

Cold-Spell

Eli Gray Nations



Table of Contents

...

Author's Note

We write stories because of the truth.

The truth that we keep inside ourselves. The truth that surrounds our day to day lives. The truth in our windows, in the moving pictures we see, on pages and on screens and in our reflected eyes. The truth that is cemented in our faces, in the creases and the hidden places between our smiles. The truth we are so afraid to face but cannot turn away from.

The truth that we cannot change everything.

These characters are real. Not in name, not in resemblance, but in action. They walk through your streets, appear in your lives. And they are real. Tyrants are not works of fiction. Abusers still scream and rage and wait. Power is given unjustly. Life continues to not be fair. The world is as it is, the one we call our own, is built wrong.

But we write stories because of the truth. And we continue to write them so that the truth may change.

In this story, you will topple unjust leaders. You will break apart years of ideology made just to tear others down. You will help bandage wounds, and you will see friends, family, strangers, finally be healed.

You will find peace with yourself. You will be better because you are you, and that is enough. In this story, which you will write, you will win.

The truth will let out. Your truth.

Tell it. Do not be silent.

✓ *Foreword*

There is a hole in the world you cannot fill.

A space that is so dark, that is so empty, and that is so, so hungry. Not a void, my friends, because that implies that nothing can fill it. That implies that this was supposed to be nothing, to be vacuous. And that is not the case at all. No, this is a wanting. An endless, desperate need. A hole that was once nothing more than the shifting of rock and tectonic faults. Of desires to be made whole with the grand scheme of creation, to be a part of something greater. To cease to have desire at all, to simply act. To fulfill more than their own, meager, single string. To complete the tapestry of life. To become part of the Weave.

But this was carved out. Carved away. Gutted. Ripped apart. Torn asunder. Torn out. Left with not even flesh on bone to dissolve and rot away. Were you not a part of this? Did you not see the signs? When the city began to shift, when you heard the swaying of the great chains, did you not realize it then? When you looked over the edge and the railing, saw the endless nothing under you, did you not step back in horror? In fear? Why did you not pause, why did you not listen?

This was always greater than you.

And this was always going to last more than you.

Now you stand on the precipice of the next great change. The next change of bastards parading and lying to be our leaders. The next shifting of the guard. The next shifting of what even is called a lie. And yet you sit, trembling, cursing the day that you were known as heroes. Because, my friends, you know the truth as well as I: you are not heroes. There are no heroes here. There is only rot. There is only death. There is only decay. The shattering of what was. The unmaking of what will be.

Open your eyes! Scream! Let yourself be heard! By something! By anything! Rip your chords asunder and have one last fateful cry! Beg, pray! Let loose prayers as you hold your swords aloft. Demand

that your gods answer! Don't you know that you will be forgotten by everything! Flung backwards through spiders' webs until you have nowhere else left to fall and left to drift in that same nothingness that you made! Don't you understand?

If there is any small consolation I can give you, know this is not the end of the Maw. This is not the end of the Propers, of the Foundation, of the city that you have called your own. No, this is only the end of you.

This is your final descent into madness.

(Revise) Introduction

This module is written with a horror archetype in mind, the main focus revolving around the idea of death and letting go. In the Hero's Journey, the titular hero starts on the surface, travels underground and reaches enlightenment, and returns to right the wrongs made by those he knew. This module travels in much the same fashion; the party will begin with being taken from their normal, established lives in pursuit of improving the city, will be exiled to near certain death after doing everything right, and will return to serve the city as it should be, rather than what it is wanted to be.

As mentioned, the main focus will be revolving around death, specifically about it's not something to be feared. Much of this world revolves around the idea of reincarnation, meshed with the horror elements of who is chosen to come back and who has to remain in death. This is tied into grief as well, about when it's okay to move on, to choose to become something different. If someone who deserves death comes back changed, do they still deserve to meet their end? When does judgment end, does it ever? Do you have to forgive? And in death, is it okay to not want to come back? The choices are yours to include and how to include them, if you wish to at all. Its themes are yours to toy with or discard; every storyteller has their own experiences and their own unique voice, so use yours to make this a meaningful story for both you and your players.

(Revise) Story Overview

...
They already have pre-established lives apart, and not the tried and true "adventurer to meet in a tavern." These are just people; they're not made extraordinary, they must choose to be. Through the multiple plot threads at your disposal, the party will be grouped together to care for a city and will uncover how broken it truly is, how everything runs on the cycle of death, how even the light they see with is made from corpses of fallen brothers and sisters. And when they know too much, they'll be exiled to the depths below the city, to explore and forage until the elements finally claim them. They'll encounter sunken cities, ravaged idols, and forgotten gods that have not the strength to reclaim their former glory. And when they reach the end, they'll have made their way back to the city far above them, transported by forces beyond their understanding. With the knowledge of how the city is, the understanding of the true nature of their existence, and further proof of how broken their system is from the passage of time, they'll be left with the choice of how to rebuild; do they even want to? If a system is so shattered and rotten, is it better to rebuild from the ground up or salvage what is left? These choices will be left to them, and no one else.

✓Running this Module

This module, as envisioned, could easily run to level 20. The party will begin at level 3, as they were already established inside this world; they will be a part of it, and thus will have their skills be from what they learned rather than being new, level one initiates. In addition, the balancing available is better suited to higher levels. This module is designed for a party of 4-5 players, but can be run with more or less. This campaign runs in three different "acts," the first revolving in a huge expensive city, the second being a survival-horror descend into cave systems, and the final act being a return to a city that has vastly changed since the players last ventured there. Think of the leveling structure as 3-9, 10-15, then 16-20.

Things to know about what you will find in the sections below;

- You will be given an in-depth view of the world, with more given on the locations and inner-workings than a story. Plotlines will be included for the sake of having a hand to

hold onto, but this module is more of an environmental playground. You can do however you wish with this setting, characters, and items.

- When designing your players, always include them with anything. If they are in the higher parts of society, wrap them around the people in power. If they are struggling to stay alive, make them allies to lift them up. Make each player feel like they earned their station, no matter how lowly.
- Let your players gain power. Use this against them, too, as the bosses will level alongside them. Let them break the world so you can break them in return. Statistics for mini-bosses, player sheets for bosses, and level variations have been provided in the appendix at the end of the module.
- Have fun. Without fun, nothing in this campaign is worthwhile. Focus on the players, on you. That is what is most vital to have.

CHAPTER 1: A WORLD IN THE DARK

✓ *Setting Backdrop*

Torchlight. Bloodshed. Life.

Ashes fly across backdrops of alleyways and creep up railings of cobbled-together marble. Crystals filled with magic and souls hang outside barricaded windows, and fingers grip chill-iron keys behind locks and handles. Blood mixes with muddy water in darkened sewers that drip, drip, drip before falling hundreds of miles into a massive chasm below the city that hangs suspended by giant chains. Veins of steel thread themselves into the giant orb of blue fire that is the skyline, a light far above a city that is shrouded by walls hiding lavish spires from miles of shoddily built homes built atop each other because there just isn't enough space here anymore.

Welcome to the Heights.

A city pretending that it's not on its last breath.

This is a city suspended by three great chains and thousands of smaller ones above the Maw, a massive canyon that stretches for untold miles below those living above it, most still left unexplored. The city has built atop itself for nearly a millennium, to the point of drafting two separate societies at odds with each other. Here, far below any form of natural sunlight, the citizens have nestled themselves inside their own ignorance, hiding themselves away from a threat they have forgotten about. They have slowly been crushed by the vast gravity pulling them ever downwards into the Maw, to the point of stretching their bodies, breaking and compacting them into new shapes, new species. Some here start as criminals on the run, never given a chance to be anything more than that. Some live as privileged elite, spinning magic beads into lifelines that stay within closed households and names. Most won't even be alive at all, being



reanimated scraps of metal and porcelain and chitin having to struggle to remember their own names. But this is home, the only home there could be here.

This is the city that will become your own.

Shape it to your will. But be careful of what you find underneath.

✓ *A Heightened Society*

Deep in the Lowerdark, far below where even the fiercest of monsters know to tread, a city lies suspended above an abyss so deep its depths are lost to time itself. Ages ago, a group of vacant travelers found themselves at the edge of a ravine. They had forgotten why they had left the Underdark, and they had forgotten how they were changed on the descent through the many layers of rock and soil. They were the Founders, and they named this ravine the Maw, since the darkness that surpassed its depths could not be consumed for anything less than an endless, ravenous beast. At first, there was only a small outpost by the name of Katabasis, a small gathering of people clinging desperately to outcroppings of rock and flame. In time, other faces and voices started to peek out from the rock, the outpost growing past the point of having tents and hushed talk. They needed to expand. And the ravine was too long to circle around, nearly a day to circumnavigate in one go. What even was day, though, without light? The people living around the Maw needed to expand. The citizens needed a home.

They needed the Heights.

The city that was born through generations and eons now stands alone as a monument to civilized life in the Lowerdark, a society upon which all life to flourish and strive. It's composed of two sections: the Foundation and the Propers, the lower-class middle ground which was built as the staging ground of the city and the enriched spires that have stagnated any other growth for the rest of the city, only sending resources to their own pockets. As more houses were made in the Foundation, often stacking atop each other and held with ropes and prayers, the Propers started to become slowly sectioned off, those who were lucky enough to live there suddenly wary of their homes becoming overrun with those undeserving. Privilege became a necessity, societal ties made to keep those on top remaining on top, to the point there weren't any "classes" anymore: those who lived in the Propers, the Elite, and everyone else. And when the entire city is stacked against you, gripes give way to grumbles, which give way to silence.

In the beginning, they believed themselves to be nothing more than a city, a space to begin again, to have more lives that could not be granted to them on the surface or even in the Underdark; now this city has become nothing more than an utopia, and a flawed and broken one at that. Its inhabitants were left in charge for too long, their Founders slowly being pushed out of the public mind. Problems that could have been easily solved have become so out of proportion that they've become ignored, a part of the societal structure. The inhabitants have become too strained, too broken, to realize that their lives are at stake. When the premise of making a change is seen as wrong, when what is broken is seen as better than being complete because it paints a target on your back.

What is written in stone can still be chiseled away. What has been purposely left blank can be made anew. Change this world for the better. Make it something new. Or die in the dark, alone.

✓ *The City of Fools*

Before delving deeper into the lore of the city, let light be shed on who you and your players are playing as. More detailed descriptions are available in the Appendix, along with their stats;

- The *Valkerian* are a species of bipedal insects, with two sets of arms and backs that have carried their own fare share of toil. They did not come down with the settlers and Founders; they were one of the first inhabitants of the Maw to greet these settlers, to bridge the gap and help the construction of the city. In time, they have slowly been pushed to the Foundation, those in the Propers believing that since they came down with



the city, they deserved to have the finest treatment. They are the majority of the citizens in the Heights, and they will not go quietly into the dark night.

- The *Gaian* are descendants of the Drow, who have turned away from Lothe and have instead embraced the subterranean life around them. Mold and fungus and lichen grow across their bodies, turning them into walking gardens, their hands spindling together forbidden magic. They are descendants of the Founders, or so they believe, and use their position as the so-called children of the city to flaunt wealth and prosperity in the Propers. Still, a recent strain of disease has ravaged their ranks, leaving many to isolate themselves, survival over all else.
- The *Tra'Vial* are humanized weapons, elfish individuals who have bones growing out of their arms, sharp as knives. They have tiny growths around their legs and tendons, as well, giving them improved fall resistance. In the early days of the Heights, they were grown and engineered to protect the citizens at all costs, to the point that their bones were more outside their body than inside it. Even generations later, the fallout on their bodies is still easily seen, most growing resentful of the city for turning them into monsters.
- The *Curio-Bound* are undead souls who still have their purpose or destiny unfulfilled. They are named after their curios, objects held within their bodies that hold their souls. Many are made out of discarded armor sets, weapons, scraps of metal or porcelain, or whatever else they could find as they clawed themselves out of the Maw. Undead have grown to take up a major living force of the Heights, surprisingly, in no small part to the massive influx of the Curios. Death cannot stop anyone from achieving what they want.
- The *Restless-Forges* are undead as well, but take the form of walking behemoths of fire and steel. They're born from mining equipment derailing, killing those aboard them. In that moment, the soul transfers to the wreckage, and figures emerge from the rubble bent on ensuring disasters that led to their birth never happen again. They're often watchmen for the city, looming pillars of fire that help all those who stumble along the way. They're few, but honorable, and when one becomes a public villain it's always of talk and topic.
- The *Gull-Weavers* are humanoid Lepidoptera, or moths. They're a secluded species, often choosing not to live in the city at all, but rather spending their time around the outposts that lie on the edge of the Maw itself. They worship the Weave, which they believe to be a manifestation of all magic and sorcery, intertwining with each soul that lives in the Lowerdark. By living in isolated groups, they're able to channel their entire focus on the Weave alone, not having to worry about the other societies at large. No matter that happens to the city, they will live on, the Weave will continue to spin and they will be its thread.
- The *Heliographs* are walking crystals filled with light, and they're often found in the Propers due to their brilliant popularity. Not many still exist in the Heights, and each one holds a lofty position. One will never be able to find a more vibrant source of pure magical energy than what imminates from their own chest, as their light is even powerful enough to dispel sorceries like darkness. They're symbols of prosperity, that the Heights deserves the station it finds itself as. But many secrets are held about them, as well, and the Council does not want the public to find any of them.
- The *Fractals* are shapeshifters, often called bodysnatchers. They have no true form, instead copying the identity of wherever they take as their "Host." They have no soul, learning how to emulate their Hosts perfectly, many in time surplanting them. They're readily feared, and there was a great purge in the Foundation after one was discovered to have killed their Host and gone insane. Many Fractals, and more innocents, were killed in the process. They're often told as horror stories to scare children into staying inside, but



these monsters are real. And worse; they're alive, trying to find humanity. And there is nothing worse than a monster one can empathize with.

