planks above the stone and endless water. Ships dock anywhere along the shore where the porous stone provides plenty of natural bays and harbors perfect for a brief reprieve from the violent weather. Tempest Head has a leader, called the island master, a position currently held by a grizzled silver dragonborn pirate named Jaardar Vembash. Jaardar holds little real power but the small garrison of soldiers that keep

the peace answer to him, though the dragonborn is often away from Tempest Head aboard his ship, the Lucky Eel.

Tempest Head has numerous taverns though the prices are triple standard due to the difficulty in acquiring goods. Able-bodied sailors and pirates are never in short supply, however, as the violent weather of Aquallor sinks many ships, and the sea elves that protect the lives of fallen sailors often deposit all members washed overboard onto Tempest Head's rocky shoreline.

TREE OF SORCERY

Magic is infused in the blood of elves, and in Nasselaithess this can often be literally true. The Arrathalass Conclave commands the power of elven high magic, but it stems from a single physical source – the Tree of Sorcery. Carefully guarded by powerful wardens and magic spells, this living embodiment of magic is more than just a symbol of elven sorcery. It is also a living battery and the source of the potent high magic studied by the Arrathalass Conclave.

Few people outside the elven conclave have laid eyes upon the Tree of Sorcery, but legends say that it is nearly a half-mile tall, its bark crisscrossed with prismatic colors in wild patterns. Its exact location is not known outside the highest ranking members of the Arrathalass Conclave but given its size it must be magically hidden away, perhaps secreted into a demiplane accessible only through hidden portals in Nasselaithess. If the Tree of Sorcery were to be harmed, practitioners of elven high magic would feel a great ripple in their power, and its destruction would cause untold chaos across Nasselaithess.

TOMBS OF THE TITANS

One of the few reasons to visit the white wasteland of Mithardir are the mysterious ruins hidden beneath the grit. Collectively referred to as the Tombs of the Titans, so named because of their giant-sized proportions, they are haunted by sand specters, ghosts, and other monsters, along with tribes of savage blight giants. The tombs are constructed of a magically hardened alabaster stone, making them as white as the sand that fills Mithardir, and they are marked with unusual writings that defy interpretation, magical or mundane.

Great treasures have been uncovered within the Tombs of the Titans as well, including magical relics, powerful weapons, and arcane baubles, but the ruins are watched over by more than just undead guardians. A mysterious force known as the White Watcher keeps tabs on any who venture in or around uncovered alabaster ruins, and the Arrathalass Conclave of Nasselaithess have worked to prevent easy travel to Mithardir from Arvador or Aquallor. Why would the elven high mages want to keep out travelers from plundering the ruins?

WINE SONG GLADE

In Arvandor, Bacchus is a festive and merry companion, bringing his host of wine spirits along in an endless party. Every once in a while, however, Bacchus retreats to a special place called Winesong Glade, and there he holds a grand festival of passion, singing, and endless drink. This is the Festival of the Wine Lord which lasts for one week, after which the glade fades away.

Or so Bacchus wants people to believe. In truth, Winesong Glade simply moves to a separate location, but the echoes of past festivals reverberate across its sun-dappled field. Natural stone tables and fire pits sit in haphazard order while a handful of fruit-filled trees provide shade and nourishment. Bacchus is linked to Winesong Glade, but he can only summon it once every year or so. Outside of that, he has teams of satyrs and centaurs searching for it but they never seem to locate it.

Some travelers have stumbled upon it outside of the Festival of the Wine Lord but they recall little of their time. Intoxicating fumes hang heavy in the air but there is a strange presence that even Bacchus does not know, at least not consciously. What spirit or force commands Winesong Glade?

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Arborea holds adventure aplenty for heroes and travelers that make it to its bountiful wilderness. From the majestic forests, mountains, and prairies of Arvandor, to the endless ocean of Aquallor, to the gritty sands of Mithardir, characters should find no end to the opportunity for thrilling heroics.

TIER 1 (LEVELS 1-4)

The mysteries and secrets of Arborea can draw even a group of inexperienced characters into its passionate embrace.

... The characters wake suddenly to find themselves on a rocky porous island in the middle of an endless ocean. They have no memory of what happened, but a friendly sea elf tells them they were rescued from a ship that sank in Aquallor's sea. How did they get there? They must travel to the shanty town of Tempest Head to find out, leading them back out into the sea to find the wreck of their ship beneath the waves.

