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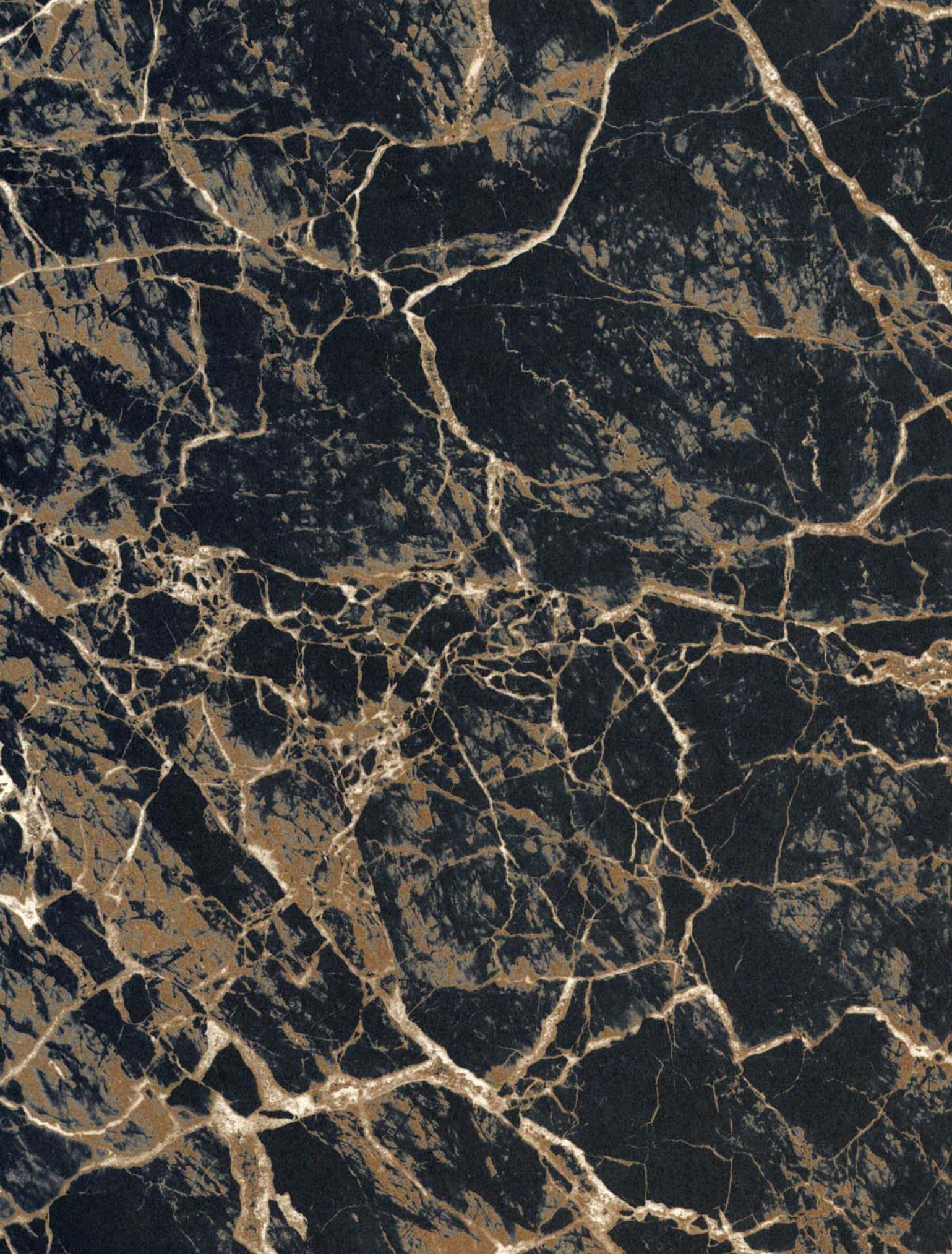
PLANE SCAPE™

DELUXE ACCESSORY

On Hallowed Ground



by Colin McComb



ON HALLOWED ◆ GROUND ◆

*Being an Accounting of the Powers of the Multiverse,
a Look at their Agents, Servants, and Worshipers,
and a Glimpse into their Wondrous Realms.*

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For Hamilton McComb (1903–1995)

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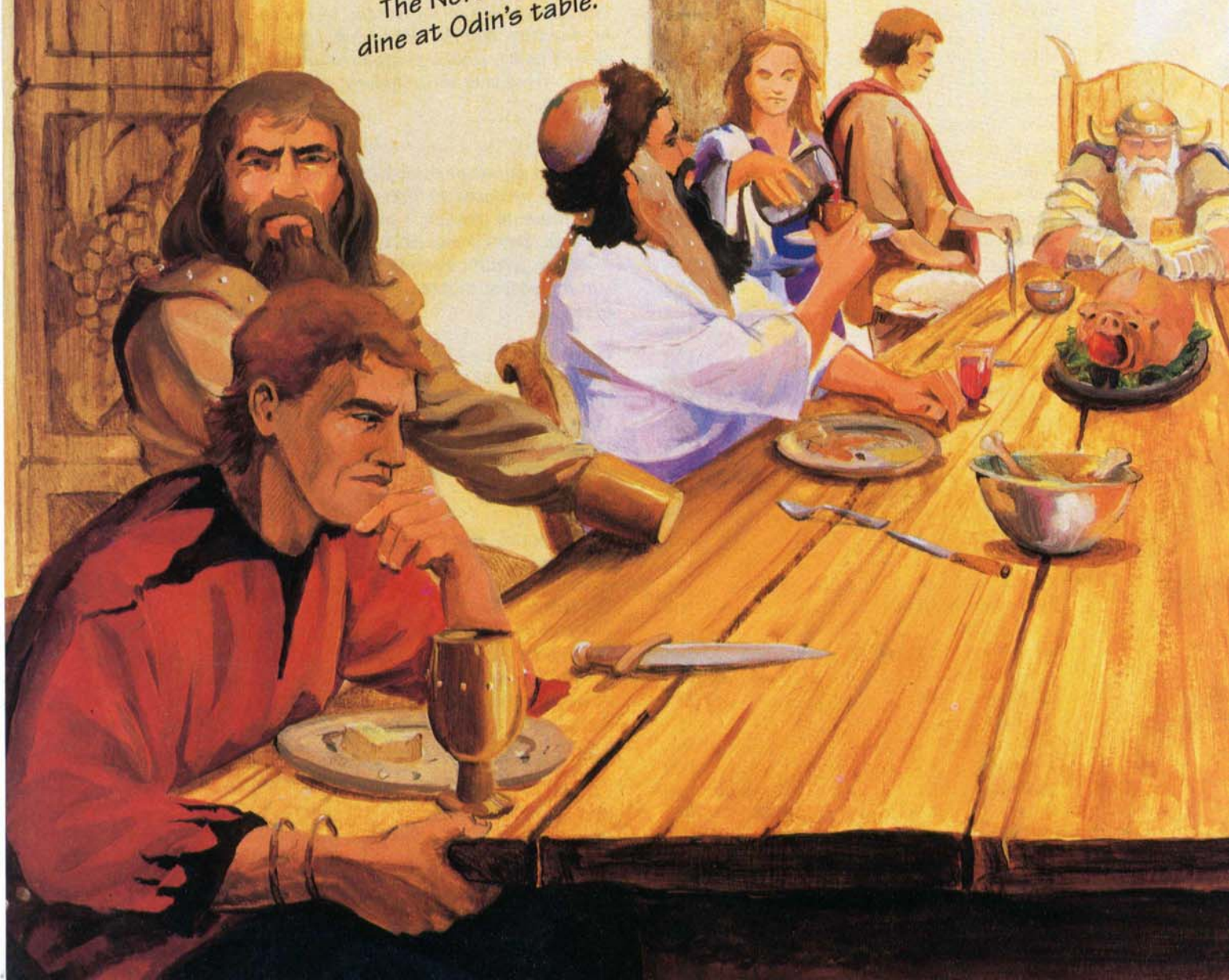
INTRODUCTION

Powers. Deities. Gods. All are names for the highest high-ups of the multiverse, the endless, immeasurably powerful bloods who lord it over mortal beings and draw strength from the collective beliefs of their worshipers. Most folks think the powers are unknowable and unapproachable – and they're right. But any berk who wants to understand the workings of the planes'd better pick up as much chant as he can about the gods, their servants, and their homes.

◆ WHAT THIS BOOK IS ◆

On Hallowed Ground is a tome about the most influential powers of the AD&D® multiverse – primarily, those who dabble in the affairs of humans and demihumans, along with a scattering of those whose portfolios include the guardianship of other races. Truth to tell, it's really more about the realms, agents, and ideals of the deities, for what lucky (or unlucky) berk ever meets a god face-to-face?

The Norse gods
dine at Odin's table.



But this book is more than an encyclopedia of powers. The first 59 pages of *On Hallowed Ground* look at other facets of divinity. For example, a body'll read all about priests, how they deal with their deities, and how the planes affect their skills. New rules, suggestions, and more lie herein, including the dark of power keys, holy symbols, rival faiths, and the perks (and drawbacks) of both clerics and priests of specific powers.

A body'll also learn all about the proxies of said powers — their personalities, their forms and abilities, and their divine challenges. A Dungeon Master can pick up helpful chant on how to grant special powers to proxies, not to mention how to turn petitioners, planars, and even player characters into agents of the gods.

Next up are the petitioners, the mysterious sods who spend their afterlives in the pursuit of meaning, looking to grow ever closer to their gods or their planes. *On Hallowed Ground* at last gives some answers as to why petitioners are the way they are, what they strive for and how they go about it, and exactly what happens when a mortal spellslinger uses necromancy to chat with (or bring back) a dead spirit.

Another chapter looks squarely at the powers themselves, tackling the big questions of the multiverse. Where did the deities come from? Where are they going? And what do they do while they're here? Mortals may not be able to tumble to the ways of the gods, but that doesn't mean the powers are as flighty as the wind. They exist within a delicate balance of subtle politics, friendly agreements, and (when necessary) brute force.



'Course, when it comes to the powers, planars and primes see things through different eyes. Folks born and bred on the Outer Planes are often factioneers or planewalkers, and their diverse opinions color their views of the gods. The "Planar Affairs" chapter deals with such concerns, and also describes a handful of near-powers who rose not through prime-material belief but their own strength and will.

The last section of *On Hallowed Ground* before the pantheon chapters looks at the workings of the divine realms. These pages explore the nature of hallowed land, what a body's likely to find there, and what steps he can take to make sure he comes out alive. As far as the Dungeon Master's concerned, this chant's more a springboard than a detailed guide, with advice on how to deal with a realm fairly while keeping the scope of the planes firmly in mind.

Pages 60 through 171 present the various powers of the multiverse. This chunk of *On Hallowed Ground* features gods of demihuman races (dwarves, elves, gnomes, and halflings), monstrous races (goblins, orcs, and others), and prime-material AD&D settings (Aebrynis, Krynn, Oerth, and Toril), as well as ten pantheons worshiped by the humans of the cosmos (Babylonian, Celtic, Chinese, Egyptian, Finnish, Greek, Indian, Japanese, Norse, and Sumerian). Usually, the leader of each pantheon is described first, followed by the remainder of the powers in alphabetical order.

Next, the appendices list the basic facts about each power. Appendix I, starting on page 172, is organized by pantheon; Appendix II, starting on page 183, is arranged by sphere of influence. Both are handy reference tools. After all, sometimes a body just wants to glance at the Egyptian gods, or find all the powers of war. What's more, the appendices provide information on many deities (including dead gods) who aren't written up elsewhere in *On Hallowed Ground*.

Finally, the last two pages present an alphabetical index of all powers in the book. The index includes not only the gods with fully detailed entries, but also those who just have a brief listing in one of the pantheon charts or appendices.

Note that some information from previous AD&D sources on the powers has been slightly updated and revised. But don't worry — the changes are so minor that few folks'll even notice.

WHAT THIS BOOK IS NOT

On Hallowed Ground isn't supposed to be an exhaustive theology on the powers, or a detailed description of every power that ever was or ever will be. Pure and simple, it's a book about how the deities fit into the PLANESCAPE™ campaign setting, and how they interact with each other and their followers. It's meant for the AD&D game, not real-life



GODS. GODS, GODS —
WHEN ARE YOU BERKS
GOING TO LEARN
THERE'S NO SUCH THING?

— ALIIS DALYM
OF THE A+HAR

reference. A berk looking for total historical accuracy had best look elsewhere. *On Hallowed Ground* is a *game* supplement, and as such the author has taken certain liberties with various characters. Sure, the chant on the powers has a grain of truth, but it *can't* provide wholly factual information while remaining

true to the spirit of the game. Most pantheons insist that *they're* the bloods on top of the cosmos, and how can that be true for all of 'em?

What's more, don't think the gods that're fully detailed in this book are preferred over others that're just touched on (or left out altogether). There's bound to be disagreement over how the pantheons are organized, which've been granted the most space, and which've been given short shrift. Again, *On Hallowed Ground* tries to focus on chant that AD&D Dungeon Masters and players'll find the most useful.

Lastly, the actual existence of these powers ain't the question here — after all, the multiverse holds lots of mysteries. As far as *On Hallowed Ground* goes, the important thing is how the powers fit into the AD&D game, and how they work best when melded with the philosophy of the PLANESCAPE campaign setting.

◆ WHO SHOULD READ IT? ◆

On Hallowed Ground is intended for every PLANESCAPE player and Dungeon Master. But the book holds a few mysteries that aren't meant for players' eyes. Thus, a DM should go through the book first and determine what's suitable for his players and what's not. It all depends on the campaign — some DMs might let a body read *On Hallowed Ground* from cover to cover, while others might keep certain parts dark.

It's best if players don't comb through each of the pantheon chapters. If a player wants to create a character based on a specific power's ideals, the DM can let him read just that section. Of the introductory material (pages 1–59), DMs should let players read the new rules for priest characters (in the "Priests" chapter), the powers favored by planewalkers and factions (in the "Planar Affairs" chapter), and whatever else they think the players need to know.

Players should definitely look through the appendices in the back of the book, so they can get an idea of the organization of powers, pantheons, and portfolios.

◆ GODS, GODS, GODS ◆

The biggest section of *On Hallowed Ground* is devoted to the powers of the planes, their proxies, and their realms. Not all of the powers in existence are represented. See, some don't

take much of an interest in any prime-material world but their own, and others simply prefer to remain hidden.

Naturally, it's impossible to detail all the many gods and their realms. For the smaller pantheons, *On Hallowed*

Ground gives (at the very least) an overview of each power and his or her realm. For the larger pantheons, the book focuses on the most important powers or those with the most interesting realms.

Five pantheons – the Celtic, dwarvish, elvish, Greek, and Norse – are fully detailed as examples for the Dungeon Master. These pantheons pervade the cosmos; they're among the most influential across the Outer Planes and the Prime. Sure, other pantheons are just as important in their own spheres of influence, but they pay more attention to those spheres than to the larger picture. As a result, they're just not as involved in planar affairs as the five detailed pantheons.

No matter how extensively a power's covered, his entry follows this general pattern:

POWER'S NAME

Status (Greater, Lesser, etc.), "Common Name"

AoC: The power's area of control – the spheres in which he maintains interest, and/or those his worshipers invoke for luck.

AL: The power's alignment.

WAL: The worshipers' alignment (or interest; for example, the god Apshai is worshiped by farmers).

SYMBOL: The power's holy or unholy symbol, usually seen in temples or worn around the necks of priests.

HOME P/L/R: The name of the plane, layer, and realm that the power calls home. For planes that aren't broken down into layers (like Mechanus), this category just says **HOME P/R**.

KNOWN PROXIES: Just what it says: the known proxy (or proxies) of the power. These entries follow the standard PLANESCAPE nonplayer character format of (origin/sex & race/class & level/faction/alignment). So, for example, if a proxy named Auspel were listed as (PI/♀ human/F11/Fated/N), it would mean she were a planar, a female human, an 11th-level fighter, a member of the Fated, and neutral in alignment. Note that proxies listed as priests (P) are assumed to be specialty priests of their deity – not clerics.

Only one or two proxies are listed for most powers. They're the cutters who've made themselves most visible, or who're currently in favor with their gods. Naturally, most powers maintain far more than just a proxy or two. Some, though, have no known proxies listed. That's because those gods haven't created any, or because they use proxies so elusive and subtle that a body'd never know the bloods were divine agents.

After the quick look at each power, a body'll find a longer description of the deity. Most of these entries describe the power's thoughts and ideals, as well as the nature of the realm and those who dwell there. Entries for more influential gods also spotlight relationships with other deities, and a capsule of the stories and legends that helped make the powers what they are today.

Longer entries also describe the most important proxy (or proxies) of the power, the blood who does the most to carry out his high-up's wishes.

NOTE: Some entries don't have a separate **KNOWN PROXIES** line. For gods of the five fully detailed pantheons, chant about the proxies appears in the writeup for each deity. And gods of the single-sphere pantheons (the powers of the AD&D game campaign settings) are limited to their own prime-material worlds; few create proxies to venture about on the planes.

◆ OTHER SOURCES ◆

Obviously, *On Hallowed Ground* doesn't have the room to describe every known power in the multiverse, or the space to relate every bit of chant about those who *are* included. A blood in search of more detail can turn to the following sources:

- ◆ *Legends & Lore* (2108), which looks at powers of numerous human pantheons; note that the Sumerian, Babylonian, and Finnish pantheons appear only in *Deities & Demigods*™ (2013). As of this writing, both books are out of print.
- ◆ *Monster Mythology* (2128), which features gods of many nonhuman races, including demihumans (elves, dwarves, gnomes, and halflings);
- ◆ *Faiths & Avatars* (9516), a volume on the deities of Toril, the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting (for a briefer overview, consult the revised FORGOTTEN REALMS *Campaign Setting* boxed set, 1085);
- ◆ the *Tales of the Lance* boxed set (1074), which looks at the powers of Krynn, the world of the DRAGONLANCE® saga;
- ◆ the BIRTHRIGHT® *Campaign Setting* boxed set (3100), which includes the powers of Aebrynis;
- ◆ *From the Ashes* (1064), a boxed set with chant on the powers of Oerth, the GREYHAWK® setting; and
- ◆ The PLANESCAPE *Planes of Chaos* (2603), *Planes of Conflict* (2615), and *Planes of Law* (2607) boxed sets, which provide more details about many of the realms discussed in *On Hallowed Ground*.

PRIESTS

On the Outer Planes, priests play a much more important role than anyone'd ever give them credit for on the Prime. As the seat of mortal belief, the Outer Planes are fiercely contested, and every priest is an important piece in the games of the powers. For one thing, the cutters are that much closer to their gods, that much more able to tumble to divine intents. Think about it: A priest can head for his deity's realm and ask a high-up there *exactly* what it is the power wants of him — and he'll most likely get an answer.

Because of that firm grip on the ear of the powers, priests on the Outer Planes are more respected than those on the Prime Material or Inner Planes. That also means they're more reviled by their foes, since their travels probably require them to pass through realms of unfriendly gods now and again. But overall, most bashers on the planes nurture a healthy blend of respect and fear for priests, and are

peery of angering them without knowing where they stand. Those who aren't wary find themselves as ashes, dispersing in the winds.

A priest can't get by just on good will or reputation,

though. Sure, plenty of berks

are scared of priests, but there's *always* something tougher out there. To survive, a priest needs a keen mind, a strong arm, and the will to enforce his power's edicts — not to mention the sense to beat a hasty retreat when a foe proves too strong.

No doubt about it: Priests on the planes are no berks to mess with. Anyone who tries'd better be ready to give the laugh to a god (and a host of servants) for the rest of his life. See, powers look out for their

charges, and word travels fast. That may well be one of the most potent weapons at a priest's disposal — not everyone has an entire religion ready to avenge wrongs done him. Truth to tell, not every priest does, either, but a body just can't be sure. Why take chances?

PRIES+S?
MORE LIKE PUPPE+S,
IF Y@U ASK ME.

— ALIIS DALYM @F +HE A+HAR

YEAH?
CHECK @U+ MY S+RINGS.
BERK.

— PER@NIUS,
PRIEST+ @F ZEUS,
+@ ALIIS

◆ CLERICS AND SPECIAL+Y PRIES+S ◆

Some folks still muddle the line between priests and clerics. Actually, they both fall under the banner of "priest," administering to a flock of the faithful and serving the needs of their powers. But the real difference is in focus. A specialty priest throws in with one particular god, while a cleric tries to keep a more open mind.

That is, a cleric worships a cause, a pantheon, or one deity first and a group second. They're the common priests of most cultures, the ones who uphold a single tenet but support others equally. For example, a dwarf cleric might reserve special praise for Clangeddin Silverbeard while still offering prayers to the other powers of the pantheon. And he's not trying to have his cake and eat it, too — he holds all the gods dear, even though he happens to prefer one. Fact is, the cleric draws power from the entire pantheon, even those deities with whom he personally disagrees.

A cleric can choose from a huge range of spells, drawing on the strengths of his gods to aid him in many different situations. He has minor access to the elemental sphere and major access to the rest (excepting only the animal, plant, and weather spheres). A cleric also has the ability to turn undead, which many specialty priests forfeit. Simply put, he's sustained by his belief in the entire pantheon and well-liked by the whole group. Thus, he can find aid among priests of the other powers (most of 'em, anyway), and is welcome almost anywhere the pantheon holds sway.



A specialty priest, on the other hand, follows and upholds the tenets of only *one* power. He undergoes rigorous tests to determine his aptitude for that particular brand of priesthood. Once accepted, he works only toward advancing the glory of his god and no other. He might cooperate with priests of the rest of the pantheon, but he won't venerate the other powers.

For his single-minded devotion, he's granted special abilities to use in furthering the cause (which vary depending on the power). For example, a specialty priest may be able to use edged weapons (depending on what his deity favors), and may be able to break rules that bind the clerics of his religion. He's one of the god's chosen, and he knows it. As a proselytizer of the faith, he rarely sits at home, but is instead expected to spread the word.

Unfortunately, he sacrifices a few benefits granted to clerics — for instance, most specialty priests can't turn undead. What's more, while he's beloved of his chosen deity, he's less than adored by the rest of the pantheon. Thus, he can expect aid only from his brethren. He *might* receive it from priests of like-minded gods. He'll be lucky to get a nod from any of the others. And when a specialty priest leaves the home realm, he's welcomed only among folks who think the way he does (or among clerics who've made his god their primary choice). Other servants of the pantheon see him as a snob and treat him with disdain.

Throughout the rest of *On Hallowed Ground*, the term "priest" is used in its most general sense, and includes both clerics and specialty priests (unless otherwise noted).

◆ PRIMES AND PLANARS ◆

It's not enough to say whether a priest is a cleric or not. A body's also got to know whether he's a prime or a planar, because it makes all the difference in the world.

A Clueless priest has more than likely seen the handiwork of the gods only through his spells. He acts on pure faith alone, willing to follow any command his power issues, accepting the teachings passed on to him with few or no questions. To put it bluntly, a prime-material priest is naive and gullible, having little idea of the true scope and immensity of the beings he worships.

A planar priest, on the other hand, knows what he's getting into. In this case, "planar" doesn't necessarily imply that the sod was born on the planes. Perhaps he's simply visited the planes, seen the works of the gods, toured their palaces, and realized who they are and what they stand for in a sense that's more than simple acceptance. After all, he *knows* the powers are there, in the same way that a berk stuck on the Prime can *never* know.

The gulf between the two is vast. The Clueless are in awe of their planar counterparts, who have more direct access to the gods, a more blasé view of how the multiverse works, and similar (or greater) powers. As cutters closer to the center of the cosmos, planar priests are one step nearer to the gods. But they're also more jaded and cynical, having

seen how the deities operate, having watched the gods build and destroy as the need arose. See, a body doesn't need faith when he's got empirical evidence. A planar priest *knows* how his power acts and moves.

But is that better than having faith? Are the Clueless really disadvantaged for holding to something they've never seen or experienced? Truth is, faith and belief are as different as night and day. Belief (at least for planar priests) is simply knowing something to be true. Faith is a deep-abiding trust, belief without evidence. Both belief and faith can be lost; it's just that the loss of faith is usually a wound that cuts far more deeply. And wouldn't a power value a cutter with blind faith more than a berk who needs to be shown?

Some folks say planar priests often act out of self-interest. They've seen the players in the game, and they've allied themselves with what they hope'll be the winning side. Primes, on the other hand, worship powers to fill a void in their hearts, to answer the questions they can't seem to answer on their own.

This is, of course, a gross generalization. Planar priests can follow a god because they think he's got the right view of the multiverse. Most do, in fact. And quite a few Clueless priests pledge themselves to a deity solely to get ahead, whether on the Prime or in the afterlife.

The point is simply that planars are generally more jaded in their beliefs, while primes are more enthusiastic and, well, clueless. It's no failing on the part of either one. In fact, they often envy the other. The Clueless wish they had the easy beliefs of the planars; the planars wish they had the deep well of faith of the primes. Which is more desirable? Well, it's a toss-up, but most planars — and a good number of primes — would rather have the knowledge. Faith is all well and good, but there comes a time in any priest's life when he'd just like to *know* once and for all.

◆ THE ROLE OF PRIESTS ◆

The relationship between a priest and his power is one that's unlike any other in the multiverse. The priest depends on his god for sustenance, spells, and the ability to make it through life with an answer. The deity depends on the priest for his very food and drink: belief.

But just what do priests *do* for a power? Some say they're like proxies — agents of the gods, intermediaries between this world and the next. But as living models to which mortals can aspire, priests carry the standard. 'Course, they're also warriors when needed, avenging the name of their power when it's dragged through the dirt.

In short, priests live the lives that their powers would have everyone live. They strive to present attributes that folks'd want to possess — and through these attributes, they teach. Priests are expected to represent their gods constantly, in thought, word, and deed. A body never can tell when he's being watched and judged by others, and the way he acts will reflect back on his power.

The main function of a priest is to proselytize, to draw others into the worship of the power. It doesn't matter if the flock comes in terror or adoration, as long as the people feed the god their beliefs. That means a priest can inspire love for his power's beneficence, or rouse fear of his evil — the color of the faith ain't important.

A canny priest never misses a chance to win another convert, either. He doesn't have to babble on and on about the wonders of his power; in many cases, it's enough just to shine with the ideals of the deity. Fact is, a priest who can't shut up about his boss usually doesn't last long. He either learns to close his bone-box, or he learns the silence of the grave. Still, the power should never be far from his mind.

Those who don't (or can't) inspire sufficient emotion and belief are utter failures, and won't remain priests for long. On the planes, it takes more than faith to cut it as a holy blood. Sure, low-level spells may flow from wisdom and insight, but higher-level magic comes only from the deity, and a priest without the really powerful spells often winds up in the dead-book before he even tumbles to his mistake.

Why do some priests fail to deliver the faithful? For some, it's just a lack of charisma. For others, though, it stems from passing (or deep-rooted) doubt. Many priests have questions about their beliefs from time to time. But that's not all bad — a crisis of faith can sometimes turn a sod into a true visionary. The most troubling questions can lead to the most rewarding answers, and a priest who doubts could end up among the greatest of his god's minions. 'Course, plenty of sods who ask "why?" don't have the mettle to find out; they fall between the cracks, never finding their faith again.

PHILOSOPHIES AND GOALS

Just because all priests follow the dictates of their gods doesn't mean they're all working toward the same ends. A cutter's goals are usually colored by his alignment.

Priests of good struggle to build a harmonious multiverse, a place where all folks can live in a utopia of freedom and self-expression. They want only that no sod should ever suffer again, that everyone should be cared for and the misery inherent in existence be muted. Their lives revolve around caring what happens to those who aren't as strong as others, around meeting the needs of the lesser good without sacrificing the needs of the greater.

Priests of evil strive to fashion a cosmos where the mighty survive, where it takes intelligence and power to rise above the rest of the flock. The mindless blathering of idealistic idiots ain't for them. They want a multiverse in which a body must constantly prove himself, and woe to he who doesn't watch his step. Evil priests say they just want to make the multiverse stronger, and while their methods may be harsh, they succeed in weeding out the weak. Interestingly, not all such berks see themselves as "evil" — plenty of 'em think they're doing the right thing.

Priests of law want to create a system that'll last, to

PUT YOUR TRUST IN FAITH.
ONLY A FOOL
MUST SEE THE WIND
BEFORE HE WILL RESPECT ITS POWER.

— SISTER CELLON,
A PRIESTESS OF THE PRIME

make an order that stands the test of time and brings much-needed structure to the planes. They want a multiverse that makes sense, an existence that can be explained without a shrug or a bewildered expression. They want questions answered; they want definition.

Priests of chaos, on the other hand, want to tear down the structures imposed from without so a body can express the liberties demanded within. They try to ensure that each person in the multiverse can choose his own path in life and develop as an individual spirit free of the chains of required order. These priests don't build or demand — they lead by example and hope others follow out of natural inclination, curiosity, and desire.

Finally, priests of neutrality seek a balance in all things. After all, a body can't have evil without good, nor law without chaos. Extremes are for fanatics; priests of neutrality seek common ground. They want life, plain and simple — an existence where folks have the chance to taste everything the multiverse has to offer. If there's suffering, there should also be sweetness. If there's obedience, there should also be freedom.

WHY BOTHER?

What makes a sod ever decide to don priestly robes and devote his life to the words and whims of a god? For some, it's the promise of divine power coursing through their veins. For others, it's the comfort of knowing they're contributing to making the multiverse a better (or worse) place. And some just seek knowledge — and the benefits gained from it. Whatever the reason, there's always going to be a berk who says he knows a faster way to the goal, and he's usually right. Being a priest ain't easy.

Sure, it's a glamorous way to earn notoriety and respect. But a fighter can gain respect by establishing a reputation with a good sword and a keen mind. A rogue can find notoriety in cunning plots and daring escapes. A mage can amass knowledge through study, hard work, and a modicum of creativity. And none of them have to suffer the prejudice directed at priests from leatherheads who don't believe in their gods. Or take a stand and never deviate from it. Or constantly worry about getting put in the dead-book by their god's enemies.

So what's the appeal of being a priest? The life seems more trouble than its worth. Well, like most anything else, it depends on who a body asks. The truly devoted priests accept their disadvantages and strive to overcome them, seeing the difficulty of their work as just one more stream to cross.

Truth is, priests are more than just preaching flapjaws. Most of 'em — the adventuring variety, at least — are far tougher than a berk might give them credit for. They're the sort that enjoy a good challenge, who're likely to hurl themselves up against a wall until they're a red smear or until they burst right through.

Some do it for pleasure, others because they know no other way of living. But just about all of them are hard-headed bashers who — despite belief in mysticism and the hidden workings of the spirit — are the most stubborn bloods this side of a stone. They'd have to be, to go around trying to convert folks to their way of thinking.

What's more, they reap a few choice benefits that most folks couldn't hope to enjoy. First of all, they gain spells without studying — for some, that's the most important thing. But priests also get the chance to commune with beings who're so much higher than mortals that they seem incomprehensible to the average basher. As cherished agents of those beings, priests walk outside the boundaries most folks set for themselves, pursuing a vision that only they can see.

On the Outer Planes, where belief can change the entire face of reality, a priest is supreme — hardly anyone can equal his level of faith. Best of all, he's building on something he truly believes in, and that's more than most berks can say.

◆ PRIESTLY MAGIC ◆

Wizards and priests get their spells in different ways. A wizard learns them from books, and must contend with the fact that his spells might be altered (or even nullified) depending on what plane he's on when he casts them. A priest, on the other hand, gets his spells from his power, and it's simply divine will that the magic isn't affected by planar conditions.

'Course, that doesn't mean that priests have a free ride — far from it. For one thing, they still have to be aware of absolute prohibitions on their magic; in some cases, a spell's going to fail no matter *what* a power says. Second, scrolls and magical items don't flow from a deity, so they're still subject to planar conditions. And a priest's spellcasting ability suffers the farther he gets from his god (though a lucky cutter might be granted a power key to restore his magic).

ABSOLUTE PROHIBITIONS

Even the dimmest priest can probably guess when a spell just ain't going to work. Some magic simply can't overcome the conditions of the plane or location where it's cast — not even with a power key (that's why the limits are called *absolute*). Fortunately, only a few such restrictions exist:



PLANE

Elemental Fire	No water spells
Elemental Water	No fire spells*
Paraelemental Magma	No water spells
Quasielemental Vacuum	No air spells
Outlands	Magic gradually nullified as user approaches Spire**
Sigil	No interplanar transport spells (gate, teleport without error, etc.)

* unless cast within a protected environment (like an air bubble).

** see *A Player's Primer to the Outlands* (2610) for full details.

PROHIBITION

SCROLLS AND ITEMS

A body who's read other PLANESCAPE products might get the idea that clerical spells *are* affected by planar conditions. That's because the chant on changes to magic sometimes mentions spells used by priests. But here's the dark of it: The effectiveness of a priest's god-given spells does *not* change from plane to plane. Period.

However, clerical spells cast from scrolls *can* be altered. So can clerical spell-like effects of magical items (like a *staff of curing*). See, powers send spells directly to their priests, but they can't protect scrolls and items from the effects of planar conditions (and power keys don't help, either). That makes a big difference. After all, priests who travel the Great Ring often carry lots of scrolls and items to make up for the fact that their natural spellcasting ability suffers (as described in "Losing Spellcasting Levels," below).

Here's a summary of how the spheres of priest scrolls and magical items are affected on each of the Outer Planes. For each plane, keep in mind that magic of the elemental spheres is affected by the environment of the layer or realm where it's used. (For more information, refer to the chant on each plane found in *Planes of Chaos*, *Planes of Conflict*, *Planes of Law*, and *A Player's Primer to the Outlands*.)

THE ABYSS. *General rule:* Magic attracts the attention of the Abyssal lords, and might invite reprisals – especially if it tries to bind or coerce tanar'ri.

Divination: True tanar'ri and Abyssal lords always know when a body's spying on them, and they can reach back through the link to crush the spellcaster. Also, trying to read a tanar'ri's mind can drive a caster barmy.

Necromantic: Reincarnated sods come back as tanar'ri.

Elemental: Destructive spells cause more damage; protective spells fail when needed most.

ACHERON. *General rule:* All magic creates a reflection elsewhere on the plane; *cure light wounds* causes another sod to suffer damage, *plant growth* makes other vegetation wither, and so on.

Divination: All omens reveal the worst possible results, which apply to the caster's entire group.

Necromantic: Priests of lower level/Hit Dice than their targets suffer a backlash from harmful effects.

ARBOREA. *Divination:* Results are delayed due to the need for "props"—reading entrails, signs in the sky, and so on.

Charm: Magic based on emotions has greater effect and duration, though the target might suffer an emotional backlash and attack the caster.

Necromantic: Magic dealing with death and the undead usually fails.

ARCADIA. *General rule:* Magic requires rituals that double the preparation time; magic works best when it benefits the greatest number of folks possible.

Divination: The priest gains insight only about groups that contain five or more members.

Charm: The target's resistance is enhanced, and if resistance is successful, the priest may suffer a backlash.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic is twice as effective; harmful magic works only when used for the common good.

Elemental: Effects are doubled for priests whose alignment matches that of the plane; magic always fails for chaotic or evil priests.

BAATOR. *General rule:* Deceptive magic works well.

Divination: Results are presented as grimly as possible; the use of the magic attracts baatezu.

Necromancy: Life-giving magic often fails; harmful magic and undead control is improved.

THE BEASTLANDS. *Divination:* Magic that relies on other-planar sources always fails.

Charm: Beasts aren't affected by magic that controls normal animals.

Necromantic: It's harder to use harmful magic.

Elemental: All air-based magic fails.

BYTOPIA. *Divination:* Requires the use of the plane's elements or products (for example, scrying requires a pool of water or a Bytopia-made mirror).

Necromantic: Life-giving magic is more effective; harmful magic is less effective.

Elemental: Magic with wide-ranging effects often fails.

CARCERI. *General rule:* Magic used for selfish ends works at maximum effectiveness.

Divination: Requires the sacrifice of a comrade.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic is half as effective; harmful magic and undead control is more effective.

ELYSIUM. *Divination:* Magic that obscures knowledge fails.

Charm: Natives automatically resist magic; good-aligned visitors are more likely to resist.

Necromantic: Harmful magic always fails and the priest may even suffer a backlash.

GEHENNA. *Divination:* Requires the sacrifice of a foe.

Charm: Magic is less effective.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic and turning undead are

less effective; harmful magic and undead control are more effective.

THE GRAY WASTE: *General rule:* Color-based magic fails.

Divination: Results are always dire, pessimistic, and perhaps even false.

Charm: Magic can stave off the plane's draining apathy, though natives resist strongly.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic usually fails; raised undead are free-willed.

LIMBO: *Divination:* The plane's chaotic nature ensures that magic usually fails.

Elemental: The plane's chaotic nature doubles magic's duration and area of effect.

MECHANUS: *Divination:* Magic fails for chaotic priests.

Necromantic: Successful use of magic drains the priest's hit points; the loss increases with spell level.

Elemental: Air magic requires priest's breath; earth magic requires dirt native to plane; fire magic requires spark from a cog; water magic requires a spray of water.

MOUNT CELESTIA: *General rule:* Magic that fosters chaos and evil fails; the chance that other magic will fail increases as the priest's alignment strays from lawful good.

Divination: All results are true, even if unwelcome.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic is twice as effective; harmful magic causes the opposite effect (doubling the strength of the target).

Elemental: Destructive magic fails.

THE OUTLANDS: The only planar condition to keep in mind is the absolute prohibition that magic gradually fails as the priest nears the Spire.

PANDEMONIUM: *General rule:* The plane's howling winds interfere with spellcasting.

Divination: The difficulty of reading omens means the priest usually gets false results.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic often fails.

YSGARD: *Divination:* Magic's range and duration are doubled, though the target must be a single creature.

Necromantic: Life-giving magic often fails.

LOSING SPELLCASTING LEVELS

For the most part, a mage's spells work at normal strength as he journeys around the multiverse. Naturally, different conditions apply on different planes, but a mage doesn't automatically lose power as he travels. A priest, on the other hand, risks losing spells as he crosses planar boundaries. See, for each plane that separates him from his god, he loses a level of spellcasting ability.

For example, a 7th-level priest whose god lives on Ys-

gard functions at full strength on that plane and all adjacent planes (Arborea, Limbo, the Outlands, and the Astral). But the sod casts spells as a 6th-level priest when on the next closest planes (the Beastlands and Pandemonium). And his spellcasting level keeps dropping as he gets farther and farther away from his god. On the Outer Planes, only priests of powers that dwell on the Outlands or the Astral — which "border" every plane in the Great Ring — suffer no level losses.

Some graybeards say the whole thing's a scheme cooked up by the powers themselves to keep their agents close to home (and discourage them from making mischief in the realms of rival deities). Others think it's because the planes are built on belief; thus, a sod far from the center of his faith should be less powerful.

'Course, priests in Sigil or on the Prime Material Plane lose no levels, no matter *where* their gods are. That seems to lend support to the idea of a divine compact; perhaps the powers've simply agreed to let their priests keep full strength when in the Cage or on the Prime.

POWER KEYS

The gods know that their priests suffer endless frustration when trying to cast spells away from home. And it can be *more* than frustrating on a hostile plane. That's why the deities created power keys to restore some of that lost might. A power key can be anything — an object, a gesture, a ritual, and so on. Usually, a key is somehow representative of its creator. A god of death might require the sacrifice of another living being or the use of a bone, while a power of healing might use its holy symbol or a pouch of medicinal herbs.

Fact is, there's a good reason why each key's related to its power: The gods siphon off some of their own energy to create the things, weakening themselves to make their priests grow stronger. That means they hand out power keys only rarely — and grudgingly. A priest who gets one has earned special notice from his god (and he'd better show his appreciation, too).

In other words, he shouldn't spread the dark of the key to everyone in creation. A power key is a gift between a deity and his priest, and any gift shared weakens the link between the giver and the recipient. To guard against loss or theft, many powers (especially the chaotic ones) craft keys of limited duration — after a while, they just stop functioning. Is it really that important to prevent a key from falling into the wrong hands? Well, chant is, long ago, a careless power's rivals learned the secrets of one of his keys. They made a few alterations to the key, and used it to drain the foolish god down to the bone.

How could that happen? Sages guess that a power key embodies a link to the very source of a god. By imbuing an object or ritual with part of his strength, the deity lets a priest draw directly on his energy of existence. This link extends through all the planes and most known barriers. 'Course, if the priest is somehow kept from *using* the key, it won't do him any good.

MAYBE I SHOULD
DEVOTE MYSELF
+⊕ A WANDERING POWER . . .

— A PLANEWALKING PRIEST+
WHO WANTS ⊕
KEEP HIS SPELLS



As a side note, sods who belong to the Athar *never* receive power keys. That's because they place their faith not in deities, but in the Great Unknown. The same goes for Godsmen priests who praise the Source. Their belief doesn't focus on powers, so no deity's willing to grant them keys. And the sods can't do a thing about it. They've made the choice to worship no power, and therefore they'll never receive benefits from the powers.

TYPES OF KEYS

Like wizards' spell keys, power keys allow a priest to cast a spell in a place he ordinarily couldn't. Even better, they make a spell as powerful as possible for the caster. Healing and attack spells give their all, divinations reveal true answers, and so on. Three kinds of power keys exist (as per the Rule of Threes), some of them stronger than others.

The first kind is a *specific* power key, one that's geared toward a single spell and a single spell only. The spell works at maximum power, range, and duration whenever the priest uses its key in the casting. Specific power keys are the weakest kind, but that also means they're more likely to be permanent — they won't fizzle out at just the wrong time (probably not, anyway).

The second type of key is a *general* power key. These apply to one entire sphere of spells, improving any spell cast from the group. For example, a priest with a power key for the healing sphere could cast everything from *cure light wounds* to *heal* at maximum potency.

'Course, specific and general keys aren't any good if the priest travels too far from the plane of his power — they can't improve a spell if the priest can't cast it in the first place. That's why the gods invented the mightiest — and rarest — power key of all: a *greater* power key. It actually prevents a priest from losing levels as he moves from plane to plane, letting him cast his best magic in more places than he could before.

Depending on the strength of the key, it can bolster a priest who's separated from his deity by one, two, three, or even four intervening planes. In other words, with the strongest possible greater power key, a priest can be five planes away from his deity and still retain full spellcasting ability. But those keys're usually reserved for proxies on urgent missions. Most priests should consider themselves lucky to be granted a power key that overcomes a separation of *two* planes.

A greater key is a direct link to the power, using the god's energy to keep the priest strong. It's like a conduit to the god's heart — and that means the deity feels its use keenly each time. Think general power keys are rare? Greater power keys are so dear that maybe one priest in a thousand ever earns one. Those who're granted more than that are truly blessed.

◆ HOLY SYMBOLS ◆

Far too many folks think a holy symbol's just that — a symbol; an expression of allegiance; a piece of wood, metal, bone, or whatever that tells the multiverse what power a body worships. Well, that's all true, but a holy symbol — if properly used — can also be a forceful tool in the hands of a priest.

More than a marker of affiliation, a holy symbol can channel the might of a god, if the priest is devout enough (and if the god's paying attention). A holy symbol's necessary to repel or control the undead. And a priest's symbol also serves as the material component for a goodly number of spells.

But there's more. See, a holy symbol is like a power key in reverse. It's a link from a priest to his god, a way for the deity to monitor the sod's progress. A god can even send minor messages through the symbol to his priest: small omens, a general sense of right and wrong, and so forth. Further, holy symbols give a deity a good idea of his own strength — the more symbols that're around, the more his ideals are being spread.

A few priests've reported that they actually felt their power working through their symbol, that it took on a life of its own to repel enemies. Chant is holy symbols can serve as eyes and ears for a god, if he's willing to put forth the effort to use them. It takes a power of great strength or exceptional fortitude to do this, obviously, and one who cares about the priest intensely. Still, if a priest is particularly faithful and diligent in his work, there's a minute chance the deity may choose to look through a holy symbol and render aid (if appropriate).

The Dungeon Master can decide the likelihood of such an event, naturally. A priest's chances improve if he's put love and care into his holy symbol, making it as attractive to the deity as possible. Some powers like their priests to carry gold- and gem-encrusted symbols, while others tend toward the dark and grim. 'Course, some put more stock in how much the priest values the item for what it *means*, not what it's worth. Truth is, more than a few powers who're thought to prize gold and wealth would actually prefer a priest to focus his devotion through a wooden stick wrapped up with vine.

◆ NEW RULES ◆

Despite the might of belief, prayer, power keys, and holy symbols, barmies still flap their bone-boxes about how priests on the Outer Planes aren't nearly as tough as they should be. They say that for all their talk and bluster, priests are essentially medics and healers, and little more.

Naturally, that ain't true — just ask a priest. But it's no lie to say they could use a helping hand now and again, little perks to help 'em really hold their own. This section presents two new (and optional) rules for making priests greater factors in the workings of the Outer Planes.

PAN+HEON WØRSHIP

As explained at the start of this chapter, a specialty priest is one who follows a single power, while a cleric aims more toward a greater picture — often an entire pantheon. Because of that, a cleric's usually more accepted by the whole gang of gods. And that means he gets his home-plane advantage on *any* plane inhabited by a

member of the pantheon. (This rule doesn't apply with single-sphere pantheons, because they don't really have any relationship — all they have in common is that they come from the same sphere.)

Take an 8th-level cleric of the Greek pantheon, for example. He casts spells at his full strength while on the pantheon's home plane (Arborea) and all adjacent planes (the Beastlands, Ysgard, the Outlands, and the Astral). And, just like most other priests, he suffers a loss of levels as he moves farther from Arborea. But because he worships the whole Greek pantheon, he enjoys full power on any plane called home by any of the Greek gods. Thus, the priest casts spells at 8th level while on the Gray Waste or Baator — the home planes of Hades and Hecate, respectively.

There's a catch or two, of course. As soon as the cutter leaves the "friendly" plane, he immediately suffers the standard level drop of his new location. So once that 8th-level cleric leaves the Gray Waste and steps onto Gehenna — where there are no deities of the Greek pantheon — he casts spells as a 2nd-level sod instead. Six planes separate Arborea and Gehenna, so the priest loses six spellcasting levels. That's a sudden and hefty loss in power.

Also, a priest's got to spare a thought for the politics of the pantheon. A cleric of the Egyptian gods who holds Ra above the others might expect to enjoy full strength on Baator, home of Set. But Ra and Set aren't exactly close cutters. It's likely the jackal-headed god won't protect the cleric from level loss. 'Course, if the cleric's canny enough to have paid the proper attention to Set all along, he just might smooth the ruffled feathers and find his spells in top form after all.

Naturally, the Dungeon Master has final say on when a priest of a pantheon benefits from this cross-planar good will. It all depends on

the current state of the powers' relationship. For example, the trickster Loki falls in and out of favor with the rest of the Norse pantheon. But for most clerics of pantheons that're scattered around the planes, the new rule is quite a boon.



REALM STRENGTH

This rule's meant to help specialty priests more than clerics. It's no dark that a priest's at maximum spellcasting ability when on the plane of his god. Well, a specialty priest actually *gains* a casting level when in the realm of his deity. The sheer proximity to his god lets his strength reach new heights. Note that, as with the "pantheon worship" rule, the priest gains spellcasting power only — no other benefits of the higher level.

The increase isn't a drain on the god's energy (at least not until the priest starts casting spells), because the force comes from within the priest — it's just buoyed by his ecstasy at the nearness of the deity. And as soon as he leaves the *realm* (not the plane), he loses all spells accrued while visiting the land. Basically, he returns to normal. But while in the realm, he's definitely a high-up.

Truth is, both kinds of holy bloods — clerics and specialty priests — gain one other benefit from being in the realm of their god. In a sense, they're in constant contact with the deity. See, they're shining examples of what the power upholds, so he takes more notice of what they do in the realm, where they go — and what dangers they might face. If something or someone tries to threaten them, the god knows about it right away. Most powers won't take direct action to stop the threat (unless the priests are particularly valuable), but they *will* send enforcers out to take care of the problem.

In short, a power's realm is a safe haven for his priests. Any berk who forgets that and tries to rough up a god's servants right under the high-up's nose deserves exactly what he gets.

◆ CRISES OF FAITH ◆

Not every priest can cut it as a representative of his power. Sometimes it just gets too hard to maintain the necessary level of belief or keep up the right appearances. When that happens, a priest has two choices: Keep moving along, hoping for divine guidance to make everything all right again, or abandon the faith for good.

The first path is almost always harder. It means clinging to an idea that's been examined and found wanting, summoning the faith to continue in the face of temptation, and standing fast against the lure of the world. Many priests who stick it out and succeed are rewarded for their tenacity — loss of faith is often a power's way of testing loyalty. But some sods don't get anything from it, and might even turn stag on their god and become the religion's worst enemies. They've allowed doubt to enter their hearts, and that's enough to sow the seeds of their faith's destruction.

The second road is much easier to walk, it's true, but quitting is always less work than struggling. Priests who take this path are the disillusioned, sods who tasted power only to find that true strength lies beyond the reach of their spirits.

'Course, a priest is usually permitted a lapse without suffering harsh consequences, as long as it's a minor slip-up

— say, breaking one of the lesser rules of the religion. His power shows disfavor by stripping the berk of low-level spells until he expunges the lapse through some sort of penance (usually tithing, scourging, or meditation).

More serious transgressions include failing to perform a certain ritual, expressing doubt in front of believers, or slacking in pursuit of the divine agenda. These result in the loss of higher-level spells and any special abilities the power might have granted. A priest can regain his spells and skills only through extended self-examination, great sacrifice, and a quest to further the goals of the faith.

It's the major transgressions, like heresy, that bring the most severe punishments. "Crimes" of this nature include disobeying a direct order from the power, speaking against the religion in front of a crowd, or committing a second serious transgression. A priest who fouls up this badly loses all of his abilities, spells, and allies in the religion. If the power he worships is particularly harsh, he may also be marked for death.

RETURNING TO THE FOLD

If a priest commits a major transgression, he's got just one chance to regain his power's trust: He must immediately sacrifice all of his worldly possessions (keeping only the clothes on his back) and embark on a quest of atonement (which may result in his death, anyway). But many priests who make so drastic a mess of things have no intention of returning. They've decided to quit, and they've simply chosen a spectacular way to announce it.

Some priests try to build a new life with a new power. It's not as hard as it sounds, really — a blood who's accomplished much for his god probably has contacts in other churches, and it's a sure bet that other churches have noticed *him*. They're often happy to take him in. After all, he's proven that he can draw in believers, and the defection is a blow to the old power — who's most likely a rival of the new one.

'Course, the berk's got to learn the ropes of his new faith, and he's watched carefully to make sure he's on the up-and-up. The time needed for readjustment is reflected in a loss of experience points; the exact amount lost is up to the Dungeon Master. If the new god is very similar to the old, the priest might lose only half a level. But if the two're nothing alike, the sod could lose a lot more. The DM has a good deal of leeway, but he should remember: The player character should lose no less than half an experience level, but he shouldn't drop below 1st level.

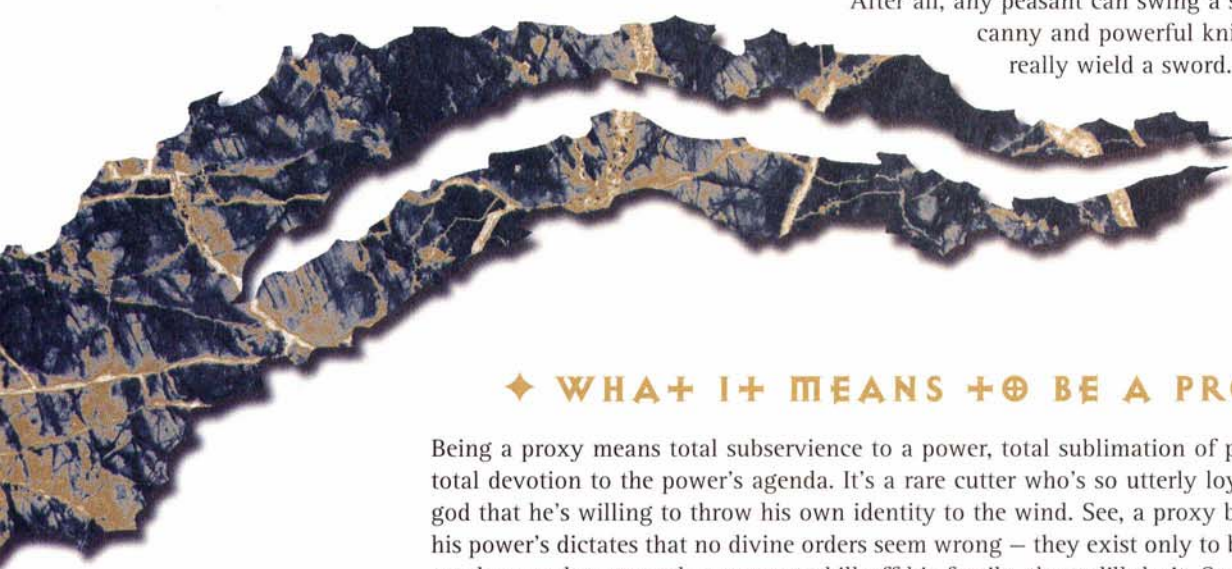
Obviously, a priest can switch gods only once or twice in his life. After the first time, he's *always* on thin ice with his new power, no matter how hard he works. It's tough to trust a berk who'd turn his back on faith strong enough to earn spells. Besides, some deities encourage their priests to pretend to switch beliefs, in order to sabotage another god's plans. A body'd think the powers would wise up to that peel, but they're helpless to resist. They can't ignore the lure of a mighty blood who's proven his worth by working for another god, even if they're a bit peery about his motives.

Devoted priests are important to a god, but they're not *the* most important servants a deity can have. That honor's reserved for proxies. See, a king requires his peasants to supply him with food, but he also needs agents in other lands, knights to enforce his edicts, and vassals to spread his law throughout the kingdom. Well, a god's priests are like the peasants — they do all the hard work in the fields of mortals to make sure their high-up doesn't starve. But the proxies act as the power's knights, agents, and vassals — the bashers who see that their high-up's laws are upheld across the land.

PROXIES

That's why a proxy's usually considered more important than a priest (at least, to most deities). That's also why they're feared throughout the planes.

After all, any peasant can swing a scythe, but it takes a canny and powerful knight to know how to really wield a sword.



◆ WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A PROXY ◆

Being a proxy means total subservience to a power, total sublimation of personal desires, and total devotion to the power's agenda. It's a rare cutter who's so utterly loyal to the ideals of a god that he's willing to throw his own identity to the wind. See, a proxy believes so wholly in his power's dictates that no divine orders seem wrong — they exist only to be obeyed. If, for example, a god commands a proxy to kill off his family, the sod'll do it. Sure, he might cry and wail as he does it, but he does it just the same. It's an order from on high — how can it be wrong?

Fact is, a proxy gives himself over so completely that he ends up mirroring his power, whether he realizes it or not. An agent of a good deity is kind and helpful to those in need, stern to wrongdoers, and fully supportive of his god. A proxy of chaos is unpredictable, going first one way and then another, confusing even his power — though, in doing so, he still serves the divine plan. An evil proxy, of course, bears watching. Even if the berk shows loyalty, he's likely to scheme until he grows strong enough to challenge or discredit his power — and any god worth his realm knows it, too. What else would be expected from an agent who's sworn his life to the embodiment of evil?

As noted above, proxies are the most valued servants a power can have. They can act where powers can't exert their will directly: Sigil, the realms of other gods, the Prime Material Plane, and the like. But they've got to watch their step. Hostile deities might give a trespassing agent a peery eye, and some'll just come right out and squash the sod. But most proxies know how to keep out of trouble, and they take pains to avoid offending other gods or breaking any compacts of peace or civility among the powers.

In short, a proxy must learn to be a rough-and-tumble warrior, a silver-tongued diplomat, and a crafty schemer — all at the same time. If he relies too much on his muscle or charm without honing his other talents, he probably won't live long enough to do his deity much good.

YOU DON'T
MOUTH OFF TO A GOD,
NOT IF YOU VALUE
YOUR EXISTENCE.
MORE TO THE POINT,
YOU DON'T MOUTH OFF
ABOUT MY GOD,
NOT IF YOU VALUE
YOUR BONE-BOX.

— PRYDERI,
PROXY OF ARAWN



THE THREE RANKS

Not all proxies are created equal. As per the Rule of Threes, three different types are known to exist.

Many are endowed with power for a short time, given a mission by their god, and then discarded. These *temporary* proxies generally don't receive much strength to help them complete their task – the goal's really more of a test run than a permanent assignment. If the cutter works out well, he can start climbing higher and higher in the service of his power, gaining more and more responsibility. Eventually, those who show a knack for their work are made into lesser or greater proxies.

Lesser proxies are reshaped into other forms. They serve their god in a variety of ways, but they don't take on the big challenges. That's because the sods've been judged and found wanting; they've got the spirit, but not the aptitude. Still, they're happy enough to serve at all – they're far more important than most other flunkies of the power, and they have more responsibilities than most bashers in the multiverse.

Greater proxies are the bloods a body's really got to watch out for. They can choose whether to keep their own forms or take on new ones. But whatever their shape, it hides special abilities granted by divine gift. Greater proxies serve their power directly; it's said they actually meet with the deity and get their instructions straight from the horse's mouth. And they're always up to something. Even if they seem harmless, chances are they're still carrying out orders (though perhaps more surreptitiously than usual). They mind the realms when the powers are away, they make sure that enemies are disposed of, and they do most of the gods' dirty work. They're some of the most dangerous bashers in the cosmos.

PHYSICAL FORMS

Nearly anyone can be a proxy – petitioners, primes, planars, humans, humanoids, monsters, or anything in between. It's no dark that vicious fiends serve as proxies of some lower-planar powers (though chant says one or two of 'em have turned stag on their heritage and gone to work for upper-planar gods; if true, the converts're keeping themselves well hidden). The deities of Mount Celestia like to use archons as proxies, the Olympians favor per and solars, and aasimon of all ranks fill proxy shoes all over the Upper Planes. ('Course, that doesn't mean every winged celestial a body runs across is a proxy; many serve the general cause of good, not a specific god.)

Truth is, *most* proxies ain't human, or even humanoid. They're usually transformed into whatever shape their power happens to prefer. Some become rutterkin, others devas, still more creatures of myth and legend. But a proxy's often identifiable as such no matter what he looks like – the mark of the god is stamped on him one way or another. The blood might have burning eyes, a brand on his forehead, or a

barely perceptible aura of divine power that hangs about him like a mist or a shroud. And he's usually a lot tougher than other "normal" members of his new race. A basher who thinks he can take out a goblin without breaking a sweat might find his head handed to him on a plate if the goblin turns out to be a proxy of Maglubiyet.

As mentioned previously, only the greater proxies are allowed to keep their shapes (or take new shapes of their own choosing). And it seems that the most notable agents of the gods are the ones who retain their original forms. They're the lucky few who're blessed with powers unseen to the eye. They can even withdraw their holy aura in order to go undetected in places where their status might make waves, and they can cause their glow to flare up again when they need it. In short, they're the secret messengers of the powers.

CHATTING WITH GODS

Sure, folks whisper that greater proxies actually talk to their powers, but is it true, or just canny public relations? Well, the dark is that no one really knows (except the proxies themselves, of course, and they never seem to confirm or deny anything). If proxies do toss the chant with the gods, they're not addle-coved enough to brag about it. Saying "Yeah, the other day Zeus and I were flapping our bone-boxes . . ." is a good way to earn a lot of laughter – or hatred. The sod's either a sycophant or a faker, and neither commands much respect. Those who really have power don't need to boast. Those who *don't* have power get noticed because they pretend that they do. It's not a good kind of attention, either. No god wants to be associated with a vain berk, and to tell the truth, few mortals like to listen to 'em either.

'Course, proxies do have to get their instructions (and their talents) from someplace. Many get their marching orders when they receive their gift of strength. But when they go on critical missions, it's a bet the powers don't trust intermediaries to pass on the orders. And as the highest servants of the gods, it only makes sense that proxies'd have to commune with their deities. No one knows what sort of communication that is, but the best guess is that the power hands down word to the top two or three proxies, and they pass the chant on to all the rest.

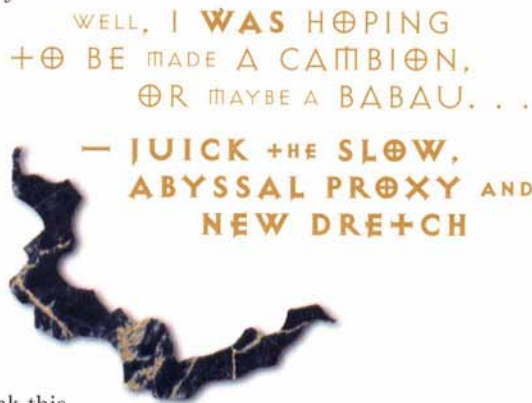
◆ GETTING THE JOB ◆

It takes some serious doing to become a proxy. A body's got to prove himself by working tirelessly for the power beforehand, devoting all of his energies toward advancing the god's cause and espousing the right ideals. Chant says a few proxies won their rank by pointing out what could be even *better* – challenging the religion in the hopes of improving it. By weeding out the chaff, they proved their concern for the power's best interests, and were summoned for proxy consideration.

Taken to an extreme, that means that a proxy doesn't absolutely have to be of the same alignment as his power. The truly resourceful agents are the ones who show the god a new way of thinking; they're often allowed a measure of individuality when toeing the divine line. That doesn't mean they can do whatever they like, but they do have greater latitude in interpretation.

The process of choosing a proxy varies from god to god, and it's always flavored by the specific deity's ideals. But one thing remains constant: Candidates for proxyhood must submit to having their innermost cores pored over by the power. The sods are examined for their beliefs, their willpower, their dedication –

everything they are and desire to be is tested and weighed. Those who're found worthy are made temporary proxies.



Don't think this means the god sits down with each basher and asks him what he wants out of life. It's more subtle than that. Sure, some candidates are whisked into the presence of the power. But others are thrown into a cell beneath the holy palace, and their dreams studied as they sleep. Still others are dissected (literally) and pieced back together – *if* the god likes what he finds (if not, he might leave the berk in pieces). Whatever the process, it's not pleasant for the sods involved. Everything they've ever thought is laid bare before the power, and most folks don't welcome that sort of invasion. Those who bear it best are usually those with the right stuff to be a proxy.

Once the unworthy've been culled from the batch, it's time for the would-be servants to prove themselves. They're made temporary proxies and sent on missions to see how canny, ruthless, ambitious, and devoted they are. For example, they might have to visit the domain of a rival god to deliver a message or negotiate the release of a prisoner; slay or drive off a dangerous creature that's causing trouble for a town full of worshipers; or even manage the complex political affairs of the home realm while their god's away. The temporary proxies who succeed (and do so with style) are again evaluated and assigned to lesser or greater status.

From that point, a proxy can work through whatever hierarchy's set by the power. Eventually, the blood's name might become known (and feared) across the planes, unless he keeps to the shadows of subterfuge. In any case, the final reward of a faithful proxy is like that of a loyal petitioner – a union with the essence of his power.

PETITIONERS

Chant says that all petitioners are dull drudges without imagination or initiative, but that ain't necessarily so (for the dark of petitioners, see the next chapter). Fact is, some show real spark and drive, looking to increase their power's strength as well as their own. These are the cutters who draw the eye of their patron. They may lose their memories when they cross over into the afterlife, but they retain enough ambition to strive for more.

That includes proxyhood, though it's rare for a petitioner to make it that far. After all, if a petitioner-proxy dies in the line of duty, the deity loses a good agent *and* has to watch a faithful spirit dissolve before he's ready for divine union. What god wants to take that risk? Every petitioner who merges with a power increases that god's strength. Those who die prematurely could have made their patron stronger, but are instead lost forever.

Thus, if a petitioner ever *does* become a proxy, it's a sure bet that he'll rarely leave his power's realm. He'll be an administrator or steward of the realm, someone who watches over the grounds while the god's away tending to other matters. That way, even if he does happen to get put in the dead-book, his spirit will merge with the essence of the realm. It ain't the same as joining with his god, but it's better than getting lost for good in some other land.

When a petitioner-proxy has to leave the realm on a special mission, he's loaded with protections; he's just too valuable to risk on dangerous ventures. Most of them also break the general rule that says all petitioners are only 0- or 1st-level berks; their power pumps them up to a more respectable level of strength.

PLANARS

These are among the most valued members of a power's retinue. They've toured the planes and they've seen what other gods have to offer, but they've still chosen to serve one particular deity. Sure, planars are generally more cynical than other bashers, but they make splendid proxies. They know their way around the multiverse, they know who to talk to and who to run from, and they know the chant (and the dark) of most things.

Even better, they aren't petitioners – yet. See, if a planar proxy gets killed, his spirit just ends up reforming in his power's realm as a petitioner, and he's ready to serve his god again (though in a different way). It's really the best solution for a deity: two lifetimes of service for the price of one.

Most of the greater proxies are human or humanoid planars. Primes don't know enough, petitioners can't be spared, and creatures like fiends and devas often tack their own agenda onto their god's orders. What's more, the alignment of a power often points to the kind of proxies he'll have. It's no big stretch to realize that most tiefling proxies work for gods of evil (or at least questionable) intent, and that few bariaur agents serve the strict powers of law.

PLAYER CHARACTERS

A Dungeon Master shouldn't let a player character gain the rank of proxy — not unless he doesn't mind giving the PC huge powers and splitting up the adventuring party for good. See, the new proxy can't just go around doing divine favors for his friends. In fact, it's quite the reverse: No one else in the group'll ever be able to trust him again. They'll know the sod's got to toe his power's line, even if it means working against his former friends. And that ain't a fair thing for a DM to pull on a band of heroes.

'Course, sooner or later, a DM might run into a player character who *insists* on serving his god as a proxy. The PC might even work toward that goal until he's killed or the DM gives him what he wants. Naturally, the sod won't stand a chance unless he's proven himself in strength, ambition, and wholehearted devotion. Just killing the deity's enemies isn't enough; most powers don't need bully boys. If a PC can mesh with the ideals of the power and show that he truly understands what the god's trying to accomplish in the multiverse, he may have what it takes to become a proxy.

At that point, the DM has a few choices. First, simply kill or incapacitate the player character (perhaps he's judged by the power, found wanting, and punished for his failure). But that's not fair to the player. Even if the DM declares that the experience has merely driven the PC barmy (and thus unplayable), it's no fun for a player to watch his character die off or go mad.

A similar solution: The DM can make the player character a proxy, but turn him into an NPC in service of the god. Again, it's not really a fair thing to do, but it might be the only way to handle a player who won't give up his quest for proxyhood.

The third answer is the most problematic. The DM can let the cutter remain a player character and still become a proxy (perhaps only a temporary proxy, as a test of the PC's character and ability). The new agent'll probably have to undertake a solo mission or two for his power, unless he can give the high-ups in the proxy hierarchy a good reason for bringing his party along.

In any case, the PC must understand the rules: He can't go against what his god decrees, he can't deviate from the path his god sets, and he must show absolute obedience to his god's every whim. If the cutter can handle this — and if he realizes the slightest misstep may well mean his complete obliteration — then he may be proxy material.

The most important thing to remember is that the final decision is in the Dungeon Master's hands. If the DM doesn't want a player character to become a proxy, so be it — that's just the will of the powers, berk.

◆ DIVINE GIFTS ◆

It's no dark that proxies have powers beyond the ken of mortals. Granted certain gifts by their gods, proxies can slay

with a glance, heal with a touch, call down holy fire on a body's head, or do any number of wondrous things — all with the merest blink of concentration. How do they get these talents? What are their limits?

Obviously, it depends on the deity. A god of healing won't give a proxy the ability to cripple or wither his foes, and a power of revenge won't bestow the knack of soothing harsh words. No, the gods hand out abilities that closely match their portfolios. Anything else is an aberration.

Granted powers are also linked to a proxy's history. Maybe it's a multiversal rule, or maybe it's just the whim of the gods, but proxies seem to manifest abilities related to momentous incidents from their pasts. A sod who's been scarred by fire might have the power to make his wounds shoot flames. Someone who fell from a great height might sprout wings or gain the talent to open a yawning chasm beneath his enemies' feet.

Finally, the manifestation of a special ability depends on a proxy's personality. Chances are that a quiet cutter's going to have subtle powers, and a basher who's angry and forthright will gain skills that get right in a body's face. There are exceptions, of course, but they usually come from gods who enjoy contrasts. Those proxies are the ones who really surprise most folks.

The chart on page 27 lists a number of sample powers granted to proxies.

WHAT FOLKS THINK ◆ OF PROXIES ◆

Proxies are tough, all right — no doubt about it. But their real power flows from the fact that other folks scurry out of their way when they pass. In other words, it all comes down to how strong a proxy is *believed* to be, how he's *perceived*. On the Outer Planes, faith is everything, and if a body believes something about a proxy, well, it's probably true.

Naturally, proxies are viewed with awe. After all, they're bloods who've been close to a power — an actual *deity* — and are still breathing to tell about it. So it follows that they must wield quite a bit of might themselves. A body should avoid a proxy, or study him at a distance, but not chat him up on the street. Chances are, he could crush most any bothersome berk like a bug.

'Course, anyone who's opposed to the ways of a proxy's god will look upon the proxy as a potential bringer of destruction. Fear and hatred are the watchwords here. If the blood's enemies can get him alone and overwhelm him with sufficient numbers, they probably will. They know that he'd try to smite them if his high-up ever gave the word, and only total leatherheads leave a threat like that hanging over their heads.

The more cynical planars just see proxies as the yes-men of the gods, the toadies and meddlers of the planes. To them, the proxies are addle-coves who've given up their own identities — along with any chance to shine and establish a

reputation for themselves – in the name of service. Cynics see nothing noble in it, and they mock proxies as bootlickers (when they can get away with it). The more extreme among them'll mock a proxy to his face. If they strike a nerve, they know they've put doubts in the berk's mind, and that's best of all. Maybe then, they figure, the proxy will realize that he's wasting his life for the glory of another when he could be working for himself.

Religious folks on the planes see the proxies as divine messengers. They respect the bloods for their dedication and zeal, even if they serve enemy powers. They know how hard it is to maintain such a high level of service – some of 'em have tried and failed themselves. Proxies don't have easy lives, and they deserve respect. That doesn't mean religious sods automatically trust a proxy, but they sure won't attack the cutter for doing what he figures is the right thing to do.

The most common perception of all, though, is that proxies are simply folks who're doing their jobs. They just happen to be more powerful than run-of-the-mill bashers. So what if a proxy's beliefs conflict with someone else's? The multiverse is full of opposing viewpoints.

Truth is, though, people who hold this view might give a proxy a bit more respect than they would a priest of the same god. Look at it this way: If a priest can change the planes through the power of faith, think of how much more a proxy can accomplish with *his* beliefs.

◆ FALLEN AGENT+S ◆

Some proxies just can't handle the pressure of representing a living, looming power. They snap under the strain, or they bail out of a crucial mission, or they find their own identity resurfacing. Maybe the temptation to cut and run is too strong; maybe they tire of the constant dance of politics and danger when dealing with proxies of other powers. After all, being a proxy is no bet for immortality. Once a body makes it that high in the multiverse, every berk who wants to make a name for himself comes calling. Putting down an agent of a god is a good way to build a reputation.

Whatever the reason, a proxy occasionally bolts from the service of his power. Some turn stag and spill the god's secrets; some just go to ground and hide from the deity (and his other agents) for the rest of their lives. Regardless, they're the bravest sods in the multiverse – they've tempted fate by spitting in the face of a power. What happens next depends on the nature of their high-up.

G⊕ AHEAD AND KILL ME.
A+ LEAS+ I'LL DIE FREE.

— ZHER⊕U+ICE, FALLEN PR⊕XY.
+⊕ HER F⊕RMER MAS+ER

FAILURE AND PUNISHMENT+

Good powers are generally more lax in their treatment of failed proxies. The agents can expect dismissal, revocation of their granted abilities, and the need to find a new home – they sure won't be welcome back in the realm. Even the gods of forgiveness and mercy don't want reminders of failure hanging around, and they certainly aren't going to reward incompetence or defiance.

'Course, not all good powers let a berk who messes up go blithely on his merry way. Some gods don't tolerate mistakes very well, and if it's a spectacular failure – say, the proxy turns stag or blatantly refuses a mission – the power might send other minions to fetch the sod back, or bring him to justice in another fashion.

Evil powers, naturally, are much less forgiving. A proxy who tries to give the laugh to a wicked deity might wake up one morning in the dead-book – if he's lucky. See, a god's imagination is nearly limitless, and an evil power's sure to have delightfully foul ideas on how to punish a wayward servant.

As for lawful deities, the straight-thinking bloods are likely to fall back on established strictures. No doubt they laid down clear rules when the proxy took his oath; the sod should have no confusion about what's in store. More than any other, a lawful god feels the pain of betrayal when a trusted agent defies orders.

The chaotic powers – well, who knows what goes through their heads? Sometimes they let a failed proxy go without a cross word. Other times they send out armies to see that the berk pays for his mistake. There's just no way to tell, and that's the most frightening part. Few proxies of chaotic powers want to take the gamble.

Generally, servants who disappoint their gods head for Sigil or the Prime Material Plane. They want to hide out somewhere that their former boss can't find 'em. Certainly, the powers have *other* proxies who can hunt down their fallen brethren, but with a bit of care and luck, a refugee can avoid paying the music – for a little while, anyway.

DISMISSAL

Some proxies fall; others are pushed. Sometimes a sincerely eager agent just doesn't work out as hoped.

Or maybe he achieves his goals and is allowed to retire in peace. Regardless, a god can't very well bring calamity on a proxy who voluntarily steps down when asked (well, he *can*, but that wouldn't do much to recruit future proxies).

Instead, the bloods usually receive advisory positions in the holy armies, comfortable cases in the home realms,

and servants to look after their needs. Some powers actually offer retirement to a proxy who's being eaten away by the demands of the job. Some powers, of course, make the pitch just to be rid of a proxy who has good intentions but poor skills.

For the most part, the dismissed are allowed to lead the rest of their lives as they will. They may be pressed back into service at a later date, but that's rare — unless they manage to overcome the problems that caused them to be let go in the first place.

NOTABLE PROXIES ◆ ON THE PLANES ◆

Presented below are a few quick character sketches for proxies. Two of these bloods have appeared in other **PLANESCAPE** products; the rest are brand new.

ICE (Pl/♀ tiefling/T10/N) used to be a proxy of Lugh, the Celtic god of excellence, but she fell from grace (though androgynous, Ice usually plays herself just slightly female). Lugh could have slain the tiefling outright. Instead, he dispelled her from service with this warning: His proxies wouldn't actively search for her, but they *would* kill her if they happened to find her somewhere.

Now Ice makes her case in Sigil and dispenses advice to planewalkers; while serving Lugh, she saw enough of the planes to make her something of an expert. She dresses in black naga hide, with spikes and blades protruding from her clothing. Ice doesn't talk about what got her booted from service, she doesn't suffer fools, and she always fades from sight when a Celtic priest comes into view.

KHAMALLAN TEREN (Px/♂ human/P10,F13/CE) serves Malar, the god of the hunt that stalks Colothys (the fourth layer of Carceri). He's one of the shifter and more dangerous proxies a body'll ever meet. Though he's a huge basher, Khamallan moves with the grace of a mountain lion — his clawed hands can rake faster than most eyes can follow.

Khamallan carries a power key that's good for all spheres — a gift from Malar. In return, he shows his god absolute loyalty. He doesn't talk back or ask questions, and he loves to gut those who do. Khamallan's not a nice fellow, and his main joy in life lies in tearing out a berk's insides. He's got the skill and endurance to track a sod through any kind of terrain, and he calls upon such talents when he's on the prowl — in other words, most all of the time.

THE SPHINX OF HELIOPOLIS (Px/♂ androsphinx/HD 15/LG) is a proxy of three Egyptian powers and the symbol of an entire realm. It's a creature of wisdom and learning, and it loves puzzles more than anything else. The Sphinx can cast spells as a 14th-level priest from any sphere granted by Ra, Osiris, or Isis, and it has a bellow that can flatten trees. Good thing, then, that it's friendly to those who serve good and the Egyptian pantheon.

Chant says the Sphinx was once a fiend who couldn't shake its basic nature of evil, no matter how hard it tried. The fiend came to Osiris and begged to be cleansed — and was thus reformed into the Sphinx (with more Hit Dice than most such creatures). In gratitude, the Sphinx agreed to patrol the shared realm and act as a proxy for the three powers.

EUZAEBUS THE SLY (Px/♂ half-elf/T4/CN) is a proxy of the elvish power Erevan Ilesere. Outcast from both human and elf societies, Euzaebus used to patrol the fringes of each culture, preying on both for his sustenance. Now he's a proxy — but he's also a petitioner. Oddly enough, Erevan *insists* that Euzaebus leave the home realm to explore the Outer Planes. And that's a task the half-elf fulfills with glee and style.

See, Euzaebus is one of the most cunning spivs a body's ever likely to meet, and he loves to match wits with any basher who crosses his path. He can lay a snare that'd catch even a titan, and talk the strictest modron into going rogue. Very, very few have ever managed to best him — even the mightiest of fiends grudgingly admit to that.

'Course, it helps that Erevan has granted Euzaebus a special gift: the power to *plane shift* at will, which comes in handy when he plays a trick on the wrong berk. Euzaebus also carries a *bag of holding* that contains far too many novelties and practical jokes for most folks' liking.

ANASTASIA KHOURIKOS (Px/♀ bariaur/F20/CG) is a wandering proxy of Thor, who let her gain fighting prowess beyond the reach of most bariaur. As an avid follower of her god, Anastasia strives to emulate Thor in any way possible. She carries a throwing hammer that she uses to resolve arguments before they begin, and she's very quick to anger. (Unlike Thor's Mjolnir, her hammer doesn't return to her after being thrown.)

Anastasia's self-appointed mission is to rid a prime-material world of all of its giantish inhabitants. But she hasn't yet decided which world should receive her "blessing." The bariaur currently holes up in Sigil, soaking up as much chant as she can in order to help her make an informed choice.

Like Ice, **BLEEDING SETCH** (Pl/♂ tanar'ri [marquis cambion]/HD 6/CE) is a former proxy. However, whereas the tiefling was forcibly relieved of her duties, Setch lost his proxy status when his power — one of the Abyssal lords who'd ascended to godhood — fell in a battle with Kiaransalee, the drow goddess of vengeance and the undead. Now, the deposed god is thought to lie moldering on the Astral, abandoned by his former allies, his dreaded wand of evil forever hidden away from prying eyes.

Unfortunately, Bleeding Setch'd come to count on the boost in power he enjoyed while his god still lived. It'd helped him stave off the slander and brutality of other tanar'ri who hated him for being a half-breed fiend. Now, there's a price on Setch's head across the Lower Planes — it seems the berk abused his position as a proxy a bit too much. As a result, the cambion's gone into hiding. But he's also determined to restore his deity to power any way he can.

◆ SAMPLE POWERS ◆

Please note that the powers below are just examples of abilities granted to proxies, not a definitive list. They're meant to give a Dungeon Master a place to start when assigning special skills to proxies. Likewise, not every sphere appears in the list — only some of the more common areas of divine control.

POWER'S SPHERE GRANTED POWER

Agriculture	Make crops grow with a touch; cure blight; wither fields; make earth fertile again; assume plant form.
Animals	Automatic animal friendship; assume animal form; command animals.
Art/artisans	Protection from the ravages of time and fire; grant inspiration; bring life to masterpieces.
Beauty	Shine with inner light; make another beautiful; heal scars.
Fertility	Make mortals barren or fertile; resurrect the dead.
Cold/winter	Emit <i>cone of cold</i> ; shoot icicle daggers from eyes; freeze water with a touch; resist cold and heat.
Courage	Create aura of courage; remove magical fear; inspire bravery.
Creation	Grant life to inanimate objects; immutably join two objects together.
Darkness	Move and hide in shadows without fear of discovery; bring darkness down on a foe.
Dawn	Destroy undead; create light in impenetrable darkness; set the sky afire.
Death	Slay with a touch; destroy any resurrected individual; bring lethal misfortune on a foe.
Deception	Read minds; cast any illusion spell at will; use <i>charm</i> and <i>suggestion</i> .
Destruction	Sunder any object in two; disintegrate any object by touch.
Disease	Cause disease; breathe cloud of rot; summon swarm (rats, insects, and so on); spread plague.
Earth/land	Create earthquakes; summon earth elemental; create walls; summon meteor strike.
Evil/hatred	Constant <i>protection from good</i> ; create dissension; use <i>unholy word</i> and <i>power word, kill</i> at will.
Fate/destiny	See the future death of any mortal being; gauge the likelihood of success of any action.
Fire	Burning eyes; tongue of flame; fire resistance; summon <i>flame blade</i> ; move through flames without harm.
Forests	Automatic friendship with plants; use <i>pass without trace</i> ; assume plant form; draw sustenance from trees.
Fortune/luck	Always in the right place at the right time; grant winning streak; cause misfortune; change weather.

POWER'S SPHERE GRANTED POWER

Guardianship	Never sleep; see with one hundred eyes; create <i>wall of iron</i> ; command shadow guardians.
Healing	Heal by touch; <i>neutralize poison</i> at will; remove curses.
Hunting	Track any creature, no matter how old the trail; never miss with an arrow; move silently in any terrain.
Justice	Know the crimes of any being; use <i>shocking grasp</i> at will, but only on those who deserve punishment.
Knowledge	Eidetic memory; read any language; explain or teach in any tongue.
Life	Heal wounds; resurrect the dead; grant fertility.
Light	Glowing eyes; create sunburst; dispel darkness; cause blindness in foes; destroy undead; inspire others.
Magic	Magic resistance; use of wizard spells; create certain spell-like effects at will; remove spellcaster's power.
Mischief	Thief skills; create cantrips at will; cause uncontrollable laughter.
Moon/stars	Night vision; travel wherever the moon shines; cure or cause madness.
Music	Perfect pitch; charm or lull with voice; grant inspiration.
Nature	Weather sense; use <i>animal friendship</i> and <i>plant growth</i> ; call weather.
Protection	Invulnerability to normal weapons; mystical shield; confer protection on others; use all <i>wall of spells</i> .
Ocean	Walk on water; create storms; overturn vessels; call sea creatures; navigate without error; calm water.
Sky/wind	Flight; summon hurricanes; summon cloud chariot; command avians.
Thieves	Maximum thief skills; appraise any item; intimidate others.
Travelers	Know local customs unerringly; speak any tongue; pass through trees; pass through stars; move without tiring; find portal; know portal key.
Vengeance	Direction sense; thief skills; call on fiendish allies; track target through the planes.
War	Espionage; prodigious weapon speed; knowledge of any weapon; create strife; know strategy; go berserk (with invulnerability).
Wealth	Make money appear or disappear; bless a merchant with wealth; create impassable wards.

It seems there's been a bit of confusion about petitioners — where they come from, what they look and act like, how they're attuned to the planes, what they can and can't do, and so on.

PETITIONERS

Well, some aspects remain hidden. After all, petitioners exist in a state of life after death, and no blood's willing (or able) to say how it all comes to pass. Planars don't know, primes are just as ignorant as ever, and the petitioners themselves can't speak of what's happened to them. Proxies have a

glimmering of insight, and the powers surely know the dark of it all, but neither group's eager to share their knowledge.

The subject's one of the great mysteries of the multiverse, and it's likely the powers want it to stay that way. But this chapter casts light on what is known.

◆ LIFE AFTER DEATH ◆

Here's the bottom line: A petitioner is the spirit of a basher who's died someplace. It doesn't matter if the deader was a planar or a prime; he's still going to wind up as a petitioner, and perhaps get re-

constituted in some bodily form. (The only exceptions are the unlucky sods lost to the spirit-destroying power of fiends or the undead. The best *they* can hope for is to be reanimated as the barest

sham of their former selves; otherwise, they're gone forever.)

Seems simple enough, right? But some graybeards say that only a deader who had a certain level of intelligence can become a petitioner — in other words, animals don't count. 'Course, the Beastlands are full of critters that many consider petitioners. One theory says that's not really the case, that the animals' spirits only reside on the Beastlands for a short while before being reborn again wherever they came from.

The animals live out many lives, each time in a different form, constantly evolving toward sapience. When they achieve that — when they learn to operate on a level higher than the instinctual — they become true petitioners when they die. Until then, it's just a constant cycle of death and rebirth, with only the form changing as the spirit within learns and grows.

But another theory points out that certain powers off the Beastlands let their petitioners reincarnate as well — most notably, the Indian pantheon (see “Back From

the Dead,” later in this chapter, for more information). And if they're considered true petitioners, the argument goes, there's no reason not to extend the same courtesy to animals.

The waters're muddled further by the fact that a body won't become a petitioner unless he believes in an afterlife, or at least has faith (however shaky) that there's *something* after death. A sod who firmly decries the possibility of any sort of afterlife, who holds this to be true in the deepest recesses of his heart, finds only oblivion when he passes on. There's hardly a power in the multiverse strong enough to hold together a spirit that won't believe in itself. Remember, the Outer Planes are grounded in belief. A spirit that willfully disbelieves in its own existence is gone. Most powers wouldn't want it anyway.



I DON'T SEE IT
AS DEATH
SO MUCH AS A CHANCE
FOR A NEW LIFE.

— ARUKIS,
A PETITIONER OF APOLLO

FROM HERE + TO THERE

When a body dies on the Prime Material Plane, his spirit's automatically drawn to the Outer Planes through one of the many connecting conduits that wind through the Astral Plane. As the spirit passes through the silver void, it's stripped of its mortal memories, which end up floating through the plane as *memory cores*. The cores tend to congregate in a particular area of the Astral, slowly withering away until they vanish altogether (though the decay can take millennia).

The spirit reforms as a petitioner on the Outer Plane that most closely matches the deader's former life in alignment and devotion. If the prime happened to worship a particular power, his spirit reforms in that power's specific realm.

That ain't how it works for a planar. See, prime-material spirits are pulled through conduits right to where they need to go. But it's assumed that planars know a bit more about the multiverse and don't need the hand-holding. When a planar dies, his spirit must make it to the right plane or realm all on its own. It might take a little longer to reach its new home, but the result is still the same — the deader's recollections even gravitate to the Astral and become memory cores.

MEMORIES AND MANNERISMS

Obviously, with their knowledge sapped by the Astral, petitioners have no memories of their former lives. Oh, some might have hazy, fleeting glimpses into their pasts, and in rare instances a power *lets* a petitioner retain his memories in full. (This luxury is usually reserved for a cherished spirit, and even then, it's no easy task for the god; see "Voices From Beyond," later in this chapter.) But more often than not, the information's lost to the sod forever. Once the spirit reaches the plane or realm it's most attuned to, it must start anew, with memories completely fabricated by the plane or the deity, or with the knowledge that it needs to start accumulating new ones.

Losing memories of life is one thing. Losing mannerisms and interests is another. Petitioners exhibit many of the same habits, speech patterns, likes, and dislikes of their former lives. Such things just have a way of leaving their mark on a body (or, to be more precise, a spirit). If a dead berk's former companions were to meet up with their fallen comrade in petitioner form — a staggeringly unlikely event, given the infinite scope of the Outer Planes — they'd be able to recognize him. Sadly, though, their old friend wouldn't know them from a pack of bubbers.

See, petitioners don't realize they're dead. Their current existence is the only one they know, and it's the only one they acknowledge. If some pushy berk tries to *force* the truth upon a petitioner, he might accept the revelation — intellectually, at least. But most of 'em turn downright surly if made to confront their previous lives. It's like telling a living person that he's just the spirit of a dead animal. It's not something a body wants to hear, even if it's true.

PERSONALITY

Snobs on the planes (living ones, anyway) say that petitioners are colorless and boring, that they're so much background fluff, that they don't mean anything in the grand scheme of the multiverse. Not only is that insulting, it's completely untrue. A petitioner may have lost his old life, but he's far from being a blank slate. Many build new lives around the mannerisms they've held onto. And some can faintly remember portions of their past lives, memories on which they can base more experiences. The scant recollections don't provide any useful information; they're like trying to catch fog in a net. But at least they're something to build on.