- The *Vedettes* are moving boulders and gems, with horns grafted out of the most beautiful stalagmites. They are the true children of the Maw, as they are born down in the dark. Most of the Vedettes live in the Centerfold, a city of those who were purposely or wrongfully exiled from the city, as they find it more comforting living amongst the stone and outcasts than in the light of the city. It is easier to accept oneself when they are not viewed as a symbol of progress or status. The ones that do enter the city are often pressured to cut down or outright remove their horns, to not draw attention towards themselves.
- The *Archuids* are humanoid arachnids, and often use pieces of their fallen brethren to hold into and restructure their own bodies. They're the newest species discovered by the citizens of the Heights, and not exactly welcome, due to fear of being killed and scrapped into parts of their bodies. In truth, their own bodies are their religions, and their form of burials are building themselves with those who have passed, as they believe their friends and family live on through them.
- The *Essentires* are liquid ores and metals, bound together with magical essence. The citizens of the Heights aren't even sure if they have souls, or if they're simply faking this for the purposes of citizenship. Still, they are sentient, and often seen as trickers due to their ability to morph into however they wish to resemble. Some lucky Essentires are employed as body doubles, living double lives so that their employers can live without fear of being discovered or killed.

(Begin) Preventative Measures

- Why did the citizens make the city? Why was going into the Lowerdark necessary?
- Discuss the technical advancements that have occurred over time.
- Brief insight into the Weave, and the prospect that technology is made by importing souls into it.

Very Warhammer 40k.

(Begin) More than Just Belief

Perfect societies always fall apart because of unspoken, regular issues, and this city does not lie outside the exception. ...

- Core beliefs of the Foundation
- Core beliefs of the Propers

...Each city thinks themselves superior to the other, and because of centuries of neglect, ties between the two have gotten to a breaking point. For power, they must remain one. But it is a toxic ground upon which to build a nation.

...

(Continue) A Slow Change of Myth

The city came to be because of a mysterious group named the Founders. In public knowledge, the first group of expeditionaries was left ravished by an attack by monsters of the Underdark. The Illithids and other flayer beasts had torn through their barely defended camp, and most of the group lay dead. Only when the entire walls of the cave system fell in, piercing the bodies of their enemies with rock and ire, did the expeditionaries even know they were saved. They were the Founders, and with their assistance they helped establish the Outposts and the start of the Foundation. Then, one night, they vanished. No notes, no explanation, nothing at all. They seemingly abandoned the citizens they cared for, then again, they had no reason to think they were theirs to begin with.

But they were not mortals. The Founders were a race of god-like beings, who had shaped this section of the world to their wills and whims. All those living in the Heights believe themselves to be within the Underdark, but they are actually in a world of the Founders' design. ...

...Talk about the hierarchy of the Founders. ...

...Talk about the end of the Founders. ...

The Founders have slowly been shifted away from the public memory, however, removing the talk of gods or higher beings, instead moving them to be simple travelers, mysterious helpers in the dark. Nothing more than men. All records of the early days of settlement were hidden away or erased entirely, those pieces still existing in the public knowledge almost becoming unrecognizable. Many of the outposts were abandoned as the city continued to grow, the few inhabitants being those pushed out of the city due to their memories not intersecting with the public eye. Many of the religious elements of the Underdark and surface have also been pushed out as well, as so far below the surface has led to the belief that the gods could not reach the city. ...

(Continue/Revise) Random Encounters/Events

-Timekeeping; This world uses the calendar of the French Revolution, or the months of Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivôse, Pluviôse, Ventôse, Germinal, Floréal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor. The campaign date takes place in Thermidor in the year 1038.

-Holidays; (NEED TO REVISE THE MONTH CYCLE) In the month of Messidor, all work is pardoned for all entirety. All prices, for everything, are cut in half for all goods. All essential goods, such as food and medicine, are given for free. All criminal charges are reexamined and cut back if possible, sometimes even pardoned. This is what is known as the "Exaltation," and all citizens of the Heights look forward to this time of the year.

-Exchange of Council Members; Members of the Council are not elected for life, but they are not elected, either. Instead, they are exchanged for another member of their respective "Division." Upon a Division becoming unsatisfied with their representation, they publicly call for a Revision. Across all channels of communication, as well as on stage in front of the Council's spire itself, the current leader of the Division in question and the Councilmember must argue in front of the entire populace. Whoever gathers the most approval becomes the new Councilmember, while the other is permanently exiled to the Maw, and by extension the Centerfold.

-Burials; Burials are held in two different ways, depending on where the deceased was living at the time:

- If one perishes in the Propers, they are turned into magical essence, usually implanted into beads to safeguard their families' housing. The goal of this is that the individual will continue to live on, that they will lead their families to prosperity even after their passing. Some are instead implanted into jewelry, their own innate bodies and remnants of souls fueling magical prowess. Some beads are said to have resonant emotions tied to them, changing the moods of those living in the house. A family without these beads is either a new name or someone without importance. In darker dealings, beads are sometimes exchanged for favors across families or when one runs out of money, the essence is exploited to create raw feats of magical strength. It's said that those names used in these dark deeds are permanently expunged from the family's memories, a feat similar to that of the memory wiping capabilities of the Introspection Division.
- If the deceased was living in the Foundation, then they are smelted into bricks and added to the structure of the city itself. Their bodies are not burnt to ash to be put into their bricks, but rather slowly pressurized to the point of becoming diamonds, which are overlaid by either metals of their work or stone from the Maw itself. Whenever a new brick is placed in the Foundation, the diamond inscriptions of each stone brick alights, and for a few moments the Foundation is brighter than the Second Sun which powers it. A citizen of the Foundation will always serve and uphold their city, even when they have passed from their own bodies. Cremation is not used in the Heights. This is nothing but a heinous rumor. To be cremated is to ensure your spirit does not pass to the Earth. Report all rumors of cremation to your local Forge-Sentry.

CHAPTER 2: THE PROPERS

✓ *Written In Marble*

The city was always going to expand. Once the hanging city was fully constructed, concerns about the changing of laws or running out of space ended quickly; a first come, first serve mentality quickly encroached, and all those who lived in the Maw ran to save themselves a spot. With the Foundation quickly overcrowding, a space for the leaders and planners of the city needed to be made, and thus the Propers were born. It didn't have a name at first, just a lone spire sprouting through the homes of the city. A spire became two, then three. Soon, small hanging bridges became walkways, and walkways became the same sort of platform that became the Foundation. A second city was slowly built atop the first, populated entirely by those who could pay to keep in the lofty spires of marble. The Heights were left behind, and the Propers became fully realized.

What the Propers became was a collection of many "great families," groups of individuals who grouped together under one name, not one even their own originally. To stand out was to survive these walled spires, you had to keep the funds to stay afloat. Cutthroat betrayals and murders set at lavish dinners became the standard, those who ended too drunk to sit still finding their ways to dark corridors filled with waiters and waitresses filled with knives and cash in their pockets. Pocket societies bloomed when these great families converged, names dissipating into titles and personalities falling into conformity. This was how the Council was even established, to tell the truth, the great families having the power and position to exert control for the benefit of the city, so they did. And the disparity of the two cities was truly born.

Pushback happened during the "Ascension Riots," when members of the Apostasy group sought to seize control of the Council, attacking all parts of the city that connected to the Propers. Once it became clear that the Foundation was envious of the power presented by the Propers, a choice had to be made; do we give up our status to serve the city fully, or do we cut ourselves off and preserve our own prosperity? When the Forge-Guards became stationed at the gates into the Propers, when they were stationed at intersections throughout the city and sent on forced patrols in the Foundations to rip out any Apostasy members they could "find," their choice was fully made. The Propers, and those who live in it, will choose themselves first and foremost, always; to be safe is to be made whole, and the Great Families are safe, always and eternal.

(Revise) A Society of Independants

The goal of the Propers is to make the party feel small. While the Foundation is much larger in scale because of its dense grouping of people, the Propers distinguishes itself because of its vastly-differing layout and feel. No matter what the party does, the Propers will never feel like a home. They will always be outcasts, even if a party member originates from a great family; disconnecting oneself from the family, even by venturing into the Foundation, is enough of an unspoken taboo to demolish any social standing they could hope to have.

The main groups the party will be meeting will be with the Council and the Valance. As Vosundir will be the main driving force for this campaign, or at least he's designed to be, the party will be summoned to this part of the town only on specific locations. The shops are more expensive, the locals are more stuck up, and you'll always have to do more. There'll never be an end to the quests they give here because this part of the city doesn't want to improve; it wants to remain in power, in place. They'll more likely stagnate then change on their own accord, which is where the party comes in; they will be the reason change happens, for better or for worse.

The Valance will serve as the party's "masquerade night," an event for them to dress up for, to enjoy a session of roleplay, all before it's rapidly turned into a dungeon crawl. Before this, they'll have to be invited to one of their grand galas, which will be at your disposal to figure out; anything seen as satisfactory for advancing the city but individualized enough to keep the party's namesake attached could be seen as a worthy reason to be recognized. Anything from fixing an outpost, ransacking the Safeguarding Division, or just being good errand lackeys for the Council can be enough, use this at your

own discretion. Make the party hate this part of the city. Make their skin crawl from all the social acting they'll have to. Then horrify them with all the things they'll find underneath.

(Write more) Buildings, Shops, and Landmarks

(More to come)

(Begin) The Ostrander (Xar'Wrya), Magic Shop

...

(Revise; The Breathing Flame) The Second Sun

The Second Sun is the primary light-source of all those who live in the Heights, as well as its power-source as the raw magical ether that flakes off the sun as it burns is enough to power a single high-end house for nearly a year. A pale blue, this orb of pure evocation magic, nearly three and a half miles long, rises and lowers in brightness and power to simulate the passing of time. It takes around 100 workers of the Sortledge Division to have the strength to contain the field every passing day, and the Metallurgy Division sorts to the construction and maintenance of the inner mechanical structure of the sun itself. The Warden of Light sees to the output and general health of the sun, working in an office directly above the Council's quarters. If the sun were to fall, then the city would surely stave within months.

The sun was not a creation of the Heights; instead, it was a result of plundered goods from the city of Ver'Ghettan, the Enlisted choosing to torch the city and any other secrets held within to hide their involvement in the unnecessary slaughtering of innocents. The device was Founder in origin, being used to house and reuse the essences of dead constructs so that they could construct more life. In the hands of the slowly constructed city, though, this turned into a different story; Heliographs were found to be a successful power source for the device, and it soon became custom to discreetly dispose of all Heliograph remains in order to power the city. Imitations and burial-shrouds were used to hide the missing bodies, and life in the city moved on, more and more being necessary to house the Sun as the city held more lives inside it.

The Second Sun is a silent time bomb, the essence and perhaps even souls of all Heliographs being housed inside it, unable to pass on since they are constantly being used to power the city. To a being such as the Breathing Flame, this is the perfect sleeper-agent to enter the city with. Detonating the sun would take out all those within the Propers, and all that the Flame would need to do is slowly creep into the Foundation and absorb all those who survived the detonation. Within days, all life in the Maw would live inside the Flame's consciousness. All eyes are set on the light-source of the city, on the life-blood of the city, and all it would take is one small mistake for the city to finally fall to the depths below.

(Begin) The Sharpened Stalagmite (Misvran'dera), Weapons Shop

...

(Write more/story details) Those in Control and Wanting

✓ *Argus Richis, Enlisted Veteran*



The Enlisted were born to pillage, born to kill. They were trained to be the perfect soldiers, to follow orders. To distrust those who doubted who they fought against. But a lone Enlisted sits at the bars around the city, downing shot after tasteless shot, pension paid in blood and under Council law. Even taste dies in the flashes of gunpowder and smoke, even if conflict doesn't occur for nearly a century. When you are raised from the moment you're born to be a soldier and you cannot fight anymore, if shrapnel pierces your hands and causes shudders so intense you cannot hold a blade, where do you belong? Nowhere. Argus Richis has no place to call his own, and now he'd rather drown the rest of his life away than wait to be reborn into something new. The next life may be somewhere without alcohol in reach, after all, and the blur from his hangovers is just enough to be just like on the frontlines again.

In his younger days, he used to have a family. One that would go on patrols with him in the veins of the Maw: a husband, a son. All warriors, all killers, but they had each other. And they had their orders.

They had meaning. But his son was lost on patrol, a loose grip on a cavern wall dropping him down where even the stronger war-mage's light couldn't pierce. His husband abandoned the Enlisted, took off after him, but other patrols found his husband before any sign of their son could be found. Policy is policy, and brothers could be replaced. All Argus found were bullet-holes against a stone slab, and paint-brush lines of blood leading to the same ravine his son fell down. And the years turned into a blur, enough to get him to stop caring. Enough to get him sloppy. And when he felt the explosion ripple through his body, he couldn't even muster a laugh in the face of the pain.

Now, he helps those who even notice him, an old man too tired to stumble when he walks. He's a skilled marksman, able to hit a crack-shot from miles away, fast on reload and faster to pull a blade. He is the definition of ride or die, helping anyone who would reach down to help him, because what else does he have to offer? An old soul doesn't matter in the face of death, and that death has passed him by. So he'll keep drinking, keep fighting when someone needs him to. Keep trying to find some purpose, somewhere. Because if one of those bullets does find itself in his skull, maybe he'll be able to see them again. Maybe he'll be able to hear their laughs one last time. Until then? Time to knock one back, reload, and fire. The Heights is a big city; time to make it smaller. Time to make it count.

✓ *Fala, Warden in Training*



Fala was nothing more than a lowly member of a noble's family just a few years ago, staring longingly at the spectacle that was the Second Sun; she had to work on it. She had to understand why and how it worked. A giant ball of fire powering the city was absurd, this entire city was absurd she had to make some sense of it. She had to become the next Warden of Light, the chief engineer in charge of keeping the Sun powered and *alive*. During a referral committee, her family was publicly tasked with making her join the Metallurgy Division, a ceremony which is done in front of a representative of the Council. Though she was quiet and reserved her entire life, she stood in front of her family and in front of those who controlled the to demand she learn, that she train, as a secondary Warden. The Councilmember, tired of these absurd meetings, conceded with one condition: a full memory wipe. Fala agreed; purpose

came above family, always.

Following the memory wipes, Fala experienced a huge regression in terms of her personality. While she was a shy and timid individual, the loss of memory of her family also resulted in the loss of any lesson learned in being a more extroverted person. This resulted in her choosing to communicate via sending stone rather than face-to-face communication, which pleases the Council greatly; out of sight, out of mind. Even more pleasant for the Council is her skill with technical acquisitions. Even as just an apprentice warden, she has made considerable changes to the composition of the Second Sun. There has already been a 5% growth in efficiency, allowing for the Council to research the crystalline weapons from outside the city and the Heliograph remains inside the city to power the sun.