... A sinister dwarven brewmaster has captured a wine spirit and is holding her against her will. He plans on extracting the never-ending potent wine from the fey in order to drive down costs on his own brew, but a rival gets wind that the dwarf is up to no good and asks the characters to investigate. Freeing the wine spirit involves breaking the dwarf's enchantment built into wooden armbands. Once freed, the wine spirit is eager to return to Arborea.

... An elven bard becomes possessed with a sudden dual personality. The source is a cast off elven soul from

Nasselaithess that latched onto the elf's body for some reason, but now that the soul is bonded the two are linked. The elf bard needs to travel to Arborea to help unwind the soul but the other personality doesn't want to go. The characters are asked to help convince the soul and then accompany the bard to Nasselaithess to seek the unwinding.

TIER 2 (LEVELS 5-10)

Mightier deeds become possible for characters of this tier, and the challenges of Arborea rise up to greet them at every turn.

... A spontaneous gate opens up to Arvandor in an idyllic forest near a small village, but by unlucky happenstance it opened up before a band of crave horrors. The shambling undead lurched through the gate and sucked the passion out of its inhabitants in one night. The characters find the village deserted except for corpses, and tracking the monsters down takes them into Arvandor and on the trail of the crave horrors.

... The characters find themselves in need of divination powers that are beyond their ability. Sages point them towards the Ivory Oracles of Arvandor, where they meet up with a Seer of Tomorrow that knew they were coming. But what is the seer really planning? And why are they eager to send the characters on a strange quest across Arborea to find the horn of a great beast? What does it all mean for the future?

... While aboard a ship, a terrible storm rises up and sucks them all into a planar vortex, depositing them in Aquallor. Their ship remains intact, though the crew is pretty spooked. How do they get back to their home? Another ship crewed by minotaurs appears, but are they friendly? Or pirates seeking to plunder the newcomer? Unexpected aid can come from beneath the waves as well as the characters take to the sparkling freshwater ocean of Aquallor!

TIERS 3 AND 4 (LEVELS 11+)

Challenging horrifying monsters and facing down potent foes becomes second nature for higher-tiered characters and Arborea has no shortage of either across its secret-laden three layers.

... A planar scholar seeks the characters out to aid them in an expedition to Mithardir. The scholar has uncovered a link to a ruin on the Material Plane to the Tombs of the Titans, and they need to gather guards and assistants in order to brave the white wasteland. Finding a portal to Mithardir is the first difficulty, but once they arrive blight giants and sand specters prove equally challenging in the search for alabaster ruins beneath the white grit.

... An elf or arcane character is approached by a phantom visage of a powerful archmage, who declares themselves a member of the Arrathalass Conclave in Nasselaithess. Another of the convlave's members is seeking to perform

a forbidden ritual concerning the Grove of Night, Lolth's original home in Arvandor, and through past exploits the character has proven to be a good and loyal ally to magic and/or elvenkind. Foiling the archmage plot involves dealing with wild and passionate elven clerics, distrustful arcane wardens, and a trip into the Grove of Night itself.

... The Festival of the Wine Lord fast approaches and the characters find themselves the unlikely owners of personal invitations from Bacchus himself. Winesong Glade is bedecked in splendor for the festival, during which Bacchus and his wine spirits are charming and perfect hosts. Then a body shows up, clearly murdered, and the characters must navigate the drunken party to find the murderer. Who are the suspects? Why do things point to Bacchus himself as the murderer?

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters is traveling through Acheron. Look at each one as a springboard for new adventure ideas, or as a means of highlighting the nature of the plane for the players.

ARVANDOR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-05	A nest of agitated stirges
06-10	A herd of elk charging through the wilderness
11-15	A brown bear in search of food
16-20	Elven scouts searching for someone
21-25	An aethon in the sky
26-30	A raiding band of ogres led by a cyclops
31-35	Festive human dancers
36-40	A pack of crave horrors hunting prey
41-45	Three centaurs playing a game
46-50	Two giant boars fighting each other
51-55	A herd of wild horses
56-60	A griffon eating a meal
61-65	Two wine spirits playing with a drunk human
66-70	A swarm of insects protecting their nest
71-75	An elven archmage inspecting a tree
76-80	Two human priests arguing over directions
81-85	Three giant elk fighting two human scouts
86-90	A gorgon on the hunt
91-95	A human druid searching for a fate hag
96-00	A pack of wolves devouring a meal