More importantly, though, a petitioner's mind is shaped by the plane he reforms on, not to mention the specific realm (if any). Powers grant insight to their followers in small pieces, doled out as the petitioners progress through the afterlife. But the very nature of a plane tends to manifest itself in a petitioner. Those of the neutral Outlands keep a running tally of folks they've helped and harmed, good deeds and bad deeds, truths and lies — all in the name of maintaining a balance. Petitioners of harsh Carceri are a cagey lot, always scheming and striving to get ahead. And those of glorious Mount Celestia are gentle and kind, though stern when it comes to stamping out the taint of evil.

How *long* a body's been a petitioner also colors his personality. The newest are still unsure of their place in things, and flail about until they stumble across whatever will reveal the truth of their existence. Those who've traveled farther along the path set by their deity are more at peace with themselves.

Thus, petitioners' personalities vary almost as much as those of the living. They can be angry, brawling, peaceful, or helpful, all as the situation demands. Just because they're deaders doesn't mean that they've forgotten the ways of mortals.

PHYSICAL FORMS

Just as personalities vary from plane to plane (and from realm to realm *within* a plane), a petitioner's shape depends on where he reforms. On most planes, a spirit just takes a form well suited to survival there. Evil spirits who end up on the Lower Planes often become larvae. Chaotic berks who go to Limbo reform as shifting clumps of chaos-stuff. The bulk of the planes seem to produce humanoids.

But even that depends on factors like a deader's former life. A human from the Prime whose spirit goes to Ysgard will likely reform as a human, and a dwarf as a dwarf. 'Course, a human who worshiped a dwarf power'll go the realm of his god, where he'll appear in a form chosen by the deity — probably that of a hearty dwarf. Truth is, powers can force their petitioners into any shape desired; evil Set of Baator is known to favor hyenas, crocodiles, and the like.

Stranger still, spirits that wend their way toward certain planes might become petitioners that eventually evolve into living planar creatures. Petitioners of Mount Celestia become lantern archons, floating balls of light. In the Abyss, particularly evil petitioners can take the form of manes; on Baator, lemures. Each of these creatures can eventually be promoted to a higher station in the hierarchy of its new race — a station in which it stops being a petitioner and is "reborn." (For more details, see "Moving On," later in this chapter.)

THE URGE +0 MERGE

The basic goal of any petitioner is to become the ideal of his devotion. In other words, a spirit that reforms on a plane, but not in a particular god's realm, seeks only to merge with that plane — to become the ultimate representation of the land's alignment. Petitioners of Mechanus, the clockwork plane, strive to become as lawful and as neutral as possible.

A spirit that takes shape in the realm of a power, though, is a bit more directed. Petitioners of realms don't want merely to merge with the plane; they want to achieve union with their god.

Either way, all petitioners have the spark to improve themselves, to develop their devotion to the point where they simply become one with their plane or power. But as before, this drive manifests itself differently, according to the nature of each plane.

On planes of selfishness and evil, a desire to improve is marked by a distinct tendency toward lying, cheating, stealing, and killing. On planes of order and tranquility, it's expressed through meditation, contemplation, and holy reclusion, seeking to understand higher laws and higher powers. On yet others, the drive propels petitioners to seek truth in hard work, to strain and struggle their way toward an understanding of the cosmos.

Whatever path leads to oneness, a petitioner won't be denied from walking it. The sod always has the desire to change, to become something more. Maybe he's searching for the promise of peace, or maybe he wants to become the most powerful berk in the multiverse. Whatever the drive, it's the core of the petitioner's spirit, and there's no changing it except by divine decree.

Eventually, it's hoped, he reaches the end of the road, discovers the answers that eluded him in life, and merges with his plane or power. If he doesn't, chant is that he eventually fades away, with only the barest essence of his devotion fueling the land's heart or the god's might.

The most important thing to remember about a petitioner is this: The basher's always, *always* looking for a way to join his plane or power. It doesn't matter what else he's doing; that goal always lurks in the corner of his brain-box, and he bends all his efforts toward achieving it. A body who deals with a petitioner'd better keep that in mind when judging the berk's motivations.

What's more, that single-mindedness is pretty much the only way to tell a petitioner from a regular living sod. After all, most petitioners look and act the same as everyone else (not counting those who become chaos-blobs on Limbo or archons on the Mount). But engage one in a few minutes of conversation, and every word out of his mouth'll tie back to the perfection of his plane or power. It's just plain *boring* to listen to a petitioner go on and on. It's also mighty annoying to see distracted looks play across his face, as if he's got much more important things to do than stand around and chat all day — which, of course, he does.

WHAT'S +HE P0IN+?

So why do the planes draw like-minded spirits to their borders? Why do the great and grand powers care if measly petitioners merge with them or not?

It's all comes back to the fact that the Outer Planes run on belief. Petitioners who achieve union with their plane add their devotion to its makeup, and reinforce the basic nature of the land. More importantly, the powers literally feed on the belief of their worshipers. The greater the number and stronger the faith, the mightier the god becomes. And a power who receives petitioners receives distilled belief. That's the chant, anyway, and that's why deities take very dimly to berks who try to harm their petitioners.



◆ DEGREES OF DEVOTION ◆

So far, it might seem that a berk with a nominal belief in a power and one who's a fervent follower of the god both reach the same point after death — they become petitioners in the deity's realm. Well, that's just so much nonsense. It's no dark that the more faith a body has, the more likely it is that he progresses faster through petitionerhood. Those who're less faithful have a harder time of it.

Basically, what this means is that there are several categories of petitioners. The first are the *faithful* — the priests, the truly devoted, and those who best exemplified their alignments. They're the ones who held fastest to their beliefs. As petitioners, they've got the knack of tumbling to what they need to learn to merge with their power. It's just instinctual. Chant is that the faithful also retain more of their mortal personalities.

The second category are the *seekers*. These are the folks who valiantly sought to discover truth in life, but just never found answers that seemed to satisfy them. Still, they tried, and that's what's important. Faith runs deep in their hearts, and as petitioners, they walk the path well.

Close behind the seekers are the *misguided*, who thought they knew how to attune themselves to their power, but were a bit off. Unfortunately, these sods usually aren't willing to admit that they were wrong. But their hearts are in the right place — they're eager to devote themselves to their god. They learn the dark of true faith easier than do nonbelievers.

That's the last bunch — the *faithless*. As petitioners, this lot's got to start from scratch, free of guidance. The best they can do is to watch the faithful progress and pick up pointers as they go. The worst they can do is offend the power so greatly that they're expelled from the realm. But most faithless never actually go that far; they just take a much longer time to gain enough understanding of their power to achieve union.

EXCEPTIONAL PETITIONERS

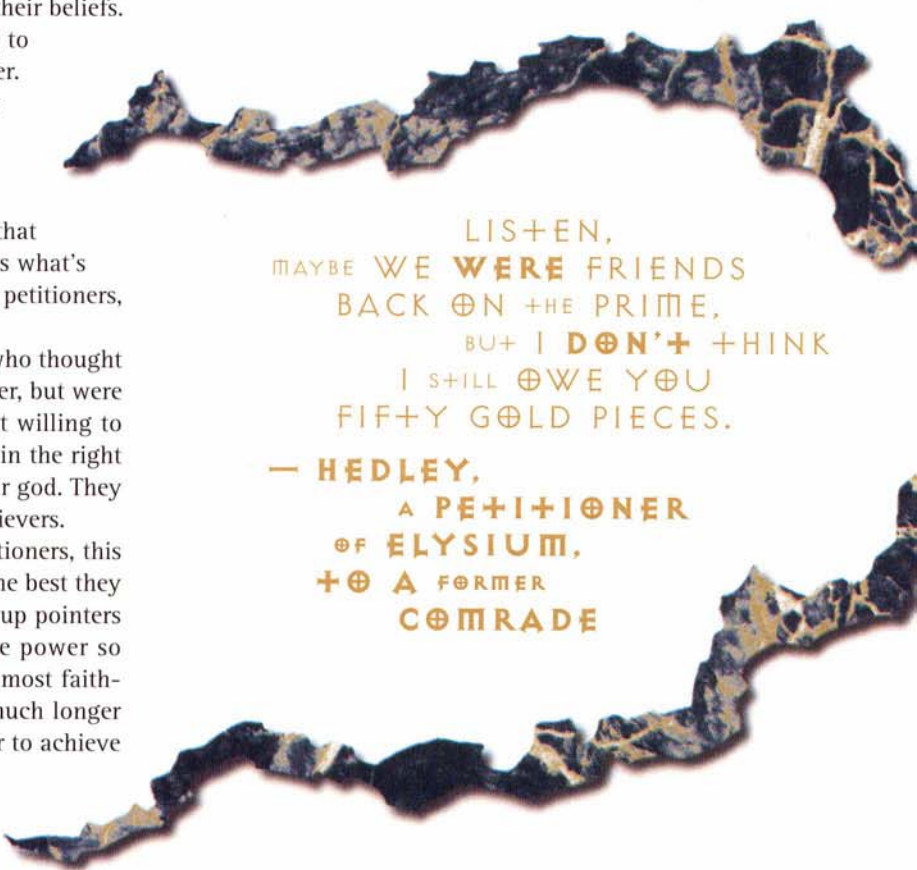
Most petitioners are 0- and 1st-level berks, unable to advance in worldly experience because they're busy progressing in spiritual matters. Though they're skilled, smart, and capable, they don't accumulate experience as does an ordinary basher.

Some break the rule, earning levels and power like a mortal. These are the exceptions, the petitioners who serve deities of war, wizardry, or thievery. The best known of these are the per and the einheriar, the servants of upper-planar powers. They inch closer to union with their gods by focusing on the art of combat, and they're some of the toughest bashers on the planes, too.

Exceptional petitioners still have the desires of their ordinary comrades — their main motivation is the drive to merge with their power or plane. It's just that they've also

got the ability to enforce their powers' will. In essence, the bloods are a step between proxies and petitioners (though some of them are, indeed, true proxies). What's more, the successful completion of their duties draws them ever closer to blessed union.

In places like Ysgard and Arcadia, it seems as if exceptional petitioners ain't so exceptional — they're everywhere. But these special folks are by no means common throughout the Outer Planes. A Dungeon Master can still include exceptional petitioners on any plane, but he should remember that the bashers are usually found among the powers of war and other physical attributes.



LISTEN,
MAYBE WE WERE FRIENDS
BACK ON THE PRIME,
BUT I DON'T THINK
I STILL OWE YOU
FIFTY GOLD PIECES.
— HEDLEY,
A PETITIONER
OF ELYSIUM,
+ A FORMER
COMRADE

◆ BACK FROM THE DEAD ◆

As noted earlier, some powers allow reincarnation, letting their petitioners return from the dead to live again. But truth to tell, most gods are extremely peery of releasing their worshipers back into the mortal world. After all, the sods might make the wrong choices next time around, and wind up under some other deity's care.

Sure, the Indian pantheon enforces reincarnation, but are petitioners truly released from the divine realms? Or are they sent back out only after they first merge with their power? Most bloods figure that a reincarnated basher's got a piece of his deity in him, or at least a piece of the pantheon, so that he won't turn away from them when it's time to choose in his next life.

SOLID FLESH

For some folks, *reincarnation*, *resurrection*, and other spells that deal with the dead (and undead) are a sticky problem. What happens to a petitioner whose body is the recipient — willing or otherwise — of magic cast to bring the dead back to life?

In game terms, it works like this: The basher must make a system shock roll. If he fails, the magic fizzles, and he stays right where he is. If he makes the roll, though, he's still anchored to his mortal body just enough for the spell to work. Primes are reeled back to the Prime Material Plane through the Astral, where they're pulled through the memory cores they lost when they died. (Spirits have a natural affinity for their own memories, though they *can* pick up someone else's instead, with disastrous consequences.)

Planars brought back to life might pass through the Astral, or they might not, depending on where the spirits are coming from. If they bypass the silver void, their memory cores still seek them out — it just might take longer for the recollections to reach them.

Even spirits who've been petitioners for hundreds of years can be pulled back into their bodies. As long as they haven't given up all their mortal ties, they're vulnerable to such magic. But no matter if a sod's been a petitioner for a day or a century, when he awakens in his old body, he has little or no memory of his time on the planes. The return of his original memories wash the others away.

Unfortunately, some folks get excited and jump to conclusions about this kind of necromancy. They figure that they can destroy a tanar'ri, a baatezu, or even an archon just by casting *resurrection* on its mortal body (after all, those creatures start out as petitioners). Well, they're right — and wrong. The magic works, but only on creatures that are actually petitioners, like manes, lemures, and lantern archons. Once those bashers move up the ladder of promotion and become new creatures, they're no longer petitioners — and all ties to their former bodies are severed. (See "Moving On," below, for more details.)

'Course, even if a spellslinger *does* just want to "undo" a lowly creature like a lemure, he's got to find the petitioner's mortal remains first — if they're still intact. But it's been known to happen. It's a neat way to rescue a dead comrade whose spirit's been taken to the Abyss and turned into a manes. Then again, a berk evil enough to have suffered that fate probably won't have friends eager to bring him back.

VOICES FROM BEYOND

The spell *speak with dead* has even more bloods puzzled. How can a body learn anything from a petitioner who's been stripped of his mortal knowledge?

Here's the chant: The spell apparently contacts the memory core of the deader, floating through the Astral — not the sod himself. The petitioner, wherever he is on the planes, isn't affected at all. Thus, it ain't precise to call the spell *speak with dead*. It'd be a better idea to call it something like *speak with memory*.

A power can try to fetch a petitioner's memory core, too, in order to let one of the faithful retain his mortal knowledge in the afterlife. But it's a terribly hard trick, even for a god — it's like combing a beach for a particular grain of sand. Naturally, most powers are loath to spend their time and might this way.

Chant is that Sigil's back alleys hide cutters who venture to the Astral to retrieve the memory cores of fallen heroes or villains. But if it's a difficult feat for a god, how hard must it be for a mere mortal? Even if a berk did manage to find a memory core, how could he tell if it were the right one? How could he carry something as airy as thought home again? No, most such "retrievers" are frauds and charlatans.

Still, rumors persist that a few of these knights of the post are for real — githyanki who know the Astral like the backs of their hands. If true, the cutters face great danger from astral dreadnoughts. See, the fell creatures try to devour memory cores, mistaking them for astrally projecting travelers, and woe be to any retrievers who get in the way.

◆ MOVING ON ◆

Bloods know of two ways that petitioners can evolve. The first is the eventual union of a dead spirit with its power or plane. The second is the rebirth from a petitioner into a living planar creature.

JOYOUS UNION

This kind of evolution is by far the most common. As petitioners advance spiritually in their new lives, they draw ever closer to a final understanding of their plane, their power, and their place in the multiverse. Once they've reached that understanding, they dissolve into the very essence of their god or their land.

A petitioner who merges with her power doesn't lose her identity fully; it remains as an integral part of the union, something that gives more strength to the god. Her personality is subsumed into the power's, and she becomes one of the voices in his head. The god maintains his force of will, the petitioner (to a lesser extent) maintains hers. Does that mean a power could ever be scattered back into his component personalities? Probably not. Once petitioners are absorbed, they *stay* absorbed. On the other hand, the fragmentation of a god would certainly be a sight to see.

Some sages speculate that the petitioner reaches such a close understanding with the power that she actually *becomes* the power — or, at least, she imagines that she does. She can see the lesser sod that she used to be, but she recognizes that she's become infinitely superior to her old self.

The odd thing about this is that every petitioner who's ever merged with the power feels the same. They all feel like the driving force behind the god's mind, and because they all believe it, they're all correct. See, this theory says the powers are really collections of folks who've learned to think the

exact same way — or, in other words, a blood who's learned to make others think exactly like *him*.

Apparently, a petitioner who merges with her plane goes through much the same experience, only on an even grander scale. No one really knows what happens for sure, but it's thought that the basher's spirit enriches the plane and creates new landscapes within it.



YOU WILL BE READY
WHEN YOU NO LONGER
HAVE QUESTIONS.
BUT ANSWERS.

— A PROXY'S ADVICE
TO A PETITIONER

EVOLUTION TO NEW FORMS

The second type of evolution is toward planar forms. It's true that the lowest kinds of some planar creatures (including baatezu, tanar'ri, and archons) are petitioners. However, as soon as they take the next step — as soon as they're promoted to a higher station — they cease being petitioners and become full members of their new race. They start to abide by the rules of that race, instead of the rules for petitioners. If they're killed while away from their plane, they're not lost forever. Instead, they reform back at home — some in the same form, some at the lowest rung of the hierarchy.

Bloods've noted that some of these planar creatures can actually climb as high as godhood. In the Abyss, for example, even the weakest fiend can eventually reach the top of its race by intimidating its fellows into *believing* that it's powerful and deserving. And such mighty tanar'ri can sometimes make the leap from ordinary fiend to Abyssal lord, and from there, to authentic deity.

◆ THE FINAL CURTAIN ◆

Petitioners aren't immortal. They can die just like any other berk — fact is, they can be killed far easier than most. What happens to a petitioner who doesn't merge or evolve, but gets himself put in the dead-book instead?

There's no easy answer. It depends on whether the sod's on his home plane or not, whether he's in his power's realm or off gadding about somewhere else, and whether he's been killed naturally or unnaturally.

First of all, a petitioner killed while away from his home plane is dead, gone, lost forever. In all the wide, wide multiverse, only a few ways of bringing these leatherheads back are known to exist, and they're all fantastically rare. Even powers don't restore petitioners who've gotten themselves killed off-plane. Generally, if the petitioner's off-plane, he's out of his god's reach. (Clangeddin Silverbeard, the dwarf god of battle, is an exception to this rule; for more information, refer to his entry in the chapter on the dwarvish pantheon.)

The best a dying petitioner can hope for is that a bystander's quick with a *spiritbowl* — a celestial item that captures the withering spirit. A kindly traveler can then carry the bowl back to the petitioner's home plane and release the

spirit there. The petitioner won't reform, but at least he'll get to merge with his plane.

The same fate awaits a petitioner killed while on his home plane, but outside the realm of his power (if any). His corporeal form's lost, but he can join with the essence of the land. It's certainly not the kind of

merger petitioners hope for; they don't like dissolving into their planes until they've reached the ultimate ideal of their devotion.

It's an especially harsh blow for a petitioner devoted to a particular power. He naturally wants to merge with his god; that's the point of his whole existence. The faithful see their struggle for meaning and understanding washed away in the blink of an eye. Still, it's better than oblivion. And at least they know that they're contributing to their world view.

A petitioner killed within the borders of his god's realm is either prematurely absorbed by the deity or simply remade, depending on the god's wishes. Some powers won't take a spirit that's not ready, while others don't want to expend the energy to bring a petitioner back to life. How important is it to a god to have a fully prepared petitioner? Well, if there were any benefits to merging with the faithful ahead of time, it's a bet that the powers'd urge their petitioners to find ways to die. But they don't — not even the powers of death. So here's a good guess: It's better for a god to take a cutter who's learned the ways of the multiverse than a sod killed before his time.

Finally, a petitioner who meets his end in an unnatural way — such as being taken by undead or spirit-sucking fiends — is also lost to his power. It might be a different story if the monster happens to be under the control of the deity. If the power moves quickly, he can force the beast to yield the stolen spirit; the process is akin to making a fiend vomit. Sadly, the spirits are always tainted by their absorption into the wicked creatures, and only the most evil of powers relish their taste afterward.

But no matter where or how a petitioner dies, another question rears its ugly head: Does he leave a corpse behind, or does his body — which is just a temporary shell, after all — dissolve along with the spirit? It depends. If the sod gets put in the dead-book while in a place rooted in belief in the physical, the body remains. If the realm's more attuned to spiritual matters, the body vanishes. Thus, the battlefields of Ysgard and Acheron are littered with corpses. But most planes aren't as grounded in the physical as are those war-torn sites.

Once a berk understands how things work, it's painfully clear why petitioners hate leaving their home planes or realms. Fact is, they just won't do it, not unless sent on a special mission by their deity. The eternal death of a petitioner is always a sad event. To see a life force snuffed completely from existence, with no hope for return, ever, really gives a body pause.

The faithful say the powers are the most important bashers the multiverse has yet produced. The Athar claim the powers are just a big lie perpetuated by berks who're strong enough to force others to believe in them. And some think the powers are nothing but the next obvious step in mortal development. All of these bashers are right — and all of them are wrong. When it comes to the powers, it's almost impossible to classify them.

THE POWERS

Still, bloods across the cosmos have taken to the task. After all, life on the planes is all about the exploration of beliefs, the discovery of truths, and the daring of everything a body holds dear. More than a few have stumbled, wiped from existence because they dug too close to the heart of the matter. Cannier cutters try to cover their tracks to keep from meeting such dire ends. See, while good jink and high fame await a blood who can give the powers the laugh and escape with their secrets, it's no dark that any blood who wants to *try* is barmy.

This chapter presents chant gathered by folks over the millennia. And what one sage swears is true, another denounces as nonsense. But as far as the powers go, each story's as good as the next — that's why it's all here. The one thing everyone *does* agree on is this: The beings known as

the powers are, indeed, mightier than a body can imagine. They're certainly not to be toyed with, and any sod who tries it won't live to brag about it later.

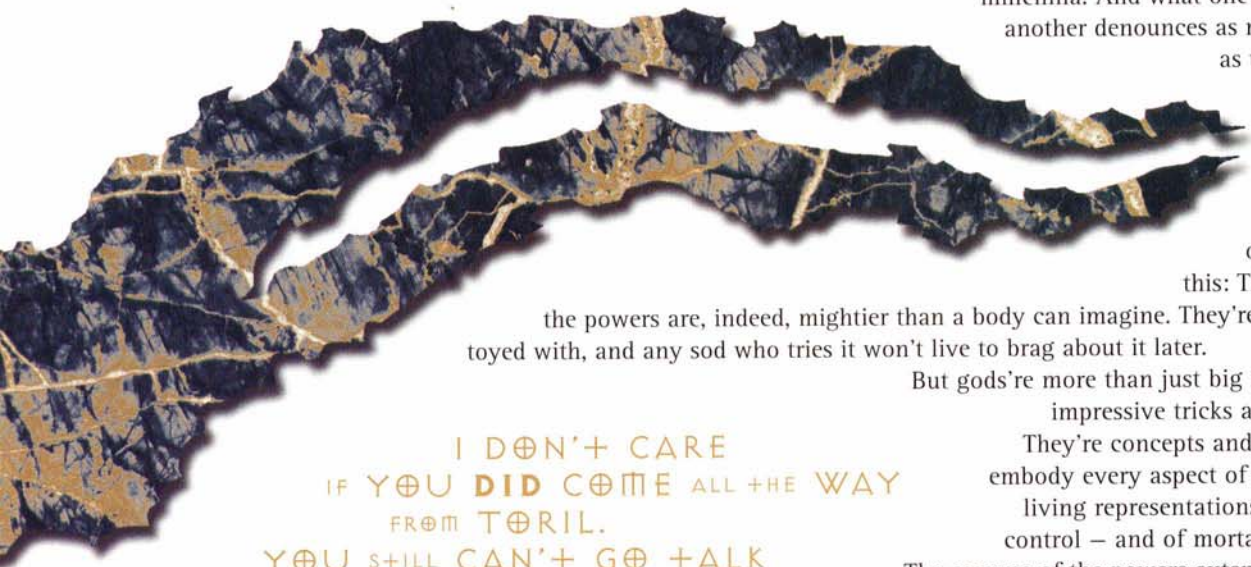
But gods're more than just big mortals with lots of impressive tricks and mighty abilities.

They're concepts and symbols, too. They embody every aspect of their portfolios, the living representations of their spheres of control — and of mortals' hopes and fears.

The essence of the powers extends to a whole other kind of existence.

It's crucial to remember that — the powers are incomprehensible, their motives and abilities unguessable. If they've chosen to let the material in this chapter be revealed to mortals, who can say

how much more they're hiding? And perhaps the gods allow or even encourage the spread of wrongheaded chant. After all, it's a bet they guard their secrets jealously, and are most likely eager to steer folks away from the true dark of things.



I DØN'+ CARE
IF YØU DID CØME ALL +HE WAY
FRØM TØRIL.
YØU S+ILL CAN'+ GØ +ALK
+Ø ZEUS.
— AN EXHAUSTED GUARD
IN +HE HALLS ØF ØLYMPUS

◆ SECRET+ ØRIGINS ◆

How did the powers come to be? Did they spring fully-formed into the multiverse? Did they create the Outer Planes? Did the planes create *them*?

Well, the answer is really a matter of belief. One story says that, long ago, the powers were spirits — created by legends of a place either benign or malign, appeased by shamans of this other world, and venerated by the people of the land. The spirits absorbed the worship of the mortals, feeding on it, growing ever more able to influence the lives of their devoted. Eventually, the spirits grew strong enough to claim dominion over sects of people, and began passing their own laws. They offered to guide mortals toward a greater understanding of the mysteries of the multiverse — but only if the sods followed the rules and lived their lives the “right” way.



As they grew in the hearts and minds of the people, the spirits started to grant demonstrable signs of their power to certain worshipers. These bloods then showed off their new abilities to friends and foes alike. The chant spread throughout the masses, and more and more folks gravitated to the spirits' ways of thinking, which in turn made the spirits even more powerful. Eventually, the believers organized religions around their chosen spirits, built temples and monuments to their glories, and encouraged others to think as they did. Firmly immortalized in the cores of the people, the spirits could claim godhood for themselves — and back up the claims with shows of force or love.

Naturally, even as the powers acted on the people, so did the people act on the powers. The expectations of the devoted shaped the powers' actions and reactions. Thus, the powers were really created and sustained by legends, their very forms modeled according to the beliefs of the people.

'Course, that's just one theory of how it all came to pass. Another says the powers were the ones who created the mortals, so the sods should be beholden to their gods. This school of thought holds that the powers always were, that they pulled the mortals out of the primordial soup, that they act on the people without being acted upon in return — in other words, that the control is a one-way street. Whether this is true or not, most folks dismiss the idea as propaganda from the powers themselves.

DIVISIONS ♦ OF STRENGTH ♦

Common wisdom puts the gods into four different camps, depending on the level of belief and strength each has in his corner: demipower, lesser power, intermediate power, and greater power. Each of the four divisions is clearly separated from the others; what comes easy to one type of power may well be impossible for another below it.

DEMIPOWERS

Demipowers are often mortals who've sprung from the legends and annals of their still-living kin, bashers who've made such an impression on the fleshly world that they've ascended to the rank of deity (the *lowest* rank, sure, but a deity nonetheless). The newest demipowers are eager to prove themselves and their divine abilities, and they provoke tussles and scraps to demonstrate just how tough they are. The lucky ones pick fights with stronger gods who won't squash them outright. Those who aren't so smart aim for the top — they try to take on greater powers, and don't last too long after that.

A canny demipower watches the politics of the gods carefully, keeping out of the major feuds until he's sure of his own might. By that time, he usually realizes just how weak he really is, and figures out how careful he'd better be around other powers. Since demipowers have only minor

spheres of influence, they're often ignored by their betters, anyway. Lucky for them.

Demipowers can grant spells of up to 5th level. Thus, they don't draw the truly ambitious priests. On the other hand, demipowers are so glad for the priests they *do* get that they grant as many benefits and abilities as they can. It's one of the few rewards a body gets for placing his faith in such a weak power.

LESSER POWERS

Lesser powers are a step up from demipowers, but they're still among the least of the gods, the servants of the greater and intermediate members of a pantheon. They've got no chance of surpassing their betters — at least not without pulling in worshipers from across the planes in vast droves — and they know it. Some lesser powers resent that fact and rebel against the mightier gods. Most resolve to make something of themselves instead, and they begin feuding with powers of other pantheons in an effort to pull more believers their way.

Lesser powers can grant spells of up to 6th level to their priests. Some do so with reckless abandon, hoping to impress mortals with beneficence. Others hoard their strength, hoping to create worshipers through reputation. Both methods seem equally valid.

INTERMEDIATE POWERS

Intermediate powers occupy the next higher rung on the divine ladder. They're not quite the top dogs because they lack the vast creative abilities of the greater powers. Fact is, they usually end up serving the high-ups to some extent. Sure, intermediate powers still have strength far beyond mortal reckoning, and they don't hesitate to disagree with the greater power(s) of their pantheon. But because they're often *created* by the greater gods, they don't push their arguments too far.

Intermediate powers do share one perk with greater powers: They can grant spells of any level to their priests.

GREATER POWERS

Greater powers are the high-ups of a pantheon. Even if a pantheon boasts several greater gods (and those that do are truly mighty — very few pantheons have more than two or three), it's usually overseen by just *one* creator power, the deity whose energies initially infused the creatures watched over by the pantheon.

Greater powers are said to be omniscient, or nearly so, and their knowledge of mortal nature makes any action taken against them ineffectual almost before it begins. They can reach across the planes and kill a mortal with the merest speck of their strength (unless the sod's under the protection of another greater power; then it becomes a tug-of-war that can go on until one of 'em calls it quits).

Greater powers are beyond unfathomable and ineffable; their motives transcend all mortal ken. A body just has to hope they act in a way that's best for the people. If the Godsmen's theory of how greater powers suck away the lesser is correct (see "The Next Step," below), it would seem the greater gods are fully capable of abandoning their worshipers for their own gain. It might not be desertion in the strictest sense of the word, but it sure feels that way to believers.

Greater powers can grant spells of any level to their priests. After all, these gods are the ultimate creators and destroyers, and no berk alive can tell them what to do (except, perhaps, for the gods of the gods — the overpowers of single-sphere pantheons).

THE NEXT STEP

Here's a strange fact: It seems that many pantheons that have more than three greater powers sooner or later find themselves on the way out. For example, the Finnish pantheon has five greater gods, and the Sumerian pantheon has four — and both groups are fading from mortals' hearts and minds.

'Course, the Greek pantheon, with four greater powers, is just as strong as ever, so the theory doesn't hold true in all cases. Still, the idea's led canny cutters to take a good hard look at the pantheons that *do* fit the theory. Are they failing simply because the powers are losing believers? Or do they lose luster for other reasons? Does the presence of so many greater powers put a strain on the group, causing it to break apart under its own weight? Or does the pantheon not so much dissolve as . . . ascend?

A handful of sages (especially factioneers in the Believers of the Source) speculate that pantheons start to die when the greater powers prepare themselves for an even greater transformation. The high-up gods draw on the strength of the inferior deities — and the very lives of their mortal believers — to push them over the top.

But the top of what? What are the greater powers moving toward? Well, one idea says their efforts spell the creation of yet another facet of the multiverse, something beyond the Outer Planes. Here's the chant on that theory: The Inner Planes, seat of the elements and building blocks of nature, appeared first. The Ethereal Plane came second, followed by the Prime Material Plane, where the elements combined and formed mortals. Mortals created knowledge, and knowledge formed the Astral Plane, the bridge to belief. And with the development of belief came the Outer Planes.

So, the sages wonder, what's next? What lies beyond the realm of belief? 'Course, to pose an answer to that question, a body's first got to accept the theory of the creation of the multiverse as stated above. And since the theory implies that primes existed before the Outer Planes — and, in fact, helped to *create* the Outer Planes — the idea isn't exactly welcomed on the Great Ring.

♦ FAMILIES AND LONERS ♦

As endless as the planes are, a body'd think that there'd be plenty of room for each power in the multiverse to have his own personal stomping ground. That's an issue for planar cartographers, but regardless, most gods tend to belong to pantheons and share large realms. Generally, deities that're bound by blood (whether they're truly related or merely arose from the same cosmic source) congregate in the same area.

On the other hand, the only thing some powers have in common is the home world of their worshipers. Just because a batch of gods has a load of devotees on the prime-material world of Toril doesn't mean that those gods share a realm on the planes. Single-sphere powers can be found everywhere and anywhere.

BELONGING + A PAN+HEON

Lots of folks don't understand how a pantheon arises in the multiverse. They see a group of powers clustered together and don't know why. Here's the dark of it:

Pantheons are often formed out of a single well of belief (or, if a body holds to the mythology, create themselves from a single source). Together, the gods of a pantheon are the ideal of a mortal culture, the summation of all that culture is. See, if a society were represented by just one god, the people'd seem rather shallow (unless the deity symbolized all things to all folks). A pantheon gives the members of a culture several different ideals to strive for, each of them worthy in its own right.

Pantheons aren't just models for mortals, though. A group of gods bands together for a reason: to understand the ebb and flow of the multiverse. If they can rely on a greater power to hold them together, they can concentrate on studying their specialties and report findings back to the head of the pantheon. Thus, the greater power absorbs the knowledge of all others in the pantheon and filters a unified understanding back to the other gods, giving them a clear picture of what's happening in the multiverse.

In other words, belonging to a pantheon increases a deity's influence and knowledge a hundredfold. Fact is, some pantheons exist only to feed the greater power, with the others acting as planar avatars of a sort. Take the Greeks, for example — most folks who think of that group instantly associate it with Zeus, the leader. In a sense, he *is* the pantheon, and he rules the other Greek powers with a firm hand, making sure they toe the Olympian line.

Some pantheons work toward elevating the entire group, or even an abstract force (for example, the Krynnish gods of good, evil, and neutrality strive to support their respective ideals). Whatever the arrangement, it's worked out nicely. For the most part, only deities of monstrous races hold fast against forming groups. But even that "rule" has its exceptions, most notably the goblin and orc gods.

Many pantheons — like the Egyptians — scatter themselves throughout the planes, hoping to make their influence felt across a broader area. Others — like the Celts and



elves — cluster in a shared realm where they can concentrate their strength.

Regardless of living arrangements, though, the minor members of a pantheon tend to have few, if any, secrets from each other. Their doings are known throughout the group. Pantheons thrive on communication, and those that don't toss the chant don't survive for long. By keeping themselves abreast of the beliefs and thoughts of the others, each power maintains his own position and occasionally climbs a notch in status.

'Course, it ain't all hearts and flowers. Sometimes infighting breaks out within a pantheon. Powers can struggle for status and respect, and even steal worshipers from other members of the group, glorifying themselves at their brethren's expense. When this happens, the head of the pantheon must step in to put things right. And he'd better do it swiftly to keep the group alive.

Remember, a greater power represents the pantheon, and embodies everything it stands for. How can a leader do that when his underlings are brawling? Unfortunately, most pantheons have a god who goes against the grain, who personifies less desirable aspects of mortal culture — and who gets punished more than the others. The mischief-maker Loki springs to mind; he's regularly exiled to Pandemonium for causing strife among the rest of the Norse gods. And some pantheons have actually driven their troublemakers out. The elves threw wicked Lolth out of Arvandor, and the Egyptians banished Set from Heliopolis.

At any rate, a greater power leads, represents, and disciplines the pantheon. If he can't keep his group in line with its ideals, he suffers in the eyes of other leaders. The belief of powers is a mighty thing, and appearances tend to be important when dealing with gods.

BELONGING + MULTIPLE PAN+THEONS

Some deities manifest themselves in several pantheons. Chant is they do it because they're seeking more power for themselves, or because the rest of their pantheon is dying and they want to make sure they survive the passing of their fellows. In a worst-case scenario, it's a last-ditch attempt to stay relevant in a changing multiverse.

To accomplish this, a power must first send a priest to a prime-material world where he'd like to gain ground. The priest establishes a beachhead of sorts, slowly introducing the new god and converting the locals to the new way of worship. Eventually, the power can start to channel spells and miracles.

Interestingly, many gods who give themselves over to two pantheons seek worshipers on the prime-material world of Toril (where they sometimes take on different aspects). But they expand for different reasons. For example, Silvanus and Oghma of the Celts were being pushed out of power in their home pantheon. Loviatar and Mielikki of the Finns saw their brethren losing interest in life, and decided they were too young to give up so easily. Tyr of the Norse, once a very important power in his own right, saw the blundering Thor

slowly usurp his place as the patron of warriors, and had to find some way to keep himself in existence.

SINGLE-SPHERE POWERS

Some powers find themselves at home in a single crystal sphere, focusing their efforts on keeping one prime-material world intact. Gods who try to boldly (or insidiously) grab worshipers on such a world often find themselves hitting the blinds — the established powers are just too strong, too entrenched to be displaced by a newcomer.

'Course, there's a price for being a big fish in a little pond. A local god might reach great heights of power, but it matters only on his chosen world. See, the belief that makes him strong emanates from just one place, while most deities on the Outer Planes have worshipers across the Prime. An intermediate power of Krynn just doesn't have as much clout as an intermediate power of the Norse pantheon, even though they're of the same rank.

That ain't the only problem with being a single-sphere deity. Many crystal spheres are ruled by bloods known as overpowers, beings of such great might that even a greater god within the sphere has to bow to them. Toril, for example, has Ao, and powers of Krynn fall under the eye of the High God. But overpowers aren't much better off than any other deities of the world. They don't so much pull the strings as simply act like watchdogs. And their word doesn't mean a thing anywhere else. To be sure, that's a blessing to every power on the outside looking in.

THE ROLE OF THE POWERS

Nobody's really sure what role the powers play in the multiverse. As with so much about the gods, the dark of the matter is kept from mortals, who probably couldn't understand the truth, anyway — whatever it is. It's a good bet a number of powers don't understand it either. After all, if many berks don't know the meaning of their lives, why should the gods know the meaning of theirs?

But lack of knowledge doesn't stop graybeards from speculating. For example, the Believers of the Source think that the powers are just another stage in evolution, that they're building toward something higher and greater. As proof, they point to the evolution of demipowers into lesser powers, lesser powers into intermediate powers, and so on. The faction says the gods exist to show mortals the path to greatness, to serve as living examples.

Some folks alter this idea a bit. They hold that the powers don't show mortals the way; instead, the truth lies in the clash of the four great forces of the multiverse — law and chaos, good and evil — as they dance around the central tenet of neutrality. These forces struggle against one another because each hopes to dominate, to make itself the single force that animates every living being. This school of thought

marks the powers as representatives of the forces, holding up banners that draw the mortals (and their powerful beliefs). That's why the powers fight among themselves, and why the great alignment struggle of the planes continues.

Another point of view says the function of the powers is simply to answer the needs of mortals. Created and maintained by the fertile brain-boxes of the living, the powers exist to appease those ever-active minds. Naturally, for every berk who swears this is true, three more jump up and argue the opposite: The powers created the mortals, they say, and their role is to prove the validity of one way of thinking over another.

'Course, there are as many schools of thought on the matter as there are mortals in the multiverse. And while all the different camps bicker over the role of the powers, one group stands apart to laugh at the bunch of 'em. These berks say there is no point to the gods. The powers came to be, the mortals came to be, and that's that. Any sod who tries to find a deeper meaning is barmy, because it don't exist. Naturally, this viewpoint is especially common among members of the Athar and the Bleak Cabal.

INFLUENCE ON THE PLANES

Whatever the truth of their role in the multiverse, the powers maintain a keen interest in the affairs of the planes. Their very lives depend on it, after all. If they don't pay attention to what's going on in their spheres (and

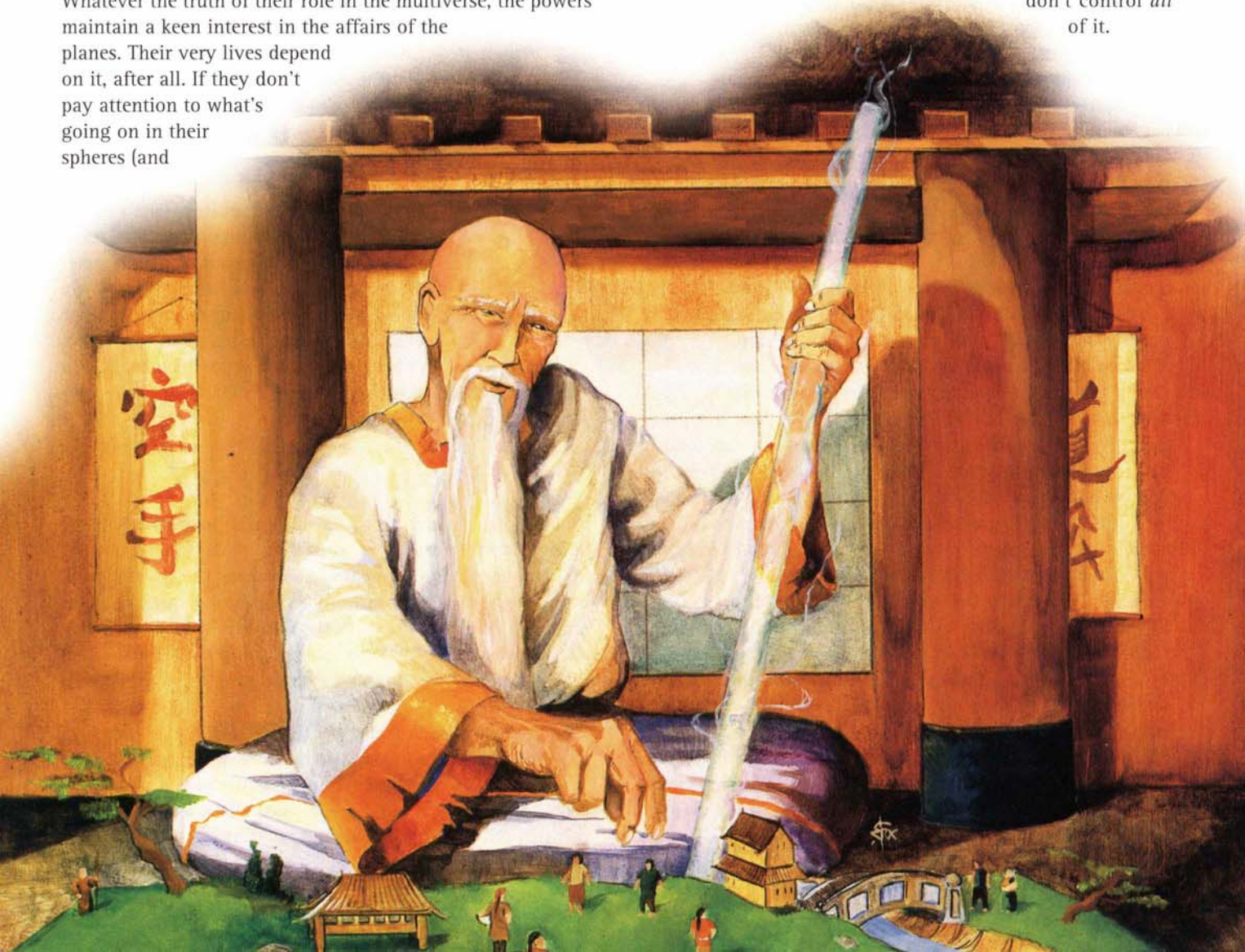
in everyone else's), they might look around one day to find their worshipers stolen away, their temples destroyed, and their names stricken from histories.

Chant is the powers have a hand in everything that happens in the multiverse. That's sheer nonsense — the planes are far too vast for that. Even the greater powers are limited in that regard; they still scratch their heads at the myriad secrets of the cosmos. But just because the deities don't pull all the strings doesn't mean they don't have any say in what happens.

See, the powers choose where they want to focus their attentions. That's part of the deal with their spheres of influence — by concentrating on certain aspects of existence, they in effect mark their own areas of interest and control. They can spread their attentions across a greater span of space, then, and hope that the rest of the chant filters back to them. The powers realize that knowledge is half the battle. And if they've got the knowledge, they can slowly extend themselves. That's part of the reason they struggle among themselves — they want to *know* more.

Truth is, the powers do have a hand in far more than a mortal could ever understand. They move and shape events, they give and take lives, and they direct much of the action on the planes. The important thing to remember is that they

don't control *all* of it.



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PRIME

The Prime Material Plane is a major point of contention among the powers. But why do they treat the place with such kid gloves? Well, simply put, it's the battleground of beliefs, the chessboard of the gods, and the prize of the multiverse.

Here's the dark of it: The primes may be clueless, but they have faith. They believe without having to see, and that's a rare gift — especially on the Outer Planes, where belief is made flesh. The gods live on the planes, so they know that belief is power, and they see sustenance beyond anything a mortal could ever comprehend in the untapped faith of the primes. If belief makes the planes run, a god who controls belief controls the planes. Likewise, a god who controls *all* the belief controls everything. Is it any wonder, then, that deities and pantheons constantly struggle with each other? With the whole of the Outer Planes at stake, any basher could be forgiven his strivings.

That's why the powers don't allow each other directly on the Prime, why they have priests and proxies, and why they wage holy wars against each other. It's planar evolution, the survival of the fittest. Just because it's waged on a mental field don't mean a thing; it's just as savage and desperate as the instinctive struggle for food. 'Course, the gods don't always stop to think: If one pantheon dominates and the rest die out,

might not the winning powers eventually fade away, too? Perhaps the gods feed off one another as much as they feed off mortals.

In any case, the Prime is the main trough of belief. Sometimes that belief is offered to the gods more directly, in the form of sacrifices of animals, valuables, or other possessions. It's the voluntary surrendering of part of a mortal's spirit, the promise that he intends to follow a power until the day he dies. If a prime makes a sacrifice, he is, in effect, pledging the sum total of his life's faith to his god. That offering remains a powerful link even if the sod decides to find a new deity later in life.

The more evil primes once made it a practice to offer something even more valuable to their gods: fellow mortals. That's mostly died out now, though it's still found among fiends and devotees of lower-planar deities. Strangely enough, the vile berks think that sacrificing a sod's life consigns his spirit to the power it's offered to. Truth is, unless specific rituals are followed to the letter, the victim's spirit goes to the realm of his power — assuming that he's got unwavering faith. A moment of doubt is enough to throw the whole thing into question; the victim might go either way. But if the sod has no faith whatsoever, either in himself or in a moral system, his spirit's doomed to feed the powers of evil.

DEALING WITH MORTALS

Powers take pains to cultivate relationships with their servants. After all, it's the worship and servitude of mortals that make the powers what they are. The beliefs of the devoted make the gods stronger, and thus ever more able to influence the multiverse.

Here's the dark of it: Every single action a power takes requires him to expend a portion of his might. Granting spells takes something out of a god, and the tangible demonstration of strength (no matter how minute) also drains energy. Still, if the action will make the god more powerful in the long run, the pay-off will be worth the effort. That's why it's so important that a priest constantly stump for his god; if he just takes the spells offered and does nothing in return, the deity loses strength without getting anything back. No matter how altruistic the power, he's not likely to let the one-way flow continue.

Thus, the gods rely on their priests, proxies, and petitioners. They give energy to their servants and hope to gain more in return. By allowing others to act for them in day-to-day matters, the powers can conserve their strength for the big battles — the times when they really need it.

Proxies are the biggest drain on a god. A power really takes a calculated gamble with a proxy, pouring a larger portion of his might into the agent than into any other servants. If a proxy doesn't work out, the god's spent his strength foolishly.

A power has other servants, too, but he doesn't have to grant them spells or expend strength in maintaining them. Aasimon, devas, fiends, slaadi, and all manner of other creatures have been known to toil for the agendas of various gods. 'Course, these planar agents usually have their own agendas, too, and they don't have to rely on energy from a deity for strength. That makes them less than reliable in some powers' eyes.

FORMING AVATARS

When a power needs to manifest himself to his worshipers, he takes on the form of an avatar — a physical projection of his will. The avatar appears and spreads the divine word, avenges grievous wrongs, or defends the sods who've summoned it. A power just can't sit passively in his realm, after all. He's got to do what's necessary to keep himself alive, and that includes protecting and encouraging the mortals who provide life-sustaining belief.

It's important to remember that an avatar of a god is *not* the god himself. It's just an extension, much like a fingernail is an extension of a basher's body. If the nail is destroyed, well, it hurts a little, but it grows back. Chances are the sod'll want to eliminate whatever it was that hurt him. It's the

OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
DONE THAT...
— AN AVATAR OF KALI,
+ THE BERK WHO JUST
"KILLED" HER



same with a power; he won't die if an avatar is destroyed, but he certainly feels the loss. And he makes sure that whatever destroyed the avatar won't do it again — a god hates being made into a fool.

Avatars are especially important on the Prime Material Plane. The gods have agreed not to manifest their true forms on the Prime, so they send avatars instead. Just about all the powers in the multiverse have a stake in the Prime, and they don't want to mess up such valuable ground. After all, as soon as one god starts manifesting himself directly on the plane, another one comes along, and then another, until all the deities are there, having it out for dominance. And then it won't be long before they make a wasteland of the Prime, leaving no more worshipers to fight over.

Avatars, on the other hand, aren't strong enough to cause such devastation. The gods agreed to make their avatars weak enough to be taken out by a very powerful mortal. That way, the deities could support themselves on the Prime, but not risk disrupting the entire plane with a show of too much force. That's also the reason avatars on the Prime disappear when they come into contact with each other. Simply put, gods who start warring on the Prime are just begging to have every other power in the multiverse eliminate them.

◆ P⊕LITICS ◆ AMONG THE P⊕WERS ◆

Even on the Outer Planes, where they might be able to go to war and get away with it, powers hesitate to draw battle lines. They know the consequences of infighting go far beyond the discipline of their leaders. See, no one wins in a clash of that kind of magnitude. The only pantheons that struggle openly against each other are the goblins and the orcs, and the Babylonians and the Sumerians. The others pursue their feuds a little more subtly.

Don't get the wrong idea, berk — it's unfair to say that all powers dislike each other. Some actually find common ground and cooperate to make their spheres of influence greater and more widespread. For example, the gods of smithcraft tend to work together, combining their knowledge of smithing and crafting to strengthen the sphere of influence. Instead of worrying about rivalries among their pantheons, they've set aside differences of culture. Instead of competing with each other for a small area of control, they've made the pie larger, so all can share equally.

Not all powers are so wise. For instance, Zeus and the Daghdha (respective leaders of the Greeks and the Celts) can't abide each other, and they've set their agents and avatars to sabotaging the other. Some gods just don't know how to share. Fact is, powers scheme against each other all the time, and few can put aside their differences long enough to build a relationship of trust.

THE DIVINE COMPACT

Cross-pantheon alliances seem to work best when the gods involved are reasonable, good-aligned deities. It's when two egotistical powers butt heads that the sparks start to fly. To head off such problems, the gods of the planes got together and established standard agreements, and any power who violates the rules is asking for trouble.

First off, the powers are forbidden to manifest themselves on the Prime Material Plane. Avatars are permitted, but only those below a certain level of power. A few powers are allowed to break this rule, like Gaea, who embodies all the worlds of the Prime (see her entry in the chapter on the Greek pantheon), and Zinzerena, who's just a demipower with no worshipers (see the drow section of the chapter on the elvish pantheon).

Second, the powers are allowed their feuds, but they can't launch a full-scale war — at least, not if they plan to involve secondary pantheons. A divine battle is strictly a two-party fight. Truth is, an outsider pantheon doesn't dare stick its nose in, for fear that the rest of the pantheons'd band together to punish the meddlers.

Third, powers can't slay the worshipers of other gods, nor instruct their followers to do so. They can try to convert other mortals as much as they like, but no killing. 'Course, many evil deities break this rule left and right. But the only official exception to the agreement is when two gods go to war. Then, and only then, can powers condone the slaughter of mortals — but only those who're directly involved in the battle.

Fourth, the powers will allow their petitioners to be resurrected by other deities, as long as they (or their priests) get something out of the bargain. For example, say a cleric of Diancecht on the Prime tries to bring back her friend, a worshiper of Athena, who's died and gone on to Athena's realm. The friend, now a petitioner, is quite happy to stay right where he is. So what gives Diancecht the right to yank the sod off Mount Olympus and fling him back into his body on the Prime? Unless Athena agrees to the resurrection, it ain't going to happen. And she'd have to be promised something quite nice in exchange for giving up a petitioner. (On the other hand, if Diancecht can fetch the sod very soon after his death — in other words, before he fully becomes a petitioner — the resurrection is less tricky.)

Finally, powers can grant spells to priests on the Prime Material Plane without any loss in levels. By divine agreement, spells transferred through the Astral to the Prime don't lose the potency they might if they were sent from one Outer Plane to another. That might sound barmy, but it doesn't have to make sense. It's the will of the gods.

How did the powers of the planes ever stop mucking around and nail down these five agreements in the first place? And how do they make sure that everyone follows the rules? It's simple. Every few years, the heads of each





pantheon meet
at the base of the Spire of the Outlands.

There, they make sure the pacts are being observed, argue for the creation of new ones, and make cases to discard those that're outdated. It's said the area around the base of the Spire neutralizes even godly powers, so the deities can meet without fear of being lured into a trap.

Naturally, this moot of the gods is always conducted under the strictest secrecy, for who knows what mortals'd come by to learn the secrets of the powers? The rilmani that live by the Spire guard the conclave. And it's in their best interests to do so. The rilmani enforce neutrality across the planes, and the fact that the powers can meet at all is a good sign that balance can yet rule the multiverse.

THE BLOOD WAR

The war of annihilation between the baatezu and tanar'ri is the single largest conflict in the history of the multiverse. Naturally, a body'd expect the powers to sit up and take notice. Well, they've taken notice, all right, and they used to take part in the fighting, too – until the fiends made it clear that the powers weren't wanted. Worshipers on the Prime started getting killed, and the gods soon realized that they'd have to play their cards a bit more subtly and stick to the sidelines.

But that doesn't mean they're out of the picture. Believe it, berk – the powers ain't going to sit idly by while the fiends tear each other apart in a desperate struggle to determine the face of evil. The Blood War's a complicated thing; it divides loyalties and alliances among the powers like almost nothing else.

SUPPORTERS OF THE WAR.

A number of powers like to meddle in the Blood War, though they do it for a whole host of reasons. Some gods of battle – ranging from noble Kiri-Jolith to maniacal Morrigán – get involved just because they love to fight. Many are eager to slay fiends, while some just enjoy battle for its own sake, studying the flow of the fighting in its endless combinations. Fact is, they draw some measure of strength from the war and don't want to lose it.

Other powers support the war for different reasons. The more altruistic deities want to see it rage on because it keeps the baatezu and tanar'ri occupied. They're happy to let the fiends destroy each other instead of slaughtering innocents or fighting armies of good or neutrality. Gods that hold to this idea don't enter the war directly, but encourage their

agents to sell weapons and supplies to whichever side's currently losing (in an attempt to even the odds).

The last bunch of supporters are the gods who look past the idea of good versus evil, and see the war as a clash of law (the baatezu) and chaos (the tanar'ri). And they have a stake in which side wins. For example, Primus and the lawful powers of Mount Celestia would rather see the baatezu win the war – at least they can understand and work against ordered evil. The chaotic Norse and elvish powers, however, would generally prefer that the freedom-loving tanar'ri triumph. Unfortunately, whenever good struggles against good, the only winner is evil.

OPPOSERS OF THE WAR.

Not every power on the planes accepts the Blood War as a part of life. Fact is, many work to bring the fighting to a close. Naturally, this group includes those who value life (even a fiend's) and view peace as the best route to enlightenment.

One of the best examples is Kuan-ti of Elysium. He may be the Chinese god of war, but he doesn't want to watch the infernal battle wreak havoc across the Lower Planes, spill over onto the Outlands, and drag all manner of sods into its bloody swirls from one end of the cosmos to another. Kuan-ti prefers the gentle touch of diplomacy, and his proxies work to bring the baatezu and tanar'ri together without violence.

Strangely, some evil powers also want to end the carnage, but for a far less noble reason: to pave the way for a fiendish alliance. They figure that if the baatezu and tanar'ri could just stop killing each other, they could join forces and become an unstoppable army of darkness, ready to sweep over the planes. Currently, the Abyssal lord Graz'zt (who's only a near-power, of course, but hungry for real divinity) is sounding a call for the two races to unite and conquer.

No matter what the reason, powers who want to stop the war send peacekeepers and diplomats to both sides, urging them to move beyond pure hatred. They offer various concessions – aid, arms, future considerations – if the fiends'll just set aside their differences. Powers of good promise to let the foul creatures dominate the Lower Planes; powers of evil encourage the fiends to team up and ravage the entire multiverse.

THE NEUTRALS.

The powers in this category can be of any moral and ethical stripe; the war is simply beyond their sphere of influence and thus beyond their interest. Unfortunately, the Blood War's a difficult thing to avoid, especially for the powers whose realms are stuck right in the middle.

For example, the Gray Waste – the fighting's principal battleground – is home to Arawn, Hades, and Hel, three deities of death who're sometimes forced to get involved to protect their domains or followers from the fiends. But unlike other powers, that's the *only* time they interfere in the Blood War, and then only so far as is needed to make the baatezu and tanar'ri take their troubles elsewhere.

SIGIL

The City at the Center of the Multiverse, the Cage, the City of Doors, Sigil — all are names for one of the greatest prizes known to sentient beings anywhere. The Lady of Pain keeps the powers from storming her city, but the gods keep trying, sending their agents and proxies into Sigil in the vain hope that they can discover the Lady's weakness.

What makes the city so valuable? Well, aside from the fact that it's right in the center of the center of the Outer Planes (and thus, perhaps, the nexus of unimaginable power), it's choked with portals that lead everywhere in the multiverse. A god with these portals at his command could send his servants literally anywhere, increasing his own strength to the point where he'd be unstoppable.

It's not known how the Lady keeps the powers out of the Cage. Chant is she draws on mysterious energy that flows from the tip of the Spire into the city. She got to Sigil first, see, and discovered its secrets before anyone else could. At least, that's how the story goes.

'Course, that kind of talk usually sets off a sticky debate about which came first: Sigil or the Lady? That's a matter for historians and philosophers. The point is that the powers've schemed to get their hands on the Cage for as long as they've known of its existence.

But they can't affect the city from the outside. It sits atop the infinite Spire, in the very middle of the Outlands, where all magic and godly power fizzles out. And they can't conquer it from within, because the Lady makes sure that the portals deny them entrance — and the portals're the only way in or out of the Cage. Ancient chant is a barmy god once tried to climb the Spire and *punch* his way into the city; modern children's tales say the berk's still climbing today.

As that story proves (true or not), the gods've tried nearly everything to break Sigil's defenses. But disguised avatars are either turned back from the portals or struck down as soon as they enter the city, their gashed and bleeding bodies returning to their powers. Proxies are allowed in, but if they try to use any magical means to sneak their god through, they find that their fancy gadgets simply dissolve away. And any attempts to lure the Lady from the city fail; the Cage keeps her in as much as it keeps the gods out.

Besides, if one power ever got close to grabbing the keys of Sigil, the other deities'd band together to bring him down. That's probably a large reason for the Lady's success in keeping her city safe — no god would trust another with such a prize. They'd sooner see it destroyed.

TWILIGHT+ ◆ ⊕ F + HE G O D S ◆

Once every eon or so, a power dies. Depending on the nature of the god, it's a time of joy or sadness — though with politics among the powers being what they are, it's likely a mixture of both. Still, it shows the powers that even though

they're long-lived and nigh-invulnerable, they *can* die. That's something every deity fears.

A power can meet his end in one of two ways. First of all, he can lose all of his worshippers. Whether the faithful turn away voluntarily or are cut down by enemies, a god can't survive without belief. Oh, he can live off his own power for a while, slipping backward through the ranks, occasionally stealing the lives of another god's proxies to slightly prolong his own. In the end, though, stolen energy just isn't enough to sustain divine life, and the god eventually gives up the ghost.

The first method of killing a power is the cleanest (but by no means the easiest). The second method's a lot messier, but just as tough to pull off: rally a host of other gods to put the blood down. If some berk of a power comes along and starts attacking other gods outright, slaying their priests, interfering on the Prime, or just generally making a nuisance of himself, the other deities are sure to grow irritated.

They might catch the god in his home realm, and wage the kind of plane-shattering battle that inspires bards for millennia. If the berk's away, the united powers can lay waste to his ground, which either draws him home for a fight or turns him into an exile — a wandering power, a god without a realm. Eventually, the other deities will seek him out and try to finish him off.

But whether a power dies with a whimper or a bang, he ends up in the same place: the Astral Plane. There, his twitching body slowly takes on the appearance of stone, and his dreams play across his form until they're played out. Then the sod's gone for good (though some — like the factioneers of the Sign of One — claim to be able to resurrect a "dead" god).

A power's realm slowly decays with his body. The petitioners, who spent their lives attuning themselves to the god, usually die along with him. It's not unknown for proxies to go up in flashes of choking smoke as their power rages against the dying of the light. The realm itself remains on the same plane and layer, but the stench of death surrounds and permeates it. Buildings crumble, trees sag and collapse, and geographical features dissolve into mist. Horrid creatures (remnants of the god's consciousness) roam the ruined ground, lashing out in reflexive action at any berk they spy.

When the power finally expires, the realm is nothing but a vast expanse of wasted land. It can take thousands of years to return to the conditions of the surrounding plane. But even then, the aura of death hangs over the land like a pall. And, of course, the ground might be usurped by other gods.

Needless to say, the death of a power isn't common. Good thing, too, because otherwise the planes'd be covered with ashes. But since time began, a handful of gods are known to have been written into the dead-book, including Aoskar, Bane, Enki, Leira, and Myrkul. But it's said that the Astral is the graveyard for a good many more floating corpses, gods who've been long forgotten — or were never known to mortals in the first place.



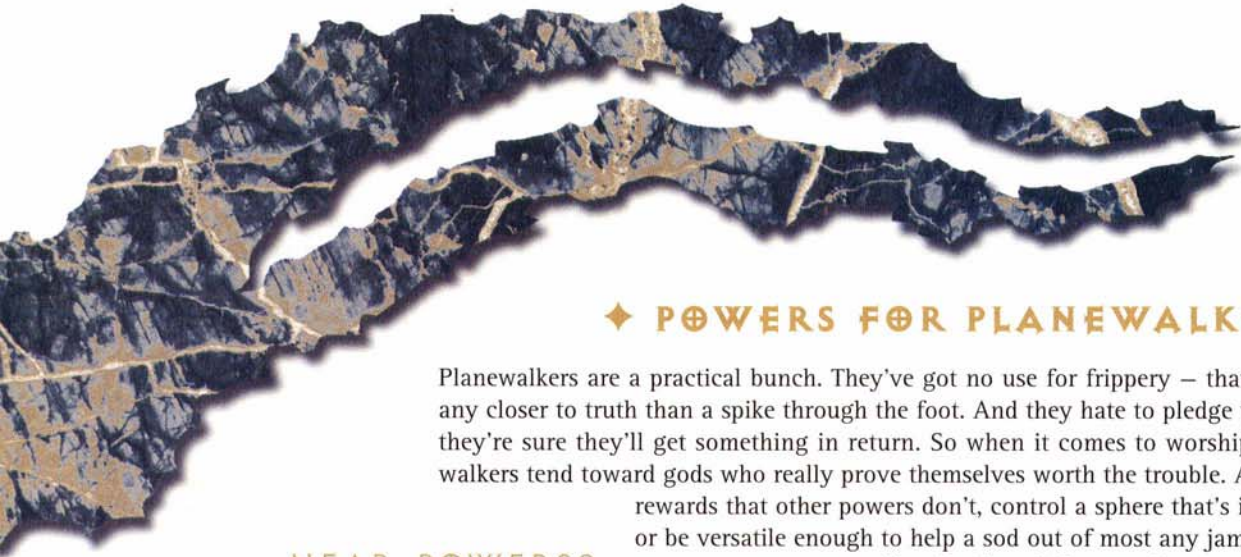
The previous chapter dealt mainly with the general workings of the powers — what they are, how they live and die, and what it all means. That sort of chant's helpful to both primes and planars. But natives of the Outer Planes think differently. Not only can they see proof of the

gods up close and personal, but planewalkers and factioneers like to put their own spin on who's important and who's not. And many planes're home to beings that aren't what a stickler might call a

power, but still near enough to bear watching. What's more, many of these bloods arose not from the belief of mortals, but from other (and usually unknown) means entirely.

This chapter looks at powers favored by planewalkers, powers favored by factions, and beings that *aren't* true powers but demonstrate abilities that'd make many folks classify them as gods anyway.

PLANAR AFFAIRS



◆ POWERS FOR PLANEWALKERS ◆

Planewalkers are a practical bunch. They've got no use for frippery — that doesn't get a body any closer to truth than a spike through the foot. And they hate to pledge time or effort unless they're sure they'll get something in return. So when it comes to worshiping powers, planewalkers tend toward gods who really prove themselves worth the trouble. A deity's got to offer rewards that other powers don't, control a sphere that's impossible to refuse, or be versatile enough to help a sod out of most any jam.

The Greek god Hermes, for example, is particularly beloved of planewalkers. As the god of travel, thievery, and gambling, he's obviously going to get attention from less scrupulous berks. But his followers claim that Hermes is mighty enough to grant a wide variety of benefits — everything from helping them to find portals to curing the bunions on their toes. Most likely, Hermes isn't as involved as all that, but it's true that those who're devoted to him tend to land on their feet more often than not.

Lugh of the Celts is also popular among planewalkers. He's the god of excellence, after all, but most folks take that to mean he's a jack-of-all-trades. Bloods know that Lugh's a top-shelf choice for those who do more than just travel and fight — a basher can call on him any time, in any situation. Chant is the deity's keen on new experiences, too. If a planewalker in a tight squeeze calls on him and Lugh's never been in that particular situation, he might send an avatar to try it out (and help the sod who called for aid, too).

Many cutters who walk the planes favor Celestian of Oerth. Sure, he's only an intermediate power from a single crystal sphere, but as a god of travelers and wanderers, Celestian's perfectly suited for those who earn their living as they go. Fact is, even folks who shy away from the powers altogether tend to make a special exception for Celestian. His blessings can't hurt if a body needs to get someplace in a hurry. What's more, he dwells on the Astral, which touches each of the Outer Planes. That means his priests don't suffer a loss of spellcasting ability as they travel around the Great Ring. A prime might consider it tacky to praise a god just to get his spells, but cutters on the planes are more realistic — they do what they can to stay out of the dead-book. Among planewalkers, the worship of Celestian is rapidly becoming the religion of choice.

NEAR-POWERS?

OF COURSE.

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN ON ABOUT
ALL THIS TIME.

— CAELI BURSHON,
GODSMAN APOLOGIST



Some folks think that the Indian deity Puchan makes a better guide. He's known to protect travelers who move under his golden lance, and he's not usually concerned with what pantheon a body follows. And, like Celestian, he often receives sacrifices from bashers who normally wouldn't look twice at a god (better safe than sorry, they figure). But Puchan goes a step further than Celestian, trying to establish proper relationships between all things and put travelers in tune with their environments. His more dedicated followers take that literally, expecting Puchan to protect them from a land's physical hazards, but the god's more likely to steer a body away from an area he shouldn't be visiting.

Speaking of rough terrain, planewalkers who head to the Inner Planes could do worse than call on Ptah of the Egyptians for aid. Ptah's been a patron of travelers for eons now, or so it seems. But as a divine source of inspiration (often credited by his followers as the creator of the multiverse), Ptah seems a natural for lands where the elements — the building blocks of matter — reign. He extends his grasp to the Outer Planes every once in a while, but the truth is that Ptah's much more of an elemental power. Thus, it's the really tough travelers, the ones who can take the Inner Planes, who usually come to Ptah for help.

Sometimes, planewalkers worship deities from their racial pantheons. For example, among the dwarves, both Muamman Duathal and Dumathoin are common choices. Muamman's ideal for light-hearted and curious explorers, those who want to venture over the horizon just for the sake of seeing what's there. Dumathoin's preferred by the more scholarly dwarves, folks who set out with a purpose in mind. His is the urge of discovery for the benefit of the dwarvish race, rather than idle personal curiosity. And planewalking gnomes pray to Baervan Wildwanderer, a gentle trickster who turns deadly serious when it comes to protecting gnomish travelers. It's a duty he doesn't forsake.

POWERS FOR THE ♦ Factions ♦

Some factions favor certain powers over the rest. It's only natural, really; some gods fit philosophical ideals quite readily, and others just don't. But the powers listed below are only suggestions for factioneers, not hard and fast rules.

Just remember, berk: A priest won't enter a faction that's antithetical to his power's ideals. Thus, a cleric of a chaotic deity like Loki or Erevan Ilesere would give the Fraternity of Order a wide berth. Fact is, that's why priests make lousy spies for the factions — they can't fake disbelief in their gods well enough to parrot other philosophies. A few can; they're the truly gifted. But only the most forgiving of powers'd let his priest perform another god's rituals, even if it's

just an act. A priestly spy'd have more luck pretending to be something else — say, a warrior.

THE ATHAR

Members of this faction don't venerate any power in particular and despise those who do. Unlike the weak-minded berks who prostrate themselves before the "gods," the Defiers don't see a divine hand in everything. They worship the Great Unknown, and draw their spells from the Astral Plane. Any sod who pledges his life to a specific deity is just fooling himself.

Defiers don't even take aid from priests of specific deities. They don't want to let the stinking toadies of delusional high-ups lay a finger on 'em.

THE BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

The Godsmen are more open-minded than the Athar, allowing both specialty priests of particular gods and clerics who worship the nebulous Ethereal force known as the Source. The faction holds that anything can ascend to greater glory, that a body's got the potential within his spirit. It's this idea of cosmic testing that draws the devout, and makes the faction's powers gods of the test: Brihaspati, Jazirian, Shekinester the Three-Faced, and Chung Kuel of the Celestial Bureaucracy.

If a Godsmen's looking for strong performers, for proof that people can become more than what they are, he can also look to the demipowers or the gods of excellence (Sif of the Aesir and Lugh of the Celts) for inspiration.

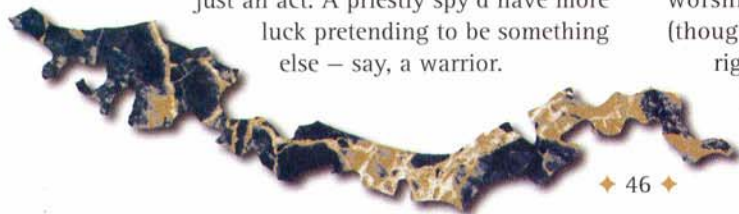
THE BLEAK CABAL

If the multiverse holds no meaning, why should a body listen to powers that tell him otherwise? It's just a peel, and any god who proclaims the way and the truth is trying to pull the wool over folks' eyes. The Bleakers don't look for comfort from their deities. They look for allies in the struggle of existence, and hope to find it in their mad gods.

Among this faction, the most popular powers are Cyric, Tharzidun, and Dionysus — a nod to the Rule of Threes. The trio embodies different aspects of madness, and the Bleakers embrace barminess in all its forms. But the Cabal also admires Ilmater of Toril, a god of suffering and endurance. Because they see life as a time of woe that leads only to oblivion, the Bleakers look up to a deity who can help them muddle through.

THE DOOMGUARD

As agents of entropy, members of the Doomguard find a natural affinity for powers who bring destruction to the multiverse, whether on a grand or local scale. Thus, they count Talos the Destroyer (of Toril) as one of their patrons — with a name like that, how could he be wrong? The faction also worships Shekinester's aspect as the crone-faced Weaver (though her other two aspects, which suggest building, are right out). Vayu, the randomly destructive power of wind in the Vedic pantheon, is also high on the list.



However, the god most highly revered by factioneers is Siva. After all, it's his function to bring an end to the multiverse. Sure, Siva occasionally acts to preserve, but only to make the eventual destruction that much more complete. And yes, Siva might be aiming toward a greater whole, but the destruction comes first. That counts for a lot with the Doomguard.

'Course, no priest with access to the spheres of creation or healing can ever join the faction.

OF COURSE I KNOW THAT
SIVA'S PLEDGED TO
DESTROY US.
THAT'S WHY I FOLLOW HIM.
— YANEK, A BASHER OF
THE DOOMGUARD

THE DUSTMEN

Ah, death. The dour Dustmen, who believe that everyone on the planes has already passed away, choose to pray to gods who promote death — or, even better, *are* death incarnate. Many of the group's favorite powers are those who might be called the "angry dead gods": Chronopsis, Kali, Nergal, Nerull, Stalker, Urogalan, Wee Jas, Yama, and Yurtrus. Even more popular are the "undead powers": Chemosh, Faluzure, Kanchelsis, Kiaransalee, and Mellifleur. The most beloved gods of all, though, are the "apathetic dead," those who're at peace with their state: Anubis, Arawn, Hades, Hel, Kelemvor, Nephthys, Osiris, Sehanine Moonbow, and Yen-Weng-Yeh.

Eventually, though, Dustmen priests fall away from worshiping gods of death, and focus instead on the concept of Death (with a capital D).

THE FATED

These folks are called the Heartless for a reason. They take what they can get, and then try to take more. They're big on the idea that the strong should triumph, and they put that to the test in all walks of life. Members of this faction admire the Norse gods tremendously, and their attitude tends to mirror that of the rough pantheon.

But other powers capture the Fated's fancy as well, including any gods of might — a strong cutter can take what he likes. Factioneers also lean toward the numerous powers of wealth, acquisition, and greed: Abbathor, Eshebala, Hades, Hiddukel, Nephthys, Sera, Shinare, Urdlen, Vaprak the Destroyer, Vergadain, and Waukeen. All of these gods appeal directly to the miser and banker in the spirits of the Heartless.

THE FRATERNITY OF ORDER

It's no surprise that the Guvners hold dear gods of order, knowledge, and truth. The faction's beliefs in the superiority (and power) of law doesn't allow for much else. Specifically, faction members pledge themselves to Zeus, Varuna, Paladine of Krynn, Pholtus of Oerth, and Tyr (of both Toril and the Aesir).

The Guvners also appreciate Lu Hsing of the Celestial Bureaucracy — truth is, they look up to (and often model themselves after) most gods of the Bureaucracy. And they admire any powers who swear by knowledge as a means of life, including: Athena, Avani, Bahamut, Boccob, Brihaspati, Gilean, Jazirian, Koriel, Maanzecorian, Mishakal, Oghma, Rao, Shekinester, Thoth, and Zivilyn (an extensive list, but the Guvners are nothing if not thorough).

It's important to note: The faction doesn't worship the chaotic gods of knowledge. They feel that any wisdom that comes from chaos is tainted.

THE FREE LEAGUE

Obviously, the free-thinking Indeeps don't have many preferred powers. First of all, gods of liberty and freedom aren't exactly commonplace. And besides, even a deity'd blanch at trying to wring a consensus out of members of the Free League.

Still, most Indeeps agree that two powers in particular are fairly decent bloods: Trithereon and Shinare. They're both single-sphere gods (Trithereon of Oerth, Shinare of Krynn), but as powers of freedom and liberty, the faction finds them quite upright.

THE HARMONIUM

Like the Guvners, the Harmonium tends to follow the powers of law and order. They don't much hold with chaos, and they certainly don't take to berks who espouse personal liberty at the expense of others. The Hardheads emphasize duty to a greater ideal, stressing the needs of the many (as defined by the faction, of course) over the needs of the few. Thus, Torm the loyal is a big favorite. They also put a high price on vigilance and guardianship, as exemplified by Arvoreen of the halflings, Gaerdal Ironhand of the gnomes, Heimdall, Helm, Koriel, Paladine, Parrafaire, and Syranita.

The faction's current pick, however, is St. Cuthbert of Oerth. His unflinching desire to do what's right and never compromise strikes a chord in Harmonium members across the planes.

THE MERCYKILLERS

Fierce seekers of justice and avengers of wrongs, the Mercykillers tend toward a more brutal set of powers. They're one of the few groups in the cosmos that venerates the Furies (though the Kindly Ones do not grant spells). Most factioneers, though, stick to other powers of justice like Forseti, Heironeus, and Tyr. Grimmer members of the Red Death look to gods of vengeance for their guidance. Horus, Lei Kung, and Sargonnas inspire many of the Mercykillers committed to missions of revenge.

THE REVOLU+IONARY LEAGUE

In stark contrast to the Hardheads and Guvners, the Anarchists worship none but chaotic powers. They don't see the sense in law, which ends up benefitting only the privileged few. The faction's patrons are the gods of chaos, change, and the inversion of social order: Erevan Ilesere, Loki, Sirrion, and Zinzerena.

Some Anarchists take a more destructive and violent stance, following such powers as Shekinester, Siva, Talos, and Vayu. And to keep their secrets dark from their enemies, they also praise the gods of deception: Baravar Cloakshadow, Gzemnid, Hiddukel, and Iuz.

Mind, faction members aren't necessarily evil. But because society decrees that many powers who work toward change *are*, Anarchists who identify with those gods are cast as evil themselves.

THE SIGN OF ONE

The Signers are said to be the most self-absorbed factioneers on the planes. Be that as it may, it's a fact that the gods they choose to worship are those thought to have whipped up much of the multiverse. These deities of creation include Corellon Larethian, the Daghdha, Gaea, Odin, Ra, and Zeus. Truth is, the faction gravitates toward the greater powers of most pantheons, because members imagine themselves to be creators on the level of the mightiest gods. And who knows? They just might be.

THE SOCIETY OF SENSATION

The Sensates hold experience at the heart of truth; they look to sample every sensation the multiverse has to offer. As such, they prefer gods of adventure and excellence, like Sif of the Aesir — she's good at everything, and therefore she's to be admired. The only deity they admire more is Lugh of the Celts. He's adventurous, amorous, and he'll try anything once to see if he's good at it. Lugh doesn't shy away from challenges, and the Sensates want to emulate that devotion.

'Course, some members of the faction wallow in simple hedonism, sticking with what they know they like rather than scouting out new experiences. These folks tend to choose powers of beauty and charisma — gods who look good and carry themselves with style. Among the pleasure-seeking Sensates, Aphrodite, Baldur, Bast, Freya, Hanali Celanil, Lliira, and sometimes Sune are the deities of choice.

THE TRANSCENDENT ORDER

Most gods revered by this faction seem to be those of the Celestial Bureaucracy and the Japanese pantheon. See, the Ciphers advocate a perfect union of thought and response — things should be no sooner said than done. They don't care

for powers that sit around weighing consequences; they want gods that can meld mind and action. And the deities of the Lands of the Rising Sun are the ones most likely to achieve that ideal.

Like the Sensates, the Ciphers also praise Lugh, but for a different reason. The Celtic god doesn't think; he simply acts, and he discovers the wisdom of his choice in the moment of action itself. More often than not, he's proven right. The Ciphers find that tremendously appealing.

THE XAOSITECTS

This faction is sometimes considered the least of the bunch because it lacks any clear organization or design. But the Xaositects are surprisingly unified on the powers they choose to worship — at least for as long as they worship anyone. Generally, they devote themselves to the gods of chaos. 'Course, being Xaositects, factioneers sometimes switch over to support the powers of law (but their attempts are so feeble that the sods end up walking the path of chaos anyway).

Their favorites are Erevan Ilesere and Loki. However, many Xaositects also follow the various powers of luck — Bast, Bes, Beshaba, Lakshmi, Nebelun, Sera, Tyche, Tymora, and Vergadain. Many faction members also have a special place in their hearts for Trithereon and Shinare, the gods of freedom. But no matter which powers they endorse, the Xaositects act independently of one another, even conducting the rituals of worship in dramatically different ways.

◆ NEAR-POWERS ◆

Among the creatures of the planes, it's not at all uncommon for lowly beings to rise to heights of great power. No doubt they'd stay there longer if it weren't for the fact that the higher a body gets, the more enemies he has. But that doesn't stop every basher in the multiverse from trying to improve, and every once in a while a lucky few claw their way to the top, hold onto power tenaciously, and fight off all comers.

The bloods in this section aren't gods — yet. But they're close. The smell of divinity surrounds them like the stench of a reeking corpse. See, by climbing the heap, they made names for themselves, and are rewarded with praise and worship from those beneath them. 'Course, they have vastly different levels of strength. The toughest animal lord on the Beastlands is still no match for the weakest Abyssal lord. But fame does translate into raw power. The more folks who know a blood's name, the more likely it is that he'll pass into the realms of mythic belief.

Not all near-powers *want* to become full-fledged gods; they feel they have plenty of strength as it is, and they aren't above interacting with mortals. But all of these beings are dangerous, and the best advice for a planewalker is to steer clear.

ABYSSAL LORDS

Of all the tanar'ri, these are the worst – and the whole race is bad news at best. The lords rule entire Abyssal layers, command vast armies of tanar'ri, and prosecute the Blood War mercilessly. They've elevated themselves through sheer force of will and cruel disdain for others, and they combine a godlike intelligence with all that's brutal and dangerous about the lesser tanar'ri – with horrifying results. Over millennia of existence, the bloods've perfected hatred and diabolical trickery, and they rage against one another as much as they fight anyone else.

Basically, they're some of the most evil bashers in the multiverse. Each is radically different, but they all serve as ideals for the hordes of lesser tanar'ri. It's thought that each layer of the Abyss has its own lord, and the uncountable number of layers means there must be more lords than a body'd want to think about. But here's a list of those best known to mortals, along with their layers (if any):

- ◆ Alzrius (601st, Conflagratum)
- ◆ Baphomet (600th, the Endless Maze)
- ◆ Demogorgon (88th, the Gaping Maw)
- ◆ Fraz Urbu (said to have staked out a small realm on the Gray Waste)
- ◆ Graz'zt (45th–47th, Azzagrat)

- ◆ Juiblex (222nd, Shedaklah)
- ◆ Kostchtchie (23rd, the Iron Wastes)
- ◆ Lissa'aere (27th, Malignebula)
- ◆ Pazrael (503rd, Torremor)
- ◆ Sess'innek (7th, the Phantom Plane)
- ◆ Thralhavoc (used to rule the 348th)
- ◆ Vucarik, Consort of Chains (wanders)
- ◆ Yeenoghu (422nd, the Seeping Woods)
- ◆ Zuggtmoy (222nd, Shedaklah)

These Abyssal lords are well known to prime-material and planar mages. Any sod who deals with fiends knows their dark names and shivers when they're spoken aloud. The lords love to manipulate mortals, steering them toward fool-

ish choices or luring them into false priesthoods. The high-pi fiends can even grant spells of up to 3rd level (or 4th level, if they appear in person to bestow the power). And gifts of magical items and tanar'ri servants often woo mortals into serving the Abyssal lords. Some of the sods even establish religions based around the fiends' hollow teachings.

See, if there's one thing the lords have learned over their long years, it's how to imitate deities. Most of them aren't true powers, but a berk who forgets that might as well pack it in. Abyssal lords don't take lip from anyone, and they're remarkably tenacious when it's their own dignity they're avenging.

'Course, the lords hope to one day shed the pretense of godhood and become the real thing. And it happens. For example, Baphomet, Demogorgon, Juiblex, and Yeenoghu have gained true divinity (as has the lost power of the undead, whose name has been stricken from all records of the Abyss). They've made places for themselves in the multiverse through perversity and strength of will, and they show no signs of slowing their ascent.

If enough Abyssal lords reach such heights, who knows how mighty the plane itself could grow? What's more, because the lords are chaotic, no one can tell what they're planning. They all work separately and thus are even harder to combat. It's a good thing they struggle against one another as well, or the rest of the cosmos'd be in serious trouble.

ANIMAL LORDS

The animal lords of the Beastlands are said to be anthropomorphic representations of their chosen creatures. That is, they're animals dressed in humanoid forms, wearing shells that're pleasing to the human eye but bearing spirits that're purely animal. Chant is there's a lord for every kind of natural animal in existence.

Thus, the Beastlands are home to the cat lord, the wolf lord, the lizard lord, the hawk lord, the rabbit lord, and so on, without number.

Each animal lord can take two shapes: that of a beast (the ideal specimen of the species, naturally) or that of a beautiful humanoid — one with subtle characteristics of the lord's animal. For example, the dog lord is friendly and outgoing to those who give him affection, close-mouthed and vicious to those who show him disdain. In humanoid guise, an animal lord is attractive enough to charm any basher fond of his subjects. And though a few hapless mortals fall in love with the lords, the bloods don't hold with mortal emo-

tion. They care only for protecting their token beasts, and even that's more duty than love.

The animal lords don't seem to play favorites. They note when a sod is friendly — or cruel — to their subjects, but they don't maintain alliances for long. They may be social (like the wolf lord) or distant (like the alligator lord); they may grant favors (if it serves their cause) or turn down pleas for aid (if it doesn't). As one sage put it, they're not immoral, they're amoral.

All animal lords have powerful abilities related to their species; some can fight like fiends, while others can flee like the wind. Their natural telepathy prevents them from being taken by surprise, and it's said that the lords know the disposition of their charges across the planes — including every world of the Prime. That's hard to swallow, as literally billions of animals litter the prime-material worlds, and even a true power'd have a tough time keeping track of them all. Still, an animal lord can recognize berks who mistreat his kind, and woe be to those who blunder into his realm.

For the most part, the animal lords leave the real gods of the Beastlands alone and are left alone in return. So how did the lords arise? After all, beasts aren't supposed to have beliefs. Does that mean the animal lords aren't even *close* to true powers, who require faith to exist? Or were they born from the very fabric of the Beastlands, animal petitioners who were the very models of their species, taken and shaped by the plane to watch over their kind?

Whatever they are, they're not immortal. Animal lords die off occasionally, killed by bloodthirsty mortals, other animal lords (just because they're quasipowers doesn't mean they've risen above their instincts), or just plain misfortune.

That makes them peery bashers and tough opponents. The best way to deal with an animal lord is to treat him exactly as a body'd treat his totem beast.

It's only logical, really.

THE LORDS OF THE NINE

These are the bloods who watch over the Nine Hells, the rulers of the layers of Baator. They make pit fiends look like crippled lemures, and it's said they're the very embodiments of their respective lands. Each layer reflects the personality of its lord, and each lord reflects the personality of his layer. The two act on each other in ways strange and mysterious, and lower-planar scholars believe they'll eventually achieve union in some brilliant flash of evil.

Seven of the nine lords are known and named:

- ◆ Archduke Dispater, Lord of the Second (Dis)
- ◆ the Viscount Minauros of the Third (Minauros)
- ◆ Fierana, Lady of the Fourth (Phlegethos)
- ◆ Prince Levistus of the Fifth (Stygia)
- ◆ Malagard, the Hag Countess of the Sixth (Malbolge)
- ◆ Triel the Fallen Archon, Archduke of the Seventh (Maladomini)
- ◆ Molikroth, Baron of the Eighth (Cania)



YOU HAVE GOT
TO BE KIDDING.

— A VISITOR TO
THE BEASTLANDS,
UPON MEETING
THE WORM LORD



The true Lord of the First is said to have been imprisoned by her warlord, the pit fiend Bel, who now rules Avernus in her place. And as for the Lord of the Ninth — well, he's still a mystery, just like most of Nessus itself. Chant is he predated the other lords and carries a ruby rod to signify his rulership over the conclave of the Nine.

It's no dark that the current lords aren't the same ones who came to mortal knowledge long ago. The noble baatezu serving below the original lords learned the politics of their masters well and eventually overthrew the domineering berks. No doubt they were overthrown by *their* servants in turn. Fact is, it's probably happened dozens of times over the eons.

What happened to the original lords — the ones known to ancient mortals? Most're long since meat, probably consigned to the larva pits of Avernus. If they were reborn into lesser forms, they've certainly not shown the aptitude for brilliance they once had. But two of the original pack have survived intact: Dispater, Lord of the Second; and Tiamat, queen of evil dragonkind. 'Course, she's been relegated to a watchdog position at the entrance to Dis — hardly the same as commanding an entire layer. Besides, chant today says she never *was* a lord, contrary to popular belief.

Do the baatezu servants of the current lords still seek to overthrow their masters? Better believe it, berk. But on the surface, they're loyal. They seek to elevate themselves by embarrassing or humiliating their lord's rivals. Naturally, the lords encourage this sort of interplay among their inferiors, for it increases the evil that permeates the plane.

The hierarchy of noble fiends below the lords is devilishly complicated and convoluted. The baatezu keep it that way on purpose, so only the nobles know exactly who stands where. Lesser fiends (and mortals) might be helping a noble when they think they're working against him. In the web of politics of Baator, a body has to understand the game before he can learn to play it.

'Course, the high-ups don't leave *all* the fun to their servants. It's said the Lords of the Nine hate each other, and they constantly scheme to dethrone one another and grab more power for themselves. They form temporary, shifting alliances and betray each other just as readily. They know the ins and outs of legal trickery better than any blood in the multiverse, and they're not averse to using these traps on each other.

Chant is the Lords of the Nine could even give the rope to the true powers of the plane — but they choose not to, out of deference. If it's true, the lords are remarkably tolerant. If it's a peel, they've got a remarkably good propaganda machine, because Baator's deities show no inkling of challenging the lords.

Set's an exception, of course — he's got a plot for any circumstance a body could imagine. A few baatezu've said that Set's even planning on overthrowing Prince Levistus, Lord of the Fifth. Apparently, the jackal-headed god has had enough wrangling with Levistus over the size of his desert realm.