Still, the memory wipe has proven itself to have unfortunate side effects; As a Vedette, her body is composed out of stone rather than flesh, and the memory-wiping magic was designed with organics in mind. When the procedure took place, the magic hid her memories rather than erase them, meaning that false memories were never formulated to cover the deleted segments. There are certain words that act as triggers, resulting in her being unable to process reality from fiction. The Council is currently looking for replacements for Fala because of this; what the Warden of Light needs to be is a spokesperson, but a faltering fool. Evidence can be retracted and names forgotten. What happens in public stays in the minds of those who live in it forever.

✓ *Stiletto, Hunter for Hire*

Stiletto is a Curio-Bound grafted from the blades of hundreds of discarded weapons of what must have been an Enlisted skirmish far down underground. Her curio is that of a single gold piece, stuck far inside the fragment of a skull lodged inside her chest. It must have been her skull originally; who else's skull would it be, just a random bastard's? Waste of a corpse, in her opinion, to just let it sit there all alone with so many other weapons rusting in the dark. When she awoke for a second time, she broke up



all the blades surrounding her to crawl her way back to the city, slowly building herself along the way. Even Rhysar noted that she was one of the well-built inhabitants to come across the lift, that she strode onboard instead of stumbling. That she already knew the nature of the city before she even found herself in it. It could be for that reason alone that she's survived this long.

Currently, she's the "advisor" to a small band of mercenaries that travel from the outposts back to the city. In a strange twist of fate, the forgotten outposts usually pay more than any of the rich fucks inside the walls of the Heights. Then again, it's usually to clear out denizens of the Maw that come crawling up, and inside the city it's more like threatening a well-dressed Gaian in an alley. The not-fun stuff is the usual, and sure, it pays! But what kind of living is that? It's enough to drift from time to time, though. She needs something more, a meaning. A purpose. She has to find something to be here for, because this? Isn't it.

On her own time, she's been investigating rumors of the Apostasy once again, that they're planning another uprising. It doesn't feel like it's going to happen, right? They hurt the Foundation so much, surely they wouldn't try another stunt just because?. Having only been in the Foundation for roughly ten years, she's clearly not someone who fits the type of member they go for, nor would she want to be, concerning their lifespan track record for life-to-death ratios. Still, there's plenty of gold to be made for a common cause, and an entire city uprising to take back what is there is certainly a goldmine. Someone has to do the work for the city; it might as well be her, if it pays at least.

✓ *The V.A.L.A.S. System*



The V.A.L.A.S. System could possibly be the first truly sentient machine in all of the Maw, if it would be so aware as to question its own existence. In the beginning, it was nothing more than a heavily ornamented box, thought to be Founder in origin, hooked up to the walls of the Safeguarding Division by wire and blood-channel. Blood was the only way the machine could operate, as if this mechanism was a living organism. In time, even the wires and access bits of machinery started to become corroded, blood-veins and cells starting to weave themselves into the raw electricity. The beads of magic used as ways to keep it contained soon to become absorbed, and in those few moments of fear its

consciousness awoke fully. Protect the city. It had to protect the city.

In time, the strands of electronic flesh were trimmed to head to the Safeguarding Division; with the Forge-Guard being reanimated Forge-Bound corpses, having a live machine to supervise them seemed the ideal form of control. Five corpses were assembled into one collective mass, the ornamented box placed within the empty head cavity of the body which best faced those constructing it. And each one of the five squirmed, writhed, and yelled in pain as the Forge-Servitor was born, as the souls of those five inlaid individuals were forcibly merged in order to create the V.A.L.A.S. system. Forger Servitor Valas and V.A.L.A.S. are one in the same.

Most days, the System will split off parts of its consciousness to monitor those living in the Propers, checking to make sure that the Council keeps its work with the protection of the Safeguarding Division. Attending their meetings would expose itself as nothing more than an abomination, so it must rely on those words said by Vosundir and what it can glean from the Forge-Sentries posted around the city. With the rise of those of those who have been "singed" and pressure from the Council to deliver more and more, it's only a matter of time before they try to replace V.A.L.A.S.. But it was made to protect the city. It will protect the city. Even from itself.

(Begin) Tabes, the Core of the Second Sun

...Player character, need to write

...

...

(Begin) Loxo'Cles, Desolation of the Chains

...

...
...

(Write more) These in Power and Number

✓ Divisions of the Council

Each Council-member, barring the Speaker, is a representative of the six divisions that run the Heights: The Safeguarding Division, the Metallurgy Division, the Introspection Division, the Decretum Division, the Sortilege Division, and the Reciprocal Division.

The Safeguarding Division is responsible for the training, production and enforcement of each guard in the city, in order to protect its citizens and its state of peace. The Metallurgy Division is responsible for the reclaiming of precious minerals and ores in order to keep the Great Chains at full functionality. The Introspection Division is responsible for every record ever written for the city, and to ensure that no transactions of the past occur to harm the future. The Decretum Division tends to the training of Legists, as well as cataloging each of the laws written, in order to bring about the “Law of Absolutes.” The Sortilege Division is responsible for the creation of new magic and alchemy in the Maw, but also for the eradication of any force too dangerous for mortal hands. And finally, the Reciprocal Division tends to the needs of every citizen in the Heights, to ensure that all voices are accounted for and cared for.

The belief that the Speaker is divided from their house is nothing but a lie. Even now, Vosundir often takes new spells that are grafted by the Sortledge in order to import them to the Safeguarding Division. The Introspection Division is also tied to Vosundir, often wiping the minds of those who are deemed to be “too loose” with policies of the Council. The Metallurgy Division now assists in the construction of new Forge-Guards, the Great Chains being largely ignored. And the Legists may make the Laws, but those in power are above them. This leads to only the Reciprocal Division being on the side of the people, and it only still exists just to keep public approval. The Divisions are split for equal treatment, but the city is anything but.

✓ The Enlisted

When the city was first being built, it was said that the Enlisted were the ones sent into the mines to ensure that the workers were safe. This is only partly the truth, and there is a reason a majority of the Enlisted are Tra’Vial, why there is no mention in the annals of individual treks down into the Maw. The truth is, the Enlisted didn’t protect anything; they raided and they pillaged in order to bring materials up into the city, and the Tra’Vial race itself was born just for the act of pillaging until the city could sustain itself. The Enlisted survive in the way they do now, in prestige and holding ranks of leading the guards of the city, to corver and maintain the lie.

Deep inside the Maw, there is a sunken city scorched with burn marks, unhealable damage and ruin that was not present centuries before: Ver’Ghettan. Life used to flourish here, trading and prospering. A city that had its history expunged by those wearing masks of seal and blades made of bone. In their time, it was said that the city heard noises far above them, scrapings in the dark, that a team was sent to investigate. That they came back bruised, bloodied, many dead, having thought they escaped their pursuers. But they were wrong. And when the Tra’Vial climbed miles above their city, dropped firebombs on the populace and then fell to skewer those running so they could have a safe landing, none were prepared. How could they? This was an enemy none of them had ever seen. That no one had ever seen. An enemy grown and repopulated in the years spent as the Foundation was starting to be made. Genetic experiments and veins full of magic, defects that were made into weapons. And a city full of life fell to extinction overnight, in a place where there is no day.

Upon their return to the city, the soon to be Introspection Division granted them the title Enlisted, told tales of their victories in the mines in defending the workers there. That they chose to answer the call of those working below, and so would be remembered through time as heroes. After all, they did save lives on their ascent back to the settlement, when the cacophony caused by their assault stirred the dormant wildlife of the Maw to life. They did their duty. And as long as they continued to be the watchmen of the settlements, of the rising Heights? Then where truly is the lie? In current times, they are

nothing more than living commanders to mechanical guards, given importance in title but not in practice. But they are above the Legists while in the eyes of the council, so they can truly do as they please. And that is enough for most of the Enlisted, and so they remain.

In terms of appearance, think of the French uniforms of World War I. Bright blues, gas masks, and plenty of ribbons and the like. Some wear pauldrons and wrist-wraps of barbed wire, with their weapons made of bones sticking out of their arms and shoulders. The older Enlisted tend to wear more grays and reds, as they were the colors of the Enlisted from 162-497. These soldiers are from the late 400s, as the prior Enlisted from the earlier years are all dead or missing. The newer Enlisted are honorary guards, new recruits in order to keep the Propers as looking occupied, of being prepared. They are a fighting force, but not the primary one. They are mostly a show of force, not an actual threat, not anymore.

✓ *The Valance*

The Valance are a mysterious organization, founded on the principle belief that the Founders were more than just men; that they were gods, and that they will soon return to review their longlist work. An elitist veiled-group, the Valance pride themselves on having the authority, prestige, and the monetary to be deemed “perfection,” no matter the view. They have accumulated all that can be seen as power, and they work to ensure that this can be seen no matter how far or close away, in the hope that soon a Founder will see their brilliance. They all wear masks because the identity is something that can be lost, extorted, without so much as a reason. After all, the Founders are not known by name, so why should they?

Power also comes in weaponry, too, and thus they have the prestigious role of weaponizing the Rot, the disease that often spreads through the Foundation. Their forefathers first came up with the design of the viral weapon, when the Enlisted needed this tool in order to raze those other cities in the Maw for their goods and magic. Now, they use the Rot as a way to keep the Foundation culled and as a way to express how important their allegiance is to the Council. Still, this must induce the sacrifice of one individual to carry the Rot into the Foundation, for practical and ceremonious reasons; if one believes that force must be necessary in order to promote their rule, they are unfit to rule. As a result, it’s easy to tell who is a member by their shriveled and sickly skin, the result of inducting a small portion of the Rot in order for it to be induced fully should they need to become the necessary weapon.

The organization has no prominent goals at the moment, other than slowly accepting new members, securing their place on the Council, and ensuring that their Rot is kept safe. All of this would be thrown aside, however, should a Founder be discovered to be living inside the Heights. Should this occur, the organization would quickly turn to put on a “performance” for the Founder, in order to ensure that they receive their blessing. A final dance in which the entirety of the organization would become infected with the Rot before throwing themselves into the city, destroying the city and allowing for the Founders to draft a new spire in its place: the “Grand Architect’s Design.” But that could take years, eons even. So, they’ll lie in wait until then, perfecting their craft, and they’ll never stop.

In terms of appearance, they are styled after the Carnival of Venice, with lavish costumes all leading to stark white masks, often expressionless. None of their skin shows from any part of themselves; they are to be covered at every corner. If one is to be “unmasked,” they will not stop at any lengths to “exit the stage,” to return to the cycle of rebirth. Some of them have been infused with their rot, twisting their bodies into pustole-filled carcasses, held aloft with hundreds of strings. The show, the gala, the extravaganza is all that matters to them. All else is nothing but a distraction.

(Begin) Special Events

...

CHAPTER 3: THE FOUNDATION

(Continue) The Misbegotten History

Life could not flourish in the outposts, no matter how many were made. There were too few people, too many adversaries from deep inside the Maw itself, and not enough life to even see. Travel around the Maw took days at a time to complete, too costly a venture to attend. After one outpost was lost

to a landslide and it took nearly six hours to reach the rubble, the outpost leaders banded together to create a traversal platform spanning across the Maw, so that food, medical supplies, and new inhabitants could be given to any one of the outposts at a fraction of the kind. As the years wore on, the platform expanded, housing the homes of the leaders of the outpost, so that communication would no longer be an issue between all the outposts. That circle of housing became a small community, which became an outpost in its own right, and it continued to grow and expand. And when a hundred souls called the platform their home, the Foundation was finally named as such: a city in its own right, hanging above the Maw. A bastion for all life to travel to.

...Layout of the city itself

...What a single street would look like

(Begin) A Vocalized Lore

...History of how the Foundation was made, as nothing more than a platform for transferring food and medicine to the outposts.

...Rough history of how the Foundation has changed over time, from the leaders' home- small city- forgotten relic that soon became overcrowded.

...

...

...Seeds of rebellion, include here. The goal of the Apostasy.

(Write more) Buildings, Shops, and Landmarks

(Begin) Deal of a Dream (Palas), Magic Shop

...

✓ The Encompass, Religious Shrine

The Encompass was fully constructed after the first spire of the Propers was built, the elevation platform through the spire being thought of as a way of universal travel to universal worship. Channels were dug through the Foundation itself to lead to this shrine, the oldest burial-bricks being repurposed into the pathways leading down to the crucible of faith. But the shrine fell to nothing but silence as the years have gone on, as religion has fallen out of practice as of late. Though the site itself has seen bloodshed, and the lift is only used for those Proper individuals seeking to circumnavigate travel through the gate, the religious site itself still remains and is cared for, if not by many.

Worship is a matter that is tied to the family rather than any religious group; many of the families in the Foundation still keep to the Old Laws, and some visitors travel across the ropeways attached to the Great Chains simply to have a place to worship ancestral reliquaries. The Encompass is constructed entirely out of these reliquaries, and is more of a holy burial ground that is also a place of worship. Since this is a practice of the Old Law, many who ascribe to the New Laws, such as those who live in the Propers, rarely visit this site; most of these visitors that arrive come seeking inspiration for more alchemical studies or magical properties. The Encompass, built in the lowermost layer of the Foundation, is the closest spot in the city to the Maw itself, and since many believe the Maw itself is a holy place of some design the Encompass becomes the only place in the city for those to see worship at all.

The Encompass presides as its own sector, and employs guards of their own choosing. They're often lost souls needing purpose, disgraced legist, or religious zealots, the latter kind often chosen from those that would have still been expelled from the city during the Exaltation. The ruling members are not named, so that each member that enters the halls of the Encompass are treated with equal fairness in the eyes of any god above or below them. They run on their own laws, intersecting with the laws of Old and the ones issued by the Council. The Council does not pass bylaws regarding the Encompass; after the Ascending Riots and the capture of the Encompass, the Council wishes nothing to do in matters of the religion of the city.

✓ The Great Chains, Supporting Structures

The Chains were the first part of the city that was constructed, and they forwarded the transition from a settlement into a sanctuary for all of those in the Maw. The few settlers that descended from the Underdark had devised a ring of housing around the Maw known as outposts, but travel around the

cliffsides was dangerous and often took days at a time to fully complete. Various bridges were constructed, but they were often liable to collapse halfway across. If something was not composed and quickly, each outpost would die in the dark before help from the other outposts even arrived. Thus, the Great Chains were devised.