AQUALLOR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-10	A ship being attacked by a scylla serpent
11-20	Sea elf veterans on patrol
21-30	A rotten gar picking at a carcass
31-40	A hungry giant shark
41-50	A dragon turtle diving deeper into the sea
51-60	Merfolk searching for a lost sailor
61-65	A school of hunting gar
66-00	A lost water elemental

MITHARDIR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-10	A tribe of blight giants
11-20	The eerie sight of the White Watcher
21-30	Three giant vultures circling overhead
31-40	A sand specter protecting nearby ruins
41-50	Two tribes of blight giants engaged in combat
51-00	Passionate weather

PLAYER OPTIONS

The Olympian Glades of Arborea inspire passion to all who visit or dwell within its planar boundaries. Whether it's the passion of romance beneath a beautiful starless night sky, the passion of the hunt running through the thick sylvan forests, or the passion of mouth-watering food and sense-depriving wine, Arborea is nothing if not inspirational.

Characters of all types can find something to enjoy across Arborea's layers, though the more law-oriented types may feel somewhat out of place. But the chaos of the Olympian Glades is the chaos of nature left to run wild, the chaos of the sudden thunderstorm, or the chaos of a drunk night of revelry.

Besides the elven gods that dwell in their lofty palaces above the treetops, there is a mysterious and little understood force that dwells between the shadows of the forests. It is known as the Primal Host to some, and those that give into the passionate fury of rage can hear its calling and follow its path.

Secrets abound in Arborea, and some of those secrets are the living descendants of the ancient gods and titans that once dwelt upon Mount Olympus. Not much is known about them today, but at one point they meddled in mortal affairs and spawned numerous offspring. This powerful lineage travels across generations, and it can manifest itself within those that tap into their ancestry to fuel their sorcerous power.

Characters that want to trace their backgrounds back to Arborea have that option as well. The Carefree Reveler background is available for all races and represents the kind of carouser commonplace among the Olympian Glades, elf and otherwise.

The new class options include the Path of the Primal Host for barbarians and the Hero Blood sorcerous origin for sorcerers. One new background, Carefree Reveler, is available for characters as well.

BARBARIAN: PATH OF THE PRIMAL HOST

Barbarians have a natural connection to the wilderness, finding kinship with the savage temperament of weather and woods. For the barbarians that follow the Path of the Primal Host, that connection is deliberately cultivated and the bond strengthened. The Primal Host is the embodiment of nature itself, and many scholars link it directly to some unknown power dwelling in the passionate glades of Arborea.

Many elves find the Primal Host an appealing master, following down the path and delighting in the ways it enhances their natural connection. However, any barbarian that wants to draw a stronger link between the land and their fury can find the Primal Host a welcoming and challenging road to glory.

PRIMAL ABSORPTION

Starting when you chose this path at 3rd level, you are able to call upon the elemental nature of the Primal Host to deflect and redirect incoming energy damage. While raging, you can use your reaction when you suffer acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage to gain resistance to that damage type until the start of your next turn. In addition, the first time you hit with a melee attack on your next turn, the target takes an extra 1d6 damage of the triggering type.

This damage increases to 2d6 at 6th level, 3d6 at 10th level, and 4d6 at 14th level.

PRIMAL STRIDE

Starting at 6th level, moving through nonmagical difficult terrain costs you no extra movement. You can also pass through nonmagical plants without being slowed by them and without taking damage from them if they have thorns, spines, or a similar hazard.

In addition, you have advantage on saving throws against plants that are magically created or manipulated to impede movement, such as those created by the entangle spell.

PRIMAL WARD

At 10th level, you can't be charmed or frightened by elementals or fey, and you are immune to poison and disease.

PRIMAL LIFE

At 14th level, you can call upon the Primal Host to stimulate your natural healing ability. You can cast regenerate on yourself without material components as an action.

You must complete a long rest before you can use this feature again.

SORCERER: HERO BLOOD

In a time long passed into distant memory, the titans and gods that dwelled upon the fabled Mount Olympus meddled in the affairs of the Material Plane on a regular basis. They birthed and sired multiple children, each possessing a portion of their godly lineage, and they in turn passed it to their children. Ancient legends and tales call these descendants demigods but most refer to them as simple heroes.

Your bloodline traces back to these powerful beings descended from the gods of Mount Olympus, or other places where powerful deities dealt directly in the lives of mortals on the Material Plane. The same power that infuses your magic gives you an advantage in areas normally reserved for the strong or courageous, and you are a surprisingly competent warrior.