Perhaps the lords are worshiped by some of the baatezu of the plane — it's certainly no dark that they're feared and respected. And some say that the Lords of the Nine *are* true gods, not near-powers. In any case, for ages beyond reckoning, the lords've been studied and catalogued, their existences debated and fought over, mortal priesthoods established with no abilities forthcoming to some and staggering powers granted to others.

If there's a lesson to be learned, it's this: Whatever they are, the lords want the truth of their natures kept dark. They try to destroy all scraps of evidence, but they're not fast enough to squelch all the rumors flying around the planes.

PRIMUS

To tell the truth, Primus — the Clockwork God, patron of the modrons — is about equal to a greater power on his own merit. (Though Primus is above the distinction of gender, he's usually referred to as a male power.) But the only problem is he's not worshiped, revered, or even acknowledged by most of his followers. See, each modron knows only of the others directly above and below it in rank. Thus, only the second-highest modrons — the *secundi* — are aware of Primus's existence.

Nonetheless, Primus runs a tight ship. He's the manifestation of order itself, the representation of all that Mechanus stands for. Under him, the modrons are expected to function at maximum efficiency, to advance the ideals of law, to spread that structure across the cosmos. Primus speaks only to his *secundi*, but his wishes are filtered down throughout the ranks.

The patron rules from Regulus, a vast realm on the plane of Mechanus. Portrayed as a pool of energy or a shimmering tower of light, Primus is the source of all modrons and the hive mind that directs their every action. Information must filter up and down the chain of command, but chant is Primus knows everything any modron knows (at least within a few minutes of the discovery).

When a modron dies, its shell dissolves and its energy immediately returns to Primus. He then sends the signal to promote a lower-ranking modron to fill the slot, and a still-lower modron to fill *that* post, and so on down the line until a monodrone is promoted to replace its superior. At that point, Primus emits a new monodrone from the energy bath of his being, and higher modrons shepherd it to its new assignment. Thus, it's true to say that modrons don't have individuality — they're all extensions of Primus.

Every time the gears of Mechanus complete 17 cycles (which figures out to 289 years as counted by the Guvners), Primus sends modrons off across the Outer Planes. Though the purpose of the Great Modron March is dark to most, bloods think it's to pick up chant on the current workings of the planes. Armed with such information, Primus and his alien logic grow ever stronger. Knowledge is power, after all, and it's said that there are few secrets in the multiverse that Primus doesn't have locked away in his mind.

SLAADI LORDS

Primus's exact opposites rule on the plane of Limbo. There, in the swirling soup of elemental matter, live the slaadi powers: the Lords of Chaos.

Few consider these bloods true deities. From what little's been wrung out of slaadi, it seems that the Lords of Chaos are more like great heroes to their race. Chant is they're really death slaadi that've managed to move up another rung on the ladder of power. By exploring the sheer possibilities available to them as the children of Limbo's chaos, they've discovered secrets that some think might have been better left hidden.

They've come away with greater abilities, but they've also established themselves as individuals, not only in their own minds but also in the minds of bashers across the planes. Each lord seeks an expression of chaos that's beyond what the slaadi form offers, and each embodies a unique flavor of that primal force.

Only four Lords of Chaos are known to exist. The oldest by far is Ssendam, the Lady of Insanity. It's said she's a great golden amoeba, a mass of oozing chaos, and any mortal sod who looks upon her supposedly goes barmy. Ssendam has also developed mental powers that let her crush minds and drive folks mad — the better to promote chaos.

The second of the four is Ygorl, the Lord of Entropy. Some say he rules Limbo (insofar as any basher can control the plane of ultimate disorder) and actually created the slaadi Spawning Stone. Ygorl takes the form of a charred, winged slaadi skeleton, and his great scythe can cut through any living flesh. He tries to perpetuate the race by sending masses of slaadi across the planes to plant their eggs in host bodies.

The third lord is Chourst the Unpredictable, a 20-foot-tall slaad of purest white. He cares for nothing but himself and takes whatever actions strike him from moment to moment. More than any other lord, Chourst is ruled by impulse. Some think he's whimsy incarnate. He's also totally insane and goes on rampages of random destruction — until something else catches his eye.

The fourth of the bunch is an artistic slaad known as Rennbue, Lord of Colors. He wears a mane of shockingly white hair that contrasts starkly with the ever-shifting colors of his scales, and he loves to change the colors of people and objects. To the slaadi, though, he's more than a nuisance. It's said that by changing the color of a slaad, Rennbue can actually turn the creature into a different *kind* of slaad. In effect, Rennbue grants promotions or demotions at his whim.

THE LADY OF PAIN

A Guvner could fill ten libraries with all that's been guessed about the Lady of Pain. Is she tanar'ri-spawned, hiding out in Sigil from the vengeful powers of the Abyss? Is she a powerful human mage, the first to learn — and thus control — the secrets of the Spire and the Cage? Is she a hatchling from the eggs of a draconic deity? No one knows, but that doesn't stop berks from flapping their bone-boxes.

All that folks can agree on is this: The Lady's bladed head and enigmatic form strike fear in the hearts of all who spy her. Those who oppose her are spun off into the Mazes or flayed outright. She's the symbol of Sigil, and that's about all anyone needs to know.

'Course, she's more than the city's icon — she's its guardian as well, the one who controls the portals and keeps the place from falling into the hands of would-be conquerors. The gods are kept out; fact is, Sigil's one of the few places where freedom is determined by mortals and mortals alone. Many folks let the Guvners, the Harmonium, and the Mercykillers set the rules of that freedom, but the Lady doesn't seem to care.

See, the Lady can't be appeased or appealed to. She can't even be worshiped; any berk who praises her name is thrown into the Prison — if he's lucky enough to escape her dreaded gaze. The fact that folks go out of their way *not* to worship her sets her apart from most other near-powers (if that's what she truly is).

Sigil being what it is, rumors fly about why the Lady won't abide worship. One involves Aoskar, god of portals: The Lady booted him out of town millennia ago, and now his name is a curse. But chant is that Aoskar'll stay dead only as long as there's no god in the City of Doors. If folks start pledging themselves to the Lady, the former power of portals will be able to return.

That's just one strain of the barmy talk that runs daily through the city's wards. Hard truth is, no one knows what the Lady is or what she's up to, and chances are no one ever will. She remains a mystery, and it's no dark that sods who dig too deeply for answers wind up in the Mazes (or worse). Best to let it lie.

THE CHILDREN OF POWERS

Occasionally, when a power roams the planes, a mortal catches his (or her) eye. Usually, the cutter is especially beautiful, virtuous, or wise, but needn't be any of those things. After all, gods can be a randy lot, and they're used to having their way. They don't hesitate to press their suit on mortals who draw their fancy. The result of this union is almost always a child with divine blood flowing in its veins.

The offspring of gods, it seems, are always destined for big things — for good or ill. They're children of fate, the result of immortal meddling in the mortal realm. The powers have little to say over what happens to 'em. More often than not, they grow to become great heroes, entering the legends of the pantheon. Some even become demipowers. But that ain't always the case. Some turn to villainy, using their divine heritage to draw on abilities no ordinary sod could counter.

Either way, children of powers show up now and again, each with unique gifts that set them apart from the crowd. Some realize who they are; others don't. Some'll help a body out; others'll treat him like a bug. But remember, berk: The gods watch over their children, and there's no worse foe than an angry parent — especially one who can shoot lightning bolts.

⊕+HERS

The near-powers described above don't exhaust the list — not by a long shot. They're just some of the better-known (or more important) bloods who teeter on the brink of true godhood. Others exist, those who either can't draw enough faith from their followers or can't get enough of a foothold to make a case.

The githyanki themselves see to it that *their* near-power never makes it into the big leagues. See, like the modrons, they don't worship their patron (githyanki don't care to become priests) and worship is the key to divinity. They merely revere — and fear — their queen, a mighty blood named Vlaakith. She dwells in a palace in Tu'narath, the largest gith city on the Astral Plane, and she devours the life essence of any githyanki who gains too much strength for himself. That's because she's a lich, a condition that's helped her to hold the reins of power over the githyanki race for a *long* time.

Some say the gehreleths of Carceri are in the same boat — their lack of true worship keeps their patron and father, Apomps the Three-Sided One, from becoming a full power. Whether that's true or not, the 'leths definitely pay some form of tribute to Apomps, a mad baernaloth who created the gehreleth race long ago. Upon seeing his works, the other baernaloths drove him out, and now Apomps seeks vengeance on his former fellows. So he fills all his 'leths with a hatred of the prized creation of the other baernaloths — the entire yugoloth race.

Finally, not all near-powers live on the Astral or Outer Planes. A good number make their homes on the Inner Planes, and it doesn't stop 'em from having worshipers across the prime-material worlds. But the lines of territory and control are messy (just as they are between the borders of the planes), which might be what keeps some of these bloods from true divinity.

On the Elemental Planes, especially, rivalries flare over the right of rulership. Both Akadi and Yan-C-Bin claim mastery over Air; Grumbar and

Ogremach won't budge from Earth; Kossuth and Imix call themselves kings of Fire; and Istishia and Olhydra vie for control of Water. 'Course, Akadi, Grumbar, Kossuth, and Istishia are honest-to-goodness powers. The other four are wannabes who don't really stand a chance.

The Paraelemental Planes are less contested. A blood says he's master of the plane, and that's the end of it. That's how Ehkakh, Chilimba, Bwimb, and Cryonax got to be "rulers" of Smoke, Magma, Ooze, and Ice, respectively. Then again, it's possible that they're in charge only because no one else cares enough to knock them out of power.



REALMS OF THE GODS

Lots of folks are peery about entering a power's realm — and with good reason. Some fear that the god'll strike them down for their temerity. Others doubt that the place could have anything of great value. Well, that kind of chant may be true for a handful of powers, but it's dead wrong in most other respects. Fact is, the realms of the deities hide some of the most magnificent and terrible secrets of the multiverse, and they hold some of the most extraordinary bloods a planewalker could ever meet.

Sure, the realms are places of danger, full of fanatics and creatures that might threaten even a demipower. They can be lands of terror, where a sod's life candle might be snuffed into oblivion. But they're also places of wonder and glory, where some of the most beautiful sights a body's ever likely to see roll before his eyes. Every realm has something to contribute to the multiverse, even if it ain't always apparent to those who walk there.

This chapter explains what a cutter might run into while visiting the realm of a god and how he should — and shouldn't — behave.

◆ THE NATURE OF A REALM ◆

First off, it's important to realize exactly what it *means* that a power's got a realm. It's the home that the god has created out of the raw material of his worshipers' belief, a land so perfectly suited to its creator that it seems an extension of the god's being — a place that truly *is* the deity. See, priests and proxies have just a small piece of their god's power. The realm is the finished puzzle, a true illustration of the nature of the divine spirit.

Thus, the folks who live in a realm know that any disturbance of the land is a reflection of something that's troubling the deity (or perhaps a shakeup cooked up by the god for an unknown purpose). An earthquake might mean that the power's off fighting another god or that he's drawing strength from the land to fend off a young demipower out to take over his portfolio. Don't misunderstand, berk — this kind of trauma's not a common occurrence. For example, no one alive today can speak of being in a realm when its god battled an equally matched or superior foe. ('Course, that might

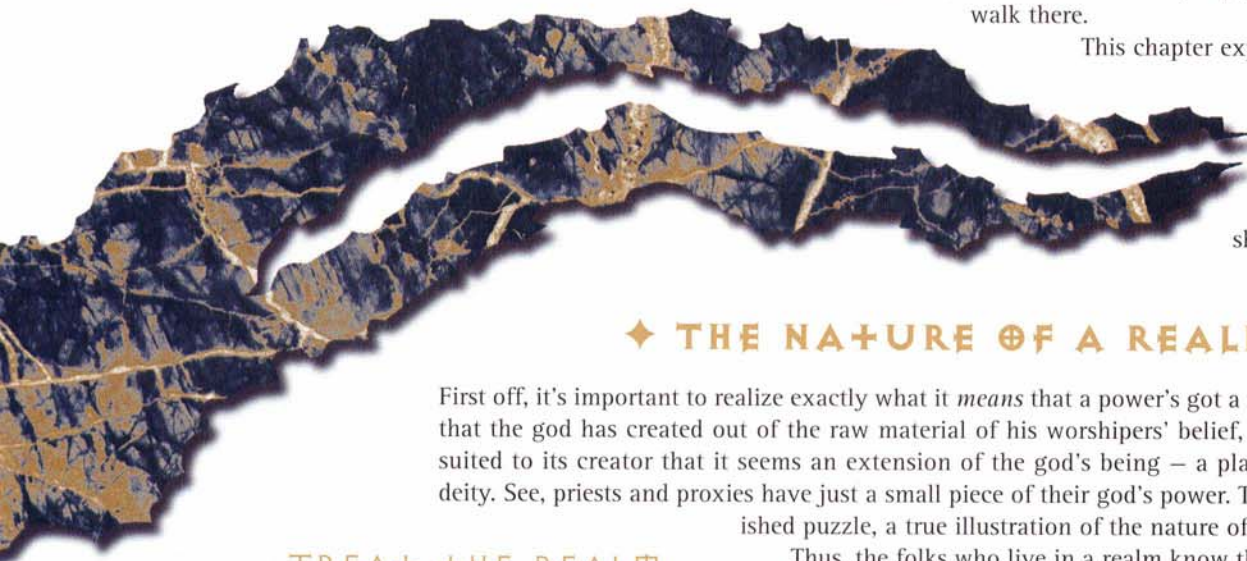
just be because the turbulence of such a brawl'd surely lay waste to the realm and perhaps destroy it utterly.)

This isn't to say that a realm is like a god's own skin, or that everything that happens there takes place with the high-up's say-so. For some realms, that's undeniably true. The bulk of the powers, though, try to let their lands run without constant, smothering interference. Their realms are open to most any leatherhead who wants to see the sights, dig up a bit of chant, and do whatever else needs doing.

On the other hand, if a power doesn't *want* a berk in his realm, that berk ain't getting in. And while a god could devote himself to keeping out the undesirables, most have better ways to spend their time and strength. That's part of the reason why they've got proxies.

◆ THE SHAPE OF THE LAND ◆

Naturally, in order to understand a realm, a body's got to understand the god — including his rank in the pantheon and his importance to the plane. Most powers're drawn to the plane that best matches their alignment, but that ain't always the case. Sometimes, worshipers' beliefs (and their expectations of a deity's place in the multiverse) are enough to keep a god bound somewhere that



TREAT +HE REALM
WITH RESPECT, BERK!
YΘU'RE WALKING ΘN +HE
FACE ΘF A GΘD!

— ILI SPARHAWK,
AN AVARIEL PETITIONER
IN ARVANDOR



he doesn't necessarily fit. For example, the Japanese power Hachiman, a lawful neutral god, has a realm on wild Ysgard. And chaotic Horus lives with other Egyptian deities on the strictly lawful plane of Arcadia.

A power's realm is shaped in part by his personality and the amount of control he exerts. Many gods are content to let their lands be free, with natives and visitors making their own choices and their own mistakes. Some powers, obviously, are more demanding and thus more dangerous. As a result, they don't see as much traffic through their realms, and folks devoted enough to stay tend toward the fanatic.

'Course, no matter how free-willed he is, there are some things a god just won't tolerate. A berk who commits a gross violation against the power's portfolio and beliefs'll be slapped in irons or scrawled in the dead-book before he knows what hit him. (That is, unless the deity wants to let the offender stew for a while before the axe falls.)

The power's place among his fellows also sets much of the realm's feel. The territory of a minor god — kept down by constant pressure from tougher members of the pantheon — will be a place of bitter spite and unreleased striving, however well it's disguised for the public. The high-up's proxies will constantly scheme to improve their patron's standing, and they'll use anyone they think can help them succeed.

On the other hand, a power that lacks the ambition or mortal support to raise himself higher in the pantheon will have a realm that reflects both lack of desire and lack of concern (except in the god's portfolio). And there's very little a *greater* power can't see or do in his realm, no matter how large its borders. In that case, the land's feel is more a question of how much freedom the god wants to grant his faithful.

Most of all, it's crucial for a berk to remember that the powers really are deities, not oversized monsters. As beings of belief and substance, their very existence is so far above the mortal norm that it's nearly impossible to comprehend them. Player characters who visit a realm are, essentially, at a god's mercy. That doesn't mean the Dungeon Master should wipe out the adventurers on a whim. It *does* mean the heroes should definitely be aware of the magnitude of the essence that surrounds them. Granted, if the PCs get out of the line, the DM certainly has the right to squash them flat, but it's hoped that he'll try to bring other, more subtle means to bear instead.

In the end, the DM must learn to balance the enormity of a visit to a god's home with the fact that the place is just a small, small part of the infinite multiverse. The planes hold more than just the powers, but a berk tends to forget that when he's standing on hallowed ground. And that's understandable — the deities want to make themselves and their realms loom as large as possible in a visitor's mind.

LOOMING LARGE

Most planewalkers know that each of the Outer Planes is infinite in size and that each layer of the planes is also endless. (That's why canny travelers make good use of portals to hop around.) That leads some berks to think that the realms of the powers must also be infinite — after all, who better to have boundless domains than the gods themselves?

Well, like a lot of things on the planes, it all depends on where a body stands. The rule known as the Center of the Multiverse states that no single spot's more significant than any other, that every world, burg, or realm can lay claim to being in the middle of everything. To put it bluntly, every sod thinks his place is the most important. And that's never more true than when dealing with the domains of the powers.

See, the deities have some of the greatest abilities — and the biggest egos — in the cosmos. So naturally, each of them feels his realm should be as impressive as possible.

Thus, a sod within the borders of a god's domain has the distinct feeling that the realm goes on forever (especially since all the devout folks who live there usually insist that it *does*).

But if he could somehow look at the entire realm from the outside, he'd see that it's actually finite in size. Sure, it's probably staggeringly large, but it's not endless.

◆ EXPLORING A REALM ◆

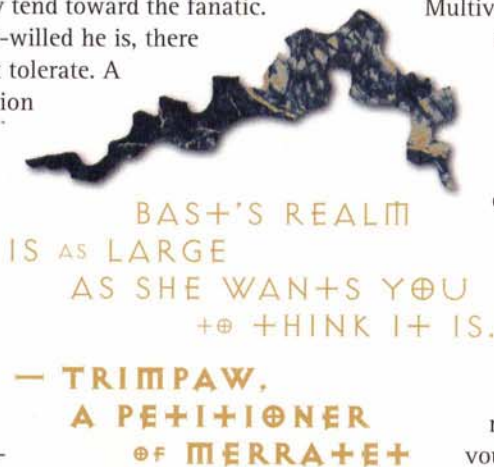
Obviously, a Dungeon Master has a lot of breathing room when deciding how to put together a god's home ground. But there are a few elements common to any realm. No matter who's in charge of the land or what it's like, a realm is almost certain to contain petitioners, proxies, planars, and holy sites.

PE+I+IONERS

Some visitors to a power's realm think that petitioners are just faceless numbers, masses to be ignored. But that's like trying to know a forest without looking at the trees.

Petitioners are the surest picture of what a power is and does. The faithful of a realm spend their whole lives (afterlives, really) trying to understand their god and their place in the scheme of things. Chances are they try to be like their power and, in turn, reflect their perception of the deity. Some do so in demeanor only, living the kind of life prescribed by their god. Others take on a particular physical appearance favored by the power, whether that means actually changing form or merely adopting a particular style of dress.

'Course, the petitioners aren't always perfect models of their god — if they were, they'd have already dissolved into the divine essence. Some might have a mistaken idea about how to look or act but still pursue that flawed ideal so in-



tently that they give the wrong slant to others who don't know any better.

In any case, petitioners aren't zombies, wandering around their god's realm with blank looks on their faces. For the most part, they're quite happy to spend their lives in the study and service of their power. Fact is, they don't understand why a basher'd want to throw it all away and go gadding about the planes, looking for excitement. Even the chaotic and evil petitioners feel the urge to stick to their realms. Their minds just don't let 'em think otherwise (unless they live on bitter Carceri, where the sods are desperate to get away). And why *should* petitioners have the desire to get up and go? If they leave the safety of their god, they risk fading away before they're spiritually ready – and missing out on the whole point of their existence.

Still, it's important to note that not all petitioners of a realm are alike. Though they share common goals, they have different personalities, appearances, and motivations. A berk shouldn't try to treat them all the same way and shouldn't expect to be treated the same in return.

PROXIES

Nearly every power has a proxy or two, and most have many, many more. Not all proxies are known and named; some gods like to keep a lid on the number and nature of their servants in order to surprise their enemies. Proxies are especially handy for going to places where their gods are forbidden – Sigil, for example. The bloods have the desire to serve a higher calling, and they're not afraid to take risks to do it. Proxies are, in short, the perfect pieces in the endless games of the powers.

Now, lest a body starts to get a bad impression of proxies, it should be pointed out that they were chosen for a reason. Of all the mortals in the cosmos, the proxies are entrusted with portions of their gods' might and charged with the responsibility to do what their patrons cannot. Proxies are a step up from most mortals – don't ever forget that. They're dedicated (some'd say fanatic), and it's this belief and determination that've made them what they are. They're not likely to change for anyone.

The proxies of a given power are generally assigned to different tasks, depending on what the god wants to accomplish. Usually, they're charged with important duties around the realm, and while proxies aren't common sights, they're nearby when they have to be. A visitor to hallowed ground can expect to meet at least one proxy; the bashers like to make sure of who's visiting their sworn lands.

A proxy can be an ally or an enemy of an adventuring party, depending on the group's aims, alignment, and attitude toward the patron power. It should be remembered, though, that only a total leatherhead ever fully trusts a proxy. An agent of a god has his own agenda and will sell out a band of berks if it means advancing his boss's interests. Even a lawful good proxy puts his power first, intent on serving the higher good (and expecting others to realize that

the greater good is more important than the good of a few individuals).

The best way to deal with a proxy is to respect him and his power, but don't ever trust him completely. A proxy is a mighty blood, but he's sold himself to a god, and he'll always stand apart from any berk who doesn't follow his deity's plans.

PLANARS

At this point, a body might think that every person in a power's realm is either a spirit or a bully-boy. And while there are, indeed, plenty of petitioners and a handful of proxies in any realm, each divine domain also holds a good number of ordinary folks, planars who just happen to live under a god's nose. And ten different cutters probably have ten different reasons for doing so.

Many of them simply enjoy the safety. A god's realm often sees fewer of the troubles that plague other areas of the planes: cross-traders, famines, fiend invasions, harsh environmental conditions, and so on. 'Course, the flip side of that point is that many folks are *afraid* to leave a power's realm, perhaps for fear of what's waiting out there in the big, bad multiverse (or perhaps for fear of what the jealous deity'll do to them for daring to turn their backs on "paradise").

Some planars resist leaving a realm because of inertia, habit, or family ties. After all, it's a chore for a body to pack up his life and move on to other pastures, especially if his family's lived in the domain for generations (and his ancestors might *still* live there as petitioners).

Finally, plenty of ordinary folks live in a power's realm for the obvious reason: faith. They're deeply devoted to their god, and they choose to live in an area where they can best express that faith (and be supported by a multitude of like-minded believers). This bunch also includes star-struck sods who spend their days in a realm, hoping to chat with the high-up proxies – and perhaps even bump into the power himself now and again. (That ain't likely, but they still have hope.)

HOLY/UNHOLY SITES

Nearly every realm has a center of power – some kind of place where a body can go to commune with the deity, draw strength from the land, or otherwise bask in the holy glow of the god. In some realms, these are few and far between. In others, it's practically impossible to walk about without stumbling across one. Typically, the sites draw petitioners from all over the realm, who meditate on the nature of their power and slowly learn their part in the divine plan.

Every power has a different use for holy sites, and every realm manifests them differently. The Norse pantheon's made nearly the whole realm of Asgard a holy site. The bashers there learn their place through the rough-and-tumble lessons of the realm itself, an endless cycle of struggle and conflict. That's the nature of the Norse belief: learning to keep fighting no matter the danger to one's self (not to mention learn-

ing the value of being crafty and cunning, as well).

Holy sites in other realms are more clearly defined. A site can be a grove of trees with a clear pool in its center, or a circle of standing stones, or even a dank cave that spouts forth sulphurous fumes. A body can recognize this kind of holy site for what it is as soon as he sets foot inside its boundaries. The area's a more distilled essence of the power of the realm, a place where a visitor can feel the might of the god in palpable waves.

Not all holy sites are pleasant (at least, not as most berks define the word). For example, chant says unholy sites in some realms of Baator are places of pain, where petitioners travel to metal-laden forests of corroding flesh to discover the truth of agony. The sods learn their place in the multiverse in the flick of a knife or the tugging on a hook.

In some realms, holy sites are ruled by more than one member of a pantheon. Good powers who share ground — like the Celts in Tir na Og — allow equal access to any worshiper of any god of the pantheon. The rules of other sites fluctuate according to the waxing and waning strength of the different deities. Most pantheons try to avoid disagreements by allowing each power a certain kind of site, sacred to that god alone. Worshipers of the other powers are welcome, but they can't receive their god's blessing in a site ruled by another.

No matter who controls a holy site, the area's not just for petitioners. The still-living faithful can visit the land for respite from the dangers of the multiverse and absorb a bit of their god's essence to restore their strength and will. But this kind of perk applies only to a devout worshiper of the power who rules the realm, and it comes only after a time of quiet meditation.

The benefit can range from a temporary increase in a particular attribute (say, +1 to Strength for 1d4 days) to the restoration of lost hit points (if appropriate to the god's portfolio) to the temporary use of abilities that're usually granted only to the deity's specialty priests. The Dungeon Master should make the benefit reflective of the power's sphere of control; naturally, the DM always has the final say on what a cutter gains from his meditation.

'Course, a cross-trader can't draw the power through trickery; a body must have real faith to receive the blessed gift. A berk who tries to bob a deity'll be lucky to get away with his life.

Still, casual visitors are welcome. Most powers like showing off their might, after all, and what better way to win a convert than by giving him a demonstration? But impure folks who'd defile a holy site with their presence are usually barred — unless they can somehow deceive the site's wards or have the backing of an even stronger deity.

A Dungeon Master doesn't have to work a holy site prominently into an adventure. But it can be a valuable tool to give guidance from a power without actually involving the god himself. And it can also be a springboard for more adventures. As the natural outswelling of a deity's might, a holy site's sure to attract plenty of nasty berks looking to siphon off a piece of a god.

◆ MEETING A POWER ◆

What does a Dungeon Master do with a party of leatherheads that wants to go chat with a god? Well, the first thing to do is give them a wake-up call.

Under almost *no* circumstances will player characters ever get to meet a power up close and personal. The gods are just plain unknowable. Perhaps one mortal in a million ever spies a deity in all his glory, and of those few, maybe one in a million actually earns the high-up's direct attention. The strength and knowledge needed to draw the notice of a god is beyond the grasp of most. That's not to say the powers ignore their worshipers. Even a god can't turn up his nose at the very bashers whose belief keeps him alive and kicking.

Still, it's a rare day when a power looks upon any specific worshiper, just as it's rare for a mortal to take interest in any specific bee in a hive. It *could* happen, but it usually doesn't.

Good thing, too — few berks who strive to meet a god are prepared for what the experience is really like. First and foremost, the visitor is overawed by the deity's mere presence. Even the most faithless nonbeliever can't help but be cowed by the sheer power a god radiates.

It's no accident that powers usually manifest themselves in avatars; the true, unbridled glory of a power can turn a mortal to dust (or at least drive him barmy). Thus, if by some chance a sod's lucky enough to meet a power, it's a bet that he's just talking to an avatar, not the central essence. Truth is, most powers don't want to expose simple folk to the utter, destructive knowledge of what it is to be a god.

'Course, some powers revel in rendering hapless mortals to ashes, but they're the exception, and most cutters know better than to seek them out. And while Abyssal lords and other evil near-powers wish they knew how to do it, they're still quite a ways off from gathering enough strength to kill by presence alone.

◆ DUCKING THE DEAD-BOOK ◆

Any sod bent on poking around in the realm of a power'd better listen up. A visitor who follows a few simple rules should get along fine. A berk who doesn't is likely to end up smeared into oblivion.

First off, any traveler entering a realm should be very aware of the local god's portfolio. It's a simple matter of courtesy and common sense. Don't toss fireballs around in a realm of snow and ice. Don't slaughter animals in the realm of a god of nature. And *don't* try to pass a violation off as a simple mixup. Most folks can tell when they're crossing the boundary into a realm, and there's really no excuse to be ignorant of who's in charge. (When in doubt, at least try to figure out whose realms are nearby — that should give a body a pretty good idea of whose land he's a guest in.)

Second, any barmy knows it's a bad idea to put a realm's petitioners in the dead-book unless there's a startlingly compelling reason to do so. The powers have worked a long time



to build up their base of petitioners, and they don't take kindly to berks barging in and raising havoc among their faithful. More importantly, killing a petitioner before he's ready to merge with his power means the god gains less strength from the union. Why would a deity allow that to happen?

This next tip might seem obvious, but it's true just the same: Don't preach of other gods. It's like staying at a friend's kip and going on and on about how good a host some *other* berk is. Not only is it exceedingly rude, but the preacher's likely to be mobbed by irate locals. They don't want to hear about other powers – or their god doesn't want them to, which usually amounts to the same thing. If the petitioners cared one whit about another deity, they'd have followed that god in their mortal lives.

Fourth, a lot of folks seem to forget that most religions on the Prime have rituals and proscribed behaviors. Those rites grow even more important in the realm of the power in question, becoming a regular part of daily life. They're a way for petitioners to demonstrate their devotion, a way for the locals to focus their thoughts. To avoid trouble, a visitor really ought to learn the customs. In some realms, the natives don't mind if a stranger doesn't follow the rituals (though they'll give him cold stares). In other

realms, the faithful take their practices more seriously and expect others to do the same. The punishment for not observing a ritual can range from simple deportation to excruciating torture. It's safest not to test the devotion of the petitioners.

Finally, a body venturing into a realm ought to learn where he should step and where he shouldn't. Not all holy sites are open to the public. A leatherhead who goes where he ain't wanted is far more likely to meet his end than a cutter who's a bit more careful. And those who can't tell when to turn back deserve whatever they get.

THE ANCIENT+ PAN+THEONS

Some folks say that the Babylonian powers and the Sumerian powers are exactly the same, with only minor differences between the two — like their names (and little else). That may have been true once, when a single pantheon of powers rose from the sea, bringing life to the earth and spirit to the skies. The deities established the courses of ditches and rivers, their mission to keep the waters within the banks of the canals. Their gift of irrigation made their worshipers a powerful force in the world, ensuring that the faithful would survive beyond simple gathering, hunting, and raiding.

But the gods grew and changed as their followers changed, and today they're two discrete pantheons. With ziggurats and temples, white marble and dark brick, the peoples and their powers have drifted apart slowly over the years, each taking on a separate personality and separate beliefs.

Has it caused a change in their attitudes? Better believe it. Where once they were one, now they're two: Babylonian and Sumerian. The Fraternity of Order says it's the only known case in the history of the multiverse of powers fractioning themselves and become entirely different entities. Naturally, an event like that holds consequences. The two pantheons now hate each other with a passion, each vying over lands dominated by the other, each struggling to control all the emerging civilizations of the Prime.

◆ THE SUMERIANS ◆

The Sumerian powers rose first, bringing light and life to the cultures of the riverbed valleys. They showed mortals how to put this abundance to good use, which put the sods squarely in the powers' debt. The gods later went on to establish themselves on high. They didn't involve themselves much in the day-to-day lives of their worshipers but were satisfied with ruling and shepherding the people. With the greater power Enlil established as the head of a loose pantheon, the Sumerians were content in their might and let themselves grow lax.

As for the devoted mortals, the city-states of the Sumerians were separate factions, each venerating the gods with slightly different prayers, icons, sacrifices, and so on. Unfortunately, the splintered worship diffused the abilities of the powers. The gods simply failed to establish any overarching guidelines for their people, and it led to the mighty schism of the pantheon.

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN OF THE EAST

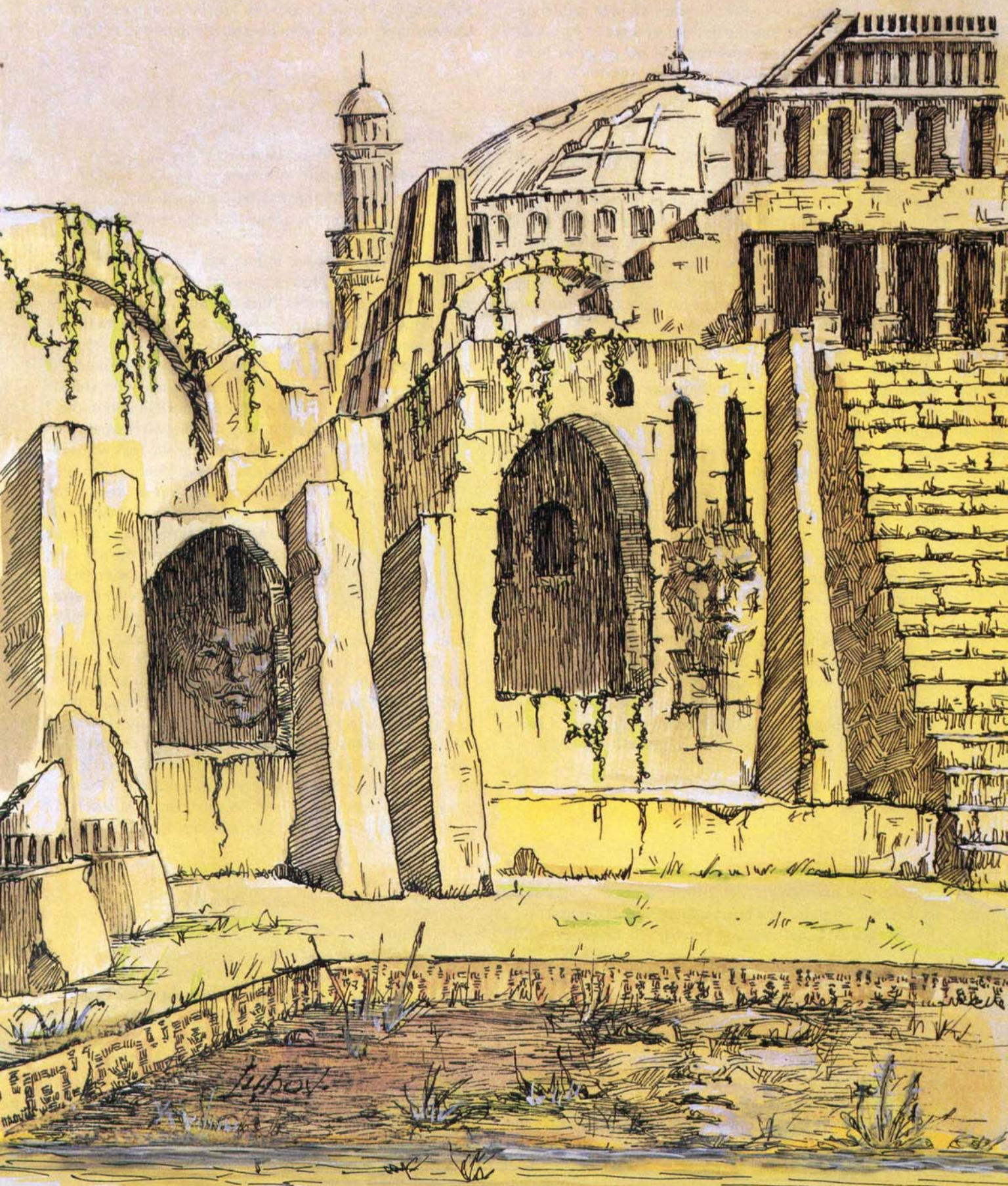
Three Sumerian powers — Enlil, Ki, and Nin-Hursag — live on the Great Mountain of the East, the mightiest crag on Elysium, and Nanna-Sin rests there as well when he tires of wandering. For a hundred miles around the Mountain, the land is flat. Sluggish rivers course through the area, diverted this way and that to make sure the crops in the fields stay watered. The plain's dotted with small cities, and in the center of each burg is a temple dedicated to all the powers of the pantheon. There, Sumerian priests sacrifice the finest foods the Mountain has to offer.

The only folks allowed to walk on the Mountain itself are petitioners and those who have a legitimate request of the powers (which, naturally, they give to proxies — the gods don't talk to mortals). But the gods have final say on what constitutes a "legitimate request," and if a berk doesn't fit their stringent requirements, they're sure to drive him barmy — at least, until he leaves the Mountain. He'll have to find his own way down, too.

As for ascending the Mountain, well, it'll test the mettle of any basher who wants to try it. When a petitioner's ready to merge with his power, he's got to make his way to the tallest peak — a task that's harder than it sounds. Even the sharpest climbers in the multiverse'd have a hard time on the Great Mountain, and petitioners *ain't* skilled climbers. It's determination that counts for them, and only a basher with enough of it can get to where he's going.

PRIMITIVE? MAYBE.
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE THEM
ANY LESS POWERFUL.

— THORAMON,
A CLERIC OF THE
SUMERIAN POWERS



A petitioner who falls from the heights dies, but he's reborn the next day into his old task. He remembers what's befallen him, and the knowledge fills him with even greater determination the next time he decides he's ready for union with the powers. If a nonpetitioner falls, on the other hand, the berk's in the dead-book for sure. The gods don't take responsibility for those who can't manage their own lives.

◆ THE SUMERIAN POWERS ◆

Though the Sumerian pantheon is one of the smallest on the planes, it also seems like one of the mightiest. After all, of the six deities in the group, four are greater powers, and it seems as though the two lessers have been on the verge of raising themselves to the intermediate level for some time. On the other hand, a few graybeards think the pantheon might soon go the way of all things.

For example, Enki, a greater power of rivers and oceans, recently passed away. His corpse now floats on the Astral, so much spiritual debris. But in truth, it wasn't all that mysterious a death. Enki was a great binder of tanar'ri and was foully murdered by two evil Babylonian powers. Nergal (the god of the underworld) lured him to a place on the Lower Planes where the tanar'ri supposedly ran rampant. Then Nergal bound Enki while Anshar (the god of darkness) drove a blade through the river god's heart. Enki's father, Enlil, has sworn vengeance but hasn't yet found the opportunity.

Most of the Babylonian powers are too concerned with rule and law to kill in cold blood. And where they are orderly, the Sumerians focus on the vagaries of nature and how a body combats that. They're concerned with the establishment of culture, and anything else is just dealt with as it comes up. Unfortunately, what came up were the troublesome Babylonians.

ENLIL

Greater Power, "Ruler of Heaven"

AoC: Air, war

AL: NG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Pick-axe

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East

KNOWN PROXIES: Lugalzaggisi of Erech (Px/♂ human/F16/NG)

Enlil was the first of the Sumerian powers, son of Nammu, the sea. As the barrier between earth and sky, Enlil could be said to be the very breath mortals draw into their lungs. He is the ruler of the pantheon, and though he can't do anything that affects the group without the approval of the others, he still pursues his own agenda. Chant is his proxies currently search for bashers to do away with the proxies of the Babylonian pantheon. It's a dangerous job, but Enlil's rewards are

something many berks just can't resist.

As a power of war, Enlil is also keenly interested in the doings of the Prime. It's said that any battle that even one of his worshipers takes part in is of vital importance to him.

INANNA

Greater Power, "Keeper of the Flame"

AoC: War, love

AL: LE

WAL: Warriors, lovers

SYMBOL: Shepherd's staff

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Phlegethos/the Jealous Heart

KNOWN PROXIES: Ninglath-pileser (Px/♀ human/F17/LE)

To fickle Inanna, all's fair in love and war. Though she follows laws she herself has established, she doesn't expect the same of lovers or warriors. Once the wife of Enlil, she's now been set aside and she seethes under his rule. However, as a power of war, she knows that the Sumerians have to present a united front to keep the Babylonians at bay, so she holds off on her revenge. For now, she's content just to lay the seeds.

Her realm is in fiery Phlegethos; chant says the flames of that layer can't compare to the fires that she feels when entering battle or love. Hers is the passion a body knows in war or desire, the caress of steel or flesh. Any basher who enters her realm succumbs to a desire for one or the other within a day, though the feeling changes with the setting of the sun. It's not a cold passion, but it's certainly a rational one — every

cutter here knows what he's about and how to achieve it.

Though the feel of the Jealous Heart is fiery, the physical land itself is not. It might look that way, tinted as it is with reddish light that dances through the air. But Inanna's realm is a great field covered with crimson dust, crisscrossed by rivers of blood that nourish the sweet fruits of the trees. The main city is called Eridan, a place where the lovers of the realm take defense against the warriors. 'Course, at the end of the day, the desires swing back the other way: The lovers cut their way out of the city and the warriors fight their way in.

KI

Greater Power, "Lion's Friend"

AoC: Nature

AL: N

WAL: N

SYMBOL: Iris

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East

KNOWN PROXIES: Duran-Ki (Px/♀ human/R15/NG)

Ki, the power of nature, also maintains the relationships between the Sumerian powers and other powers of earth such as Silvanus, Pan, and Mielikki. She's won over valuable allies for the pantheon this way. And with the death of Enki, Ki is

slowly taking on the responsibilities of river and water, but her very nature (so to speak) inclines her more toward the friendship of animals.

Ki's the most barbaric deity of the pantheon. She doesn't hold with mortal civilizations – at least, not at the expense of nature – but she goes along with her fellows to keep the peace. Still, she welcomes those who reject the trappings of buildings and society, and she teaches them the ways of the soil and the vine.

NANNA-SIN

Lesser Power, "Night's Light"

AoC: The moon

AL: CG

WAL: CG

SYMBOL: Black axe over moon

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: Ishme-Dagan (Px/♂ human/P12/CG)

Nanna-Sin is one of the least important deities in the pantheon, and he knows it. Enlil keeps him from interacting too directly with mortals, so he wanders to keep away from the ruler's decrees, sailing his crescent moon-shaped barge up and down the River Oceanus. Truth is, Nanna-Sin enjoys spying on the Babylonian powers (especially Ishtar, who also dwells on Elysium). If Enlil learned of such activities, he'd surely forbid them, but given the vendetta sworn between the two pantheons, Nanna-Sin feels he's justified in his curiosity.

NIN-HURSAG

Lesser Power, "The Lady of the Mountain"

AoC: Earth

AL: N

WAL: N

SYMBOL: Blue-white diamond

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East

KNOWN PROXIES: Hammarag (Px/♀ human/P15/N)

The former wife of Enki, Nin-Hursag is said to have been in mourning for the past few years. The Great Mountain has grown even more dangerous during this period, as the earth that forms and supports it has begun to crumble. The other powers do what they can to soothe her, but her grief'll just have to run its course. Chant is she's taken some solace in the company of Nesirie of Cerilia (see the chapter on single-sphere pantheons), and the two of them've communicated back and forth for some time now.

U+U

Greater Power, "The Unbalanced"

AoC: The sun

AL: CG

WAL: CG

SYMBOL: Sun disc

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/the Absorbing Light

KNOWN PROXIES: Sargon of Akkad (Px/♂ human/F13/CG)

Utu's realm is dark to mortals – those who enter it never return again. It's thought the god merges with any sod who sets foot in his realm (unless they're powers or proxies), which might explain why he's become so reclusive and withdrawn. He's fighting within his own mind.

Utu used to be a bit more stable, back when he called Mechanus home. But that was when Enki still lived; the water god kept a close eye on chaotic Utu. Once Enki fell, Utu could no longer be held to the clockwork plane and fled to wilder surroundings.

◆ THE BABYLONIANS ◆

In a curious case, the Babylonian pantheon – much more concerned with law than nature – sprang full-grown from the worship of the Sumerian. It seems some part of the primal Sumerian mind desired to bring order to the people, and the collective brain-box split asunder, drawing on energies that'd lain dormant, giving birth to powers that could fulfill the need for law.

That's the strength of the Babylonian pantheon, really: They taught order to their followers. By demanding rigid obedience to a set of strictures and harshly punishing those who turned stag or fell by the wayside, the new gods succeeded in their revolt against their forefathers. They created a code by which the cities under the Babylonian Empire would have to live, imposing law across the expanses of land owned by the king. Once the Babylonian powers'd fortified themselves against any possible revenge from their Sumerian forebears, they tried to usurp (and, in some cases, crush) the old pantheon. If the lawful good Babylonian gods objected, they didn't do anything about it.

For the most part, the Babylonians have failed. (Perhaps the lawful good powers are working behind the scenes after all to head off the revolution.) However, two evil Babylonian deities got away with murdering the Sumerian god Enki, whose body now lies moldering on the Astral. Graybeards note that Anu and his bunch are much like the Olympian gods, in that they seek to overthrow their ancestors and probably won't rest until the task is done.

THE BABYLONIAN ◆ POWERS ◆

In the lands of the merciless sun, baked soil, and cool mountains and forests, in the places of strife and early learning, the Babylonian powers hold sway. These are truly ancient powers, forgotten by most, yet they still have a certain influence among young cultures on prime-material worlds. The Babylonian pantheon is most popular among folks who live in emerging cultures and those in fertile river valleys.

The powers are harsh with their priests and their people, demanding unswerving obedience under threat of punishment. But of late, they've fallen out of mortal favor. 'Course,

part of the reason could be because they're so strict, but it's doubtful the Babylonian gods would admit it, much less change their ways.

ANU

Greater Power, "Chief of the Babylonians"

AoC: Sky, the Babylonian pantheon

AL: LN **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Gold sun partially blocked by gray cloud

HOME P/L/R: Mechanus/Anu's Way

KNOWN PROXIES: Hirrun the Strict (Px/♂ human/F16/Fraternity of Order/LN); Temnar the Undying (Px/♂ human/P17/Fraternity of Order/LN)

Chant says that Anu created the heavens and the earth, and it is his strict guidance that keeps the other powers of the pantheon in check. Some've said that it's his guidance that's also driving the pantheon from the mortals — and that some of the lesser powers might be considering pooling their strength to overthrow him.

See, Anu is just, but his justice is grim and unyielding, with harsh sentences for even the smallest infractions. Those who serve him strive to avoid breaking his laws, and that suits him perfectly.

Anu's realm is an enormous gear of orderly lines and clay brick buildings, and he lives in a huge palace covered with windows. The swarthy-skinned petitioners are of a uniform appearance, wear azure kilts, and show no apparent signs of gender. All of them possess the same memory and knowledge and are probably as close as people can get to being modrons.

ANSHAR

Lesser Power, "The Night"

AoC: Darkness, night

AL: CE **WAL:** CE, NE

SYMBOL: Black sphere

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Pandesmos/the City of Eternal Darkness

KNOWN PROXIES: None

In a place where the howling winds of Pandemonium have died to the merest whisper, a black clay brick wall seals off the entrance to Anshar's dark realm. No matter how much light a body shines in the area, it never illuminates more than 5 feet of the wall in any direction, so the structure seems endless — and perhaps it is. Only a berk who's a friend to the night can find a door in the wall, which opens into the City of Eternal Darkness. No light may be lit in the realm, and those who try draw the immediate attention of Anshar's avatar.

The power himself is said to be easily angered and given to fits of blackest moods. Chant is he once had a great deal more strength than he does now, but he surrendered (or lost) it to Anu. The Cerilian goddess Eloële (see the chapter on

single-sphere pantheons) shares the City of Eternal Darkness with Anshar; some say it's to bolster his sagging power, while others think it's so she can wrest the realm from him when he finally goes down for the count.

One thing is clear: Those who tread near the City had best go carefully. There's no telling what might set Anshar off, and he's not likely to have any sympathy for sods who get lost in Pandemonium's maddening tunnels.

DRUAGA

Lesser Power, "Ruler of the Fiendish World"

AoC: Baatezu summoning

AL: LE **WAL:** LE

SYMBOL: Ruby mace

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Dis/the Retreat of the Fallen

KNOWN PROXIES: Kilrak (Px/♂ pit fiend/HD 16/LE); Adma (Px/♀ tiefling/T14/Mercykillers/LE)

Druaga's known as the ruler of fiendish lands, and that's true — at least as far as the Babylonian pantheon goes. However, in the grander scheme of things, he's just another deity who's made his home on Baator. The Lords of the Nine tolerate his self-imposed title and even allow him to force baatezu to his bidding. But they won't let him change the workings of the plane.

Whenever a follower of the Babylonian pantheon summons a baatezu, Druaga decides which fiend to send to the Prime. What's more, the first time a follower sets foot on Baator, he has to enter through Druaga's vile palace, a place of pillars and smoky hazes, with vaulted ceilings that can barely be seen from the ground. The palace sprawls across Druaga's entire realm; no corner's spared the touch of its shadows and stirrings.

GIRRU

Lesser Power, "Lord of the Flame"

AoC: Fire

AL: LG **WAL:** LG, NG

SYMBOL: Axe wrapped in fire

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/the Undying Flame

KNOWN PROXIES: Erlon (Px/♂ human/F11/Harmonium/LG)

The Undying Flame, Girru's realm on Mount Celestia, is a place sculpted entirely of fire. But the only sods who need to worry about being burned by the flame are those whose thoughts are impure, or those who tend naturally toward evil. Others may sojourn as they will, eating the flaming fruits from the fiery trees and strolling among the ever-changing (but always orderly) statues of Gilurra, the realm's major town.

Girru, a flame-bearded power, despises the taint of evil and won't tolerate it in his realm. He's a crusader, sending priests and archons on missions to destroy sources of malevolence. Sure, he knows that evil is necessary to achieve a

multiversal balance, but it's Girru's nature to fight wickedness — and so he does, to his last breath.

ISH+AR

Greater Power, "The Maiden"

AoC: Love, war

AL: N

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Female hand grasping blue crystal rod

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Amoria/the City of the Star

KNOWN PROXIES: Mardullo the Poet (Px/♂ human/III14/NG)

Ishtar's City of the Star is a community where deep passion underlies everything. A place of beauty and vitality, the City of the Star is filled to bursting with the joys and loves of its people and its power. A realm of white marble and narrow streets, of fantastic colonnades and exquisite desire, the city covers all of Ishtar's territory. It's said to be one of the most beautiful places in the multiverse.

The power herself, born from the Sumerian goddess Inanna, always appears as a beautiful woman, and wherever she moves through her realm, a carpet of flowers and grass springs up behind her. Despite being the goddess of war, Ishtar engenders life by her very existence and advocates war only when it furthers the cause of life.

MARDUK

Greater Power, "The Justice Bringer"

AoC: Cities, wind, thunder, storms, rain

AL: LN

WAL: LN

SYMBOL: Silvery net

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Abellio/Marduk

KNOWN PROXIES: Tellik the Unforgiving (Px/♂ human/F14/Harmonium/LN); Anthar (Px/♂ half-elf/M13/LN)

Marduk's realm is an arid land of sun and sky, with the power's vast marble and adobe city — also named Marduk — in the exact center. The rivers Luar and Kath flow through the realm and the city, keeping the burg cool even on the hottest days. Outsiders to the realm are watched carefully, but as long as they don't violate the law, they're left alone.

Marduk the power is concerned with justice, law, and the movements of his opposite: Tiamat, queen of evil dragonkind. Marduk usually appears as a four-eyed, four-eared blood with reddish skin, and he shoots fire from his mouth when he speaks. But he doesn't stroll through his realm too often. Fact is, he generally leaves the rule of the land up to the mortals, just to see how well they adapt and hold to his precepts.

NERGAL

Lesser Power, "Lord of the Underworld"

AoC: The underworld, the dead

AL: NE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: Dark man holding a black shield

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Oinos/Nergaltos

KNOWN PROXIES: Allal the Dead (Px/♂ tiefling/M13/NE)

Nergal's realm is a dark, gray city of black basalt, with a mist that swirls around everything in the dim land. The circular burg consists of seven domes, and its streets are filled with the shades of the dead (who move on missions known only to them and their god). The shades never speak, so any berk looking to pick up the chant must talk to one of the living sods — evil warriors, mostly — brought in to serve Nergal directly.

The power broods on his throne of basalt, plotting ways to spread his doctrine and his influence ever further. He has no special enmity for any other gods, except when their interests conflict with his own. 'Course, Nergal helped to murder the Sumerian god Enki in cold blood, so his definition of "conflicting interests" might be looser than most.

RAMMAN

Lesser Power, "Prince of Clouds"

AoC: Storms, thunder

AL: N

WAL: Any neutral; those desiring rain

SYMBOL: Lightning bolt through a storm cloud

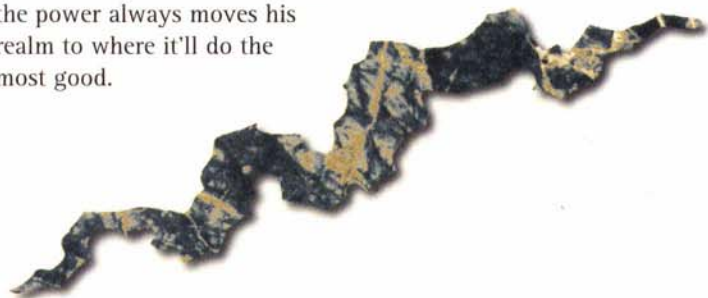
HOME P/R: Outlands/the Storm Cloud

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Ramman's realm is a castle of clouds, a gauzy palace where a body can shape whatever he needs out of vapor (though the stuff evaporates if taken out of the realm). It wanders through the Outlands, bringing rain and storms to areas that need it. Some say the plane itself dictates the realm's movements, while others think Ramman helps to control the needs of the Land. Whatever the truth, the power always moves his realm to where it'll do the most good.

The Babylonian Powers

Anshar	Lesser	Darkness, night
Anu	Greater	Sky
Druaga	Lesser	Baatezu summoning
Girru	Lesser	Fire
Ishtar	Greater	Love, war
Marduk	Greater	Cities, weather
Nergal	Lesser	Underworld, dead
Ramman	Lesser	Storms, thunder



THE CELTIC PAN+THEON



It's said something wild lurks in the heart of every soul, a space that thrills to the sound of geese calling at night, to the whispering wind through the pines, to the unexpected red of mistletoe on an oak – and it is in this space that the Celtic powers dwell.

They sprang from the brook and stream, their might heightened by the strength of the oak and the beauty of the woodlands and open moor. When the first woodsman dared put a name to the face he saw in the bole of a tree or the voice babbling in a brook, the powers forced themselves into being. Hidden in the darkest forest and the roaring sea of the Isle of the West, studying the magic of that prime-material paradise, and consorting with and bringing forth the creatures of faerie, the Tuatha De Danann (as the pantheon was called at the time) eventually came forward and declared their divinity to those who would recognize them.

Though their initial reign was not without trouble, they soon overcame the tribulations that beset them and moved onward to dwell on the Outer Planes, where they reside today.

◆ THE PAN+THEON ◆

The Celts have a reputation as a dark and brooding pantheon, but they're more a collection of powers that loves life, beauty, and knowledge. They revere strength, cunning, hospitality, and song – a simple life, it seems, but one that's incredibly rich, with deep appreciation for the joys of creation. Sometimes they're little more than basic elemental forces, representative of the talents they wield, while other times they seem the very soul of humanity. It is from this combination that they draw their power.

The gods strive for excellence and perfection, true, but they're much more happy-go-lucky than most pantheons, and they extend this attitude to the folks who worship them (either that, or the devoted attribute this attitude to the deities). The Celtic powers never demand total loyalty from their faithful, and thus, paradoxically, they tend to earn it. Sure, priests of the pantheon uphold the ideals of their gods, and therefore shoulder greater expectations from those gods, but the powers themselves preach freedom to their flocks. Theirs is the freedom of the winds, of the hunt, of silver and spears, of the dark nights kept away by blazing fires.

The bulk of the pantheon lives in the realm of Tir na Og (also called the Land of Youth) on the Outlands, though a few make their cases elsewhere. Most notably, Belenus and Brigantia share the rule of the Isles of the Blessed on Elysium, Math Mathonwy rules over Corriegrave on Gehenna, and Arawn watches over the spirits of the dead from his islands on the Gray Waste. (See the map on pages 72–73, which shows Tir na Og and other Celtic realms.)

The pantheon includes many other lesser deities, some barely clinging to demipower status. There's Epona, goddess of horses; Oengus, god of love; Arianrod, mother of Lugh; and Rosmerta, goddess of material possessions (and sometime consort of Lugh), just to name a few. The Celts are broad and open-minded, and they'll take most any power into their fold if he shares their same basic attitudes. Fact is, this tolerance is what's let the Celtic pantheon proliferate as it has. As one of the most influential and adaptable pantheons on the Outer Planes, their worship's spread across the Prime as well. The Celts take in gods from local prime-material pantheons – or join those pantheons themselves – and thus ensure their own survival and growth. They're even willing to adapt themselves to fit niches similar to their own portfolios, and so gain ever greater strength.

TIR NA OG...
WHERE THE SILVERED FOG
FILLS YOUR EYES
AND MAKES EVERYTHING
MAGICAL.
— THE BARD ERIN GWYNEDD

◆ THE WORSHIPERS ◆

Contrary to popular opinion, the faithful of the Celtic pantheon are not all blue-painted savages who indulge in human sacrifice. Truth is, most are gentle and civilized, inviting strangers into their homes and



making all feel welcome. Granted, in battle the Celts are fearsome, screaming opponents (just ask any fiend who's tried to torch a Celtic village!), but that's an image they cultivate to weaken their foes' morale. Of all the bashers a body's likely to meet across the multiverse, a gentle hand and a kind word do more among the Celts than almost anyone else.

Plenty of the Celtic followers are practical, too. Not only are the gods open-minded and accepting (a big plus to many priests), but they live on the Outlands, which "touches" every other Outer Plane. That means that priests of Celtic powers don't lose any spellcasting levels when traveling anywhere in the Great Ring. And that's a great perk for worshipping the pantheon.

Don't think it's a bob, either — the Celtic gods aren't trying to cheat the system. They're a truly neutral pantheon, entitled to live on the Outlands just like anyone else. 'Course, their central location makes them attractive to planars, which means they gain more followers, which makes them even stronger, which means they gain still *more* followers. . . .

That kind of thing can get a berk into trouble, even if he's a deity. But the Celts do their best to remain neutral in planar affairs (with notable exceptions, as detailed below), so the other gods don't seem to begrudge them their powers. Leastways, not openly.

◆ TIR NA OG ◆

The realm of Tir na Og, one of the largest of the shared realms on the Outer Planes, is renowned for its beauty and peace. The Land of Youth houses most of the Celtic pantheon, though each power maintains a separate realm within its borders. And while each realm has its own peculiarities, a few things apply everywhere in Tir na Og.

For example, the land has no cities, just settlements — Gwyllach, Donall, Surcease, Westcote, Macleod, and a handful of others. The largest holds only about 3,000 folks, maybe half of whom are displaced primes or planars looking to escape the hustle and bustle of planar life. What's more, the majority of the petitioners in the Land of Youth live out their days in the forests and hills, content to simply *be*. They're free to roam through every realm of Tir na Og, and it's a freedom they exercise regularly.

See, Tir na Og's a beautiful place to wander. It's covered with woods and rolling meadows, with hills and cairns rising unexpectedly out of oaken groves. Menhirs, dolmens, obelisks, and circles of standing stones loom majestically in the fields; many of the structures are said to hum with ancient magic. Everywhere a body looks, greenery bedazzles his eye, and life and health seem to radiate from the very soil. Though not all the realm's a place of healing, it's certainly restful at the very least.

As for the petitioners themselves, they're of a kind, fair-skinned and dark-haired. Though they're quick with a smile and a helping hand, most of them keep to themselves during the day. At night, they gather in the oak groves to listen to

the druids speak or the bards sing and tell tales. They make their living by farming, hunting, weaving, and smithing — and all of these pursuits are respectful of and harmonious with the nature that surrounds them.

Here's something else a visitor ought to know: The Celts are devoted to neutrality, but it's more the neutrality of freedom of choice than the total withdrawal from life. If the powers (or the petitioners) see a berk mucking with the freedom of their realm, it's no dark that they'll put an end to it, and that right quick. The gods might even send the Wild Hunt, a pack of shadowy mastiffs commanded by a charioteer with an antlered helmet. At night, the green flames of the hounds' eyes and tongues light the darkness like huge fireflies.

If a realm were to have colors, Tir na Og's would be forever green, the black of mist-covered tree trunks, and the silver of finely forged weapons.

◆ THE POWERS ◆

Though many of the powers here are of the Tuatha De Danann ("The Children of Danu"), just as many are not. Legends tell of the ancient goddess Danu spawning the rest of the pantheon in the Isles of the West, but any evidence of her existence has long since vanished from the planes. Perhaps, as the Believers of the Source claim, she's moved on to a higher form, an existence greater than that of the powers.

DAGHDHA

Greater Power, "The Dozen King"

AoC: Weather, crops

AL: CG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Celtic shield

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (Mag Mell)

Also known as Eochaid Ollathair, the Daghdha leads the Celtic pantheon, improving its standing with every chance he gets. Despite his alignment, he is in large part responsible for the famed neutrality of the pantheon, doing his best to keep the peace between his charges and the rest of the multiverse.

As one of the children of Danu, the Daghdha has existed for longer than most gods, and seems to have a better idea of where the pantheon should be headed than anyone would give him credit for. Even his name distances him from the pack — most folks call him "*the* Daghdha" as a sign of respect for his station.

Sods who just say "Daghdha" are usually those who can't imagine him as a responsible fellow. See, the god likes to play the trickster and the buffoon, and some figure that any berk who likes jokes that much can't be worth a tinker's cuss. But most cutters love him; it's hard not to enjoy someone who's so irreverent.

Thus it is that the Daghdha's most fervent friends are the trickster gods from other pantheons, like Erevan Ilesere of the elves or Garl Glittergold of the gnomes. Likewise, his

enemies are those who don't have the imagination or the humor to understand his jokes, like Ramman of the Babylonians or Zeus of the Greeks.

The Daghdha's realm, Mag Mell (the Fields of Happiness), is a place where bodies work when they feel like it and play when they don't. The work still gets done in the end, and there's scarcely ever a sharp word. Wood and farmland cover the rolling terrain in a seamless transition from one to the other. At the center of Mag Mell is the Grove of the Daghdha, where the power occasionally manifests and holds court. The Grove also boasts a mystical cauldron from which the deity can pull forth any object he desires. Naturally, the cauldron works only for him (or for berks lucky enough to be on his business).

The main proxy of the Daghdha is a blood who goes by the name of Bran (Px/♂ half-elf/R14/CG), another happy-go-lucky fellow who likes to come off as a complete leatherhead. He's friendly to the point of being obsequious, and he plays the part of the eager puppy well. Truth is, Bran's a lot more intelligent than he seems — and woe to the sod who decides to bob the old half-elf.

Bran's main gift from the Daghdha is that he can use the cauldron any time he desires, without having to ask permission of his patron first. He's also able to locate any outsiders in Mag Mell and divine their intentions, no matter how well masked, as soon as he approaches within 100 yards of the intruder.

ARAWN

Intermediate Power, "The Dark One"

AoC: Life, death

AL: NE WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: Warrior's skull

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Niflheim/Annwn

Arawn controls all the power of life and death in the Celtic pantheon, and while he himself is one of the few evil powers of the group, he feels his job is to preserve and maintain good. Without evil, he says, goodness couldn't shine as brightly.

Truth to tell, Arawn's not a bad sort — at least, not for a god of death. He's got a job to do, and he's simply quite good at it. He rewards loyalty and steadfast character, and punishes liars and berks who are clumsy in their cunning. His justice is harsh but fair.

His rocky realm, called Annwn or the Ten Isles of the Cursed, sits in the midst of a vast ocean in the second layer of the Gray Waste. The sods who come here are those who couldn't make it into the Isles of the Blessed or Tir na Og. Some of them come by choice to be with their loved ones, but most are ne'er-do-wells, the scoundrels and cross-traders of society.

Arawn's favorite proxy is Pwyll (Px/♂ human/F15/NG), a mortal king from the Prime who switches places with the god every tenth year. When Pwyll rules Annwn, he handles the problems that Arawn is forbidden to touch, including

Hafgan, the deity's arch-enemy, who for some reason is out of the death god's reach. While he's the high-up of the realm, Pwyll has all the might of Arawn at his disposal. He's a friendly fellow, which means the petitioners of Annwn are granted a brief respite every ten years.

But Arawn has other proxies, as well. Chief among them is Pryderi (Px/♂ human/F7/N), son of Pwyll. He learns the ins and outs of rulership at the feet of Arawn and roams the realm, dispensing the power's justice. His main talent is being slippery — Pryderi can summon darkness and wrap it around himself like a cloak, and no one can see or touch him when he's so garbed.

BELENUS

Intermediate Power, "The Sun"

AoC: Sun, light, heat

AL: NG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Solar disc and standing stones

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Thalasia/Isles of the Blessed

BRIGANTIA

Intermediate Power, "The Rivermaid"

AoC: Rivers, livestock

AL: NG WAL: Any neutral

SYMBOL: Footbridge

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Thalasia/Isles of the Blessed

Belenus and Brigantia are radically different in their interests (he's the Lord of Light, she watches over animals and waterways), but they've found common ground outside the standards of the Celtic pantheon. They share the realm known as the Isles of the Blessed, the resting place of mortal heroes who've actively sought to do good in their lives.

The realm's almost constantly sunny, and when night comes, it's brief and cool. Legend says that night arrives only when Belenus has stepped away from the realm to do the bidding of the Daghdha (though it might arrive early if petitioners or visitors offend him in some way). Rivers crisscross the land, sparkling blue reflecting into the sky and echoing through the air. And despite the fact that sheep, cattle, and their keepers are common throughout the realm, it very much seems as though a body's alone in the land — that it exists for him and him alone. The center of the realm (and the home of the powers) is a clear hillock called the Sunswatch.

Beltain Firebrow (Px/♂ human/D12/NG) serves the interest of Belenus in the Isles of the Blessed, maintaining the woods and groves against those who might try to despoil them. Beltain's rough and coarse, and he ain't afraid to use physical force when necessary, but underneath it all beats a heart of pure gold. He can speak to any beast he sees, whether it's natural or magical, and no animal can attack him while he's in the Isles.

Brigantia's proxy is Alaina nic Gwydion (Px/♀ human/P10/NG), a charming and steel-willed woman unafraid of any-

thing. While in the Isles, she can't be touched by any forged weapon, and her eyes have the power to *charm* any male who looks into them. Still, she's friendly enough until pushed. She usually watches over the herds, but she can also be found at the Sunswatch after finishing her duties for the day.

DIANCECHT+

Intermediate Power, "Physician of the Gods"

AoC: Medicine, healing

AL: LG

WAL: Any good, healers

SYMBOL: Leaf

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (wanders)

Diancecht the healer is, some might say, a bit barmy. He's devoted his life to medicine, and he travels throughout Tir na Og (and the rest of the Outer Planes) to practice his craft. He can't even fight without healing his enemies afterward. 'Course, berks who try to put him in the dead-book find that just because he believes in healing doesn't mean he can't swing a staff with the best of 'em. Diancecht won't hesitate to defend himself.

The Celtic Powers

Arawn	Intermediate	Life, death
Belenus	Intermediate	Sun, light, heat
Brigantia	Intermediate	Rivers, livestock
Daghdha	Greater	Weather, crops
Diancecht	Intermediate	Medicine, healing
Dunatis	Lesser	Mountains, peaks
Goibhniu	Intermediate	Smithing, healing
Lugh	Intermediate	Excellence
Manannan mac Lir	Intermediate	Oceans, sea creatures
Math Mathonwy	Intermediate	Magic
Morrigan	Intermediate	Battle, war
Nuada	Greater	War, warriors
Oghma	Intermediate	Speech, writing
Silvanus	Greater	Nature, forests, druids

Good thing, too – he's obsessed with being the best healer in the multiverse, and it gets him into bitter disputes with other powers, most notably Apollo, Mishakal of Krynn, and Pelor of Oerth. Fact is, Diancecht even slew his own son Miach in a fit of jealousy, afraid the boy'd grow to be a better healer than his father. Still, Diancecht seeks only the best for the greatest number, and he'll put himself in severe danger to bring life to others.

Sadly, Diancecht and Arawn don't always see eye to eye on what makes a body dead, and they've nurtured a rivalry over the millennia. Diancecht can't bring a Celtic follower back from the dead without Arawn's permission, but he *can* snatch back a sod who hasn't yet completed the journey to Annwn.

Because he constantly travels Tir na Og and other lands, Diancecht has no realm of his own. He draws strength by

bringing life to others. He also doesn't infuse his proxies with any special energy or abilities, which means that few bloods want to serve him. However, Diancecht's son Cian (Px/♂ human/P15/LG) works for his father's interests anyway.

DUNA+IS

Lesser Power, "The Far Seeing"

AoC: Mountains, peaks

AL: N

WAL: N

SYMBOL: Red sun-capped mountain

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (the Pinnacle)

Dunatis, one of the minor powers of the pantheon, lives on a vast mountain on the fringe of Tir na Og. Chant is he's probably the most approachable of the Celtic deities. After all, there's not much call for a god of mountains (except, perhaps, among climbers), and Dunatis likes to spread his word himself. He even claims to have created the infinite Spire at the center of the Outlands, and he is revered by some of the rilmani that live there. Dunatis appears as a normal cutter, but an aura of divine power clings to him no matter how much he tries to mask it.

His realm, known as the Pinnacle, is a single mountain, though the terrain varies considerably all over the surface, from nearly flat to sheer, steep rock. Trees cover its slopes, and wild animals gambol, not caring a whit about humans.

Essylt y'Marc'h (Px/♀ half-elf/R9/N) is the proxy who's most likely to get involved with visitors to the Pinnacle. She can't fall from any surface in the realm unless she wants to, and even then she doesn't take damage from the tumble. Essylt is raven-haired and green-eyed, but a sharpness about her face makes her seem feral and unfriendly. She strives to dispel that image.

GOIBHNIU

Intermediate Power, "The Blacksmith of the Gods"

AoC: Smithing, healing

AL: NG

WAL: Any neutral

SYMBOL: Anvil

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (the Great Smithy)

Goibhniu is one of the finest smiths in creation, forging weapons and armor that're rivalled by few and bested by none. He's one of the high-ups of his craft, and it's said that nothing he forges will ever break or miss its mark.

Though Goibhniu does not forge weapons for any sod less than an intermediate power, he's been known to create amulets for his favored among the mortals – amulets that reflect spells back on their casters. Each amulet's good against only one specific spell but can be used over and over until it finally shatters from the strain of bouncing magic. 'Course, if a greedy berk tries to don more than one amulet at a time, he finds that both shatter instantly.

The entrance to Goibhniu's realm, the Great Smithy, sits at the base of an exposed hill, its ruddy light casting out over

Tir na Og. The thunder of hammers from his case never ceases, whether the noise issues from the power himself or from the army of smiths under his tutelage. The realm extends deeper into the hill than is readily apparent from the outside and holds vast veins of raw ore used by the smiths.

Goibhniu and Hephaestus (of the Greeks) compare notes and skills, each seeking to further the excellence of their craft. Though they could be rivals, their devotion to smithing is unflagging. However, the Japanese power Ama-Tsu-Mara is said to be jealous of Goibhniu's skills, and the two of them constantly strive to outdo the other.

Goibhniu's two proxies are Luchta (Px/♂ elf/F20/NG) and Creidhne (Px/♂ dwarf/F20/NG), two bloods who were really near-powers in their own right. But they gave their energy to Goibhniu, and now they serve him as proxies. They used to be part of a triad (a nod to the Rule of Threes), but sacrificed their strength to their companion in order to elevate him. They hope that in raising Goibhniu, they'll rise with him.

LUGH

Intermediate Power, "The Long Hand"

AoC: Arts, crafts, travel, commerce, horses, war

AL: CN **WAL:** Any neutral

SYMBOL: Eight-pointed star

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (wanders)

Like his brother Diancecht, Lugh travels constantly, seeking new knowledge and new experiences. Here's the dark of it: Lugh looks for excellence and finds it in everything he does. Some of his faithful claim that when he finally finds an action he can't perform, he'll settle down.

Still, not all of his skills rival those of other high-ups. He engages in arts, commerce, and travel fairly regularly, and while not above a little bobbing and peeling, he's already proven that the cross-trade holds no secrets from him. Lugh wants more, so he keeps moving. He's known to be a great wooer of the ladies, finding love even in scrapes (though he's sometimes marked as a companion to Rosmerta, an otherwise unknown goddess of wealth).

Fact is, Lugh spends hardly any time at all in Tir na Og, having explored it to his heart's content long ago. He returns only when he wants the company of his fellow Celts; when he visits, his case is the home of whatever goddess will take him in for the night.

Lugh's constant traveling companion is a cutter he calls Samholdanach (Px/♂ human/Wil13/CN), a wild mage who, chant is, teaches Lugh something of the order behind the chaos of magic. 'Course, this is probably only so much barmy talk; why would a god need to learn anything from a mortal? In any case, Samholdanach has been granted the power of the radiant face. When he wishes it, his face emits such terrible beauty that no mortals can look upon it unless they successfully save versus spell (with a penalty of -4). Any sod who fails the save is effectively blinded until moving out of Samholdanach's presence.

Lugh used to have another well-known proxy: an androgynous cutter named Ice (Pl/Ø tiefling/T10/N). But the tiefling was dismissed for falling down on the job. Lugh won't provide any details on the circumstances of Ice's failure, and his priests always change the subject whenever the tiefling's name comes up. (For more information on Ice, see "Notable Proxies on the Planes," in the chapter on proxies.)

MANANNAN MAC LIR

Intermediate Power, "Lord of the Capes"

AoC: Oceans, sea creatures

AL: LN **WAL:** Any neutral

SYMBOL: A stylized fish

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir fo Thuinn

As the sole power in Tir fo Thuinn, Manannan mac Lir is a god to be reckoned with. His undersea realm is full of petitioners who go about their daily lives much like air-breathers – with both obvious and subtle differences. For example, they herd fish instead of cattle or sheep, but a body also needs to know that they're callous when it comes to travelers who fall on hard times. Tir fo Thuinn's not far from Tir na Og, but it's not truly part of the rolling realm. Petitioners from the Land of Youth can't breathe the water in mac Lir's realm, and they die there just as permanently as if they'd left the Celtic dominion entirely.

Fact is, without mac Lir's say-so, nobody breathes the waters of Tir fo Thuinn. Sure, he might grant the ability to travel in his realm to a sod who asks nicely, but he'll take it back if he thinks it's being abused. He also has absolute control over spells and magical items that allow water-breathing, and he doesn't mind shutting them down, either.

Truth is, it's worth staying on mac Lir's good side. Tir fo Thuinn is truly a beautiful realm. Strewn with shells and gleaming with aquamarine and turquoise, there's no part of the place that doesn't open up to a stunning undersea vista. Chant is Manannan mac Lir keeps strange monsters in eerie grottos to use as mounts; some say the creatures are his children. Whatever's down there, the caves are dark and gloomy, and the currents slam a body into the rough walls if he ain't careful. But no one's seen any mounts for a good long time, and it's thought they're just rumor and myth – but wise bloods know that within every myth is an element of truth.

Despite the fact that they're two sea gods from rival pantheons, mac Lir and Poseidon are moving toward relations that're less strained. They're not close cutters yet, but they've agreed to set aside their differences. Is one of them plotting treachery? Who knows? But berks who worship Poseidon'd better swim with care in Tir fo Thuinn, just in case.

Mac Lir's two main proxies are Barin (Px/♂ tiefling/F5/LN) and Barr-Find (Px/♂ half-orc/B11/LN). Barin's a tiefling whose skin is dappled like a zebra fish, and his job is to swim about the realm and instruct visitors who've lost their way. He has the limited power to revoke mac Lir's water-breathing gift, but only from those who've offended him or



The Great Smithy (Goibhniu)

Goibhniu's Rest

Goibhniu's Forge

Macleod (town)

Conall (town)

Cromlech
(town)

Mag Mell
(the Daghdha)

Loch Finn

Muirsheath (town)

Donall (town)

Summeroak
(Silvanus)

The Pinnacle (Dunatis)

Lake Gwyll

To the Spire



his sense of duty. Barr-Find is an incredibly ugly half-orc with a singing voice that's made Oghma himself feel a twinge of jealousy — chant is the patron of bards wants to lure the proxy away from mac Lir. With a single twitch of a harp string, Barr-Find can shatter weapons raised against him and summon undersea creatures to do his bidding.

MATH MATHONWY

Intermediate Power, "The Miser of Sorcery"

AoC: Magic

AL: NE

WAL: Any neutral

SYMBOL: The staff

HOME P/L/R: Gehenna/Khalas/Corriegrave

Some gods of magic are generous with their wondrous gift, spreading it to bloods all over the planes, hoping they'll teach the art in turn and make every berk a spellslinger. Not Math Mathonwy.

He is, like Diancecht, fiercely possessive of his skills. Unlike the god of medicine, though, Mathonwy uses his abilities freely only for himself and his family, withholding his touch from others. But he's fascinated by any new type of magic and might be persuaded to part with some of his secrets in exchange for a truly new spell.

His realm is called Corriegrave. It's on the first Mount of Gehenna, nestled under an overhang of pure obsidian. Lava freshets pour over the ledge occasionally; a traveler to Corriegrave must keep careful watch when entering and leaving the realm to avoid a shower of lava.

A cutter who ducks the magma must then travel along a long tunnel. Eventually, he'll reach Corrieton, an ancient city that seems open to the air above. A high castle sits atop a twisted hillock overlooking the burg, and Mathonwy sits within, his feet always in the lap of a beautiful maiden. But Corriegrave is free of Gehenna's usual volcanoes, lava, and steam. Fact is, a visitor might think he'd stepped through to another plane.

The realm's air is gray and charged, as though awaiting an impending explosion. Anyone versed in magic can recognize the feeling as the essence of magical energy. 'Course, the essence is clearly marked as the property of Math Mathonwy; any berk who tries to use magic in the realm draws the immediate wrath of the god himself.

In keeping with his stingy nature, Mathonwy doesn't dole out any of his power to proxies. Anyone who wants to be a proxy can petition the god, but chances are the poor sod'll be turned into a beast for his trouble.

MORRIGAN

Intermediate Power, "Queen of Ghosts"

AoC: Battle, war

AL: CE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: A sword hilt

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (the Bloody Field)

This power's full name is Morrighu Morrigan, but many folks call her "*the Morrigan*" (much like they do the Daghdha, though in her case it's not so much respect as fear). She takes the form of a shapely young woman, though she has a hideous crone's face and is given to fits of maniacal laughter. She's deeply and keenly interested in battle, and she has even been heard to call the Daghdha a coward for daring to make peace with other pantheons. The Morrigan is vicious and cruel, and chant says any of her worshipers who flee a battle fall dead on the spot.

Her realm is called the Bloody Field, and it's far too much like Ysgard for the comfort of many of the petitioners of Tir na Og. Sods who aren't warlike steer clear. But for bashers with battle in their spirits, the Bloody Field's a great place. The Morrigan's petitioners can fight and fight, every single wound regenerating come noontime. If they die, they come back to life.

The same doesn't apply to visitors; they go straight to the dead-book and stay there. What's more, any berk who doesn't have a warrior's heart (in other words, anyone who doesn't fight for the sheer pleasure of battle) suffers damage that takes *twice* as long to heal if they take part in the Bloody Field's carnage.

The realm has no towns or buildings, just a bundle of caves (the Caverns of Woe) that're more often used as an extension of the battleground. A canny traveler knows to find a few trustworthy bashers and have 'em guard his back while he sleeps. 'Course, it ain't considered sporting to kill a berk while he dozes, but that doesn't stop the Field's more blood-thirsty petitioners.

The four proxies of the Morrigan are the warrior-queens Macha, Fen, Neman, and Badb (all Px/♀ human/F16/CE). Some Celtic scholars think the four are minor powers themselves, and their ferocity in battle doesn't give the lie to the chant. Macha can incite violence in men simply by looking at them (no saving throw). Fen has the ability to soften the ground beneath a berk's feet through sheer force of will — even solid rock turns to mud within a few minutes. Neman can cause *fear* at will (as per the spell), with a -2 penalty to the saving throw. And finally, Badb can assume the form of a raven and command all carrion birds near a battlefield.

NUADA

Greater Power, "Warrior's Friend, Silver Hand"

AoC: War, warriors

AL: N

WAL: Warriors

SYMBOL: Silver hand on black field

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (Mag Tuireadh)

Long, long ago, when the Tuatha De Danann were still struggling to establish a foothold in the hearts and minds of their followers, Nuada led the charge against those who'd tried to dethrone the new gods — most notably, the powers of the giant-kin. In the battle, one of his fomorian foes struck off Nuada's right hand, and the budding deity was forced to re-

treat from the field of combat. The healer Diancecht fashioned Nuada a hand of silver, stronger and better than his old one. With the aid of this hand, Nuada drove the firbolgs and fomorians from the lands coveted by the Celts.

Now Nuada rules over Mag Tuireadh, also called the Plain of Pillars – a vast, flat realm dotted with standing stones and menhirs of incredible height. Chant is the pillars are actually the guardians of the realm, each containing the spirit of one of Nuada's warriors. If true, the guardians take their duties seriously. The menhirs roll to menacing life whenever marauding creatures enter Mag Tuireadh. They can move twice as fast as a human can walk (a movement rate of 24), plowing furrows through the ground and falling on the offending berks. The stones might just be activated by Nuada's will; no one really knows the dark of it.

The Plain of Pillars is usually covered by a thin mist that clings without being uncomfortable, obscuring vision beyond a few hundred feet. The grass underfoot is clean and green, growing up to about shin-height.

In the center of the realm lies a low, rambling hall, and in the central room of the hall rests a stone upon which only Nuada or his rightful heir may sit. But though he's searched long and hard, Nuada just can't find a worthy successor. And he really does want to – he feels he'll move on to the next stage of existence as soon as an heir assumes the duties of his portfolio.

He might be right, too. Nuada certainly draws plenty of strength from his petitioners. Truth is, his essence so permeates the realm that every worthy petitioner merges with the power immediately. Those who aren't worthy wander out of Mag Tuireadh, never to return.

Nuada has no proxies, and it's dark as to what allies or enemies he's made among the other powers – except for his well-known aversion to the giant-kin. If a berk with giantish blood enters the land, the menhirs converge for Nuada's vengeance.

OGHMA

Intermediate Power, "The Binder"

AoC: Speech, writing

AL: NG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: A Celtic chalice

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (House of Knowledge)

Oghma, patron of the arts and the best wrestler of the Celtic powers, usually appears as an old, bearded man. His primary interests are in music and the bardic arts, and the gathering and keeping of knowledge. Love of secrets keeps him traveling, and a body finds him in his Tir na Og realm, the House of Knowledge, only about six months out of every year.

Despite its name, the House of Knowledge is an outdoor land of ancient oaks and clear blue pools, of nights where dancing constellations of burning stars fill the sky and the music of harps echoes through the lonely wood. It's said that Oghma keeps three magical springs scattered throughout the woods (reflecting the Rule of Threes). The springs change loca-

tion at the god's whim, but the chant is that all have the power to heal any physical damage and leech any poison out of a body.

That's not all. The Spring of Knowledge (the first of the three) also lets a mage memorize two additional spells from his spellbook; other bashers gain an answer to their most pressing question. The Pool of Music (the second of the three) lets a bard cast a *suggestion* spell the next time he plays for an audience (no saving throw). And the Spring of Poetry (the third of the three) gives anyone the gift of *tongues* for two days after drinking from the pool.

Oghma's called "the Binder" because he has the ability to see a creature's true name. What's more, he can force fiends into a prison of his own choosing until he decides to release them. He's incurred the wrath of Druaga for this, and the Lords of the Nine are said to be particularly displeased with him, but Oghma has little fear of such vile foes.

The power also maintains a portfolio on the prime-material world of Toril, where he's taken on an entirely different status. Fial Cairbre (Px/♂ human/B17/NG), said to be Oghma's son, visits that world occasionally, though he sticks mainly to the planes. He's a bard of exceptional prowess; his silver tongue has charmed many, and his songs can quiet anyone who hears them. Fact is, Fial's harping can cause the dead to rise to life

and the living to fall dead. Arawn, apparently, doesn't mind, for Fial keeps the balance equal.

SILVANUS

Greater Power, "The Long-Legged"

AoC: Nature, forests, druids

AL: N WAL: Forest dwellers

SYMBOL: Summer oak

HOME P/R: Outlands/Tir na Og (Summeroak)

In the deepest reaches of Tir na Og, the vegetation grows thick and feral, the canopy of leaves overhead so dense that it seems all light must surely be blotted out. Here grow the greatest of all trees, and here – in the realm called Summeroak – the power Silvanus makes his home.

Silvanus doesn't seem to have any allies or enemies. He cares only for the balance of nature, and the maneuvers of gods and mortals alike hold no fascination for him. This wins a lot of druids, especially, to his side; they similarly place nature above everything else (even their own lives).

Speaking of druids, the Hierophant (Px/♀ half-elf/D20/N) roams the woods of Tir na Og, seeking those who might appreciate the wild beauty of Summeroak. She's fanatical in her devotion to nature and the forest god, and her eyes gleam when she speaks of her passion – which seems to be most of the time. In addition to her druidic powers, the Hierophant's been granted the ability to transform herself into any kind of tree or beast she's seen in her deity's realm.



The ripple of stone in the torchlight, the glitter of gold in the sun, the strength of a well-worn axe, and the foam of a good ale — these are the jewels of dwarvish life, and their deities see to it that their worshipers get only the best. Long before humans dared the mountains, chant is the dwarves already lived there, mining their tunnels and seeking their gold. Forged from the strength of a dwarvish arm and the spark of metal on stone, the race's gods hold a piece of this antiquity within themselves.

THE DWARVISH PAN+HEON

earth, seemingly hewn from the very heart of the living rock, and they're as tough a bunch as a body can find just about anywhere.

Moradin was the first to arise. At his Soul Forge he hammered out the spirits of the first of the dwarf folk and set them loose on an unsuspecting Prime. As the race grew and blossomed, the other powers of the pantheon either sprang into existence or simply made themselves

known (depending on a body's take on it), and began guiding the dwarves through their lives.

Still, the early days weren't without their share of conflict. Some of the

dwarves succumbed to the taint of evil, and their good brethren drove them away, sending them howling and barmy onto the Lower Planes. Diinkarazan, in particular, has had a bad few cons of it; as prisoner of the illithid god Ilsensine, he's trapped in a rocky throne in the Abyss.

Even today, the dwarves face trouble. Some scholars even claim that the whole race is on its way out, just because the dwarves are dying off

in a few places. But a piece ain't the whole. In most corners of the planes, the dwarves are just as strong as ever (and, some say, just as addle-coved, too).

◆ THE PAN+HEON ◆

Mortal dwarves have always stood for steadfastness, for strength in times of trouble, for unwavering devotion even in the face of overwhelming odds. Is it any wonder, then, that their gods stand for the same? Dwarvish powers are a tough lot, pushing their charges to forge a personal path in life. Though the pantheon leans toward law and order (due more to the strong hand of Moradin than anything else), the gods want their worshipers to learn how those ideals apply *personally* to each member of the race.

The dwarvish powers are bloods of fire and metal, spirit and stone. Firm and unyielding, they expect their followers to be the same. Sure, mercy and kindness are important, but not as important as the unwavering commitment to right wrongs and eradicate evil. Though grounded in Mount Celestia, the pantheon is scattered across the planes, from Ysgard to Arcadia, from the Outlands to the Gray Waste. Despite this, their beliefs aren't all that different. Sages put forth that their spread is a representation of the dwarves' spirit of expansion, an indicator of where they'd like to go: everywhere.

◆ THE WORSHIPERS ◆

Most followers of the pantheon are, naturally, dwarves, though it's well known that some humans and earth genasi find common cause with the dwarvish gods — at least enough to offer their devotion to the powers. A few such bashers've even become priests of the dwarvish powers, with spells and abilities that only a true priest could have. Some dwarves find this mighty offensive, but most just figure that if the gods allow it, it can't be against the dwarvish spirit, can it?



Dwarves believe in living life to its fullest. 'Course, that full life entails making discoveries, seeking the company of other dwarves, forging faithful weapons that stand the test of time, and launching campaigns against evil. They aren't really adventurers so much as slow expanders, increasing the range of the race (and, incidentally, the causes of law and good) at a slow crawl. Fact is, the dwarves're said to be one of the cornerstones of goodness on the Prime Material Plane. Be that as it may, they've developed a reputation for surly gruffness. After all, the earth is unyielding as well as strong, and dwarves can be fiercely isolationist and nearly unapproachable.