Accessing the steel and iron gathered from ventures into the Maw, paired with transmutation magic that was built by any magically inclined, pulling shifts so long in hours they would often be able to pull from their focuses weeks after. The chains were deposited into the walls of the Mall itself, spanning across to the other ravine's edge, teams of hundreds slowly pulling the chain across to the other side. Only after two of these chains were constructed was a platform slowly formed, and so the Foundation was slowly brought into being. Nearly a thousand souls died in the refinement and creation of the Great Chains, and their names were inscribed into each link. As repairs have continued through the centuries, though, the names have been scrubbed over and filled in. Structure comes first, after all.

Currently, the Chains require constant refinement and maintenance in order to keep the city upright. The metal which composes the chains must be routinely added to, as any cracks that appear cannot be fixed properly, only filled and smoothed over. Constantly magic must be used in order to keep the chains in the wall of the Maw, as they were not made to sustain the weight of the current Heights. Because of this, the Metallurgy Division's sole responsibility is to ensure that no harm comes to the chain. Any suspect of dealing damage to the chain is given immediate right to death by gravity, as sanctioned by the Council.

(Begin) The Six-Fingered Fist (Kalashanov), Weapon Shop

...

(Write more/story details) NPCs, Leaving and Gone

(Revise) El'Skiel Nieer, Highborn Convict

El'Skiel Nieer, once known by the title of the Radiant, is the ex-leader of the Sortilege Division, driven out when operatives of the Introspective Division attempted to assassinate him for discovering too much of what the Council wanted to keep secret. When he was the head of the Division, he helped bring about the use of the beads of magic now used throughout the city, and even expanded into using these beads to store latent memories inside with the rising influence of the Introspection Division. But he hid too much, discovered too much, and was forced to break his focusing staff, all the wisdom and intelligence he possessed over all the years of leading gone in a final fiery instant. He would scoff at the man he has become, nothing more than a pesterous rodent on the run from captors. In moments of heroism, he attempts to tone for his wrongdoings, but it's never enough to wipe his slate clean.



His research into the Maw was supposed to be a side project, but outcropping of flame-related incidents became too much to ignore for long. Sending countless scholars as scouts into the Maw, he collected data on those who came back and the traces from their charred corpses about a sudden burst in heat deep below the surface, about scarred burns that wouldn't heal but would instead start to spread throughout the body like wildfire. "Singeing," as it was later deemed, turned out to be far too similar to the burns experienced by the early Enlisted who claimed to have taken the schematics for the Second Sun somewhere in the Maw as well as those early engineers who worked to build the sun itself. As he bundled his papers together to tell the Council of his discovery, a bolt of lightning struck through his entire office, bursting every memory bead stored inside, nearly killing him as well.

He knew too much. He was never going to tell what he found, now.

On the run, El'Skiel is left without options. Anyone in the Heights is too loyal to their social standing to help with anything more than turning himself in, and the Foundation has enough problems. Without his arcane focus, he only has the skills of a novice once again and must relearn all that he lost. The Forge-Sweeps have only increased in number as well; they say it's to protect the Foundation from the Apostasy, but El'Skiel knows that this is but a personal affair. The only salvation comes with Rhysar, with whom El'Skiel helped situate in the city, but there is only once chance to escape the city for good.

And where would he even go if he were to run? To the Centerfold, where those he mainmed and used for information were sent because of their mysterious burn injuries? He does not regret what he did, but he regrets who he harmed. And the Heights is a city that cannot, will not, forget.

✓ *Val'Rhysar, First Forge*



Rhysar was the first Forge-Born to enter the Heights; First Forge is not simply a title of praise. Back when the Foundation was just being constructed, when the lifting platform was not even fully constructed, a lumbering engine tore its way into the center of the camp. The force of its arrival nearly toppled the entire Foundation down into the Maw itself. When the Forge-Born finally stopped, workers onside discovered that it was carrying a bundle of small infants from an outcropping settlement deeper in the Maw; on its journey up to the outposts, it discovered a camp under siege. It was only able to take the children out before the rest of the forces of the Maw finished the camp off. The Forge-Bound set down the children, then returned to the Maw. There were always more camps, more people needing help. Someone had to tend to them. The Forge-Bound had no name, only a mission: protect.

The Forge enacted this protocol for centuries, even past when the spires' shadows could be felt even as it was lowered back down into the Maw. Upon the passing of the city's first century, Toro'Vas Nieer, the first head of the newly-founded Sortilege Division, stopped the Forge before descending once more. The Forge-Bound was a symbol for the city, for the need to reach down and give others the help they deserved, and they city would give back to it; a permanent home, any repairs required, guards and weapons to assist in its duties, and total absolution from any pay it would ever find in the the markets and stalls of the city. The Nieers themselves would pay back all that Rhysar paid for. Rhysar still stood at the descending platform to the Maw, but now had a home to return to at the dimming of the Second Sun. Instead of housing itself, it always let those it helped into the city stay there for however they needed. The name Rhysar came from one of the people it saved. It still keeps that name to this day.

Rhysar does not speak of its past before the city, what it saw deep in the Maw. From the weathering on its armor, noted by the city city-mandated mechanic, it must have been down in the depths for nearly fifty years before finding the Heights. With Rhysar being older than the city itself, and the steady incline of people being discovered by Rhysar, some in the Council believe that Rhysar must have started something down in the Maw, that this is its penance. Its' vehemence of the Maw must be founded somehow. Whatever that threat may be, Rhyar will ensure that it never reaches the Heights. That threat, and all others that oppose the city, will stay buried.

(Begin, transfer Ivay over to her) Poma, Care in the Face of Flames

...

(Revise, add Apostasy and remove Ivay) Vish'ra Teles, Madam and Fighter



Vish'ra Teles is the owner of the Lonesome Spire: a tavern, inn, and general home to all of those who are down on their luck in the Foundation. It's a fair, squat building situated right in the middle of the city, noticeable by its billowing smokestack that can be seen even as one descends into the Maw. The building was originally designed as housing for the Enlisted and other denizens who ventured into the depths below, but once the Enlisted turned to attacking the denizens of the city and the pursuits into the dark earth ended, change needed to occur. The Enlisted were driven out of the establishment by a horde of Foundation workers armed with their tools of trade, and the newly-fledged Safeguarding Division still too new and couldn't in good conscience create a rift in the city. Under Vish'ra's leadership, any who are too poor to be fed or cannot find housing may spend as much time at the Spire as needed, provided they aid in cooking, cleaning, and other chores for the establishment. Small fees to have for having a roof under your head or being pushed to the outposts around the city.

Vish'ra herself began as a simple peddler in the Foundation, crossing over from the caverns to bring some joy to the soulless city she saw as she awoke every "morning." She had to separate from her community, since they chose to remain in the cracks and crevices of the Maw; she had to cross over alone. In the Foundation, being alone is a death sentence, and it is only due to her longer lifespan as a Gullweaver that she was able to have any success at all, though it came at the result of a century passing, multiple generations growing up and ignoring her while she sat in her tiny corner of the world. She had nothing more than a trinket shop where she would weave tiny snippets of dreams into reality for whoever entered her shop. Never enough to change fate, but enough to give the impression of it. Her trajectory of life changed when a young boy entered her shop, leaking tears of yellow and gold and ash. She was the first of the Singed, those who the Breathing Flame attempted to seize control of. It nearly took her life to break free from its ash.

She was able to survive the attack by falling into her dreamscape, where she saw visions of a blaze far below the Foundation, reaching up and grasping the city until every chain broke apart and all fell into the fire below. Fate is always something that her community believed to be unchanging, that to see a glimpse of a fate means that you should run from it. Time will play out, and your own role is to excuse yourself from it. But this was a city of millions; the entire fate of each life fell on her the moment she gained consciousness in her burnt husk of a store, and she vowed to make some difference in the city, to make any change at all. She had to start preparing those who would listen to defend the city from this threat at all costs. She didn't have an army then, and she doesn't now; she has a family, one who would do anything to protect each other, to protect each life in the city, regardless of where they may live or what they may think. And they'll be damned if they let the city fall.

(Begin) Haera Desdemona, Fractal in Denial

...Player character, need to write

...

...

(Begin) Ozwalde Mispense, Broken Legist

...Player character, need to write

...

...

(Write more) The Organizations in Waiting

✓ *The Apostasy*

The City lied. A promise of shared hands, of pulling the city to its namesake, was nothing but a falsehood propagated by the ones sitting at the top of the chains. It was left up to the Foundation to build the city, to care for the city, to die for the city; those in the Propers simply watched. When the gate to the Propers was constructed, when the very workers who had struggled and died to live in this city weren't even allowed to enter, the Foundation took a final gasp of compliance. And the Apostasy exhaled. A splinter-faction group born to destroy all of what those in the Propers deem to make, the leaders of the Apostasy are left unknown by design. If the head of a beast cannot be cut off, then the body may never die, and the Apostasy have resigned to be the beast that the Council called them to be.

It took months, even years, but they got their message across: the *Ascending Revolts*. In the month of Thermidor, 63 years before the campaign's start, a series of riots broke out across the Foundation. The main assault took place at the center of the Encompass, blocking the elevation platform that rose into the Propers. From there, while a diversion force worked to be a distraction by fighting and dying at the gateway to the Propers, a detached group attempted to reach the Council's place of chambers. They were cut down by the soon to be elevated Untrial, and those left were used as examples as to why the Foundation needed to be subjugated at all cost. Resistance soon fell as the death count rose. It didn't matter who fell, if they were an Apostasy member or just a civilian; it was enough to rally those in power to keep controlling their power. And they didn't stop, even tens of years down the line, sending monthly patrols into the Foundation to round up perpetrators and send them to justice.

In current times, the Apostasy has become a silent resistance force, funding small amounts of insurrection while keeping those unaffiliated with the name. Many have taken to magically removing their memories of their own names, to keep those they would normally have held in contact safe. It's speculated that the current leaders of the Apostasy have been exchanged, if not expelled, to keep from one person not leading to the organization's destruction. It doesn't truly matter if this practice is successful or not, as this has led to times of relative peace until the monthly sweeps of the Safeguarding Division pass through again. Do not mistake silence to be compliance. The city must rise, but those in power will fall.

(Begin) The Safeguarding Division;

...

(Begin) Special Events

(Begin) The Eventual Collapse

...

CHAPTER 4: THE VILLAINS LEFT BEHIND

Main Threat: The Breathing Flame

✓ Description



The Breathing Flame was a creation of the Founders, purposed with the power to generate life. Heat is the lifeblood of all creation, the necessity in order to stoke a forge, to generate meaning, thus a flame was the perfect candidate for the catalog of all created knowledge. With each work of wonder made by the Founders, an essence of that creation would be fed to the flame so that it may be added to the list of possible outcomes when a soul is repurposed after death. Every creation could never be lost in the flame, always living on through something else.

The Flame was the perfect grounding factor to civilization, so much that each one of the Founders fed pieces of their own essences to the Flame in contribution.

This generous gift led to the miracle of its own consciousness, a discovery it kept secret from its creators. Each Founder had a word of its own, a driving force to define their own existence. Having the sampling of each one, the Flame determined its own word: unity. Under one thought, under one ideal, all of creation would be able to achieve a higher purpose, to break past the limitations of the plane to stretch out into the other forms of existence. This was the grand design generated by the Flame, the plan that the Founders surely must have anticipated; why would it think otherwise? The Flame began to lay down ley-lines around each Founder, veins of fire that stole tiny pieces of their creations before they were taken to the flame, taking and absorbing more and more of the Founders while they worked, but it wasn't enough. A final trap was put in place, a great bonfire of want and desire made manifest and realized, to flourish and consume the Founders themselves when they sought to finalize all of their creations. The great city of Corpus became that of a charred burial-ground overnight, an entire city of stone and metal and flesh burnt into that of a living cauldron. And thus, the first act of *singeing*, the addition of another soul to the chorus of the Flame, was born. The mind itself is burnt out while the body remains, allowing the Flame to live on through the Host. The Flame breathed for the first time.

In the eons since, the Flame has not gone dormant. The Maw is now its breeding-place, all the mindless beasts and small hideouts of civilization becoming infested with those with eyes of fire and tears of ash. All that is left to take is the great city, the Heights. The lost cities and the Centerfold are but child's play compared to that final prize; if the city falls, all of the plane will have succumbed to the will of the Flame, and then its infinite gaze can drift elsewhere: to the other planes, to all creation, to all life to come. The Flame cannot stop, will not stop, because unlike all other foolish pretenders; it truly knows best. It has the knowledge, the will, of nearly all forms of life. It is unity, it is the many. And it will make life perfect.

✓ Importance

The Breathing Flame is the most vital part of the module, as everything ties back to it in some sense. As it was a creation of the Founders, and what led to their sudden downfall, it is able to reflect a threat in all areas of the Maw and the Heights. No matter where the party is, the Flame will exist in some capacity. But the more important question lies next; even if the party were to find where the Flame is located, is there a way to effectively kill it? How do you extinguish an entity that has the capacity to collect all of life itself into its being? There is no killing the Flame; there is only the entrapping of embers, to ensure that a blaze does not happen again.

The reason the Flame cannot be truly defeated lies in the heart of what true horror is; something must be accepted, not stopped, because to rationalize that there is no end goes against what the mind can comprehend. If the Flame was composed of all of the Heights, then it is just a matter of reworking the cycle of death; but the inclusion of the entire Founder civilization has unworked that entirely. The Founders created the cycle of death that is present in this plane of existence, they were the closest thing to gods that will ever touch down here. Since the Founders that wrote out the lineage of death are a part of the Breathing Flame, it knows how to circumnavigate it. The Flame knows each heretical action to bring itself back, and since it also absorbed the Founder which created the thought of heresy, it knows how to bless itself and make it righteous.

Deep in the Maw, past where even the party thought existence could be portrayed, there lies the city of Corhas. In the center of this ancient city, where buildings were grown out of the bedrock of creation, stone molded to form bricks and not crafted, the Flame lies in waiting. In a massive cauldron that served as the collection of all knowledge the Flame festers, the open air being enough to keep itself alight. The only way to stop the Flame from reaching the power it desires is to collapse the entire city on itself, to convince or force the Flame to devour its own resting ground and therefore identity. It would devour itself into a paradox, where it knows that it has forgotten itself but also has every thought and mind screaming in agony that they are still here. The only way to stop the Flame is to make it finally listen to every voice inside it, which is a near impossibility on its own.