WEAPON OF THE HERO

At 1st level when you choose this subclass, select a melee or ranged weapon. You are proficient in the weapon's use and you start play with it at no cost. In addition, you can use your Charisma modifier for attack and damage rolls using your chosen weapon rather than the normal attribute.

HEROIC DEED

Also at 1st level, you can call upon the power latent in your bloodline to perform a heroic deed. When you make an ability check, you can spend 1 Sorcery Point to add your Charisma modifier to the check along with any normal modifiers.

HEROIC RESOLVE

At 6th level, you are immune to being frightened. Also, each time you spend one or more Sorcery Points, you gain temporary hit points equal to your sorcerer level.

SPEED OF THE HERO

At 14th level, your walking speed increases by 10 feet. In addition, you gain a swimming speed or climbing speed equal to your walking speed (choose one).

HEROIC STATUS

At 18th level, your Charisma score increases by 4, up to a maximum of 24.

NEW BACKGROUNDS

CAREFREE REVELER

You have drank deep from the passionate goblet of life itself among the natural beauty of Arborea. Your tongue has sampled some of the finest fruits to grow in the multiverse and you reveled in the wonderful flavors. These experiences shape how you look at the world and its myriad of experiences.

The people that dwell in Arborea are passionate revelers who have enjoyed the wonders of a life spent with little worry. You count yourself among their numbers, having dwelled either in Arvandor's forests and plains or among the racuous sailors on, in, and around Aquallor's freshwater ocean. Living off the land which provided so much so abundantly, you had plenty of time to explore leisurely activities. How did you spend your days? Did you chafe under what little societal structure existed around you? Did you enjoy the wilderness and explore its vastness?

Skill Proficiencies: Nature, Persuasion

Tool Proficiencies: One type of musical instrument

Languages: Sylvan

Equipment: A simple tunic or dress, the petals of a planar flower grown only in Arborea, a sack, a pair of comfortable dancing shoes, and a pouch with 16 gp.

FEATURE: PASSIONATE ACT

Passion runs deep in your bones, whether you embrace it or try to keep it hidden. You are able to perform an act of passion that can enthrall or entice passive onlookers. This can be a speech, a performance, or anything like it, as long as it is done passionately. Neutral onlookers take note of your act and may be swayed to an opinion or action (DM's discretion).

SUGGESTED CHARACTERISTICS

Many communities in Arborea claim the key to true happiness is doing what gives you the most joy, and most carefree revelers take this to heart. They are often boisterous and passionate, prone to grand romantic or dramatic gestures with little thought of the consequences.

D8 PERSONALITY TRAIT

- 1 I want to make sure my voice is always heard.
- 2 I never worry about tomorrow and rarely think about yesterday.
- 3 A good song is the cure for all problems.
- 4 I love being the center of attention.
- 5 Good food is a salve the heals all wounds.
- 6 Others call me fickle, but I prefer "open to new experiences."
- 7 My laughter is infectious.
- 8 Every statement I make is said boldly and with conviction, even if it's a lie.

D6 IDEAL

- 1 **Passionate Life.** I live life to the fullest, accepting all risk and never asking for anything in return. [Any]
- 2 **Joy of Self.** My needs take precedence of all others and I couldn't be happier with that position. [Evil]
- 3 **Hopeless Romantic.** I'm always looking for my next heartache but I still hope to be swept off my feet. [Any]
- 4 **Bitter Resentment.** Nothing compares to the life I had on Arborea, so why bother? I still taste that last perfect grape. [Any]
- 5 **Believe in Hope.** Hope is what you get when you believe in the unexpected. [Lawful]
- 6 **Never Worry.** Life has a way of working out, so why should I worry about the details? Let it all happen and sort through it later. [Chaotic]

D6 BOND

- 1 A band of elves saved me from a rampaging monster. I owe them my life.
- 2 My siblings are just as crazy as I am, and I wouldn't trade them for anything!
- 3 The forests and glades of the wilderness offer me a serenity I haven't found anywhere else.
- 4 My musical instrument got me through some emotionally dark times in the past.
- 5 I know everyone in my small community and I would lay down my life for them if necessary.
- 6 Stories and songs keep me connected with the lessons of the past.

D6 FLAW

- 1 My passion manifests as anger.
- 2 I am too trusting of strangers, especially beautiful ones.
- 3 I do not forgive and I never forget.
- 4 My ego enters the room before I do.
- 5 I can never commit to anything or anyone.
- 6 I enjoy wine. Perhaps a little too much at times.