◆ THE DWARVISH POWERS ◆

All the powers of the pantheon, whether good or evil, look to Moradin as their leader. Though they may not agree with his policies, they recognize his abilities, both physical and spiritual. Any berk who disagrees does so in private – the wicked derro and duergar gods revile Moradin, but only from the safety of their underground realms. Even Abbathor trusts the All-Father with the guidance of the pantheon; the god of greed's not foolish enough to turn stag on his kin.

This ain't to say that the other powers don't have agendas of their own. It's just that when Moradin catches them in something he doesn't like, they've got some fast talking to do – though they usually end up punished, anyway. Thus it is that they're often a little more circumspect when pursuing their own goals.

For the most part, the dwarvish powers're much like their charges. They don't have much to do with other pantheons, even though they're cordial to some (like the gnomes and the Norse) and hostile to others (like the orcs and the goblins). Most folks in the multiverse just leave the dwarves alone, and those that don't find they've picked up enemies for eternity.

MORADIN

Greater Power, "The All-Father, Soul Forger"

AoC: Creation, smithing

AL: LG

WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Hammer and anvil

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Solania/Erackinor

As the only greater power of the pantheon, Moradin's the most respected and worshiped dwarvish deity across the Prime and the Outer Planes. It's to his credit that the dwarves are as populous as they are and to his blame that they're as gruff and stubborn as they are.

Moradin's known as a very physical and forceful power – strength incarnate, even – and chant is he doesn't have much in his brain-box. That's barmy talk. Moradin is supremely crafty; he just doesn't let that side be seen too often. Fact is, he often likes to fool others into thinking he's soft in the head, and then trip the berks up once they drop their guard.

Moradin shares his realm, Erackinor, with Berronar Truesilver – his wife and his love. They dwell in the deep tunnels of a huge mountain in Solania, the fourth layer of Mount Celestia. A site of darkness and secrets, the realm is truly a place of joy for any dwarf or miner. The worthy and diligent try to dig up the dark of Erackinor, truths known only to Moradin and Berronar.

All of the realm's burgs lie within the mountain, as all true dwarven villages should. There, dwarves can live without fear of goblin raids or monsters from the earthen depths, and they thrill to the discovery of new veins of ore and gems sparkling in the torchlight.

Most importantly, though, Erackinor's home to the gleaming Soul Forge, where Moradin tempers the spirit of the dwarf race. Watchful petitioners keep the forge free of dust and soot, and chant is it's a gate that opens into every single dwarven realm – though only Moradin knows how to send a sod through. Any dwarf who doesn't make himself useful might end up in one of these other realms. 'Course, any other berk who's not careful might find himself pounded into the shape of a dwarf instead, twisting and squirming beneath Moradin's great hammer.

The All-Father has a wandering proxy, a scarred blood called Telkandir Strongthew (Px/♂ human/P13/LG). Many of the faithful are curious about the choice, mainly because Strongthew's not a dwarf. But the cutter made his mark fighting in the endless wars of Acheron, and now he wanders the Great Ring, spreading Moradin's will and enforcing the divine edicts on any dwarf he sees. He's quick to anger and mighty proficient with his axe. However, his most fearsome power is his ability to send any dwarf who's too stubborn to listen straight into the presence of Moradin's avatar, who's a quick (and harsh) judge of dwarvish character.

ABBATHOR

Intermediate Power, "Trove-Lord"

AoC: Greed

AL: NE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: Jewelled dagger

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Oinos/the Glitterhell

As the god of greed, Abbathor's thought to represent the worst in the dwarvish character. Instead of working for the common good, he sacrifices all for his own lust for treasure, not caring whom he bobs or betrays along the way.

What's truly odd is that the other powers of the dwarvish pantheon don't hate Abbathor as they do their enemies. He may be everything that the dwarvish gods teach their followers to avoid, but he's still a dwarf, and he fights with the pantheon when it's pressed by foes from outside. Maybe Abbathor can't be trusted with jink or power, but he's still a valued member of the group.

Some dwarves claim that's why their kind is often considered to be inherently grabby – the gods themselves accept the epitome of greed as one of their own! But there's a vast

gulf between acceptance and devotion. Most dwarves shun Abbathor's teachings, hoping to gain their treasure through hard work and good faith.

Abbathor's realm is a deep cavern known as the Glitterhell, and it's one of the few colorful spots on the Gray Waste. It shines like a gleam of burnished gold in its ashen surroundings, drawing travelers and treasure seekers alike. But woe to the sod who doesn't know the way in; the realm has enough false entrances to write him into the dead-book before he knows it.

Inside, the realm's divided into several parts. First off, of course, is Abbathor's Hall, where the god jealously guards his treasure and everything he's accumulated over the millennia. And he's got a bundle. Chant is anyone who brings jink into the Glitterhell draws the immediate attention of Abbathor. Truth is, the power sees every bit of money in his realm as rightfully his, and any fool who holds out deserves to be scragged and punished.

The second part of the realm is the Mines, from which Abbathor's petitioners (some call 'em "slaves") draw forth ore and gems for their deity. The third section is the Village, where the berks all stay when they're not serving the whim of their god.

The tunnels of the Glitterhell extend far back into the rocky hills of Oinos, and it's whispered that creatures from the wasting plain outside occasionally sneak into the caves to steal whatever Abbathor hides there.

Unlike some powers, who hoard their abilities and keep no proxies, Abbathor maintains far more than the average. He figures that if he's got plenty of cutters doing his job for him, he can concentrate on acquiring the *really* big treasures. Currently, his favorite agents outside the Glitterhell are the surly twins Oin (Px/♂ dwarf/T10/NE) and Moin (Px/♀ dwarf/M11/NE) Rockchild.

Oin has the power to fade into shadow at will, taking his treasure with him. Moin received the gift of spellcasting, making her doubly unique among the dwarves of the cosmos. Both bloods are sly and angry, and they won't hesitate to stab a berk in the back. Fact is, they've developed a system of bobbing folks. See, they act like ordinary dwarves, win the trust of an adventuring party, and then turn stag as soon as the party gets its hands on a pile of jink.

BERRONAR TRUESILVER

*Intermediate Power,
"Matron of Home and Hearth"*

AoC: Safety, truth, home, healing

AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Two silver rings

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Solania/Erackinor

As the wife of Moradin, Berronar Truesilver'd seem to be relegated to a secondary position in the pantheon. Not true. She may be called the Matron, but she's not one to take any guff; as the goddess of safety and healing (not to mention mar-

riage and partnerships), her dominion extends throughout dwarvish life.

She guards it well, too – Berronar settles any disagreements among the pantheon without involving her husband. Her skills at persuasion are such that she can make two foes understand each other and set aside their differences. At least, that's usually the case. Her major "failing" was in not reaching a compromise with their dark cousins, the derro and the duergar. She couldn't have won them back, really, but she grieves for them nonetheless.

Berronar is the gentle side of dwarvish nature, merciful and generous. But any berk who thinks she can be pushed around had better think again. Like any dwarf, she's hard-headed and practical, and she goes to almost any extreme to protect her charges. Chant is she got that way because, long ago, the exile Laduguer tricked her into aiding him by playing on her sympathy. Nowadays, Berronar gives no quarter to anyone.

As mentioned previously, she shares the realm of Erackinor with Moradin. Her influence there is more subtle than her husband's, but just as pervasive. Berronar stops the more stubborn dwarves from rushing out to smite imagined evils, and keeps Erackinor a place that any dwarf'd want to return to after a hard time of it.

Fact is, her influence is what makes the realm a place of beauty as well as strength. She's the one who provides for the comforts of the dwarvish spirit, the one who gives her people the shining edge they need to keep themselves joyful in their work.

Berronar's proxy in Erackinor is Hannamar Firehome (Px/♀ dwarf/F15/Harmonium/LG), a cutter who makes sure the rulers of the burgs and the keepers of the mines guard the folks there carefully. Firehome's a thorn in their side, but even though they dread her "safety inspections" (during which she always demands at least one change, no matter how small), they recognize that she plays a valuable role. The proxy can ferret out any weakness in a building or a person, and she does so exhaustively.

Outside of Erackinor, Berronar's proxy Millanda Deepdelver (Px/♀ dwarf/F10/LG) wanders the Great Ring. Deepdelver has the ability to travel from any mine shaft to another, as long as there's at least one dwarf willingly working the new tunnel. She's a beautiful dwarf woman, though she lost her right arm to a cave-in long ago. Perhaps it's her refusal to have a new one made that gains her the respect of the miners she encounters.

CLANGEDDIN SILVERBEARD

Intermediate Power, "Father of Battle"

AoC: Battle

AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Two crossed axes

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Abellio/Mount Clangeddin

Clangeddin, one of the senior deities of the pantheon, is the warlike embodiment of the dwarvish spirit. He lives, breathes,

and (in a manner of speaking) dies for battle. He doesn't hold with cowardice, poisoning, back-stabbing, or other treachery – cutters who follow Clangeddin Silverbeard pledge to fight the good fight with honor and valor. On the other hand, the power's greatest foes are those who pride themselves on winning battles through dirty tricks or sheer luck.

Clangeddin is one of the few powers who simply won't negotiate. A body's either with him or against him. Still, it's possible to talk him out of pursuing a feud and even to win him over – a berk's just got to learn to speak more quickly than the deity can swing his axe. And that's very fast, indeed.

The power's realm is called Mount Clangeddin, a conical mountain rising out of the plains of Abellio (the first layer of Arcadia). But the place is so riddled with passages and traps that it's more like a termite hill. Dwarvish einheriar constantly drill in the tunnels, awaiting the call to battle. Clangeddin usually sends them to the cubes of Acheron, where they once again do battle with their ancient enemies, the goblins and the orcs. Other times, the petitioners head to the Lower Planes to take part in the clashes of the endless Blood War, their stirring songs and gleaming axes bringing fear and death to the hated fiends.

Most powers wouldn't send their petitioners away to die outside the realm. Truth to tell, neither does Clangeddin. He somehow binds the einheriar to the realm before they leave so that, when they fall, their spirits return to merge with him. No one's tumbled to how it happens, but Clangeddin's the only known deity who can make it work. His petitioners don't even know the truth; they wade courageously into combat, fully ready to die far from their beloved realm.

Interestingly, Mount Clangeddin is open to outsiders, and the dwarves there seem to have a relentless desire to show just how formidable they are. The realm's full of forges, armories, and other such places of business, and all of 'em produce top-notch work.

Clangeddin's main proxies are a pair of grim-looking and scarred fighters: Thatos Bluespear (Px/♂ dwarf/F14/LG) and Terrin Axe (Px/♀ dwarf/F15/LG). Their looks belie their

cheerful natures; both are great lovers of song and ale, and they consume as much of either as they can. But they're frightening opponents on the battlefield; chant is Terrin took down a balor by herself, and she'll tell any berk in the Abyss that she fears no fiend. Thatos is a little more soft-spoken, but that just makes him all the more eerie. The two proxies travel the planes, looking for skilled folks to help train the armies of Mount Clangeddin and brave bashers to lead the troops onto the Lower Planes.

DUGMAREN BRIGHTMANTLE

Lesser Power, "The Gleam in the Eye"

AoC: Scholarship, invention, discovery

AL: CG

WAL: NG, CG

SYMBOL: Open book

HOME P/R: Outlands/Dwarvish Mountain (Soot Hall)

Of all the gods in the dwarvish pantheon, Dugmaren Brightmantle has to be the most chaotic and the most open to new concepts. He's a scholar and inventor, and powers only know how much he's destroyed by fiddling with something he ought not to have touched.

However, Dugmaren is a benign deity. He seeks knowledge for its own sake rather than for any practical use. Chant is he promised his father, Moradin, that he'll settle down someday and find a use for all the information he's gathered over the eons – but it doesn't look like that day's coming any time too soon.

Followers of Dugmaren tend to be the scholars and inventors of the dwarves. Moradin may draw smiths and the like to his forge, but Dugmaren attracts cutters who want to make something new, not just a variation on a theme. Any dwarf can produce a hammer. Only a few have the inspiration to turn an idea upside down, and end up with something like the Wondrous Spinning Axehead.

Don't misunderstand, berk. Just because Dugmaren is an inventor, he's nothing like the tinker gnomes of that prime-material world called Krynn. The dwarvish god's cheerful, but he's not frighteningly chirpy. He demands much from his faithful, but he rewards them with the satisfaction of a job well done and the certainty that they have, indeed, done it well.

The power's home, Soot Hall, is part of the triple realm of the Dwarvish Mountain (shared with Dumathoin and Vergadain). A body won't find any fancy frippery or decorations, only libraries for quiet reflection and ruddy workshops for furious clattering. And no matter what the activity, the hall never sleeps; the petitioners have been granted unending endurance to complete their tasks. Some of 'em pause in between jobs; most leap right to another as the ideas fly into their heads. The pace in Soot Hall is quick enough to make a berk drop

The Dwarvish Powers

Abbathor	Intermediate	Greed
Berronar Truesilver	Intermediate	Safety, truth, home, healing
Clangeddin Silverbeard	Intermediate	Battle
Dugmaren Brightmantle	Lesser	Scholarship, invention, discovery
Dumathoin	Intermediate	Mining, exploration
Moradin	Greater	Creation, smithing
Muamman Duathal	Lesser	Wanderers, expatriates
Vergadain	Intermediate	Wealth, luck, thieves
Duergar		
Laduguer	Intermediate	Crafts, magic, protection
Derro		
Diinkarazan	Demipower	Vengeance
Diirinka	Intermediate	Cruelty, magic, knowledge

from exhaustion just watching everyone run around. There's no room for the lazy or jobless.

Dugmaren's proxies tend to be scholarly types, frighteningly canny dwarves who just happen to be good at several tasks. First among these is the smith Weilana Tunag (Px/♀ dwarf/T14/CG), a pert dwarf (hard to imagine, eh?) with incredibly powerful shoulders and quick hands. She can trade hammerblows at a forge with the best of 'em, and she's at the top of the class when it comes to crafting fine detail work. Though her hands are calloused and hard, her fingers are so steady that she can hold a wire completely still for over an hour.

What's more, though she's still living, Dugmaren's granted her the same ability he gives to all of his petitioners: unlimited endurance. Weilana never needs to sleep, even when outside her power's sphere of influence, and she eats only rarely. But she chatters at a fast clip, and her eyes burn with the light of the truly creative.

DUMA+HΘIN

*Intermediate Power,
"Keeper of Secrets Under the Mountain"*

AoC: Mining, exploration

AL: N WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Gem in mountain

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Dwarvish Mountain (Deepshaft Hall)

As the power of mining and exploration, Dumathoin represents the urge of discovery (as opposed to creation) in the dwarvish character. He's said to have placed the veins of gold and silver that riddle the mountains of the Prime, leading worthy dwarves to them. It's not entirely clear what makes a basher "worthy," but those who show diligence and resourcefulness tend to find more streaks of ore — and find them more easily than do others.

Obviously, Dumathoin doesn't sit around and keep tabs on every dwarf miner on the Prime, but he does try his best to reward those who exemplify the true spirit of rugged exploration. 'Course, it might just be that such dwarves have more native talent or luck, and that's what leads them to the right veins. But who can say for sure what comes from the power's hand?

Dumathoin's realm is called Deepshaft Hall, and it's the third part of the shared Dwarvish Mountain. Deepshaft Hall is cold and dark, made almost entirely of hewn tunnels and rough timbers, with a few areas set aside for eating, sleeping, and carousing. ('Course, the best carousing's found up in Strongale Hall, Vergadain's domain.) The stale air makes a berk antsy, but that ain't the worst of it. See, the realm's situated right near Ilsensine's Caverns of Thought, so a body traveling through the area'd best watch he doesn't wander down the wrong tunnel and end up as one of Ilsensine's barmy zombies.

No one really knows the nature of the relationship between Dumathoin and the illithid deity. It's a fact that the

two realms intertwine, so it seems likely that Ilsensine has an interest in the dwarvish god's business. But what Dumathoin wants from Ilsensine (if anything) is anybody's guess.

Outside of his agents in Deepshaft Hall, Dumathoin's favorite proxy is the sly Chiselhands Renox (Px/♀ dwarf/F4/N), one of the best miners on any plane. She has the power to detect any precious metals that lie buried within a hundred yards or so, and chant is she knows where all of Dumathoin's secret caches are kept. Whether that's true or not, it sure makes Chiselhands a choice target for Abbathor's wily schemes.

MUAMMAN DUA+HAL

Lesser Power, "The Wanderer"

AoC: Wanderers, expatriates

AL: NG WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Mace in gauntlets

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Nidavellir/Nidavellir (wanders)

Muamman Duathal is almost gnomelike in his approach to life; he's open and friendly, and he's definitely curious about what lies beyond the next horizon. As the power and protector of wanderers (especially those far from home), of dwarves who've left the safety of their cities to explore, Muamman has a keen interest in the doings of the multiverse and what's to be found there.

He's also one of the youngest of the dwarvish pantheon, and as such the other members tolerate what they call his "antics." Moradin hopes that Muamman will settle down in a few millennia, and gives thanks, at least, that he's not as chaotic as Dugmaren Brightmantle.

Fittingly, the god of wanderers doesn't really have a realm to call his own. He stops by Nidavellir occasionally to check on the dwarves there, but he doesn't control the realm in any way. Whoever is in charge there (some say it's Hod the Blind, the exiled Norse god of smithcraft) simply tolerates Muamman's infrequent comings and his more frequent goings.

Here's the dark of it: Muamman just doesn't give a toss about having a realm. He's more than welcome to stay in Dugmaren Brightmantle's Soot Hall, and when he's not there, well, he just goes anywhere he pleases.

His proxies are like-minded. Ellik Ellis (Px/♂ dwarf/F9/NG) can be found anywhere on the Outlands or the Lower Planes, spreading the word of his god to those who've slipped from the path and offering solace to those who've called on the power for aid. Ellik can home in on any dwarf who calls out Muamman's name, and he automatically knows the quickest path to reach the sod in trouble.

Muamman's second proxy is — of all things — a bearded tiefling called Travelin' Jick (Px/♂ tiefling/T8/NG), who's been given the ability to shoot lightning from his hands and eyes at will. See, the deity's known as the god of wanderers, but he has another aspect as the dwarvish god of lightning. Jick can use the bolts to heal (curing 1d8 points of damage)

or harm (causing 3d6 points of damage, save versus spell for half). He's a good basher to know, but his literally stony face and silent nature make it hard to get too close.

VERGADAIN

Intermediate Power, "The Merchant King"

AoC: Wealth, luck, nonevil thieves

AL: N **WAL:** Any

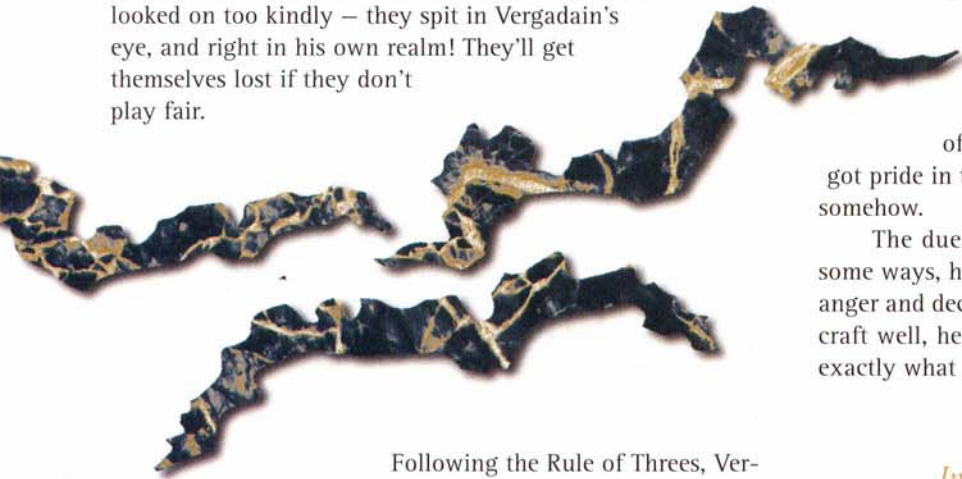
SYMBOL: A gold piece

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Dwarvish Mountain (Strongale Hall)

Vergadain is the good side of the dwarvish lust for acquisition. He doesn't want valuables just to have them; he spreads the jink around and keeps it from the hands of the dwarves' enemies. Vergadain admires the beauty of craftsmanship and doesn't grab greedily for anything that crosses his path. In short, he's a collector, not an avaricious thief.

'Course, his sphere of influence includes those who make their living on the darker side of the law, but that doesn't mean they're cold or cruel. They're peelers with good hearts, usually, or tricksters who delight in practicing the cross-trade on berks who look down on dwarves. Whatever they are, they usually aren't malicious.

Vergadain's a good soul, as far as powers go, a jack-of-all-trades and a witty scoundrel. His realm – the boisterous Strongale Hall in Dwarvish Mountain – reflects this. It's a place of gambling and free-flowing bub, where jink always rides on a throw of the dice and a berk can stake anything he's got to bet with. The games never end, though it's a mark of respect if a dwarf petitioner gambles with the same outsider more than once. Cheaters, naturally, ain't looked on too kindly – they spit in Vergadain's eye, and right in his own realm! They'll get themselves lost if they don't play fair.



Following the Rule of Threes, Vergadain has three proxies of note. The first is

Lzuli Clearfacet (Px/♂ einheriar/HD 15/N), who looks like a scarred dwarf bruiser but speaks with a slight, wheezy voice. He watches over the tables and the drink; if a berk tries to cheat, Lzuli scraggs him – the proxy can peer into minds and smell cross-traders from across the hall.

The second proxy is Allia Horfinch (Px/♀ dwarf/T4/N), a domineering wench who controls the treasury of Vergadain. The blood's no fun to be around, but she's sodding

good at her job. She knows, to the copper, the amount that's supposed to be in the treasury, and she can track a missing coin across the Outlands.

The third proxy is Elten Strongfingers (Px/♂ dwarf/F9/N), the guardian of merchants. He's sent on missions to protect dwarf traders en route to the Dwarvish Mountain, and sometimes to escort them to their next destinations. Elten can see equally well in blinding light or total darkness, and he can hear the difference between a sliding stone and a stealthy footfall. As a guide, he's one of the best.

◆ THE DUERGAR POWER ◆

The duergar are the gloomiest of the dwarves, driven deep underground (at least in their mythology) by the dictates of their power, Laduguer. It seems he saw the other dwarves as lazy good-for-nothings and sought to remove his people from their influence. Today the duergar are drab and emaciated, a race almost without joy, reserving their celebrations for victories over enemies and for the grim pleasure of another berk's pain. If they have any other recreations, no one knows what they are.

The duergar aren't trusted by other dwarves and for good reason – the pasty gray sods are malevolent and evil, using poison and pain to work their will. It's a lucky sod who manages to escape their clutches.

'Course, they've got just as much use for jink as the next basher, and they'd be fools to turn it away. They're filled with hate, but they're not leatherheads; they make weapons and armor, and they sell it to anyone who'll pay their price.

Fact is, the duergar are some of the finest smiths around. They're at least as good as the ordinary dwarves. Some customers say they're even better, mainly because they're not afraid to try new techniques, new ways of smithing. Sure, the berks are rigid, but they've got pride in their craft and are always seeking to improve it somehow.

The duergar god is no better than his people, and in some ways, he's a lot worse. Laduguer embodies the spirit of anger and deceit, and while he forces his charges to craft and craft well, he does it only to show the other dwarvish gods exactly what they're missing in his absence.

LADUGUER

Intermediate Power, "The Exile"

AoC: Crafts, magic, protection

AL: LE **WAL:** LE, LN

SYMBOL: Shield with broken crossbow bolt

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Thuldadin/Hammergrim

Laduguer claims that he left the dwarvish pantheon of his own will, taking a voluntary exile to put himself at a distance from his "lazy" brethren. He hates other dwarves and

their deities with a passion, and drives the duergar into early graves with the punishing demands of work. Laduguer says he's trying to train them to be tougher than the average dwarf, and it seems to be working — the duergar are tough foes and don't take guff from outsiders.

In return for his brutal lordship, the power extends some benefits to his people. He shows them how to create magical weapons, even though dwarves don't usually use such items, and he protects them and their communities when it seems like they're being kept down by other forces.

His realm's called Hammergrim, a harsh place on the second layer of Acheron. It's a gray land of cheerless toil and constant work, and the duergar fight harder and harder to make their realm profit and grow. 'Course, in the confines of Acheron, that's sodding hard work, and it's unlikely they're going to succeed. Chant is that Laduguer wants to toughen the duergar as much and as fast as possible; it seems mostly like he's trying to exterminate them. (Some whisper that the god bitterly regrets abandoning the rest of the pantheon and takes it out on his worshipers.)

Most of Laduguer's proxies roam the Prime, where they try to lead duergar clans to glory. But Hammergrim knows only one proxy: High Chieftain Rathgar (Px/♂ duergar/F9/LE). He's said to be in charge of making sure the realm runs smoothly when Laduguer's away, and it's a sure bet that Rathgar knows the dark of the place like no one else. He's grim and gloomy, but with an unexpected charity. If a sod needs help and doesn't ask for it, chances are Rathgar'll give him a hand. But the proxy hates berks who whine or plead or complain — such weaklings get nothing.

◆ THE DERRO POWERS ◆

Laduguer may have been expelled from the dwarvish pantheon, but at least he can pretend otherwise. Diinkarazan and Diirinka, the derro powers, don't even have that — they were booted out, no two ways about it. Moradin says it's because they were irredeemably evil, which is true. But some think it's also because the pair dabbled in magic. Supposedly, the good powers were outraged at the "crime" (or perhaps fearful or even jealous of their skill) and cast the evil brothers out.

In any case, as their gods were driven from the pantheon, the derro people were driven away by good dwarves. They went far underground, and centuries of exile in the darkness have whitened their skin.

As a race, the derro are cruel and hateful. They love to make slaves out of weaker sods, so it's guessed that the creatures were themselves once enslaved — perhaps by illithids or drow. The derro certainly despise both of those other underdark races, though they currently maintain an uneasy peace with each culture. Really, the derro walk a thin line. Truth is, they'd kill everyone if they could.

The leaders of the derro race are called *savants*. These bloods worship Diirinka and lust after magic and power, and they've taken it upon themselves to guide their people.

DIINKARAZAN *Demipower, "The Mad God"*

AoC: Vengeance

AL: CE

WAL: No worshipers

SYMBOL: None

HOME P/L/R: Abyss/586/Prison of the Mad God

One of only two derro powers, Diinkarazan's been imprisoned in the Abyss by the illithid power Ilsensine for the alleged crime of attempting to steal the mind flayer's magic. Diinkarazan's brother, Diirinka, escaped — but only by betraying his comrade. Now Diinkarazan alone serves Ilsensine's sentence: He's trapped in the Abyss, totally insane, unable to escape unless a greater power sets him free. To make matters worse, Diinkarazan has a single day of lucidity once every 50 years, and on this day he creates an avatar and looses it on the Prime, where it destroys entire derro villages. (Diinkarazan feels he was betrayed by his own people.)

His realm consists of a single rocky throne in which the power is trapped, surrounded by rings of flying rocks and tormented by illusions of his greatest fears. As far as anyone knows, Diinkarazan has no proxies and no worshipers.



DIIRINKA

Intermediate Power, "The Betrayer, The Father"

AoC: Cruelty, magic, knowledge

AL: CE

WAL: CE

SYMBOL: Spiral

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Phlegethon/the Hidden Betrayal

Diirinka, the brother-betrayer, is often seen as the father of the derro race, twisting his former dwarf followers into the hateful things they are today. Along with his brother Diinkarazan, he practiced the cross-trade on Ilsensine, but when the illithid god tumbled to the theft, he abandoned his brother and escaped with some of Ilsensine's magic.

The stolen magic is what empowers Diirinka, and it's the same magic he grants to his savants — his priests and proxies, the leaders of the derro race. Diirinka doesn't give a toss about what the savants teach as long as they revere him and help the derro grow ever stronger.

Diirinka's realm is hidden away in the third layer of Pandemonium, said to be a chillingly dark place that drips endlessly with foul water. But no one who's ever seen it has returned to tell the tale.

THE EGYPTIAN PANTHEON

tals under the Sumerians, and turned on their former masters when they discovered the truth of divinity.

Course, the more prevalent chant is that they were the result of the natural course of events. When the sun rose, when crocodiles basked on the muddy riverbeds, when the fragrant wind blew in from the desert, carrying the scent and sound of jackal and camel, then too rose the Egyptian pantheon. They witnessed the faltering first steps of the human empires, guiding the race into new forms and new ways of thought. Still, they don't have the power they once had, though memories of their influence still echo throughout the planes.

In any case, the Egyptian powers don't care as much for good and evil as they do for law and chaos. As one of the earliest pantheons known, the gods were responsible for helping to bring the light of civilization to the anarchy of the early humans; they generally

build instead of destroy, create instead of kill. The enemies of the pantheon were those creatures that sought to return humanity to its primitive roots, such as the serpent Apophis that constantly tried to swallow the sun. It's law and organization that sets humanity apart, or so the pantheon believes. Sure, they may espouse freedom of choice and individuality, but their true foes are the destroyers, not necessarily the evil.

◆ THE PANTHEON ◆

The true origins of the Egyptian pantheon are dark, its history hidden. Some claim that Ra gave life to the other powers. Others mark Ptah as the high-up, and still more put forth that the mysterious Eight Fathers and Mothers of Light and Life were the true creators. A body can believe what he likes, but the Eight (if they existed) have vanished into the mists of time, and Ptah's been relegated to the position of a minor deity, his heart and tongue silenced (or at least muted).

Perhaps the folks who believed in Ptah lost their faith, or maybe he never really had any power in the first place. Whatever the truth, the histories now call Ra the father of the pantheon, and claim that those who weren't born from his line came from elsewhere — either rejected from other pantheons or formed whole from the fabric of the multiverse. And only eight powers came from Ra. His first act, in fact, was to bring forth his children, Shu and Tefnut, who in turn gave birth to Geb and Nut. This second couple brought forth the couples of Osiris and Isis, and Set and Nephthys.

Ra and his family are known as the Ennead or the Psedjet, and they were among the first to realize the importance of the Rule of Threes. Their pantheon was, after all, initially comprised of nine gods — three threes. And the Ennead began the business of creating and ruling the world. In so doing, they set one of their children above the people of the land, so that the mortals could look to divine guidance in the ruling of their world. This child, the pharaoh, was thus head of both church and state, and he was idolized and worshiped by the faithful.

The dark of the Egyptian religion is that most all of the gods who aren't part of the Ennead are humans — pharaohs, mostly, but also nobles, priests, and commoners — raised to divine status, their remains and talents venerated after their deaths. Either that or they're the spirits of certain powers, symbolized in the forms of animals, that've been raised so they can guide mortals through sacrifice and hard, hard work.

WHY +HE ANIMAL MASKS?
ARE YΘUR FACES SΘ UGLY +HA+
YΘU HAVE +Θ HIDE +HEM?

— A CLUELESS BERK +Θ
SERVANTS ΘF SE+



◆ THE POWERS ◆

It's said that the Egyptian powers are given form by the shape of belief of their worshipers. The faithful find that certain animals best represent the qualities they admire, and thrust the shapes of these animals onto the gods – it helps to understand them better, if nothing else. That's nothing new, but the followers of the Egyptian pantheon actually make their powers *therianthropic*: bloods with human bodies and the heads of their totem beasts.

'Course, the animal heads're usually a good indication of the strength of each god. Chances are a power saddled with a donkey's head isn't going anywhere in the pantheon. Still, some of the lesser powers've learned the secrets of slowly changing their aspects over time, and they're positioned to become the high-ups when the current batch steps down or moves on – if they ever do. Chant is that Ra is moving on to bigger and better things sometime soon, and he's got Osiris lined up to take over for him. But no one knows the dark of it. Ra's a cagey basher, and he won't tip his hand before he's ready.

Refer to page 89 for a map of the shared realm of Heliopolis, featuring close-ups of the cities of Ra, Isis, and Osiris.

RA

Greater Power, "Pharaoh of the Gods"

AoC: Sun, kings

AL: LN

WAL: Any lawful

SYMBOL: Ankh on solar disc

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis (Thekele-Re)

KNOWN PROXIES: Adnus Skorprios (Px/♂ human/P15/LG); the Sphinx (Px/♂ androsphinx/HD 15/LG)

Ra is the power of powers in this pantheon, the blood all the others look to for guidance.

As the carrier of the sun and the giver of life to the world, he is the supreme force of existence for the Egyptian powers, and they won't challenge him if they can help it.

Ra's home on Arcadia is the First Realm of Heliopolis, a place of blistering light and bright sand, where the sun shines as long as Ra guides his barque, Manjet, across the sky. At night, the light fades, the temperature drops dramatically, and the creatures of the desert stir across the land. Lions, scorpions, and serpents prowl the sands, foraging for prey

and seeking respite before the sun returns once more. Though Ra is a lawful god, he also demands attention to the natural world, and woe to any berk who forgets the dangers of the desert. 'Course, folks can always find some slight refuge in the tent-filled city of Thekele-re.

Chant is that the serpent Apophis (also called Apep) is beginning to rear its head again. This creature of myth used to assail Manjet in an effort to destroy the sun and return the Egyptians to chaos. The pantheon drove the serpent off eventually, but the stirrings in the desert beneath Heliopolis seem to show that it's not dead yet.

ANHUR

Lesser Power, "The Falcon of War"

AoC: War

AL: CG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Bird of prey

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Netaph

KNOWN PROXIES: Montju (Px/♂ human/F20/CG); Taimhotep (Px/♂ human/P13/CG)

Anhur, the most warlike of the Egyptians, is also one of the wiser powers of the pantheon. He's slow to anger, which is surprising, given both his chaotic nature and his portfolio. Nonetheless, the other gods often seek his advice and his counsel.

Anhur lives on the same Ysgardian earthberg as Bast, but the two rarely have anything to do with each other. Bast's dominion is trickery and the subtleties of felines; Anhur's is that of war and carefully crafted wisdom. His realm is one of adobe and narrow canyons, where chariots race through the streets and defiles. The land is cool and temperate, ideal for fighting. But Anhur's followers don't struggle against each other, preferring instead to storm the Gray Waste and the

Abyss to wage war on evil. They don't even have the assurance that Anhur will save them from permanent dissolution.

On the other hand, Anhur and his proxy Montju struggle for dominance constantly. Chant is the two of 'em take turns being the war god, and though they always advance the cause of battle, they look out for their own best interests as well. They can't kill each other, and so they've made each other into proxies so each can keep an eye on his foe.

Only ancient equipment is available in Ne-

The Egyptian Powers

Ra	Greater	Sun, kings
Anhur	Lesser	War
Anubis	Unknown	Guardianship of dead gods
Apshai	Demipower	Insects
Bast	Lesser	Cats, pleasure
Bes	Lesser	Luck
Geb	Intermediate	The earth
Horus	Lesser	Sun, revenge, war, sky
Isis	Intermediate	Marriage, magic, motherhood
Nephythys	Intermediate	Wealth, the dead
Nut	Intermediate	Sky, couples forbidden to marry
Osiris	Intermediate	Vegetation, the dead
Ptah	Lesser	Artists, craftsmen, travelers
Seker	Lesser	Light
Sét	Intermediate	Evil, drought, desert storms
Shu	Intermediate	Winds, atmosphere
Tefnut	Intermediate	Storms, rain, running water
Thoth	Lesser	Knowledge

taph. However, it's finely crafted and durable. Birds of prey constantly wheel through the air here, waiting for the moment to strike – an apt metaphor for the charged tension that fills the realms of Ysgard.

ANUBIS

Unknown Status, "The Hound of the Dead"

AoC: Guardian of dead gods

AL: LG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Black jackal

HOME P/R: Astral/wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: Betita Khab (Px/♂ human/M14/LG)

The jackal-headed Anubis used to be the guardian of the Egyptian dead. Eventually, though, he was in danger of slipping away into the great nothing himself and joining the other powers that had lost their worshipers and crossed over to the Astral. See, Osiris'd taken over his portfolio, leaving him nothing, and Anubis traveled to the silver void to ponder his fate.

That's where the accounts differ. Some say a multitude of still-living gods charged Anubis with guarding the bodies of fallen powers against desecration (though it's anyone's guess what kind of desecration would frighten a god). Others claim that Anubis took the duty upon himself and willingly gave up his divinity. In any case, he's not quite what he was. Fact is, he's no longer a true deity but something else – something unique in the cosmos. He has no realm on the Astral, either, just a throne to sit in and a great book in which he makes notes about the status of his charges from day to day.

Anubis still empowers his proxy, Betita Khab, to travel the Astral, tending to (and reporting on) the floating corpses. But he no longer grants spells to his worshipers. On the other hand, priests of Anubis get their magic from *some* source. It's possible that Anubis draws his might from the godly husks that drift on the Astral, many of which rage with the dreams and yearnings of life.

APSHAI

Demipower, "The Great Mantis"

AoC: Insects

AL: N WAL: Any farmer

SYMBOL: Praying mantis

HOME P/R: The Outlands/the Hive

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Apschai is the demipower of insects, but there just aren't that many who follow its teachings. Sure, farmers pray to Apschai to keep fields clear of infestation, but that's about it. Though the god can retain its status as a demipower, there's little chance of it going anywhere within the Egyptian pantheon.

As for its realm, the Hive lies somewhere below the Outlands, a "safe" distance from the tunnels of Ilsensine and Gzemnid. The spot's marked by a huge tower crawling with

ants, and beneath the soil lies a maze where insects of all varieties swarm over each other, devouring and destroying.

The tunnels of the Hive are said to lead to every prime-material world that's home to followers of the Egyptian pantheon. 'Course, no one knows for sure how it works, because no sod that's ever gone down into the Hive has ever emerged again. Whether they're devoured, transported, or even transformed, none can say.

BAS+

Lesser Power, "Mother of Cats"

AoC: Cats, pleasure

AL: CG WAL: Any chaotic

SYMBOL: Cat

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Merratet

KNOWN PROXIES: Pedibast (Px/♀ tiefling/T8/CG)

Also called Bastet or Oubastet, this power is said to watch over every cat in existence, none of which can harm her. Regardless, she's bitterly opposed to the cat lord of the Beastlands, who she sees as a usurper and unlawful claimant to the hearts of cats everywhere.

Bast's realm is called Merratet, the central point of which is an ancient city lost in the deserts of her earthberg. Every building is covered with vines, incredible age evident in every crack and crumbled wall. The sun beats down with a lazy heat on the rolling terrain and dense thickets of the rest of the realm, where fat animals roam and fall, terrified, beneath the claws of mighty cats that stalk the land.

It's said that Bast's dreams echo throughout the realm, their images of the hunt and bloody feasts playing through the heads of everyone in Merratet. Those who appreciate the dreams are supposedly safe from the cats in the night; berks who don't find themselves prey before too long.

BES

Lesser Power, "Short Father"

AoC: Luck

AL: N WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Dwarf in panther skin

HOME P/R: Outlands/wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: Amenemhab (Px/♂ human/T7/N)

A powerful and squat figure, Bes roams the Outlands and influences the laws of fate. His portfolio is that of luck and chance, and he's inordinately interested in anyone taking an interest in gambles. Some've said that the greater the risk, the more likely Bes'll tip the scales on the part of the better – as long as the leatherhead doesn't make too brash a wager.

Sages put forth that Bes must be in tight with the dwarvish powers of the Outlands, especially game-loving Vergadain. His relationship with the other gods of luck is unknown, but chances are that he's peery about them at best – it's dicey one way or another.

GEB

*Intermediate Power,
"Father Under the Skies and Sands"*

AoC: The earth

AL: NG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Mountain

HOME P/L/R: Elemental Earth/the Caverns Under the Stars

KNOWN PROXIES: Queen Hapshepsut (Px/♀ half-elf/F12/NG)

The first son of Shu and Tefnut, Geb is married to Nut, his sister. He's one of the few powers to rule from the Elemental Plane of Earth, somehow channeling his worshipers' belief to the Inner Planes instead of the Outer. It's rumored that he maintains a conduit to Nut's realm on Elysium, though Shu has strictly forbidden Geb and Nut their marriage.

Geb's realm is one of the few places on the plane where a body can assume the walls won't collapse on him. Winding tunnels cut through the earth, and vast spaces filled with the night sky (courtesy of Nut) create the illusion that a body's out in the open. The realm holds several towns, each with tens of thousands of swarthy brown petitioners whose color darkens as they draw closer to union with Geb. The petitioners are, like their power, jovial, friendly, and curious – and sometimes just a little naive.

HORUS

Lesser Power, "The Avenger"

AoC: Sun, revenge, war, sky

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Hawk's head

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Horus, son of Isis and Osiris, is a firm believer in vengeance; he achieved his portfolio and his strength by punishing Set for putting his father in the dead-book. The hawk-headed Horus has no realm of his own, instead preferring to roam Heliopolis and mete out justice.

Horus is impulsive and hot-headed, and he sometimes can be duped by a berk who knows how to play on his temper. Still, the Avenger can smell the foul hand of Set, and he maintains an eternal vigil to prevent the evil power's creations and minions from entering the holy lands of Heliopolis.

ISIS

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Knowledge"

AoC: Marriage, magic, motherhood

AL: LG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Eye and teardrop

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis (Gizekhtet); Elysium/Amoria/Quietude

KNOWN PROXIES: The Sphinx (Px/♂ androsphinx/HD 15/LG); Sirian Goodwife (Px/♀ lupinal/M11,P10/LG)

Isis, wife of Osiris, is said to have knowledge of everything between heaven and earth, and that might not be far off. As the mistress of magic in the Egyptian pantheon, it's her duty to discover all that transpires in her purview. To this end, she's made an ally of Azuth, her magic-loving neighbor on Arcadia (and thus also out of Mystra, a powerful goddess of Toril). Legend says that Isis peeled Ra into revealing his secret name to her, and thus she's unlocked the dark mysteries of creation. What she'll do with this information isn't quite known yet.

Isis is mighty friendly to mortals, giving them gifts whenever she can justify it to herself. It was she who brought magic and marriage to the humans, and she'll likely grant them more if she can.

The goddess shares the rule of Heliopolis with Osiris and Ra, her portion of the realm a sloping land covered with thick grass and fig trees. The River Isis, filled with holy water, runs only through the city of Gizekhtet. The burg's a matriarchy ruled by Lamia Nightblossom, and it's a place where everything's in balance. None of the folks are too rich or too poor, too hungry or too sated – to the petitioners, it's utopia.

But Isis has a second realm, one that she can call her own: Quietude, a small town on Elysium that isn't much more than a village set on a plateau. Isis's proxy Sirian Goodwife keeps the peace there, but that's not a hard job – the community's home to married couples and spellslingers working toward a better understanding of the multiverse and its secrets. Though Heliopolis is the home of her husband, Isis seems to prefer Quietude for its research value.

NEPHYTHYS

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Sands"

AoC: Wealth, the dead

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Moon and ankh

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Pelion/Amun-thys

KNOWN PROXIES: Bentresh (Px/♂ half-elf/R10/CG)

Nephythys is Set's former wife. She left him when he murdered Osiris, and now she lives among the deserts of Amun-thys, scorning visitors and discouraging whimsical travelers. She's a rather miserly power, hoarding wealth and expecting her worshipers to sacrifice theirs to her. Some call her unfriendly, but the dark of it is just that she doesn't want to get bobbed.

This attitude extends to the petitioners of her realm, who've learned that all items in the land seem more precious than they are. The natives are peery of visitors; they've seen the sharp side of a sword from berks looking to fill their own pockets. And they go to great lengths to protect the crypts and mausoleums from looters – with help from Nephythys, of course.

Set sometimes sends proxies to Amun-thys with gifts and smooth words for Nephythys; she takes the offerings but pays their pleas no mind, usually tossing the berks out on their ears. But the goddess turned the tables on her former husband when Bentresh arrived; Nephythys talked the half-elf into throwing Set over and staying on as *her* new proxy.

HELIOPOLIS

Thekele-re

Population: 52,000

Manu, Hill of Sunrises

Adnus Skorprios's tent

Manjet's mooring ground

Open-air market

The Three Pyramids
of the Sun

Memphiria

Population: 27,000

House of Mummification

Khallis Mhetkis's manor

Sepulcher
of Osiris

The Moat of Worms

Thekele-re

FIRST REALM OF RA

Shadow of Life and Death

Memphiria

The Mausoleums of Kings
(one for each Prime world
where the pantheon
is worshiped)

THIRD REALM OF OSIRIS

Gizekhtet

Population: 40,000

Temple of Matrimony

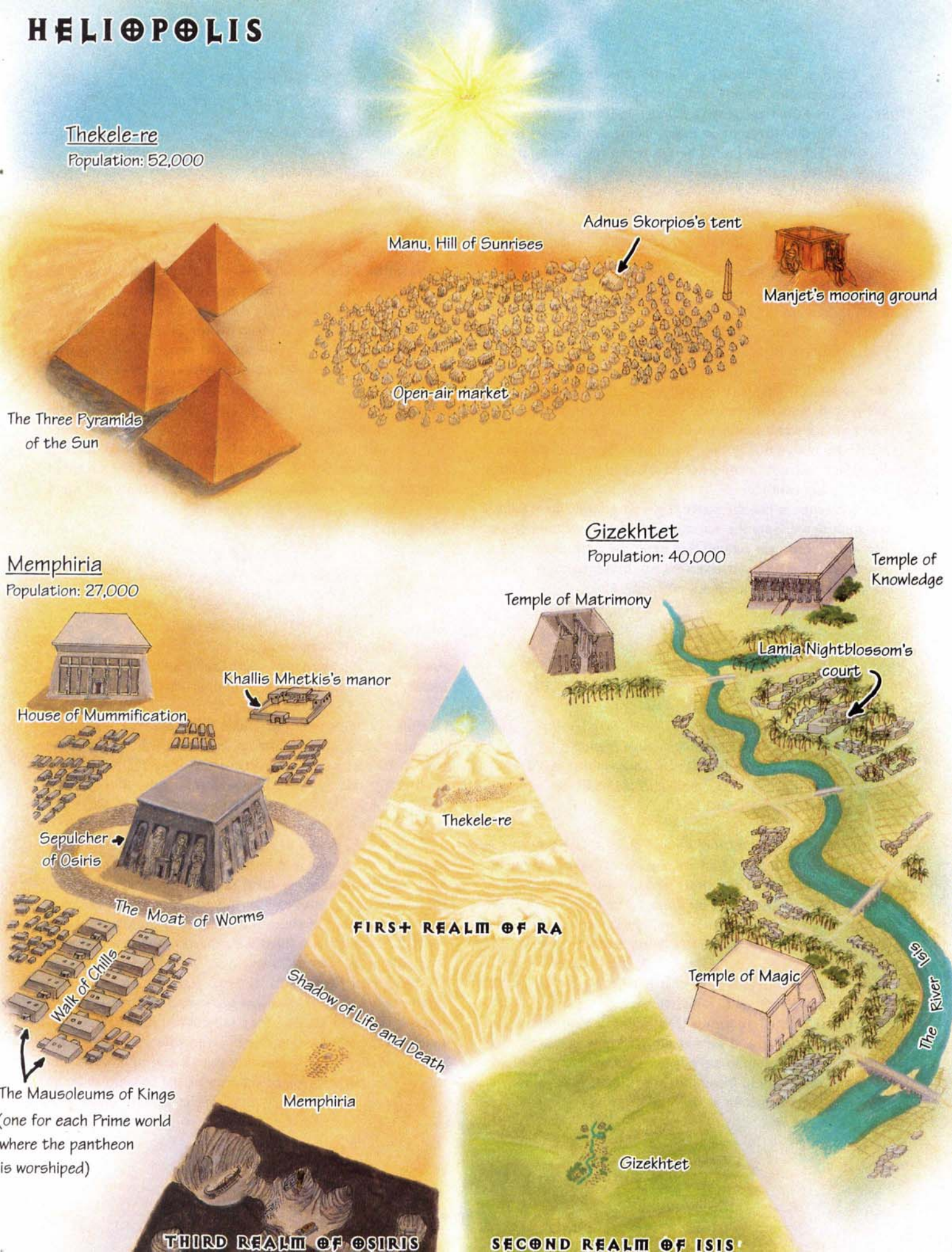
Temple of
Knowledge

Lamia Nightblossom's
court

Temple of Magic

Gizekhtet

SECOND REALM OF ISIS



Truth to tell, Amun-thys is little more than dunes, with scattered temples, tombs, and necropoli. The small city of Scarab lies near Nephthythys's palace, and huge carcasses of titans litter the surrounding desert (some say they go to the realm to die). Beyond that, a body's better off looking someplace else for wealth and glory.

NU+

Intermediate Power, "Mother Night"

AoC: Sky, couples forbidden to marry

AL: NG **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Stars in the night sky

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Belierin/the Refuge of Night

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Nut, sister and wife to Geb, fled Heliopolis eons ago, when she was forbidden to consort with Geb any longer. Now she maintains a small realm on Elysium, in Belierin, the layer magically sealed off by the guardinals. Though Nut realizes that she's still not beyond Ra's reach, she nonetheless finds solace in her solitude.

Her realm is like the starry sky, a dark land where there's no up or down, only the sensation of movement through the night. No corporeal beings live here; the petitioners of the realm are the stars themselves. As Nut draws them to herself, they flare up and then die out entirely.

⊕SIRIS

Intermediate Power, "The White Crown"

AoC: Vegetation, the dead

AL: LG **WAL:** Any good

SYMBOL: Flail

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis (Memphiria)

KNOWN PROXIES: The Sphinx (Px/♂ androsphinx/HD 15/LG); Khallis Mhektis (Px/♂ half-elf/Pal13/LG); Khentamentiu (Px/♂ human/M10/LG)

Osiris, the great-grandson of Ra and child of Geb and Nut, is said to be next in line to inherit the leadership of the Egyptian pantheon. Some say that Osiris was the first pharaoh among the mortals, raised by Ra as an example of what the people could aspire to. Others dismiss that as bunk, insisting that Osiris gained divinity after being murdered by Set and then mummified by his wife, Isis. Regardless, Osiris has a keen interest in humanity, and with his wife, he works toward raising mortals to a higher level.

Osiris's chilly realm in Heliopolis is both above and below the ground, and former mortal kings can keep their memories of rulership to provide keen knowledge of the law. Undead walk freely in Memphiria, the City of the White Crown — at least as long as they are free of evil in their hearts.

P+AH

Lesser Power, "The Opener of the Way"

AoC: Artists, craftsmen, travelers

AL: LN **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Mummified hand

HOME P/R: Ethereal/wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Chant is Ptah predates even Ra, but he supposedly stepped down for the more vital, active power. It's well known that Ptah wanders the Ethereal now, and that he's even approachable by mortals. But a body'd best tread carefully around him — the power seems to feed off the Ethereal, and he can send a berk literally anywhere in the planes. A tiefling who claims to have suffered from this relocation says that Ptah can even drop a body in another god's realm without that power's permission. (Then again, folks know how trustworthy tieflings are.)

Obviously, Ptah's a popular name to invoke among Ethereal and inner-planar travelers. But as he's the source of inspiration and creativity, lovers of art and beauty call upon Ptah as well.

SEKER

Lesser Power, "Lightbringer"

AoC: Light

AL: NG **WAL:** Light-lovers

SYMBOL: Hawk-headed mummy

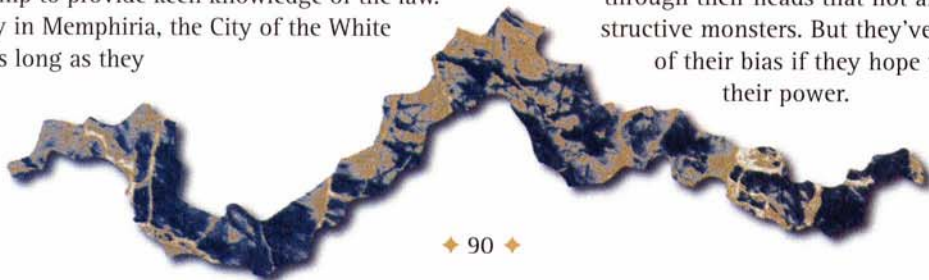
HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Amoria and Thalasía/Ro Stau

KNOWN PROXIES: Imhotep (Px/♂ bariaur/Pal12/LG)

Like the Torilian power Lathander, Seker desires the destruction of evil and undead, and he works toward that end constantly. He's one of the powers of the afterlife, and the undead are, in his eyes, simply dead folks who don't realize their true state. If they won't follow Osiris's rule, Seker destroys them with shafts of light from his hands.

His realm, Ro Stau, varies between two layers of Elysium, wavering back and forth as he desires. In Amoria, Ro Stau is a remarkably beautiful marble palace with immense colonnades rising above the surrounding desert. In Thalasía, it's a pleasure house along the banks of a thundering river, the halls of which are filled with incense and peaceful sunlight streaming in every crack.

Wherever Ro Stau is, its petitioners are attractive, relaxed (some say lazy) folks who glow with an inner light. But when it comes to undead, they're fanatical in their hatred — much moreso than Seker. Fact is, the sods just can't get it through their heads that not all undead are evil, destructive monsters. But they've got to learn to let go of their bias if they hope to achieve union with their power.



SE+

Intermediate Power, "Lord of Evil, Defiler of the Dead"

AoC: Evil, drought, desert storms

AL: LE **WAL:** Any evil

SYMBOL: Coiled cobra

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Stygia/Ankhwugaht

KNOWN PROXIES: Nekrotheptis Skorprios (Px/♂ minion of Set/F13,T15/LE); Omikrostis (Px/♂ greater mummy/HD 10/LE); Irisiri (Px/♀ human/M13/NE)

The main power of evil in the Egyptian pantheon, Set is still well acquainted with the other gods. After all, he's one of the nine of the Ennead – a senior member of the pantheon. The others must respect him, even if they don't much like him. And despite his evil ways, Set has been known to side with the rest of the pantheon against the chaotic ravages of the serpent Apophis. In the end, he's still a power of law.

Set used to be married to Nephythys, and now and again he sends proxies to her realm to try to win her back. 'Course, he also lusts after Isis, and it's no dark that, if given the chance, he'd put Osiris and Horus in the dead-book. The evil power just plain hates Osiris – after all, Set killed him once before – but his anger toward Horus stems from the fact that Horus was granted a throne Set desired.

When it comes to planar affairs, Set's the most active of the Egyptian powers. He makes and breaks alliances all the time with other deities (and near-deities), and recent chant has him hanging out with Semuanya, the lizard man god. Some even say that Set's dealing with Tiamat. But most powers know to examine anything he's involved in very carefully.

Set's realm on Baator is called Ankhwugaht, a burning desert in the midst of the snow of Stygia. The center of the realm boasts a huge black pyramid that seems to cast a shadow across the entire land. The petitioners are completely untrustworthy, but they have a strange sense of honor, and they won't go back on their sworn word. 'Course, getting them to swear in the first place is another matter entirely.

SHU

Intermediate Power, "The Upholder"

AoC: Winds, atmosphere

AL: LG **WAL:** Any good

SYMBOL: Ostrich feather

HOME P/R: Elemental Air/Desert Wind

KNOWN PROXIES: Khrehuty (Px/♂ human/M10/Harmonium/LG)

Shu, brother and husband to Tefnut, father of Geb and Nut, has been charged by Ra to keep Nut and Geb apart from each other, and this Shu does admirably. As the atmosphere, he keeps the ground (Geb) from ever touching the sky (Nut), and thus the two lovers are separated.

Shu's realm, Desert Wind, is pure breeze and sky; still, it's noticeably different from the rest of the Elemental Plane

of Air. The air is warmer and glitters with gold, and it's filled with the scent of cinnamon and sand. It's said a visitor to the realm can move with the simple power of his mind.

Sure, storms can rise up unexpectedly, but Desert Wind is usually a place of peace and gentle breezes. That's what the petitioners are, mostly – warm, caressing winds, though some take the form of golden shafts of sunlight.

TEFNU+

Intermediate Power, "Storm's Fury"

AoC: Storms, rain, running water

AL: NG **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Pyramid and sun

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Shurrock/Windwrath

KNOWN PROXIES: Dyalotep the Lame (Px/♂ human/P9,M7/NG)

Tefnut, wife of Shu, appears as an attractive woman with the head of a lion. She's a power of mercurial moods and changing disposition. Those who can read the weather can sense the changes in her mood – beneath the seeming chaos, there lies a deeper order, that of storms and lightning. Tefnut can be gentle and kind one minute, and thundering and harsh the next. She's not cruel and won't destroy without cause, but sods who incur her fury know it right away.

Tefnut's realm, Windwrath, sits on one of the many mountains of Bytopia, pummeled by winds and rain. The petitioners hide from the storms inside village-caverns; the largest settlement, Ston-khat, is guided by the proxy Dyalotep the Lame. The natives spend their time aiding passersby and serving their goddess. Though the wind rarely ceases and the rain lets up only occasionally, the natives love Windwrath, and most folks who come here do as well.

THOTH

Lesser Power, "The Keeper of Knowledge"

AoC: Knowledge

AL: N **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Ibis

HOME P/R: Outlands/Thoth's Estate

KNOWN PROXIES: Banebdjedet (Px/♂ bariaur/F3/N); Djehuty (Px/♂ githzerai/T6/N); Normus G'tals (Px/♂ tiefling/M8/N)

Thoth is said to have accumulated as much knowledge as the gods Ilsensine and Gzemnid combined, and to use it in a much more selfless fashion. Isis may know everything that's happening in the multiverse *now*, but Thoth knows everything that's happened in the past. As the custodian of the Great Library, Thoth allows scholars in its hallowed halls to research whatever may be on their minds.

His petitioners live in small villages along the River Ma'at and in the city of Thebestys nearby. (That's where the Great Library's found.) All manner of terrain can be found in his realm; desert and swamp vie for space all along the river.

THE ELVISH PAN+THEON

Long, long ago, as the multiverse spun and tumbled its way into being, the elvish powers arose from the beauty of the land, their aspects taking on all that was pure in creation. Some of them grew out of the beliefs and emotions of the elves, while others seem to have existed before the elves ever drew breath.

When the powers were dividing the planes, Corellon Larethian, the creator and overpower of the elvish race, chose the forests as the place where his people would live. However, before Corellon could lay true claim to the woods, a rival — Gruumsh of the orcs — rose to protest his lot. The two gods struggled for eons (though elvish mythology calls

it only a day and a night), each contesting the other in a fury of blows and hatred. Corellon's blood mingled

with the tears of the moon and fell upon the soil, and from

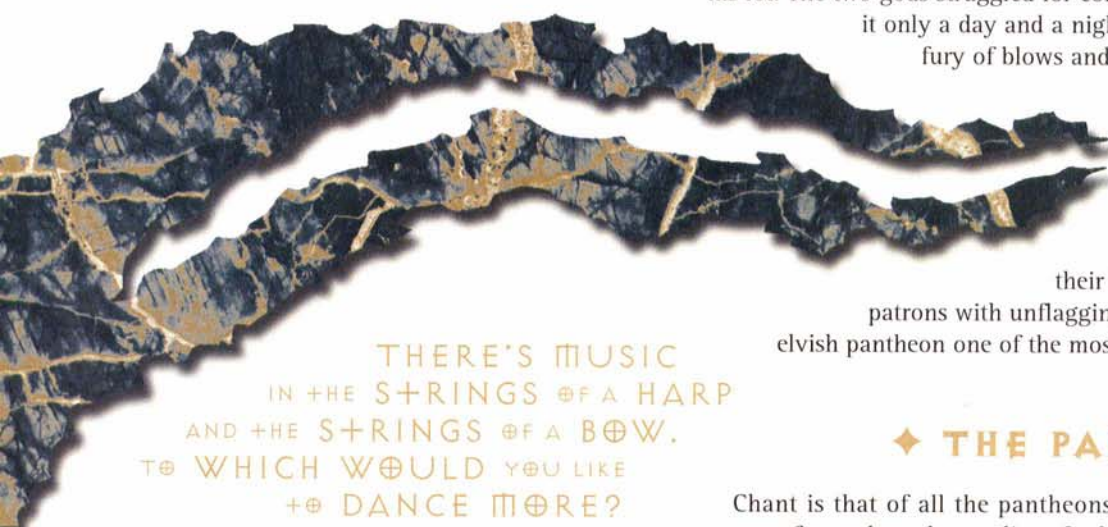
this sprang the elves. Born of the fury and despair of

the earliest powers, the elves have known passion throughout

their long existences. They thank their

patrons with unflagging worship and belief, making the

elvish pantheon one of the most pervasive of the multiverse.



THERE'S MUSIC
IN +HE S+RINGS OF A HARP
AND +HE S+RINGS OF A BOW.
TO WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE
+O DANCE MORE?

— ELIS+ARANOR +HE SWIFT+,
GUARDIAN OF ARVANDOR

◆ THE PAN+THEON ◆

Chant is that of all the pantheons in the cosmos, the elves're the most focused on the totality of a basher: body, spirit, and mind. In all things, even art and warfare, they seek aesthetic perfection and harmony. Crudity is for lesser beings, and elves have no wish to be

identified with those creatures.

The elvish powers are called, collectively, the Seldarine. This translates roughly as "the brothers and sisters of the wood," though it's clear that not all of the gods are, in fact, siblings. Some legends hold Corellon and Sehanine Moonbow to be the two creators of the elvish race, while other tales claim that Corellon birthed them all. Whatever the truth, the Seldarine are a fairly close-knit group, and they've got few of the rivalries common to other pantheons.

'Course, this excludes the powers of the drow. Lolth and her compatriots were once part of the same pantheon as the rest of the elvish deities, but Corellon and the others expelled them when they learned that the Spider Queen taught heresy to the mortals, leading them into darkness. The Seldarine couldn't tolerate the loss of their worshipers to evil, and so the battle known as the Elfwar split the pantheon in two forevermore.

◆ THE WORSHIPERS ◆

Naturally, the main followers of the elvish pantheon are elves. From the reclusive gray elves to the sometimes garrulous high elves, from the hidden sylvan elves to the relentless drow, the elves span all kinds of thought and all kinds of life. No blood has found a way to categorize all elves except as "all elves" — the cutters defy easy groupings. It'd be foolish to expect them all to act the same way. After all, no one expects humans to act alike, and though broad generalizations can be made about that race, too, each human is essentially an individual. So it is with elves.

Because they live for hundreds, even thousands of years, elves learn to develop an aesthetic that many other races seem to lack, a subtlety that many spurn, and a mindset that comes only through long, long experience. Ask most any elf, and he'll say that his kind are the finest mortals creation has to offer.

Most other mortals dispute that. But the elves do have a point — their long lives grant them a perspective not many gain, and they've achieved a level of beauty, harmony, and civilization most don't ever reach. They've brought magic to a high art, and elves innately tumble to the dark of it better than most other mortals can.



It's no surprise that the Seldarine exemplify the elite nature that the elves strive to cultivate. The powers maintain believers on many, many prime-material worlds. Though the elves on any one world aren't too numerous, they add up to a

fair number across the Prime, and that's all the gods really need. Sure, the worship and belief may vary from world to world, but all the rituals are designed to appease and draw the attentions of the elvish pantheon, and thus the Seldarine grow ever stronger.

The Elvish Powers

Aerdrie Faenya	Intermediate	Air, weather, avians
Corellon Larethian	Greater	Magic, music, arts and crafts, war
Deep Sashelas	Intermediate	Creation, knowledge, beauty, magic, sea elves
Erevan Ilesere	Intermediate	Mischief, change, rogues
Fenmarel Mestarine	Lesser	Feral elves, scapegoats
Hanali Celanil	Intermediate	Love, beauty
Labelas Enoreth	Intermediate	Time, longevity
Sehanine Moonbow	Intermediate	Mysticism, dreams, death, journeys
Solonor Thelandira	Intermediate	Archery, hunting
Drow		
Eilistraee	Lesser	Song, dance, swordwork, hunting
Kiaransalee	Demipower	Undead, vengeance
Lolth	Intermediate	Spiders, evil, darkness
Vhaeraun	Lesser	Thievery, territory
Zinzerena	Demipower	Chaos, assassins

portions of the gods' abilities, and enforce divine justice and whims. The latter are simply those charged by the powers to enforce certain laws. Emissaries have no abilities beyond those they were born with. Bashers who aren't elves have to make a Wisdom check when

they enter Arvandor. Those who fail are lost to the spell of the land. They seek out the elves and dance, sing, and indulge themselves in the joys of life. They can be guided out, but a body who doesn't have a friend to lead him'll be lost for sure, eventually.

◆ ARVANDOR ◆

Arvandor, the realm of most of the elvish powers, and Arvanaith, the realm of the elvish dead or departed, are often held to be the same place. The primes know only that the two are remarkably similar, but planars and elf petitioners can tell a body with assurance that the realms are one and the same.

Arvandor's a place of deep woods and unearthly beauty, caught up in the passions of Arborea. Some say it exemplifies the whole of the plane, but the elves've colored the realm with their presence more than the plane's colored them. Be that as it may, Arvandor's a place of mystery, even to the elves themselves. It's said that only the powers know its secrets. One thing that's not dark: The Seldarine won the realm from the gods of the giants; even today, giantish ruins litter the glades and meadows of the forest. (See the map on page 97.)

Most folks also know that hungry things often make their kips in the woods, attacking any sods foolish enough to wander too near. Occasionally, the High Kings who rule over the elf petitioners send knights out to ride through Arvandor, hunting the fell beasts that wander in from nearby realms (and from portals to other planes). Though the elves have few such portals to protect against, they're constantly on their guard for incursions of evil and danger (including the depredations of the hateful slavers of the Unseelie Court).

The powers don't seem to take much interest in the day-to-day governance of Arvandor, instead delegating this authority to their proxies and their emissaries, who take the duties more or less seriously. A proxy and an emissary aren't the same thing, either. The former are elves who've received

◆ THE ELVISH POWERS ◆

Though only Corellon Larethian is a greater power among the pantheon, the majority of the others have achieved intermediate status. That means that the elves are a mighty influential bunch; they're one of the strongest nonhuman pantheons, and certainly a match for the weaker human gods. Generally, the elvish powers are androgynous, appearing as male or female without compunction. Still, most of 'em have a favored gender, and that's how their believers know them.

CORELLON LARETHIAN Greater Power, "The Protector"

AoC: Magic, music, arts and crafts, war

AL: CG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Crescent moon

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

The leader of the elvish pantheon, Corellon Larethian, is said to have given birth to the entire elvish race. He's also the patron of most aesthetic endeavors (including magic and warfare) for a highly artistic people. Add to that the fact that he's the highest high-up for one of the major demihuman races, and a body'd think that Corellon might be more than a little full of himself — a thought given further proof by the arrogance many elves show to those not of their kind.

It ain't true. For all his might, Corellon is still humble, always open to learning something new, and that makes him even stronger. See, most other powers have their heads in the

clouds and their hearts on their own interests. Corellon seems to be genuinely fond of picking up new ways of thought and new methods of action; it's even said that he travels Arvandor in disguise to learn from outsiders who visit the realm.

Corellon's allies include the heads of most of the human pantheons. He's got a keen interest in other cultures, and besides, he likes to know what the other powers are up to. But his truest comrades are the high-ups of the other demihumans: Moradin, Yondalla, and the like. Together, they watch and ensure that the deities of the human (and monstrous) pantheons don't grow too strong too quickly.

Corellon lives in a magnificent marble tower in the heart of Arvandor. If it was a giantish tower at one time, it's not any longer. The spire rises in and through the trees, with smaller towers spinning off in delightfully patterned confusion. The elvish name for it is *Gwyllachaightaeryll*, meaning "the Many-Splendored" (that's what most folks call it), and the rooms inside are never the same twice — except for the central throne room. Works of art created by Corellon and his worshipers hang on walls throughout the tower, all of them stunning in their beauty or their horror.

Within Arvandor's borders, Corellon's head proxy is Adarc Brightleaf (Px/♂ elf/F13,M13/Transcendent Order/CG), a quick-thinking blood who's almost perfected the art of action without thought. He's also a master of its converse, thought without action — which is a lot harder than it seems. Adarc's been granted the gift of foresight, which allows him to instantly evaluate courses of action and act on them or not, as his nature dictates. He's beautiful, intelligent, and one of the kinder bashers in the realm.

Corellon entrusts another proxy, Eimher Flow (Px/♀ elf/M10/CG), with the stewardship of *Gwyllachaightaeryll* and the surrounding lands while he's away. A close confidant of Corellon, Eimher's one of the few mortals who holds discourse with the god himself. She's fiercely devoted to her power, and though she's as subtle as a body can be, she's blunt and forthright when it comes to her service to Corellon. He's granted Eimher the ability to automatically *charm* anyone in Arvandor — anyone, that is, except the Seldarine themselves.

AERDRIE FAENYA

Intermediate Power, "Winged Mother"

AoC: Air, weather, avians

AL: CG WAL: CG, CN, NG, N

SYMBOL: Cloud with the silhouette of a bird

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor; Ysgard/Ysgard/Alfheim

Aerdrie Faenya, the elvish goddess of the air, is the race's expression of freedom and impulse. She's also the power of weather, and she delights in creating unpredictable atmospheric conditions across her portion of Arvandor. Still, she's friendly enough — but a body has to find her first. Aerdrie doesn't like being tied down to any one place for too long,

and her primary joy is in feeling the air rush past her, the ground thousands of feet below.

She's far more chaotic than almost any of the rest of the Seldarine, and her worshipers and allies include ki-rin, lammasu, aarakocra, and any and all birds. Aerdrie is the closest thing the elves have to a goddess of fertility, but their devotion to her is considerably lessened by the fact that she's also venerated by other races.

The power's realm is so close to the philosophical border between Arborea and Ysgard that it moves back and forth, sometimes part of Arvandor, sometimes part of Alfheim. Regardless, it's often a place of strong wind and weather, of howling skies that force all but the best fliers to the ground. Usually, though, Aerdrie tones it down a notch or two, opening her realm to all creatures of flight, making it a place of cool breezes and light spirits.

Oddly, Aerdrie maintains almost no relations with other powers of the air, except for those who share a love of birds and freedom. But most of the human and nonhuman deities seem to have other agendas and aren't as committed to the air or avians as Aerdrie is.

The majority of her petitioners are the avariel, the winged elves. Fact is, they're the only elves in whom the distant goddess takes a keen interest, as they most fully match her vision of the multiverse. The petitioners flock around her floating palace, serving as guards and stewards for the airy power.

Aerdrie's proxies, on the other hand, tend to roam. She dispatches them to help creatures in need of freedom, sods held against their will or oppressed by law. Her main instrument in this pursuit is Willim Fairfeather (Px/♂ avariel/F15/CN), a basher who, unlike the stereotypical chaotic and neutral berk, has full possession of his faculties. It's just that he chooses to use them in the quest for total freedom. Aerdrie's given him the ability to create a *wall of wind* five times a day, and he's never hampered by any kind of storm unless it's controlled by a greater power.

DEEP SASHELAS

Intermediate Power, "Sailor's Friend"

AoC: Creation, knowledge, beauty, magic, sea elves

AL: CG WAL: NG, CG, CN

SYMBOL: Dolphin

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus and Ossa/Elavandor

The realm of Deep Sashelas, god of the sea elves, is known as Elavandor. Depending on the power's mood, it lies either in the Sparkling Sea at the edge of Arvandor or somewhere in the watery layer of Ossa. However, a body can always use the Sparkling Sea to reach Elavandor — a series of ever-widening caverns near the sandy bottom eventually opens over the great chasm where the deity dwells. Wherever his realm's found, Deep Sashelas constantly builds new islands, coral reefs, and grottos undersea. Unlike the other Seldarine, he's rarely satisfied with what he's done, and always seeks to improve it.

Deep Sashelas is a member (and some say the leader) of the *asathalfinare*, a grouping of nonhuman sea powers. He's also good friends with Poseidon, and Manannan mac Lir visits Elavandor on occasion. Aegir, the evil Norse god of the sea, is one of Deep Sashelas's enemies, but the power reserves his strongest hatred for Sekolah (the Great Shark) and Panzuriel (the Enslaver). Deep Sashelas struggles constantly with these evil gods, and it's a rare day that finds him free of the mischief caused by one or the other.

His palace sits at the bottom of a chasm, a construct of coral, gold, and veined marble. While it's on the floor of a deep sea trench, the water around is still pure and blue, filtering light all the way to the bottom. Chant is a body knows he's on the verge of leaving Elavandor when the water around him starts turning dark and grimy.

Here's the dark of the realm: Any good-aligned elf can breathe the water as if it were air. Alignment-masking doesn't work against the power of a god, obviously, so it's a safe bet that any elf a body sees here (even a drow) works for good. 'Course, spells and magical items can let a cutter breathe underwater, so it's *possible* that a body could run into evil elves in Elavandor. But they'd have to reach the undersea realm before they could hope to breathe in it, and the place changes location enough that it's doubtful whether they could make it that far.

Currently, Deep Sashelas's favorite proxy is Ella Wavesdaughter (Px/♀ sea elf/P20/CG). The priestess is considered somewhat boring among her kind due to her steadfast devotion to duty, but she's got the soul of an artist and the temperament of a porpoise. Her god's given her the power to swim just a little faster than any undersea creature, and if she can touch the seabed, she can summon a water elemental (16 Hit Dice) to come to her aid.

EREVAN ILESERE

Intermediate Power, "The Trickster"

AoC: Mischief, change, rogues

AL: CN WAL: CN

SYMBOL: Nova star with asymmetrical rays

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

Erean Ilesere is said to be one of the most fun-loving powers in the multiverse, and there's very little indication that it's anything but true. As the pantheon's god of mischief and change, he's revered by elf thieves and tricksters; other elves find him too unpredictable. Still, he's fiercely devoted to the Seldarine, and the other elvish powers know they can count on him to come to their aid, should they require it.

Chant is that Erean's fancies are as fleeting as a desert rain, but the dark is that he's attracted to cutters who make their own luck. He doesn't much hold with those who constantly rely on him and his favors to get by; a berk lazy enough to try that soon learns that Erean's left him behind. But a body who relies on *himself* finds that he's often granted a helping hand by the fickle power.

Erean's part of a group of mischief-makers that includes Garl Glittergold, the Daghdha, and other deities of fun and fortune. He likes to play pranks with them (and *on* them), and as a result he's made a few enemies among the more serious and sober powers. 'Course, he doesn't much care; he's having a great time.

When Erean settles down in Arvandor for a rest, he heads for a spot near the Gnarl, a community of elves and ratatosk near a root of Yggdrasil, the World Ash. There, he maintains a sprawling, shifting palace made of wood, stone, crystal, and whatever else suits his mood. The rooms don't rearrange themselves for anyone who's inside, but the next time a body visits, he finds that everything's different.

What's more, the palace holds all of the tricks and traps that've ever confounded or amused the deity. Erean doesn't mind folks entering the place; fact is, he encourages cutters to test their wits and skills against his home. As long as they don't make any threats against the power, they'll be fine — they're even challenged to try to make off with Erean's treasures. 'Course, the god likes to dress down his valuables. Something that appears to be priceless may well be junk, while a dingy, battered object might be the true treasure a body's seeking.

Filane Mantrap (Px/♀ elf/T18/CN) is Erean's roaming representative. She's got the eyes to appraise any object of its value within a few gold pieces, and she loves to discomfit folks by telling them exactly how much they're carrying, how much they're worth, and how much they're *likely* to be worth. Since this isn't exactly a survival tactic, Filane can also take *shadowform* for two hours every day.

FENMAREL MES+ARINE

Lesser Power, "The Lone Wolf"

AoC: Feral elves, scapegoats

AL: CN WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Elf eyes in the darkness

HOME P/R: Limbo/Fennimar

If Erean Ilesere's the fun-loving impulse in elf society, Fenmarel's the outcast, the loner who can't stand the company of other powers. He's sullen and serious, a perfect counterbalance to Erean. Fenmarel willfully withdraws to his realm on Limbo, and like-minded elves flock to his side (though "flock" ain't the right word; they really *straggle* to his side). He teaches these elves how to spy, survive on their own, engage in deceptions and guerilla tactics, and use poisons to take down enemies with subtlety.

Chant is that Fenmarel was Lolth's lover, one of the first to be seduced by her power and her promises. But he turned away from her before completely slipping over to the dark side, and she's never forgiven him for that. Neither has Fenmarel forgiven Lolth for the breach of faith with the elvish race, and thus he hates the drow and all they stand for. No drow are tolerated in his realm, Fennimar — not even those of good alignment.

ARVANDOR



Elavandor

The Sparkling Sea (Deep Sashelas)

Grottos of the sea elves

Realm of the High Elves

Silverflow River

Hanali's crystal palace

Evergold River

Corellon's tower



Corellon's Tower

Hill of the Dancing Man

Grandfather Oak

Brandywine River

Highhunt River

Lolth's Tears

Lolth's Grove

Domain of the gray elves

Giantish ruins

Giantish ruins

Aerdrick's floating palace

The Pale Tree
(Solonor's realm)

Lake Goneril

Yggdrasil

Erevan's changing palace

The Gnarl

Forest of the wild elves

Grey Wolf

Nestled away in the soup of Limbo, Fennimar's the perfect retreat for a basher who's gotten sick of the hubbub and stink of civilization. The realm, tucked into in a rough range of mountains, holds its shape well; a body who walks its forsaken woods can count on finding glades and streams, hills and valleys, sullen hermits and wild creatures of the forest. But Fennimar's a place that lets a visitor sit and brood in silence. Truth is, the realm seems to protect those who've come to be alone from prying eyes and wandering feet. The land has no real burgs or buildings, only waystations where a berk can find food and water (if he can't find them on his own).

Apart from Avery Arrinson (Px/♂ human/R13/Free League/CG), Fenmarel keeps a few other proxies — rangers, mostly — in the realm to keep the peace. But few are ever spotted by mortal eyes. See, Fenmarel's given his agents the power to remain hidden in any sort of underbrush. As long as they pick a spot and don't move from it, they've got a perfect hiding place. Even animals can't see or smell them.

HANALI CELANIL Intermediate Power, "The Heart of Gold"

AoC: Love, beauty
AL: CG WAL: Any N or G
SYMBOL: Heart of gold
HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

The elvish goddess of love and beauty, Hanali Celanil is one of the keepers of Evergold — the Fountain of Youth and Beauty — which she shares with other like-minded powers (including Sune, Freya, and Aphrodite). Her worshipers include both elves and half-elves, all of whom celebrate her mysteries with desire and love.

Hanali's a friendly blood, as far as powers go, but she rarely appears to her faithful. Instead, she likes to shower them with tokens of her pleasure, such as an unexpected love or a discovery of a new joy. She's patient and forgiving of minor transgressions, as long as the offender's sincerely sorry. The power embodies the joy in the elf spirit, and most elves respect her even if they don't offer their complete worship.

In Arvandor, Hanali dwells in a magnificent crystal palace, which centers around the legendary Evergold. She admits mortals to the fountain on occasion, but only those who've served her for many years and brought glory to her name. If they haven't — well, she'd sooner put 'em in the dead-book than share this bounty with them.

Hanali's palace is constructed so well that a single candle, placed properly within its confines, can illuminate the entire crystal structure (and darken it just as easily if moved a foot to the left). A berk on the outside can't peer in

through the crystal walls, but seeing from the inside out is like looking through exceptionally clear glass.

Hanali's proxies are a pair of elf twins — rare on any world — called Llewellyn (Px/♂ elf/F10/CG) and Llyssa Longleaves (Px/♀ elf/P10/CG). They're the ultimate in mortal elvish beauty (though, naturally, they can't rival the allure of their deity), but they're surprisingly humble. See, the twins have the power to see the true beauty in the heart of every sod, so they've none of the arrogance that usually surrounds beautiful folks. What's more, Llewellyn can turn any smooth surface into an enchanted mirror (a *mirror of mental prowess*, a *mirror of life trapping*, a *mirror of opposition*, and so on), and Llyssa can control any kind of flowering plant she sees.

LABELAS ENORETH Intermediate Power, "The Lifegiver"

AoC: Time, longevity
AL: CG WAL: Any N or G
SYMBOL: Setting sun
HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

One-eyed Labelas Enoreth is said to be the power who measures out the elvish life span and decrees when it should be cut. He doesn't worry about any particular individual, preferring to see the race as a whole — fact is, the story says he traded an eye for the ability to peer through time. It's Labelas who makes the elves nearly unblemished by the passing of the years, and he eases each new generation into an under standing with the last. The deity confers wisdom and teachings on young and old alike, and he's rarely invoked but often praised.

Labelas is known to reside in Arvandor, but the exact location is

dark. Some claim his case is locked away under one of the huge hills of the realm, while others tell that it's just a vanishing tower, appearing only as a harbinger of trouble (or as a portent of the appearance of a new leader among elf mortals).

Labelas gets on well with the rest of the Seldarine, but he makes allies of few other powers. He and Chronopsis of the dragons have an understanding, and it's said that Labelas is looking to establish ties with Shekinester (though the naga deity is holding him off at the moment).

On the other hand, Labelas is a well-known enemy of the powers of entropy, probably because his aims are geared far more toward the preservation of matter than its destruction. A particularly vexing foe is Yeenoghu of the ghouls and the gnolls, though other powers of the undead also draw the Lifegiver's wrath.

TIME IS ABS+RAC+
FØR MØS+ CREATURES.
BU+ I CAN SEE HØW
I+ WØULD SEEM VERY IMMEDIA+E
FØR YØU.
— NARALAI FARFEATHER,
SERVANT+ ØF LABELAS ENORETH,
+Ø A +RESPASSER

Labelas's main proxy is a Torilian gold elf called Vartan Hai Sylvar (Px/♂ gold elf/P16/CG), a mortal brought from the Prime Material Plane to serve the one-eyed god. The two had a falling out some time ago, but apparently they've mended the bridges; Vartan now works with Labelas quite willingly. Oddly, neither say that Vartan actually *serves* the power, but only that he aids Labelas by choice. And for this, Vartan can, at will, cause any sod he touches to immediately age 20 years (those who save versus spell lose only 10 years).

SEHANINE MOONBOW

*Intermediate Power,
"Daughter of the Night Skies"*

AoC: Mysticism, dreams, death, journeys, transcendence

AL: CG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Full moon, moonbow

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

Alternately called the wife and daughter of Corellon, Sehanine is the mightiest of the female powers in the elvish pantheon. Identified with the mystic power of the moon, Sehanine's tears are said to have mingled with Corellon's blood and given life to the elf race. The elves do not forget this.

Sehanine watches over the dreams of the elves, keeping them from harm while in reverie and sending omens to protect them from future dangers. What's more, she shares the power of life span with Labelas Enoreth, and when an elf's ready to move on to the next world, she sends him visions of the path he must follow to reach the homeland. It's no wonder she's so well-loved by her charges.

Sehanine shares Corellon's tower in Arvandor, spinning her webs of illusion and care from its marble confines. Along with Labelas (and, to some extent, Corellon), she makes sure that elves due for reincarnation move along to a better form, and that elven refuges on the Prime Material Plane are kept safe from intrusion. Those who are companions and allies of Corellon tend to be friends of Sehanine as well.

Outside of Arvandor, Sehanine's proxy is a genderless cutter named Moonsilver (Px/Ø tiefling/R10/CG), the grandchild of a coupling between an elf and a tanar'ri. Moonsilver's own mother – the direct child of the lovers – was eventually hunted and slain by fiends from the Abyss who resented the union. Feeling as though she'd been derelict in her duty, Sehanine raised Moonsilver as her own. The tiefling's been given the power to become invisible at will, and is currently learning to catch a ride on a moonbeam.

SOLONOR THELANDIRA

Intermediate Power, "Keen-Eye"

AoC: Archery, hunting

AL: CG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Silver arrow with green fletching

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Arvandor

Solonor Thelandira is said to be the best shot with a bow in the multiverse, bar none. He might be the elvish god of hunters, but he's also a god of nature, charged with keeping a balance between civilization and wilderness, instinct and knowledge, savagery and domesticity. Thus, Solonor isn't a mindless brute like so many other hunters; he stalks prey only out of concern for the overall balance.

Solonor's a serious cutter, and his followers tend to be so as well. His primary worshipers are elf rangers and warriors, though the belief of some humans also lends him strength. Whoever they are, the god's faithful watch the balance of nature carefully, for without it, they'd have nothing.

The center of Solonor's domain in Arvandor is the Pale Tree, a magnificent white tree with silver leaves that're thought to have mystical powers. But the god usually travels all over the realm, never staying long in one place, prowling the forests for creatures that need to be slain or relocated. Solonor's not picky either way, unless his targets are drow – he holds them personally responsible for the withdrawal of his brother Fenmarel Mestarine, and he punishes any agents of the dark elves or the Unseelie Court he can find.

Solonor's closest friend outside the Seldarine is Uller of the Norse, though Artemis of the Greeks is also a frequent hunting companion. He absolutely despises any powers that favor despoliation of nature, especially the Torilian deities Malar and Talos the Destroyer.

Solonor keeps no proxies, but he occasionally grants special abilities to loyal followers. Those who please him earn the right to move silently through woods and settled lands alike, a gift that usually lasts for one year.

◆ THE DROW POWERS ◆

Driven from the lighted lands millennia ago when their chief deity challenged the might of Corellon Larethian, the drow now spin out their days in hate-filled caverns under the ground. The dark elves scheme constantly against the creatures of light, and frequently against each other as well. It's a wonder they've survived this long.

EILIS+RAEE

Lesser Power, "The Dark Maiden"

AoC: Song, dance, swordwork, hunting

AL: CG **WAL:** Any good

SYMBOL: Silver long sword outlined on silver moon

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Nidavellir/Svartalfheim

Not all drow follow the path of evil. Some of them seek to return to the days of innocence and goodness, and follow Eilistraee, the Dark Maiden. She leads them in revels under the full moon, where they shed the weight of the evil years under her purifying lead.

Eilistraee's moody and somber when she's not dancing, for she loves beauty and peace. When she's denied this, or

when someone harms one of her faithful, a wild passion of anger ignites in her. Though she's usually subtle and understated, Eilistraee can act with precisely crazed abandon.

She rules the realm of Svartalfheim on Ysgard, some say with Erevan Ilesere at her side. It's a realm of caves and drow, but there's a feeling of peace and love that permeates the tunnels, even in the heart of Ysgard. Her proxy is Ingrid Liansdottir (Px/♀ drow/M17/Sign of One/CG), a high-up in the burg of Yggwyrd – Svartalfheim's center of shrines and spirits. A drow with a shining heart, Ingrid has the power to make her curses come true, and her voice is as seductive as that of a sirine.

KIARANSALEE

Demipower, "Lady of the Dead"

AoC: Undead, vengeance

AL: CE WAL: CE (drow)

SYMBOL: Female drow hand with silver rings

HOME P/L/R: Abyss/113/Thanatos

Kiaransalee, the drow goddess of the undead and vengeance, has recently seized a new home in the Abyss, casting her predecessor into the Astral void and turning his undead servants to her own will. Now she sits and broods in her realm and plots ways to free herself of the dominance of Lolth. She's what most mortals'd call crazy, but there's no one barmy enough to tell her so.

Kiaransalee has several known proxies, but she prefers to work on problems herself, rather than trust someone else to do justice to her vision. Since she controls a multitude of undead, she's got armies of bashers at her command anyway. Those who've been selected to be her proxies know that their days're numbered, and act accordingly – with nothing left to lose, they do what they like. Rotting Jack (Px/♂ tanar'ri [babau]/HD 10/Dustmen/CE) is the steward of Kiaransalee's palace in Naratyr, the City of the Dead, while Anista of Eight Eyes (Px/♀ drider/C12/Dustmen/CE) tends the castle known as the Forbidden Citadel.

As a realm, Thanatos is totally inhospitable. The natives are sods that were killed by Kiaransalee, and any berk who tries to take a petitioner out of the area's likely to become one himself. It's a place where almost nothing can grow, except for the heartiest molds and fungi. Other plants brought to Thanatos wither and die, and it's no wonder. The realm has no life, no heat – nothing a living body needs to nourish himself. It's a place best left alone.