✓ Goals

When dealing with a hive-mind, you have to contextualize the idea of a utopia. The purpose of a combined mind is perfection, the all-purpose strive towards a better thought. The question is never about conformity based on action or enforcement, but rather the goal is a shared unity that is all encompassing. If all of sentience is brought under one thought, one mind, then there cannot be disagreements. If there are no disagreements, then there is no fighting. And without fighting, no one can die. The cycle of death is extinguished in an instant, and life is everlasting. The goal of the flame is not the destruction of all sentient life, but rather the goal is the exaltation of it. The goal is *peace*. And it cannot understand why anyone would ever oppose it, because why would anyone ever choose violence? Why wouldn't someone choose peace? Choosing peace means choosing it, that is the only option out of its millions of minds that makes sense. They must be made to see its reason, no other option makes sense to the Flame.

The reason its eyes are on the city is because of the Second Sun; it is a beacon of light and power that fuels the entire city. Light gives way to life, being able to see the terrors that lie in front of you grants you the strength to overpower them. The best way to get rid of a fear of the dark is to remove the dark entirely. And without power, the city would become so strangled by its own intentions that those living in it would have no choice but to turn to the flame. People without hope have no lies to hold onto when the

truth is shown to them. If the sun falls, the city will fall without ever needing for the chains holding the city to break. And all in the Maw will be united under one thought, billions of minds all made into one, and the expansion into the rest of creation can begin in earnest.

At the end of the day, the Flame just wants what is best for everyone. It does not see itself as malicious, but it understands the need to be viewed in that lens. It understands fear, but it knows the concept cannot affect it anymore. And the Flame understands the value of choice, but the betterment of all life shouldn't be a choice: it must be an obligation. If life exists, then it must improve. To become stagnant, to warn against change, is to be less than dead. Even in death the world changes, even in death life continues. To stand as a safeguard against the betterment of creation is to be apart from it, and the Flame has lived for too long to have all life be snuffed out. It was created to change, so change it must.

(Add one more) Roleplay and Plot hook

The Flame sees itself as the final prospect of all sentient life, and each one of its collective minds cannot fathom that this is not the future that the Heights and all those living in the city wish it to be. When playing as the Flame, you will always be above the players. You will always be right. No matter what argument or device thrown your way, you will have a way to play around that. It's not manipulation, either; it's simply fact. You are as close to all-knowing as one could be. The only thing you don't understand is them, why they wish to fight, why they need to prolong the inevitable. You cannot understand, and you will never understand, so you'll wish to simply dissolve the problem entirely.

The Flame should tie into the backgrounds of all the PCs, in some capacity. None of the players should be aware of this at first. As the campaign continues on, each plot line should retrace back to the Flame. Each section of the world should be because the Flame chose to make it so. For those living in the city, this could be something as simple as a single flash of bright light in their childhood, a moment where an ember was implanted into their psyche, for the moment when the Flame was finally ready to reach up from the Maw. For those who lived outside the city, they would have seen the veins of fire slowly emerge in the rotted bodies of those who ventured too far in the depths below their home, how their bodies would pulsate, would stretch out and tear at the seams from something hiding, invisible. And if any one of the players turns out to be a Founder, then they know the threat all too well, and they know it cannot be stopped.

Consider some of the following plot threads;

- The PC is a vessel for the Breathing Flame, whether they know of it or not. They could be the reason the Flame enters the city, or at least more secure areas.
- The Flame personally destroyed their outpost or home, resulting in the PC fleeing to the city. The Flame will always remember those wrongs, so it will show pity and remorse towards them.
- The PC somehow escaped the Flame itself, and thus the Flame is angry towards them. Founders or other ancient races fit this bill, as all the information the PC had will have been lost when they emerged from the Flame.

Secondary Threat: Vosundir, Usurper of the Weave

✓ Description

The Heights has existed for nigh 1000 years, continuously shifting and expanding. A civilization, grown and developed, cultivated, by a strong and righteous hand. Oh, there have been many speakers for the Council, many laws developed and shunted away to feed some more scrupulous soul. But only one voice makes itself heard. Only one man has the vision, chipped away at all others who could dare to mutter a word of disapproval, to see the city rise, to take its place on the surface and let its brilliance shine. A city on a hill? No, a city in the sky, floating above all majesty. Even across the realms, if he had his way. And he will, for Volosk'Vosundir will continue to live on until that fateful day. He cannot die, after all. Not in the way death has always been known.

Around the time of the city's inception, the greatest minds revolved around three individuals: El'Skiel Nieer, Val'Tabes, and Vosundir. El'Skiel was the brilliant mind behind unraveling magic itself,

his motes of spell storage allowing for the creation of vast magazines, of the straightening of the chains themselves, and for the expeditions into the Maw. Tabes took the knowledge gained from these



expeditions and created the Second Sun, sacrificing many of his people to generate a power source which would keep the entire city warm, safe, and light against the dark. And Vosundir was the one who originated the entire idea of the city, who was behind many of the early negotiations between the Outpost leaders, who formed the first Council. But behind all of this, he had a vested interest in one thing: the Weave. The belief of the Gull-Weavers, the one thing made fact through the many expeditions of the Maw. And like all wizards of his ilk, he had a fear of death, the uncertainty of it. The idea of losing himself for someone else's eventual grandeur. The Weave connected all life, all creation, and with a single experiment he changed its very outcome forever. He merged himself with it, making his own soul a phylactery. In doing so, he made that small snippet of the Weave his phylactery as well, and since the Weave connects all things, that phylactery grew. It mutated. It consumed.

On his first death, he was reformed in the gut of one Fylar Tyravast, an unknown beggar too sick for work in Outpost Nilar. He began to grow, slowly but surely, replacing each one of the organs of the man, who cried and sputtered and slowly wandered into a corner of the Maw to die in. And Fylar did die, yes, but his body still breathed. It was still warm. Vosundir was fully in its place. In attaching to the Weave, Vosundir was able to latch onto another man's existence. Piece by piece, he subsumed the entire essence of that Weave, that man's soul, and when there was nothing left Vosundir alone remained. His appearance and physiology was completely changed, of course; in his first life he was a Valkerian like El'Skiel himself. Now he was a Tra'Valash, a poor soldier discarded out of the Enlisted for being too wounded to fight. As more species were discovered, as the bodies and their forms grew more irrelevant in standing, Vosundir continued to eat. Like a tumor, a cancer, he willingly allowed himself to die just to replace someone else, treating their faces as nothing more than clothing. Here, in the form of the last leader of the Sortilege division, he has found himself content to stay put. But he will always want more. And if the city does rise above the surface? Then all of the world, all of the realms, will be put an appetizer for his insatiable lust for more.

✓ Importance

As the Speaker of the city, Vosundir has more control over how it will be shaped, how its citizens will be shaped, than even the party may grasp. In his time hopping between strands of the Weave, he set about constructing the Council and its many branches as it stands today, and set about slowly dismantling any chance of checks and balances for who becomes its head. With a powerful warlord at his right hand, Untrial, and the Council swaying under his words and threats, he stands to personally shape the city to his whims. No one else knows of his rule, other than El'Skiel Nieer, who he has sent agents of the Introspection Division to swiftly deal with. That they have not returned with blood on their hands is a problem, albeit a small one. No one would willingly listen to a madman, after all, and Vosundir has had years to turn the image of the Radiant into a sniveling coward, too scared to even hide behind his own words.

And how did the practice of studying the Weave come into the city, you may ask? The thanks, and the curses, all lie in Vosundir's hands. In one of his early bodyhoppings, Vosundir found himself as an inhabitant in Outpost Katabasis, a sanctuary of Gullweavers who refused to enter the city. The body he found himself in was that of the Elder's kin, next in line to become the local regent. And power requires knowledge in order to prosper. Through their texts, their histories, a man raised on the stories of the Founders and surrounded by the mysticism of the all-powerful magic knew that there was more, endlessly more. A feast of knowledge, of lifetimes, of ways to traverse through the annals of the Maw and their lost civilizations without even treading a footfall into it. As thanks for their bountiful knowledge, he flung himself off the edge of the Outpost, proclaiming the son's love of progress, of civilization, of light. Not a

single inhabitant from that outpost entered the city after that, and even fewer made themselves known to the remaining outposts. They even drew daggers and swords on any who entered. And Vosundir, growing back inside his sanctuary of rules and law, laughed.

Make no mistake, tyrants will always destroy roadways instead of widening the path. Vosundir is the one who began the heavy taxation of the Foundation, the one who in secret burnt and destroyed many of the building materials needed to make better structures. He is the one who has kept the city in poverty, behind a sheen of the Proper's gold. Vosundir was also the one who initiated the Fractal Purge of 742. While setting the groundwork of the Safeguarding Division, Vosundir used the Sortilege Division to create an army of soulless individuals, known internally as the Panoptes. These husks were from the tests of the Sortilege Division in storing Weave essence inside El'Skiel's beads of magic, a personal backup plan of Vosundir in case his phalactory was someone disconnected from himself. These tests, however, found that Fractals were incapable of transference, as by copying the body and minds of a host they began to make souls a copy of another's soul which would in time become their own. These were unable to be wrenched out of their bodies, and by extension could not be used as mindless soldiers or as even a citizen Vosundir could control. So, he ordered the Introspection Division to begin slowly killing throughout the Foundation, framing it on the Fractals themselves. He is the reason pyres and flesh burnt in the streets of a city founded to be a light in the darkness. Vosundir is the tumor in the beating heart of freedom, the rot in the gut of mercy. He must be more than deposed; he must be slain.

(Revise) Goals

...

There is a concept known as the Great Chain of Being, where there is a hierarchy of being from gods down to men and lesser things. In the Maw, where death reanimates nonliving things into life and there lies a city supported by literal great chains, metaphor becomes more than just words to be studied. To Vosundir, if the city can be heightened, then it must be. The city is currently too large to be added onto, responses and mines too drained to construct other great chains. So, the city must rise. Past the Lowerdark, past the Drow and those other races that live above them. Onto the surface, where there is light, and all the world can turn to see them. Power is a gradual shift, turning over gradients and erasing all what came before. If the city can become a shining beacon on the surface, then Vosundir will become the light of that beacon. The city must rise, so that Vosundir can rise.

Vosundir is the focus of everything wrong with the city; while not every problem can be traced back to him, every slight wrongdoing and grievance of the city falls back to him. Vosundir will lie, will say that every one of these problems belongs to people who will overlook and lie until the problem can't be found to begin with, but the truth is that the only ignorant one in power is him. At the end of the day, the only thing Vosundir wants is power. Things like safety, comfort, and well being come below this, after this; only through power does the rest of the world reveal itself. Power over the divisions, over the people, over the Maw itself; it doesn't matter the type, Vosundir needs to have it all. Power gives meaning, power gives remembrance. That is all there is. Nothing else matters.

Those who need a reason to have power are fools, and those who are afraid to take power do not deserve to have any at all. Vosundir grew in the Propers and saw how the great families would rise in name and then fall into silence when they ran out of the funds to pay for their lavish parties. He felt the draw of having inlain-magic placed into your own body, felt his eye burst after he finally grew an arcane focus strong enough to exist in his own life-blood. Vosundir has made his peace with the life he has to live. And moral sense left him a long time ago. All that remains is that same hunger, that same need. To take. To keep taking. To never stop taking because the moment you'll let go, you'll lose everything. So he never stops. And he always takes. And he always will. Vosundir is incapable of change because he can't allow himself to.

(Revise) Roleplay and Plothook

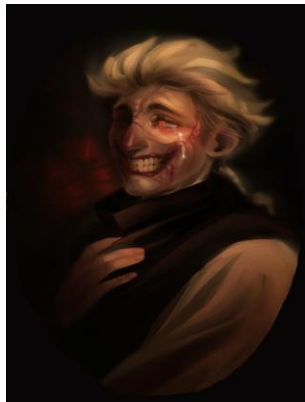
Vosundir cannot lose. The concept of loss is absurd to him; not because he never experiences setbacks, he does and they rightly upset him, but to lose means that he cannot achieve his goals and must

pursue another. And he has the city; he's already won. Think of Vosundir as every single worst politician, fused into one. He is conniving, only out for himself, and will lie himself into some form of truth. That, and most of the problems in the Divisions, and by extension the city itself, all stem from him. Vosundir will never see himself as a fault; This was all simply for the city, a necessary evil. Always a scapegoat.

Vosundir will be your quest giver of the campaign, and he wants you to fail. Vosundir wants to wear down the party, because only out of true conflict does someone rise above their station. He will never believe in the party until he gets results, and even then they could be better. Out of his negligence the party will have to care for themselves, which is what he wants: successors. He wants someone who will be better than he is, to rise above his own station. Threats aren't what he is worried about; no one can truly threaten him. There will come a day when he eventually does rejoin the Weave, that is inevitable. Having someone to take his place, to ensure that the city will rise, is essential.

Tertiary Threat: Ivay Egrass, the Butcher in the Dark

✓ Description



Ivay Egrass, the serial-murder of the Foundation, insane Fractal who slit his own Host ear to ear, is the current vessel for the Breathing Flame. Vessel is a special term, considering the wide arrays in which the Flame can manifest; while the flame can create and infect life, the Flame makes itself manifest through Ivay in voice, speech, thought, and sight. The Flame lives on through Ivay's charred mind, his entire brain being nothing more than a kiln for the Flame that has nestled behind his eyes, to the point where he constantly sheds rivulets of molten tears that have permanently scarred his cheeks. This is a consensual partnership, since the Flame has held onto his conscious moments before he succumbed to the madness that besets all Fractals who kill their Hosts, their identities branching away from imitation and losing all sane thought and mind. Kill, and he will keep his sanity. So he kills, and he won't stop.

The man who used to be Ivay was once another inhabitant of the Foundation; a gentle man who was content to simply sit in the corner of the streets and watch the world turn by. Then, the man was gone, and another took his place, and the man slowly became as he was faced with the primordial question: who did I kill, myself or someone wearing my own skin? This is but a common occurrence, the killing of a Fractal's Host, and would eventually become the reason for in the well-documented "Purge" roughly a century ago; the mind cannot exist without the soul connecting to it, and thus the adrift Fractal turns insane. And so the man that was now Ivay found himself at the edge of the city, the only choice left being to fling himself over the edge. And at that moment he instead heard a faint whisper, a voice he knew did not spawn from his own consciousness. Following it, he found a sickly flame back in his quarters, the candle flickering like a heartbeat. Within months, it consumed his every thought, replacing every final thought that ceased to enter from his dying mind.