LOLTH

*Intermediate Power,
"Queen of the Demonweb Pits"*

AoC: Spiders, evil, darkness

AL: CE WAL: CE (drow)

SYMBOL: Black spider with female drow head

HOME P/L/R: Abyss/66/Lolth's Web (the Demonweb Pits)

Lolth (sometimes called Lloth) is the queen of all the drow powers, though most of them'd rather see themselves installed as the high-ups. It's only through malicious cunning and subtlety that Lolth's held on for this long – that and the fact that she's got her spidery spies and fiendish handmaidens all over the place, and the other deities dare not crush them for fear of offending her.

Fact is, Lolth's a tyrant, and not even her worshipers and high priestesses love her. They fear her, yes, and they revere her, but they'd never love her – not in an eon of eons. What they love is the power she gives them, the promise that she'll watch over them. Fortunately for the Spider Queen, she doesn't need love, only belief. And belief flows just as strongly from fear and respect.

Lolth's cruel and capricious, constantly turning one drow against another. She claims she does it to improve the race, to make the drow strong enough to deal a harsh lesson to the surface elves, but it seems just as likely that she does it because she likes to see pain and suffering. Still, there's little doubt that her drow *are* growing mightier in the caverns of the Underdark, so her methods seem to be working. It's the rest that's dark; no one who's talking will say exactly how Lolth plans on taking vengeance on Corellon and the rest of the Seldarine.

Her realm – called either Lolth's Web or the Demonweb Pits, depending on who a body's talking to – sits in the 66th layer of the Abyss (refer to the map on page 101). It's a tangled, loopy mass of tunnels and web strands; if it could be seen from above, it'd look like a huge spiderweb. Lolth's great iron fortress, in the shape of a gigantic spider, is a mobile thing, crawling across the web to feed. Some say that the fortress has its own will, while others swear that it's powered only by Lolth's desire. Whatever the truth, if a sod sees it coming, he'd best get out of its way.

Lolth's Web opens onto a multitude of planes, wherever she has a stronghold of worshipers (though her priests must be female, any berk can swear his loyalty). The queen's yochlol servants watch over each of the gates; only the worthy or the condemned can travel through them with Lolth's consent. All others are food for the spiders so common in her realm.

VHAERAUN

Lesser Power, "The Masked God of Night"

AoC: Thievery, territory

AL: NE WAL: NE (drow males)

SYMBOL: Black half-mask

HOME P/L/R: Carceri/Colothys/Ellaniath

Whereas Lolth demands recognition of the superiority of the female drow, Vhaeraun stands for the equality of the males – fact is, his drow priests *must* be male, just as Lolth's may not. That might make a body think Vhaeraun's ready to stand up to Lolth and pull her legs off one by one. 'Course, as he's just a lesser power, Vhaeraun's afraid of the Spider Queen, and

steers well clear of her machinations — at least openly. Instead, he tries to work against her in shadow, to undermine her in silence. Meanwhile, from his realm on Carceri (Loth's faithful'd call it a hiding place), Vhaeraun looks to unite the other drow powers against her. Thus, his priests move quietly through drow cities and the surface lands, slowly gathering power for their deity's ends.

Vhaeraun is also the power of thievery and territory, and this is keenly demonstrated whenever a berk stumbles into his realm. Ellaniath is forever unknown to any plane-walker, because the god wipes the memory of the place from the minds of all who visit it. Some say that's his ultimate form of theft — stealing a body's very essence.

Vhaeraun's proxies keep themselves dark, too. Since they work against Lolth, they don't want to draw attention to themselves or make their identities public. The only known proxy is Allinzir Gi'Leera (Px/♂ drow/T4/Revolutionary League/NE), a subtle schemer who can fade into the shadows and isn't bothered by light. As for the rest of Vhaeraun's proxies, folks know only that they're exclusively male drow, and that they possess abilities related to *true seeing*, thievery, catlike grace, and striking creatures hit only by magical weapons.

ZINZERENA

Demipower, "The Hunted"

AoC: Chaos, assassins

AL: CE

WAL: No worshipers

SYMBOL: Black cloak and short sword

HOME P/R: Prime Material Plane (Toril)

Zinzerena has no followers of her own yet, nor has she even established a realm. She's currently being hunted by the other members of the drow pantheon, for she doesn't play by their rules. Right now she's hiding out on the prime-material world of Toril, in the drow city of Menzoberranzan, and chant is she's behind the current chaos in that burg (though it's more likely that Lolth is the real culprit).

Zinzerena is evil, amoral, and totally beloved by the drow who wish to throw off the shackles of the matron mothers. As the patron of assassins and chaos, she teaches the value of cruelty, stealth, misdirection, and survival by any means necessary. Zinzerena's relatively new to godhood; she started out as a mortal drow heroine and drew enough belief from the people to raise herself to divine status. But she hasn't shaken off all echoes of her mortality, and thus she's chained to the Prime Material Plane.

LOLTH'S IRON FORTRESS

THE DEMONWEB PITS

The Oublette. Here the refuse of the once-living is ejected. The place is crawling with spiders.

Lolth's Throne. At the peak of the "abdomen" sits Lolth's throne, a living spider. From here, Lolth is connected to the rest of the fortress and to her worshipers.

The Prisons. Here Lolth keeps all who fall her, anger her, or catch her on a bad day. The torture rooms are close by.

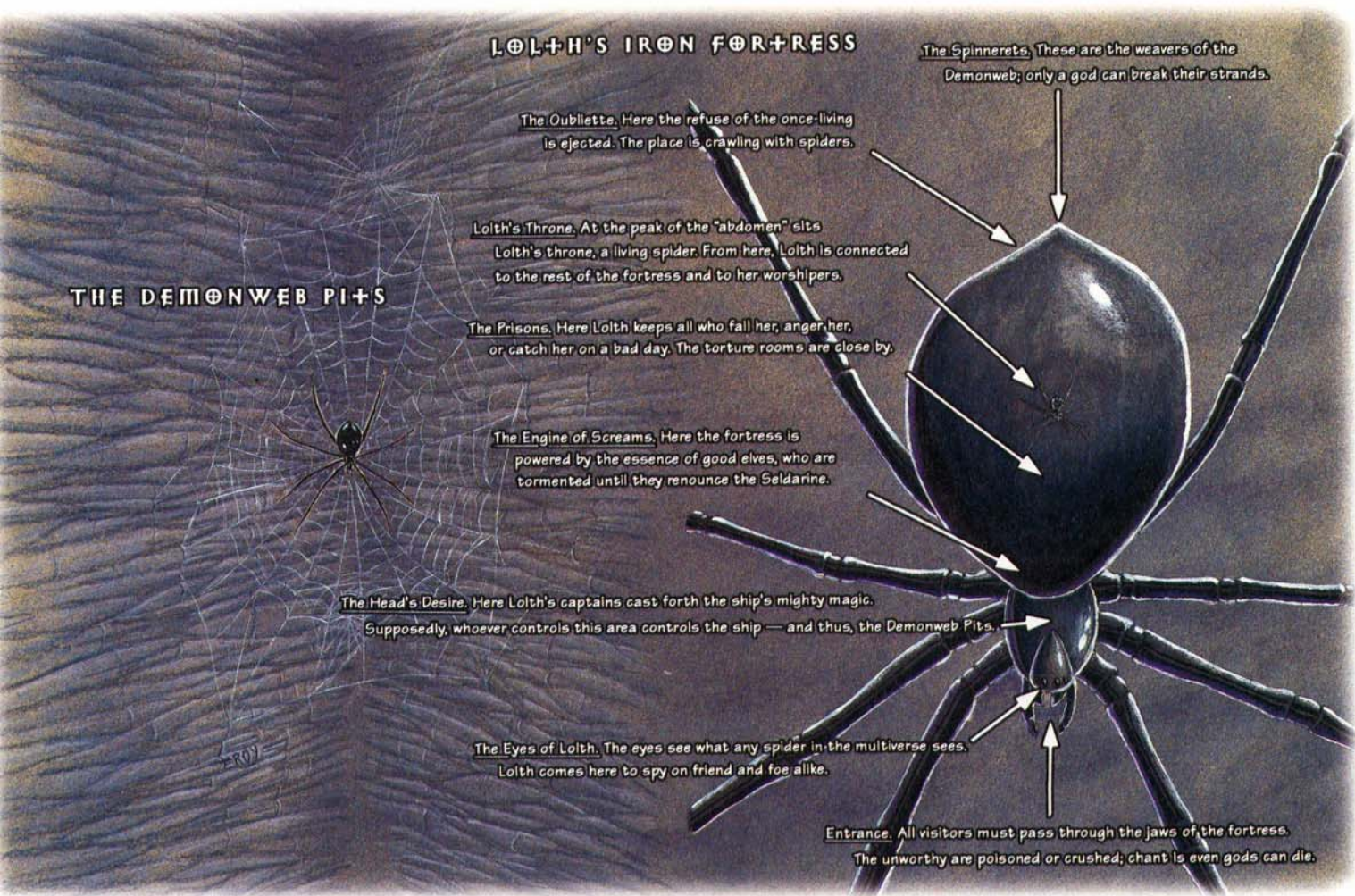
The Engine of Screams. Here the fortress is powered by the essence of good elves, who are tormented until they renounce the Seldarine.

The Head's Desire. Here Lolth's captains cast forth the ship's mighty magic. Supposedly, whoever controls this area controls the ship — and thus, the Demonweb Pits.

The Eyes of Lolth. The eyes see what any spider in the multiverse sees. Lolth comes here to spy on friend and foe alike.

Entrance. All visitors must pass through the jaws of the fortress. The unworthy are poisoned or crushed; chant is even gods can die.

The Spinnerets. These are the weavers of the Demonweb; only a god can break their strands.

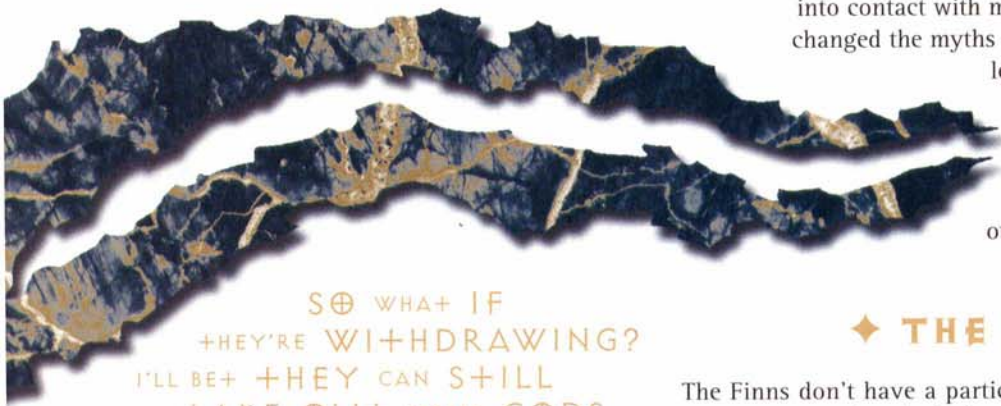


THE FINNISH PAN+HEON

Far to the north, in the lands of snow and ice, fiery stars burn in the dark night, the aurora borealis plays about the sky like flaming spir- its, and reindeer flee the wolves across the frozen tundra. Here, in the land of the midnight sun, the Finns make their home.

On the harsh territory and across the steppe, the frigid winds howl. In the voice of the air, the Finns heard spirits; in the crack of the ice, they saw their gods arise. What's more, the seminomadic Finns came into contact with many, many other cultures. They twisted and changed the myths of their own homeland to accommodate the legends of the outsiders, creating new stories from the fusion of the two.

And thus it is that the Finnish pantheon rose from the campfire stories of spirits and sorcerers and the myths of other lands.



SΘ WHA+ IF
+HEY'RE WITHDRAWING?
I'LL BE+ +HEY CAN S+ILL
+AKE ΘU+ YOUR GΘDS.

— KIRAMΘIN,
A DEFENSIVE FINNISH PRIEST+,
+Θ THORAMΘN
ΘF +HE SUMERIANS

◆ THE PAN+HEON ◆

The Finns don't have a particularly strong pantheon. Perhaps that's be- cause they don't focus on the prevalence of powers in their lives. The people aren't really active in the worship of their gods, in- stead simply accepting the powers as a given in their day-to-day existence. This ain't to say the Finns don't revere their powers; it's just that they're not as fervent in their beliefs as many of the other mortals in the multiverse. For the Finns, it's not a matter of faith — it's just the way things are.

What the Finns do revere are their heroes. The ones they're particularly fond of are the cut- ters who succeed, and they imagine that degradations and villainies befall the sods who fail. Sure, it's a pragmatic way of looking at the world, but then again, the Finns lead a dangerous life, what with the cold and lack of food and everything else. They just don't have the time or inclination to romanticize their heroes or their deities.

The Finnish pantheon doesn't mess about too much in the affairs of mortals. The powers prefer to keep to themselves, aiding humans only when the sods need it most. See, the gods have their own struggles — mostly against titanic creatures of darkness that constantly threaten to devour the moon, the sun, and the stars. Still, it's well known that the high-ups of the pan- theon have no qualms about mingling with the mortals or sending their agents to do so; most of the heroes of Finnish legend are touched with divine blood one way or another.

Another reason for the pantheon's small influence: Its gods are scattered across the Outer Planes. Not many of the Finnish powers care enough about each other to make a stand for or against their brethren; only a few seem to worry that they're slowly vanishing from existence. Fact is, graybeards across the planes take great interest in studying the pantheon — the powers seem to be letting themselves fade away. One or two of the younger deities struggle against this fate, finding themselves footholds on worlds where they've never been heard of before. The rest, appar- ently, no longer care what happens to them, and Anubis may have himself some new visitors on the Astral sometime soon.

The Finnish Powers

Ahto	Greater	Seas, waters
Hiisi	Greater	Evil
Ilmatar	Lesser	Mothers
Loviatar	Demipower	Pain, torture
Mielikki	Lesser	Nature, forests
Surma	Demipower	Death
Tuonetar	Greater	The underworld
Tuoni	Greater	The underworld
Ukko	Greater	Sky, air, weather, avians
Untamo	Lesser	Sleep, dreams

◆ THE POWERS ◆

Not even the Finnish powers themselves know their exact origins. Some of them, it's said, rose from the rank of humble spirit to their current exalted status, while others have just always *been*. Whatever the dark of their birth, they're all here now, and it's not likely that any current mortal, no matter how heroic, will ever join their ranks.



AH+Θ

Greater Power, "King of the Seas"

AoC: Seas, waters

AL: NG

WAL: NG

SYMBOL: Rippling wave of water

HOME P/R: Elemental Water/Curling Wave

KNOWN PROXIES: Alanoir (Px/♂ human/B16/Free League/NG);
the Water Dwarf (Px/♂ dwarf/F16/LG)

Ahto, the water god of the Finns, takes little interest in the matters of the world. He's more content to keep himself occupied in his realm, pondering the matters of wave and current. Still, he can be roused from his contemplation by suitable sacrifice, and if he's moved to action, he sends either Alanoir or the Water Dwarf to take care of matters.

His realm, known as Curling Wave, is a place of flickering blues and greens, filled with fish and orcas. Larger whales occasionally slide through the realm on their way to deeper pastures. Sea elves are infrequent visitors, and in fact, the only regular humanoids there are Ahto's water-breathing petitioners, who build undersea castles out of coral and shell. But their number is slowly waning as their god absorbs them.

HIISI

Greater Power, "Lord of Darkness"

AoC: Evil

AL: CE

WAL: CE

SYMBOL: Lightning in the night sky

HOME P/R: Prime Material Plane/the Nether Lands

KNOWN PROXIES: None (all evil creatures)

Hiisi's a basher with no care for the scurrying creatures of mortal life span; he's preoccupied with evil, and uses other sentients only as a means to further his wicked visions. He can empower any evil creature as his proxy, and the sods have only one chance to resist him (by making a saving throw versus spell at -4). Truth is, though, Hiisi doesn't keep permanent proxies. He kills them off before long to reclaim every last drop of his strength — the god hates doling out energy.

Hiisi's realm resembles nothing so much as the underside of a tree-covered hill, and it appears on the Prime whenever he believes the other powers aren't watching him. Roots dangle from the ceiling, water constantly drips someplace just out of eyesight but always within earshot, and the smell of rotting, dank earth fills a body's nose. It's a dreary place, and indescribable creatures (Hiisi's petitioners) drag their way through the lower reaches of the realm. Most berks who come here never leave again. It ain't pretty.

ILMA+AR

Lesser Power, "Daughter of the Air"

AoC: Mothers

AL: LG

WAL: Any lawful

SYMBOL: Looped cross

HOME P/R: Prime Material Plane (wanders)

KNOWN PROXIES: Vainamoinen (Px/♂ human/Pal20,B23/LG)

Ilmatar, the goddess of mothers, also happens to be the mother of the greatest hero of Finnish legend: Vainamoinen. Chant says the other powers of the pantheon have such respect for her son (and owe her so many favors) that there's nothing Ilmatar can't get from them. She's too honorable to use that influence unduly, but there are times when the mortals under her protection need her help.

Her realm exists only within her aura. She travels across the lands of her worshipers, seeking to alleviate the pains of motherhood and answering any call she can. If summoned unnecessarily, Ilmatar visits bad luck on the sod who called her. Otherwise, she performs her service (in disguise) and vanishes into the place whence she came.

LOVIATAR

Demipower, "Maiden of Pain"

AoC: Pain, torture

AL: LE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: White dagger in pale hand

HOME P/L/R: Gehenna/Mungoth/Ondtland

KNOWN PROXIES: Aeric Redson (Px/♂ human/F16/NE)

Loviatar's one of the two Finnish gods making an effort to stay vital. Both she and Mielikki have sworn not to give into the wasting apathy that seems to afflict the other powers of the pantheon, and both have wormed themselves into the hearts of mortals on the prime-material world of Toril. There, Loviatar is a lesser power, not a demipower, and her heightened strength in that crystal sphere may eventually cause her to abandon the Finns for good.

As the mistress of pain, Loviatar relishes in the feel of the knife sliding between layers of skin, muscle, and bone, and the cold caress of the freezing wind from the sea. She's cruel and capricious, and she can make any berk who offends her instantly re-experience the worst suffering he's ever known.

Her realm's called Ondtland, and it's a wasteland of ice and snow, filled with carnivorous caribou and packs of dire wolves. It ain't a place for the unprepared, and while it's got its beauties (such as the aurora over Loviatar's palace), a body'd do well to remember the nature of the power here.

MIELIKKI

Lesser Power, "Mistress of the Forest"

AoC: Nature, forests

AL: NG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Evergreen

HOME P/L/R: Beastlands/Krigala/Grove of the Unicorns

KNOWN PROXIES: Lemminkäinen (Px/♂ human/B15,F18,M15/NG); Tiera (Px/♂ human/R9,B5/LG)

It's said that Mielikki used to have no true realm, that she hid in the forests of the Prime and came out only to put down despoilers of nature. Well, she's apparently managed to move up in the world; she now shares a realm on the Beastlands with Ehlonna of Oerth.

That land, the Grove of the Unicorns, is far bigger on the inside than out. The realm's just a grove of trees that pops up in the midst of a forest. If a body's a friend of nature, he might spy a unicorn lapping up water from a pool in the center of the grove; if he does, the lush realm opens itself to him in full. (Animal petitioners of the plane whisper about strange burps within the Grove, but the truth of that's still dark.) A berk who's not worthy won't ever see the unicorn, and he can walk into the grove and right out again without ever knowing where he is.

Obviously, Mielikki watches over rangers, druids, and their ilk. Like her relative Loviatar, she's joined the Faerûnian pantheon in an effort to keep herself strong, for Toril has many nature-lovers. And it seems to be working – to the people of Toril, Mielikki is an intermediate power.

SURMA

Demipower, "The Angry Club"

AoC: Death

AL: NE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: Withered oak branch

HOME P/L/R: Carceri/Othrys/wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: Louhi of Pohjola (Px/♀ tiefling/P10,M15/LE)

Surma's a wandering power of Carceri, imprisoned on the plane by Ukko in an effort to keep him at bay. Ever since, Surma's been slowly slipping into obscurity, and that fuels his rage all the more. He can't escape unless Ukko sets him free, and he's not likely to gain any more strength – the other Finnish powers do a fine job of keeping Surma's name from being spoken on the Prime.

Surma roams the first layer of Carceri, challenging every basher he meets to a fight, leaving undead in his wake. If a challenge is refused, Surma tracks the "coward" down later and kills him in his sleep. Some day, though, the demipower'll either run into a blood too tough for him, or else just drift off onto the Astral to keep company with the corpses of other failed gods.

TUONETAR AND TUONI

Greater Powers, "The Keepers of the Dead"

AoC: The underworld

AL: CE/CN(E)

WAL: CE/any chaotic

SYMBOL: Decapitated head/club in fist

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Tuonela

KNOWN PROXIES: Kullervo (Px/♂ human/F19,M8,T10/CN[E])

These two powers of the Finnish underworld maintain their residence in Tuonela, the Land of the Dead. It's a place of

gray mists and shrieking winds, a joyless realm among the already bleak caverns of Pandemonium. The powers're afflicted with the same apathy that pervades the rest of the pantheon, and their realm reflects this, full of sods who've lost all desire and sense of purpose or meaning.

Perhaps Tuonetar and Tuoni're better suited to life on the Gray Waste, but they're jealous of their domain. It's even said that Tuoni (who oversees spirits journeying to their final reward) occasionally travels to the Prime to reclaim a deader that's been taken from Tuonela.

His wife Tuonetar, an ugly old hag, is Vainamoinen's most hated foe (or vice versa). Either way, the Crone of Death goes out of her way to make life difficult for the proxy and son of Ilmatar.

UKKO

Greater Power, "Chief of the Kalevala"

AoC: Sky, air, weather, avians

AL: LG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Flaming sword

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Shurrock/unknown

KNOWN PROXIES: Air maidens (Px/♀ tiefling/C7,F16,M7/LG)

Ukko is the chief power of the pantheon, but he keeps himself aloof from affairs unless those he loves are threatened. Usually, only extreme danger to the Prime can rouse him from his meditations on existence, and even then he sends one of his air maidens to set things right. Some say that it's Ukko's "guidance" that's causing the pantheon to fade from sight.

His realm's known to be in the layer of Shurrock on Bytopia, but no blood knows where to find it. Apparently, Ukko desires solitude.

UNTAMO

Lesser Power, "The Dreamer"

AoC: Sleep, dreams

AL: N

WAL: N

SYMBOL: Closed eyes

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Sleeping Lands

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Untamo is the lord of sleep for the Finns, and it's said that anyone who enters his Outlands realm (near Tvashti's workshop) falls instantly into the power's dream, to be released only when Untamo wills it. For some, the dream ends quickly. For others, it never does and never will.

Clearly, Untamo doesn't like to be disturbed, and he punishes any sods with the temerity to do so, unless they agree to serve him and his whims for a year. Those who agree are usually granted the power to cast *sleep* as a mage of 10th level, four times a day.



This chapter's devoted to the small folk of the planes, the cutters who've best learned the value of a sharp mind, a silver tongue, and a good pair of fast legs (for occasions when the first two fail). Most gnomes and halflings know they stand little chance of defeating bigger, stronger foes in direct combat, so they rely on fast talk, trickery, misdirection, and all sorts of other activities that fall on the gentle side of cross-trading — skills taught them by their powers.

GNOMES AND HALFLINGS

◆ THE GNOMES ◆

Hidden in the burrows of the forest, locked away from prying human eyes and kept from the knowledge of most mortals, dwell the gnomes. They're a race small in stature but large in heart, their minds quick and their imaginations spry. Did the gnomish powers come into being from the good-heartedness of the gnomes? Or, as the gnomes claim, did Garl Glittergold discover a cavern full of wondrous gems that spawned the first members of the race when he polished and breathed upon the precious stones? It's a moot point; both powers and mortals are here now.

It's no dark that, with a mindset like that, the gnomes aren't too interested in delving deeply into the mysteries (they call it "foolishness") of philosophy and metaphysics. They concentrate more on the living of life than the investigation of it. 'Course, that's not to say the gnomes aren't curious about what life holds for them. They've got keen, penetrating insight. Fact is, some of them *like* to study and poke a matter to death, but they're the (tolerated) exceptions. Most just figure their time's better spent on matters other than introspection.

THE PAN+HEON

The gnomish pantheon, led by the power Garl Glittergold, exemplifies the traits of curiosity, exploration, and a hearty sense of humor. It's no accident that gnomish mythology begins with Garl discovering his followers while exploring a new cavern, and then, of all things, telling them a joke before turning them loose on the multiverse. That sort of attitude's prevalent throughout the race's legends, and it's one of the things that gains them lifelong allies or eternal enemies. Some bashers appreciate a good joke; others just don't get it.

Another hallmark of the gnomish pantheon is that their myths teach that it's better to trick and embarrass a foe than to kill the berk outright — especially if he's bigger. Oh, the gnomish powers have little doubt (in their own minds, at least) that they could take out any sod who tried to give them the laugh, but they'd much rather spring a peel to make him regret he'd ever done it.

That might be why the pantheon's made some enemies among the evil humanoid sects. That's a real pity. See, the gnomes recognize the need for balance more than almost any other mortals, and they'll keep an open mind toward any cutter who comes their way, no matter what his race, hoping that he'll get over his pride. It's hard to remain friendly to a berk of a kobold who's been so filled with barmy

nonsense that he attacks any gnome he sees, but the gnomes'll try.

On the other hand, the pantheon's also earned its share of supporters. No less than the Daghdha of the Celts appreciates the humor of the gnomes, and he'd likely protect them against harms put forth by other gods. Erevan Ilesere of the elves claims friendship with the gnomes as well, and while he might not be the high-up of his pantheon, he's certainly got influence with the others. In fact, most all the trickster gods associate with the gnomes in one way or another, and it's a sure bet that they've got unseen supporters.

That kind of support is important to the gnomes; as a race, they prize companionship dearly. Most all their powers have a constant traveling companion, whether it be a raccoon, an axe, a golem, or what-

SECURITY AND COMFORT+
ARE THE GREATEST GOODS IMAGINABLE.
— VELLAN CURL+EE,
FORMER MAYOR OF CANDLEWOOD



ever. As long as a body's got a friend to share adventures with, that's the important thing. The gnomish faithful take this lesson close to heart, and it's a rare day that a plane-walker sees a solitary gnome. Why, even the gnomes of the Underdark (the svirfnebli, or deep gnomes) are friendly cutters. They've got none of the animosity most Underdark races have toward those of the light. They simply believe they've been granted gifts to let them discover treasures others'd miss.

There's no denying it: The gnomes are one of the most cheerful races of the multiverse.

THE GOLDEN HILLS

This realm, nestled into the rolling terrain of Dothion on Bytopia, houses just about all of the gnomish pantheon's powers. The only blood who lives elsewhere is Urdlen, the god of evil, who dwells in the Abyss.

The Golden Hills are really just seven hills in the heart of Dothion, one for each of the residing powers. Each is a realm unto itself, brought together in one large, unified realm under the guidance of Garl Glittergold. Garl himself maintains a hill, but he prefers to wander all over the realm, usually in disguise, speaking to travelers and learning the attitudes and feelings of those who visit.

Everything in the Golden Hills is, as the name suggests, lightly tinted with gold, a burnished sheen that glows in the light of the setting sun. It

ain't worth any money, but it sure is nice to look at.

The petitioners of the realm are friendly and open, never turning down a polite request for help or sustenance. Indeed, this is one of the few places in the cosmos where a body's assured of a warm reception. He might find himself the butt of a few jokes, but if he can't handle that, he's got no business being here in the first place.

◆ THE GNOMISH POWERS ◆

Though Garl Glittergold's the nominal leader of the pantheon, he's pretty much a free spirit. He allows the other powers to do what they like, but they all more or less match his vision anyway.

The gnomish pantheon is one of the most involved with its worshipers, and that harkens back to the earliest days of creation. It's said that while the gods of other pantheons

chose to grant their followers special skills, habitats, and other perks, Garl and his companions chose only the right to interact nearly directly with their believers.

GARL GLITTERGOLD *Greater Power, "The Joker"*

AO: Protection, humor, trickery, smithing

AL: LG

WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Gold nugget

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Dothion/the Golden Hills (Glitterhome)

KNOWN PROXIES: Gemma Feldspar (Px/♀ gnome/III10,T11/NG)

The leader of the pantheon, Garl's a gentle soul, one who values quick thinking and a clear head more than almost anything else. Though physical prowess and spiritual might are important, nothing's more crucial than keeping it all in perspective. He insists on cooperation among the rest of the pantheon (and among the gnomish people), and he'll do what he must to make it happen. Garl spends little time in his hill, Glitterhome, preferring to roam the realm as a watchful protector.

The power's also a mischievous trickster, said to have

the largest collection of jokes in the multiverse, and he's always got one appropriate to the situation. He usually carries plenty of props for his illusions and practical jokes; he never knows when they might come in handy. 'Course, he also carries Arumdina, his intelligent battle-axe, and the sight of the gleaming weapon's probably encouraged

more than one victim of a joke to laugh it off with good humor rather than get too mad.

BAERVAN WILDWANDERER *Intermediate Power, "The Masked Leaf"*

AO: Forests, travel, nature

AL: NG

WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Raccoon's face

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Dothion/the Golden Hills (Whisperleaf)

KNOWN PROXIES: Chiktikka Fastpaws (Px/♀ giant raccoon/HD 10+10/NG); Brightflash Deeppockets (Px/♂ gnome/T12, III12/NG)

Baervan, power of gnomish wanderers and thieves, is the closest thing the race has to a druid. He loves oak trees and all forest animals, and is always on the lookout for the concerns of the wild (though he still keeps a close eye on his

gnomish charges). Like most gnomes, Baervan's gentle, good-natured, and mischievous, but his tricks are much more pointed. If he wants to send someone a message, he does it in the form of a joke.

Baervan's realm is called Whisperleaf, after the great oak planted on his hill. A cozy cottage nestled on top of the mound looks small from the outside, but it's large enough within to hold all of the power's petitioners. Any nongnome who visits Whisperleaf finds that his load's been lightened by an item or two; if he wants his goods returned, he'll have to find a way to play a joke on one of the residents. No other way'll do it.

BARAVAR CLOAKSHADOW

Lesser Power, "The Sly One"

AoC: Illusions, deception, protection

AL: NG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Cloak and dagger

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Dothion/the Golden Hills (the Hidden Knoll)

KNOWN PROXIES: Tillaran Gilgaw (Px/♂ gnome/T13/NG)

Baravar is, perhaps, one of the more brutish of the good-aligned gnome deities. He's got a genuine dislike for the goblinoid powers and races – he just doesn't think they can be reformed – and he proves it at every opportunity. Still, he follows Garl's lead in supporting trickery over strength. In addition to encouraging the arts of disguise, stealth, and spying, Baravar creates traps and illusions of incredible depth and cunning.

Fact is, the entrance to the Hidden Knoll, his realm in the Golden Hills, is filled with tricks and nonlethal traps; a cutter who can get past them not only avoids embarrassment but also gets a pick of one of the treasures stashed away within. A berk who gets caught by a trap'll be freed eventually. 'Course, a body shouldn't count on the same traps being in place every time he visits the Hidden Knoll. Baravar constantly changes them, making

some tricks suspiciously like old ones – but just different enough to give an overconfident berk a real shock.

FLANDAL STEELSKIN

Intermediate Power, "Master of Metal"

AoC: Mining, fitness, smithing

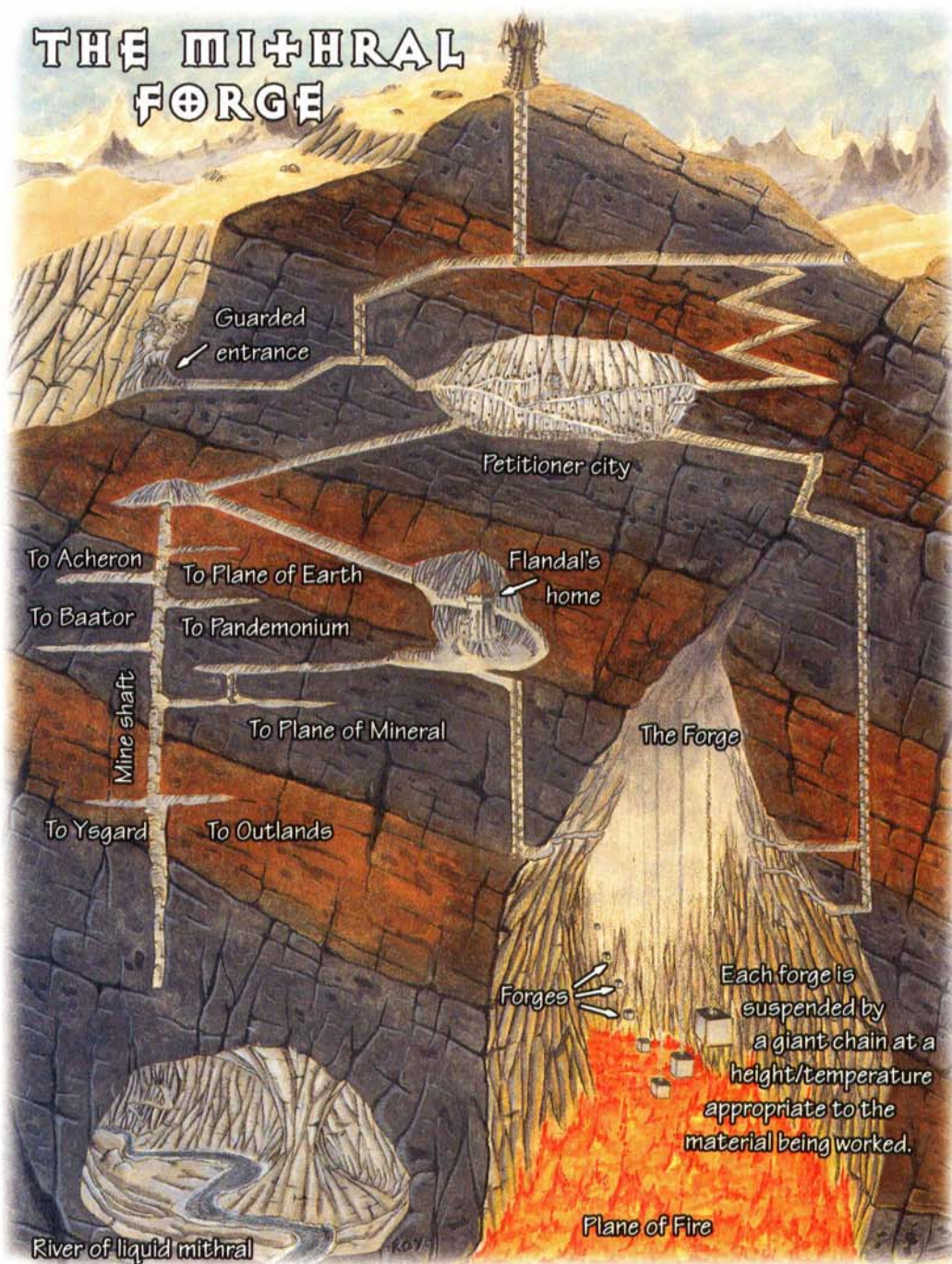
AL: NG **WAL:** Any N or G

Symbol: Flaming hammer

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Dothion/the Golden Hills (the Mithral Forge)

KNOWN PROXIES: Gilliana Heatforge (Px/♀ gnome/F14/LG)

Flandal's one of the finest and strongest smiths in creation. Some say that he and the dwarvish powers helped create the



CALLARDURAN SM☉☉+HHANDS

Intermediate Power, "Deep Brother"

AoC: Protection, earth, mining

AL: N WAL: N, NG (svirfnebli)

SYMBOL: Gold ring with star pattern

HOME P/L/R: Bytopia/Dothion/Deephome

KNOWN PROXIES: Ilruusmsh (Px/Ø stone golem/HD 14/NG)

Callarduran is the power of the svirfnebli, the rock-colored deep gnomes who dig mines and burrows far from their brethren. But Callarduran's no outcast; he led his followers deep underground to encourage diversity among the gnomes. He's on excellent terms with the rest of the gnomish pantheon — though he is, by nature, solitary — and he encourages that his faithful establish trade and communication with the rest of the race. (On the other hand, he despises drow, and charges his people to drive away the dark elves whenever possible.)

Callarduran's realm is called Deephome, constructed not too far from the Golden Hills. It's a place of oppressive weight above, where the rock groans with the tons of earth piled atop it. Tunnels snake throughout the hill, breaking into caverns of astonishing beauty.

In the center of the realm lies the hidden cavern of Callarduran himself, where he keeps a massive stone that's said to be able to control any earth elemental, even the most powerful. The stone's perfectly smooth, sanded over the ages by the god's hands.

◆ THE HALFLINGS ◆

The comforts of hearth and home, a soft bed, and the company of good friends; freedom from fear and need; the kindness of a word and the generosity of strangers — these are all held dear by the halflings, called "the little folk" by some. Is it any wonder, then, that their powers exemplify these qualities, promoting stability, safety, and concern for all halflings above all else?

Most of the creation myths of the halflings are unique among the races of the multiverse. That's because they tell of how they were a people without a god until Yondalla found them and taught them better methods of survival. Myths of other races usually tell of how the gods created the mortals or the people created the gods; very, very few legends suggest that each grew without the influence of the other. Of all the known races of the planes, only the halflings claim that they and their deities are together by mutual agreement, that the powers have as much obligation to the mortals as the mortals do to the powers.

THE PAN+HE☉N

The halfling pantheon is one of the smallest across the planes, yet also one of the largest. See, only a few divine

names are known to all halflings, but the residents of each burg place great importance on the local powers, the ones nearest to hearth and home. The halflings just don't feel a need to surround themselves with too many shared gods.

Truth to tell, the little folk have bucketloads of powers — known as the "thousand small gods" — who aren't really more than spirits, if they're even that. These so-called powers are usually in charge of the minor aspects of life, such as the successful repair of a door or chair, or the perfection of a well-cooked roast. These ain't matters that a regular deity'd like to be bothered with, and that's why the halflings venerate the local spirits, rather than the vast powers of the race.

Don't think the halflings shy from religion. It's just that they don't want to bother their powers with petty details, and besides, the local gods seem much more connected with the cares and concerns of each individual village.

Some leatherheads sneer that the halflings are small because they dream small. That's a load of bunk. Just because most halfling cutters don't appreciate the "joys" of adventuring, preferring to stay at home and nurture their race, doesn't mean they've got no ambition. The halflings have as much spirit and spunk as any of the other races, and it'll rise to the surface when they're provoked.

GREEN FIELDS

As the head of the pantheon, Yondalla chose Mount Celestia as the place to center the halfling powers. In the pleasant realm of Green Fields (on Venya, the third layer), the halfling petitioners while away their existence in peaceful meditation and hard work, enjoying the fruits of their labors and the company of their fellows.

Green Fields is home to Yondalla, Arvoreen, and Cyrralalee, who watch over their shared domain with a careful eye and an ear to what folks are saying. They want to make sure that Green Fields is truly a place of safety and repose. They've done a fine job, too. Any berk who harms a halfling here suffers identical wounds, and that keeps away the worst sods.

The realm's basically a collection of halfling settlements on the slope of Mount Celestia (see the map on page 113). The best-known burgs include Amberwell, Bunberry Hills, Candlewood, Marston-on-Water, Thistledowns, and Turtle Creek. The homes that dot the mountainside are built both above and below ground, in typical halfling fashion. And the powers themselves wander freely, seeing that all runs smoothly and making themselves available to their people.

In short (so to speak), Green Fields is a realm of equality and freedom. A body'd do well to remember that's what the halflings value most highly of anything in their lives.

◆ THE HALFLING POWERS ◆

The halfling pantheon's got none of the rivalries a body might expect. It holds no great powers of evil; the halflings look to other races for that. Indeed, the gods tend to work to-

gether, sharing portfolios and interests in order to present a unified front. That is, after all, the only way to get “big folks” to take them seriously.

Every power in the pantheon takes threats to halfling well-being seriously, too, and they have no compunction about sending groups of avatars to defend their people’s villages. They’ve learned that a show of force is often the best way to frighten off enemies.

YONDALLA

Greater Power, “The Protector and Provider”

AoC: Protection, fertility

AL: LG WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Shield with cornucopia

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields

KNOWN PROXIES: Illina Hairtoes (Px/♀ halfling/F10/LG)

Yondalla’s given plenty of gifts to her worshipers, not the least of which is her temperament. From her, the halflings have learned to stand up for themselves, to defend their homes and families, and to seek peaceable solutions — or else turn their foes against each other and slip away unnoticed.

Yondalla is a charming and persuasive power of peace, and though she can take life and health as easily as she gives it, she never seeks out opportunities to harm those who don’t richly deserve it.

The Halfling Powers

Arvoreen	Intermediate	Protection, war, vigilance
Brandobaris	Lesser	Stealth, thievery, adventuring
Cyrrollalee	Intermediate	Friendship, trust, home
Sheela Peryroyl	Intermediate	Nature, agriculture, weather
Urogalan	Demipower	Earth, death
Yondalla	Greater	Protection, fertility

ARVOREEN

Intermediate Power, “The Defender”

AoC: Protection, war, vigilance

AL: LG WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Two short swords

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields

KNOWN PROXIES: The Keepers (Px/var halfling/F6–F9/LG)

Arvoreen, a fiery guardian of the home, firmly believes in active defense. He urges his charges to keep their burrows secure, to be ready in case of attack, and to put down danger before it even rears its head. Though Arvoreen stops short of advocating war, he’s not shy about pointing out folks who’re acting suspiciously — after all, they just might be evil in disguise. To this end, Arvoreen spends most of his time in Green

Fields drilling elite groups of halfling warrior spirits: the Keepers.

The god isn’t exactly a popular power, but he is respected and revered for his teachings. It’s from him that the halflings learn to construct elaborate systems of defense and tricks and traps to defuse enemy charges. And it’s from him that they learn that a body who gives aid against a mutual foe is a friend to be rewarded and trusted.

BRANDOBARIS

Lesser Power, “Misadventure”

AoC: Stealth, thievery, adventuring

AL: N WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Halfling’s footprint

HOME P/L/R: Wanders

KNOWN PROXIES: Elenai the Dim (Px/♀ halfling/T12/N); Adnias Feltfoot (Px/♂ halfling/T10/Free League/N)

The power of thievery and trickery, Brandobaris figures that life’s there to be explored, and so is a favorite among the (small) adventuring class of halflings. It’s little wonder that he’s usually portrayed as a young cutter, one who hasn’t yet learned the true ways of living. Still, he’s loved for his mischievous ways, his reveling and joking, and his ability to escape from any scrape, no matter how dangerous.

Although he’s good friends with both Garl Glittergold and Baervan Wildwanderer, Brandobaris doesn’t have a realm in the Golden Hills, or anywhere else for that matter. He usually spends time wandering through other powers’ realms, halfling or not, seeing what he can see. It’s said that he occasionally seeks out mortals for adventure.

CYRROLLALEE

Intermediate Power, “The Hand of Fellowship”

AoC: Friendship, trust, home

AL: LG WAL: Any good or LN

SYMBOL: Open door

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields

KNOWN PROXIES: Mosella Andul (Px/♀ halfling/F10/Harmonium/LG)

The power of the home and hearth, Cyrrollalee is also a gentle protector of the halflings. However, whereas Yondalla’s concern lies with the overall race, Cyrrollalee cares more for the sanctity of the home itself. Her real interest is in the hospitality, generosity, and kindness halflings can show to others. Naturally, she hates liars, peelers, and (especially) cross-traders who’d break into a body’s home.

Cyrrollalee doesn’t get too involved in the day-to-day lives of her followers except on a small level, watching over the everyday events of the home. However, she’s keenly aware of what her faithful do. If roused, she can be a most fearsome foe indeed; any halfling whose burrow has been violated knows the feeling of Cyrrollalee’s fury swelling within him.

SHEELA PERYROYL

Intermediate Power, "Green Sister"

AoC: Nature, agriculture, weather

AL: N WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Daisy

HOME P/R: Outlands/Flowering Hill

KNOWN PROXIES: Sheron Adoron (Px/♀ halfling/D12/N)

Sheela Peryroyl's a quiet one, though she's rarely seen without a smile on her face and a dance in her eyes. She's concerned with nature and agriculture, and how to maintain the balance between the two. A druid's need to preserve wild growth is just as important as a farmer's need to till the fields, and Sheela's the one who tries to see that they both get what they want.

She's also concerned with the pleasures of life — feasts, revelry, romance, and the general desire to live with passion. Her petitioners feel the same way; they all want to learn to live like their deity, and they welcome any blood who can teach them the path.

Sheela's realm, Flowering Hill, consists of a single orchard and a wide farm. Her petitioners work in both sites, learning how to appease nature and their bellies at the same time. They're an open and friendly sort, but they get an awful lot of invaders through their territory. Thus, they're careful (sometimes even peery) about who they welcome.

UROGALAN

Demipower, "He Who Must Be"

AoC: Earth, death

AL: N (LN) WAL: Any

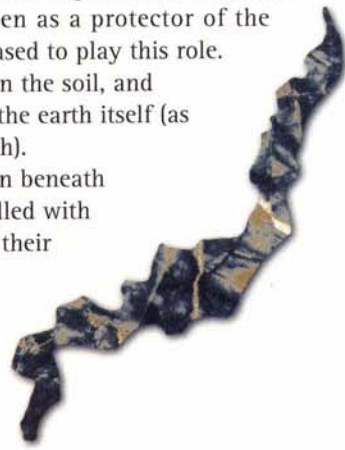
SYMBOL: Black dog's head silhouette

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Soulearth

KNOWN PROXIES: Torogulan (Px/♂ tiefling/T12/N)

The halfling view of life is so gentle and optimistic that even their power of death is a being to be respected and revered, but never feared. Urogalan is seen as a protector of the dead, not as a judge, and he's pleased to play this role. Folks who die are usually buried in the soil, and Urogalan embodies reverence for the earth itself (as opposed to what *grows* in the earth).

Fittingly, his realm is a cavern beneath the fields of Eronia. But it's not filled with petitioners looking to merge with their power (Urogalan's not worshiped much by the halflings). Rather, the sods that inhabit Soulearth are simply deaders waiting for Urogalan to assign them to their proper places in the planes. It's not horrifying; it just is.



GREEN FIELDS



THE GREEK PAN+HEON

With the gentle lap of waves against the shores and the crash of the thunder among the cloud-enshrouded peaks, the Greek powers make themselves known. In the thick boar-infested woods and on the sere olive-covered hillsides, a body can see evidence of their passing. Every aspect of nature echoes with their presence, and they've made a place for themselves inside the human heart, too.

Born from the loins of the Titans and the grandchildren of Sky and Earth, the Greek powers soon carved out their place in the multiverse. Their larger-than-life exploits made them instant legends, their heady passions and dark doings spreading like the ripples of Oceanus. In the space of a few thousand years, they went

from a minor collective to one of the most influential pantheons on the planes. Now, with even more experience under their belts,

they've secured their foothold and look to grow ever greater. This pantheon, called the

Olympians after their mountainous home, has grown so much that a

substantial number of primes actually call the gods' home plane Olympus (as opposed to its proper name, Arborea). If that ain't influence, almost nothing is.

◆ THE PAN+HEON ◆

The Greek pantheon is oddly human, or else the humans under the Olympians are oddly god-like. The usual debate over whether the mortals created the powers or vice versa isn't answered here; the Greek deities are simply human emotion and reason incarnate. Even Athena, the most rational Olympian, has a supremely emotional side to her, and once her dander's up, there's no reasoning with her. The rest of the gods are even more emotional. It's pretty clear that the Olympians are the embodiment of divine fury, and have made their names synonymous with the passions of Arborea.

Despite their petty jealousies and chaotic natures, the Greeks make up one of the greatest pantheons in the multiverse. When they set aside their differences and work together, it's obvious that there's nothing they can't do. And they *do* overcome their selfishness and work together when need be, channeling their passions toward a common goal. After all, they overthrew the Titans and cast 'em into Carceri. They linked Mount Olympus, one of the Great Paths,

with all the worlds of their worshipers (they take credit for it, anyway, though some folks claim that the path existed long before the gods arrived). And in doing so, they sent a clear message to the rest of the planes: The Greek pantheon is a group to be feared.

Aside from the Titans, the Celts are the main rivals of the Greeks. The two pantheons work at cross-purposes almost every step of the way. Where the Celts are

open and accepting of new powers, the Greeks are insular, preferring to crush new gods under their heel before they bring them into the fold.

They figure the best way to show newcomers that the Olympians have the answer is to demonstrate the absolute might of the pantheon. Suffice it to say that they've made some enemies in their time, and if all those enemies were to consider a simultaneous attack on the Olympians, there's a good chance the multiverse'd be one pantheon poorer.

For example, the Greek powers appropriated some of the aspects of the Egyptian deities, blatantly drawing from their rivals to make ever more worshipers for themselves. Apollo, god of light, siphoned away many believers from the sun god Ra. The Egyptians, though powerful, couldn't stand up to the assault, and withdrew rather than challenge the Olympians. So it's largely because of the Greeks that the Egyptians no longer occupy such a prominent place in

FOR ALL +HEIR
VAUN+ED +ALK OF FREEDOM,
+HEY SURE MAKE A LOT OF RULES!

— AN OLYMPIAN PETITIONER
ABOUT +O DESCEND
+O +HE GRAY WAS+E



the multiverse, and any blood worth the name knows just how well this sits with Ra, Isis, and the rest.

Unlike some deities, the powers of the Greek pantheon aren't that interested in innovation. They appreciate the exploration of boundaries, but just because a line's been crossed doesn't mean a body can't go back across it. Some addle-coves say the Olympians are cowards, living in their heads, afraid to move forward in time and technology. It ain't true; it's just that they've found what works for them and their followers, and they don't want to tinker with a system that's brought them this far. The forge of the smith Hephaestus is evidence enough that they've got members who create and innovate. The Greeks just prefer to deal in the realms of the spiritual and emotional.

Still, for each time the powers've come together on an issue, a blood can point to nine times they didn't. The Olympians aren't very cohesive; they're argumentative and proud, and neither trait is particularly conducive to making peace. When they get themselves worked up, they can shake their realm until no mortal wants to stand anywhere near the epicenter.

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS

The official histories of the pantheon are gathered in the Great Theogony, a volume bound in the bones of mythical creatures and dead heroes. It's kept in a vault in the halls of the Vast Temple, the central meeting point for the entire pantheon, hidden away from all but those who've got the spirit to uncover such truths. (Chant is the Great Theogony is accessible to canny mortals, but that just might be a lure the powers use to scrag and punish sods guilty of hubris.) The tome relates the emergence of the worlds and the multiverse, told through the eyes of the Olympians.

According to the Theogony, before time began the cos-

mos knew only the indescribable roilings of Chaos — that was the underlying principle of creation. From Chaos came Eros (the force of desire), Gaea (the Earth), and Night. Gaea's first-born was Uranus (the Sky), but she spewed forth many more creatures, including the Mountains, the Sea, and the nymphs.

Then Gaea and Uranus produced children together, mixing their power and their attributes.

Their first offspring were the 12 Greater Titans, who became, in essence, the law of the new world. For example, Mnemosyne was the Titan of memory, and it was because of her memory that time could progress. But Gaea gave birth to more children, some of them as fair as the Titans, others much more monstrous — like the fifty-headed, hundred-armed Hecatoncheires. Uranus locked the horrible things up in the prison of Carceri, keeping them from mortal knowledge.

Gaea, sick at seeing her children confined, approached the Titan Cronus and convinced him to dispatch

his father. He did so, assumed his father's mantle, and married the Titan Rhea. But then Cronus went back on his word to Gaea and refused to free his monstrous brothers from their imprisonment.

Thus, Gaea laid a curse on Cronus that his children would rise up as he had risen. Cronus figured he'd put that curse off by devouring his offspring as they were born, so that none could stand against him. He swallowed his first five children (Hestia, Hera, Demeter, Hades, and Poseidon), but Rhea smuggled off the sixth, Zeus, to grow amongst the nymphs.

When Zeus grew to manhood (or rather, godhood), he returned, disguised as his father's cupbearer, and gave Cronus a potion that made him vomit up the other five children. The Olympians then battled the Greater Titans and cast them into Carceri, where they remain imprisoned to this day.

Naturally, that's an abbreviated version of events, but the Olympians went on to establish dominance first on prime-material worlds, and later on the Outer Planes — specifically, Arborea.

The Greek Powers

Aphrodite	Intermediate	Love, beauty
Apollo	Intermediate	Light, prophecy, music, healing
Ares	Intermediate	War, killing, strife
Artemis	Intermediate	Hunting, wild beasts, childbirth
Athena	Intermediate	Wisdom, crafts, war
Demeter	Intermediate	Agriculture
Dionysus	Intermediate	Mirth, madness
Furies, the	Lesser	Justice
Hades	Greater	Death, wealth
Hecate	Intermediate	Magic, moon, abundance
Hephaestus	Intermediate	Smithing, crafts
Hera	Greater	Marriage, intrigue
Hermes	Intermediate	Travel, trade, thievery, gambling, running
Nike	Lesser	Victory
Pan	Lesser	Nature, passion
Poseidon	Greater	Water, earthquakes, creation
Tyche	Lesser	Good fortune
Zeus	Greater	Heavens, law, leadership

Notable Titans

Cronus	Greater	Sinister ambition
Gaea	Greater	Fertility, health, prophecy, earth
Rhea	Greater	Fertility, life
Uranus	Greater	Sky

◆ THE WORSHIPERS ◆

The followers of the Olympian pantheon are, well, barmy. At least, that's the way it might seem to outside observers. See, while the faithful revere their gods, they tear those same bloods down in satires and tragedies. While they value logic and reason, they struggle savagely among themselves and turn their logic to frightening ends. They're a strange and complex people, but they're also compellingly different. Their society's spread across many a mainland and island, each with its own culture, history, and outlook. And while the different groups fight with each other, they also turn on outsiders who dare interrupt their reveries of philosophy and myth.

Olympian worshipers are everything their powers are, but to a lesser extreme. They have a unique concept of honor and fate, and a berk who breaches either one is guilty of a capital offense. The people are, in short, fierce and warlike, for they know no other way.

The devoted are explorers, always seeking the far horizon, whether mental or physical. They absorb everything they come across, making it part of their own view by subjugating it. Everything they touch comes away indelibly stamped by their hands.

◆ OLYMPUS ◆

The Arborean realm of the Olympian powers is named, aptly enough, Olympus. It is, in the words of the poets, a place of towering passions and blinding rages, a land that exemplifies Arborea and the savagery of goodness. On the sloping hillsides and in the long grass, satyrs gambol and pursue the nymphs while the Bacchanalia roils past. White marble temples rise up against the greenery, reflecting in the water that laps lazily at the shore below. Philosophers argue on the stoas of their clubs, their debates growing more heated with every passing minute.

Off the edge of Olympus lies a great ocean dotted with islands and reefs. Strong winds blow off the water, carrying the tang of salty air to land (though the shore town of Thalassia's often troubled by hags, giant octopi, and other creatures from the sea). Shepherds tend their flocks on the islands, and some build monasteries and shrines to their gods — holy sites to focus the might of the powers. Chant is a group of Amazons've taken up residence in the town of Arkenos, training for the day when they'll take their vengeance on the men who've shamed them.

Sound idyllic? It is, for the most part. The Olympians have a strong pastoral sense, taking pleasure in the beauty of nature and people. But sometimes, the gods are furious. Then, ill winds blow and storms stalk the land. See, hearts burn brightly in Olympus, but none so brightly as those of the powers. If they take a shine to a body, he knows it. If they decide he's a berk, he'd best get moving — and not bother to pack while he's leaving. The Olympians are a proud lot, and they don't stand for a lot of gum-flapping.

Still, the realm's not all sweetness and light. Mother Earth and her lovers created quite a few monsters — manticores, hy-

dras, medusae, and the like — and many of them or their offspring now call Olympus home. Sure, the powers could wipe the creatures out, but then how could the mortals prove their heroism? The gods know full well the dangers, but they keep the monsters around to keep their petitioners honest and savvy.

Olympus is home to nearly all of the Greek gods. Only five members of the pantheon live elsewhere (counting the Furies as one deity, and not including the Titans or Hades's wife Persephone). That means Olympus is one of the most power-filled realms in the multiverse, and that's the way the gods there like it. They don't spread themselves over the planes like some pantheons; chant is they want to keep their strength ready in case they must face another truly monumental challenge — something on the order of overthrowing the Titans. Like the Celts and the Norse (two of the other most powerful pantheons), the Greeks keep themselves together, and it's proven their mightiest asset.

◆ HEROES AND PROXIES ◆

The Olympian powers have a common group of proxies, bashers who dedicate their lives to the service of the gods, whether the mortals like it or not. These cutters are heroes of legend, folks who, perhaps because of their divine blood or just the insistence of the fates, found themselves wrapped up in the greatest stories of mortals and so gained a kind of immortality of their own. The list includes, among others, Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, Odysseus, Achilles, and Jason.

Naturally, folks all over the planes recognize these heroes. They've built a reputation for themselves far greater than most bloods can dream of. Chant is some of them might even make the step to demipower before long — if they haven't already. Most of the Greek gods'd let their chosen proxies ascend, but some remember too well how they themselves gained power by overthrowing their fathers. Zeus, especially, jealously guards his position, and it'll take some doing for a body — even a noble hero — to get very far in the pantheon.

'Course, not all proxies are mortal bashers. The Furies also serve the Olympian gods, even though they're considered powers themselves. As avengers of the pantheon, the Furies step in only when a god's been personally slighted, or when a gross breach of society demands divine retribution. The Furies're never sent on ordinary proxy missions — ever.

The Olympians also make extensive use of lesser proxies, though they only entrust such minions with minor tasks. These proxies don't have names a body'd recognize off the cuff; they're typically ashira, dryads, satyrs, and sirines. Apollo, Ares, and Athena favor per and solars for their missions.

Finally, some proxies are mortals and petitioners, cutters who've managed to grab the eye of the gods, at least for a time. The Olympians use them for a few tasks and then set them aside. It's not so much a casting-off as it is a lack of interest; the Greek powers are fickle, and a body has to work hard to keep the attention of his chosen deity. Then again, that kind of attention ain't always a good thing.

◆ THE POWERS ◆

More than anything else, the Olympians are a temperamental lot. They've got more attitude than any mortal's ever cultivated, and they don't like anyone weaker than they are putting on airs that're better suited for gods. It's called hubris, and a body'd better remember to pay proper respect to the powers. If a berk gets too uppity, they'll put him down for sure.

Zeus is the head of the pantheon, but for the most part, he doesn't actively rule the gods. He steps in to take a hand only when they cross him or threaten damage to each other. The powers're chaotic, after all, and Zeus encourages their behavior to a certain extent.

That doesn't include meddling on the Prime Material Plane. Sure, the gods are tempted, occasionally, to poke around on the Prime, but punishment these days is swift and severe. Thus, they content themselves with sending proxies and the infrequent avatar. Oh, they put in personal appearances when they think they can get away with it, but the truth is, that's almost never.

ZEUS

Greater Power, "The Thunderer"

AoC: Heavens, law, leadership

AL: N WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Fist filled with lightning bolts

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Though he's the youngest of the six original children of Cronus and Rhea, Zeus took the high-up spot among them because of his might and his shrewd handling of their tyrannical father. Today, armed with a thunderbolt forged by the Cyclopes, Zeus holds his position through awe and fear. When the other powers have a disagreement they can't resolve, or when they threaten to tear Olympus apart in their squabbles, Zeus steps in, and with a heavy hand disciplines them until they settle down.

Graybeards say Zeus is the embodiment of reason and emotion welded together. To tell the truth, he's far more often passionate than logical, and that's caused him no end of trouble. See, while he's Hera's husband, he's lusty and lustful, and chant is he's fathered more children among the mortals than even Hera could track down. Zeus means well, to be sure, but sometimes a body can't help but wonder if he took Hera for his wife as a symbolic gesture to placate her jealousy and affirm his standing as head of the pantheon.

His palace is at the highest point of Olympus, its halls inlaid with gold and precious gems. Statues of Zeus and Hera line the halls; chant is the Thunderer animates them to dispose of unwanted visitors — and also to move about the realm without attracting too much attention (Zeus's own radiant glory often strikes dead any mortal who catches sight of it). Sure, a walking statue's still noticeable, but it doesn't have the same effect as the power's actual presence.

Zeus's wife also rules in these halls, and it's because of her that he takes on secret forms to slip out for his dalliances. Hera keeps a remarkably close eye on her husband, but it doesn't stop him from trying to escape the white marble of their palace. Sometimes the place seems more like a cage for the wayward deity.

Chant is Zeus leaves two jars outside the entrance to the palace, one filled with the qualities of evil and the other with good. Only the powers know which is which. Zeus uses the stuff to bless or curse mortals, mixing the two qualities to create human spirits. If a body could make off with one of the jars, he could become a great force for good or evil — but he'd better be sure of which one he takes, not to mention find a hideout beyond the purview of the Olympians (they'd crush him for sure).

It's no secret that Zeus doesn't care much for the Daghdha, the ruler of the Celtic pantheon. The feeling's entirely mutual; the Daghdha doesn't think that the Olympians are any match for his own crew, and besides, he thinks the Greeks are far too full of themselves. Gossip among the priests says the Daghdha's recently pulled some subtle tricks on Zeus, which certainly doesn't help matters any. Regardless, the Celtic leader isn't going out of his way to win Zeus over, and the Thunderer won't make any overtures of peace either. Their simmering feud may erupt into all-out war at some point.

As for proxies, Zeus mainly uses his own children. The mightiest of these is, of course, Hercules (Px/♂ human/F20/CG), said to be the strongest man to ever walk the face of the Prime. However, because Hercules is the child of another woman, Hera's none too keen on the hero, and usually sets all sorts of obstacles in his way, to the point where it's better for Zeus not to bother with Hercules at all.

APHRODITE

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Dawn"

AoC: Love, beauty

AL: CG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Seashell

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Aphrodite could more rightly be said to be a Titan, for she's the direct offspring of Uranus's blood (see the entry for Uranus at the end of this chapter). The other powers overlook that fact, for she journeyed to far-off isles upon her creation, taking Eros with her, and returned when the Titans had been cast out.

Aphrodite's husband is Hephaestus, to whom she was married by order of the gods, for the two of them needed divine consorts. However, she chafes in the marriage, for while the smith dotes on her, he's unsightly, not to mention lame. Handsome, vain Ares catches her eye far more frequently, though when Hephaestus first discovered her treachery, he fashioned a net and entrapped the lovers. Then he invited the other gods to come and mock the hapless pair. Aphrodite fled

for a year and a day, until her shame lessened enough that she could bear to be seen.

Course, Aphrodite's more than just the goddess of love and beauty; she also rules over the *act* of love, and thus she's a big favorite among the Society of Sensation. It's partly because of her influence that many Sensates have chosen Olympus as their home (the faction's glorious Gilded Hall lies elsewhere in the layer).

Aphrodite's palace on Mount Olympus is built of quartz and gems, all polished so keenly that anybody walking past can see his own reflection in the glass. The pool Canathas (also known as Evergold, shared by other goddesses of beauty) lies in a ceremonial basin in the exact center of her case, filled with the Water of Beauty and Life. Only proxies of Aphrodite can bathe in the water here; anyone else who tries it brings down the wrath of the power.

Aphrodite's true friends are the other goddesses of beauty, though only Hanali Celanil of the Seldarine has remained a fast companion throughout the ages. The other deities go through periods of fickle vanity (and truth be told, so does Aphrodite), wherein they lash out at one another, each claiming to be the most attractive. Indeed, it's because of this fickle vanity that Aphrodite has few friends among the Olympians — they desire her, sure, but they don't truly care for her.

Her favorite proxy was a demipower named Adonis, who served her well until the jealous Ares put him in the dead-book. Now Aphrodite's best-known proxies are Anchises (Px/♂ human/P13/CG), one of her former lovers, and their son Aeneas (Px/♂ human/F16/Society of Sensation/CG). Anchises is blind, but he can see the beauty in the heart of any creature that loves, and act accordingly. Aeneas is handsome and strong, and has the skill to carry any burden, no matter how heavy, if something beautiful will rise from it when he sets it down.

APOLLO

Intermediate Power, "The Light-Bringer"

AoC: Light, prophecy, music, healing

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Lyre

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Apollo, son of Zeus and the Titan Leto, is, after Hera and his father, the greatest power of the pantheon. Though both Poseidon and Hades are stronger, Apollo commands more respect than either of them, and thus is next in line should Zeus ever perish or pass on.

As god of prophecy, Apollo founded an oracle on every

prime-material world where the Olympians have influence. They all sit on stools in smoke-filled caverns, listening to the words of the future breathed by the fumes. Like most oracles, they speak in words that're usually understood by mortals only after a prophecy fulfills itself. Apollo's also established a site on Mount Olympus; those in need of the power's advice can seek out the mysterious oracle Pythia (Px/♀ ?/Div14/CN).

Apollo's temple (see the map on page 121) is also his home, and the whole place is fashioned of beaten gold that shines eternally with the mellow glow of the sun. In the back of the temple, he's built an amphitheater where the finest playwrights of the culture enact their works. Mortal poets also pad the stage, declaiming

verse to honor the Light-bringer.

All of the Olympians respect Apollo, but none are truly his friends, except perhaps for Hermes and Apollo's sister Artemis. Though it's been forbidden, Apollo and Goibhniu of the Celts have established a secret friendship, and he's also found friends in Mitra of the Indians and Seker of the Egyptians. His enemies, naturally, are any powers of darkness and harm.

Asclepius the Healer (Px/♂ human/P18/CG) is Apollo's son, and also one of his proxies. It's said the blood can bring the dead back to life without the benefit of spells. Hades, of course, wants this stopped, and unless Apollo steps in, he's likely to lose his child to the jealous death god. Another well-known proxy is Cyparissus (Px/♂ half-elf/R14/CG), whose companion is a stag; the two of them can commune with any natural animal in the multiverse.

ARES

*Intermediate Power,
"The Jealous, the Unfortunate"*

AoC: War, killing, strife

AL: CE WAL: Any evil (warriors)

SYMBOL: Spear

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Ares, the power of war, is one of the sons of Zeus and Hera. He cares for nothing but his own desires and the carnage of battlefields, and is insanely jealous of any who stand in his path. He kills any sod weaker than he is who gets in the way, and gives in only grudgingly to those who're tougher.

Ares picked up the nickname "the Unfortunate" because, while he's mighty in battle, he has no foresight and is easily duped by his own passions. His rages've led him into many tight spots, including the ornamental vase he was confined

IN ALL THE MULTIVERSE,
IS THERE ANYTHING
AS WONDERFUL
AS A PHILOSOPHER?
— FEDERIC NIESHA,
AT APOLLO'S SYMPOSIUM

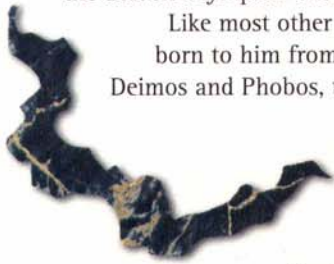


in when the young Olympians fought off their first major challenge. He's no luckier in love, as the story of Hephaestus and the net demonstrates (see the entry for Aphrodite).

'Course, that doesn't stop many mortals from pledging their loyalty to the deity. One of the rites young warriors go through before they enter their first battle is a ceremonial shaving. They sacrifice their hair to Ares as a sign of their devotion to war and warlike causes.

Ares's palace on Mount Olympus is a great gloomy affair of dimly gleaming bone, more of a battlement than a castle. It lies near the Portal Defile – that's the chasm that holds the gates to the prime-material worlds where the pantheon's worshiped. Inside the fortress, Ares's evil band of petitioner warriors quaffs the blood of the foes they've slain, making themselves stronger by absorbing the life force of their enemies.

And Ares has quite a *few* enemies, even among the other powers of war. See, he's jealous of his sphere, and doesn't tolerate the intrusion of any other deities into "his" domain. For this reason, he's incurred the wrath of the goblinoid power Maglubiyet, and the orcish gods Bahgtru and Gruumsh. Only Loki, the trickster god of the Norse, could call Ares a friend – and even then, sly Loki enjoys embarrassing the doltish Olympian every chance he gets.



Like most other powers, Ares's proxies are his sons, born to him from his affair with Aphrodite. They are Deimos and Phobos, two chaotic evil demipowers said to be the embodiments of terror and fear. Indeed, they have the ability to *cause fear* with a radius of 50 yards, and all who enter the affected area must save versus spell at -4 or flee in terror for 1d6 turns.

ARTEMIS

Intermediate Power, "The Huntress"

AoC: Hunting, wild beasts, childbirth
AL: NG **WAL:** Any N or G
SYMBOL: Bow and arrow on moon
HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Artemis, the sister of Apollo, is the patron (or rather, matron) of hunters and huntresses. She's far more happy in the company of dogs and wild animals than in that of her fellow powers. She's the closest thing the pantheon has to a savage; she disdains civilization and its trappings in favor of nature and the wild. But she hunts only to fill her belly or feed someone else, never for sport.

Artemis is a maiden goddess, neither keeping nor encouraging lovers. Though other powers occasionally pursue her and try to win her over, she doesn't favor any of them. Even those who can hunt as well as she can (or better) don't stand a chance; like the other Olympians, she refuses to acknowledge a better in her chosen field.

The goddess considers all of Olympus to be her realm

and hunts without care, returning only occasionally to a small bower where she makes her home. Truth to tell, her case is little more than a small complex of caves in the side of the mountain, for Artemis has no real need of a place to retire to. She frequently travels to Arkenos, the city of the Amazons, where she's revered as a protector.

Her friends among the powers include Solonor Thelandira of the elves and Uller of the Norse. Though Solonor's more gregarious than Artemis, the two have shared many a hunt together. However, Uller's a better match for the Olympian; when they stalk together, it's with few words spoken, just the appreciation of the hunt between them.

Her proxy is a petitioner named Actaeon (Px/♂ human/D13/N), a berk who was unlucky enough to come across the goddess while she was bathing. She transformed him into a stag and set his own dogs on him. Then she felt some small remorse, and made him master of her hounds instead. Actaeon now has the ability to change himself into a magnificent stag at will, and each of his horns carries a piece of moonlight, which he can cast upon his enemies like a *prismatic spray*.

A+HENA

Intermediate Power, "The Protectress"

AoC: Wisdom, crafts, war
AL: LG **WAL:** Any good
SYMBOL: Owl
HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Athena sprang full-grown and fully armed from the head of her father Zeus. He'd swallowed her mother Metis because a prophecy warned that Metis would bear a son who'd kill him. Apparently, Zeus learned something from the Titan Cronus after all – if a body wants to prevent his offspring from slaying him, he's better off devouring the mother before she *has* any children. But it didn't prevent the creation of Athena.

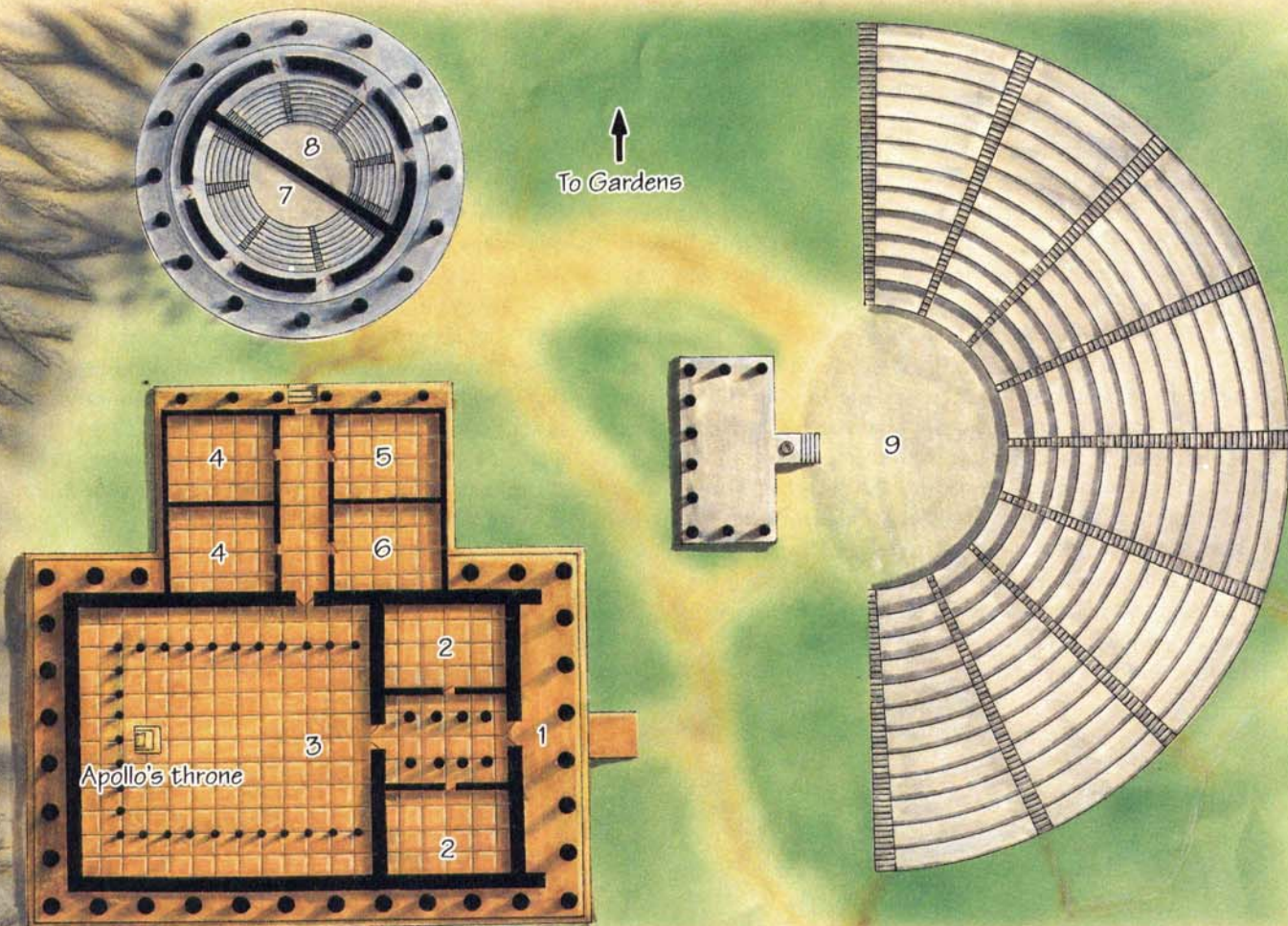
Like her half-sister Artemis, Athena's sworn herself to eternal chastity, and has struck dead those who've tried to ravish her. And though she's as demanding and exacting as the rest of the pantheon, Athena's willfulness is tempered by the light of wisdom, which she teaches to mortals in exchange for their service.

Many mortals think she's the goddess of war, but that's not entirely true. Athena leaves the business of carnage to her brother Ares; her domain is that of courage and steadfast bravery. Those who want to venerate bloodshed turn to Ares; those who desire strategy and tactics call upon Athena.

Fact is, her realm is the exact antithesis of Ares's. Whereas his fortress is dark and bloodstained, her palace is bright, shining, and made of enduring iron. Philosophers and generals fill the halls, the latter seeking wisdom for their battles, the former needing the sharp minds of the warriors. It's said the finest thinkers and generals of the culture are brought here to study under the masters.

APOLLO'S TEMPLE

1. **Entry.** From this point, a visitor to Apollo's temple can see very little; the bright glow off the beaten gold walls blind any sods who don't avert their eyes.
2. **Auditory.** Those who'd make a case here have to prove their worth. Two of Apollo's representatives gauge the worth of performers and philosophers. Those who pass are allowed to stay. Those who don't are ejected.
3. **Apollo's Chamber.** The throne room of the power is truly magnificent. Sunlight floods in from all corners, focusing on the throne. It's said that those who're truly gifted are allowed to perform before the god.
4. **Symposia.** The symposia are always filled with philosophers and artists, each struggling to understand the multiverse and their place in it — or the place of whatever small details they can dream up.
5. **Rehearsal and Preparation Room.** As the name suggests, this room is for performers to prepare themselves for their demonstrations.
6. **Feasthall.** After a performance in the theatres or Amphitheatre, the audience and performers adjourn here for refreshment and further entertainment.
7. **Little Theatre.** This is a room for those who've still got some polishing to do with their skills. Those on stage are still magnificent; they're just not nearly perfect.
8. **Debate Hall.** As the Little Theatre is to the musicians and actors, so the Debate Hall is to the philosophers. Many a rowdy discussion takes place here.
9. **The Amphitheatre.** The envy of the planes, the Amphitheatre attracts the best and the brightest in music and minds to perform for audiences of the most discriminating taste. Sometimes the shows are open to the public.



Athena's father Zeus dotes on her, but she's also won over many of the other powers in the pantheon by virtue of her intelligence. She despises Aphrodite, who gets by purely on looks, and she has a long-standing feud with her uncle Poseidon — the two of them squabble over everything, it seems. She also finds common cause with Brihaspati of the Vedic (Indian) pantheon and Odin of the Norse — enough, at least, for her to admit that they have knowledge she lacks, and that she can learn from them even as they learn from her.

Her current favorite proxy is Odysseus (Px/♂ human/F13,T9/CG), a blood who's seen much and done more. Athena's granted him no special boons, because she wants to teach him that he can survive on his cunning alone. And Odysseus is one of the smartest bashers a body can meet — smart in the practical sense, that is. Plenty of scholars have more book learning, but there's hardly a blood this side of the fiends as crafty as Odysseus.

DEMETER

Intermediate Power, "Fertile Mother"

AoC: Agriculture

AL: NG

WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Mare's head

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Demeter, one of the first six Olympians, now remains mostly behind the scenes, tending to the children of the gods and keeping the harvests of the Prime plentiful in the areas of the faithful. She was married to Poseidon but broke free of that in time; Poseidon took up an abode in the sea, while Demeter remained on land. Afterward, she became Zeus's wife (before Hera) and bore him a daughter, Persephone. Persephone was later carried off by Hades to rule with him in the Underworld.

Demeter's home is a common-looking cottage in the midst of an immense field of golden grain. Her petitioners toil in the field all day before retiring at night to their own cottages scattered about the land. They work hard, but they seem to love the labor.

Demeter and Chauntea of Toril have always gotten on well, and it's no dark that Demeter harbors no grudges against other powers — except for her brother Hades, who she still hasn't forgiven for the abduction of her daughter. Hades seems remarkably unconcerned by this.

Triptolemus (Px/♂ human/R13/NG) is the favored proxy of Demeter these days. He drives a chariot drawn by two bronze dragons, scattering grain seeds wherever he travels. He's a tenacious fellow; his eyes constantly search the horizon, and he always seems to be itching to get back into his chariot and ride on.

DIONYSUS

Intermediate Power, "Twice-Born"

AoC: Mirth, madness

AL: CN

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Staff with pine cone and vine

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Dionysus, son of Zeus and the mortal Semele, was still in his mother's womb when she witnessed the Thunderer in his awesome radiance and was destroyed. Zeus took the baby from her body and stitched it into his own thigh, and when it was ready to be born, it stepped forth fully and perfectly formed.

Hera, jealous of her husband's dalliances, made Dionysus barmy early in his life, and he wandered the land learning the ways of the vine — and the ways of madness. In his journeys, he acquired a retinue of centaurs, satyrs, and bacchae.

Today, Dionysus is the power of bubbers, to be sure. His entire portfolio's dedicated to the divine madness of the grape, to the revelry in the enjoyment of drink. His followers aren't gentle tipsters, either. Some bashers get contemplative; Dionysus's faithful get downright nasty. When they go too far in their celebrations, they lose all rational thought and follow their instincts blindly. Folks often die from these frenzies.

Dionysus's domain in Olympus is one of constant, comfortable warmth. He has a palace in the middle of a vineyard, and he's decreed that the grapes on the vines (which also run through the building) will always be ready for the plucking or the juicing. When the bacchae aren't following their patron in his travels, they make the vineyard their home base. And no wonder — it's a place of constant parties, making even the Sensates' Gilded Hall seem tame by comparison.

Hera, naturally, doesn't like Dionysus at all; he's just another reminder of Zeus's affairs. Nor does Athena think much of her half-brother, for the two are practically polar opposites. Still, Zeus loves his son as much as he does Athena, and so the other powers don't dare cross him.

Dionysus has a satyr named Silenus (Px/♂ satyr/HD 10/CN) as his proxy. Chant is Silenus taught the young power while Dionysus was still barmy, and the god hasn't forgotten that. Though ugly and deformed, even for a satyr, the proxy has a keen mind and a wise heart, and he'll use them for or against a berk, depending on how he's treated. He's good to those who show kindness, and it's said that Silenus isn't above granting the occasional boon.



THE FURIES

Lesser Powers, "The Kindly Ones"

AoC: Justice

AL: N WAL: No worshipers

SYMBOL: Three scourges

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Pluton/the Underworld

Following the multiversal Rule of Threes, the Furies are three aspects of the force of divine vengeance, at the same time separate but whole. Their individual names are Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megarea, but the Furies are the original Erinyes (and they're usually called the Kindly Ones, anyway, to keep from offending them). It's said the baatezu stole their original name because the fiends so admired the function of the Furies.

They appear as crones with wings and scourges, which they use mercilessly on those who've earned their wrath. As the proxies of the powers' will, the Furies have no allies among the gods — they're simply sent to avenge horrible crimes committed against (and by) the pantheon. Truth is, the Olympian powers are scared of the Furies, for the Kindly Ones have the might to take down deities even greater than themselves. See, when on a mission that's justified by their charter, they're supported by the collective belief and respect of the entire pantheon. Zeus himself'd have reason to fear if he ever sinned so badly as to draw their gaze.

The Furies have no realm to call their own. They just flap about the glooms of the Underworld, dispensing harsh justice on the poor deaders of Hades's land, until they're called to right a wrong on another plane.

HADES

Greater Power, "Lord of the Dead"

AoC: Death, wealth

AL: LN(E) WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Black ram

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Pluton/the Underworld

As the power of death, Hades stands apart from the standard run of the Olympians — he's the dark half they don't usually acknowledge, because, for all of their faults, they embrace life with a passion. Though he's the oldest of them (or perhaps *because* he's the oldest), Hades has been entrusted with the responsibility of watching over the dead. It's not a job he particularly likes, but his personality seems remarkably well suited for it.

Long ago, the god of death abducted Persephone, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter, and before she was rescued from his clutches, she ate of the food of the realm. Thus it is that Persephone must spend half her time in the dreary Underworld, ruling at Hades's side, and half in the exuberant world of Olympus above.

Hades himself doesn't take much of an interest in anything except for Persephone. He's content to sit and brood

and watch the gray of the Waste, gaze on the shuffling masses of the countless dead, and set forth the punishments decreed by the other Greek powers on those who dared to steal glory from the gods.

The Underworld is typical of the Gray Waste: lifeless and dull. The Rivers Lethe and Styx flow through it, promising forgetfulness and oblivion to those who sample their waters, though few dare. In the center of the realm is a palace of gray marble, and in the audience chamber sit Hades and Persephone, waiting to deny supplicants their hearts' desires.

Mortals on this or that quest sometimes ask to use Hades's *helm of invisibility*, forged for him by the Cyclopes in the war against the Titans. He keeps it constantly at his side, but rarely uses it. It's said he lends it out to heroes sent by other powers, but no living berk has ever reported being able to gain it.

Three proxies decide the fate of spirits that end up in the Underworld: Rhadamanthys, Minos, and Aeacus (all Px/♂ human/M16/LN). But they don't go on missions to other planes. If Hades sends other proxies out on tasks, the unknown agents obviously pursue their hidden agendas with extreme subtlety. Some whisper that Hades may even contract the services of Anthraxus (Pl/♂ ultroloth/HD 20 [233 hp]/NE), the former master of the yugoloths' Wasting Tower, but others say that's just so much barminess.

HECATE

Intermediate Power, "The Lady of the Night"

AoC: Magic, moon, abundance

AL: CE WAL: Any (mages)

SYMBOL: Setting moon

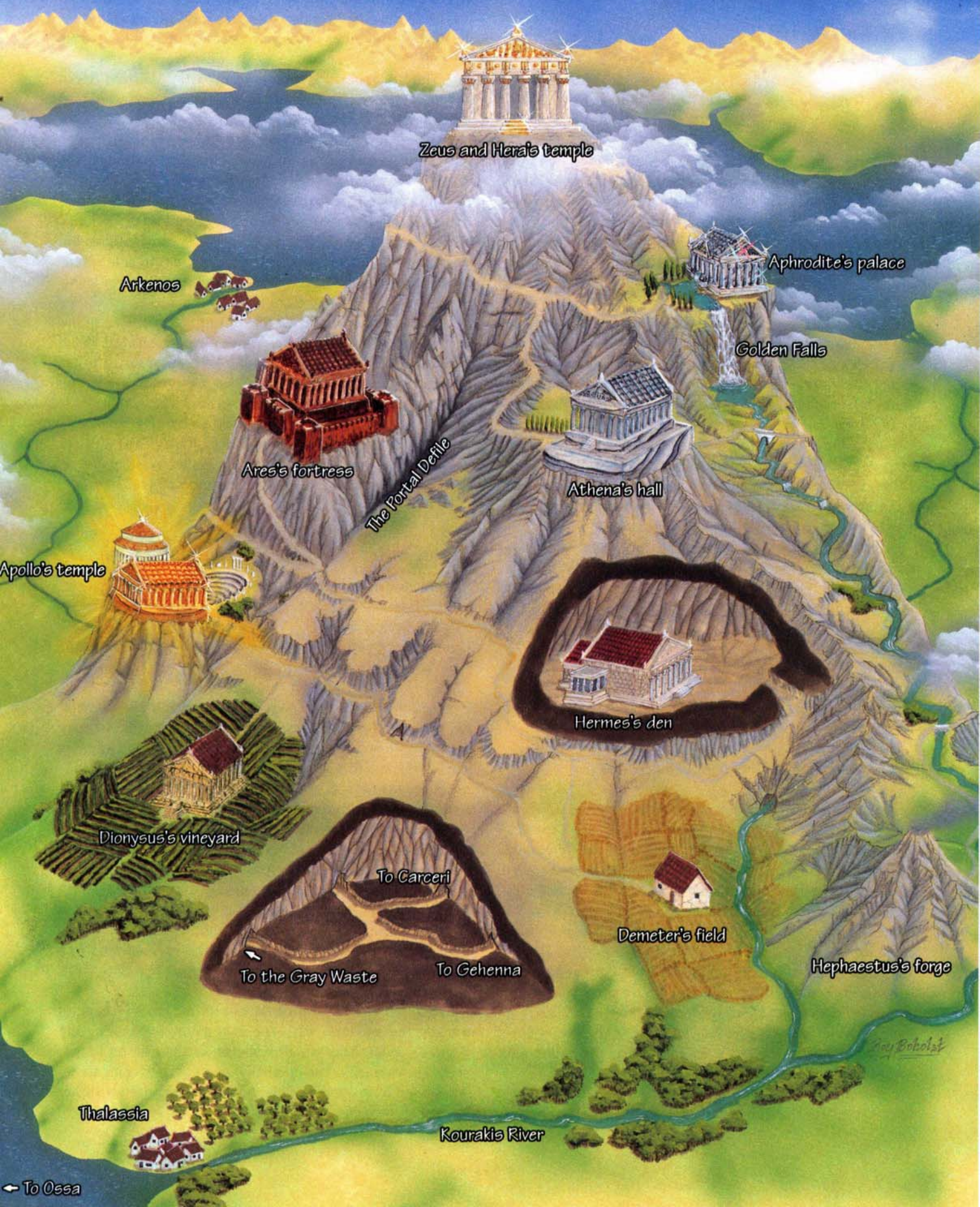
HOME P/L/R: Baator/Minauros/Aeaea; Gray Waste/Pluton/Aeaea

Hecate's the daughter of the Titans Crius and Eurybia, and her power's almost as great as theirs ever was. She's famed far and wide for her cutting wit and great eloquence (chant is she taught Apollo some of his craft), but she's even more famous for her skill in magic. Fact is, she's worshiped by all nonpriest spellslingers who follow the pantheon, for she's the source of all wizardly magic.

She's also one of the few powers who maintains a primary realm in one plane (the Gray Waste) and another somewhere else (Baator), but it's completely dark as to why. Perhaps she draws her power from both planes and uses it to feed her worshipers. Whatever the truth, Hecate's a power to be reckoned with, as sly as a serpent and as dangerous as a starving wolf. She sets plans in motion that few can detect, and she plays heroes like lyres.

She has a history with Loki, but Hecate has no real allies among the powers, with the exception of Persephone (Hades's wife). Apollo still respects her, but he no longer seeks her company. The other Olympian powers come to her for advice from time to time, but don't associate with her more than they can help.

MOUNT OLYMPUS (AND ENVIRONS)



Perhaps to encourage more visitors, Hecate almost always has a gift for another power — for example, she has the Eye of Gruumsh, the one put out by the elf high-up Corellon Larethian. If the orc god could ever figure out the trail of clues she's laid for him, he might even be able to get it back.

Hecate has recently promoted Circe (Px/♀ human/Tra25/CE) to full proxy status. The wizardess has served her deity for many years now, and both of them decided it was about time for a boost in power. In return for Circe's service, Hecate's granted her unfailing spells. Thus, any spell Circe casts works automatically — even those that normally allow a saving throw. A basher going up against Circe'd best have his wits about him, because he's not going to beat her with physical strength.

HEPHAESTUS

Intermediate Power, "The Lamed"

AoC: Smithing, crafts

AL: NG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Hammer and anvil

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Hephaestus, power of smiths and makers, is the son of Hera and only Hera. She created him whole from her own body when she found how Zeus was deceiving her with other women. In anger, Zeus hurled Hephaestus down to the Prime Material Plane, where the young god landed badly, and was thereafter lame. The two later reconciled, and Hephaestus is now a welcome member of the pantheon. He crafts the tools they use, and makes Zeus's thunderbolts even better than the Cyclopes did when they were at their peak.

Hephaestus's realm is in an area of Olympus where volcanic activity is common. In fact, he works in the very heart of a volcano, aided by his uncles, the Cyclopes. Occasionally, the gnomish power Nebelun comes by to offer advice and help, and the two of them fashion incredible items together. It's said that Hephaestus has an ongoing rivalry with other gods of the forge, but the dark of that ain't quite known.

Hephaestus's proxies are — following the standard Greek pattern — his own flesh and blood. His son Palaemon (Px/♂ human/F10,T12/NG) can bring forth iron from the ground just by concentrating. His other son, the hero Ardalus (Px/♂ human/F14/NG), can fashion nearly anything with common instruments.

HERA

Greater Power, "Matron of Heaven"

AoC: Marriage, intrigue

AL: CN WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Fan of peacock feathers

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Hera is Zeus's wife, and the second most powerful Olympian in the pantheon. She also happens to be insanely jealous of

Zeus and his infidelities, and she goes out of her way to make life difficult for any of Zeus's paramours or their offspring.

Still, she's cordial and even friendly to the other Olympians, as befits a ruler. She's often temperate when Zeus is reckless, and can fly into a rage when he's rational — the two of them are a perfect balancing act.

The other Greek powers respect Hera's judgment, and they know when to back down from a disagreement with her. One of her quarrels, after all, led to the sacking of an important prime-material city that stood on the plains of Illyria, all because the son of the burg's ruler dared to praise Aphrodite's beauty — not Hera's. The goddess ain't what a body'd call a good loser.

Hera's empowered two main proxies throughout the years. One of them is Argos (Px/♂ tiefling/F20/LN), the Hundred-Eyed Watcher. His body's covered with eyes, only fifty of which sleep at any given time. He's been defeated only once, by Hermes, who lulled all of the tiefling's eyes to sleep with a stupefyingly long and dull tale. Hera's other proxy is Menelaus (Px/♂ human/F14/CN), a cutter who gained immortality by remaining faithful to his cheating wife. He can be slain only by someone bearing a god-forged weapon.

HERMES

Intermediate Power, "Messenger of the Gods"

AoC: Travel, trade, thievery, gambling, running

AL: CG WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Caduceus

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Hermes has always been the power of thieves. On the very day he was born, he stole the herds his brother Apollo was supposed to be watching, and hid them in a cave in the mountains. While Apollo searched for the lost cattle, Hermes fashioned the first lyre, and appeased his older brother with a trade. Later, he invented the syrinx (also called the panpipes), which Apollo traded for the golden caduceus.

Fact is, it seems as if Hermes can do no wrong. Though he's a fierce warrior and a daring thief, he's also the happy-go-luckiest of the Olympians, eschewing the arrogant pride so many of the others seem to embrace. Though he has his moments of vanity, Hermes is generally far more gentle than the general run of the Olympian powers.

Indeed, it's this charm that's brought nearly all of the Greek pantheon firmly to Hermes's side, and he can mend the rifts between two bickering powers more fully than Zeus. His sense of fair play is legendary among the Olympians; they appeal to him for impartial judgment, and depend on his speed for delivering messages. It's hard to find a power who *doesn't* like Hermes — even the Daghdha (who doesn't get on well with Zeus) finds no fault with the mischief-maker.

Some of the Olympian faithful even say that Hermes is romancing Tymora of Toril, though the dark of it's that he's merely trying to learn the fate of Tyche, the former goddess of good fortune (see her entry later in this chapter).

The realm of Hermes is hidden away inside Mount Olympus itself, and it's an inviting place for both gamblers and travelers. Though a body's like as not to get his pocket picked, he's also guaranteed a safe night's sleep — a valuable thing in Olympus. Nobody'd dare harm a traveler under Hermes's roof.

Like his father Zeus, Hermes favors using his own children as his proxies. One of these, Autolycus (Px/♂ human/T24/CN), is said to be the greatest mortal thief that ever lived, a cross-trader unlike any other. Chant is there's nothing he can't steal and get away with; Autolycus does nothing to confirm or deny this rumor, and thus the legend of his ability grows. He's the grandfather of Athena's proxy, the hero Odysseus, and it's from Autolycus that Odysseus gained many of his more cunning tricks.

NIKE Lesser Power, "Victory"

AoC: Victory

AL: LN

WAL: LN

SYMBOL: Winged woman

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Though she's a lesser power, Nike has her place in the pantheon. She's often called upon by Athena or Ares to ride with them when they go to battle, thus assuring one side or the other of victory. Nike's a fickle goddess, though, and goes only when she desires. Ares and Athena both realize that they can't force the power; she must be wooed like any other blood.

Nike is a sister to Eris, the goddess of Discord, and between the two of them, they own three golden apples (a nod to the Rule of Threes). Chant is any mortal who spies one of the apples desires it; toss one in the path of an enemy, and the foe won't be able to think about anything but procuring the apple for himself. What's more, a body can actually set conditions on how to gain the apple, so the "victim" can earn the prize only by fulfilling the requirements.

Course, the apples are worthy prizes. The first bite of one cures any disease in a person's body. A second bite from the same apple makes him young. And a third bite makes him immortal (but not invulnerable). Occasionally, it's said, Nike lends the apples to mortals who really deserve them, but it's so hard for a berk to prove his worth that Nike might as well not even offer the chance.

The lesser power has no case of her own in Olympus, though she maintains quarters in the palaces of both Ares

and Athena. Nike may be fickle, but she finds common cause with both Olympians more than she'd ever admit.

Her current favorite proxy is Achilles (Px/♂ human/F18/LN), a basher who's practically invulnerable and thus almost always victorious. He's proud and vain, one of the best warriors the Olympian culture's ever produced. Though he appears to be a shallow berk, Achilles has depth that few folks could guess at.

PAN Lesser Power, "The Satyr"

AoC: Nature, passion

AL: CN

WAL: CN

SYMBOL: Syrinx

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

At least three varying histories of Pan exist. The first has it that he's the son of Uranus, created when the old Sky's blood spattered the earth, and having grown up in the mountains and woods near the ocean. The second claims that he's Zeus's son from an unnamed wife, while the third attributes his parentage to Hermes. Truth is, though, Pan is just a force of nature — both generous and destructive — and it doesn't much matter where he came from.

Pan lives on the outer edges of the realm, and he doesn't spend much time on Mount Olympus. Course, the infrequency of his visits makes them that much more special. At such times, he's spied wandering the mountain (Pan himself, not an avatar), playing on pipes traded to him by Apollo for services unknown.

He's a great favorite among the satyrs and centaurs because he's passion unbridled. Pan pursues his desires avidly, and those who follow him seek to emulate him as best as they can.

Still, lurking beneath the leering face Pan chooses to wear is a deep font of wisdom and peace. He's given himself over to his passions, but he did it with the full knowledge of what he was doing, and he's accepted what he is and what he does.

Pan's favorite power in the pantheon is Hermes, for the two find common ground in their mischief-making. Dionysus is a close second; he and Pan are top-shelf carousers, and they've found friendship at the bottom of many jugs of wine. The rest of the pantheon lets the god of passion prowl as he will, welcoming his presence — although they're glad his visits are rare. Pan's revels are exhausting, even for the powers.

His proxy is a satyr called Marsyas (Px/♂ satyr/HD 8/



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REFUSING AN ASSIGNMENT+



CN), a brash creature who's come within an inch of being struck dead by various powers throughout his career. That's because Marsyas's main ability is the gift of satire, a cutting wit that can both enrage and embarrass its target. That's not much of a gift, to be sure, but it's one the proxy uses to great effect when he knows that he's beyond retribution.

POSEIDON

Greater Power, "The Tempest"

AoC: Water, earthquakes, creation

AL: CN **WAL:** Any (sailors, horsemen)

SYMBOL: Trident

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Ossa/Caletto

Of all the Olympians, it can be said that Poseidon's the proudest, and also the most thwarted. The son of Cronus and Rhea, and one of Zeus's elder brothers, he vied for rulership of the pantheon but failed. Poseidon later tried to win the patronage of several mortal cities, and usually failed in that as well, as the immortals judged other powers more suited to the task. (He formed a horse out of water in a contest for Athens, but Athena defeated him with a superior creation: an olive tree.)

For a power who so desires the praise of mortals, each of these rejections came as a serious blow to his pride. Perhaps that's why Poseidon has become so vindictive, and why he flies into rages so easily.

Fact is, his temper's notorious among the Olympians. Like the sea, he can change from placid to furious in a matter of seconds, and woe to the berk who tries to hold him back. Poseidon's passions are the ocean, its strange currents, and all the creatures within it. Some say he willingly took the rulership of the sea because it, at least, accepted him — the creatures of the ocean saw in him one of their own.

Poseidon constantly carries the trident made for him by the Cyclopes. It's said to cause earthquakes in the land and the sea, and any sailor who wants to avoid getting caught in the waves from a quake'd best make a suitable sacrifice to the jealous sea god.

The Olympian has sired numerous children, though most of them were disappointments, turning to the ways of evil and cross-trading. Still, Poseidon is their father, and he does what he can to avenge wrongs done to them. Sadly for the sea king, Zeus (or one of the other Greek powers) protects those who slay Poseidon's children, as long as the killer is a hero or upholds the general law of the land. It's just another instance of Poseidon being thwarted by his fellow powers.

The blood has precious few friends among the gods at all. He's got a tenuous truce with Deep Sashelas of the elves, but it's wearing a bit thin as Poseidon tries to poach the worship of the sea elves. He's friendlier with Manannan mac Lir of the Celts than he's been in eons, but chant is a feud simmers just below the surface of their relationship. Both gods are possessive of their domains, and neither one's willing to give an inch.

Poseidon's realm on Arborea is almost entirely under-sea. Except for tiny islands that're mostly uninhabitable, no part of Caletto sits above the water's surface. A berk who's somehow stranded there'd best find a way out. The petitioners are friendly to those who can venture underwater, but not to sods who wind up where they can't function. If a body doesn't learn underwater breathing fast, he'll have to pay a hefty sum for aid in escaping.

Under the surface of the waves, Caletto's astoundingly beautiful. Deep trenches hide cities of breathtaking splendor; kelp forests wave and bob in the currents. Every planewalker should make a point of visiting at least once in his life.

One of Poseidon's two main proxies is Glaucus, a basher who managed to give himself a taste of immortality and was promoted to the rank of demipower. Glaucus is friendly enough; he's one of the few who'll help a traveler out of the realm if necessary. The other proxy is Proteus (Px/♂ human/R10/CN), a blood who watches over Caletto's seal herds. He's earned the skill to change himself into any shape he pleases. He's very peery of interlopers; Proteus has seen more than one berk try to steal seals from the sacred herd, and it's his job to make sure any knights of the post wind up in the dead-book.

TYCHE

Lesser Power, "Fortune's Smile"

AoC: Good fortune

AL: N **WAL:** N

SYMBOL: Red pentagram

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

The Greek pantheon has slowly driven Tyche from its ranks. Some say she was the sister of Nike and Eris, but that she had a falling out with them, and ever since they've worked to rid themselves of her. Whatever the truth of the matter, Tyche has played less and less of a role over the millennia, to the point where some claim that she's disappeared entirely.

On the other hand, Athar corpse-counters haven't found her body floating on the Astral, so she must be someplace, right? Well, here's the dark of it: Tyche has simply retreated to the Prime Material Plane, limiting herself to the worshipers of a single crystal sphere. Though she hates the regression to single-sphere deity, it was all that'd keep her alive.

See, she fled to the world of Toril, where she learned to manifest herself as two powers: Tymora (the goddess of good luck) and Beshaba (the goddess of bad). It's not known if she's still the dominant personality in each of the two deities, or if she's now faded enough that she empowers them without any conscious effort. But the Clueless of Toril firmly believe that Tyche no longer exists — that she physically split into two new beings.

Both Hermes and Pan have sent out avatars seeking the truth of Tyche's decline, but they're barred from the Torilian sphere and can't dig up the dark. Soon enough, though, a

body can bet, they'll send their priests through portals to figure it out to their satisfaction.

One thing is sure: Tyche's realm in Olympus is slowly disappearing. Formerly a grand villa and gambling hall, it's gone remarkably downhill, now dusty and unfrequented, with corners full of cobwebs. But who knows? Maybe Tyche's just down on her luck and will make a comeback soon.

Her former proxy, Pensh (Px/♀ elf/T15/N), now wanders the planes, looking for the answers to her patron's disappearance. Pensh is a cold basher, to be sure, but that's because she got used to being the luckiest blood around. Now she has to rely on her own cunning and generally peery nature to get by.

◆ THE TITANS ◆

The Titans were among the first-born of Gaea the Earth, and were (at least according to the Great Theogony) the first gods to walk her surface. They each maintained dominion over their own spheres and garnered respect from the mortals. But the Titans grew too strong, and Earth rejected them (it was Gaea's curse that caused the Titans to be cast out by their children, the Olympians).

Today, the Titans don't have worshipers as such. That's because the Greek powers greatly discourage mortals from turning to the castaways, to the point that the Titans have come to fear retribution every time a mortal speaks their names. Still, it's no dark that a few prime and planar sods have journeyed to Carceri to petition the Titans for power and the secrets of the multiverse. A berk who catches them in the right mood might even get some answers.

Quite a few of the Titans are trapped on Mount Othrys, in the first layer of Carceri. Chief among them, of course, is Cronus, who rules over the bunch. His 10 siblings are imprisoned with him: Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, Iapetus, Mnemosyne, Oceanus, Phebe, Tethys, Thea, and Themis. Each still maintains dominion over his or her own sphere of influence, the basic building blocks of the Prime. Fact is, it's said the Titans were the primeval forces of the Prime Material, that their continued existence is what keeps the laws of the plane functioning. In that sense, a body could say the Olympians mastered the forces of life and tamed them.

The bloods named above are the major Titans known to mortals, and they're represented below in the entry on Cronus, their leader (despite the fact that not all of the Titans are evil). But three other beings figure into the story as well:

Gaea, Rhea, and Uranus. Gaea, first of all, is the spirit of the Prime, and though she impelled giants and some of her other children to rise against the Olympians, she remains an ally of the pantheon. Rhea, the mother of the first generation of Greek gods, is venerated for her role in freeing them from Cronus's despotic rule. And Uranus, of course, is the father of all the Titans, and the grandfather of the first Olympians.

CRONUS

Greater Power, "The Patricide"

AoC: Sinister ambition

AL: LE

WAL: Any evil

SYMBOL: Sickles

HOME P/L/R: Carceri/Othrys/Mount Othrys

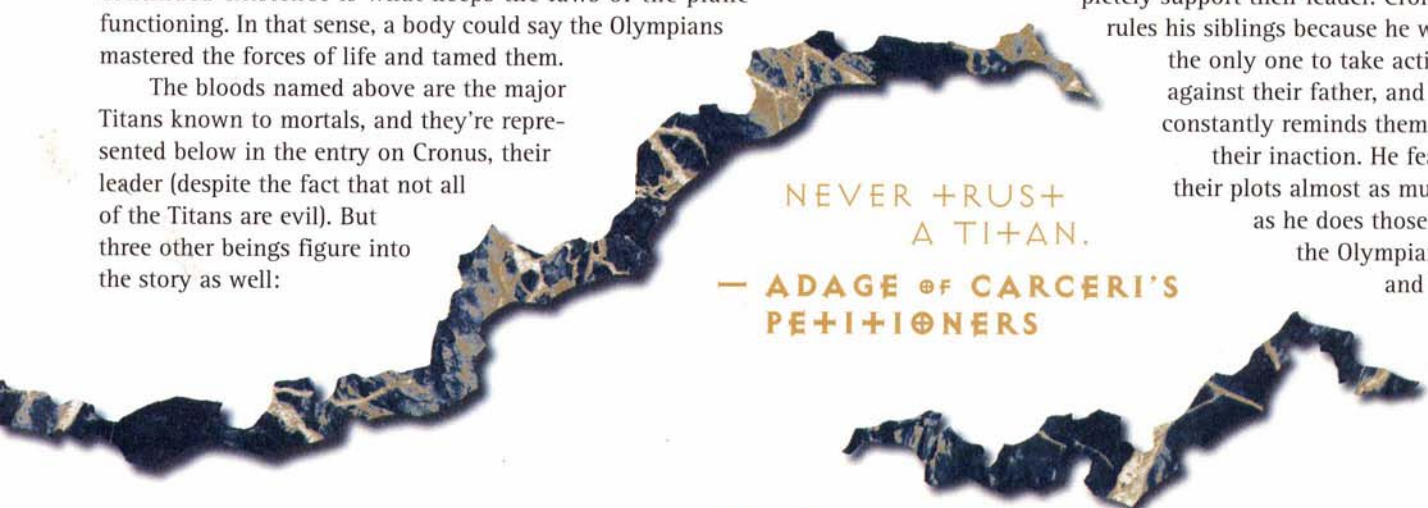
Cronus, the father of the Greek gods, is no doting parent. Prophesied to be overthrown by his own children, Cronus devoured the offspring he sired with Rhea soon after they were born.

Remember, he was the Titan who vanquished his father, the cruel Uranus — he knew the damage one's own children could do, and he was determined not to fall prey to the same trap. 'Course, he couldn't have defeated Uranus without the aid of his mother Gaea, and she helped him only because he promised to free the progeny his father'd hidden away on Carceri. But Cronus turned stag on his promise and was cursed to suffer his father's fate. (For more details, see "The Birth of the Gods," earlier in this chapter.)

Now exiled on Carceri with the other Titans, Cronus sits and broods on his throne in the crumbling marble palace atop Mount Othrys. He plots ways to escape from his prison, and sends out messengers to learn the dark of leaving Carceri behind. He's not found a way out yet.

His allies in scheming include the trickster Loki, though the Norse power of strife ain't exactly what a body'd call trustworthy. Also, the baatezu and tanar'ri of the Lower Planes constantly seek out the Titans, beseeching them for aid in the Blood War. Chances are they won't get it — not unless they can offer Cronus the freedom he desires.

Even the other Titans don't completely support their leader. Cronus rules his siblings because he was the only one to take action against their father, and he constantly reminds them of their inaction. He fears their plots almost as much as he does those of the Olympians, and he



NEVER TRUST
A TITAN.
— ADAGE OF CARCERI'S
PETITIONERS

watches the other Titans like a hawk. See, Cronus commands with an iron hand, and his brothers and sisters truly chafe under his dictatorial rule. Someday, they whisper, they'll rise and lay Cronus low. Meanwhile, they bow and scrape to their younger brother, and bide their time.

GAEA

Greater Power, "Mother Earth"

AoC: Fertility, health, prophecy, earth

AL: N **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Basket of fruit

HOME P/L/R: Prime Material Plane

It's said that Gaea is the entirety of the worlds of the Prime Material Plane, that she's the one force that binds them all together. Well, that may or may not be true; powers know the Olympians are egocentric enough about everything else they say. But it's true that Gaea spawned the Titans and the elements across her surface. She's one of the oldest deities any blood on the planes can name, and she has might beyond even Zeus's dreams.

Some paint her as a schemer and plotter, jealously holding on to her strength and position. Truth is, she's simply a concerned mother, and

she wants nothing but fair treatment for all her children. When the

Greek gods imprisoned the Titans on Carceri, Gaea sought to have them freed by their brethren, the Gigantes. The struggle that ensued nearly toppled the young pantheon, but the

Olympians held fast. Gaea tried several more times to free her imprisoned children, but Zeus and his crew wouldn't hear of it. If she's brewing any other plans to liberate the Titans, she hasn't sprung them yet.

Some say Gaea ain't really a power because she doesn't need worshipers. All she requires is constant life and movement on her surface, and she gets that in spades from the mortals of the prime-material worlds. If the Olympians ever dreamed of overthrowing Gaea, they'd first have to destroy the mortals that live on her – which'd do *them* in, as well. Thus, the gods live in a cautious truce with their grandmother.

Gaea has no realm, no palace – she simply *is*, spread out across all the worlds where the Olympian pantheon holds sway. The best way for a body to worship her is to treat the world he's on with respect and love; Gaea receives more power from kind handling than from cries and sacrifices in any temple.

RHEA

Greater Power, "Mother of the Gods"

AoC: Fertility, life

AL: NG **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Female face

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

Rhea is the mother of the Olympian pantheon (at least the senior members), and it was because of her that they even survived, much less reached the status they hold today. She'd remind them of this fact if it were necessary, but it's not. The gods have given her a palace that exceeds even the one she shared with Cronus during his reign, and they seek her out for advice when they can't turn to each other.

Rhea doesn't really have a realm of her own, nor a religion, nor any proxies. She simply advises and watches; still, she draws strength from the entirety of the Olympian pantheon. And as the power of fertility, seasons, and motherhood, she earns the veneration of mortals across the Prime.

URANUS

Greater Power, "Father Sky"

AoC: Sky

AL: CE **WAL:** Any N or E

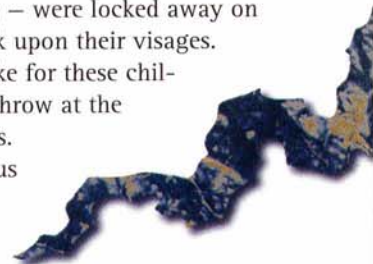
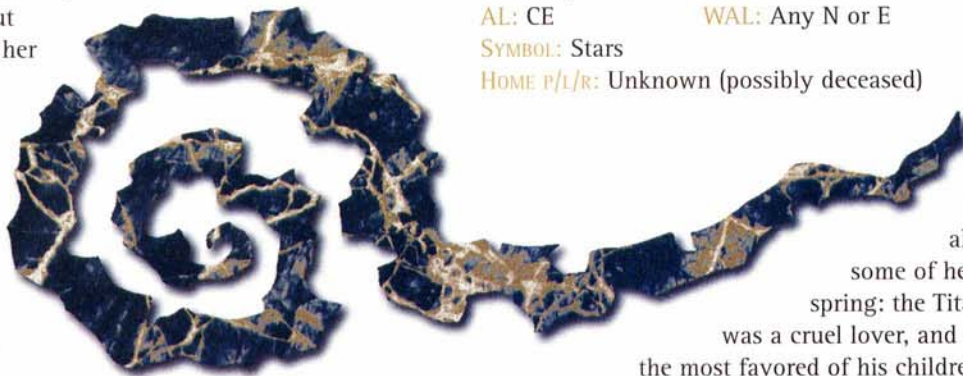
SYMBOL: Stars

HOME P/L/R: Unknown (possibly deceased)

Uranus, one of the children of Gaea, is also the father of some of her mightiest offspring: the Titans. But Uranus was a cruel lover, and only the Titans, the most favored of his children, received any sort of special treatment. The others – the monsters called the Cyclopes and the Hecatoncheires – were locked away on Carceri because Uranus hated to look upon their visages.

Little did he know that his dislike for these children would lead directly to his overthrow at the hands of Cronus and the other Titans. During the battle, the blood of Uranus fell on Gaea and fertilized her yet again, giving birth to the Furies, the Gigantes, and, chant is, Aphrodite herself.

Critically wounded, Uranus fled to the farthest reaches of the multiverse. Some say he died there, unable to heal the injuries dealt by his oldest son, and thus became one of the first dead gods floating on the Astral. However, search as they might, no one has yet found his body in the silver void. That's led to some fearful speculation among the Titans and Olympians both that one day Uranus'll return, bringing with him an army that none will be able to withstand.



MONSTROUS POWERS

Obviously, this chapter doesn't give a complete description of every power from every race of monsters. Instead, it's representative of some of the major gods of the major races, as well as the better-known deities of the less prominent races. But all of these powers're becoming more and more recognized across the planes, and some bloods theorize that this bodes well for their followers – greater visibility means more worshipers, and thus stronger gods.

Like all powers, monstrous gods rise and fall with the fortunes of their believers, but lately the ones listed here have grown ever mightier. That's a good indication that the monstrous races are making a comeback.

For a much more thorough listing of monstrous powers, refer to Appendix I, starting on page 172.

◆ THE GOBLIN POWERS ◆

Some planars say the goblins are nothing more than cheap knock-offs of orcs, that goblins have no identity of their own and rely on the imaginations of others to get their deeds accomplished. Well, sods who flap their bone-boxes like that have another think coming. For all their diminutive size and savage reputations, the goblins're more crafty than most folks'd give them credit for. They've scabbled along through the ages, surviving by the skin of their fangs, waging endless war on Acheron with the orcs of the battle cube. The pantheon of goblin powers commands both surly cunning and brute strength, tempered by intelligence that makes their charges stronger than expected.

The head of the pantheon is Maglubiyet. He rules from a flaming iron throne, crushing all contenders. Maglubiyet oversees both goblins and hobgoblins, but he tolerates no dissent between the two races – or at least none that works against mutual growth and survival. He lets the other deities of the pantheon wield considerable strength, though only up to a point; Maglubiyet crushes any berks who threaten to grow too powerful. Thus, the rest of the goblin gods bow to his wishes, content to fill their roles, afraid to entertain thoughts of revolt.

BARGRIVYEK

Lesser Power, "The Peacekeeper"

AoC: Cooperation, territory

AL: LE WAL: LE

SYMBOL: White-tipped flail

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Avernus/the Peaceable Lands

KNOWN PROXIES: Gruchulak Spinesnapper (Px/♂ goblin/P13/LE); Helgrom Headsplitter (Px/♂ goblin/F12/LE)

Bargrivyek didn't earn the epithet "The Peacekeeper" because he grovels and scrapes and begs for peace with the enemies of goblindom. No, he won his nickname because he tolerates no interclan warfare (at least no more than is good for the sake of the tribes involved). He wants goblins to focus on the dangers from without, to work together to crush the enemies of the race (especially orcs). Bargrivyek wants peace not so much because he enjoys a lack of fighting, but because he wants to see goblins expand ever outward.

He's on excellent terms with Khurgorbaeyag – both stress the unity of goblins at the expense of other races, and they're firm believers in the eventual ascendancy of goblins to the rulership of the multiverse. When it comes to the other powers of the pantheon, though, Bargrivyek is some-



THE MOST+ SUBLIME SERVICE
+⊕ BARGRIVYEK —
AND THE MOST+ ENJOYABLE —
IS +HE SLAUGHTER ⊕F ⊕RCS.
— HELGR⊕M HEADSPLIT+ER,
BARGRIVYEK'S PROXY,
+⊕ YOUNG GOBLINS



thing of a coward. He does nothing that might infuriate Maglubiyet, and he absolutely fears the wrath Nomog-Geaya can bring upon his head. He leaps to their commands as quick as he can.

Bargrivyek's realm, the Peaceable Lands, is nothing but a misnomer. Here the deity trains his goblin armies and forces them through brutal calisthenics. Occasionally he leads them on raids against Draukari (an underground realm of kobolds fiercely guarded by Kurtulmak, the kobold god), showing that nothing can stand against the might of goblinhood.

KHURGORBAEYAG

Lesser Power, "The Overseer"

AoC: Slavery, oppression, morale

AL: LE **WAL:** LE

SYMBOL: Red-and-yellow striped whip

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Clangor

KNOWN PROXIES: Lagdor Blooddrinker (Px/♂ goblin/F13/LE); Annik Hellspawn (Px/♂ tiefling/T12/LE)

Maglubiyet rules over both goblins and hobgoblins, allowing other gods of the pantheon to focus on one race or the other. And Khurgorbaeyag is the specific power of goblins as a race, the leader who bows only to Maglubiyet. It's Khurgorbaeyag who rigidly drives the goblins to the atrocities they commit in war, and Khurgorbaeyag who urges them to take loads of slaves to do the work the lowest goblin would scorn. His priests are his highest servants, and he uses them to push the race in the direction he wants it to go.

Khurgorbaeyag obeys Maglubiyet mainly because he's seen what happens to powers in the pantheon who get too uppity. Still, in his secret heart, he plans ways to depose the tyrant ruler. However, until he has a foolproof plot, he remains as loyal as possible.

The Overseer also has a rivalry with Nomog-Geaya (the god of hobgoblins), for he knows that the race that succeeds the most is likely to curry favor with the head of the pantheon — and he's determined to have his goblins climb to the top of the heap. Finally, Khurgorbaeyag has established an alliance with the bugbear power Hruggek; the two of them sometimes work together against the lesser orcish powers.

He shares the realm of Clangor with the other goblin deities; see Maglubiyet's entry (below) for a description of the realm.

MAGLUBIYET

Greater Power, "Lord of Depths and Darkness"

AoC: War, rulership

AL: LE **WAL:** LE

SYMBOL: Bloody axe

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Clangor

KNOWN PROXIES: Rostorhan the Foul (Px/♂ baatezu [cornugon]/HD 10/LE); Skaran Bendbone (Px/♂ hobgoblin/F14/LE)

Maglubiyet controls the goblins and hobgoblins with a strong, unyielding fist, dominating the two races through visions sent to his shamans (or, in some cases, through the clan chiefs themselves). He tolerates no infringements on his power; he crushes all interlopers, and is just paranoid enough to find interlopers everywhere. If there's one thing Maglubiyet teaches his people, it's that a body's got to look out for number one.

The deity has a true passion for war and destruction. He sends his chosen on missions of devastation simply for the glory of battle — it's up to the lesser powers to push for such things as survival and expansion of the races. Maglubiyet used to have a pair of sons as his lieutenants; however, because of the very nature of goblin life, he decided he couldn't trust them. So he disposed of the sods by sending them on disastrous charges against the orcs and the dwarves. 'Course, now he wishes he had cutters he could trust to go on important missions.

Maglubiyet's realm — also the home of the rest of the pantheon — is called Clangor, a society of strict hierarchy and rugged order. A berk who doesn't keep his place is cut down faster than an orc recruit. The realm's on one face of an iron cube of Avalas (the first layer of Acheron), and it's a land of cold metal and hot blood. Towers and burls rise up from the surface of the iron, but because buildings are wrecked whenever the mammoth cube crashes into another, the goblins also tunnel deep below the ground to keep from being crushed.

Maglubiyet retains a handful of baatezu advisers (including his proxy Rostorhan), though he's always peery of treachery. Aside from the other members of his pantheon, he has few friends among the powers. He just chalks his isolation up to the demands of godhood, though it likely says more about his character than anything else — not all pantheon leaders are as shunned.

NOMOG-GEAYA

Lesser Power, "The General"

AoC: War, authority (hobgoblins)

AL: LE **WAL:** LE (hobgoblins)

SYMBOL: Crossed sword and axe

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Clangor

KNOWN PROXIES: Alant-Torgim (Px/♂ hobgoblin/F13/LE)

Nomog-Geaya, the grim patron of hobgoblins, is said to be one of the finest military commanders on any plane. He's stoic, gruff, and brutal, exemplifying all the traits hobgoblins seek to emulate. The deity barely controls his hatred for Bargrivyek, who he sees as a weakling, but Nomog-Geaya knows that to smite the Peacekeeper would be to invite the wrath of Maglubiyet, and he's not ready for that.

Fact is, though Maglubiyet wouldn't believe it, Nomog-Geaya has no wish to supplant the pantheon leader. He knows his own place too well, and knows that he's not qualified for the greater power's work. Instead, the General is quiet, speaking only when he must — one of the qualities

that makes him so valuable a commander.

Chant is Nomog-Geaya's the one who charged the hobgoblins with settling the giant mesa Redspike, and the berks did just that, turning the whole thing into a cross between a town and a giant tower (see the map on page 135). It's the main burg of the hobgoblins of Clangor, and any plane-walker who finds himself in trouble with the realm's goblins might try his luck in Redspike. Playing the two races against each other is a dangerous game, but it just might save a body's skin now and again.

◆ THE ORCISH POWERS ◆

The orcish pantheon is one that's been kicked around far more than its fair share. As the head of the group, the greater power Gruumsh must make sure the orcs and their powers are well taken care of, that they survive no matter what. And that's getting harder. See, folks say the orcs have been driven so far that they'll have to make their final stand on Acheron – and Gruumsh is partly to blame. By allowing his lieutenants to squabble among themselves, the pantheon was taken by surprise and forced to leave its territory on Baator (and chant is the orcs'd already fled Gehenna before that). Now, they'll do or die from Nishrek, a realm on the opposite face of the same cube inhabited by the goblin pantheon.

Nishrek's not as orderly as Clangor. Instead, individual orcs jockey for position in the ever-changing leadership of the realm, fighting their way out of the trench-slums dug deep into the iron surface of the cube. Those who make it out of the trenches can then vie for places in the mighty orcish army, which marches out regularly to war with the goblins.

The orcs have at least one thing going for them: the Rule of Threes. First of all, Gruumsh has a clear chain of command. Second, he's not afraid of his lieutenants rising against him. And third, the pantheon knows that Nishrek is its last stand. All three of these factors make the orcs a more effective force than ever.

BAHG+RU

Intermediate Power, "The Leg-Breaker"

AoC: Strength, combat

AL: LE WAL: LE

SYMBOL: Broken thigh bone

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek

KNOWN PROXIES: Moragrek (Px/♂ orc/F9/Fated/LE)

Bahgtru, Gruumsh's son, is dumber than any power has the right to be. Chant is most mortals could easily put one over on the basher – but if he ever found out about it, he'd use his awesome strength to crush them into pulp and beyond. Bahgtru cares for sheer physical prowess and little else.

Still, he's unfailingly loyal to Gruumsh. Fact is, the only powers Bahgtru trusts are Gruumsh and Luthic, and he trusts both of them completely.

The Leg-Breaker is too leatherheaded to have complex rivalries with other powers, though he's looking for a rematch with "peace-loving" Bargrivyek. He's also always wanted to pit his strength against that of Magni, one of Thor's children.

GRUUMSH

Greater Power, "He-Who-Never-Sleeps"

AoC: War, territory

AL: LE WAL: LE

SYMBOL: Single unwinking eye

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek

KNOWN PROXIES: Makrete Ironskull (Px/♂ orog/F12/LN);
Arderott of the Rotting Throne (Px/♂ orc/F8/LE)

Gruumsh, leader of the pantheon, is a god of war who loves fighting for its own sake. He revels in strife and pain, pushing his people to expand their territories by driving other races from prime-material lands. The orcs have developed the ability to survive anywhere, even in the most hostile environments, simply because they need to. Of course, if they can strike at beautiful, serene land, they'll do so – but because of Gruumsh, they'll likely raze the place and return to the austere beauty of their homes.

Gruumsh is a harsh ruler; he constantly demands the most from his people, weeding out the weak and sending horrifying omens to those who don't live up to his expectations. If a batch of berks just can't push themselves to excel, Gruumsh usually destroys them by fire or the aggression of rival orc clans.

He has an eternal enmity for both dwarves and elves, especially Moradin and Corellon Larethian. Legends say the leader of the elvish pantheon put out Gruumsh's eye in battle, and now the orcish deity searches the cosmos over for it. He plans to find whoever's foolish enough to keep the eye hidden from him, and tear the sod apart.

ILNEVAL

Intermediate Power, "Son of Strife"

AoC: Warfare

AL: LE WAL: LE

SYMBOL: Bloodied broadsword

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek

KNOWN PROXIES: General Guldryn Blut (Px/♂ half-orc/F12/LE)

Ilneval is a direct, take-charge kind of power, one who doesn't hesitate to lead troops into battle, as opposed to just watching them fight from behind the front lines. He's Gruumsh's tactician and general, but he's also been waiting for ages for the right moment to seize power from He-who-never-sleeps. Naturally, Gruumsh knows what Ilneval's planning, and thus doesn't act – yet.

On the other hand, Ilneval is absolutely frightened of Bahgtru's brutality, and he avoids Gruumsh's son as much as

possible. What's more, Ilneval's said to lust after Luthic, Gruumsh's wife, but he's afraid to act on that as well. For a god of bold warfare, it's amazing that he's so hemmed in by forces he can't influence.

LU+HIC

Lesser Power, "The Healer, Great Mother"

AoC: Fertility, medicine, servitude
AL: LE **WAL:** LE
SYMBOL: Cave entrance rune
HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek
KNOWN PROXIES: Tamurda (Px/♀ orc/P6/LE)

Luthic, the wife (and sometime servant) of Gruumsh, has only a small following, but her worshipers are faithful enough to feed her plenty of power. She's the one the orcs turn to when they're in need of morale, healing, and children. For a female (a curse indeed in orcish society), she proves herself far more useful than most males'd ever think possible.

Truth is, Luthic is one of the few who can readily bend the ears of both Gruumsh and Bahgtru, and she doesn't shy from using this to her advantage. Chant is she's also secretly communicating with Hecate for help against the goblins, but so far the witch-queen hasn't responded to Luthic's overtures. The Great Mother never gives up, though, and she's determined to get Hecate on the orcs' side soon.

SHARGAAS

Intermediate Power, "The Night Lord"

AoC: Darkness, thieves
AL: NE **WAL:** Any evil
SYMBOL: Red crescent moon with skull
HOME P/L/R: Gehenna/Krangath/the Night Below
KNOWN PROXIES: Turgren the Half-Blind (Px/♂ orc/F12/LE)

While the orcish god Yurtrus (see below) is antilife, Shargaas simply hates life. He even rails against his own existence, and strikes out at those who make it any more unbearable (often after careful, considered scheming). 'Course, almost everyone fits that description.

Shargaas tries to remain aloof from the eternal battle between the orcs and the goblins, but it's nigh impossible to ignore the demands of Gruumsh. At the greater power's command, the Night Lord sends forth squadrons of assassins to remove the generals of the goblin army, and then withdraws so far into his realm that not even Gruumsh can contact him for a year and a day.

It's hard to find *anything* in the realm, really. The Night Below is a place of near-absolute blackness. Shargaas's petitioners can see just fine, but any berk who doesn't belong finds himself stumbling through the dark, attracting orcs like flies draw spiders.

YUR+RUS

Intermediate Power, "White-Hands"

AoC: Death, disease
AL: NE **WAL:** Any evil
SYMBOL: White hand on black field
HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Oinos/Fleshslough
KNOWN PROXIES: None

Yurtrus frightens even Gruumsh, for the intermediate power is nothing more than the denial of life and existence. Sure, Gruumsh could probably kill White-Hands if he so desired, but chant is he's afraid to get that close. Yurtrus has no mouth and never speaks, and sends plagues and disease as he will, capriciously. Orcs worship him only because they fear to anger him.

Almost nothing is known of Yurtrus or his realm, which is commonly called Fleshslough. That's because anyone who enters the realm never leaves, not even avatars sent by other powers. The entrance to the place is two great black-iron doors set into a forbidding hillside in Oinos; the stench of death wafts out every time the doors swing open.

⊕+HER

◆ MONS+ROUS POWERS ◆

The rest of the powers in this chapter are a diverse sampling of the monstrous deities from around the planes. Some of them are helpful, others harmful, but all have a mindset that's almost impossible for a human to understand — unless, of course, the berk's spent time as one of the creatures they watch over.

BAHAMU+

Lesser Power, "Draco Paladin"

AoC: Good dragons, wisdom
AL: LG **WAL:** Good dragons
SYMBOL: Pole Star above milky nebula
HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Bahamut's Palace
KNOWN PROXIES: Seven gold dragons

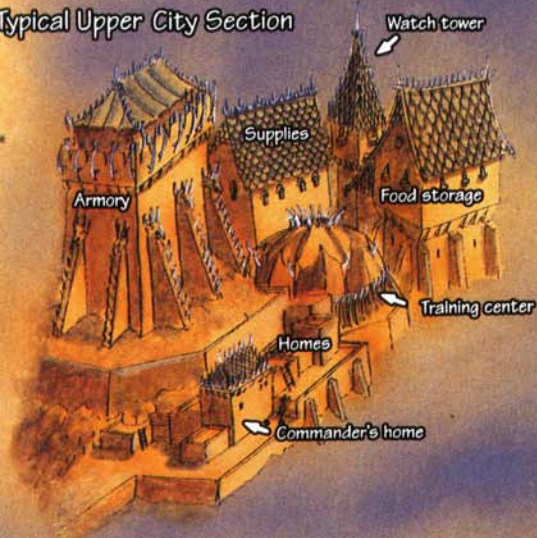
Bahamut is the protector of all good dragons and a fierce opponent of evil. He believes in the sanctity of life, and won't willingly kill another creature unless he has no other choice. By dragon standards, he is sharing and selfless, and all good wyrms look to him for guidance and wisdom. Bahamut is also a friend to good-aligned mortal deities, especially the Seldarine and the Celts.

His realm is a palace filled with the jink he's accumulated over the years, and it somehow occupies the first four layers of Mount Celestia all at once. What's more, the case supposedly holds portals to the Astral and Elemental Planes. It's a real popular place, but it doesn't always attract the right kind of attention.

RED SPIKE

Population:
Exterior: 8,000
Interior: 30,000
(Soldiers make up 75% of the population)

Typical Upper City Section



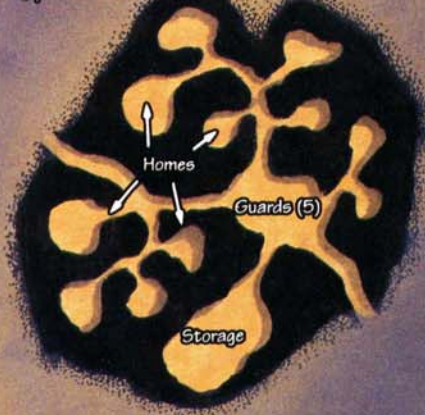
Upper city

Guard Tower

Each tower contains 30 hobgoblin marksmen with crossbows

Arrow slits

Typical Interior City Section



Access ramp carved into side of mesa

Access ramp held up by iron scaffolds

Typical Lower City Section



Interior Entrance



Lower city

Ray Beholst

BLIBDOOLPOOLP

Intermediate Power, "Sea Mother"

AoC: Dark, insanity, revenge
AL: NE **WAL:** NE, CE (kuo-toa)
SYMBOL: Lobster head and black pearl
HOME P/R: Elemental Water/the Murky Depths
KNOWN PROXIES: Priest-Prince Va-Guulgh (Px/♂ kuo-toa/P10, T10/NE)

Though once the bright patron of an evolved race (so say the legends, anyway), Blibdoolpoolp has become a warped and twisted being as the kuo-toa have waned in power and intelligence. She lives in competition with the drow powers, and the illithids're said to seek her constantly in order to devour her.

Really, though, Blibdoolpoolp avoids just about all other powers as best as she can, for she's fantastically afraid that they'll discover the ancient secrets of her race (whatever they are). She refuses to believe that the kuo-toa are any less mighty than they once were, which no doubt contributes to her already-questionable state of mind.

Blibdoolpoolp's realm lies in what she considers the heart of the Elemental Plane of Water, darkened by her jealousy and hatred. It's one of the few spots on the plane where the water has a sandy floor — her crustacean companions need to make homes, after all. Any visitor that's not a kuo-toa had best look out; the petitioners are under orders to rend trespassers limb from limb. Still, chant is Blibdoolpoolp's got hoary secrets of magic — a lure that draws many knowledge-seekers and cross-traders to the realm.

GZEMNID

Lesser Power, "The Gas Giant"

AoC: Gases, obscurement, deception
AL: CE **WAL:** CE
SYMBOL: Bronze rod held in tentacles
HOME P/R: Outlands/Gzemnid's Realm
KNOWN PROXIES: None (though rumors of a beholder squadron abound)

Most ordinary beholders aren't willing to bargain with creatures they deem as "inferior," but Gzemnid — one of the two beholder powers — is a bit more flexible. When confronted with strong mortal beings who make no immediate move toward violence, it's said that Gzemnid might offer to trade for magic and secrets, though a berk who counts on this'd best have a grave already dug. The deity most definitely spies on mortal wizards and sages who study the nature of the multiverse; he hopes to steal their discoveries through illusion and deception.

Lots of folks wonder why a power of chaos and evil makes his home — a tangled mess of tunnels — below the neutral Outlands, and more to the point, why the realm doesn't slip over to the Abyss. Some say it's based on an alliance with the much stronger Ilsensine (see below), though a

few scholars claim that Gzemnid's hiding from the retribution of powerful foes — perhaps even the Great Beholder Mother, although most reports mark the two as friendly.

In any case, some thinkers attribute the presence of Gzemnid (and Ilsensine) to simple moral relativism. See, the monstrous gods are considered evil by most mortals, but perhaps their own standards are different enough to anchor them to the Outlands.

ILSENSINE

Greater Power, "The Great Brain"

AoC: Mental dominion, magic
AL: LE **WAL:** LE
SYMBOL: Glowing brain with two tentacles
HOME P/R: Outlands/the Caverns of Thought
KNOWN PROXIES: All illithids (supposedly)

A being of pure energy, Ilsensine is the patron and creator of the illithid race (and, some say, the secret master of the cranium rats as well). Depicted as a huge, green-glowing brain, the power's tentacles extend across the multiverse, feeding information directly to the bloated mass of the god-brain.

Like Gzemnid, Ilsensine dwells in a knotwork of tunnels below the Outlands; their realms often intertwine, making it hard for a berk to figure out where he is. Bloods guess that because Ilsensine is a deity of thought and knowledge, it resides on the Outlands, despite leaning toward law and evil. The same folks say that Gzemnid chooses to weave his realm with the god-brain's, hoping that Ilsensine's greater might will keep them both firmly rooted to the plane.

Whatever the truth, the Caverns of Thought are a dramatic departure from the standard Outlander realm. As a body approaches the center of the maze of passages, waves of thought and psychic force from Ilsensine grow stronger and stronger, twisting those with weak minds into horrifying zombies. The dwarves of the nearby Dwarvish Mountain know to keep to their end of the tunnels, though lately some report having been spied upon by zombies that shuffled off and disappeared in the darkness.

SHEKINES+ER

Greater Power, "The Three-Faced Queen"

AoC: Destruction, knowledge, creation maintenance
AL: N **WAL:** N, CE, LG
SYMBOL: Mask, mirror, or grain jar
HOME P/R: Outlands/the Court of Light
KNOWN PROXIES: Agara (Px/♀ water naga/HD 10/N); Wissilimer (Px/♂ spirit naga/HD 12/CE); Atora (Px/♀ guardian naga/HD 13/LG)

Following the Rule of Threes, the goddess of the nagas takes three different forms, yet each is part of the overarching intelligence that is Shekinester herself.

The first aspect is that of the Weaver, a crone-faced

naga who destroys so that creation might come of it. She also weaves understanding among the unenlightened. The second aspect is that of the Empowerer, a bestower of wisdom and asker of riddles. She pushes bashers into the truth, whether they like it or not, and helps them to accept the changes. The third aspect is that of the Preserver, the keeper of light and knowledge, as well as the recorder of the dead spirits that pass her way.

Shekinester's realm, too, is divided into three concentric circles (unifying the Rule of Threes and the Unity of Rings). The outermost ring is called the Loom of the Weaver, a maze of thorns that all visitors must find their way through. A cutter who makes it stumbles into the Hall of Tests, where Shekinester is said to keep her palace. Finally, the palace itself holds the innermost circle, where a body finds the Arching Flame – a fire that supposedly fuels the workings of the entire multiverse. Whether it's true or not is anyone's guess, but no one, not even Shekinester herself, can quench the Arching Flame.

The goddess has many allies among the powers; most dwell on the Outlands, but others are scattered across the planes. However, Shekinester values the friendship of the Egyptian pantheon most highly.

TIAMAT

Lesser Power, "The Avaricious"

AoC: Evil dragons

AL: LE

WAL: Evil dragons

SYMBOL: Five-headed dragon

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Avernus/Tiamat's Lair

KNOWN PROXIES: One chromatic (evil) dragon of each color

Just as Bahamut is the protector and benefactor of the good-aligned dragons, so is Tiamat the destroyer of life and the matron of evil dragons. She never ceases in her efforts to cause mischief and destruction, and it's about all Draco Paladin can do to keep her in check. Tiamat is vile through and through, and she'd lay waste to the planes if she could.

Her realm, hidden in the hills of Avernus, is a sprawling cave complex guarded by her offspring and her lovers. Treasure lies scattered about the floor, but it ain't for the taking. Woe to the sod who thinks he can get out with even a copper piece. Chant is Tiamat guards the only known gate to Dis, the second layer of Baator, but won't let anyone through without a hefty sacrifice.

Tiamat was once rumored to be one of the Lords of the Nine, the high-ups who watch over the nine layers of the plane. Truth is, she's good friends with some of the lords (at least insofar as evil of that magnitude can be friendly), but she's not one of them. Still, she has powerful forces at her command; the baatezu constantly offer her gifts, bribes, and servants for the loan of some of her dragons. Tiamat's not sealed any bargains yet, but she's weakening to the fiends' persuasion.

TI+ANIA

Greater Power, "The Faerie Queen"

AoC: Faeries, friendship, magic

AL: CG

WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: White diamond with blue star

HOME P/L/R: Seelie Court (wanders)

KNOWN PROXIES: True Tom (Px/♂ human/B17/NG)

The queen of the roaming Seelie Court, Titania is imperious and beautiful, powerful and incisive, yet strangely flighty and vacuous. There's really no classifying her. She watches over all of faeriekind – which includes treants, dryads, satyrs, pixies, unicorns, and the like – and desires nothing more for her charges than that they should live forever in blissful happiness.

Her husband and consort is Oberon, but they both take other lovers as suits them. Fact is, that's how Titania got her bardic proxy, True Tom (sometimes called Thomas the Rhymer) – she made him her consort and enchanted him so he could only speak the truth. The queen's dalliances send Oberon into fits of blackest jealousy, and it's said he takes lovers only to spite his wife.

The Seelie Court wanders about the good-aligned planes of chaos (Ysgard, Arborea, and the Beastlands), and time flows differently within its rolling borders. Some say the sylvan realm is more beautiful than any other. 'Course, the Seldarine dispute that, but gently – the elvish powers are good friends with the Faerie Queen, and aid her in nearly any venture she asks.

YEENOGHU

Lesser Power, "The Destroyer"

AoC: Ghouls, gnolls, paralysis

AL: CE

WAL: CE

SYMBOL: Triple-headed flail

HOME P/L/R: Abyss/422/the Seeping Woods

KNOWN PROXIES: Splitfang (Px/♂ cambion/HD 10/CE)

Yeenoghu is the very picture of an Abyssal lord made good. Through slow poaching of the followers of Gorellik (the former gnoll god), Yeenoghu has managed to subvert almost the entire race of hyena-headed humanoids to his worship. By offering abilities to his priests that Gorellik could not, the Destroyer appealed to the need for force and strength in the gnollish heart, and wrested them away.

Yeenoghu's realm on the 422nd layer of the Abyss centers around his great bone throne, a mountain of limbs torn from those who've displeased him. The land consists of savannahs and endless, sickly yellow forests, where the very water is poison and parasites ooze through every surface. Yeenoghu and his gnolls hunt any berks addle-coved enough to wander near.

The gnoll god keeps away from contact with other deities. The giantish gods may appeal to the gnolls, but Yeenoghu wants nothing to do with them. He simply hates all other powers, and plots to steal their strength the same way he took Gorellik's.

Where the land plummets from the snowy hills into the icy fjords below, where the longboats draw up on to the beach, where the glaciers flow forward and retreat with every fall and spring – this is the land of the Vikings, the home of the Norse pantheon.

THE NORSE PAN+THEON

It's a brutal clime, and one that calls for brutal living. The warriors of the land have had to adapt to the harsh conditions in order to survive, but they haven't been too twisted by the needs of their environment. Given the necessity of raiding for food and wealth, it's surprising the mortals turned out as well as they did. Their powers reflect the need these warriors had for strong leadership and decisive action. Thus, they see their deities in every bend

of a river, hear them in the crash of the thunder and the booming of the glaciers, and smell them in the smoke of a burning longhouse.

◆ THE PAN+THEON ◆

In the oldest days, all existence was merely an abyss between the two poles of freezing Niflheim and burning Muspelheim. Above the two worlds grew the World Ash, Yggdrasil, and below them yawned a chasm between fire and ice. Legend has it there were no living beings in all the multiverse.

At least, not until the two elements met in the Ginnungagap (the abyss), where they combined and created earth and sea, filled with salty ice. The trickle of water grew and formed the giant Ymir and his cow Audhumla. Ymir grew strong on the milk of the cow, and the heat made by Muspelheim in the south caused him to sweat. Those droplets spawned the giants, the beings who would be the eternal foes of the coming gods.

Audhumla, in her turn, grew strong by licking the salt of the ice floes. And one day her tongue brought forth another being from the ice – the giant Buri. Buri then brought forth his son Bor, who married the giantess Bestla (one of Ymir's

descendants) and produced three children: Odin, Ve, and Vili. The three new gods knew that only evil could come of letting the giants live, and so they slew Ymir. His blood filled the Ginnungagap, drowning all but two of the giants, who escaped to foster the rest of their race. The giants swore eternal vengeance on the gods for this; thus did the Norse powers create their own worst enemies.

Then Odin and his brothers created the world from Ymir's remains. They took maggots and worms from the giant's corpse, and turned them into elves and faeries, dwarves and trolls. The gods consigned the latter group to Svartalfheim, while the former made their home in Alfheim, halfway between heaven and earth. Afterward, the powers created the realm of Asgard for themselves, and Midgard – the Middle World – for the mortals. All of the worlds (including Niflheim and Muspelheim) were connected by the mighty Yggdrasil, which arched over and through everything.

And then came the other gods, the Aesir, created by Odin to populate the paradise the three brothers had created in the heavens. From elsewhere came the Vanir, fellow deities who seemingly rose from nowhere, and the two groups struggled for dominance. Eventually, they declared a stalemate and exchanged hostages to ensure peace between the two pantheons. The Vanir gave up Njord and his children Frey and Freya. The Aesir sent away Hoenir (Odin's brother) and Mimir (a dispenser of wisdom whose ability was so admired that wizards named



NOT ONLY MUST YOU
SEIZE LIFE WITH BOTH HANDS.
SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOT TO
STRANGLE IT UNTIL IT SPITS UP
WHAT YOU WANT.

— ULRIC WULFSON OF THE FATED,
OUTSIDE THE
GATES OF VALHALLA



the magical item after him). Even after he died, Mimir gave excellent advice, and some say that Odin has only one eye because he traded his other to Mimir in exchange for words of wisdom.

The Norse gods have an awful lot of history, and it's even more involved than this. But at least a body can see that the Aesir rose from a chaotic past, one that didn't much resolve itself through the course of time. The deities themselves are little better; they're a rowdy bunch, easy to insult and hard to soothe. They're not as insufferably proud as the Olympians, but they are exceedingly touchy about their spheres of interest.

Simply put, the gods of the pantheon believe in power, both their own and that of their people. It's only through power, after all, that a blood knows where he stands. That kind of identity is important, whether it's of the individual, family, clan, nation, or race — all are paramount. See, power lets a body truly enjoy life. If he's always busy serving some other berk, he won't experience the richness that existence has to offer. Everyone should strive to be the best, to make a name even among the heroes around him. That's the only way to live.

Given that attitude, it's curious that the Aesir are such a fatalistic bunch. They know they'll face their dooms at Ragnarok, when the forces of evil will rise against them, and each deity even knows how he'll die. But they still persist in training themselves for the final battle. It ain't that they think they can affect the outcome. They just want to take as many of the enemy with them as they can.

◆ THE WØRSHIPERS ◆

The northmen tend to dwell near the shores of the great fjords, forced to live there by the constraints of the land. The craggy mountains prevent any serious overland journeys, so the mortals rely on their trusty longboats for travel, trade, and terror. Each spring, they plant their crops and then raid and pillage for the supplies they desperately need. Sure, some of the bashers are hunters, fishers, and whalers, but those aren't reliable sources of sustenance.

The followers of the Aesir are not as bloodthirsty as the legends of their enemies make them out to be. They're straightforward and brutal when necessary, but the nature of the land makes them so. They're also self-reliant and some of the bravest bashers a body's ever likely to meet. Fact is, they place such a high value on heroism and meeting death unflinchingly that one of the highest honors a cutter can pay his foe is to let him die as bravely as possible.

See, the northmen live (and die) by a code of honor, a code that's acknowledged by even the most brash and lawless berks among them. It unites the people in common causes, teaching them to offer hospitality against the cold and the dark; that the enemy of a friend is an enemy, while the enemy of an enemy is a friend; that family is the most important part of a body's life, and an insult to one member

is a slap in the face of all; and that the greatest courage is in riding toward death without fear or second thoughts.

◆ ASGARD AND VANAHEIM ◆

Just how influential are the Aesir? Well, their realm is probably the best-known patch of land on Ysgard, and when most folks talk about the three layers of the plane, they use the names put forth by the Norse tongue: Ysgard, Muspelheim, and Nidavellir. But the two realms of Asgard and Vanaheim — home to the Aesir and the Vanir, respectively — both sit in the first layer.

Asgard's the shared realm of just about all the powers of the Aesir (see the map on pages 144–145). It's a cold, mountainous land, crisscrossed with rivers, filled with lakes, and strewn with plains and forests. Titanic estates dot the landscape — the magnificent homes of the gods — and the petitioners are welcomed inside for the feasts and revelries that never seem to end. The whole realm is surrounded by a thick wall, supposedly built by a giant who was later bobbed out of his jink and then killed when he complained (no wonder the Fated feel such a strong connection to Asgard).

Oddly enough, the realm itself encourages fighting. Any berk slain here — as long as he dies well — can be reborn. 'Course, dying well doesn't mean falling in a hail of arrows (unless they're all fired at the sod in question while he's single-handedly charging the enemy). It means a body taking out foes right up to his last breath, moving past the point where most others'd collapse, fighting till it just ain't possible to go on. That's why Asgard's petitioners are feared the planes over — they've learned they don't have to be afraid of anything except for fear itself, and that savagery and relentless will is the best way for a basher to get what he needs.

The Aesir maintain their connection to the Prime Material Plane with Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge. Believers can travel on the bridge, but those with no faith in the Aesir or Vanir find that it constantly moves away from them. Bifrost is proof against both fire and frost giants; chant is the red of the bridge burns the frost giants, while the magenta freezes their fiery cousins. The god Heimdall watches over Bifrost, never seeming to sleep, and he lets the bridge extend to a single prime-material world at a time.

Vanaheim is the other realm of the Norse gods, home to the Vanir: Frey, Freya, Uller, Njord, and others who keep themselves hidden from mortal knowledge. It's a realm of beauty laid out along a seacoast, and the land is often smothered in fog. Vanaheim's not nearly as mountainous as Asgard; truth is, it seems a bit like Tir na Og, what with its rolling hills, winding coasts, and mystically contemplative landscapes.

Just like the petitioners in Asgard, those in Vanaheim are reborn each day, but they're less warlike and more rational, preferring intellectual pursuits to those of the body. That's not to say they're not dangerous in a fight; it's just that they don't give themselves over to battle entirely.

◆ THE POWERS ◆

As one of the most unruly pantheons around, the Aesir are famed far and wide for their excessive habits (which they also encourage in their followers). Most of the powers toe Odin's line, but it's well known that some chafe under his imposed law. Still, the All-Father has led them to a position of prominence in the planes, and they find no reason to rebel against him — at least, not yet.

⊕ DIN

Greater Power, "The All-Father"

AoC: War, wisdom, poetry, knowledge

AL: CG **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Single blue eye

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Odin, leader of the Aesir, is also the father to most of them. But he carries a dark secret within his breast — he's dead. See, Odin hung himself from the branches of Yggdrasil in order to gain knowledge of life and death and the world, and he got it. But the other powers believed in their leader's infallibility, and that faith brought Odin back from the dead-book, more or less.

Now he dispenses wisdom from his throne Hlidskialf (which is guarded by a proxy and a mass of petitioners), and rides his eight-legged horse Sleipner to sites that require his personal attention. Some say the horse has eight legs because that's the number of legs a coffin has (when it's carried by four pallbearers); thus, Odin's really riding a casket into battle.

In any case, the All-Father epitomizes the Norse race. He's savage and wise at the same time, straightforward and subtle as the mood strikes him. He rewards power with power, and only a few things anger him: aiding a giant, losing a battle, or breaking the laws of hospitality.

Odin controls three halls in Asgard. The first is Valaskialf, from which he rules. The second is Gladsheim, the common hall of the Aesir, where they meet to swear loyalty to and share mead with their leader. The third is Valhalla, where the mightiest warriors of the northmen are transformed into the einheriar. During the day, the place is mostly empty, as the einheriar are out honing their combat skills on each other. But at night, Valhalla's filled with the riotous noise of the feasting petitioners, all celebrating their triumphs of the day.

Odin doesn't associate much with other pantheons, except for two: He serves as both peacemaker and rabble-rouser for the Celts and the Greeks. On one hand, he offers words of conciliation between the two, and on the other he sends Loki to cause mischief. In this way, Odin's slowly increasing the power of his own pantheon, but he's playing a dangerous game.

The All-Father's most famous proxies are two ravens called Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory) (Px/♂ raven/HD 4/N). The ravens can *teleport* anywhere in Ysgard to act

as Odin's eyes, and are completely immune to magical control. Any berk who harms them is subject to Odin's direct wrath.

The hero Sigmund (Px/♂ human/F18/CG) also serves the will of the pantheon's leader. He's the one who guards Hlidskialf, and in return, Odin lets him sit on the all-seeing throne. Only Frigga, Odin's wife, can do the same.

The Aesir (Norse Powers)

Aegir	Intermediate	Sea
Baldur	Intermediate	Beauty, charisma
Bragi	Intermediate	Poetry, music
Forseti	Intermediate	Justice
Frey	Intermediate	Sunshine, rain, fertility, horses
Freya	Intermediate	Love, passion, human fertility
Frigga	Intermediate	Sky, domestic life
Heimdall	Intermediate	Light, guardianship
Hel	Intermediate	Death, disease
Idun	Intermediate	Youth, spring
Loki	Intermediate	Mischief, strife
Magni	Lesser	Strength
Modi	Lesser	Courage, berserk rage
Norns, the	Unknown	Fate
Odin	Greater	War, wisdom, poetry, knowledge
Sif	Intermediate	Excellence, skill
Thor	Intermediate	Thunder, weather, sky, crops
Tyr	Intermediate	Courage, law, swordsmanship
Uller	Lesser	Hunting, archery, winter
Valkyries, the	Demipowers	Fallen heroes
Vidar	Lesser	Strength, silence

AEGIR

Intermediate Power, "Old Man Sea"

AoC: Sea

AL: CE **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Rough ocean waves

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Aegir, the god of the sea, is alternately friendly and ferocious to the Aesir. He provides the deities with mead and banquets, but occasionally turns stag on them when it suits his needs. For this reason, he's not entirely loved by the rest of the pantheon, but the old power doesn't care — as long as he's included in the festivities, he's happy.

His hall, Hlesvang, is hidden beneath the waters of Aegirsholm, one of Asgard's lakes. The hall's covered with shells and whalebones, and its residents include all Norse petitioners who died by drowning.

Aegir is the father of the Wave Maidens, the nine mothers of Heimdall. His main proxy is Erik the Red (Px/♂ human/F12/CN), a sailor of such skill that he can take his boat beyond the edge of the world and back. Erik's a friendly

enough basher, but if a body crosses him, he'll literally be sleeping with the fishes – in the hall of Hlesvang.

BALDUR

Intermediate Power, "Bright Son"

AoC: Beauty, charisma

AL: NG

WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Gem-encrusted chalice

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Baldur is the most beautiful and charismatic power the Aesir have ever seen – and they continue to say this even after spying Aphrodite, Sune, and all the other goddesses of beauty. Whether they really mean it or just want to stick together is anyone's guess.

Baldur is the child of Frigga and Odin, and they dote on their charming son. His dreams are prophetic, at least to some degree, and the Aesir pay close attention to what he tells them. Fact is, Baldur is loved by just about everyone he meets, except for powers of hatred and plague. Even gods who ain't normally friendly to humankind find a good word for the deity.

Still, there's one power much closer to home who envies Baldur, and therefore despises him – Loki, who hopes to kill the attractive god someday. Because Baldur is invulnerable to everything in creation except mistletoe, Loki plans to fashion a spear made of the stuff.

Baldur's hall in Asgard is called Breidablik, meaning "broad splendor," and he lives there with his wife, Nanna. One of the radiant jewels of the realm, Breidablik's a place of warm, soft light and the scintillating company of beautiful people. Any sod who can't count beauty as one of his assets best not even try to get in; only those who look good are allowed inside. Sadly, what's in a body's heart doesn't matter, only the shallow exterior.

Baldur has no proxies. That's because he has no ulterior motives (at least none that anyone knows of), and he's seemingly content to bask in the appreciation of his worshipers, his petitioners, and his fellow powers.

BRAGI

Intermediate Power, "Skald's Friend"

AoC: Poetry, music

AL: NG

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Harp

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/HarpHearth;

Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

As the deity of poetry and music, Bragi gains power every time one of his worshipers sings or recites verse, and thus he grows stronger with every passing year. He's a fun-loving god, though one given to fits of manic activity, and he constantly wanders, seeking to improve his gift and bestow it on others.



Bragi's a good friend to poets and songsters everywhere, even among the other pantheons. Oghma, especially, has earned his respect, and the two've made music that sets the good-aligned planes singing. The Norse god has no particular enemies, but his hatred for the giants has grown steadily over the centuries. This rage was fueled by Thiassi, the (now-dead) giant who kidnaped Bragi's wife Idun to get at the Apples of Youth (see Idun's entry, later in this chapter).

In addition to living in Asgard, Bragi keeps a realm on Elysium, where he says he can hear the beautiful music of the multiverse more clearly. The realm, HarpHearth, is actually little more than a mountain peak where the bracing winds of the upper air flow. The proxy Thariisa HarpChord (Px/♀ human/B13/NG) strolls through the land with her small, golden harp, and Bragi himself maintains a small cottage on the slope (well, small for a god, anyway). He retires there when he's done listening to the songs of the wind for the day. Idun often visits him at the cottage, and they usually return to Asgard together shortly thereafter.

FORSETI

Intermediate Power, "Peacemaker"

AoC: Justice

AL: LG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Scales

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Forseti, a wise and eloquent son of Baldur, has spent his entire existence trying to bring law to the chaotic Aesir. He's succeeded to the extent that mortals call on him to ratify their laws, and the powers come to him to appeal to his legendary discretion (especially when Odin can't be impartial). Not only does Forseti weigh each case on the basis of right and wrong, he also considers how a particular decision would further the community of gods. He's not made a blunder yet.

His hall is called Glitnir, a shining Asgardian palace of gold and beaten silver. It's said to be what every northman dreams of, but only a select few can enter its halls – specifically, the rich and the generous (which rules out most of the race). Still, Glitnir's a place of glory and equality among those who can make it in, so it's something to which mortals can aspire.

Forseti doesn't favor any of his proxies above the others, though the more capable bloods receive the harder missions – he may be a power of equality, but he's not stupid. The proxy who's proven herself best these days is Elena Meadwyrd (Px/♀ human/Pal14/LG). She's calm and self-assured, and chant is she can make a basher speak the truth, whether he wants to or not. That reputation alone is enough to dissuade berks from lying, so Elena rarely has to use her power.

FREY

Intermediate Power, "Sunbeam"

AoC: Sunshine, rain, fertility, horses

AL: NG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Ship-shaped cloud

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim; Ysgard/Ysgard/Alfheim

Frey, a member of the Vanir, was sent to Asgard as part of the plan to guarantee peace between the Aesir and their cousins. Regardless, Frey's one of the most popular powers of the Norse pantheon. He's a lusty god, one who enjoys life, and his worship naturally requires participation in fertility rites. But he's also a gentle deity, and he inspires loyalty in his followers — he doesn't demand much, and he blesses the people with sunshine and rain alike.

Frey owns the cloud-ship Skidbladnir, which can carry the entire pantheon and all its gear, yet fold up and fit inside his pocket when not in use. Furthermore, his sword can fight of its own will if freed from its confining sheath.

The power maintains two realms. One's in Vanaheim, where he sails Skidbladnir along the coastline endlessly, losing himself in the sea breeze and sunshine. The other's in Alfheim, where he rules with a kind touch. Both realms welcome Frey's patronage, for he spreads cheer wherever he travels.

What's more, he tries not to engage in the political games and feuds common to most gods. He maintains cordial relations with the Daghdha, and is on excellent terms with the Seldarine. Frey particularly enjoys the company of Corellon Larethian, and has made Corellon's enemies his own.

Skirnir (Px/♂ human/F10,M10/NG) is Frey's right-hand man. Technically, the blood is an indentured servant, but he'd serve Frey even if he didn't owe the god his life. Skirnir's calm and easy in just about everything he does, and this serenity radiates from him like an aura. Any bashers who come within 5 feet of the proxy are automatically calmed, unless their fear or rage was brought on by divine providence.

FREYA

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Fire"

AoC: Love, passion, human fertility

AL: CN **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Woman-shaped flame

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim; Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Frey's fiery twin sister, Freya, is likewise a member of the Vanir. She shares the waters of the Evergold with the other goddesses of beauty, and she doesn't hesitate to use its wa-

ters to keep herself attractive and appealing. She too is hugely popular among the mortals.

A body might think that Freya's vanity and dalliances would bring her nothing but condemnation. But the dark of it is that, like any northern woman, she's free to choose her own way. That path may not match the standards set for women by the males, but it surely matches the standards the males set for themselves. Besides, Freya's passions are tempered by her great intelligence.

Still, the goddess is sought after by deity, giant, dwarf, and mortal alike. It seems her beauty and free spirit captivate the male mind, and those who see her can't put their brain-boxes on anything else. Thus, Freya has the friendship of most any male power she encounters (Norse or otherwise).

Her hall is
Sussrumnir,
near the
Folkvang
("Field of

Folk") in Vanaheim.

The place was a gift from the Aesir on the occasion of her trade; it's said to be entirely

impenetrable unless Freya herself opens the doors. Inside, Sussrumnir is luxury itself, strewn with furs and silks given to her by powers of far-off pantheons.

Freya's proxies are almost all female. Lhana Tomsdallir (Px/♀ human/M10/CN) is the current favorite. She's beautiful, of course, with raven hair and shimmering black eyes big enough for a body to drown in. She can *charm* any basher who meets her gaze, though the berk's got a chance to resist. A successful save versus spell (with a +1 bonus) keeps him free, though he won't know that Lhana tried to sway him.

FRIGGA

Intermediate Power, "Mother Sky"

AoC: Sky, domestic life, marriage

AL: LN **WAL:** Any lawful

SYMBOL: Spinning wheel

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

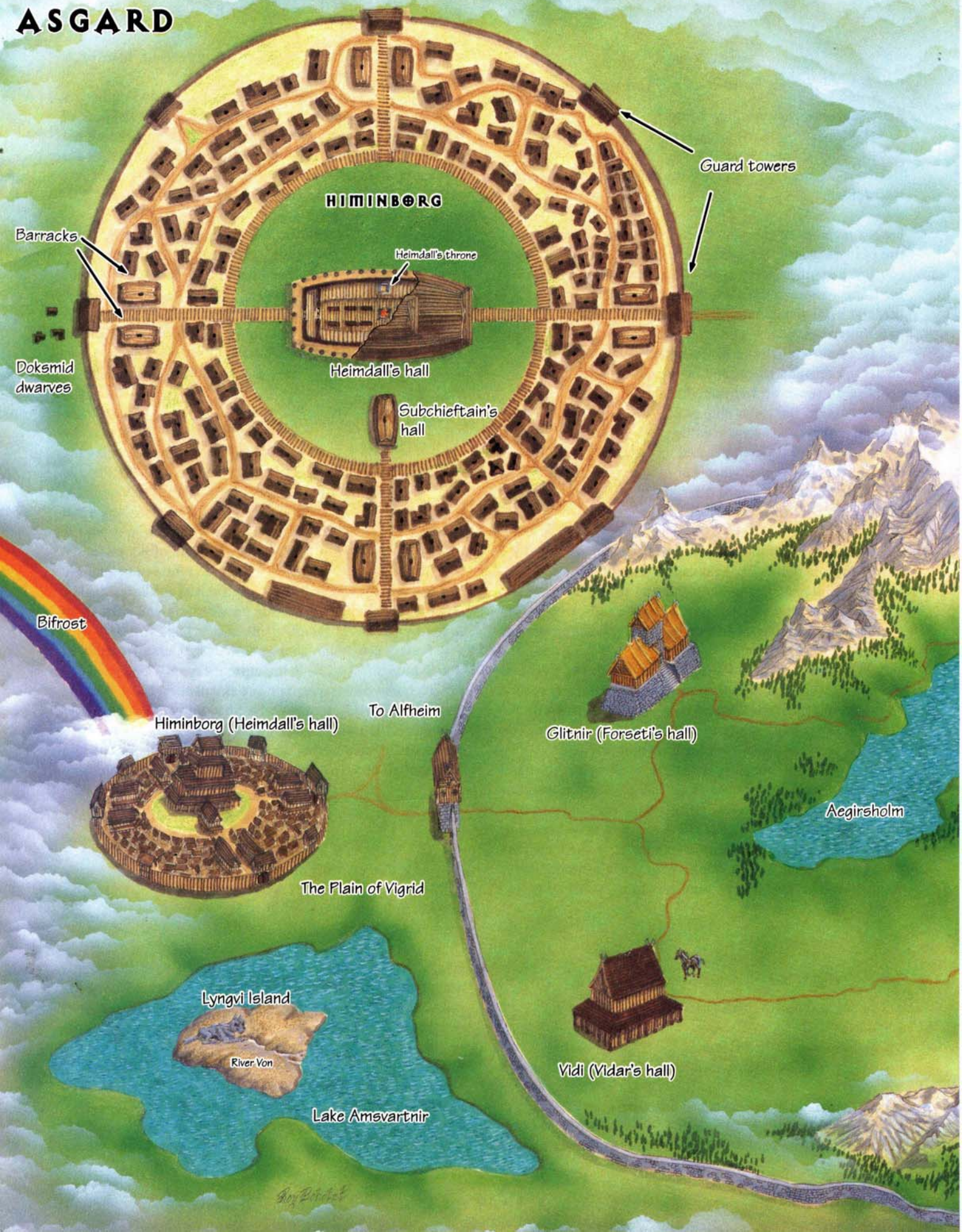
Frigga, wife of Odin, is also the mother of four of his children: Baldur, Hoder, Hermod, and Tyr. All four have done her proud. Still, she's more concerned with the lot of her mortal worshipers, and she does what she can to keep women (especially wives) from suffering under the tyranny of small-minded men. She's even gone to war against her husband, leading an army of women disguised to look like men. That's how much Frigga cares for her charges.

Though she shares Odin's halls, she also has one of her own. It's called Fensalir, and it's hidden high in the moun-



MAYBE IF I
SLAY A DRAGON,
CAPTURE THE MIDGARD SERPENT,
AND PREVENT RAGNAROK,
THEN SHE'LL NOTICE ME...
— A LEATHERHEADED MORTAL
LOOKING TO EARN
FREYA'S ATTENTION

ASGARD





Hlidskialf
(the All-Seeing Throne)

Thrall's quarters

Armory

Kitchens

To battlefields

VALASKIAF

The River Thund

Thing
(conclave area)

GLADSHEIM

Valkyries'
stables

VALHALLA

Fensalir
(Frigga's hall)

Bilskirnir hall

To Jotunheim

Hlesvang
(Aegir's hall,
underwater)

Thrudheim
(Thor and Sif's estate)

The River
Thund

Battlefields

Lake Kaltenvir

The River Vng

Gladsheim (Odin's halls)

Lake Schon

Breidablik
(Baldur's hall)

To Vanaheim

tains of Asgard, as suits a power of air. The hall is clean and well organized, with a place for everything, no matter how incongruous it may seem. Fensalir is less violent and less populated than the other halls of Asgard, but that's how Frigga wants it. Her petitioners are fewer, and like those of Vanaheim, care more for contemplation than violent action.

Her main proxy is Greta Elfanir (Px/♀ half-elf/B12/N), a woman with a voice that's bitter and sweet at the same time. Greta's been married thrice, and each time her husband died brutally at the hands of a jealous troll. But the monster stays out of sight, and few believe that it exists. Greta, for her part, travels about counseling women whose marriages are foundering, and it's said that she can bring peace to any relationship.

HEIMDALL

Intermediate Power, "Eagle-Eye"

AoC: Light, guardianship

AL: LN WAL: LN

SYMBOL: A horn

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard (Himinborg)

Heimdall is the watcher over Bifrost, and he carries a mighty horn that he sounds when anyone approaches Asgard from the bridge. Friendly bashers hear only a sweet, low sound, but Heimdall greets enemies with a louder blast. It's said that he'll break his horn with the blowing come Ragnarok.

Heimdall's one of the few powers of the Aesir with a realm outside the wall of Asgard: the shining city of Himinborg. The burg sits near the gates of Bifrost, and every sod who takes the Rainbow Bridge to Asgard must first pass through Himinborg. Outside the city, the Doksmid clan of dwarves try to sell their smith-forged wares to passersby. Within the town, watchtowers rise high above the land, manned by einheriar who seek to emulate their patron's flawless attention to duty. 'Course, the einheriar are the first defense for any invasion, and that tends to make the residents of the city more than a little nervous. They're peery of strangers, and watch a newcomer carefully until he's proven himself.

Heimdall and Loki have a burning hatred for each other. Here's the dark of it: Heimdall holds the trickster in complete contempt, and Loki can't stand the watcher's self-righteous nature. But most of the other powers find Heimdall witty and charming.

When called away from Himinborg, or when he needs trustworthy bloods for urgent business, Heimdall summons his two proxies Olaf and Sven Trollslayer (both Px/♂ human/F13/LN). Olaf has the ability to see 30 miles in all directions at once, and no mortal construction can block his vision. Sven's hearing is so incredible that he's aware when a spider skitters across the ceiling of a cottage clear across Asgard.

HEL

Intermediate Power, "The Merciless"

AoC: Death, disease

AL: NE WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Her half-black, half-white face

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Niflheim/Niflheim

Hel, daughter of Loki and a giantess, is the power of the ignoble dead. She watches over the grim realm of Niflheim on the Gray Waste. She's a joyless basher, though she's seen from time to time with a mocking smile on the black half of her face (the white half has no features at all). Hel is, in short, just what a body'd expect from a deity of death — and nearly emotionless.

She bears no love for the rest of the Norse pantheon; fact is, she's destined to lead her army of petitioners against Valhalla come Ragnarok, and she's looking forward to that day with anticipation. She cares even less for the agents of the powers, and any berk they send to Niflheim is likely to find himself seated at Hel's banquet table before long.

The realm isn't much to look at. It's like the rest of the Gray Waste — dull and cheerless. A central banquet hall holds all the petitioners of Niflheim at once; obviously, it's a

huge affair, but it seems smaller on the inside. That's mostly because no matter where a body sits, he can see Hel seated at the head of the hall. The food on the table is rotting, and snakes drip poison from the ceiling — it's not exactly homey.

Hel's wandering proxy is Eirikka the Bloody (Px/♀ human/T13/NE), a basher who squeezes the blood of her past victims from her hands when she's angry. Unlike the power she serves, Eirikka's quite emotional. It's just that her emotion's usually anger.

THE SMELL OF DECAY,
+ THE DULL CRIES
OF THE IMPRISONED —
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME!
— EIRIKKA THE BLOODY,
PROXY OF HEL



IDUN

Intermediate Power, "Youthbringer"

AoC: Youth, spring

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Apples

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard; Elysium/Eronia/Harp
Hearth

Idun, wife of Bragi, is the power in charge of making sure the Aesir remain young. She does this by keeping charge over the Apples of Youth, which she feeds to the Olympians once every year come spring. Obviously, the apples make Idun a prized commodity among the near-immortals of the planes, and they've attempted to kidnap her several times. Each time, the other Norse gods have rescued her before the vil-

lains could eat of the apples, but surely one of these times they'll slip – and the giants will be waiting.

Idun shares a home with Bragi in Asgard, and though she visits her husband in HarpHearth from time to time, she prefers to remain among her fellow powers. The Aesir, naturally, value her because she's the only one who can pluck the apples from the Tree of Youth, but Idun's earned the friendship of deities outside the pantheon as well, including Lathander of Toril.

Idun's proxy is a young maiden named Gudrun (Px/♀ human/F4/CG), who can interact with the Norse powers directly as she brings them their apples. Truth is, she can even ask a favor of the Aesir once a year and be reasonably sure of having it granted. Still, Gudrun's said to have her eye on joining the Valkyries one day and working to fetch the best of the fallen mortal heroes.

LOKI

Intermediate Power, "The Provoker"

AoC: Mischief, strife

AL: CE **WAL:** Any nonlawful

SYMBOL: Red and black boots

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Winter's Hall; Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Loki serves many purposes within the pantheon. First off, he's the blood brother of Odin, a status he gained by proving instrumental in holding the Aesir together in the early days of the gods. It's a fact he likes to bring up whenever he's pushed the Aesir to their limits – see, Loki's a god of trouble, and he'll spout enough half-truths and lies to make a berk barmy with anger. (That's why he keeps a realm on Pandemonium, a place to wait out the pantheon's fury when he goes a step too far.) He's a seducer of goddesses, too, but not because he enjoys their company – it's because he's proud of the fact that he can slide between a husband and wife.

Basically, Loki's a proud and vainglorious god. He's convinced that there's nothing another power can do that he cannot, and he does his utmost to prove that he's smarter than the rest of his pantheon. This may well be why he turned from a benevolent trickster into the sworn enemy of the Aesir. The blood he hates most, however, is Heimdall, who often exposes Loki's plans and catches the troublemaker in various schemes.

Loki usually turns elsewhere for help. He's made alliances with various powers of other pantheons, but he uses them only as leverage and tools, not as deities in their own right. And because he's always got to show that he's better than the rest, his alliances are usually short-lived.

Loki's proxies are thieves and giants. He has none of the traditional Asgardian hatred for the huge bashers; chant is Loki's even got giantish blood himself. The proxy he leaves in charge of Winter's Hall is Starkad the Gnawer (Px/♂ cloud giant/HD 16+7/CN), a singing cutter who's so concerned with the hedonistic pleasures of life that he rarely gives a

toss about running the realm. In return, Loki makes sure that Starkad has no special powers.

MAGNI AND MODI

Lesser Powers, "The Steadfast"

AoC: Strength (Magni), courage and berserk rage (Modi)

AL: CG **WAL:** CG

SYMBOL: Mountain, sword and hammer crossed

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Magni and Modi are the twin sons of Thor, and they've inherited their father's might and bravery. Magni's strength is so great that it's said he's the only basher in existence besides Thor who can lift Mjolnir. Modi's courage is exceeded by none, and he throws himself into challenges with hardly a second thought. Obviously, with traits like these, it's small wonder that the twins quickly gained their portfolios.

Magni rides the horse Gullfaxi ("golden mane"), which he received as a gift after pulling his trapped father out from under a fallen giant. The brothers travel together regularly, and have no hall in Asgard to call their own. Neither do they have proxies; they've got plenty of time and fortitude to deal with problems themselves.



THE NØRNS

Unknown Status, "Destiny's Daughters"

AoC: Fate

AL: N **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Staff with three branches

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Well of Urd

The three Norns – Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld – watch over one of the magical pools that nourishes Yggdrasil, and they read the existence of mortals and powers alike in its waters. Urd can read the past, Verdandi the present, and Skuld the future of any being they choose to concentrate on. Some say the Norns actually shape the destinies of all the sentient creatures in the multiverse, but there's really no way to prove that.

Their realm is a tiny grove on the Outlands, overgrown with thick trees and thorns that blot out light so effectively that no outside illumination can penetrate; a body needs to bring his own. If a basher's persistent enough, he can make his way to the well at the center of the grove and look into it to read his future. Those who do usually regret it; mortals aren't meant to know their fates.

The Norns have no proxies. Some folks say the Norns are proxies, that they serve the embodiment of Fate itself. Whatever the truth, it's no dark that the three have no servants of their own.

SIF

Intermediate Power, "Golden-Hair"

AoC: Excellence, skill

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Upraised sword

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Sif, wife of Thor and mother of Uller, is the patron of skill and excellence in all things, though she's especially fond of warriors and swordsmanship.

Most who know her claim that she's unfailingly loyal to Thor, but Loki would have it otherwise. Still, if Sif has been indiscreet, she hides it well, and it's not something that's bandied about Asgard. Besides, she hates the trickster god — Loki cut off all of Sif's golden hair one night as she slept, and Thor forced him to replace it with actual growing gold.

Sif has developed excellent relations with Lugh of the Celts — as both of them are powers of excellence, it's only natural that they should come into contact. Their friendship hasn't yet grown into rivalry, but chant is it's only a matter of time. Both deities are proud of their sphere.

The goddess lives with Thor in the estate of Thrudheim, a mountainous area of Asgard known for violent storms and landslides. Their hall there is called Bilskirnir, and its petitioners seem more prone to mayhem than others in the realm. If nothing else, Sif's influence means they're certainly more dangerous than most.

Sif's proxies are her priests, most of whom are female. The one who's currently doing the most honor to her patron is Anja Raaven (Px/♀ tiefling/F10,P12/CG), a cutter who's not only stunningly beautiful but also deadly quick with the sword. Her skill is so great that she can draw her blade, slice a hair in half, and sheath the weapon within a single second. (In game terms, that means she gets three attacks per round.)

THOR

Intermediate Power, "The Thunder God"

AoC: Thunder, weather, sky, crops

AL: CG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Hammer

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Thor is one of the most highly regarded powers of Asgard, for while he's not too bright, he's very keen on revenge — and very fast with repayment for an insult (or a *perceived* insult). In some berks that's a fault, but it's won Thor the admiration of countless mortals.

Fittingly, hot-headed Thor is the power of thunder and lightning, and when storms roll across the prime-material worlds, his worshipers sigh in relief — it means their god's doing his job slaying the enemies of Asgard. Farmers venerate Thor, too; as the power of crops, he can ensure a fruitful harvest. 'Course, if displeased, he can also wipe out whole fields with floods or harsh rains — and that'd spell disaster for the winter.

Thor is truly reckless, and he gets drawn into dangerous situations easily. But he's got three things that help him out of most any jam: his quick-thinking companions, his sheer strength of will, and his mighty hammer Mjolnir, one of the most destructive forces in the multiverse.

He's popular among the rest of the pantheon, too; the Norse gods usually come to him when there's a problem requiring brute muscle and bull-headedness. Thor is the husband of Sif, the son of Odin and Erda (who's sometimes called Fjorgyn or Jörd), and the father of Magni and Modi.

Like the rest of the Aesir, he's not too keen on Loki, but they've traveled together in the past and have a tenuous alliance.

As noted under Sif's entry above, Thor lives with his wife in Bilskirnir, an oak- and iron-shod affair that's home to some of the rowdiest warriors in all of Asgard. They seek to be just like their patron, and thus are stormy and quick-tempered. It's no wonder planewalkers and sightseers don't visit the place too often.

Thor's proxies are Thialfi (Px/♂ human/F8/CG) and Roskva (Px/♀ human/T9/CG). They serve the thunder god because their parents injured the two magical goats that pull Thor's chariot through the sky — only the gift of the children could save the parents from Thor's wrath. Thialfi can run faster than any living being, and Roskva can summon lightning to wherever she's standing.