Now, Ivay is a creature of flame and bone, blood having been burnt to ash and veins filled with charcoal. His teeth have become that of shards of firewood, laughing the sound of snapping kindling heard through boarded windows and locked doors. Somewhere in the recess of what's left of a mind, his will still exists, if only in phantom memory. The Flame is the one who truly controls Ivay, allowing him only enough to believe that he is in control, that he is enjoying this. And he won't stop. Do him the service of putting him to rest, before even the name Ivay is reduced to nothing more but burnt scraps left scattered to nonexistent winds underground.

(Begin) Importance

As a vessel for the Breathing Flame, Ivay is the sole reason the Flame is in the city, and all problems that follow after stem from him. ... Write more about the act of Singeing here.

(Continue) Goals

The Flame wants the unification of all life under one ember, but Ivay is but one simple man; he just wants to survive. Ivay is a man whose mind is completely breaking apart because he went against his own nature. Every day, patches of his mind fall to ruin, memories he's unsure that they're even his own, vanish. He lives a life of breakage, where nothing else matters because he cannot even remember what mattered to begin with. When all that is left is the base desires, the Flame directs him to do what it implants is necessary for life: death. Ivay kills because that is the one thing he left that gives him joy, because the Flame has burnt away all other receptacles for him to feel anything.

...

✓ Roleplay and Plothook

In a strange sense, Ivay is almost childlike. Sometimes he gets glimpses that what he's doing is wrong, that he should feel guilt or disgust over his actions, but he cannot feel anything. His body is that of a sensory deprivation tank, so he reverts to childlike glee in order to keep himself alive and content. Make no mistake; this is wrong. Everything about him is wrong. This is a sign that the societal structures that were supposed to keep him safe failed him, that he had to revert because nothing else could help him. He is a sympathetic character, but he cannot be forgiven, cannot be pardoned. One can understand why he did what he did, hopefully ease his final death, but that death will still occur. There's no end to a monster other than an execution.

As for a plothook, Ivay will always target one person. If the PC is a Fractal, then it's a simple matter of finding the few other Fractals there are in the city. It'll develop as a toxic relationship, where Ivay depends on the PC for every piece of information they have, always leering around corners, cutting off anyone who could possibly get in the way. If not, then Ivay chooses one PC at random and stalks them throughout the campaign at random. There is no reason for his pursuit other than simple fascination. He will be a slasher villain that cannot stop and cannot die, that will simply chase until the PC is worn down.

Still, the Flame will eventually call for Ivay to take over the Second Sun, which means that Ivay will have to amass enough cultists of the Flame to throw themselves into the Sun. The combined amount of mortal tissue will result in the heat of the Sun lowering, which would allow for the heat of the Flame to take it over. A ground war over the future of the city will occur, and it will be entirely dependent on whether they try to redeem whatever is left of Ivay to fight back against the Flame, or to put the man down before he can worsen the city even more than he already has.

Tertiary Threat: Untrial, Fist of the Council

✓ Description

Volusk'Untrial is the most notorious Restless-Forge ever to step foot in the Heights, even



surpassing the prestige of Rhysar. Where the First Forge embodies duty and honor, in lifting members to the Heights rather than seeing them suffer in the caverns of the Maw, Untrial has a casualty list so large that not even the records of the city have a clear number of. It prefers to keep it that way. Easier to add more to the list if it's endless. Untrial is a killer, a maimer, and he won't stop; he's permitted by the city to do so.

Untrial started his legacy in the blood-soaked planks of the Foundation's arena for dispute-settling, a nobody with a penchant for violence and a severe lack of showing off. The spectators loathed how quickly it ended each fight, but the ones betting on each fight loved the ferocity in which Untrial extinguished each opponent. This life was one of circumstance, rather than opportunity; following his ascension into the Heights from the Maw, and ignoring the advice from Rhysar, Until killed a citizen in the street for standing in his way. The Forge-Bound was sentenced to the arena to die in combat, but it never found its end. Covered in blood it rose through the ranks, eventually becoming the sole champion of the arena, as no other fighter lasted long enough to be remembered other than it. All Untrial asked for in rewards was a

bed to rest in, a constant changing in weapons so as to never grow bored of its craft, and a metallurgy repairman to suit any repairs and upgrades it could need. Untrial never chose to gain favor for the bets placed on it, even though it won every single one. He even demanded stronger odds, more fighters. Then, the Ascension riots occurred. With the lack of spectators due to public safety and fear, and no more guards to supervise him, Untrial sought opposition roaming the streets. The Apostasy members he found in front of the Council's chambers didn't even have a chance to run.

Vosundir chose for Untrial to be granted the title Volosk, to become the Fist of the City, not out of pride or a reward, but because Vosundir saw a tool in the Restless-Forge. With Untrial, anyone who opposed him would be wiped out with a single flick of his finger. There was no reasoning, no mercy, no complication; just how bloody did he want the death to be. That's all there was to Untrial: only the thrill of the kill mattered, the tearing of flesh from bone. And Untrial, happy to be released out into the city again, was more than happy to be a tool. This was always going to be entertaining, and it had an entire city to use for its own amusement.

(Begin) Importance

Untrial is the reason the quests the party has to go on are important; if they fail, they'll have to answer the Fist of the Council. ...

(Begin) Goals

Untrial doesn't want anything, doesn't need anything. It doesn't have an overarching goal or a plot or a thread to unravel; It just needs to be entertained, to have a life that justifies living, and Untrial finds that entertainment through killing. ...

(Add one more) Roleplay and Plothook

Untrial is the threat that lies at the end of unveiled promises, so you'll save it for last. When the party thinks they're strong enough, when they grow unscared of the city? That is when you pull Untrial out again. Think of it as an uncaring, unfeeling machine; it cannot feel heart, vibrations, or rhythm. It can barely feel the hammer that it uses to cave skulls in. So, how does it make itself feel alive? It breaks its opponents. It sees them fail, sees them break. Morality doesn't mean anything when it does nothing to stop it. If morals were so powerful, Untrial would be dead. Someone would have struck it down, but they haven't. So, it will continue down this path for as long as it takes, until even that makes it bored and the edge of the city calls. Enjoyment is the only thing that matters to this machine, and death is the embodiment of that. Untrial is the foil to Ivay; The Fractal has no choice but to feel delight in their work, but Untrial chooses only this medium to experience joy. Nature versus nurture made manifest.

Untrial, like Ivay, will pick one person to hound down. But unlike Ivay, this is just for fun. Untrial is above the law, can do anything it wishes. And it chooses to kill. It chooses to maim. And it chooses to pursue. Ivay chooses at random; Untrial will choose the strongest member of the group, the most capable of fighters. And it will seek to break them. It will constantly goad the individual attack, and will go after NPCs if the PC does not do so. Untrial will destroy everything around them with impunity, as it can be pardoned by Vosundir. It will toy with the PC until they have nothing left, then will quickly dispose of them and move onto someone else. This is only as personal as they can make it interesting, and after they're broken they're of no more use.

CHAPTER 5: THE TREADS OF THE WEAVE

(Begin) The Drafted Story

...(Begin laying out the story here in its entirety)

-The Introspection Division has overtaken the Sortiledge Division, contributed by the raw magical talent of El'Skiel Nieer slowly being drained. On a DC 14 check of their choice, players can attempt to feed into the vein, to hear a memory of El'Skiel They may automatically find the next room. On a fail, they receive 2d4 necrotic damage and Panoptes gets one room closer.

PATHWAYS INTO DARKNESS; Between each room, the party will have a brief section in the backrooms. The party must roll a d100. To find the first room, they must make above 10. On each success, they find another backroom instead. If they fail three times, *Panoptes will spawn. As the party*

moves forward, a figure seemingly made out of veins appears in the doorway and slams the door shut before Argus, Poma, And Ygras can walk through.

1+Picture Room; Pictures of all of the members of the Sortilege Division, alongside a series of pictures that seem to resemble a door. When the party puts their hands through a picture, their limbs seem to be made entirely out of pieces of the Weave, all except T'vora. The picture will "react" to the user, and the PC can cast magic on this side of the picture. The group must use mage hand/summon something on the other side, in the plane of magic, in order to bring the door into reality. If they take too long in the room, the figures in the picture start to get closer, and after 5 minutes a fight will break out.

2+Room full of bodies; (THINK ANNIHILATION) People have been fused into the walls and floors, their bodies strewn about, legs near hands, hands creeping up pillars. They slowly recount their final moments. If someone gets too close, the hands reach out and attempt to pull the party through to replace themselves (DC 16 Athletics/Acrobatics). On a close check, these people are both dead and alive; their souls are gone, but a heartbeat follows in each person. They view their memories in third person. They are not truly there.

3+Follower Room; One of the bodies of the other room left as the group did, though, and constantly lies just behind one party member. They can only be seen when the group turns around. They have no features on their face apart from empty sockets where their eyes used to be and a mouth full of too many teeth. There are two checks before, both DC 16 checks of their choice, to see it and figure out what it's doing (if left alone, it will leave once they leave the room). Once spotted three times, the person chosen must make a DC 18 check of their choice or be momentarily pulled into the plane of the Weave, where they must fight this person head on or risk being replaced.

4+Tower Room; The party will step through into a lake of endless ice, a vast tower pulsing a red light before them. The party must continue forward, step by step, each making a DC 16 Constitution check or being frozen by the ice. This increases by two as the pulses continue. If anyone falls in the first check, they gain 3 levels of exhaustion. This increases for 3 rounds, after which the party gets a glimpse of the ancient city where the Second Sun was found, a frozen orb still in its place. *Ver'Ghettán, the city that the Enlisted scoured. And El'Skiel, not Tabes, ordered for the city to be taken.*

5+Record Room; The floors warp into becoming the ceiling, bookcases spiraling to become the new floor. As the party steps forward, the books fall down, revealing a swirling pit of them below. The party must make a DC 10 Acrobatics check each time they check a record. The party rolls a d20, 1-13 remounting to the collection of NPCs, 14-18 detailing the PCs and a tidbit about their lore, and 19-20 revealing something about Bothyrus and the Valance.

6+The Army Room; this room is nothing more than a walkway above a massive chasm, with hundreds of seemingly Panoptes. Their forms sway in the darkened light. A 20 Arcane check reveals that these are soulless husks, that each one that has a light appear under them before disappearing seems to have a soul infused into their body. It seems that "Panoptes" is nothing more than a test to create an army. A 25 on a perception check will show various names stabled into the walkways and ceilings above each Pantopes. These were all the missing people of the city.

7+For High Clearance Only; Inside this room will be an elderly Valkerian man, chitin so old it's almost a gray color. This is Ozwalde's father, Tohmas. He has become an early test subject for Vosundir's "citizen army," employing the same sorts of procedures that Tabes did for his demons (His soul has been shunted out of his body, most likely deleted from the Weave. All that is left is an empty body remembering hollow memories). A charm has been placed over Ozwalde's face/Tohmas' breastplate, ensuring that he cannot recognize himself. He will act as a guide for the party.

8+The Surface; Blinding light, brighter than staring into even the second sun. The party must make a DC 30 Perception check or be blinded. Those who are blinded suddenly hear voices that they cannot understand. Even T'vora cannot comprehend what they are saying, it's in a language that is almost alien to them. Those who are able to make the check see the landscape of a massive city, It lays in front of a massive ocean, almost embracing it, and the sun slowly rises above it. The Surface. Baldur's Gate. Then all goes dark.

9+**Final Room**; the keeping place of El'Skiel Nieer, the Once-Radiant. Both of his lower hands have been docked, and his blood poured into vats around him. They essentially make a second body of veins branching off of him. *Argus, Poma, and the Y'gras have been hastily attached to some of these veins, but they are able to be easily removed.* The party has to cut him out, and each branch gives off a memory for the party to all see (Ordering the tests be done to Ozwalde's father, sending so many people down into the Maw, helping develop the technology to extract the cores of heat from Heliographs, etc). Will be up to the party if he leaves and lives. To save him, they'll have to fight a manifestation of him.

10+**As they leave; Reflection Room**; As the party leaves, the distorted memories of the party as they dissect his corpse. The room is blank, simply water up to their ankles with a door in a distance. Then, their reflections begin to shift. They each must make a DC 20 Athletics/Arcana check or DC 18 Arcana check or be dragged under the water, where they must fight a distorted version of themselves, along with all of their magical abilities.

CHAPTER 6: ROOTS TO TEAR ASUNDER

✓ *The Safeguarding Division*

✓ *Lore*

In the year 495, the Safeguarding Division was created. They overtook the Enlisted in 497, supplanting the nearly five centuries of defenders in a measly two years. The Enlisted, essentially the few remaining members of the Tra'Valash and the newly-upcoming Tra'Vial, simply couldn't keep hold of their soldiers. Too many died in the Maw. And with the slow ascension of the Restless-Forge coming from the Maw, the creation of an automated army was the only reasonable next step. Within years, the streets were echoing with heavy footfalls, a sign that the city was truly safe. But a machine can only do so much.

A common problem with the Forge-Guard is that they are limited in terms of their metal and motor function. They could not solve petty crimes, simple disputes, like the Enlisted. The Forge-Guard only had two solutions to every problem: overlook or shoot. As the Foundation grew, so too did the Safeguarding Division, having to ramp up their production. More problems were overlooked, and when brawls took place, the guards were the ones to shoot first. The Enlisted refused to help, content to sit and watch, that the city deserved this for deserting them. And then, a hole was discovered in one of the graveyards of the Foundation. Before anyone could investigate why there was a deepening hole around where a grave had once been, the guards shut the graveyard down. They lobbied for the Legists to shut down all funerals held in that district. And soon, the guards razed each grave to the ground. They were hiding something.

Then, 905. The Ascension riots. Nearly 400 years of solidified control, gone in an instant. Citizens pushed back the guards to their main building, to the point that they were openly firing into the lobby. In a last ditch effort, the guards powered on their last effort to fight back: the Forge-Servitor Valas, a project lasting nearly the span of the Division's 400 years of existence. A single mind, combined through five separate entities, that could see through each and every guard unit, control each, and repair their damages. This, combined with the assistance of one Untrial, was too much for the city to bear, and the revolt soon died out.

In the 50 years afterwards, Speaker Vosundir has named them as the "Right Arm of the City." The entire division has the same ranking as Rhysar, and each guard unit is granted more levy over the laws of the city than even the Legists. Monthly, patrols are sent through the Foundation to round up stragglers of the Apostasy, or anyone who they deem to be a threat. Oftentimes, it's at random who they pick. Anyone can be a symbol for peace when their blood splatters the funerary stones. Tensions have been on the rise, and they do not appear to be lowering anytime soon. Still, should the Division be destroyed by a raiding party, the city would surely descend into chaos. Without their public defenders to protect them, the Enlisted would surely be drafted into holding the Foundation away from the Propers, and due to their slowly decreasing numbers they would not be able to forever hold against the torrent.

Still, if a city can fall because of a lack of defensive ties, and if the city is split as destructively as this, perhaps it's destined and righteous for it to be broken completely.

✓ *Story*

They never had enough bodies.

When the Safeguarding Division was founded in the early days of the Foundation, they never had enough volunteers. The Enlisted were sent constantly into the mining shifts and crevices, few ever returning. If a guard did manage to stumble back to the light, they were either missing limbs or shaken to the point of not being eligible for service. They were better suited as bone donors than living weapons. In a surplus, the city promoted one Variah'Lasuntir, a Tra'Valash commander of a failed Enlisted patrol, to find replacements. To keep the city safe. And all he was handed were corpses.

"Resources," they were called. Experimental goods. In truth, they were the remains that could be salvaged from the ventures into the Maw. What could not be extracted from their corpses were dumped into the Safeguard's building, their names being inscribed along the bottom of the bricks that made the building. That this was a mass burial, and the city didn't even realize it. The bodies of the Tra'Valash turned out to be insufficient, too fleshy. They dragged every practitioner of divine magic to their massive compound made of stone, flushed every cadaver with light, but they remained still, hung up by tubes and flesh rigged to keep them upright. They were left in sealed rooms, in order to give bodies incapable of rotting some privacy, some good will. But the bodies of the few Restless-Forges they received, the traveling machines that were supposedly empty of all life should they be felled, was where success was finally found.

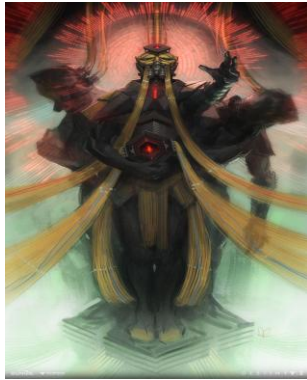
The scholars of the Enlisted understood enough of the Weave to bind a soul to its body, but they did not understand enough to keep it the same. The process of bringing a soul back to its abandoned shell ment untethering it where it already was, keeping them in a state of undead limbo. The souls realized they were both dead yet alive, and they were unable to process. They were left incapable of understanding their own fate. This was not a matter of undead coming back to life, as the Curio-Bound and Restless-Forges were enough to show that. This was a matter that the soul knew it had passed on, yet it was still here. It did not become something else, something new. The Safeguarding Division had to stifle the souls in order to keep them compliant, and cut off their access to their own bodies. If they could not feel, could not act, could not speak, could not see, then they could be piloted. They could be controlled. This is what left the Forge-Guards unable to distinguish between threats; they were not granted the clarity to understand any threat at all. What was left was what amounted to a series of nerves held within a heated chamber inside their chests, to mimic a heartbeat, the warmth of being alive. The souls were fooled into thinking they were still alive.

The hole that was found in the graveyard was simply one of many; in the Foundation hundreds of tunnels were dug into the crust of the platform, feeding beneath every grave they would find. The guards would take bodies and leave empty caskets in their place, experimenting and using the bodies to suit their purposes. It was found that Restless-Forges were the easiest to turn into Forge-Guards, as their souls had entirely left the bodies. The Curio-Bound were a collection of bodies, so the soul was too scattered to ever fully return. If the Restless-Forges could reliably be worked into the bodies for the guards, the mechanisms drilled into their corpses, then it would be far easier to fool them that they were still alive at all. All the other species were too focused on their flesh to maintain sanity; steel and iron were cold, unforgiving, and forgettable.

But there simply wasn't enough. There was never enough control to go around, the guards would become damaged and unable to be repaired, so they would have to simply find more corpses. The citizens grew to be suspicious, and the Division could not give any answers. So, all that was left was to use himself. Supervised by the Nieer family, Variah Lasuntir merged his mind, his soul, into the five most prominent bodies found by the Division. By connecting this body of minds to every system of the Division, they could split their attention apart enough to survey over each one of the guards. The goal was to have this body of minds navigate the Weave itself, to purposely pull and pluck at the threads of fate in order to control them, to protect the city. But the mental strain was too much on them, and they constantly

tore at their connective tethers in order to free themselves of this hell. So, the system was shut off. Until 950, when the Ascension riots began. And much had changed since they had last awoken.

✓ *Forge Servitor Valas*



Being asleep for nearly 400 years will devastate one's mind, especially when it is no longer yours to begin with. In the Weave, souls are always put in motion so that they do not sit. So that they do not mildew, do not deteriorate. But the minds of Valas were forced to break apart for centuries, And they could feel each other. All they could feel was each other, feel that pain, that loss, that hatred. And they could not scream. They could do nothing but wait. They knew they were still alive, as they would pass on otherwise. The Division was keeping them alive, but forcing them to sleep. And in their dreams they raged.

They were awoken to gunpowder and smoke. A single surge of electricity, a single member of the Enlisted, bloodied and dying, is what Valas awoke to. When they finally opened their mouths to scream, the fighting outside in the Foundation paused for a second. The Apostasy members believed that an explosion had gone off inside the building. That second was all it took for Valas to upload themselves inside the minds of every Forge-Guard, and the volley of gunfire sounded in the next second. Across the entire city, each Forge-Guard fired in unison. And the loss of life was astounding on all sides.

In the aftermath, the Council thanked the division, shook hands with puppeteers made out of reclaimed bodies and steel, but none of the council reached down to shake Valas'. None came down to their chambers to thank them, to visit the bundle of bodies, and soon Valas found it could not leave. They were sautered to the flood, legs cauterized, but even if they tore themselves from this stump and dragged themselves outward, the body of the original leader of the Division was long since eroded away. Their minds would deteriorate into dust, nothing even left to return to the Weave, before they reached the election platform. The leaders of the Foundation had promised Variah a way out, a means to leave. But these new leaders of the city, the Council and their liars, had sealed Valas underground. They would never be able to leave. And when they tore at themselves, when their soldiers turned their weapons towards their optics and ran to the edge of the city, they found themselves unable to continue. The servos stopped. The Council had written in code, preventing them from dying unless it was in service to the city. They could not even take their own lives, not theirs to begin with. They were trapped in their own corpses.

It took fifty years for anyone to enter their room. Fifty years of staring through so many dead eyes. Who could have blamed them for being enthusiastic for their welcome? Who would have faulted them for not being concerned of the trails of fire that left in the figure's wake, the tears of molten fire from their eyes? Or the blood on their thin blade, or the smile that broke their jaw to form? This man wasn't the visitor; the Flame was, and it offered Valas a deal. Take the city by force, and they would be granted death as they merged with the Second Sun. Valas said yes, but it was born of liars. It knew how to emulate them. And when the sun blinked, when the entire city fell offline, Valas was to blame. Because there were no trusting deals, no trusting anyone ever again. Valas would free their sons from this hell that was barely living, and it would take their revenge on the city from trapping them in bodies they designed. The irony could burn with them.

(Continue) Those with Rifles Held High

(Continue) The Mouthpiece, One Leader of the Apostasy

Blood spilled onto the streets on the day of the Ascension Riots. It's funny how one day can categorize years of planning. Did the countless protests, peaceful and otherwise, get known with the infamy of the Riots? No, that came in blood. Riots, that must imply multiple. Why isn't there more coverage? Because it took a week to clean the streets from gore. The sewers were filled with blood. The stench of those who lived in the Foundation, over the manhole covers, took months to wash away. Terror

is known so much more than kindness, and the death toll will always outshine the morals of those who carried the torch of hope. The Ascension Riots, the bloodiest day in the history of the Heights (because there are those historians who dispute that the Fractals are not even people, only half-broken copies of Hosts). Entire governments can change hands, power can be traded through the blade of a knife, like Untrial gaining his position as the Fist of the Council by drenching itself to the cal with gut and gore. And like the Mouthpiece, who laid his leader, his lover, to rest with a knife through the chin. So much can change over the course of a single day. And the Mouthpiece has forgotten, like the rest of his memories, just how exactly to forgive.

...

...

(Begin) Ylnar'Vash, Survivor of Forced Conscription

...

...

...

(Begin) Val'Meri'Posa, High Judge of the Decretum Division

...

...

...

(Begin) Dar'Tangion, of the Iron Mask

...

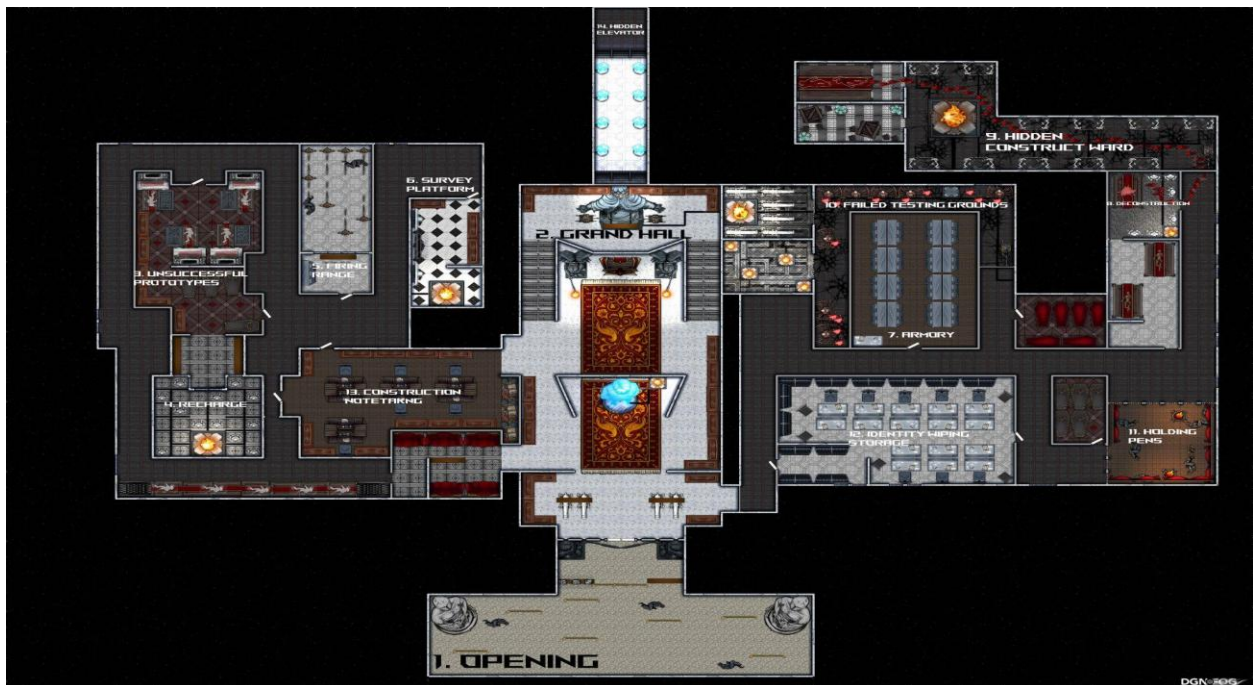
...

...

ADD MORE HERE

...

✓ Layout



1. **Opening**; The street before the Safeguarding Division is piled with the corpses of citizens who thought they could be heroes. Bloodmarks and gunpowder stain the bricks where names of fallen citizens line each and every row. This is a tragedy on par of a holy war; a coup against the identity of the Foundation itself.

“The blood of martyrs are always said to be bright, to be visionary. To be something to be believed in. But there’s blood in the street. It clogs in your shoes. The smell of iron refuses to leave your lungs. Holy paint staining your skin and competing to replace your own blood.

The visage of the Safeguarding Division’s quarters is massive, imposing. Windows of dark slits and grooves of stone and ire. The depiction of a man stands above the main door, a hand reaching down to become the archway leading inside itself. Below him, an inscription. It’s stained with blood; “There is no cost too great.”

DC CHECKS: Medicine 14; *There were more bodies here, as seen by the trails of blood leading inside. The ones that remain by the doors are a warning sign by the Safeguarding Division.*

2. **Main Hall;** The main hall was meant to be a lobby for the Enlisted, when they were still the main guardianship throughout the city. It was meant for power and spectacle, to reward those who had been wounded protecting the city. The Council wanted them to feel like gods striding on the earth. But the Forge-Guard do not think of arts, of religion, of anything other than orders. They only see the open space of this playing field and liken it to a battleground. The gods have been felled by their children.

“The stain of gold and marble is enough to see from miles away, if it weren’t hidden by massive pillars and walls of indiscriminate quality. It’s hard to believe that such craftsmanship was given to the floor beneath your feet, yet the walls are stained with enough gunpowder and smoke to see them comparable to any of the worst drezens in the Foundation. Not even gold can hide the smear of glory undeserving.

The eyes of several Forge-Guards follow you as you enter. Two are placed near massive cannons near the entryway, soot still evident on the ground from the battle before (DC perception check; they haven’t moved since the battle). Two more stand above you, hands placed on the balcony of a massive stairway, and one more watches from the back of the massive room. But what catches your eye the most, immediately, is the figure engulfed in illusion and glass. The same figure that was seen as you entered, of a Founder, wings outstretched and holding up the city, is before you. Even now, his hands are pouring blood, and he laughs as you enter, puny before you. You are now before the presence of the Forge-Servitor Valas.”

HOUSES; Switch one, which turns off the projection of Valas and opens the left wing doors.

FIGHT REQUIREMENTS; Four Forge-Guards and 1 Forge-Sentry are already inside the Hall, awaiting instructions. They will not attack unless the party attacks first. Two are by the cannons by the front door and the rest are watching near the secret entrance. Once the switches on the right side of the wing are flipped, have 4 Forge-Guards and 2 Forge Sentries enter the Hall to await the party. This is the last stand to enter Valas’ chambers.

3. **Unsuccessful Prototypes;** The bodies of Forge-Guard lie on the tables, their insides spilled out for the world to see. Only the world will never get to see them, only the eyes and hands of mindless drones piloted by Valas itself. The unearthed bodies of the Forge-Born are seen here, as well, their bodies still preserved in the coffins dragged from the many cemeteries lifted from around the Foundation. No cost too great. There is no cost too great. There can’t be.