TYR

Intermediate Power, "The One-Handed"

AoC: Courage, law, swordsmanship

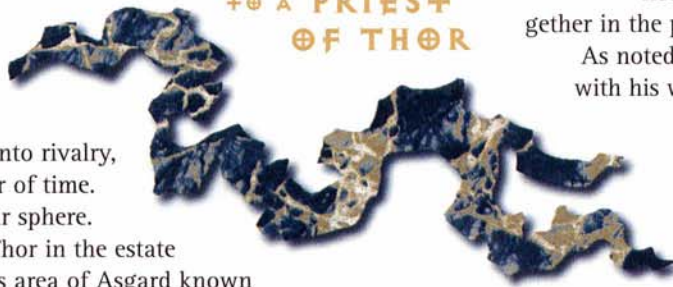
AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Sword

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard; Mount Celestia/Lunia/the Court

Tyr is considered to be the most honorable of the Aesir, as well as the bravest of the brave. Legend has it that the Fenris Wolf was prophesied to be one of the greatest threats the Aesir would face, so the gods tried to trick the beast and bind it with an unbreakable leash. They bet the wolf that it couldn't snap the chain, but the creature smelled a trap. It wouldn't submit to the leash until one of the gods put his

YOUR BOSS IS THE
+THUNDER GOD, EH?
MAYBE +HA+ 'S WHY
YΘU'RE SUCH A
BLΘWHARD.
— KALΘ SE+H, INDEP,
+Θ A PRIEST+
ΘF THOR



hand in the wolf's mouth as a sign of good faith – which Tyr did fearlessly.

'Course, as soon as the wolf realized it'd been peeled, it bit off Tyr's hand. The power could've run away, but Tyr consented to keep his word – and lose his hand. He chose to pay the price for his comrades' broken promise.

See, Tyr hates liars and oath-breakers, and those who make a living from deception disgust him. He's fair and lawful in all things, and mortals look to his example when instituting laws for their societies. He guarantees every promise he makes, and watches over every battle fought lawfully. Chant is Tyr even invented the notion of the trial by duel. He's also known for making sure the Valkyries bring only the most deserving mortal warriors to Valhalla.

Unfortunately, Tyr's faded from prominence in the pantheon, and he's frantically trying to hang on to life. He's even resorted to placing part of his strength in the Torilian sphere, where he has to bow to the overpower Ao. Still, he figures it's better than letting his ideals vanish from the cosmos.

Tyr's proxy is a cutter by the name of Sigurd (Px/♂ human/F18/LG). The son of Odin's proxy Sigmund, Sigurd is a truly fearsome fighter. He carries a sword that's rumored to destroy dragons with a mere touch, but that's just a story. Truth is, he'd have to touch the dragon with the sword several times, and rather forcefully at that.

ULLER

Lesser Power, "The Hunter"

AoC: Hunting, archery, winter

AL: CN WAL: CN

SYMBOL: Longbow

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim

Uller's one of the Vanir, though some have marked him as the son of Thor and Sif. Regardless of the truth, he's a handsome basher who keeps to himself, preferring the company of hunters to that of his own pantheon. Fact is, he's good friends with the Olympian Artemis, who feels similarly – they hunt together in silence. Their stalking grounds vary between the tree-strewn hillsides of Olympus, where they can pursue creatures of legend through the brush, and the wintry plains of Ydalir, Uller's realm in Vanaheim.

Ydalir's set back from the sea, and the land is covered with yew trees, from which the petitioners hew bows and arrows. The silence of the wintry waste is often broken by the twang and hiss of arrows in flight. It's said that Uller sends his petitioners on a quest to Loviatar's Ondtland to earn the right to enchant a bow.

When he's not hunting with Artemis, Uller likes little more than racing through the snow on snowshoes or skis. In Ydalir, his companion is, more often than not, the giantess Skadi (Px/♀ frost giant/HD 16/N), whose love of the hunt and the winter rivals his own. Other powers simply bore Uller, and he has no known proxies.

THE VALKYRIES

Demipowers, "Choosers of the Slain"

AoC: Fallen heroes

AL: CN WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Woman in horned helm

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

The Valkyries aren't exactly powers. They're more like proxies for the entire Norse pantheon, maidens who fetch the spirits of the brave to Valhalla on the backs of winged horses. They let plenty of berks fall into Hel's domain upon death, choosing only the most valiant from the field of battle to serve in the Aesir's force of einheriar.

There are twenty-seven Valkyries, and while they're not identical, they do look somewhat alike: females with helmets, chain mail, braided blond hair, and swans' plumage. They're led by Reginleif (Px/♀ valkyrie/F20/Fated/CN), a cutter whose word is absolute law among her pack.

The Valkyries are seen only by bashers about to die, but when they arrive on the Prime they give off a glow that some say is the aurora borealis. 'Course, their duties make them somewhat unapproachable. They love the smell of blood, and always have an ear peeled for the next battle. Fact is, they can hear major clashes that take place on any prime-material world where the Aesir have influence.

VIDAR

Lesser Power, "The Silent One"

AoC: Strength, silence

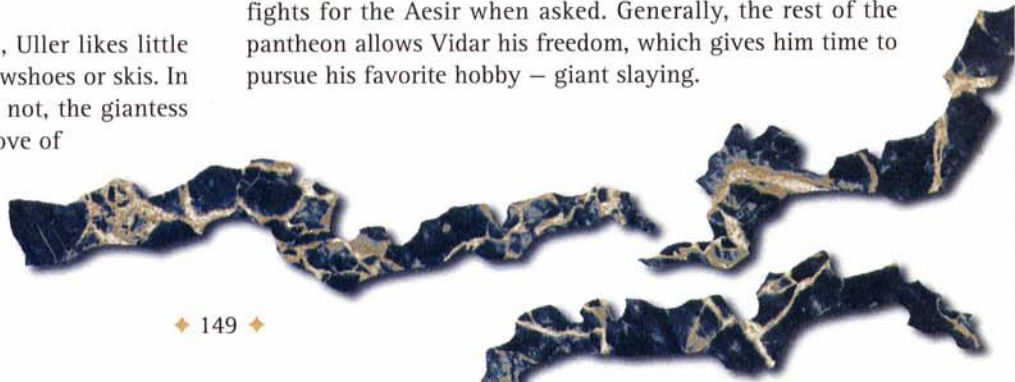
AL: CG WAL: CG

SYMBOL: Iron shoe

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

Vidar's notable mainly in that he's one of the few Norse powers destined to survive Ragnarok. 'Course, some folks'd say he's best known for his unusual (but potent) weapon: his mighty iron shoe. It sounds barmy, but it's true. Any being, no matter how forceful or godlike, is at Vidar's mercy when pinned under his shoe, completely helpless until Vidar chooses to free him.

Good thing, then, that Vidar uses his incredible strength to smite evil. But he doesn't revel in the companionship of combat as much as some of the other Norse gods do. He stays in his hall, Vidi, and keeps to himself as much as possible. Vidar speaks only when necessary, and even then uses as few words as he can. He doesn't ride on many crusades, but he fights for the Aesir when asked. Generally, the rest of the pantheon allows Vidar his freedom, which gives him time to pursue his favorite hobby – giant slaying.



In the mysterious East, in the steamy jungles and the open plains, the forgotten temples crumble under the weight of vines and lurking creatures, and civilization flourishes in the crowded cities. Here is the Orient, the land of ancient secrets. Three pantheons hold sway – the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese – and they've managed to work their way to a powerful spot in the multiverse, with worshippers spread across hundreds of crystal spheres.

THE RECLUSIVE PAN+THEONS

Lately, though, the powers keep themselves shrouded from mortal eyes, withdrawing more and more with every passing eon. Their ways have become subtle and unknown even to their faithful, and they've begun to retreat from the minds of other deities as well. Why? Nobody really knows, but bloods put forth a few different reasons.

First and most important: The powers choose to isolate themselves from the newer pantheons.

See, with the thunderous arrival of the gods of crass western cultures, the refined deities of the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese pantheons wanted to put some distance between

themselves and the upstarts. They pulled away from planar politics, as did their worshippers, and the powers now watch over isolationist cultures on the Prime. That alone is enough to color their thinking.

Second, it's possible that the powers didn't so much withdraw as move on. Perhaps they discovered a new plateau of might, a level above that exercised by the gods so predominant on the planes these days. If that's true, then the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese powers'd apparently be ready to make the jump to a realm beyond that understood by mortals.

See two things and look for a third. Well, a final theory about these powers is that they're simply conceited bloods who've pulled away to regroup, find strength in unity, and prepare themselves for a strong comeback. That explanation's as likely as any other; the pantheons have kept so much about themselves so dark that it's difficult to tell where the truth ends and the lies begin. And that's probably just the way they like it.

'Course, all this speculation ignores one fact: The powers ain't gone yet. They still exist in the cosmos, and a devout planewalker can reach their realms as easily as he can any other. For some reason, though, these gods like to cloud the minds of other mortals, to keep their realms pristine and clear of the taint of other cultures. That's not to say they don't need an infusion of new ideas every so often, but the truth is they'd rather leak their ideas into the surrounding cultures than allow such a leak into their own.

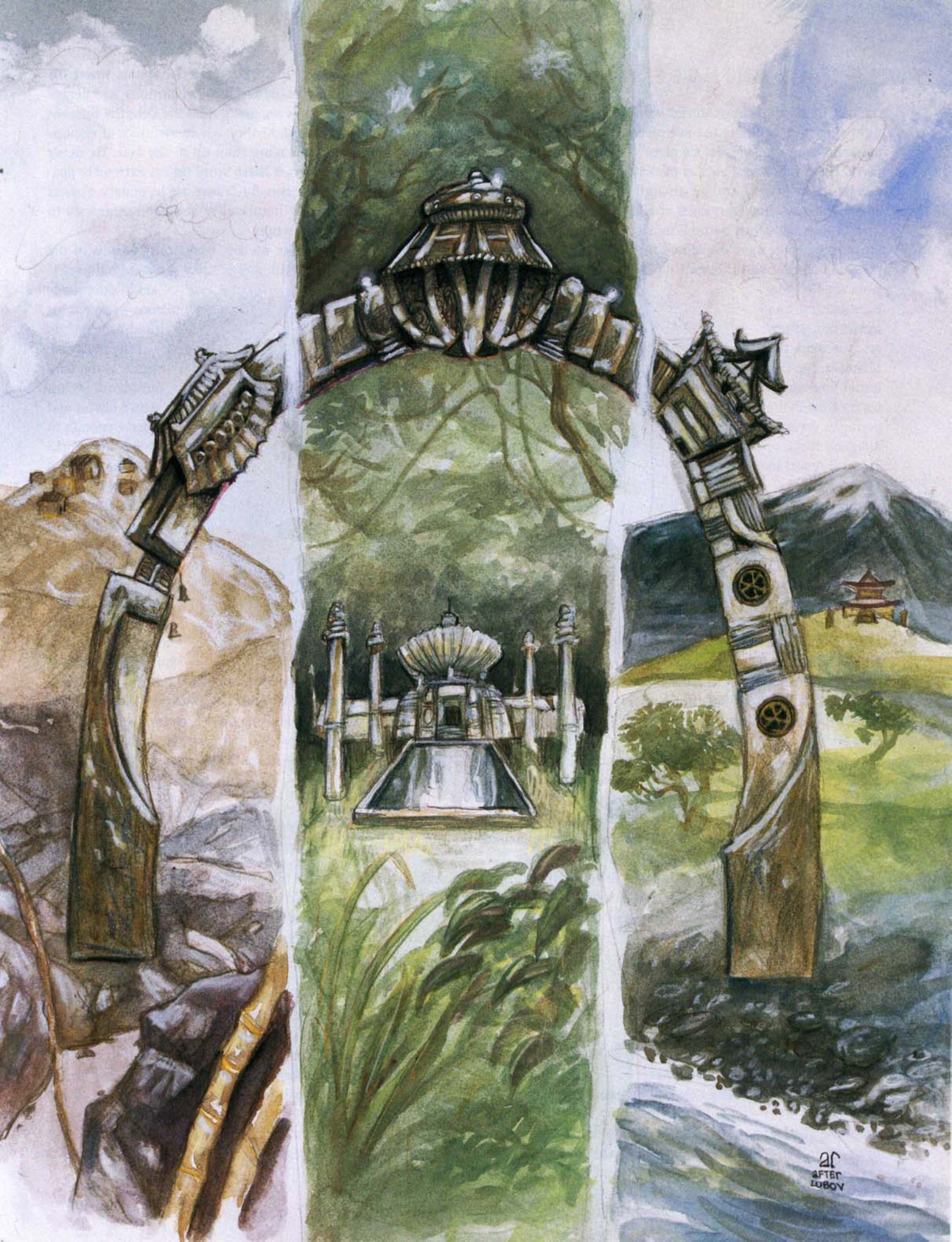
Still, the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese pantheons each have a few members who commune with other powers, and the more open high-ups must bring back different ideas now and then. Who knows? Perhaps the isolationists'll come back someday, or maybe they'll gradually integrate themselves into the structure of the multiverse. In

any case, the powers described in this chapter are the ones who keep themselves active in the affairs of the planes. The others have withdrawn to contemplate their eventual fate – or plot their triumphant return.

Here's one final point a body should notice: This chapter discusses *three* pantheons that have pulled into their shells. Does that imply some special connection to the Rule of Threes? Do the powers have secret knowledge of the planes, some information that's carried by the confluence of the trio? No one knows the dark of it, but when the truth is made light, it's bound to be interesting.

MAY YOU LIVE
IN INTERESTING TIMES.

— ANCIENT+ PROVERB



◆ THE CHINESE POWERS ◆

On hundreds of prime-material worlds, emperors establish rigid dynasties, claiming to have received their rulership by a mandate from the Celestial Emperor — a clear sign of divine favor. Their duties are to act as mediators between the powers and mortal sods not fortunate enough to have more direct access to the gods. Emperors must also keep unruly spirits of the land in line, and when natural disasters befall their worlds, it means the people have displeased the powers in some way.

Fact is, the mortal bloods do indeed receive a mandate from the Celestial Bureaucracy, an organization of powers who work for Shang-ti, the Celestial Emperor. Each of the deities performs certain assigned tasks. They all report to their superiors, who report to *their* superiors, and so on up a chain of command that stops with Shang-ti, who receives the veneration of mortals and immortals alike. The Emperor

then returns the favor, using his gathered strength to nourish his servants. If a berk fails in his tasks, he can be replaced. Thus, all involved have a vested interest in making sure their jobs are done well.

Described below are five important powers of the Celestial Bureaucracy, high-ups who stay active in planar affairs. (For a more thorough listing of the deities of the Chinese pantheon, refer to the chart above and to Appendix I.) The five gods gain strength from their worshipers only so long as Shang-ti deems that they're successful in their duties. See, the Celestial Bureaucracy has a place for everything; both good and evil are necessary, and though certain powers may dislike each other, they bow to the will of the Emperor.

SHANG-+I

Greater Power, "The Celestial Emperor"

AoC: Creation, social order

AL: LG WAL: Any lawful

SYMBOL: Jade dragon

HOME P/R: Mechanus/the Jade Palace

KNOWN PROXIES: The entire Celestial Bureaucracy

Shang-ti (full name: Yu-Huang-Shang-ti) is the highest high-up in the pantheon. He controls the mandate of the

heavens, watches over the prime-material worlds where his pantheon has influence, determines promotions and demotions of the Chinese powers, and guides the Celestial Bureaucracy on its path through history. It's an awful lot of responsibility, but Shang-ti is more than up to the task. He never becomes angry or utters a harsh word unless extremely provoked, but his punishments for failure are legendary. Powers have actually lost their immortality and been sentenced to the Afterworld for correction.

Shang-ti looks down on the "barbarous" powers of the planes, and won't deal with any of them — not even the lead-

ers of other pantheons — except for Primus, the patron of the modrons. Primus is the only outsider, it seems, who's lawful and orderly enough to tumble to the workings of the Celestial Bureaucracy.

Small wonder, then, that Shang-ti makes his home, the Jade Palace, on Mechanus. But it sits on a gear far from Regulus (the home of Primus) so that minor modrons

can't interfere with the pristine state of the realm. The streets are lined with carefully ordered parks, libraries of lost knowledge, and other architectural wonders, each leading toward the Emperor's palace — the center of the entire Bureaucracy. Once there, it seems a body has to fill out a form for *everything*.

KUAN-+I

Intermediate Power, "The Arbiter"

AoC: Diplomacy, protection, fortune-telling

AL: NG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Black-winged chariot

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Amoria/Valorhome

KNOWN PROXIES: Han Chung-li (Px/♂ human/P12,F8/LG)

Though he's often called the god of war, Kuan-ti is more truly a power for peace. His real love is for diplomacy, for the carefully worded deals that bring the greatest happiness to each side of a disagreement. It's only when two factions can't reach a compromise (a sad day, in his eyes) that he becomes a war god — and even then, he judges which side is more worthy to win.

Chant is Kuan-ti's set his sights on resolving the Blood War, that he's working to make the baatezu and tanar'ri

The Chinese Powers

Chih-Nii	Intermediate	Weaving, love
Chung Kuel	Intermediate	Truth, testing
Fu Hsing	Intermediate	Happiness, joy
K'ung Fu-tzu	Lesser	Veneration of the past, social behavior
Kuan-ti	Intermediate	Diplomacy, protection, fortune-telling
Kuan Yin	Intermediate	Childbirth, mercy
Lao Tzu	Lesser	Mystic insight, nature
Lei Kung	Intermediate	Thunder, vengeance
Liu	Intermediate	Crops, food
Lu Hsing	Intermediate	Bureaucracy, just rewards
Shang-ti	Greater	Creation, social order
Shou Hsing	Intermediate	Long life
Sung Chiang	Intermediate	Thievery
Yen-Wang-Yeh	Intermediate	Death

cease their fighting and come to a mutually profitable agreement — and, naturally, he's trying to keep the fiends from sacking the Upper Planes once it's done. If he could manage this, his fame would spread far and wide; it might even win him a promotion.

Kuan-ti's realm on Elysium is called Valorhome. A serene air pervades the tree-lined streets, the pattern of which is laid out in a cunning mosaic in the center of the realm. Any disagreements here must be talked out; it's physically impossible for a body to draw a weapon or strike out in anger here.

LEI KUNG

Intermediate Power, "Duke of Thunder"

AoC: Thunder, vengeance

AL: LE WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Hammer and chisel

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Avalas/Resounding Thunder

KNOWN PROXIES: Spirit-killer (Px/♂ baatezu [gelugon]/HD 11/LE)

Lei Kung's a vicious basher. He's in charge of thunder during storms, and more importantly, of making sure that berks who wrong another and get away with it don't get away with it for long. Whenever he takes care of all those on his list, Lei Kung goes after folks who're simply *accused* of wrongdoing, falsely or not. It's all the same to him, as long as he gets to mete out punishment.

The power's realm is a place of sound and fury centered around his dark fortress, the Firecracker Palace, which floats on a great storm cloud through Acheron. Many sods go there to escape the wars raging across the iron cubes of the plane, but Lei Kung's petitioners are hard, suspicious folk. They like nothing better than to spy on others and punish them for acts of wrongdoing. Fact is, the petitioners sometimes leave the realm on missions of vengeance, taught that they'll still merge with Lei Kung if they're killed while on such a quest. It may or may not be true, but the petitioners certainly believe it.

SUNG CHIANG

*Intermediate Power,
"The Thousand-Armed Octopus"*

AoC: Thievery

AL: NE WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Dagger through silver bracelet

HOME P/L/R: Gehenna/Khalas/the Teardrop Palace

KNOWN PROXIES: A small army of linquas (all Px/Ø linqua/HD 2/NE)

Sung Chiang is thought to be one of the most dangerous powers in the multiverse. Not so long ago, he was simply a scheming mortal, but he was deified for revealing corruption in his homeland. It's taken him only a few millennia to reach



the rank of intermediate power, and he's stepped on a lot of necks to get where he is today.

As the patron of thieves, the many-armed god has made a living of stealing things, and one of his favorite acquisitions is space from the realms of other powers. That's right — Sung Chiang actually steals small pieces from other gods' realms, tiny parts they'd never miss, and converts them into space in his majestic Teardrop Palace.

Any berk who approaches the nautiloid palace gets a distinctly uncomfortable feeling, because, at the same time, he seems to shrink and the huge pagoda seems to grow. Petitioners must enter the palace to make their sacrifices, but the structure's only part of the realm. The rest of it includes two smaller shrines to Sung Chiang's proxies, and a busy marketplace where it seems everything in the multiverse is for sale (though naturally, all goods've been stolen from their original owners). Massive gates guarded by golems delineate the outer limits of the realm.

YEN-WANG-YEH

Intermediate Power, "Chief Judge of the Dead"

AoC: Death

AL: LN WAL: Any lawful

SYMBOL: Ribbon-wrapped helm

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Palace of Judgment

KNOWN PROXIES: Pao (Px/♂ human/P15/Believers of the Source/N)

Yen-Wang-Yeh is a faithful bureaucrat, and he does his job with maximum efficiency — which is probably why he's such a humorless blood. See, he categorizes the spirits of the primes who worship the pantheon, and then sends them off through portals to their just rewards. It's up to him to make sure a lawful good spirit goes to Mount Celestia, while a berk who follows evil ends up on the right Lower Plane.

'Course, whenever Yen-Wang-Yeh travels to Mechanus to present his records to the Celestial Bureaucracy, many spirits end up breaking free and roaming about in places they shouldn't. The deity's assistants just aren't up to doing the job on their own, and the sods often get replaced (though Pao, who keeps excellent records of each spirit's assignment, serves his master well).

The Palace of Judgment is a huge, sprawling affair, filled with offices, cubicles, and paperwork. Ogre magi and other fell beasts serve as enforcers and examiners of the spirits, and no visitor's allowed to walk around without an official guide (or guard). The realm is stultifyingly boring, though, and it gets so bad that the petitioners occasionally make a break for it.

◆ THE INDIAN POWERS ◆

As the powers of one of the most enduring cultures ever to exist across any prime-material worlds, the gods of the Indian pantheon (more commonly called the Vedic pantheon) are quite far along the path of strength and advancement. Their thoughts are a mystery even to powers gifted with empathy and knowledge.

Truth is, the Vedic gods have taken so many spheres into their tangled yet lawful web that even the Fraternity of Order's bean-counters have all but given up on trying to understand them.

But here's the most curious facet of the pantheon (at least to those who study such things): Behind the multiplicity of powers lies a force that encompasses all that is, the dreamer of the pantheon from whom all dreams spring — Brahman. In

pursuit of knowledge of this spirit, the Vedic faithful turn their quests inward, and try to find the dark of themselves and their place in the multiverse. It's no mistake that the highest heroes of the land are meditative and contemplative, rather than bashers who take action without thought.

Sages believe it's Brahman — the embodiment of everything — that makes sure the pantheon's gods share their power. Thus, if one deity loses a petitioner to another through the cycle of reincarnation, it's no real loss. This sharing baffles the other powers of the planes; they can't understand how any pantheon would sacrifice itself for a greater power (or whatever Brahman truly is).

BRIHASPA+I

Intermediate Power, "Teacher of the Gods"

AoC: Wisdom, worship

AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Quill and scroll

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Lunia/Nectar of Life

KNOWN PROXIES: Chandra Mahatman (Px/♀ human/Pal14/LG)

The Vedic Powers

Agni	Intermediate	Fire, messages
Brahman	Greater	Everything
Brihaspati	Intermediate	Wisdom, worship
Indra	Intermediate	Weather, battle
Kali	Intermediate	Life, death
Karttikeya	Demipower	War, warriors
Lakshmi	Lesser	Fortune
Mitra	Intermediate	Friendship, contracts, warmth, light, growth
Puchan	Intermediate	Relationships, travelers
Ratri	Lesser	Night, darkness
Rudra	Intermediate	Storms, disease
Savitri	Intermediate	Life, light
Siva	Greater	Destruction
Soma	Intermediate	Moon, plants, prophecy
Surya	Intermediate	Morning, evening
Tvashtri	Demipower	Invention, creation
Ushas	Intermediate	Light, dawn, locks, wakefulness
Varuna	Intermediate	Cosmic order
Vayu	Lesser	Wind, life, destruction
Vishnu	Greater	Mercy, light
Yama	Intermediate	Judgment of the dead

Brihaspati's the power of wisdom and worldly learning in the Vedic pantheon, the one who constantly exhorts the other powers to their divine duties. At the same time, he's also the blood who reminds mortals that the gods require belief in order to survive, that the faithful must keep their pantheon alive. By urging the people to concentrate on the rituals of worship, Brihaspati not only plays an important

part in keeping the Vedic gods strong, but also helps mortals ascend to a higher consciousness.

His realm, Nectar of Life, is a place of learning and study, a quiet, contemplative land of mountains, valleys, and orchards.

It's said that Brihaspati's servants have written down all the knowledge his followers have accumulated, and keep it in a great library sheltered in the mountains.

'Course, the information's not free; a body can expect to pay up to 100 gold pieces a day for informed lectures on whatever subject he seeks.

INDRA

Intermediate Power, "The First Ruler"

AoC: Weather, battle

AL: CE WAL: CE

SYMBOL: White elephant

HOME P/R: Limbo/Swarga

KNOWN PROXIES: None

AGNI

Intermediate Power, "Flame's Son"

AoC: Fire, messages

AL: CG WAL: CG

SYMBOL: Flames

HOME P/R: Limbo/Swarga

KNOWN PROXIES: None

VAYU

Lesser Power, "Fickle Breath"

AoC: Wind, life, destruction

AL: CN WAL: CN

SYMBOL: Sapling bending in the wind

HOME P/L/R: Limbo/Swarga

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Indra, Agni, and Vayu aren't the only chaotic powers of the Vedic pantheon, but they're known as the Three Gods of Chaos nonetheless. That's because they're deities of elemental strength and unpredictable temperament, and because they've chosen to make their shared home in the swirls of Limbo. Interestingly, their alignments span the spectrum of chaos (good, neutral, and evil) — obviously, these powers're quite familiar with the Rule of Threes.

The trio rules over a loose, patternless realm called Swarga, a place that's little more than random storms, raging flames, and howling winds. If anything springs up that looks like it might be permanent, chances are it's been built only so it can be destroyed. The githzerai anarchists and other shapers of Limbo stay away from Swarga; trying to impose mortal will in the realm invites the wrath of the destructive gods themselves.

The palaces of the three powers are about as permanent as anything gets in Swarga, even though they, too, flow and shift from time to time. Indra's case is a huge marble blob covered with carvings of the god, and the surrounding land is blanketed by constant rain. Nearby roars the eternal fire of Agni's castle, a rampant flame that consumes everything it touches. Chant is only cutters specifically blessed by Agni can enter the place and emerge unharmed; even other powers avoid the area. Finally, there's the cloud palace of Vayu, where winds can be as gentle as a feather or as buffeting as a gale. A body who wants to travel in Vayu's home must gain the help of the asuras servants the power's accumulated over the years.

KALI

Intermediate Power, "The Black Mother"

AoC: Life, death

AL: CE WAL: CE

SYMBOL: Skull

HOME P/L/R: Abyss/643/the Caverns of the Skull

KNOWN PROXIES: Varies rapidly

The goddess Kali is quite a contradiction. She's a creator and a destroyer, a builder and a demolisher. She gives birth to children and then eats them, takes a

husband and then destroys him. She's a loving and hating mother, a brutal and gentle power who reveals the beauty of life and death even as she takes them apart — literally.

See, in her realm, the Caverns of the Skull, there is no death. Any petitioner who meets his end is reborn soon after, so that he may live to kill again (that's what they do best). The realm itself is a tangle of tunnels that open and close at Kali's whim, a place of black rock and gloomy caves lit by flickering torches that glow ruddily in the dank air. Chants go on day and night, praising Kali as the highest possible form of divinity, and the murmurs resound eerily throughout the tunnels.

It's said that any berk who dares to enter the Caverns of the Skull'd best watch his back. The petitioners kill any creatures they see, offering them to Kali on blood-soaked altars. The proxies are the worst of the lot; they guard the portals out, and no one can leave without first slaying a guardian. Dark whispers say that particularly brutal murders draw the attention of Kali herself, and that, if impressed, she makes the killer into a proxy.

MITRA

Intermediate Power, "Light of Blessings"

AoC: Friendship, contracts, warmth, light, growth

AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Plant inside sun

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Goldfire

KNOWN PROXIES: Penemue (Px/♂ throne archon/HD 12/LG)

If Brihaspati pushes all bashers to strive for the mutual good, Mitra's the one who gives them the motivation to do it. He's the twin of Varuna (the deity of the cosmic order), and he uses Varuna's purity to cut to the heart of matters and create understanding. It's no wonder, then, that he's become another of the pantheon's powers of the sun — specifically, a helpful god who shines his warm, nourishing light on friendship and contracts.

Mitra's realm is called Goldfire, and it's located prominently in the second layer of Mount Celestia. The realm, which he shares with his compatriot Surya, is devoted entirely to the sun. Mitra rules from a city called Pashrita, a place of learning and higher education. The burg's full of astrologers and wise men, all of whom spend endless hours debating the meaning of astrological phenomena and how it all ties into the grand *maya*, the dream of the cosmos.

RA+RI

Lesser Power, "Queen of the Night"

AoC: Night, darkness

AL: CN WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Woman's silhouette

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Niflheim/Dark of Night

KNOWN PROXIES: None (they keep themselves shrouded)

Ratri isn't a typical power of the night — she's fickle and chaotic (so what her realm's doing on the Gray Waste is a matter of debate). Just because she believes in darkness doesn't mean that she can't appreciate the light, and just because some thieves worship her doesn't mean that they all do. Ratri cares nothing for a body's profession, really — it's what he *does* in the darkness that concerns her. If a berk offends her, she often spotlights him with bright illumination until he's scragged (or until he makes amends to her).

Ratri is good friends with Ushas (the power of the dawn) and Savitri (the power of the day); it's said that the three make up the hours of life. Ratri also maintains cordial relations with Shar and Mask, two Faerûnian deities that dwell on the Gray Waste, but she's by no means allied with them. Chant is Mask wants to learn more of her power, so she keeps him at arm's length.

Unfortunately, Ratri doesn't get along so well with Surya — he's the god of light, she the power of night. Never the twain shall meet, as the poet said, and nobody really knows if that's the way they want it. Since their portfolios are at opposite ends of the spectrum, a body can only deduce that they have *some* sort of rivalry.

Ratri's realm is said to be safe from the draining influence of the Waste, but it's nearly impossible for most bashers to find. She moves the land around, keeping it hidden from evil powers who'd like to use it for their own nefarious purposes. Even the petitioners have a hard time finding the realm. Good thing for them it acts like a magnet for their spirits, pulling them right to the goddess (unless, of course, they're waylaid first by a fiend on its way to the Blood War).

RUDRA

Intermediate Power, "Lord of Animals"

AoC: Storms, disease

AL: NE WAL: NE

SYMBOL: Black bow

HOME P/R: Mechanus/the Focus of Energy

KNOWN PROXIES: The maruts (all Px/Ø marat/HD 15/LN)

Scholars say there used to be many *Rudras* — forces designed for particular applications — that emanated from the power of the same name, and that they dispatched themselves from Mechanus, from the gleaming tower they called the Focus. However, one of these Rudras — the energy of storms and disease — slowly drove the others from their ancestral home (or absorbed their energies into itself).

Eventually, that Rudra alone stood triumphant. It went on to dominate the god himself, becoming the Rudra folks know today: a power that tolerates no imperfection among the other gods; the avenger of grievous wrongs; the righter of the balance; and the one who masters the animal instinct and grants the strength to change.

The Focus of Energy is a crystal spire that rises from the heart of one of the smaller gears of Mechanus. (The disk itself is split by a chasm filled with maruts, Rudra's onyx proxies.) The spire is slowly darkening over the ages as it's poisoned by the disease of Rudra. Chant is the interior of the tower used to be a place of sparkling, healing light, but is now gripped by decay and horrid illumination. The Focus doesn't seem long for Mechanus.

SIVA

Greater Power, "The Redeemer"

AoC: Destruction

AL: NE WAL: NE

SYMBOL: Cobra head

HOME P/R: Negative Energy/the Vortex

KNOWN PROXIES: None

Siva, the Vedic power of ultimate destruction, is actually rather liked by the rest of the pantheon. See, his duty is to tear down the multiverse in order to bring it in line with the Vedic unifying spirit, to make everything whole again by eradicating the multiplicity that's arisen. Siva doesn't consider himself evil — he's merely destruction incarnate.

To reach his goal, he's taken to meditating for years at a time in his realm, the Vortex, on the methods by which ruin can best be accomplished. On occasion, he acts to preserve his own vision of annihilation, and actually protects the multiverse he's pledged to destroy. See, when a powerful force threatens to change the course of destiny, Siva must prevent it from taking place, or else his millennia of meditation would be in vain.

Naturally, Siva's a big favorite among the Doomguard. They flock to his view that ultimate destruction paves the way for true change, and many factioneers are currently pushing Factol Pentar to make Siva the group's officially sanctioned power. Other gods merely promote decay; Siva promises to bring the cosmos to a glorious end.

Siva doesn't have a realm, as such — at least not one that mortals can visit. Any berk that journeys to the Negative Energy Plane and enters the Vortex is instantly destroyed (even if protected by another power). Only Siva determines when he'll emerge from the Vortex to receive guests. He won't let his divine meditations be interrupted by leatherheads who think themselves worthy of an audience — and that includes proxies (thus, he keeps none). Still, Siva's priests spread the word of union through destruction.



SURYA

Intermediate Power, "The Sun"

AoC: Morning, evening

AL: LG WAL: LG

SYMBOL: Half sun

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Goldfire

KNOWN PROXIES: Penemue (Px/♂ throne archon/HD 12/LG)

As the complete embodiment of the sun, Surya's said to hold all the other solar gods within his being. It's not known if that means he literally contains those powers, if each god is another manifestation of Surya, or if the sun is made of several different deities. Whatever the truth, Surya oversees the rising and setting sun, making sure the day begins and ends correctly. If he's lax in his duty, the prime-material worlds suffer.

Surya heals diseases, brings luck to his faithful, and is very much the power of the sun's light and heat, as well. The rich, fertile realm he shares with Mitra reflects this; it's constantly warm, even hot, and any berks who try to hide under cover of darkness simply cease to exist until they're hit by light again. The disappearance is called an *eclipse*, and it can be made as permanent as Surya likes. Cross-traders who hope to commit foul deeds in the dark might vanish for good.

Surya, like Mitra, values learning highly. However, the kind he espouses is found mostly in the spirit, where a body can truly grow. His is the glow of enlightenment, that which brings a body closer to union with Brahman, the unifying force of the multiverse.

VISHNU

Greater Power, "The Preserver"

AoC: Mercy, light

AL: LG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Sun, shell, lotus, mace

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/
the Divine Lotus

KNOWN PROXIES: Anaghat Singh (Px/♀ human/Pal16/LG);
Krishan (Px/♂ human/P19/LG)

The most widely worshiped power in the pantheon, Vishnu is thought to be the one who prevents evil from triumphing over good. Odd thing is, Vishnu feels no particular enmity toward those of his pantheon who embrace evil, reserving his fury for humans and fiends who cross the planes and leave destruction in their wake. Stranger still, although he's called the Preserver, Vishnu is good friends with Siva — some even say that they're different aspects of the same greater power.

It's said that Vishnu sends an avatar to the Prime whenever morals, order, or justice is in danger. That may have been true in his younger days, but now the power allows mortals a little more latitude in solving their own problems. He still exercises his ability to render any creature incapable of committing violence.

His realm in Mount Celestia is the Divine Lotus, a place where nothing crumbles before its time. The petitioners are all young and strong, their brain-boxes keen with spiritual and mental enlightenment. Those who don't have sharp minds don't make it into the realm as humans; they become animals and are reborn into the karmic wheel.

Some worshipers call Vishnu the head of the Vedic pantheon; others give that honor to Indra. In any case, it's no dark that Vishnu's begun to establish relations with the other powers of the multiverse. Perhaps he's simply preparing them for the destruction of all that is as Siva nears the end of his meditation.

YAMA

Intermediate Power, "First of the Dead"

AoC: Judgment of the dead

AL: LN WAL: LN

SYMBOL: Red mace

HOME P/R: Mechanus/Yamasadena

KNOWN PROXIES: Talandra the Bright (Px/♀ human/F10/LN)

Said to be the first mortal who ever died, Yama's charged with judging the spirits of the dead as they prepare to move to the next life in their cycle of existence. Yama can view each sod's entire life span in a single glance, and he assigns the dead-ers to their next incarnations accordingly. Most're sent for a short stint in a power's realm, and then reincarnated back on the Prime. Only cutters who've shrugged off the burden of the karmic wheel are exempt from Yama's judgments.

A highly intelligent blood, Yama has invented weapons for all the Vedic powers, objects particular to their spheres. He doesn't deal with deities outside the pantheon, though Yen-Wang-Yeh of the Celestial Bureaucracy stops by Yamasadena on occasion to discuss matters of mutual interest. As one of the Adityas (the children of the now-vanished Aditi), Yama deals mostly with his brothers and sisters: Surya, Savitri, Puchan, Rudra, Tvashtri, Vishnu, Mitra, and Varuna.

His realm, not far from the gear that holds Rudra's Focus, is surrounded by a river of blood called Vaitarani. A petitioner looking to reach Yama's palace must wade through the river; during the crossing, he becomes spattered with an amount of blood equal to the karmic debt he accrued in his mortal life. The markings help Yama determine where the deader should go next.



◆ THE JAPANESE POWERS ◆

The worshipers of this pantheon are said to be islanders, civilized folks who nonetheless occasionally indulge in barbarism. They've established dynasties and traditions that put most cultures to shame, and expect other mortals to recognize this. Still, they know how to adapt, and that's precisely why their powers are still on the planes – at least, that's the chant. It could be that even as they mold themselves to the common thought, they're also molding the common thought to their own dream. It's the Unity of Rings – something this pantheon seems to understand well.

The politics and subtleties of the Japanese faithful are incredible. The degree of incline as a body bows his head to another can speak volumes of his true thought, and the range of motion of a gesture can delineate even more. This is a people accustomed to economy. When dealing with outsiders, they've had to learn to be more barbaric, and it sickens them even as it fascinates them.

According to myth, the world was once a viscous mass, a great oily sea rich with potential. A reed emerged and brought forth two powers, one male and one female. The two produced children, who in turn produced more, until the seventh generation saw the birth of Izanagi and Izanami – the founders of the Japanese pantheon.

IZANAGI AND IZANAMI

*Greater Powers,
"He Who Invites, She Who Invites"*

AoC: Creation

AL: LN

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Rainbow

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Abellio/Cherry Blossom

KNOWN PROXIES: Yamamoto Date (Px/♂ human/Pal15/LG)

The creators of the world, Izanagi and Izanami weren't the first of the gods to be born, nor were they the last. However, legend says they were the first to make land appear from the oily sea, and the first to shape mortal life. See, when Izanami died giving birth to the god of fire, Izanagi pursued her to the land of the dead. But she no longer looked like she had, and she grew furious with her husband for gazing upon her new, sickly form. In anger, she promised to destroy the humans they'd created; Izanagi, in turn, promised to create more than she could destroy. Thus it was that they invented life and death.

They eventually reconciled, and they now live together in Cherry Blossom, an Arcadian realm of constant springtime. Their children occasionally stop by to pay their respects, but for the most part the two powers are left to their own devices. It's said that, working together, the pair can create anything in the multiverse. On those rare occasions when they take a hand in mortal affairs, they send their only proxy, Yamamoto Date, a skilled and loyal warrior who's also a master of disguise.

AMATERASU

Intermediate Power, "Light of Heaven"

AoC: Light, sun

AL: LG

WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Sun

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Radiant Light

KNOWN PROXIES: None

One of the children of Izanami and Izanagi, Amaterasu is the twin sister to the moon god Tsuki-Yomi. The two sit with their backs to each other, delineating the difference between night and day. Chant is all the mortal emperors on the Prime Material Plane are somehow descended from her blood, and all of them thus claim the title "Son of Light."

Amaterasu is a fragile goddess, constantly curious, and genuinely concerned about the state of the Prime. Still, having experienced the Outer Planes, she's completely fascinated by them as well. She's opened relations with Apollo and Ra, trying to understand them in the context of her own limited upbringing. Also, the nearby Vedic powers have begun to pay attention to her.

Her realm on Mount Celestia is known as Radiant Light, a soothing (and occasionally soporific) land where everything is suffused with the soft glow of the sun. Nothing in Radiant Light casts a shadow, and secret dealings always fail – cross-traders be warned.

HACHIMAN

Intermediate Power, "The Commander"

AoC: War

AL: LN

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Katana

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Kenyama

KNOWN PROXIES: Yoshi-Iye (Px/♂ human/R13,B5/NG)

Son of the Empress Jingo, Hachiman was born with the name Ojin. Legend has it that his mother swallowed a rock to delay his birth so that she might continue to lead a military expedition against hated enemies. Hardened by this in the womb, Hachiman grew to be able to tolerate any pain, and eventually became one of the greatest warriors in the land. Before long, he drew the gaze of the powers, who elevated him to the status of god of war.

Hachiman's realm is located only a short distance from Asgard, at least as far as planar measurements go. He doesn't have the right alignment for Ysgard, but his demeanor keeps him anchored to the plane – like the Norse pantheon's realm, Kenyama is a harsh ground of constant struggle and preparation. If a warrior can't swing a sword, he's not welcome. Still, Hachiman cares less for mindless hacking and more for the massive sweep of armies, the surgical strikes against a foe's weak spots.

Truth is, the deity can glean the dark of any army's strength, readiness, and location. And word has it that he's

studying the Blood War, keeping careful note of its ebb and flow. Some say he plans to offer his services to the baatezu; other gossip says he wants to know both races of fiends so he can destroy the eventual winner. Through it all, Hachiman remains a firm friend of the dwarf power Clangeddin Silverbeard of Arcadia; the two have studied wars together for centuries.

⊕-KUNI-NUSHI

Intermediate Power, "The Great Land Master"

AoC: Medicine, sorcery, land

AL: LG **WAL:** Any good

SYMBOL: None

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Kenyama

KNOWN PROXIES: Raiko (Px/♂ human/R18/NG)

O-Kuni-Nushi is one of Susanoo's children, and he's made a name for himself by championing the rights of animals and spirits across the land. In gratitude, all natural animals have taught O-Kuni-Nushi their secret language, and they all follow the power's commands.

All beasts in his realm are protected, too. The proxy Raiko keeps them safe from poachers and monsters. What's more, any berk who eats meat in Kenyama vomits it back up within minutes of ingestion, and carries the stench of carrion for three days after leaving the realm.

Like Hachiman, O-Kuni-Nushi's a bit too lawful to be tied down to Ysgard. But he is the patron of heroes, after all, and the wild plane's full of 'em. Some folks also say that he stays in Kenyama to keep Hachiman company, and that their combined might prevents the realm from drifting away.

O-Kuni-Nushi is a cunning deity, excellent in most anything he tries, but he prefers to best his opponents with intelligence and words, rather than strength and swords. 'Course, there's a certain part of him that relishes the use of the katana, and if he has no other choice, he happily draws his blade.

RAIDEN

Intermediate Power, "Lightning's Arrow"

AoC: Thunder, fletching

AL: CE **WAL:** Any chaotic

SYMBOL: Black mace with lightning bolts

HOME P/L/R: Carceri/Othrys/the Palace of Thunder

KNOWN PROXIES: The tanuki (Px/♂ monster/HD 8/CE)

Raiden, power of fletchers and god of thunder, is one of Susanoo's constant companions. While the god of storms shrieks and destroys, Raiden accompanies him on his mighty thunder-drums, and sends forth random bolts of lightning until Susanoo has exhausted himself.

Raiden's a petty power; if he feels he's not getting the respect he deserves, he does what he can to impel Susanoo into a murderous rage. He encourages strife and war – espe-

The Japanese Powers

Amaterasu	Intermediate	Light, sun
Ama-Tsu-Mara	Intermediate	Smithing, weapons
Amatsu-Mikaboshi	Intermediate	Evil
Hachiman	Intermediate	War
Ho Masubi	Intermediate	Fire
Inari	Intermediate	Rice
Izanagi, Izanami	Greater	Creation
Kishijoten	Lesser	Luck
Kura Okami	Intermediate	Rain, snow
Nai No Kami	Intermediate	Earthquakes
O-Kuni-Nushi	Intermediate	Medicine, sorcery, land
O-Wata-Tsu-Mi	Intermediate	Sea creatures, tides
Raiden	Intermediate	Thunder, fletching
Shichifukujin	Lesser gods	Various happinesses
Shina-Tsu-Hiko	Intermediate	Winds
Susanoo	Intermediate	Storms
Tsuki-Yomi	Intermediate	Time, moon

cially war that slays folks with arrows, for it's said that every time a basher's killed by an arrow, Raiden's larder grows.

His realm on Carceri is a place of exploding light and thunder, insulated from the rest of the plane by a thick covering of dark clouds. Any basher who visits the place should also be wary of Raiden's proxy, the tanuki – a fierce and intelligent cross between a canine and a raccoon. The tanuki's a tough, cruel beast, and it likes to use its shape-changing power to lead sods to their doom.

SUSANOO

Intermediate Power, "The Impetuous Male"

AoC: Storms

AL: CN **WAL:** Any chaotic

SYMBOL: Lightning bolt

HOME P/L/R: Limbo/the Globe of Raging Chaos

KNOWN PROXIES: None

One of the first children of Izanami and Izanagi, and the brother to Amaterasu and Tsuki-Yomi, Susanoo (sometimes called Susanowo) is brash and forthright. His exploits have caused terrible consternation among the other deities – they find it impossible to understand him. When they expect gentle treatment, he's a raging wind; when they expect destruction, he's a calming breeze.

In short, Susanoo is completely unpredictable, and the other powers have banished him from the heavens until he learns his courtly manners. Now he lairs in the formless soup of Limbo, in a spherical, storm-filled vault that sweeps through the plane and wrecks any attempt to establish order or solid ground.

This chapter takes a look at pantheons of the AD&D prime-material game worlds: the Cerilian powers of Aebrynis (the BIRTHRIGHT® setting); the powers of Krynn (the DRAGONLANCE® setting); the powers of Oerth (the GREYHAWK® setting); and the Faerûnian powers of Toril (the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting). The world of Athas (the DARK SUN® setting) has no real powers to speak of, and no mortal alive seems to know a thing about the

dark powers that rule the Demiplane of Dread (the RAVENLOFT® setting).

Most of the deities discussed in this chapter've been around for only a short time — at least, when compared to the gods of the Outer Planes. See, they're single-sphere powers, slowly growing and expanding from their own little worlds on the Prime Material Plane. Few of them care a bit about planar affairs;

they're too busy consolidating the hold they have on their homes. Still, that doesn't mean they lack ambition —

chant is every pantheon that's still around started out small. A blood's just got to work his way up the chain. The powers're familiar with the concept of effort — *mammoth* effort — and they're ready to roll up their

sleeves and go to work.

For the most part, the pantheons in this chapter aren't presented in full. The gods described are just some of the better-known deities, the ones who've managed to snatch enough power and belief that they can afford to look beyond the Prime that spawned them.

'Course, even the greater gods of the prime-material worlds ain't much on the planes. Sure, they might have the faith of a whole world behind them, but the truly great powers of the Outer Planes have multitudes of crystal spheres singing their praises.

The poor prime gods don't always have the final say on their own worlds, either. Some of the toughest bow to a still *higher* deity, an overpower who watches out for the entire crystal sphere. Each overpower is concerned with only a single sphere, and has no influence outside that realm. Chant is they've tied all their strength to maintaining the one sphere; perhaps they're simply its spirit made real. Whatever, the more powers they have in their domain, the more might they have, so the overpowers that want

to grow are almost always looking to invite new deities under their umbrella. And it ain't so bad, really. The gods of a world don't have to bend like straw under the laws of their overpower — though all sorts of terrible things can happen if they don't pay attention.

'Course, not every world has an overpower. Some crystal spheres spawn 'em; others don't. It's one of the mysteries of the Prime. But even in those spheres that don't, a slew of gods usually springs up anyway, born from legends and myths, and some of them get to be mightier than a berk could ever imagine. It's a sure bet that a few of the powers in this chapter'll make it big on the planes, just as it's a sure bet that even more will fail and tumble into the Astral, their rotting carcasses becoming homes for scavengers and githyanki.

For full rosters of the pantheons described in this chapter (including portfolios, alignments, and realms), refer to Appendix I, starting on page 172.

SINGLE-SPHERE PAN+THEONS

THERE ARE
NØ Ø+HER WORLDS
BEYOND +HIS ØNE, FØØL.
IF +HERE WERE,
DØ YØU SUPPOSE

ØUR GØD WØULD SEEK +HEM?
— HIERØMACH AN+ØNIUS,
HIGH PRIEST+ ØF A
NØW-DEFUNCT PRIME DEITY

◆ THE CERILIAN POWERS ◆

On the world of Aebrynis (the BIRTHRIGHT campaign setting), there exists a pantheon of gods that's known power for less than two millennia — a mere breath in the history of the multiverse. See, about 1,500 years ago, the previous gods of the sphere met in battle to combat the grow-



ing power of their evil brother Azrai. They all sacrificed their lives so that their foe and kinsman would perish with them, and thus the world would live.

But as the gods died, they passed most of their powers and portfolios to their most devoted and mightiest champions, cutters whose lives best exemplified the divine ideals. These mortals then took the place of the deities. The new gods came to the full realization of their powers slowly at first, but now they have nearly a full command of the abilities they've inherited. And though they were born from mortal stock, they're now as much a group of godly beings as any other pantheon in the cosmos.

What's more, when the original powers fell, they also infused other mortals present at the great battle with a touch of divine blood – not enough to turn them into deities, but just enough to place them above the ordinary sods of Aebrynis. These blooded folk became the rulers of the land, but some of them have since traveled to the planes, where they've been objects of curiosity and wonder (before getting put in the dead-book).

The blood of one of the original powers – the evil god Azrai – also runs through the veins of certain residents of Aebrynis. But instead of giving a berk the strength to rule, the blood twists him into a frightful abomination. These monsters're called *awnsheghlien* ("blood of darkness") by the elves of the world, and a reclusive awnshegh known as the Bloodfish is thought to make its home on Gehenna.

The strongest powers of the Cerilian pantheon are described below. But the humans of the continent also worship five lesser gods (see the chart above), who'll grow in power with the flow of time. What's more, the humans also know of the Cold Rider, a being who walks the sphere's Shadow World – a place planewalkers call a strange confluence of the Astral, Ethereal, and Prime, all mixed in a horrifying muck.

'Course, many of the nonhumans of Cerilia have their own powers. Moradin of the dwarves has made inroads into the sphere, and Kartathok, the goblin deity, seems remarkably similar to Maglubiyet. A few Abyssal lords've even pushed through the barrier: Yeenoghu, Baphomet, and Köstchtchie have all gained worshippers here. Chant is that Torazan, the god of the world's orogs, is also an Abyssal lord (though that's not been confirmed).

The Cerilian pantheon is mainly concerned with just one place: the continent of Cerilia on Aebrynis. They don't meddle in planar affairs, and they don't create any proxies to carry out their edicts – they're just not involved enough yet. No doubt that'll come in time.

Other Human Powers of Cerilia

Cuiráécen	Lesser	Battle, storms
Eloële	Lesser	Night, darkness, thieves
Kriesha	Lesser	Winter, monsters
Laerme	Lesser	Fire, love, art
Ruornil	Lesser	Moon, magic, night

AVANI

*Greater Power,
"Goddess of the Sun, Lady of Reason"*

AoC: Sun, reason, magic

AL: LN

WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Setting sun

HOME P/R: Mechanus/the Gleaming Spire

Avani, the lady of logic and clear thought, resides in a palace of clear crystal flame called the Gleaming Spire. It occupies an entire gear on Mechanus, with palaces and tunnels decorating the cog on both sides. As befits a realm of the clockwork plane, the light of the Gleaming Spire cycles on a precise schedule, bringing darkness and daylight in a completely predictable pattern.

In all, Avani's realm is one of quiet study and contemplation, though heated arguments can erupt. Still, it's a place where logic rules, and that's the highest virtue to which a petitioner can strive.

No action taken without thought is successful in the realm. Only those who act in the warm light of logic and order can enact their wills in the Gleaming Spire, and any berk who thinks himself above such things can't even enter the realm in the first place.

BELINIK

*Intermediate Power,
"Prince of Terror, Lord of Strife"*

AoC: Battle, feuds, fear

AL: CE

WAL: Any nonlawful

SYMBOL: Crossed axes

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Cocytus/the Striving

Belinik, one of the Cerilian gods of terror, is a blood who believes that only the strong should rule, that those who *can* take *should* take. His realm on the second layer of Pandemonium is a monstrous cavern of squalling winds and blustery snow. Wolves roam its wintry hills, and berserkers cut down those who stumble through the drifted paths. The Striving ain't safe for anyone, and treachery is more than common here – it's practically a byword.

A great wooden palisade in the exact center of the realm surrounds the longhall of Belinik. Here, the god and his bo-yars meet to feast and plan their next waves of terror. Dire wolves sleep by the fire, and a huge snow serpent slithers about the yard, devouring those who don't bear the stench of the deity.

ERIK

Greater Power, "Father of the Forests"

AoC: Forests, hunting, nature

AL: N WAL: Any neutral

SYMBOL: Oak tree

HOME P/R: Outlands/Nature's Rest

Nature's Rest is only one of many druidical groves scattered about the Outlands, but few of them are as filled with the everlasting peace of Erik's realm, peace that seems to flow from the very rocks at a body's feet. It's a richly forested realm, and animals roam freely. None may lift his hand against another in Nature's Rest, except by the intercession of Erik's proxies (or the deity himself).

No settlements mar the face of the realm, and no mortal-built structures break the tree line. Erik holds his court in the open air, and all are welcome to attend, regardless of alignment. Nature's Rest is thus an often-sought haven, though it's rarely found.

HAELYN

Greater Power, "The Lawmaker"

AoC: Noble war, leadership

AL: LG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Sword and sunburst

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Honor's Glory

Honor's Glory is a realm of shining steel and bright ideals, a place of strategists and generals and those who see war as more than a chance to brutalize one's neighbor. As the power of noble war, Haelyn is revered by those who fight honorably for a greater good. Any berks who enter the realm with intentions of treachery and dishonor emit a foul black aura, which no amount of masking can hide. These sods get brought before the tribunal of Anduine in the gleaming central city of Illnuire.

Sure, other magnificent burgs dot the rolling green hills of Honor's Glory, but of them Illnuire is the greatest. Farmland and beautiful forests cover the rest of the realm, and the favored of Haelyn maintain castles here, as well. Their white marble walls are beacons of steadfast strength.

NESIRIE

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Mourning"

AoC: Seas, grief

AL: NG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Wave and trident

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Thalasia/the Waves of Grief

Nesirie's realm seems an endless sea, filled with the salty tears of a power who's not yet ceased her weeping. That's because most of her faithful on Cerilia've died out, leaving worship of the goddess mostly in the hands of sailors and

others who depend on the waters.

The outer rim of the Waves of Grief is called Denial, and it's a somberly reflective place. Seagulls wheel and spin in the overcast air, their plaintive cries somehow echoing deep in a body's spirit, speaking to the bereft part of every soul. The crash of leaden waves on the rocky spits of land and the spray that seems to hang forever in the air invites a visitor to sit a spell and think on all his lost loves and absent friends. Denial's not a place a body'd want to tarry long.

The realm's not all gloom and doom, though. On the island called Acceptance, far out in the misty sea, green trees grow straight and tall, and though the mist swirls and twists about their trunks, the isle embodies restful contemplation, free of the anguished cries of the gulls. Many roads wind through these trees, all leading inexorably toward the city of Surcease.

The burg sits on a bluff that overlooks the entire realm, though it can't be seen from the surrounding forest until a body's nearly on top of the plain. Surcease is built entirely of gray marble, and all the colors here seem strangely muted under the lowering skies. Still, the sad nature of the realm lightens in the city, and the hustle and bustle seems more energetic. And it all leads to the palace at the very center of the realm: Peace.

If a body can reach the palace and meditate there for a time, all the hurtful memories of the past eventually become muted, bittersweet recollections that can be looked on without pain. The meditations at Peace can also remove poisons and the effects of any memory-draining magic or spells from the enchantment/charm school.

SERA

Intermediate Power, "Lady of Fortune"

AoC: Wealth, luck

AL: CN WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Scales

HOME P/R: Outlands/the Marketplace Eternal

Sera, the Cerilian goddess of wealth, has joined forces with similarly minded powers from other single-sphere pantheons and established a common realm on the Outlands: the Marketplace Eternal. The shared realm is also home to Waukeen of Toril (who's currently missing in action), Shinare of Krynn, and Zilchus of Oerth. Together, the four deities have a much larger and stronger realm than any of them could have alone.

The Outlands, after all, are thought by many to be the center of the Outer Planes (which, strictly speaking, *have* no center). That means most merchants and planewalkers find the Marketplace Eternal an easy place to stop by on their treks around the Great Ring. The realm's even competing with Tradegate to become the premier spot for commerce on the Outlands.

See, the Marketplace is nothing but a huge, sprawling bazaar. It stretches for miles in every direction, with tents

and stalls making impromptu roadways through the realm. There's no rhyme or reason to any of it, nor is there permanency, for the merchants set up in different spots every day, dividing themselves only by general specialty, and not always even that. Gambling halls, drinking tents, and hucksters of all varieties mix here indiscriminately; some say the bazaar tops even that of Sigil. It's a place of splendor, but it's also very, very confusing to a newcomer.

Part of the reason is that the Marketplace Eternal is actually divided into four separate quarters, one for each of the ruling powers. Waukeen's quarter is called the House of Barter, Shinare's quarter is called the Scales of Wealth, Zilchus's quarter is known as the Seat of Luxury, and Sera's quarter is called the House of Resolve.

The House of Resolve lies closest to the Spire of the Outlands. In the center of the region is a stone keep, where Sera's proxies hear complaints about vendors. The bloods investigate any reports they think have merit, but the dark of the place is that it's impossible to cheat at anything – from business to cards to love – anywhere in the Marketplace Eternal.

◆ THE KRYNNISH POWERS ◆

Of all the known gods of the cosmos, the pantheon of Krynn is one of the few that's organized along strict and obvious lines, and lines of comparable strength at that. Following the multiversal Rule of Threes, the powers of Krynn break into three camps: good, evil, and neutrality. Each group's overseen by a single greater deity – Paladine, Takhisis, and Gilean – and, in turn, the entire pantheon falls under the watchful eye of the High God, the over-power of Krynn.

Chant is the overpower's the one who called the three greater deities from beyond and set them about the task of creating the world (including all the intermediate and lesser gods) out of the primal force of chaos. Afterward, the trio's said to have trapped the remaining swirls of chaos in an item known as the Graygem.

That's just one version of Krynn's creation myths, but it serves. The three sets of powers have struggled over the face of the world for ages since, each seeking victory in the battle for the hearts and minds of the people (not to mention physical control of Krynn itself). Each time, the forces of evil grow stronger, yet each time the powers of good and the powers of neutrality stop the wicked ones from gaining dominance.

Arrogantly assuming that their people need divine intervention, the gods have taken part in several mortal wars, each time coming closer and closer to destroying the world. Truth is, it's mainly the powers of evil that make such assumptions, often breaking whatever truces were established

after their last disastrous incursion.

Recently, however, the powers have abandoned their responsibilities on Krynn, leaving the mortals to find their own fate (for details, see the novel *Dragons of Summer Flame*). The gods moved on to the planes, taking the gamble that they'd be accepted fully by the powers already there. That's not an uncommon move for deities who've suffered under despotic overpowers, but it's a big risk – more pantheons've died that way than most powers'd care to admit.

Fortunately, the cutters left behind on Krynn still have faith. Though they can no longer count on the direct intervention of their powers, folks still believe that the gods are out there, somewhere, and they pray for their return. What's more, many of the deities left agents behind to help guide the sods in times of great trouble. But the natives of Krynn are a people of steady courage and steadfast lives, no matter what their culture, and they're tough as nails in all the ways that count.

THE POWERS OF GOOD

The powers of good are under the command of Paladine, the creator of the noble impulse in the mortal spirit and a tender watcher of his children. Whereas the neutral gods teach restriction and the evil powers domination, Paladine leads by example and encouragement. He instructs his followers to work around evil's snares and flaws, rather than oppose Takhisis and her minions directly. 'Course, at times it seems only conflict can resolve a dispute, and that's when the powers of good demonstrate the reason they're called *powers*.

Still, the high-ups under Paladine try to stay out of human affairs. Though they can't help the desire to reach in every now and then and give the mortals a quick shove, they restrain themselves as best as they can. They've seen

what happens when gods don't

keep their desires in check, and they won't sacrifice the tenuous trust among the deities to further their own ends.

PALADINE

Greater Power, "The Dragon's Lord"

AoC: Order, hope, light, rulership, guardianship

AL: LG WAL: Any good

SYMBOL: Silver triangle

HOME P/L/R: Mount Celestia/Solania/the Dome of Creation

Paladine is the mightiest of the pantheon's powers of good, usually taking the form of a great dragon. He has a genuine fondness for life, even the lives of evil creatures, and he won't kill if he can help it. However, he does recognize the

Krynnish Powers of Good

Branchala	Intermediate	Music, forests, beauty
Habbakuk	Intermediate	Animals, seas, creation
Kiri-Jolith	Intermediate	Battle, courage, heroism
Majere	Intermediate	Thought, faith, control
Mishakal	Greater	Healing, beauty, knowledge
Solinari	Intermediate	Good magic

need every once in a while, at which time he reveals select secrets of life and death to his agents still on Krynn.

Paladine's said to be something of a gambler; he's been known to rest the entirety of his creation on the actions of a single mortal. So far, he's been lucky.

THE POWERS OF NEUTRALITY

It's no dark that the powers of neutrality are just that: neutral. They choose no sides in the eons-old struggle of good and evil; they simply exist. On the other hand, many seek to maintain a balance between the extremes, holding that the only true worth comes from the even distribution of both. After all, without good there'd be no evil, and without chaos there'd be no law. It takes a bit of all sides for a body to appreciate existence, and the gods of neutrality see to it that one force doesn't dominate.

Krynnish Powers of Neutrality

Chislev	Intermediate	Nature, animals
Lunitari	Intermediate	Neutral magic, illusion
Reorx	Greater	Dwarves, smithing
Shinare	Intermediate	Wealth, freedom, commerce
Sirion	Intermediate	Flame, change
Zivilyn	Intermediate	Wisdom

The greater power Gilean watches over the rest of the deities of neutrality. He allows them the freedom to do as they please, as long as they don't meddle with the balance.

GILEAN

Greater Power, "The Void"

AoC: Knowledge

AL: N **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Open book

HOME P/L/R: Outlands/the Hidden Vale

Chant is that Gilean was a mortal once, a scribe so scrupulous that he never made a single error, and so the High God took him to the beginning of time and made him the keeper of an eldritch tome. This book, said to contain the secret name of every creature, had the whole of history – from start to finish – hidden its pages, and thus Gilean became a god.

Others say that story's barmy, that mortals aren't capable of that kind of flawless perfection. But whatever a body takes for his myths, it's all the same in the end: Gilean is what he is today. He's said to love information for its own sake, and that's why he's truly neutral – knowledge is knowledge, whether it sprang from evil or from good. He views it as an end in itself, not as a tool for those who'd twist it to their will, and he encourages the pursuit of knowledge above all things.

THE POWERS OF EVIL

Under the domination of Takhisis, the Dark Queen, the gods of evil have changed the face of Krynn more than once. Their endlessly greedy grasping for the fruits of creation often upset the natural order and drive the world to the brink of destruction. Fact is, just before the powers agreed to retreat to the planes, Takhisis turned stag on them in a final (and ultimately unsuccessful) effort to seize control of the planet – an event most folks call the chaos war.

Thus is the nature of evil on Krynn: It always seems to turn in on itself. That's part of the reason the powers of good have managed to keep evil at bay. But perhaps it's for the best that the gods have left Krynn. See, Takhisis and her minions had at last learned to cooperate until their enemies were subdued. Who knows if they might one day return to seize the world once and for all?

TAKHISIS

Greater Power, "Queen of Darkness"

AoC: Night, evil, hatred

AL: LE **WAL:** Any evil

SYMBOL: Black crescent

HOME P/L/R: Baator/Avernus/Abthalom (the Nether Reaches)

Once the mate of Paladine, Takhisis grew jealous of their early creations, the dragons, and decided to take the beasts for her own. That first betrayal characterized her every move for the rest of her existence – when she sees something she wants, she takes it, without regard to the rightful owner. The Dark Queen's ambitious schemes have been defeated in the past, but she learns with each failure, and some fear it's only a matter of time before her infernal willpower allows her to triumph.

Krynnish Powers of Evil

Chemosh	Intermediate	Undead
Hiddukel	Intermediate	Greed, betrayal
Morgion	Intermediate	Disease, decay, weakness
Nuitari	Intermediate	Black magic
Sargonnas	Greater	Vengeance, fire, intrigue, rage
Zeboim	Intermediate	Seas, storms, jealousy

◆ THE POWERS OF OERTH ◆

The powers of Oerth make up one of the oldest and largest of the single-sphere pantheons. Its ranks include so many gods that it'd be fruitless to list them all; besides, they change so rapidly with the rise and fall of continental empires that any list'd be out of date before long. Though stability soon may come to these troubled lands, it'll take some doing – and stout heroes – to pull it off. The powers can't do it on their own, and so their very survival is in the hands of the mortals.

Chant is Oerth is dying anyway, that the deities'd be just as happy leaving for greener pastures. Sadly for them, they're stuck here; apparently, they've got to fight it out on the world before they can try to expand onto the planes. Only a few bloods of the pantheon — like Celestian, god of travel — have made it beyond the crystal sphere, and that's because their portfolios appeal to bashers across the planes. Fact is, some of the deities are already worshiped (or at least respected) by many planars; they've got a decent chance of surviving the death throes of Oerth.

The six powers described below have the strength and desire to look beyond their own world. Celestian probably has the best shot at making it on the planes, but if any of the rest of the pantheon pulls through, it'll be this bunch. The others have realized their predicament too late, though it's remotely possible that a few of 'em could squeak through as well (refer to Appendix I for a more detailed listing of these other gods).

CELESTIAN

Intermediate Power, "The Far Wanderer"

AoC: Stars, space, wanderers

AL: NG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Seven stars on a black circle

HOME P/L/R: Astral/wanders

Celestian is *the* planewalker's power of choice. For a god of the Prime, he's remarkably well-venerated among planars (chant is the influx of new worshipers might soon win him the rank of *greater* power). His portfolio calls to any cutter who likes to see what's over the next horizon, and his location on the Astral Plane makes him an even sweeter choice. Traveling priests of Celestian lose no spellcasting levels as long as they remain on the Outer Planes, and magical weapons forged on the Astral are equally powerful all the way around the Great Ring.

Celestian gets on well with Hermes and other gods who make travel less burdensome. It's a small fraternity, but one that's tightly knit. Fact is, Fharlanghn, Oerth's intermediate power of horizons, is Celestian's brother, and the two of them cooperate famously. It's said that Celestian is looking to help his brother expand onto the planes. 'Course, since the infinite Outer Planes have precious few horizons, it seems as though the god of travel's going to come across his brother on the Astral one of these days. Still, there's hope for Fharlanghn as long as Celestian's willing to help.

Celestian doesn't keep a realm in the silver void, preferring instead to keep moving — what else'd be expected from the god of wanderers? His petitioners become the stars in his robes, and when their wanderlust becomes so great that they wish to travel on their own, that's when they merge with their deity.



INCABULOS

Greater Power, "The Evilsent"

AoC: Drought, plagues, nightmares

AL: NE **WAL:** Any evil

SYMBOL: Green eye in a red diamond

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Oinos/Charnelhouse

Incabulos is hated by just about every power in the cosmos who knows of him. Even the other gods of disease despise him on principle, for they see him as a leatherhead and pretender with no hope for survival when he finally has to leave his enclosed little sphere. Most of the other powers dislike him simply because he's a berk who turns stag every chance he gets.

As the pantheon's power of disease and nightmares, Incabulos favors battlefields and other sites of carnage. He draws much of his strength from such places; both sickness and horrid dreams come from the massed bodies of the dead. Naturally, in the current climate of war that's sweeping across Oerth, Incabulos grows ever greater. The mortals don't worship him, but they appease him, and that's often just as good.

Charnelhouse is just as disgusting (if not moreso) as the realms of the other powers of disease in Oinos. The first thing a body notices is the stench — not even the Gray Waste can wash away the smell of the dead that permeates the place. The second thing a body notices is his deepest fear coming to life in front of him. Whether that's a skeletal horse with rags of twitching flesh in its teeth or the cruel betrayal of close friends, it all seems to come true in Charnelhouse. That's why folks steer clear.

NERULL

Greater Power, "The Reaper"

AoC: Death, darkness, murder

AL: NE **WAL:** Any evil

SYMBOL: Skull and sickle

HOME P/L/R: Carceri/Othrys/the Crypt

Like Incabulos, Nerull usually isn't worshiped so much as kept alive by the very avoidance of his name. Fact is, offering him a sacrifice is thought to attract his attention, and few mortals are addle-coved enough to do that. Still, some berks secretly promote the worship of foul Nerull, and they're nearly as depraved as the one they follow. Their rites are heinous affairs conducted in total blackness. It's a sure bet that torture and pain play a large part in the rituals; it's certainly no dark that sacrifice of any sentient creature is not only accepted but encouraged.

Unlike most powers on Carceri, Nerull's not trapped in the Red Prison — he dwells there because he *likes* it, and he's one of the few creatures in the cosmos who can say such a thing without sounding like a liar. His realm, the Crypt, is a burg of the dead and undead, many of them sentient. Even

worse, Nerull consorts with fiends of all varieties, and they often prowl the realm devouring his shrieking petitioners (just desserts, really, for deaders who brought pain to others when they were alive).

Though Nerull respects Incabulos's hatred of life and joy, the two powers have nothing to do with each other. Talos the Destroyer (of Toril) admires the Reaper's work, but Nerull's methods are so brutal that even Talos stays well away. Truth is, no other powers associate with Nerull, though many of them (St. Cuthbert especially) hate him with a passion.

ST. CUTHBERT

Intermediate Power, "Cuthbert of the Cudgel"

AoC: Common sense, zeal, dedication

AL: LG **WAL:** LG, LN

SYMBOL: Starburst of rubies on a platinum circle

HOME P/L/R: Arcadia/Abellio/the Bastion of Law

St. Cuthbert's importance grows every day on Oerth, but is it enough to save him? Nobody knows – but it seems that the deity's recruiting outside his sphere, too. The members of the Harmonium (especially the lawful good Hardheads) are thought to espouse his beliefs, admiring St. Cuthbert for his straightforward mind and his refusal to back down from what he knows to be right. Any blood who won't compromise his ideals must be all right with the Harmonium, and many factioneers have thus adopted his worship in appreciation.

St. Cuthbert is a stern enemy of chaos and evil, and he rejects the idea that a body has to bend a bit to achieve his goals. The deity feels that any berk who does so is either a sod who wavers in his faith or a pitiful fool. It's his way or the wrong way, and plenty take what St. Cuthbert considers to be the *wrong* way.

'Course, that kind of unyielding attitude earns him many enemies, not the least of which are Incabulos, Nerull, and a handful of Abyssal lords. Truth to tell, St. Cuthbert would probably have even more foes if the greater planar powers of chaos and evil took notice of him and his stance. But they don't – most just don't care what a single-sphere deity has to say about them.

TRITHEREON

Intermediate Power, "The Liberator"

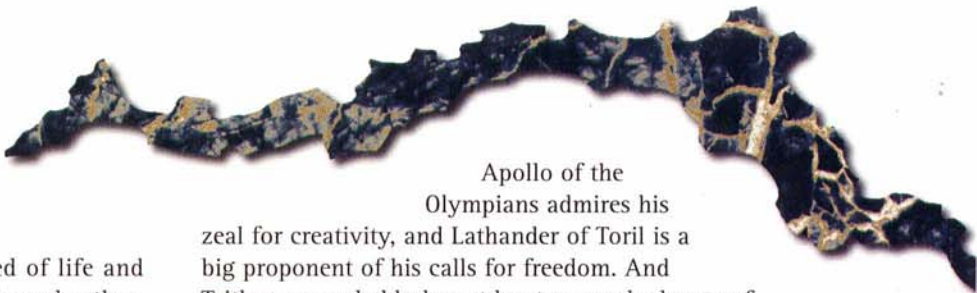
AoC: Individuality, liberty, self-determination

AL: CG **WAL:** CG, NG

SYMBOL: A pursuit rune

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/the Forking Road

For a blood who's supposed to be concerned with only a single sphere, Trithereon has some highly placed friends.



Apollo of the Olympians

admirers his zeal for creativity, and Lathander of Toril is a big proponent of his calls for freedom. And Trithereon probably has at least as much chance of surviving on the planes as St. Cuthbert does, for he, too, has the support of a faction: the Free League (though all Indeps, naturally, make their own choices).

Still, Trithereon has a few opponents. He despises all powers who demand domination and absolute obedience, even if they're deities of good, because he feels that any limitation on freedom necessarily destroys those it limits.

His realm, the Forking Road, isn't really a realm at all. It wanders all over the first layer of Arborea, and when a body steps onto the road, he finds that a world of possibilities opens up to him. Trithereon grants each visitor a glimpse of the major paths in his life, and the possible consequences of his actions.

WEE JAS

Intermediate Power, "The Taker"

AoC: Magic, death

AL: LN(E) **WAL:** LE, LN, NE, N

SYMBOL: Flaming skull

HOME P/L/R: Acheron/Tintibulus/Patterned Web

The vain Wee Jas isn't really what a body'd call an evil power – it's just that she's preoccupied with the gifts strength can bring, and she takes it a little too far. She doesn't usually mean harm, but more often than not it comes anyway. In her pursuit of greater knowledge and mightier magic, Wee Jas occasionally steps on the backs of whoever can help her climb higher.

Death isn't one of her greater spheres; she's adopted it only in the past few centuries. Her priests are mostly watchers over the dead, rather than agents who promote death and urge it along. The power's realm reflects this: An impervious octagon carved into one of Acheron's cubes, the realm's laid out like a spiderweb, its roads leading invariably toward the center, where Wee Jas waits for her gifts.

Every berk who sets foot inside her realm is expected to offer fine jewelry or interesting magic to her altar. Those who don't bring suitable gifts can't find their way back out of the Patterned Web for a full year, or until Wee Jas decides that they've paid off their debt to her.

The old Mystra of Toril was an ally of Wee Jas, but the new Mystra (see her entry under "The Faerûnian Powers," below) has managed to fully alienate her. That might be part of the reason Wee Jas has taken a turn for the worse – her one good friend in the cosmos passed on, and was replaced by a berk who claimed the name but didn't pursue the same vision.

THE FAERÛNIAN ◆ POWERS ◆

On a small world known as Toril, a place often forgotten by deities of the planes, a whole new batch of gods is rising to prominence. Within the last few centuries, they've made inroads to establishing themselves as planar powers, bursting out with a speed rivaled only by today's strongest pantheons. Does this spell a new era for the Outer Planes?

That's doubtful. New gods are new gods, and no matter how powerful or subtle they might have been on their prime-material worlds, they've got to learn the ropes of the planes if they hope to survive. That proves to be tougher than most are prepared for.

Appendix I gives a lengthy (but by no means complete) list of the most recognized powers of Faerûn, the western half of one of the major continents of Toril. It doesn't take the assorted demipowers into account, nor the various other cults worshipped across the globe — and there are quite a few of those. Basically, Appendix I shows the major living powers of one of the largest population groups on Toril.

Interestingly, while most planar gods consider Toril a backwater, a few have sent priests to the world, looking to augment their strength by gathering more worshipers. The best example is Tyr of the Norse pantheon; sliding slowly from recognition among his own people, he's managed to establish himself quite strongly on Toril, gaining enough believers to keep him from drifting away onto the Astral.

Others have joined Tyr, including Mielikki and Loviatar from the Finnish pantheon (Loviatar probably chased after Mielikki, who she's always hated), and Silvanus and Oghma of the Celts. What's more, the Faerûnian powers Beshaba and Tymora seem to have received some kind of influence from Tyche of the Greek pantheon. And it's likely that this list will grow, as more and more planar gods decide to reestablish themselves or reach for more power.

Some of the deities described below (like Sune and Talos) have lesser gods attached to them. That's the result of special alliances, made either through sheer domination or mutual agreement. To get a full picture of a god, a body needs to see which other powers are in the service of the "leader."

A⊕ *Overpower, "The Watcher"*

AoC: Deities, balance
AL: N/A WAL: Any
SYMBOL: None
HOME P/L/R: Unknown

Ao is the overpower of Toril, and as such is above the petty concerns of weaker gods. See, he's the high-up who watches over the actions of the other deities and ensures that they abide by the rules of the cosmos. He's made the laws known in the past; it's likely he'll do so again in the future.

Just recently, in fact, Ao punished the powers of Toril for interfering too closely in mortal affairs. To make the gods more accountable for their actions, and to teach them a bit of a lesson, he decreed they could wander the world only in avatar form until some stolen tablets were returned to him (the event was known as the Time of Troubles). The tablets were recovered eventually, but not before several gods died seeking them. The powers have, indeed, learned their lesson.

Fact is, Ao's punishment may be part of the reason the Torilian deities are starting to look outside their crystal sphere and leaning toward the Outer Planes, where belief translates into even greater strength.

CYRIC *Greater Power, "Prince of Lies"*

AoC: Strife, murder, illusion, intrigue, deception
AL: CE WAL: Any N or E
SYMBOL: White skull on a dark sunburst
HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Cocytus/Shattered Castle

Just over a dozen or so years ago, Cyric was a mortal thief, a rogue on the path toward evil. Then Ao decreed that the powers must walk the earth in mortal form, and Cyric managed to slay one of those gods and assume the victim's portfolio. Later, Cyric also assumed the strength of two other slain powers. Thus did the mortal transform himself from a lowly cross-trader into one of the mightiest bloods in the whole crystal sphere.

Later, he lost control of much of his portfolio to one of his formerly mortal compatriots, Kelemvor, when it became apparent that Cyric was breaking many of Ao's rules. What's more, Cyric drove himself barmy with the creation of a book that bound all who read it to his worship — it seems the sod read it himself. Now he's retreated to Pandemonium to plot a further takeover of the multiverse. He hates Kelemvor and Mystra with a passion, but because he read his own book, Cyric's convinced that he's superior to his fellow powers and doesn't need to waste his anger on them.

His new home is the Shattered Castle (which, in his delusion, he calls "The Castle of the Supreme Throne") and he hopes to draw all of the petitioners of Toril to his realm. The berk hasn't found much success, but he's sure it's just a matter of time before he conquers the entire cosmos with his divine insight.

IYACH+U XVIM *Lesser Power, "Godson"*

AoC: Tyranny, hatred
AL: LE WAL: Any N or E
SYMBOL: Green eyes on the palm of a black hand
HOME P/L/R: Gehenna/Chamada/the Bastion of Hate

The son of the dead power Bane, Iyachtu Xvim is also a relatively new god on Toril. Having been incarcerated under

Zhentil Keep for years, Xvim has an axe to grind with just about all the powers of the Faerûnian pantheon. He doesn't know who locked him away, but he's convinced it was *one* of the gods, and since he can't pinpoint his antagonist, he just hates them all. Xvim's awfully good at carrying out his portfolio.

He nurses an especial hatred for Cyric, who Xvim (wrongly) thinks killed his father. Besides, Xvim feels that a power of evil as strong as Cyric shouldn't be as *incompetent* as Cyric. At least in Xvim's eyes, the gross ineptitude of the Prince of Lies has been underscored by every successive failure Cyric's racked up in his tenure as a deity.

Xvim's realm in fiery Chamada is a basalt palace rising high above the lava flows that constantly cascade down the slope of the Second Mount. The castle is a blocky affair, a stolid piece of architecture that proudly repels the magma coursing through the layer. Inside the bastion, however, Xvim has opened a section of wall to a searing pool of lava, and he uses the bubbling stone to extract information or screams from his prisoners.

KELEMVOR

Greater Power, "Judge of the Damned"

AoC: Death, the dead

AL: LN WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Skeletal arm holding scales

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Oinos/the Crystal Spire

Like Cyric and Mystra, Kelemvor was once mortal, and that not too long ago. Though he'd spent more time as a mortal than they did, Kelemvor took to the responsibilities of godhood more quickly than either of them.

As a greater power, and a god of death at that, he refuses to give in to his former human emotions. Sure, it's likely he'll revert after a few hundred years or so, but for now, he acts much as he always figured powers *should* act – though perhaps he's a bit more just and fair than most powers of the Gray Waste. Kelemvor's not too clever, but he learns well, and he'll get the hang of it in time – or at least he'd better.

When Cyric lost his portfolio as the power of death, Kelemvor was assigned to take over as the judge of the dead and arbiter of the placement of the deceased. His first act was to make the Bone Castle (Cyric's old kip) into the Crystal Spire, so that any basher who cared could plainly see that Kelemvor executed his duties as fairly as possible.

'Course, Cyric isn't happy about losing his portfolio, and Kelemvor keeps a close eye on his former rival. But the new power of death also desires the goddess Mystra, and he seeks an alliance with the Morninglord Lathander – a traditional enemy of the dead (or rather, the undead).

One thing Kelemvor doesn't seem to grasp is the draining influence of the Gray Waste. Unless he erects some walls around his own emotions, it's likely he'll suffer the same fate as the other long-time powers of the plane: apathy.

LA+HANDER

Greater Power, "The Morninglord"

AoC: Spring, dawn, birth

AL: NG WAL: Any N or G

SYMBOL: Disk of rosy pink hue

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Morninglory

Though he's been a power for as long as most of the rest of the Faerûnian pantheon, Lathander chooses to portray himself as a slightly immature young man, one given to flights of fancy and exuberance. He's definitely one of the vital powers of Toril; his major concerns are life and creativity, and he pursues his tasks with a tenaciously positive outlook. Lathander is venerated among the vain for his good looks, among the artists for his inspirations, among the peasants for his support of life, and among the optimistic for his blessings of new adventures.

Chant is one of Lathander's greatest assets is his adherence to the principle of practice, rather than ritual. As long as his believers realize that it's the act of goodness that he supports, and as long as they pray to him on occasion, he continues growing ever stronger.

Lathander shares his realm with the Vedic power Ushas, the goddess of dawn. Together, their realm is one of pink-hued sky, rosy clouds, and the dreams and hopes of a new day. Supposedly, the two gods have found a way to open gates to the realms of powers of darkness and are shedding light into the secret lands of those deities.

The Morninglord gets along well with most of the other powers of the Faerûnian pantheon. He's especially close to Chauntea, for they've learned that working together can benefit them greatly. He's not yet come to a decision regarding Mystra or Kelemvor, but he seems, as always, optimistic.

MYS+RA

Greater Power, "The Lady of Mysteries"

AoC: Magic, spells

AL: NG WAL: Any

SYMBOL: Circle of nine stars with red mist

HOME P/L/R: Elysium/Eronia/Dweomerheart

Cyric was the first mortal to assume the mantle of godhood after the Time of Troubles, but Mystra, goddess of magic, was the second. As a newly divine being, she keeps the sentience of her previous mortal self foremost in her mind, and the memories of the original Mystra (the one who fell in the Time of Troubles) present in the portfolio as well. She's a good friend to Kelemvor, a former ally of Cyric's, the superior of Azuth, and arguably one of the most powerful gods in the entire pantheon.

Her duty is to protect the magical conduit called the Weave, a tapestry of force that allows mortals to shape magic. Though Mystra doesn't teach mortals *how* to handle the Weave – that's the job of Azuth – she does make the process safer.

Some say that her duty should preclude her from leaning too much toward either good or evil. After all, the original Mystra concentrated only on the laws of magic and left the moralizing to those better qualified for it. Well, the new Mystra doesn't see it that way. She thinks magic should be used for the greater good, to enhance the quality of life throughout lands that make use of the Weave, and she's slowly changing the rules of magic to make her will known.

Her Elysian realm, Dweomerheart, sits atop one of the mighty plateaus of Eronia. The area used to be flat ground for miles across, but Mystra shaped herself a wondrous city with powerful spells. Now, every day at dawn, the features of the burg change as the magic that holds the illusions/constructs in place fades away and is replaced by new spells.

See, a group called the Council of Wizards is in charge of maintaining the appearance of the realm, and a different spellslinger takes over each morning; thus, Dweomerheart never looks the same from day to day. Though the basic layout of the city remains the same – the buildings, arches, tunnels and the like keep the same positions – the appearance varies radically. Chant is one of the highest signs of respect a body can be paid is being asked by the Council to shape the city for a day.

SELÛNE

Intermediate Power, "The Moonmaiden"

AoC: Moon, stars, navigation, wanderers

AL: CG **WAL:** Any good

SYMBOL: Female eyes in a circle of seven stars

HOME P/L/R: Ysgard/Ysgard/Gates of the Moon

Selûne seems to have as many faces as does the moon for which she stands. To some folks, she's as vivacious as a dancer beneath a starry sky; to others, she's as tranquil and enveloping as a moonlight swim; and to some, she's as cold and merciless as a howl that echoes through a dark, moonless night. The versatile goddess is worshiped by many mortals, including spellslingers (especially females), cutters embarking on sea voyages, folks looking for a glimpse of the future, and couples eager to bear children.

Most important, though, is the attention given Selûne by planewalkers. Not only is she a power of wanderers and navigators, but the deity also watches over good people who search for their place in the cosmos – and that includes just about everyone, from time to time.

Selûne occasionally chats with Hermes, Celestian, and other powers venerated by planar travelers. She feels some kinship with Eilistraee, the goddess of good-aligned drow, who urges her faithful to cleanse their spirits by dancing under the light of the moon. And among her own pantheon, she counts on the friendship of Lathander, Mystra, and Sune (who she once served under), though she fiercely opposes Shar (see Shar's entry, below, for more details).

The goddess shares her misty realm, the Gates of the Moon, with another power: Soma, the Vedic god of moon-

light, plants, and prophecies. With Selûne's blessing, Soma's petitioners distill the juice of special flowers that grow around the realm; chant is those who taste the droplets gain insight into the future.

'Course, the main reason that planewalkers come to the Gates of the Moon is to take a trip on the Infinite Staircase, a conduit that supposedly leads from Argentil (Selûne's hall of silver) to every burg that ever was, is now, or ever shall be. Some bubbers brag about using the Staircase to jump through time or take a shortcut between infinitely distant cities, but it's not that simple. First of all, the Staircase can literally make a traveler sick – it leads in all directions at once, and gravity often depends on where a body's feet are planted. But even worse, a sod who climbs alone – without the benefit of a group's strength of will – might end up in the city of his greatest desire, a place he'll never want to leave.

SHAR

Greater Power, "Nightsinger"

AoC: Dark, night, loss

AL: NE **WAL:** Any (mainly evil)

SYMBOL: Black disk with a purple border

HOME P/L/R: Gray Waste/Niflheim/the Palace of Loss

Shar is a twisted power, one who deeply enjoys inflicting the pain of loss on her followers. She's petty and jealous, and she believes in nursing indignities until they become – in her own mind at least – major slights. Shar claims to help her believers forget the grief of loss, but the dark of it's that she simply makes them accept pain as a standard state of existence. Sure, they hurt less, but only a leatherhead would say they're better off.

Shar teaches her followers that life is pointless and foolish, that they can expect nothing good from the world and therefore should expect nothing from themselves. In short, she's a power of hopelessness and the damping of creative fire, and so stands in direct opposition to Lathander.

The deity's realm is said to be a single tower rising above the gloomy gray of Niflheim, a tower without windows or doors. Few visitors can figure out how to gain entry or exit, but Shar's petitioners and proxies can come and go as they please. The only sods confined to the palace are those who'd miss their freedom the most; that way, Shar can feel their pain more keenly.

Chant is that some of Shar's proxies have discovered the worship of the Cerilian power Nesirie, Lady of Mourning, who offers healing. A few of these proxies have hidden themselves away in Nesirie's realm to soothe the pain inflicted on them by Shar. But most of the bloods, still loyal to their goddess, are outraged, and report the berks who turn stag. Shar's annoyed that Nesirie dares to heal grief, and plans a way to destroy or subvert the Cerilian.

It's also well known that Shar and Selûne are bitter rivals. Folks can't seem to say what sparked the feud, but it's gone on for longer than mortals can remember, and the two

work constantly to undercut each other. Truth is, their hatred might stem from nothing more than the simple fact that Selûne represents the mystical aspects of the night, while Shar embodies its bitterness.

Mask, the pantheon's god of thieves and shadows, would like to establish an alliance with Shar, but he keeps his distance — he's already lost some of his portfolio to Cyric, and he fears that Shar'd compound that loss by subsuming him entirely. Finally, Shar is said to be feeling out Kelemvor's feelings toward an alliance, but hasn't committed herself one way or another toward the new power (though their alignments would seem to preclude any chance of a strong friendship).

SUNE

Greater Power, "Firehair"

AoC: Beauty, love, passion

AL: CG **WAL:** Any N or G

SYMBOL: Face of ivory-skinned maiden with red hair

HOME P/L/R: Arborea/Olympus/Brightwater

Sune Firehair is one of the vainest creatures in the multiverse, though she vies for that honor with Aphrodite of the Olympians. She shares the pool Evergold — the Fountain of Youth and Beauty — with Aphrodite, Hanali Celanil, Freya, and other goddesses of glamour. Sune, naturally, considers herself more beautiful than the rest, who in turn see her as a backwater power with delusions of grandeur. For the most part, however, the deities get along fairly well.

Sune is also one of the most passionate powers in the cosmos, and she convinces herself that her interests run deep — and they do, for however long she can maintain them. Truth is, though, she involves herself intensely with a person or power for a short time — as long as the basher continues to prove enticing — and then loses interest, seeking new and more exciting pastures. She doesn't forget her enemies, however: Among them she counts Talona (goddess of disease), Talos (god of storms), and any who'd ruin beauty for the joy of destruction.

Fact is, Sune's beauty inspires many, and artists and lovers alike seek her favor. She gives writers the ability to produce excellent works quickly, painters sudden flashes of brilliant composition, and sculptors the sense of perfection in the human form. To lovers she grants desire and passion, and to her other worshipers she simply makes the blood race — that's enough for most folks.

She shares her realm on Arborea with two other major powers: Tymora (goddess of good fortune) and Lliira (goddess of joyful dance and festivals, who's also guarding the portfolios of wealth and trade for the missing deity Waukeen). One of the newest realms on the planes, Brightwater is also one of the most exciting. There, a body can find almost any diversion imaginable. It's a place of constant movement and action, and many are the bashers who've wished they could remain in Brightwater for the rest of their lives.

TALOS

Greater Power, "The Destroyer"

AoC: Storms, destruction, earthquakes

AL: CE **WAL:** Any N or E

SYMBOL: Three lightning bolts

HOME P/L/R: Pandemonium/Pandesmos/the Towers of Ruin

A power of domination and destruction, Talos brought three other evil deities into his fold by sheer force: Umberlee (the Bitch Queen of oceans), Malar (the Beastlord of savage hunts), and Auril (the Frostmaiden of cold winters). Together, the group's known as the Gods of Fury, and Talos keeps his charges under a tight rein.

The power's only purpose in life is to prove that he can tear down whatever some other blood puts up. Oddly, this occasionally puts him into conflict with the Vedic deity Siva. Though the Indian god is a power of destruction, he doesn't cause ruin for the pure joy of it, as Talos does.

See, Talos is like a spoiled child, roused to devastating anger by the smallest slights, and he can carry a grudge for centuries. It's a good thing his rages are limited by Faerûnian deities like Chauntea, Lathander, Mystra, and Sune.

The Destroyer's realm is located on a hillock in the midst of Pandemonium. Winds howl around large, craggy twin towers, buffeting away those who'd disturb the power. The gales grow ever stronger the closer a body gets to the towers' shared entrance, until they're practically hurricane force.

TEMPUS

Greater Power, "Foehammer"

AoC: War, warriors

AL: CN **WAL:** Any

SYMBOL: Silver sword on a blood-red field

HOME P/R: Limbo/Knight's Rest

Little is known of Tempus's abilities or personal life; it's said that he lives only for excess, whether in battle, food, or drink. He's a favorite power of warriors, no matter their alignment, and this has made him mighty in the land. Still, Tempus has no real allies among the rest of the pantheon, for they fear he'll turn on them as rapidly as the shifting tides of battle.

It's more correct to say that he favors all sides in war equally, because Tempus is an honorable power. He hates to betray a confidence, and he carves his own path through the world, letting no others stand in his way.

His realm, Knight's Rest, is anything but restful. It's like Asgard, but more so — and that should tell a berk all he needs to know. Battles in the realm rage endlessly, and a sod who gets killed in combat lies on the ground for a short time while he heals, then rises to fight on the side of the basher who slew him. Only cowards die forever.



APPENDIX I: THE POWERS BY PAN+HEON

Name	Status	Portfolio	AL	WAL	Plane/Layer/Realm Name
Ancient Powers					
BABYLONIAN					
Anshar	Lesser	Darkness, night	CE	CE, NE	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/City of Eternal Darkness
Anu	Greater	Sky	LN	Any	Mechanus/Anu's Way
Druaga	Lesser	Baatezu summoning	LE	LE	Baator/Dis/Retreat of the Fallen
Girru	Lesser	Fire	LG	LG, NG	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Undying Flame
Ishtar	Greater	Love, war	N	Any	Elysium/Amoria/City of the Star
Marduk	Greater	Cities, weather	LN	LN	Arcadia/Abellio/Marduk
Nergal	Lesser	Underworld, dead	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Oinos/Nergaltos
Ramman	Lesser	Storms, thunder	N	Any neutral	Outlands/the Storm Cloud
SUMERIAN					
Enlil	Greater	Air, war	NG	Any good	Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East
Inanna	Greater	War, love	LE	Warriors, lovers	Baator/Phlegethos/Jealous Heart
Ki	Greater	Nature	N	N	Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East
Nanna-Sin	Lesser	The moon	CG	CG	Elysium/Eronia/wanders
Nin-Hursag	Lesser	Earth	N	N	Elysium/Eronia/Great Mountain of the East
Utu	Greater	The sun	CG	CG	Arborea/Olympus/the Absorbing Light
Celtic					
Arawn	Intermediate	Life, death	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Annwn
Belenus	Intermediate	Sun, light, heat	NG	Any good	Elysium/Thalasia/Isles of the Blessed
Brigantia	Intermediate	Rivers, livestock	NG	Any neutral	Elysium/Thalasia/Isles of the Blessed
Daghdha	Greater	Weather, crops	CG	Any good	Outlands/Tir na Og (Mag Mell)
Diancecht	Intermediate	Medicine, healing	LG	Any good	Outlands/Tir na Og (wanders)
Dunatis	Lesser	Mountains, peaks	N	N	Outlands/Tir na Og (the Pinnacle)
Goibhniu	Intermediate	Smithing, healing	NG	Any neutral	Outlands/Tir na Og (the Great Smithy)
Lugh	Intermediate	Arts, crafts, travel, commerce, horses, war	CN	Any neutral	Outlands/Tir na Og (wanders)
Manannan mac Lir	Intermediate	Oceans, sea creatures	LN	Any neutral	Outlands/Tir fo Thuinn
Math Mathonwy	Intermediate	Magic	NE	Any neutral	Gehenna/Khalas/Corriegrave
Morrigan	Intermediate	Battle, war	CE	Any evil	Outlands/Tir na Og (the Bloody Field)
Nuada	Greater	War, warriors	N	Warriors	Outlands/Tir na Og (Mag Tuireadh)
Oghma ¹	Intermediate	Speech, writing	NG	Any good	Outlands/Tir na Og (House of Knowledge)
Silvanus ¹	Greater	Nature, forests, druids	N	Forest dwellers	Outlands/Tir na Og (Summeroak)
¹ Also a Faerûnian (FORGOTTEN REALMS) deity.					
Dwarvish					
Abbathor	Intermediate	Greed	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Oinos/the Glitterhell
Berronar Truesilver	Intermediate	Safety, truth, home, healing	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Solania/Erackinor
Clangeddin Silverbeard	Intermediate	Battle	LG	LG	Arcadia/Abellio/Mount Clangeddin
Dugmaren Brightmantle	Lesser	Scholarship, invention, discovery	CG	NG, CG	Outlands/Dwarvish Mountain (Soot Hall)
Dumathoin	Intermediate	Mining, exploration	N	Any	Outlands/Dwarvish Mountain (Deepshaft Hall)
Moradin	Greater	Creation, smithing	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Solania/Erackinor
Muamman Duathal	Lesser	Wanderers, expatriates	NG	Any N or G	Ysgard/Nidavellir/Nidavellir (wanders)
Vergadain	Intermediate	Wealth, luck, thieves	N	Any	Outlands/Dwarvish Mountain (Strongale Hall)
DUERGAR					
Laduguer	Intermediate	Crafts, magic, protection	LE	LE, LN	Acheron/Thuldanin/Hammergrim
DERRO					
Diinkarazan	Demipower	Vengeance	CE	N/A	Abyss/586/Prison of the Mad God
Diirinka	Intermediate	Cruelty, magic, knowledge	CE	CE	Pandemonium/Phlegethon/Hidden Betrayal

<i>Name</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Portfolio</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>WAL</i>	<i>Plane/Layer/Realm Name</i>
Egyptian					
Anhur	Lesser	War	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Netaph
Anubis	Unknown	Dead gods	LG	Any	Astral/wanders
Apshai	Demipower	Insects	N	Farmers	Outlands/the Hive
Bast	Lesser	Cats, pleasure	CG	Any chaotic	Ysgard/Ysgard/Merratet
Bes	Lesser	Luck	N	Any	Outlands/wanders
Geb	Intermediate	The earth	NG	Any	Elemental Earth/Caverns Under the Stars
Horus	Lesser	Sun, revenge, war, sky	CG	Any good	Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis
Isis	Intermediate	Marriage, magic, motherhood	LG	Any good	Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis and Elysium/Amoria/Quietude
Nephythys	Intermediate	Wealth, the dead	CG	Any good	Arborea/Pelion/Amun-thys
Nut	Intermediate	Sky, couples forbidden to marry	NG	Any	Elysium/Belierin/Refuge of Night
Osiris	Intermediate	Vegetation, the dead	LG	Any good	Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis
Ptah	Lesser	Artists, craftsmen, travelers	LN	Any	Ethereal/wanders
Ra	Greater	Sun, kings	LN	Any lawful	Arcadia/Buxenus/Heliopolis
Seker	Lesser	Light	NG	Light-lovers	Elysium/Amoria and Thalasia/Ro Stau
Set	Intermediate	Evil, drought, desert storms	LE	Any evil	Baator/Stygia/Ankhwugaht
Shu	Intermediate	Winds, atmosphere	LG	Any good	Elemental Air/Desert Wind
Tefnut	Intermediate	Storms, rain, running water	NG	Any	Bytopia/Shurrock/Windwrath
Thoth	Lesser	Knowledge	N	Any	Outlands/Thoth's Estate
Elvish					
Aerdrie Faenya	Intermediate	Air, weather, avians	CG	CG, CN, NG, N	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador and Ysgard/Ysgard/Alfheim
Corellon Larethian	Greater	Magic, music, arts, war	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Deep Sashelas	Intermediate	Creation, knowledge, beauty, magic, sea elves	CG	NG, CG, CN	Arborea/Olympus and Ossa/Elavador
Erevan Ilesere	Intermediate	Mischief, change	CN	CN	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Fenmarel Mestarine	Lesser	Feral elves, scapegoats	CN	Any N or G	Limbo/Fennimar
Hanali Celanil	Intermediate	Love, beauty	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Labelas Enoreth	Intermediate	Time, longevity	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Shanane Moonbow	Intermediate	Mysticism, dreams, death, journeys	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Solonor Thelandira	Intermediate	Archery, hunting	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Arvador
Drow					
Eilistraee	Lesser	Song, dance, swordwork, hunting	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Nidavellir/Svartalfheim
Kiaransalee	Demipower	Undead, vengeance	CE	CE (drow)	Abyss/113/Thanatos
Lolth	Intermediate	Spiders, evil, darkness	CE	CE (drow)	Abyss/66/Lolth's Web (the Demonweb Pits)
Vhaeraun	Lesser	Thievery, territory	NE	NE	Carceri/Colothys/Ellaniath
Zinzerena	Demipower	Chaos, assassins	CE	N/A	Prime Material (Toril)
Finnish					
Ahto	Greater	Seas, waters	NG	NG	Elemental Water/Curling Wave
Hiisi	Greater	Evil	CE	CE	Prime Material (the Nether Lands)
Ilmatar	Lesser	Mothers	LG	Any lawful	Prime Material (wanders)
Loviatar ¹	Demipower	Pain, torture	LE	Any evil	Gehenna/Mungoth/Ondtland
Mielikki ¹	Lesser	Nature, forests	NG	Any good	Beastlands/Krigala/Grove of the Unicorns
Surma	Demipower	Death	NE	Any evil	Carceri/Othrys/wanders
Tuonetar	Greater	The underworld	CE	CE	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Tuonela
Tuoni	Greater	The underworld	CN(E)	Any chaotic	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Tuonela
Ukko	Greater	Sky, air, weather	LG	Any good	Bytopia/Shurrock/unknown
Untamo	Lesser	Sleep, dreams	N	N	Outlands/the Sleeping Lands

¹ Also a Faerûnian (FORGOTTEN REALMS) deity.

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Gnomish					
Baervan	Intermediate	Forests, travel, nature	NG	Any N or G	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Whisperleaf)
Wildwanderer					
Baravar	Lesser	Illusions, deception, protection	NG	Any N or G	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Hidden Knoll)
Cloakshadow					
Flandal Steelskin	Intermediate	Mining, fitness, smithing	NG	Any N or G	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Mithral Forge)
Gaerdal Ironhand	Lesser	Vigilance, combat, protection	LG	LG, LN	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Stronghaven)
Garl Glittergold	Greater	Protection, humor, trickery, smithing	LG	Any N or G	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Glitterhome)
Nebelun	Lesser	Inventions, good luck	CG	CG, NG	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Workshop) and Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Segojan	Intermediate	Earth, nature	NG	Any N or G	Bytopia/Dothion/Golden Hills (Gemstone Burrow)
Earthcaller					
Urdlen	Intermediate	Greed, bloodlust	CE	Any evil	Abyss/399/Worm Realm

SVIRFNEBLI (DEEP GNOMES)

Callarduran	Intermediate	Protection, earth, mining	N	N, NG	Bytopia/Dothion/Deephume
Smoothhands					

Greek

Aphrodite	Intermediate	Love, beauty	CG	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Apollo	Intermediate	Light, prophecy, music, healing	CG	Any good	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Ares	Intermediate	War, killing, strife	CE	Any evil	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Artemis	Intermediate	Hunting, wild beasts, childbirth	NG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Athena	Intermediate	Wisdom, crafts, war	LG	Any good	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Demeter	Intermediate	Agriculture	NG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Dionysus	Intermediate	Mirth, madness	CN	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Furies, the	Lesser	Justice	N	N/A	Gray Waste/Pluton/the Underworld
Hades	Greater	Death, wealth	LN(E)	Any	Gray Waste/Pluton/the Underworld
Hecate	Intermediate	Magic, moon, abundance	CE	Any (mages)	Baator/Minauros/Aeaea and Gray Waste/Pluton/Aeaea
Hephaestus	Intermediate	Smithing, crafts	NG	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Hera	Greater	Marriage, intrigue	CN	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Hermes	Intermediate	Travel, trade, thievery, gambling, running	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Nike	Lesser	Victory	LN	LN	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Pan	Lesser	Nature, passion	CN	CN	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Poseidon	Greater	Water, earthquakes, creation	CN	Any	Arborea/Ossa/Caletto
Tyche ¹	Lesser	Good fortune	N	N	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Zeus	Greater	Heavens, law, leadership	N	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus

¹ In Faerûnian (FORGOTTEN REALMS) mythology, Tyche manifests as two goddesses: Tymora and Beshaba.

NOTABLE TITANS

Cronus ¹	Greater	Sinister ambition	LE	Any evil	Carceri/Othrys/Mount Othrys
Gaea	Greater	Fertility, health, prophecy, earth	N	Any	Prime Material
Rhea	Greater	Fertility, life	NG	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Olympus
Uranus	Greater	Sky	CE	Any N or E	Unknown (possibly deceased)

¹ Cronus's fellow Titans – Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, Iapetus, Mnemosyne, Oceanus, Phebe, Tethys, Thea, and Themis – are also imprisoned on Mount Othrys on Carceri. Each Titan maintains dominion over his or her own sphere of influence, but true worshipers of the Titans are rare.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Portfolio</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>WAL</i>	<i>Plane/Layer/Realm Name</i>
Halfling					
Arvoreen	Intermediate	Protection, war, vigilance	LG	Any N or G	Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields
Brandobaris	Lesser	Stealth, thievery, adventuring	N	Any	Wanders
Cyrrollalee	Intermediate	Friendship, trust, home	LG	Any good or LN	Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields
Sheela Peryroyl	Intermediate	Nature, agriculture, weather	N	Any N or G	Outlands/Flowering Hill
Urogalan	Demipower	Earth, death	N (LN)	Any	Elysium/Eronia/Soulearth
Yondalla	Greater	Protection, fertility	LG	Any N or G	Mount Celestia/Venya/Green Fields
Monstrous Powers					
BEHOLDERS					
Great Mother	Greater	Magic, fertility, tyranny	CE	CE	Abyss/6/Realm of a Million Eyes
Gzemnid	Lesser	Gases, deception	CE	CE	Outlands/Gzemnid's Realm
BUGBEARS					
Grankhul	Lesser	Hunting, senses	CE	CE	Abyss/241/Palpitatia
Hruggek	Intermediate	Violence, combat	CE	CE	Pandemonium/Cocytus/Hruggekolohek
Skiggaret	Demipower	Fear	CE	N/A	Abyss/241/Palpitatia
DRAGONS					
Aasterinian	Lesser	Invention, pleasure	CN	CN, CG	Ysgard/Nidavellir/Brassberg
Bahamut	Lesser	Good dragons, wisdom	LG	Good dragons	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Bahamut's Palace
Chronopsis	Intermediate	Fate, death, judgment	N	N/A	Outlands/Mausoleum of Chronopsis
Faluzure	Lesser	Undead, decay	NE	All evil	Carceri/Minethys/Mausoleum of Pain
Io	Greater	Creation	N, all	N/A	Unknown
Tiamat	Lesser	Evil dragons	LE	Evil dragons	Baator/Avernus/Tiamat's Lair
FAERIE/SYLVAN GODS					
Caoimhin (killmoulis)	Demipower	Food, friendship	N	N	Seelie Court (wanders)
Damh (satyr, korred)	Lesser	Song, dance	CN	CN	Seelie Court (wanders)
Eachthighern (unicorn, pegasi)	Lesser	Healing, loyalty, protection	CG	CG	Seelie Court (wanders)
Emmantiensien (treant)	Intermediate	Trees, magic	CG	CG	Seelie Court (wanders)
Fionnghuala (swanmay)	Demipower	Communication, sorority	NG	Any good	Seelie Court (wanders)
Nathair Sgiathach (pseudodragon, faerie dragon)	Intermediate	Mischief	CG	NG, CN, CG	Seelie Court (wanders)
Oberon	Lesser	Nature, animals	NG	Any N or G	Seelie Court (wanders)
Queen of Air and Darkness (evil faeries)	Intermediate	Magic, darkness, murder	CE	Any evil	Pandemonium/Phlegethon/Unseelie Court
Skerrit (centaur)	Lesser	Community, balance	N	N	Beastlands/Krigala/Skerrit's Glade
Squelaiche (leprechaun)	Demipower	Trickery, illusion	CN	N	Seelie Court (wanders)
Titania (faeries)	Greater	Friendship, magic	CG	Any N or G	Seelie Court (wanders)
Verenestra (dryad, nymph, sylph)	Lesser	Charm, beauty	N	N	Seelie Court (wanders)
GIANTS					
Annam	Greater	Magic, knowledge, fertility	N	N, NG, LN	Outlands/the Hidden Realm
Diancastra	Demipower	Trickery, pleasure	CG	CG, NG, N, CN	Wanders
Grolantor	Intermediate	Hunting, combat	CE	CE	Carceri/Cathrys/the Steading
Hiatea	Greater	Nature, agriculture, hunting, children	N	N, NG, CG	Elysium/Eronia/Woodhaven
Iallanis	Lesser	Love, mercy, beauty	NG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Florallium
Karontor	Lesser	Hatred, beasts, deformity	NE	NE	Carceri/Minethys/the Rack of Injustice
Kostchtchie ²	Demipower	Strength, violence	CE	CE	Abyss/23/the Iron Wastes

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Memnor	Intermediate	Pride, mental control	NE	NE	Gehenna/Chamada/Thraotor
Stronmaus	Greater	Sun, sky, weather, joy	NG	NG, CG	Beastlands/Karasuthra/Stormhold
Skoraes	Intermediate	Stone giants	N	N	Wanders
Stonebones					
GOBLIN					
Bargrivyek	Lesser	Cooperation, territory	LE	LE	Baator/Avernus/the Peaceable Lands
Khurgorbaeyag	Lesser	Slavery, oppression	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Clangor
Maglubiyet	Greater	War, rulership	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Clangor
Nomog-Geaya (hobgoblin)	Lesser	War, authority	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Clangor
GOBLINOID (MISCELLANEOUS)					
Kuraulyek (urds)	Demipower	Urds	NE	NE	Gray Waste/Oinos/Urdsrest
Meriadar (mongrelmen, good goblinoids)	Intermediate	Patience, arts, crafts, tolerance	LN	Any N or G	Arcadia/Buxenus/the Hand of Peace
Stalker	Demipower	Hate, death, cold	NE	N/A	Wanders
HUMANOID (MISCELLANEOUS)					
Baphomet' (minotaur)	Lesser	Battle, minotaurs	CE	CE	Abyss/600/the Endless Maze
Gorellik (gnoll)	Demipower	Hunting, hyenas	CE	CE	Wanders
Vaparak (ogre)	Lesser	Combat, greed	CE	CE	Abyss/524/Shatterstone
Yeenoghu' (gnoll, ghoul)	Lesser	Ghouls, gnolls, paralysis	CE	CE	Abyss/422/the Seeping Woods
ILLITHIDS					
Ilsensine	Greater	Mental dominion, magic	LE	LE	Outlands/the Caverns of Thought
Maanzecorian	Intermediate	Knowledge	LE	LE	Gehenna/Chamada/Rictus
KOBOLDS					
Gaknulak	Demipower	Protection, traps, stealth, trickery	LE	LE, NE	Gehenna/Khalas/Aknuthrak
Kurtulmak	Intermediate	War, mining	LE	LE	Baator/Avernus/Draukari
LYCANTHROPES/SHAPECHANGERS					
Balador (werebear)	Lesser	Protection, fraternity	CG	CG	Beastlands/Brux/Ursis
Daragor (werewolves, seawolves)	Lesser	Beasts, pain, bloodlust	CE	CE	Wanders
Eshebala (foxwomen)	Lesser	Vanity, charm, cunning, greed	CE	CE	Abyss/193/Vulgarea
Ferrix (weretigers)	Lesser	Play, curiosity, hunting	N	N	Beastlands/Brux/wanders
Squerrik (wererats)	Lesser	Thievery, concealment	LE	LE	Gehenna/Khalas/Cheisin
NAGA					
Parrafaire	Demipower	Guardianship	CN	N/A	Carceri/Minethys/Trickster's Delight
Shekinester	Greater	Destruction, knowledge, creation maintenance	N	N, CE, LG	Outlands/the Court of Light
MISCELLANEOUS MONSTROUS POWERS					
Cegilune (hags)	Lesser	Larvae, the moon	NE	NE	Gray Waste/Pluton/Hagsend
Elder Elemental God (any, the insane)	Greater	Elements, magic	NE	Any evil	Hidden demiplane
Juiblex' (any, some aboleth)	Lesser	Unknown	CE	CE	Abyss/222/Shedaklah
Kanchelsis (vampire)	Intermediate	Blood, magic	CE	N/A	Abyss/487/Lair of the Beast & Mansion of the Rake
Mellifleur (lich)	Lesser	Lichdom, magic	NE	N/A	Gehenna/Mungoth/Death's Embrace
Psilofyr (myconid)	Intermediate	Community, healing	LN	LN	Mechanus/Mycelia

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ORC					
Bahgtru	Intermediate	Strength, combat	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek
Gruumsh	Greater	War, territory	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek
Ilneval	Intermediate	Warfare	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek
Luthic	Lesser	Fertility, medicine, servitude	LE	LE	Acheron/Avalas/Nishrek
Shargaas	Intermediate	Darkness, thieves	NE	Any evil	Gehenna/Krangath/the Night Below
Yurtrus	Intermediate	Death, disease	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Oinos/Fleshslough

REPTILIAN AND AMPHIBIAN GODS

Laogzed (troglodytes)	Demipower	Eating	CE	CE	Abyss/181/Rotting Plain
Merrshaulk (yuan-ti)	Intermediate	Poison, somnolence	CE	CE	Abyss/74/Smaragd
Ramenos (bullywug)	Lesser	Somnolence, decay	CE	CE	Abyss/74/Smaragd
Semuanya (lizard men)	Lesser	Survival, propagation	N	N	Outlands/Semuanya's Bog
Sess'innek ² (lizard kings)	Demipower	Dominion	CE	N, CE	Abyss/7/Phantom Plane

SEA GODS

Blibdoolpoolp (kuo-toa)	Intermediate	Dark, insanity, revenge	NE	NE, CE	Elemental Water/the Murky Depths
Demogorgon ¹ (ixitxachitl)	Lesser	Energy drain, domination	CE	CE	Abyss/88/the Gaping Maw
Eadro (locathah, mermen)	Intermediate	Locathah, mermen	N	N	Elemental Water/Shelluria
Panzuriel (evil sea creatures)	Intermediate	Murder, confusion, subversion	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Rezuriel
Persana (triton)	Intermediate	Tritons, architecture	N	N	Elemental Water/Shelluria
Sekolah (sahuagin)	Intermediate	Hunting, tyranny	LE	LE	Baator/Stygia/Sheyruushk
Surminare (selkies)	Lesser	Beauty, peace	NG	NG	Elysium/Thalasia/Selkies' Grotto
Trishna (dolphins, sea elves)	Lesser	Love, play, children, fidelity	LG	Any good	Wanders (Elysium and Mount Celestia)
Water Lion	Lesser	Unknown	N	N/A	Wanders

SKY GODS

Jazirian (couatl)	Greater	Community, peace, learning, parenthood	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Solania/Uroboros, the Gates of Wisdom
Koriel (ki-rin)	Intermediate	Learning, protection, vigilance against evil	LG	LG	Wanders
Quorlinn (kenku)	Lesser	Trickery, thievery	N	N	Beastlands/Krigala/Filchnest
Remnis (eagle)	Lesser	Sky, service, eagles	N	N	Beastlands/Krigala/Goldenroost
Stillsong	Unknown	Unknown	NG	N/A	Wanders
Syranita (aarakocra)	Intermediate	Protection, watchfulness	NG	NG	Arborea/Olympus/Whistledge

¹ An Abyssal lord who's gained enough worshipers to become a power.

² An Abyssal lord who's gained some worshipers, but not enough to become a true power.

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Norse					
Aegir	Intermediate	Sea	CE	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Baldur	Intermediate	Beauty, charisma	NG	Any N or G	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Bragi	Intermediate	Poetry, music	NG	Any	Elysium/Eronia/HarpHearth and Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Forseti	Intermediate	Justice	LG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Frey	Intermediate	Sunshine, rain, fertility, horses	NG	Any N or G	Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim and Ysgard/Ysgard/Alfheim
Freya	Intermediate	Love, passion, human fertility	CN	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim and Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Frigga	Intermediate	Sky, domestic life, marriage	LN	Any lawful	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Heimdall	Intermediate	Light, guardianship	LN	LN	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Hel	Intermediate	Death, disease	NE	Any	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Niflheim
Idun	Intermediate	Youth, spring	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard and Elysium/Eronia/HarpHearth
Loki	Intermediate	Mischief, strife	CE	Any nonlawful	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Winter's Hall and Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Magni	Lesser	Strength	CG	CG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Modi	Lesser	Courage, berserk rage	CG	CG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Norns, the	Unknown	Fate	N	Any	Outlands/the Well of Urd
Odin	Greater	War, wisdom, poetry, knowledge	CG	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Sif	Intermediate	Excellence, skill	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Surtr	Lesser	Fire giants	LE	Any evil	Ysgard/Muspelheim/Muspelheim
Thor	Intermediate	Thunder, weather, sky, crops	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Thrym	Lesser	Cold, ice	CE	Any evil	Ysgard/Ysgard/Jotunheim
Tyr ¹	Intermediate	Courage, law, swordsmanship	LG	LG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard and Mount Celestia/Lunia/the Court
Uller	Lesser	Hunting, archery, winter	CN	CN	Ysgard/Ysgard/Vanaheim
Valkyries, the	Demipowers	Fallen heroes	CN	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard
Vidar	Lesser	Strength, silence	CG	CG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard

¹ Also a Faerûnian (FORGOTTEN REALMS) deity.

Reclusive Powers

CHINESE

Chih-Nii	Intermediate	Weaving, love	CG	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Loom of the Celestial River
Chung Kuei	Intermediate	Truth, testing	LG	Any N or G	Mount Celestia/Solania/the Ministry of Virtue
Fu Hsing	Intermediate	Happiness, joy	CG	Any	Ethereal/the Land of the Immortals
K'ung Fu-tzu	Lesser	Veneration of the past, social behavior	LG	Any good	Ethereal/the Land of the Immortals
Kuan Yin	Intermediate	Childbirth, mercy	LG	Any good	Mount Celestia/Solania/the Lotus Garden
Kuan-ti	Intermediate	Diplomacy, protection, fortune-telling	NG	Any good	Elysium/Amoria/Valorhome
Lao Tzu	Lesser	Mystical insight, nature	LN	Any lawful	Ethereal/the Land of the Immortals
Lei Kung	Intermediate	Thunder, vengeance	LE	Any	Acheron/Avalas/Resounding Thunder
Liu	Intermediate	Crops, food	N	Any	Elysium/Eronia/Great Mother's Garden
Lu Hsing	Intermediate	Bureaucracy, just rewards	LN	Any	Arcadia/Abellio/the Ministry of Rewards
Shang-ti	Greater	Creation, social order	LG	Any lawful	Mechanus/the Jade Palace
Shou Hsing	Intermediate	Long life	CN	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/the Orchard of Immortality
Sung Chiang	Intermediate	Thievery	NE	Any	Gehenna/Khalas/the Teardrop Palace
Yen-Wang-Yeh	Intermediate	Death	LN	Any lawful	Outlands/the Palace of Judgment

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INDIAN					
Agni	Intermediate	Fire, messages	CG	CG	Limbo/Swarga
Brahman	Greater	Everything	N	Any	Unknown
Brihaspati	Intermediate	Wisdom, worship	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Lunia/Nectar of Life
Indra	Intermediate	Weather, battle	CE	CE	Limbo/Swarga
Kali	Intermediate	Life, death	CE	CE	Abyss/643/Caverns of the Skull
Karttikeya	Demipower	War, warriors	CG	CG	Ysgard/Ysgard/the Fortunes of War
Lakshmi	Lesser	Fortune	CG	CG, luck-seekers	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/the Divine Lotus
Mitra	Intermediate	Friendship, contracts, warmth, light, growth	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Goldfire
Puchan	Intermediate	Relationships, travelers	NG	NG	Beastlands/BruX/Restweal
Ratri	Lesser	Night, darkness	CN	Any	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Dark of Night
Rudra	Intermediate	Storms, disease	NE	NE	Mechanus/Focus of Energy
Savitri	Intermediate	Life, light	NG	NG	Elysium/Amoria/Domain of the Day-Long Sun
Siva	Greater	Destruction	NE	NE	Negative Energy/the Vortex
Soma	Intermediate	Moon, plants, prophecy	CG	CG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Gates of the Moon
Surya	Intermediate	Morning, evening	LG	LG	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Goldfire
Tvashtri	Demipower	Invention, creation	CG	CG	Outlands/Tvashtri's Laboratory
Ushas	Intermediate	Light, dawn, locks, wakefulness	LG	LG	Elysium/Eronia/Morningglory
Varuna	Intermediate	Cosmic order	LN	LN	Mechanus/the Vigilant Eye
Vayu	Lesser	Wind, life, destruction	CN	CN	Limbo/Swarga
Vishnu	Greater	Mercy, light	LG	Any good	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/the Divine Lotus
Yama	Intermediate	Judgment of the dead	LN	LN	Mechanus/Yamasadena
JAPANESE					
Amaterasu	Intermediate	Light, sun	LG	Any good	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Radiant Light
Ama-Tsu-Mara	Intermediate	Smithing, weapons	N	Any	Bytopia/Dothion/the Golden Hills
Amatsu-Mikaboshi	Intermediate	Evil	LE	Any evil	Acheron/Avalas/the Brilliant Land
Hachiman	Intermediate	War	LN	Any	Ysgard/Ysgard/Kenyama
Ho Masubi	Intermediate	Fire	CN	Any	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Uchi-bi
Inari	Intermediate	Rice	NG	Any	Bytopia/Dothion/Prosperity
Izanagi, Izanami	Greater	Creation	LN	Any	Arcadia/Abellio/Cherry Blossom
Kishijoten	Lesser	Luck	NG	Luck-seekers	Prime Material
Kura Okami	Intermediate	Rain, snow	CG	Any	Beastlands/Karasuthra/Misty Valley
Nai No Kami	Intermediate	Earthquakes	LN	Any	Mechanus/the Shaking Land
O-Kuni-Nushi	Intermediate	Medicine, sorcery, land	LG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Kenyama
O-Wata-Tsu-Mi	Intermediate	Sea creatures, tides	NG	Any N or G	Elysium/Thalasia/Citadel of the Sea
Raiden	Intermediate	Thunder, fletching	CE	Any chaotic	Carceri/Othrys/Palace of Thunder
Shichifukujin	Lesser gods	Various happiness	Varies	Any	Mount Celestia/Lunia/the Eight Happinesses
Shina-Tsu-Hiko	Intermediate	Winds	CN	Any	Limbo/Windshome
Susanoo	Intermediate	Storms	CN	Any chaotic	Limbo/the Globe of Raging Chaos
Tsuki-Yomi	Intermediate	Time, moon	NG	Any good	Elysium/Eronia/Mirror of the Moon

Single-sphere Powers

AEbrynis (Cerilian powers, BIRTHRIGHT campaign)

Avani	Greater	Sun, reason, magic	LN	Any	Mechanus/the Gleaming Spire
Belinik	Intermediate	Battle, feuds, fear	CE	Any nonlawful	Pandemonium/Cocytus/the Striving
Cuiraeén	Lesser	Battle, storms	CG	Any nonlawful	Ysgard/Ysgard/Cuiraeén's Feasthall
Eloéle	Lesser	Night, darkness, thieves	CN(E)	Any nonlawful	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/City of Eternal Darkness
Erik	Greater	Forests, hunting, nature	N	Any neutral	Outlands/Nature's Rest
Haelyn	Greater	Noble war, leadership	LG	Any	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Honor's Glory
Kriesha	Lesser	Winter, monsters	LE	Any N or E	Baator/Stygia/the Steadfast Chill
Laerme	Lesser	Fire, love, art	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Songsheight
Nesirie	Intermediate	Seas, grief	NG	Any	Elysium/Thalasia/the Waves of Grief
Ruornil	Lesser	Moon, magic, night	N	Any	Outlands/the Silver Lands
Sera	Intermediate	Wealth, luck	CN	Any	Outlands/the Marketplace Eternal

<i>Name</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Portfolio</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>WAL</i>	<i>Plane/Layer/Realm Name</i>
KRYNN (DRAGONLANCE saga)					
Branchala	Intermediate	Music, forests, beauty	NG	Any N or G	Ysgard/Ysgard/Soul of Music
Chemosh	Intermediate	Undead	LE	Any evil	Abyss/142/Lifebane
Chislev	Intermediate	Nature, animals	N	Any N or G	Beastlands/Karasuthra/Zhan
Gilean	Greater	Knowledge	N	Any	Outlands/the Hidden Vale
Habbakuk	Intermediate	Animals, seas, creation	NG	Any N or G	Beastlands/Karasuthra/Zhan
Hiddukel	Intermediate	Greed, betrayal	CE	Any evil	Abyss/333/the Broken Scale
High God	Overpower	Energy, truth, justice, chance	N/A	Any good	Unknown
Kiri-Jolith	Intermediate	Battle, courage, heroism	LG	LG	Bytopia/Shurrock/Heart of Justice
Lunitari	Intermediate	Neutral magic, illusion	N	Any neutral	Ethereal/the Lost Citadel of Magic
Majere	Intermediate	Thought, faith, control	NG	Any good	Elysium/Amoria/Contemplation
Mishakal	Greater	Healing, beauty, life, fertility, knowledge	LG	Any good	Elysium/Amoria/Healers' Home
Morgion	Intermediate	Disease, decay	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Oinos/Fortress of Disease
Nuitari	Intermediate	Black magic	LE	Any evil	Ethereal/the Lost Citadel of Magic
Paladine	Greater	Order, hope, light, rulership, guardianship	LG	Any good	Mount Celestia/Solania/Dome of Creation
Reorx	Greater	Dwarves, smithing	N	Any	Arcadia/Abellio/Anvil of Creation
Sargonnas	Greater	Vengeance, fire, intrigue, rage	LE	Any evil	Gehenna/Chamada/Palace of Deception
Shinare	Intermediate	Wealth, freedom, commerce	N	Any	Outlands/the Marketplace Eternal
Sirrion	Intermediate	Flame, change	N	Any	Limbo/the Flame Void
Solinari	Intermediate	Good magic	LG	Any good	Ethereal/the Lost Citadel of Magic
Takhisis	Greater	Night, evil, hatred	LE	Any evil	Baator/Avernus/Abthalom (the Nether Reaches)
Zeboim	Intermediate	Seas, storms, jealousy	CE	Any evil	Pandemonium/Phlegethon/Maelstrom
Zivilyn	Intermediate	Wisdom	N	Any	Beastlands/Karasuthra/Zhan (wanders)

OERTH (GREYHAWK campaign)

This list includes only the greater and intermediate powers and one demipower. The Flanaess hosts numerous lesser gods as well.

Beory	Greater	Earth, nature, rain	N	Any	Prime Material
Boccob	Greater	Magic, knowledge	N	Any	Outlands/the Library of Lore
Celestian	Intermediate	Stars, space, wanderers	NG	Any N or G	Astral/wanders
Ehlonna	Intermediate	Forests, meadows	NG	Any good	Beastlands/Krigala/Grove of the Unicorns
Erythnul	Intermediate	Hate, envy, fear	CE	CE, CN, NE	Pandemonium/Cocytus/Fields of Malice
Fharlanghn	Intermediate	Horizons, travel	NG	Any N or G	Prime Material
Heironeous	Intermediate	Justice, honor, war	LG	LG, LN	Mount Celestia/Venya/Fields of Glory
Hextor	Intermediate	War, discord	LE	LE, NE	Acheron/Avalas/Scourge
Incubulos	Greater	Drought, plagues, nightmares	NE	Any evil	Gray Waste/Oinos/Charnelhouse
Istus	Greater	Fate, destiny	N	Any N	Outlands/Web of Fate
Iuz ¹	Demipower	Deceit, pain, evil	CE	CE, NE, CN, LE	Prime Material (refuge in the Abyss)
Kord	Intermediate	Combat, strength	CG	CG, CN, N, NG	Ysgard/Ysgard/Plains of the Fallen
Lendor	Intermediate	Time, tedium	LN	LN	Mechanus/the Wheel of Time
Nerull	Greater	Death, darkness, murder	NE	Any evil	Carceri/Othrys/the Crypt
Obad-Hai	Intermediate	Nature, freedom	N	Any	Outlands/the Hidden Wood
Olidammara	Intermediate	Music, trickery	CN	CN, CG, N	Ysgard/Ysgard/Winesong
Pelor	Greater	Sun, light, healing	NG	Any good	Elysium/Amoria/Light's Blessing
Pholtus	Intermediate	Law, order	LN	LG, LN	Mechanus/the Path of Law
Procan	Intermediate	Sea, ocean, weather	CN	Any nonlawful	Limbo/Seasedge
Ralishaz	Intermediate	Chance, ill luck	CN	Any nonlawful	Limbo/the Kiss of Luck
Rao	Greater	Reason, intellect, peace	LG	LG, NG, LN	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Sweet Reason
St. Cuthbert	Intermediate	Common sense, zeal, dedication	LG	LG, LN	Arcadia/Abellio/the Bastion of Law
Tharizdun ²	Intermediate	Dark, decay, insanity	NE	Any evil	Unknown demiplane
Trithereon	Intermediate	Individuality, liberty	CG	CG, NG	Arborea/Olympus/the Forking Road
Ulaa	Intermediate	Mining, mountains	LG	LG, LN, NG	Outlands/the Steel Hills

Name	Status	Portfolio	AL	WAL	Plane/Layer/Realm Name
Wee Jas	Intermediate	Magic, death	LN(E)	LE, LN, NE, N	Acheron/Tintibulus/Patterned Web
Zilchus	Intermediate	Prestige, commerce	LN	LN, LG, N, NG	Outlands/the Marketplace Eternal

¹ Iuz is the son of the Abyssal lord Graz'zt.

² Tharizdun is probably an aspect of the Dark God (see Dead Powers) or the Elder Elemental God (see Monstrous Powers).

TORIL (Faerûnian powers, FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign)

Ao	Overpower	Deities, balance	N/A	Any	Unknown
Auril	Lesser	Cold, winter	NE	Any N or E	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Winter's Hall
Azuth	Lesser	Mages	LN	Any	Arcadia/Buxenus/Azuth
Beshaba ¹	Intermediate	Mischief, bad luck	CE	CN, NE, CE	Abyss/13/Blood Tor
Chauntea	Greater	Agriculture	NG	Any N or G	Elysium/Eronia/Great Mother's Garden
Cyric	Greater	Strife, murder, illusion, intrigue, deception	CE	Any N or E	Pandemonium/Cocytus/Shattered Castle
Deneir	Lesser	Literature, art	NG	Any	Beastlands/Brux/Library of All Knowledge
Eldath	Lesser	Peace, pools, groves	NG	Any	Elysium/Eronia/the True Grove
Gond	Intermediate	Artifice, craft, smithing	N	Any	Outlands/Wonderhome
Helm	Intermediate	Guardians, protection	LN	Any N or G	Mechanus/Everwatch
Ilmater	Intermediate	Endurance, suffering	LG	Any	Bytopia/Shurrock/Martyrdom
Iyachtu Xvim	Lesser	Tyranny, hatred	LE	Any N or E	Gehenna/Chamada/Bastion of Hate
Kelemvor	Greater	Death, the dead	LN	Any	Gray Waste/Oinos/Crystal Spire
Lathander	Greater	Spring, dawn, birth	NG	Any N or G	Elysium/Eronia/Morningglory
Lliira ²	Lesser	Joy, dance, freedom; trade, wealth ³	CG	Any; evil rare	Arborea/Olympus/Brightwater
Loviatar ³	Lesser	Pain, torture	LE	Any evil	Gehenna/Mungoth/Ondtland
Malar	Lesser	Hunters, beasts, blood	CE	Any evil, CN, N	Carceri/Colothys/the Land of the Hunt
Mask	Lesser	Thieves, shadow	NE	Any but LG	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Shadow Keep
Mielikki ³	Intermediate	Forests, rangers	NG	Any N or G	Beastlands/Krigala/Grove of the Unicorns
Milil	Lesser	Poetry, song	NG	Any	Beastlands/Brux/Library of All Knowledge
Mystra	Greater	Magic, spells	NG	Any	Elysium/Eronia/Dweomerheart
Oghma ⁴	Greater	Knowledge, bards, invention	N	Any	Outlands/Tir na Og (House of Knowledge)
Selûne	Intermediate	Moons, stars, wanderers	CG	Any good	Ysgard/Ysgard/Gates of the Moon
Shar	Greater	Dark, night, loss	NE	Any (mainly evil)	Gray Waste/Niflheim/Palace of Loss
Shaundakul	Lesser	Travel, exploration	CN	Any N or G	Ysgard/Ysgard/Shandiaur
Silvanus ⁴	Greater	Nature, forests, druids	N	Any	Outlands/Tir na Og (Summeroak)
Sune	Greater	Beauty, love, passion	CG	Any N or G	Arborea/Olympus/Brightwater
Talona	Lesser	Disease, poison	CE	Any N or E	Carceri/Cathrys/Palace of Poison Tears
Talos	Greater	Storms, destruction, earthquakes	CE	Any N or E	Pandemonium/Pandesmos/Towers of Ruin
Tempus	Greater	War, warriors	CN	Any	Limbo/Knight's Rest
Torm	Lesser	Duty, loyalty	LG	Any good, LN	Mount Celestia/Mercuria/Trueheart
Tymora ¹	Intermediate	Skill, good fortune	CG	Any	Arborea/Olympus/Brightwater
Tyr ⁵	Greater	Justice	LG	LG, NG, LN	Ysgard/Ysgard/Asgard and Mount Celestia/Lunia/the Court
Umberlee	* Intermediate	Ocean, sea winds	CE	Any	Abyss/13/Blood Tor
Waukeen ⁶	Lesser	Trade, money, wealth	N	Any	Outlands/the Marketplace Eternal

¹ See Tyche (Greek).

² Lliira oversees the spheres of trade and wealth for Waukeen, who is missing.

³ Also a Finnish deity.

⁴ Also a Celtic deity.

⁵ Also a Norse deity.

⁶ On Toril, Waukeen is currently missing and presumed dead.

ELEMENTAL LORDS*

Akadi	Greater	Air	N	Any	Elemental Air/the Great Funnel
Grumbar	Greater	Earth	N	Any	Elemental Earth/the Great Mountain
Istishia	Greater	Water	N	Any	Elemental Water/the Sea of Timelessness
Kossuth	Greater	Fire	N	Any	Elemental Fire/the Crimson Pillar

* Though worshiped on many prime worlds, the lords are more concerned with affairs on their own planes.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Portfolio</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>WAL</i>	<i>Plane/Layer/Realm Name</i>
Dead Powers					
Aebrynis powers ¹					
Amaunator ²	Greater	Sun, law, rulership	LN	Any nonchaotic	Astral (Mechanus/Keep of the Eternal Sun)
Aoskar ³	Greater	Portals	N	Any	Astral (Sigil)
Bane ⁴	Greater	Strife, hatred, tyranny	LE	Any N or E	Astral (Acheron/Avalas/Black Bastion)
Bhaal ⁴	Intermediate	Murder, violent death	LE	Any N or E	Astral (Gehenna/Khalas/Throne of Blood)
Dark God ⁵	Varies	Darkness, cold, decay	NE	Any evil	Astral (Unknown)
Enki ⁶	Greater	Rivers, oceans	LN	LN	Astral (Mechanus/the Waterwheel)
Ibrandul ⁴	Lesser	Underdark, caverns	CN	Any C, NE, N	Astral (Pandemonium/Phlegethon/Ibrandyllaran)
Kiputytto ⁷	Demipower	Disease	CE	CE	Astral (Carceri/Cathrys/Feculence)
Leira ⁴	Lesser	Deception, illusion	CN	Any	Astral (Limbo/the Courts of Illusion)
Moander ⁸	Lesser	Corruption, decay	CE	Any evil	Astral (Abyss/223/Offalmound)
Myrkul ⁴	Greater	The dead, decay	NE	Any N or E	Astral (Gray Waste/Oinos/Bone Castle)

¹ The old gods of Aebrynis (Anduiras, Basaia, Brenna, Masela, Reynir, and Vorynn) destroyed themselves in a battle against Azrai, the god of evil of that world. Their various spheres were inherited by the current pantheon of Aebrynis.

² A Faerûnian power; died due to lack of followers.

³ A planar power; destroyed by the Lady of Pain.

⁴ A Faerûnian power; killed during the Time of Troubles.

⁵ Dying due to lack of followers.

⁶ A Sumerian power; murdered by the Babylonian powers Nergal and Anshar.

⁷ A Finnish power; murdered by Talona, a Faerûnian deity, in a battle over identical spheres.

⁸ A Faerûnian power; slain by Finder, now a fledgling Faerûnian power.

THE POWERS BY SPHERE: A MISCELLANY

<i>Sphere</i>	<i>Power</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>Pantheon</i>	<i>Plane</i>
Abundance	Hecate	CE	Greek	Baator; the Gray Waste
Ambition	Cronus	LE	Greek Titan	Carceri
Bureaucracy	Lu Hsing	LN	Chinese	Arcadia
Cities/civilization	Marduk	LN	Babylonian	Arcadia
Common sense	St. Cuthbert	LG	Oerth	Arcadia
Dedication, zeal	St. Cuthbert	LG	Oerth	Arcadia
Elements	Elder Elemental God	NE	Monstrous (miscellaneous)	Hidden demiplane
Endurance/suffering	Ilmater	LG	Faerûnian	Bytopia
Everything	Brahman	N	Indian	Unknown
Gases	Gzemnid	CE	Beholder	Outlands
History/ancestors	K'ung Fu-tzu	LG	Chinese	Ethereal
Hope	Paladine	LG	Krynn	Mt. Celestia
Humor	Garl Glittergold	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Insight	Lao Tzu	LN	Chinese	Ethereal
Locks	Ushas	LG	Indian	Elysium
Meditation	Majere	NG	Krynn	Elysium
Mental control	Memnor	NE	Giant	Gehenna
Prestige	Zilchus	LN	Oerth	Outlands
Pride	Memnor	NE	Giant	Gehenna
Running	Hermes	CG	Greek	Arborea
Scapegoats	Fenmarel Mestarine	CN	Elvish	Limbo
Senses	Grankhul	CE	Bugbear	Abyss
Service	Remnis	N	Eagle	Beastlands
Survival	Semuanya	N	Lizard men	Outlands
Swordwork	Eilistraee	CG	Elvish (drow)	Ysgard
Testing	Chung Kuel	LG	Chinese	Mt. Celestia
Tolerance/patience	Meriadar	LN	Mongrelmen	Arcadia
Victory	Nike	LN	Greek	Arborea
Wakefulness	Ushas	LG	Indian	Elysium
Worship	Brihaspati	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Youth	Idun	CG	Norse	Ysgard; Elysium

APPENDIX II: THE POWERS BY SPHERE

Note that many powers have dominion in more than one sphere. This appendix does not list every known power or sphere.

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Agriculture/crops			
Chauntea	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Daghdha	CG	Celtic	Outlands
Demeter	NG	Greek	Arborea
Hiatea	N	Giant	Elysium
Inari	NG	Japanese	Bytopia
Liu	N	Chinese	Elysium
Sheela Peryroyl	N	Halfling	Outlands
Thor	CG	Norse	Ysgard

Air/sky/winds

Aerdrie Faenya	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Akadi	N	Faerûnian	Elem. Air
Anu	LN	Babylonian	Mechanus
Enlil	NG	Sumerian	Elysium
Frigga	LN	Norse	Ysgard
Horus	CG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Nut	NG	Egyptian	Elysium
Remnis	N	Eagle	Beastlands
Shina-Tsu-Hiko	CN	Japanese	Limbo
Shu	LG	Egyptian	Elem. Air
Stronmaus	NG	Giant	Beastlands
Thor	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Ukko	LG	Finnish	Bytopia
Umberlee (sea winds)	CE	Faerûnian	Abyss
Uranus	CE	Greek Titan	Unknown
Vayu	CN	Indian	Limbo
Zeus	N	Greek	Arborea

Animals

Apshai (insects)	N	Egyptian	Prime
Artemis (wild beasts)	NG	Greek	Arborea
Bast (cats)	CG	Egyptian	Ysgard
Brigantia (livestock)	NG	Celtic	Elysium
Chislev	N	Krynn	Beastlands
Daragor (wolves)	CE	Werewolf	Wanders
Frey (horses)	NG	Norse	Ysgard
Gorellik (hyenas)	CE	Gnoll	Wanders
Habbakuk	NG	Krynn	Beastlands
Karontor	NE	Giant	Carceri
Lolth (spiders)	CE	Elvish (drow)	Abyss
Lugh (horses)	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Malar (wild beasts)	CE	Faerûnian	Carceri
Oberon	NG	Faerie	Wanders
Remnis (eagles)	N	Eagle	Beastlands

Arts/artisans

Corellon Larethian	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Deneir	NG	Faerûnian	Beastlands
Laerme	CG	Cerilian	Arborea
Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Meriadar	LN	Goblinoid	Arcadia
Ptah	LN	Egyptian	Ethereal

Balance/judgment

Ao	N/A	Faerûnian	Unknown
Chronopsis	N	Dragon	Outlands
Skerrit	N	Centaur	Beastlands

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Beauty/charisma			
Aphrodite	CG	Greek	Arborea
Baldur	NG	Norse	Ysgard
Branchala	NG	Krynn	Ysgard
Deep Sashelas	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Hanali Celanil	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Iallanis	NG	Giant	Arborea
Mishakal	LG	Krynn	Elysium
Sune	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Surminare	NG	Selkie	Elysium
Verenestra	N	Dryad	Wanders

Chaos/change

Erevan Ilesere	CN	Elvish	Arborea
Sirrion	N	Krynn	Limbo
Zinzerena	CE	Elvish (drow)	Prime

Charm/vanity

Eshebala	CE	Foxwomen	Abyss
Verenestra	N	Dryad	Wanders

Childbirth/fertility

Annam	N	Giant	Outlands
Artemis	NG	Greek	Arborea
Frey	NG	Norse	Ysgard
Freya	CN	Norse	Ysgard
Gaea	N	Greek Titan	Prime
Great Mother	CE	Beholder	Abyss
Kuan Yin	LG	Chinese	Mt. Celestia
Lathander	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Luthic	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Mishakal	LG	Krynn	Elysium
Rhea	NG	Greek Titan	Arborea
Semuanya	N	Lizard men	Outlands
Yondalla	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia

Children/parenthood

Hiatea	N	Giant	Elysium
Ilmatar	LG	Finnish	Prime
Isis	LG	Egyptian	*
Jazirian	LG	Couatl	Mt. Celestia
Trishna	LG	Sea elf	Wanders

* Isis maintains realms on Elysium and Arcadia.

Cold/winter

Auril	NE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Kriesha	LE	Cerilian	Baator
Kura Okami	CG	Japanese	Beastlands
Stalker	NE	Goblinoid	Wanders
Thrym	CE	Norse Giants	Ysgard
Uller	CN	Norse	Ysgard

Commerce/trade

Hermes	CG	Greek	Arborea
Lliira	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Shinare	N	Krynn	Outlands
Waukeen	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Zilchus	LN	Oerth	Outlands

Communication/messages

Agni	CG	Indian	Limbo
Fionnghuala	NG	Swanmay	Wanders

Community

Jazirian	LG	Couatl	Mt. Celestia
Psilofyr	LN	Myconid	Mechanus
Skerrit	N	Centaur	Beastlands

Courage/heroism

Kiri-Jolith	LG	Krynn	Bytopia
Modi	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Tyr	LG	Norse	Ysgard
Valkyries, the (fallen heroes)	CN	Norse	Ysgard

Crafts

Athena	LG	Greek	Arborea
Chih-Nii	CG	Chinese	Arborea
Corellon Larethian	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Gond	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Hephaestus	NG	Greek	Arborea
Laduguer	LE	Duergar	Acheron
Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Meriadar	LN	Goblinoid	Arcadia
Persana (architecture)	N	Triton	Elem. Water
Ptah	LN	Egyptian	Ethereal

Creation

Deep Sashelas	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Habbakuk	NG	Krynn	Beastlands
Io	N, all	Dragon	Unknown
Izanagi and Izanami	LN	Japanese	Arcadia
Moradin	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Poseidon	CN	Greek	Arborea
Shang-ti	LG	Chinese	Mechanus
Shekinester	N	Naga	Outlands

Darkness/night/shadow

Anshar	CE	Babylonian	Pandemonium
Blibdoolpoolp	NE	Kuo-toa	Elem. Water
Eloële	CN(E)	Cerilian	Pandemonium
Lolth	CE	Elvish (drow)	Abyss
Mask	NE	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Nerull	NE	Oerth	Carceri
Queen of Air and Darkness	CE	Faerie	Pandemonium
Ratri	CN	Indian	Gray Waste
Ruornil	N	Cerilian	Outlands
Shar	NE	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Shargaas	NE	Orcish	Gehenna
Takhisis	LE	Krynn	Baator
Tharizdun	NE	Oerth	Demiplane

Dawn

Lathander	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Ushas	LG	Indian	Elysium

Dead/the underworld

Anubis	LG	Egyptian	Astral
Kelemvor	LN	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Nephthys	CG	Egyptian	Arborea
Nergal	NE	Babylonian	Gray Waste
Osiris	LG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Tuonetar	CE	Finnish	Pandemonium
Tuoni	CN(E)	Finnish	Pandemonium
Yama	LN	Indian	Mechanus

Death

Arawn	NE	Celtic	Gray Waste
Chronopsis	N	Dragon	Outlands
Hades	LN	Greek	Gray Waste
Hel	NE	Norse	Gray Waste
Kali	CE	Indian	Abyss
Kelemvor	LN	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Nerull	NE	Oerth	Carceri
Sehanine Moonbow	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Stalker	NE	Goblinoid	Wanders
Surma	NE	Finnish	Carceri
Urogalan	N	Halfling	Elysium
Wee Jas	LN(E)	Oerth	Acheron
Yen-Wang-Yeh	LN	Chinese	Outlands
Yurtrus	NE	Orcish	Gray Waste

Deception/lies/betrayal

Baravar Cloakshadow	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Cyric	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Gzemnid	CE	Beholder	Outlands
Hiddukel	CE	Krynn	Abyss
Iuz	CE	Oerth	Prime
Panzurriel	NE	Evil sea creatures	Gray Waste

Destruction

Talos	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Shekinester	N	Naga	Outlands
Siva	NE	Indian	Neg. Energy
Vayu	CN	Indian	Limbo

Disease/decay

Faluzure	NE	Dragon	Carceri
Hel	NE	Norse	Gray Waste
Incubulos	NE	Oerth	Gray Waste
Karontor (deformity)	NE	Giant	Carceri
Morgion	NE	Krynn	Gray Waste
Rudra	NE	Indian	Mechanus
Ramenos	CE	Bullywug	Abyss
Talona	CE	Faerûnian	Carceri
Tharizdun	NE	Oerth	Demiplane
Yeenoghu (paralysis)	CE	Gnoll, ghoul	Abyss
Yurtrus	NE	Orcish	Gray Waste

Domination/tyranny

Demogorgon	CE	Ixitxachitl	Abyss
Great Mother	CE	Beholder	Abyss
Ilensine	LE	Illithid	Outlands
Iyachtu Xvim	LE	Faerûnian	Gehenna
Khurgorbaeyag	LE	Goblin	Acheron
Sekolah	LE	Sahuagin	Baator
Sess'innek	CE	Lizard kings	Abyss



<i>Power</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>Pantheon</i>	<i>Plane</i>
Drought/famine			
Incubulos	NE	Oerth	Gray Waste
Set	LE	Egyptian	Baator
Earth/land			
Beory	N	Oerth	Prime
Callarduran	N	Svirfnebli	Bytopia
Smoothhands			
Gaea	N	Greek Titan	Prime
Geb	NG	Egyptian	Elem. Earth
Grumbar	N	Faerûnian	Elem. Earth
Nin-Hursag	N	Sumerian	Elysium
O-Kuni-Nushi	LG	Japanese	Ysgard
Segojan Earthcaller	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Urogalan	N	Halfling	Elysium
Earthquakes			
Nai No Kami	LN	Japanese	Mechanus
Poseidon	CN	Greek	Arborea
Talos	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Energy			
Demogorgon	CE	Ixixachitl	Abyss
High God	N/A	Krynn	Unknown
Evil/hatred			
Amatsu-Mikaboshi	LE	Japanese	Acheron
Erythnul	CE	Oerth	Pandemonium
Hiisi	CE	Finnish	Prime
Iuz	CE	Oerth	Prime
Iyachtu Xvim	LE	Faerûnian	Gehenna
Karontor	NE	Giant	Carceri
Lolth	CE	Elvish (drow)	Abyss
Set	LE	Egyptian	Baator
Stalker	NE	Goblinoid	Wanders
Takhisis	LE	Krynn	Baator
Tiamat	LE	Dragon	Baator
Fate/destiny			
Istus	N	Oerth	Outlands
Chronopsis	N	Dragon	Outlands
Norns, the	N	Norse	Outlands
Fear			
Belinik	CE	Cerilian	Pandemonium
Erythnul	CE	Oerth	Pandemonium
Skiggaret	CE	Bugbear	Abyss
Fire			
Agni	CG	Indian	Limbo
Girru	LG	Babylonian	Mt. Celestia
Ho Masubi	CN	Japanese	Pandemonium
Kossuth	N	Faerûnian	Elem. Fire
Laerme	CG	Cerilian	Arborea
Sargonnas	LE	Krynn	Gehenna
Sirrion	N	Krynn	Limbo
Surtr	LE	Norse Giant	Ysgard
Food/eating			
Caoimhin	N	Killmoulis	Wanders
Laogzed	CE	Troglodytes	Abyss

<i>Power</i>	<i>AL</i>	<i>Pantheon</i>	<i>Plane</i>
Forests			
Baervan	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Wildwanderer			
Branchala	NG	Krynn	Ysgard
Ehlonna	NG	Oerth	Beastlands
Erik	N	Cerilian	Outlands
Mielikki	NG	Finnish, Faerûnian	Beastlands
Silvanus	N	Celtic	Outlands
Fortune/luck/chance			
Bes	N	Egyptian	Outlands
Beshaba (bad luck)	CE	Faerûnian	Abyss
Hermes	CG	Greek	Arborea
High God	N/A	Krynn	Unknown
Kishijoten	NG	Japanese	Prime
Lakshmi	CG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Nebelun	CG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Ralishaz (bad luck)	CN	Oerth	Limbo
Tyche	N	Greek	Arborea
Tymora	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Sera	CN	Cerilian	Outlands
Vergadain	N	Dwarvish	Outlands
Freedom/liberty			
Lliira	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Obad-Hai	N	Oerth	Outlands
Shinare	N	Krynn	Outlands
Trithereon	CG	Oerth	Arborea
Friendship/fraternity/relationships			
Balador	CG	Werebear	Beastlands
Bargrivyek	LE	Goblin	Baator
(cooperation)			
Caoimhin	N	Faerie	Wanders
Cyrollalee	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
Fionnghuala	NG	Faerie	Wanders
Mitra	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Puchan	NG	Indian	Beastlands
Titania	CG	Faerie	Wanders
Grief/loss			
Nesirie	NG	Cerilian	Elysium
Shar	NE	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Guardianship/vigilance			
Arvoreen	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
Gaerdal Ironhand	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Heimdall	LN	Norse	Ysgard
Helm	LN	Faerûnian	Mechanus
Koriel	LG	Ki-rin	Wanders
Paladine	LG	Krynn	Mt. Celestia
Parrafaire	CN	Naga	Carceri
Syranita	NG	Aarakocra	Arborea
Happiness/joy			
Dionysus	CN	Greek	Arborea
Fu Hsing	CG	Chinese	Ethereal
Lliira	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Shichifukujin	Var.	Japanese	Mt. Celestia
Stronmaus	NG	Giant	Beastlands

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Healing/medicine			
Apollo	CG	Greek	Arborea
Berronar Truesilver	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Diancecht	LG	Celtic	Outlands
Eachthighern	CG	Unicorn	Wanders
Goibhniu	NG	Celtic	Outlands
Luthic	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Mishakal	LG	Krynn	Elysium
O-Kuni-Nushi	LG	Japanese	Ysgard
Pelor	NG	Oerth	Elysium
Psilofyr	LN	Myconid	Mechanus

Health			
Fandal Steelskin	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Gaea	N	Greek Titan	Prime Material

Home/domestic life			
Berronar Truesilver	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Cyrrollalee	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
Frigga	LN	Norse	Ysgard

Hunting/archery			
Artemis	NG	Greek	Arborea
Eilistraee	CG	Elvish (drow)	Ysgard
Erik	N	Cerilian	Outlands
Ferrix	N	Weretiger	Beastlands
Gorellik	CE	Gnoll	Wanders
Grankhul	CE	Bugbear	Abyss
Grolantor	CE	Giant	Carceri
Hiatea	N	Giant	Elysium
Malar	CE	Faerûnian	Carceri
Raiden (fletching)	CE	Japanese	Carceri
Sekolah	LE	Sahuagin	Baator
Solonor Thelandira	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Uller	CN	Norse	Ysgard

Illusion			
Baravar Cloakshadow	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Cyric	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Lunitari	N	Krynn	Ethereal
Squelaiche	CN	Leprechaun	Wanders

Insanity/madness			
Blibdoolpoolp	NE	Kuo-toa	Elem. Water
Dionysus	CN	Greek	Arborea
Tharizdun	NE	Oerth	Demiplane

Intrigue			
Cyric	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Eshebala	CE	Foxwomen	Abyss
Hera	CN	Greek	Arborea
Sargonnas	LE	Krynn	Gehenna

Invention			
Aasterinian	CN	Dragon	Ysgard
Dugmaren	CG	Dwarvish	Outlands
Brightmantle			
Gond	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Nebelun	CG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Oghma	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Tvashtri	CG	Indian	Elysium

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Jealousy/envy			
Erythnul	CE	Oerth	Pandemonium
Zeboim	CE	Krynn	Pandemonium

Justice			
Forseti	LG	Norse	Ysgard
Furies, the	N	Greek	Gray Waste
Heironeous	LG	Oerth	Mt. Celestia
High God	N/A	Krynn	Unknown
Tyr	LG	Faerûnian	Mt. Celestia

Knowledge/reason/wisdom/learning			
Annam	N	Giant	Outlands
Athena	LG	Greek	Arborea
Avani	LN	Cerilian	Mechanus
Bahamut	LG	Dragon	Mt. Celestia
Bocob	N	Oerth	Outlands
Brihaspati	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Deep Sashelas	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Diirinka	CE	Derro	Pandemonium
Dugmaren	CG	Dwarvish	Outlands

Brightmantle			
Gilean	N	Krynn	Outlands
Jazirian	LG	Couatl	Mt. Celestia
Koriel	LG	Ki-rin	Wanders
Maanzecorian	LE	Illithid	Gehenna
Mishakal	LG	Krynn	Elysium
Oghma	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Odin	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Rao	LG	Oerth	Mt. Celestia
Shekinester	N	Naga	Outlands
Thoth	N	Egyptian	Outlands
Zivilyn	N	Krynn	Beastlands

Law/order			
Paladine	LG	Krynn	Mt. Celestia
Pholtus	LN	Oerth	Mechanus
Tyr	LG	Norse	Mt. Celestia
Varuna	LN	Indian	Mechanus
Zeus	N	Greek	Arborea

Life			
Arawn	NE	Celtic	Gray Waste
Kali	CE	Indian	Abyss
Mishakal	LG	Krynn	Elysium
Rhea	NG	Greek Titan	Arborea
Savitri	NG	Indian	Elysium
Vayu	CN	Indian	Limbo

Light			
Amaterasu	LG	Japanese	Mt. Celestia
Apollo	CG	Greek	Arborea
Belenus	NG	Celtic	Elysium
Heimdall	LN	Norse	Ysgard
Mitra	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Paladine	LG	Krynn	Mt. Celestia
Pelor	NG	Oerth	Elysium
Savitri	NG	Indian	Elysium
Seker	NG	Egyptian	Elysium
Ushas	LG	Indian	Elysium
Vishnu	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Literature/writing/speech			
Deneir	NG	Faerûnian	Beastlands
Oghma	NG	Celtic, Faerûnian	Outlands
Vidar (silence)	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Longevity			
Labelas Enoreth	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Shou Hsing	CN	Chinese	Ysgard
Love/lust			
Aphrodite	CG	Greek	Arborea
Chih-Nii	CG	Chinese	Arborea
Freya	CN	Norse	Ysgard
Hanali Celanil	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Iallanis	NG	Giant	Arborea
Inanna	LE	Sumerian	Baator
Ishtar	N	Babylonian	Elysium
Laerme	CG	Cerilian	Arborea
Sune	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Trishna	LG	Sea elf	Wanders
Loyalty/duty			
Eachthighern	CG	Unicorn	Wanders
Heironeous (honor)	LG	Oerth	Mt. Celestia
Torm	LG	Faerûnian	Mt. Celestia
Magic/sorcery/spellcasters			
Annam	N	Giant	Outlands
Avani	LN	Cerilian	Mechanus
Azuth	LN	Faerûnian	Arcadia
Boccob	N	Oerth	Outlands
Corellon Larethian	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Deep Sashelas	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Diirinka	CE	Derro	Pandemonium
Elder Elemental God	NE	Any	Demiplane
Emmantiensien	CG	Treant	Wanders
Great Mother	CE	Beholder	Abyss
Hecate	CE	Greek	*
Ilseensine	LE	Illithid	Outlands
Isis	LG	Egyptian	**
Kanchelsis	CE	Vampire	Abyss
Laduguer	LE	Duergar	Acheron
Lunitari	N	Krynn	Ethereal
Math Mathonwy	NE	Celtic	Gehenna
Mellifleur	NE	Lich	Gehenna
Mystra	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Nuitari	LE	Krynn	Ethereal
O-Kuni-Nushi	LG	Japanese	Ysgard
Queen of Air and Darkness	CE	Faerie	Pandemonium
Ruornil	N	Cerilian	Outlands
Sehanine Moonbow (mystics)	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Solinari	LG	Krynn	Ethereal
Titania	CG	Faerie	Wanders
Wee Jas	LN(E)	Oerth	Acheron

* Hecate maintains realms on Baator and the Gray Waste.

** Isis maintains realms on Elysium and Arcadia.

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Marriage/fidelity			
Frigga	LN	Norse	Ysgard
Hera	CN	Greek	Arborea
Isis	LG	Egyptian	*
Nut**	NG	Egyptian	Elysium
Trishna	LG	Sea elf	Wanders
* Isis maintains realms on Elysium and Arcadia.			
** Nut oversees couples forbidden to marry.			
Mercy			
Iallanis	NG	Giant	Arborea
Kuan Yin	LG	Chinese	Mt. Celestia
Vishnu	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Mining/mountains			
Callarduran Smoothhands	N	Svirfnebli	Bytopia
Dumathoin	N	Dwarvish	Outlands
Dunatis	N	Celtic	Outlands
Flandal Steelskin	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Kurtulmak	LE	Kobold	Baator
Ulaa	LG	Oerth	Outlands
Mischief/trickery			
Beshaba	CE	Faerûnian	Abyss
Diancastra	CG	Giant	Wanders
Erevan Ilesere	CN	Elvish	Arborea
Gaknulak	LE	Kobold	Gehenna
Garl Glittergold	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Loki	CE	Norse	*
Nathair Sgiathach	CG	Faerie Dragon	Wanders
Olidammara	CN	Oerth	Ysgard
Quorlinn	N	Kenku	Beastlands
Squelaiche	CN	Leprechaun	Wanders
* Loki maintains realms on Ysgard and Pandemonium.			
Monsters			
Druaga (baatezu)	LE	Babylonian	Baator
Kriesha	LE	Cerilian	Baator
Moon/stars			
Cegilune	NE	Hags	Gray Waste
Celestian	NG	Oerth	Astral
Hecate	CE	Greek	*
Nanna-Sin	CG	Sumerian	Elysium
Ruornil	N	Cerilian	Outlands
Sehanine Moonbow	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Selûne	CG	Faerûnian	Ysgard
Soma	CG	Indian	Ysgard
Tsuki-Yomi	NG	Japanese	Elysium
* Hecate maintains realms on Baator and the Gray Waste.			



Music/poetry/bards/dance

Apollo	CG	Greek	Arborea
Bragi	NG	Norse	Elysium
Branchala	NG	Krynn	Ysgard
Corellon Larethian	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Damh	CN	Satyr, korred	Wanders
Eilistraee	CG	Elvish (drow)	Ysgard
Lliira	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Milil	NG	Faerûnian	Beastlands
Odin	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Oghma	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Olidammara	CN	Oerth	Ysgard

Nature/wild

Beory	N	Oerth	Prime
Chislev	N	Krynn	Beastlands
Eldath (groves)	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Hiatea	N	Giant	Elysium
Ki	N	Sumerian	Prime
Lao Tzu	LN	Chinese	Ethereal
Mielikki	NG	Finnish, Faerûnian	Beastlands

Obad-Hai	N	Oerth	Outlands
Oberon	NG	Faerie	Wanders
Pan	CN	Greek	Prime
Segojan Earthcaller	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Sheela Peryoyl	N	Halfling	Outlands
Silvanus	N	Celtic, Faerûnian	Outlands

Oracles/prophecy

Apollo	CG	Greek	Arborea
Gaea	N	Greek Titan	Prime
Kuan-ti	NG	Chinese	Elysium
Soma	CG	Indian	Ysgard

Pain/torture

Daragor	CE	Werewolf	Wanders
Diirinka (cruelty)	CE	Derro	Pandemonium
Iuz	CE	Oerth	Prime
Loviatar	LE	Finnish, Faerûnian	Gehenna

Passion/pleasure

Aasterinian	CN	Dragon	Ysgard
Bast	CG	Egyptian	Ysgard
Diancastra	CG	Giant	Wanders
Freya	CN	Norse	Ysgard
Pan	CN	Greek	Prime
Sune	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea

Peace/diplomacy

Eldath	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Jazirian	LG	Couatl	Mt. Celestia
Kuan-ti	NG	Chinese	Elysium
Rao	LG	Oerth	Mt. Celestia
Surminare	NG	Selkie	Elysium

Playfulness/curiosity

Ferrix	N	Weretigers	Beastlands
Trishna	LG	Dolphins, sea elves	Wanders

Poison

Merrshaulk	CE	Yuan-ti	Abyss
Talona	CE	Faerûnian	Carceri

Protection/safety

Arvoreen	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
Balador	CG	Werebear	Wanders
Baravar Cloakshadow	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Berronar Truesilver	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Callarduran Smoothhands	N	Svirfnebli	Bytopia
Eachthighern	CG	Unicorn	Wanders
Gaknulak	LE	Kobold	Gehenna
Gaerdal Ironhand	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Garl Glittergold	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Helm	LN	Faerûnian	Mechanus
Koriel	LG	Ki-rin	Wanders
Kuan-ti	NG	Chinese	Elysium
Laduguer	LE	Duergar	Acheron
Syranita	NG	Aarakocra	Arborea
Yondalla	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia

Rage/anger

Modi	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Sargonnas	LE	Krynn	Gehenna

Rulers/leaders/authority

Haelyn	LG	Cerilian	Mt. Celestia
Maglubiyet	LE	Goblin	Acheron
Nomog-Geaya	LE	Hobgoblin	Acheron
Paladine	LG	Krynn	Mt. Celestia
Ra	LN	Egyptian	Arcadia
Zeus	N	Greek	Arborea

Skill/excellence

Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Sif	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Tymora	CG	Norse	Arborea

Sleep/dreams/nightmares

Incubulos	NE	Oerth	Gray Waste
Merrshaulk	CE	Yuan-ti	Abyss
Ramenos	CE	Bullywug	Abyss
Sehanine Moonbow	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Untamo	N	Finnish	Outlands

Smithing

Ama-Tsu-Mara	N	Japanese	Bytopia
Flandal Steelskin	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Garl Glittergold	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Goibhniu	NG	Celtic	Outlands
Gond	N	Faerûnian	Outlands
Hephaestus	NG	Greek	Arborea
Moradin	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Reorx	N	Krynn	Arcadia

Social order/behavior

K'ung Fu-tzu	LG	Chinese	Ethereal
Shang-ti	LG	Chinese	Mechanus

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Spring/growth			
Idun	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Lathander	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Mitra	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia

Stealth/concealment

Brandobaris	N	Halfling	Wanders
Gaknulak	LE	Kobold	Gehenna
Squerrik	LE	Wererat	Gehenna

Strength

Bahgtru	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Kord	CG	Oerth	Ysgard
Kostchtchie	CE	Giant	Abyss
Magni	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Vidar	CG	Norse	Ysgard

Strife/feuds/discord

Ares	CE	Greek	Arborea
Belinik	CE	Cerilian	Pandemonium
Cyric	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Hextor	LE	Oerth	Acheron
Loki	CE	Norse	*

* Loki maintains realms on Ysgard and Pandemonium.

Sun/heat

Amaterasu	LG	Japanese	Mt. Celestia
Avani	LN	Cerilian	Mechanus
Belenus	NG	Celtic	Elysium
Frey	NG	Norse	Ysgard
Horus	CG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Pelor	NG	Oerth	Elysium
Ra	LN	Egyptian	Arcadia
Savitri	NG	Indian	Elysium
Stronmaus	NG	Giant	Beastlands
Surya	LG	Indian	Mt. Celestia
Utu	CG	Sumerian	Arborea

Territory

Bargrivyek	LE	Goblinoid	Baator
Gruumsh	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Vhaeraun	NE	Elvish (drow)	Carceri

Thieves

Brandobaris	N	Halfling	Wanders
Eloële	CN(E)	Cerilian	Pandemonium
Erevan Ilesere	CN	Elvish	Arborea
Hermes	CG	Greek	Arborea
Mask	NE	Faerûnian	Gray Waste
Quorlinn	N	Kenku	Beastlands
Shargaas	NE	Orcish	Gehenna
Squerrik	LE	Wererat	Gehenna
Sung Chiang	NE	Chinese	Gehenna
Vergadain	N	Dwarvish	Outlands
Vhaeraun	NE	Elvish (drow)	Carceri

Time

Labelas Enoreth	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Lendor	LN	Oerth	Mechanus
Tsuki-Yomi	NG	Japanese	Elysium

Power	AL	Pantheon	Plane
Truth/trust			
Berronar Truesilver	LG	Dwarvish	Mt. Celestia
Chung Kuel	LG	Chinese	Mt. Celestia
Cyrrollalee	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
High God	N/A	Krynn	Unknown

Undead

Chemosh	LE	Krynn	Abyss
Faluzure	NE	Dragon	Carceri
Kanchelsis	CE	Vampire	Abyss
Kiaransalee	CE	Elvish (drow)	Abyss
Mellifleur	NE	Lich	Gehenna
Yeenoghu	CE	Ghoul	Abyss

Vegetation

Emmantiensien (trees)	CG	Treant	Wanders
Osiris	LG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Soma	CG	Indian	Ysgard

Vengeance/revenge

Blibdoolpoolp	NE	Kuo-toa	Elem. Water
Diinkarazan	CE	Derro	Abyss
Horus	CG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Kiaransalee	CE	Elvish (drow)	Abyss
Lei Kung	LE	Chinese	Acheron
Sargonnas	LE	Krynn	Gehenna

Violence/murder/bloodlust

Ares	CE	Greek	Arborea
Cyric	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Daragor	CE	Werewolf	Wanders
Hruggek	CE	Bugbear	Pandemonium
Kanchelsis	CE	Vampire	Abyss
Kostchtchie	CE	Giant	Abyss
Malar	CE	Faerûnian	Carceri
Nerull	NE	Oerth	Carceri
Panzurriel	NE	Sea creatures	Gray Waste
Queen of Air and Darkness	CE	Faerie	Pandemonium
Urdlen	CE	Gnomish	Abyss
Zinzerena	CE	Elvish (drow)	Prime

Wanderers/travelers/exploration

Baervan	NG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Wildwanderer			
Celestian	NG	Oerth	Astral
Dumathoin	N	Dwarvish	Outlands
Fharlanghn	NG	Oerth	Prime
Hermes	CG	Greek	Arborea
Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Muamman Duathal	NG	Dwarvish	Ysgard
Ptah	LN	Egyptian	Ethereal
Puchan	NG	Indian	Beastlands
Selûne	CG	Faerûnian	Ysgard
Shaundakul	CN	Faerûnian	Ysgard



Power AL Pantheon Plane

War/battles/combat

Anhur	CG	Egyptian	Ysgard
Ares	CE	Greek	Arborea
Athena	LG	Greek	Arborea
Arvoreen	LG	Halfling	Mt. Celestia
Bahgtru	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Baphomet	CE	Minotaur	Abyss
Belinik	CE	Cerilian	Pandemonium
Clangeddin Silverbeard	LG	Dwarvish	Arcadia
Corellon Larethian	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Cuiráécen	CG	Cerilian	Ysgard
Enlil	NG	Sumerian	Elysium
Gaerdal Ironhand	LG	Gnomish	Bytopia
Grolantor	CE	Giant	Carceri
Gruumsh	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Hachiman	LN	Japanese	Ysgard
Haelyn	LG	Cerilian	Mt. Celestia
Heironeous	LG	Oerth	Mt. Celestia
Hextor	LE	Oerth	Acheron
Horus	CG	Egyptian	Arcadia
Hruggek	CE	Bugbear	Pandemonium
Ilneval	LE	Orcish	Acheron
Inanna	LE	Sumerian	Baator
Indra	CE	Indian	Limbo
Ishtar	N	Babylonian	Elysium
Karttikeya	CG	Indian	Ysgard
Kiri-Jolith	LG	Krynn	Bytopia
Kord	CG	Oerth	Ysgard
Kurtulmak	LE	Kobold	Baator
Lugh	CN	Celtic	Outlands
Maglubiyet	LE	Goblinoid	Acheron
Morrigan	CE	Celtic	Outlands
Nomog-Geaya	LE	Goblinoid	Acheron
Nuada	N	Celtic	Outlands
Odin	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Tempus	CN	Faerûnian	Limbo
Tyr	LG	Norse	Ysgard
Vaprak	CE	Ogre	Abyss

Water/seas/ocean/river

Aegir	CE	Norse	Ysgard
Ahto	NG	Finnish	Elem. Water
Brigantia	NG	Celtic	Elysium
Eldath (pools)	NG	Faerûnian	Elysium
Habbakuk	NG	Krynn	Beastlands
Istishia	N	Faerûnian	Elem. Water
Manannan mac Lir	LN	Celtic	Outlands
Nesirie	NG	Cerilian	Elysium
O-Wata-Tsu-Mi	NG	Japanese	Elysium
Poseidon	CN	Greek	Arborea
Procan	CN	Oerth	Limbo
Tefnut	NG	Egyptian	Bytopia
Umberlee	CE	Faerûnian	Abyss
Zeboim	CE	Krynn	Pandemonium

Power AL Pantheon Plane

Wealth/greed

Abbathor	NE	Dwarvish	Gray Waste
Eshebala	CE	Foxwomen	Abyss
Hades	LN	Greek	Gray Waste
Hiddukel	CE	Krynn	Abyss
Lliira	CG	Faerûnian	Arborea
Nephythys	CG	Egyptian	Arborea
Sera	CN	Cerilian	Outlands
Shinare	N	Krynn	Outlands
Urdlen	CE	Gnomish	Abyss
Vaprak	CE	Ogre	Abyss
Vergadain	N	Dwarvish	Outlands
Waukeen	N	Faerûnian	Outlands



Weather

Aerdrie Faenya	CG	Elvish	Arborea
Daghdha	CG	Celtic	Outlands
Indra	CE	Indian	Limbo
Marduk	LN	Babylonian	Arcadia
Sheela Peryroyl	N	Halfling	Outlands
Stronmaus	NG	Giant	Beastlands
Thor	CG	Norse	Ysgard
Ukko	LG	Finnish	Bytopia

RAIN

Beory	N	Oerth	Prime
Frey	NG	Norse	Ysgard
Kura Okami	CG	Japanese	Beastlands
Tefnut	NG	Egyptian	Bytopia

STORMS

Cuiráécen	CG	Cerilian	Ysgard
Ramman	N	Babylonian	Outlands
Rudra	NE	Indian	Mechanus
Set (desert storms)	LE	Egyptian	Baator
Susanoo	CN	Japanese	Limbo
Talos	CE	Faerûnian	Pandemonium
Tefnut	NG	Egyptian	Bytopia
Zeboim	CE	Krynn	Pandemonium

THUNDER

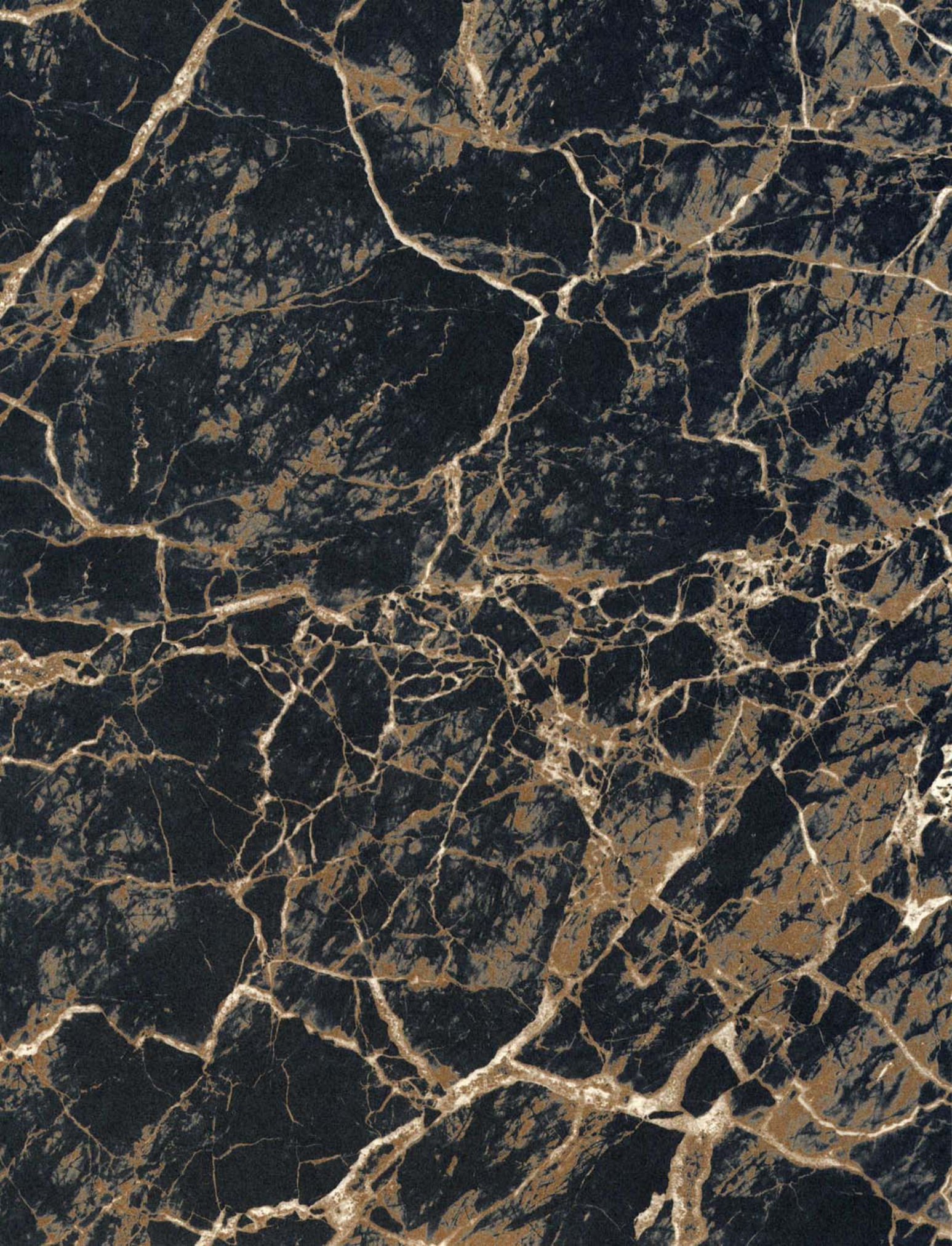
Lei Kung	LE	Chinese	Acheron
Raiden	CE	Japanese	Carceri
Ramman	N	Babylonian	Outlands
Thor	CG	Norse	Ysgard

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