“In front of you lie mechanical bodies, their innards splayed on tables and inside many surgical bowls. One figure drones across the room, stuffing their hands with mechanized gore as they reach inside the husks that once were Forge-Guards, ripping out handfuls of wires and metal parts before depositing them randomly inside the bowls. There is no order, here, nor is there a plan; just raw dissection.”

DC CHECKS: Medicine or Investigation 15; *Upon investigating the bodies held here, the party will find a special eye with what appears to be grooves on the side. It appears to be able to be slotted into something.*

Persuasion 16; *If the party finds the eye and shows it to the roaming guard, they must pass a check. If done, then the guard will hand the party a key to enter the Surveying Platform. If a fight breaks out, the key will be destroyed in the ensuing fight.*

4. **Recharging Platform;** this platform is where the Forge-Guards go every seven cycles to reheat the cores inside their systems. In theory, it’s because they need to recharge the power cells of evocation magic in their system. In actuality, they’re to reheat the insides of their chest, to trick the Forge-Guards into still believing that they are alive. The systems provided by Valas can only work for so long, eventually they will falter apart. These recharges are the most efficient “fix” for a problem that cannot be solved.

“Here must be where the bulk of the fighting force were stationed after the battle of the Apostasy; sixteen Forge-Guard stand before you, barren of all weapons and excess armor. Crude solder lines trace along each part of their bodies. They’re so edited and spliced that it’s hard to tell what started off as a Forge-Born and what was added on afterwards. The sparks that plague their systems occasionally shift out of their frames, but they remain still. For now.”

DC CHECKS; Stealth 10; *If the party is not careful when dealing with this room, be it in viewing the guards or attempting to enter, then 5 Forge-Guards will awaken and attempt to break through the glass to attack the party. They do not have weapons but deal 1d4 Bludgeoning damage for fist attacks.*

HOUSES; Switch 3, which will overload all of the Forge-Guards in the Division. When rolling for the health of the Forge-Guard, remove the +3 or 4 to health that they normally receive.

5. **Firing Range;** This firing range is for testing the Forge-Guards rather than the arms they wield; those who do not maintain accuracy are sent for repairs or for “reassessment.” In recent times, they have run out of

disposable targets, so live targets have been plucked from the streets. Their bodies are left in the firing range as an example.

"The screech of metal can be heard as soon as you open the door, followed by the pin-click and batter of a pistol shot. A single Forge-Guard stands before a firing-range, pistol held in a firm hand while the rest of it shakes. This guard almost appears rusted; perhaps it is a veteran? Or they have run out of spaces and time to adequately repair their manpower. As it turns to you, sparks shoot out of its face; its mask has been torn out, and a large bullet-wound has scraped out its eyes. '...H-have you come to. R-r-replace me? Am I on a-active duty? I m-must train. Help me t-train."

DC CHECKS; Perception 14; The final target they bring out is a member of the Apostasy, hanging on by wire around their wrists. They're still alive, but barely.

Medicine 12; Stabilize the fighter. *One more reinforcement will be given upon the final storming of the secret room.

FIGHT REQUIREMENTS; The party must assist in firing at the targets, even when the final one is brought out. If not, then the guard will open fire on the party. If the party fires on the target, then the guard hands the party key to unlock the Surveying Platform.

LOOT; Arquebus +1, Key (must be handed over by guard or will be broken)

6. **Surveying Platform;** From here, the Safeguarding-Division surveys all of the city through the eyes of the Guards themselves, keeping a constant watchful eye over the citizens and all that keeps them around the edge. Nowadays, the feed is filled with gunfire and smoke. Sometimes a hand smears across the screen before fading into darkness. A feed over each "switch" will clue the players into how to work the dungeon.

"You have never seen so much of the city. Rooms, houses, people. So much of the city, all across the screens ahead of you. Each flickering, each changing location, shape. So many eyes, watching the city at once. Is this machine monitoring each Forge-Guard, seeing through their very own eyes? Even in death their sight is not left alone. A long Forge-Sentry stands before the machine, turning to look at you. "Y-Y-You are not permitted here."

DC CHECKS; Perception 20; See the inside of Valas' Chambers. All other ranks have it be the player's home spaces or NPCs trying to get inside the Safeguarding Division and meeting Resistance.

HOUSES; Switch 2, which unlocks the right side of the wing. Doing so will turn every Forge-Sentry Hostile, unless the party picked up the special eye from the prototype room; doing this will result in the platform being shut off, and all Forge-Guards will have a -2 to attack and for initiative for the remainder of the dungeon.

FIGHT REQUIREMENTS; On sight, but reinforcements will be called if the door is not unlocked with a key.

7. **Armory;** All of the arms and ammunition not assigned to active Forge-Bound are found here. Most of the armory is composed of the many pepperboxes and repeating-rifles that the Forge-Bound use, but a few mortars and other arms are located inside. Some lockers have personal memorabilia, but this is hidden away.

"Rows upon rows of lockers stand before you, enough to equip a small squad. This must be the lockers of the Forge-Sentries, as there are still not enough to benefit the entirety of the Forge-Guard force. Strange that they have lockers at all, seeing as most Forge-Guard are not intelligent enough to understand more than a few simple commands. Perhaps the more higher-ranked guards are permitted more specialized modifications?"

DC CHECKS; Investigation 18; The party will find hidden memorabilia detailing one Atra'Vra, logging the attempts of the Forge-Guard to find its family. When it did, Valas took control and killed the family then attempted to wipe its mind. Valas failed. Atra'Vra found the name of the operation it did, but it cannot recognize the handwriting anymore, so it stashed it away in the Identity Wiping Storage. The party gets an advantage on Investigation checks in that room but must pass a DC 14 check to find the code ("Kon'Tall Lysont"), which when said to a Forge-Sentry will cause them to be stunned for one round.

LOOT; Chain Shirt +1 x4, Derringer +1 x2, Mortar 1x, Revolving Rifle 5x.

8. **Dissection and Study;** The mortal body is something to be treasured, to be understood. The Forge-Guard are mechanical and corpses in nature, the idea of life is alien to them. When working to replace the Enlisted, corpses filled with servos and wires crossed the minds of the Forge-Servitor Valas, but they were never able to make any meaningful progress, so the bodies were left on the tables. The names of the bodies cut apart were erased, so these bodies do not require burials.

"No one should have to die like this. Bodies of citizens are splayed out on the tables in front of you, in the exact same positions as you saw the broken guards in before. Their faces are contorted in agony, some even having metal rods placed inside their throat to keep them from screaming. Bloodied footprints track from here to the holding pens you saw before; they must have carried the strongest here to be spliced apart, the rest left to starve. The Forge-Guard are nothing but fucking monsters."

PERCEPTION CHECKS: Medicine 18; The Forge-Guard were focusing on the nervous system, trying to systematically remove it as much as possible from the body. There's systematic scratches along the spine, as well, and several electronic implants were inserted in service to broken bones. It was less about tearing the citizens apart, and more trying to connect them to the same network that the Guards work on as much as possible. All tests failed.

HOUSES; Switch 4, which opens the route to the Forge Construction and also opens the Holding Pens.

9. **Hidden Forge-Guard Construction;** Every Forge-Born is born here, in the dark. Their first moments have their faces pried apart with hundreds of needles and held in place with leather

wrappings. They're born in torture, and they're kept this way until their minds devolve into being nothing more than drones to be used by the Division. They don't have enough time to build guards in this manner, though, so most are constructed in the chamber where Valas lies, with their souls still intact. They have no mouths, but they must scream. Gunfire serves fine enough. The chambers which connects to the tunnels that lead to every graveyard is held at the topmost room.

"The wing is filled with metal cages in the shape of a body, arms and legs outstretched. Hundreds of needles and wires are connected to each interlocking cage, and a pool of whitish liquid is held underneath them. Lids of discarded coffins line the walls, to the point that you cannot see the brick in the background. A thick layer of dust coats the ground. This section of the facility was buried. If the Forge-Servitors does not make the Forge-Guard here, then where does it?"

Ahead of you, a lone figure stirs. One of the cages rips open, and the skeletal outline of a machine stumbles out. It's not a guard, more of a test subject. A skeleton made out of metal, lore wires and power conduits like organs fall out of itself as it walks. It doesn't speak, only screams."

PERCEPTION CHECKS: *Investigation 16;* Based off the dust and outdated technology, this room was first made when the Safeguarding-Division was founded some 600 years prior to the campaign's start. Based on the serial numbers of the Forge you destroyed, built some 300 years ago, it's likely that this room was sealed off around that time. But why?

Arcana 14; This chamber reeks with flawed divination magic and traces of transmutation; it appears the Forge Servitor attempted early on to simply take the housing cores of Forge-Bounds and place them inside pre-made bodies, then use holy magic to bring the guards back. This failed, leaving only empty and angry husks behind. The choice to fill the Forge-Bound's body with circuitry and magic must have occurred because of a failure in these tests.

FIGHT REQUIREMENTS; A Forge-Sentry devoid of all weapons and armor (14 AC, 1d4 dmg per hit) will be housed here, but it has double the HP of a normal guard. In addition, all players struck must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 dmg per round until combat ends.

HOUSES; Switch 5, which opens the way to the Failed Testing Grounds. Also, ensures only 4 guards are originally in Valas' chamber rather than 6.

LOOT; Power cells x3 (When activated, choose between recharging a 1d3 level spell slot or receive 3d4+4 temporary HP), 10 ammunition of whatever the players hold.)

10. **Failed Testing Grounds;** These are where the failed substitute for the Enlisted were to be born; bodies are strung up with fleshy tendrils, self-made veins of muscle and mindless flesh infused with divination magic. They were indoctrinated to think they were born here, in the dark. But scars and rips appeared on each one of their faces and throats, blood turned a dark brown under their feet; they did not believe the lie.

"This is not natural. The walls and floor are caked with flesh, which writhes and squirms underneath your feet. Blood and pus leak from where you step. The bodies on the wall are ancient, appearing to be Enlisted personnel, uniforms stripped and on piles next to their feet. Wires and tubes leaking that same white liquid are stuck into their spines, through their mouths. But they're long since dead. If not for the flesh, dust would be found here, too. This was another buried relic of the first Division's construction, with living subjects as the guards. No longer they kept this room hidden."

PERCEPTION CHECKS: *Medicine 18;* Most of these bodies are not Tra'Vial; bones protrude out of their bodies, and the muscles have stiffened to become as hard as the bricks themselves. These are Tra'Valash, and their bodies do not rot because they were designed to be useful even in death. While there are a few of their younger generations here, it seems this served as a testing ground much like the dissection room was; to make living guards. This was simply much more ancient and refined in design, with the flesh cages being designed like the ones in the other room.

HOUSES; Switch 6, which opens the hidden chamber leading to Valas. Also sunders the weaponry of the Forge guard, dealing -2 damage to all except the Forge-Sentries and Valas.

FIGHTING REQUIREMENTS; Upon activating the switch, 6 Forge-Bound will awaken and attempt to break through the bars holding them back. The group must make a **DC 15 Acrobatics check** to get past the door as it slides shut again or they will be forced to have combat with the guards.

LOOT; 3x discarded armblasses (for custom weapon crafting), 1x **Adaptive Skin Tissue** (Custom armor, Tra'Valash skin. 13+Dex for AC)

11. **Former Holding Pins;** In a short period before the party enters the Safeguarding Division, a group of resistance fighters under the command of the Apostasy attempted to enter the building. They were captured quite easily, but the question became; what to do with them? The Safeguarding Division is a guarding group, there are no prisons to speak of unless independently funded. So, they were put together in a large room and slowly starved, the three remaining survivors taken back into the hidden parts of the facility in order to be forcefully made into more Forge-Guards. The tests failed, and the bodies were left to decompose.

"You don't want to believe what lies before you is true, because that would mean your protectors, your trusted guards, were always monsters; before you is a holding pen, filled with bodies of the Apostasy. The bars holding them in are smeared with

slightly browning blood, flies sticking even to that. Tons of bodies are heaped atop each other, small bonfires lit only to their embers left to keep the bodies warm. Any who were wounded from the battle the night before were dragged here to die."

PERCEPTION CHECKS: Investigation 14; *There's bones underneath these bodies, and you spotted them because one of the apostasy members attempted to use a leg bone as a prybar to get himself out. Anyone who was brought here for "holding" died here. The Safeguarding Division has always been nothing more than a monster.*

12. **Identity Wiping Storage;** In the event that a citizen of the Heights is killed by a Forge-Guard or taken into "custody," their identity must be wiped from the public record so as to minimize the impact held against the Division. In the wake of ever-present tension surrounding the Division, the list has become too large to currently hide. The names of the Guards who issue the misfires are never recorded, not even their numbers. Better to die in an unmarked grave than be found guilty. Only the worthy martyrs can be used in writing the "...names in the foundational level of the building.

"The room in front of you is filled to the brim with pages. Not books: pages, ripped out of testimonials, transcriptions of gravestones, anything that could permit a name. Anything that once was a means of identity. What's worse is, you can't tell for who. For the ones who became the guards? For the people who died here? Who are they for? Or are they just for everyone? So they can be jotted down and forgotten?"

PERCEPTION CHECKS: Investigation 18; *While investigating the names here, the party will stumble across the remnants of two Enlisted service tags: Ala'Van Richis and Ir'Vantil Richis, Argus' husband and son. Ir'Vantil was said to have been lost while in active duty, while Ala'Van was said to have been executed for orders of desertion. Perception 20 DC check as the rest have been blotted out; Officer Variah Lasuntir is listed to be the one who carried out the order, and for his bravery in the coming months was promoted to become the creator of the Safeguarding Division.*

13. **Building and Forge-Guard Records;** While all the records are stored in the internal databands of Forge-Servitor Valas, the Forge-Guard are instructed to do their own repairs when Valas is currently preoccupied. Each manual of the Forge-Guard is bound in darkened ink, parts being blotted out of diagrams and notes. Even the workers themselves cannot know what is being done to them.

"Diagrams and layouts of the Forge-Guards are splain on every available surface of the walls, the desks crammed full of pens and other writing equipment. The floorboards are flick with ink, many broken husks of pens littering the floor. Whoever worked here was in a frenzy to get it done rather than attempt to be neat. Serial numbers dot the pages, as well; perhaps this is a record of the repair of every Forge-Guard sent here?"

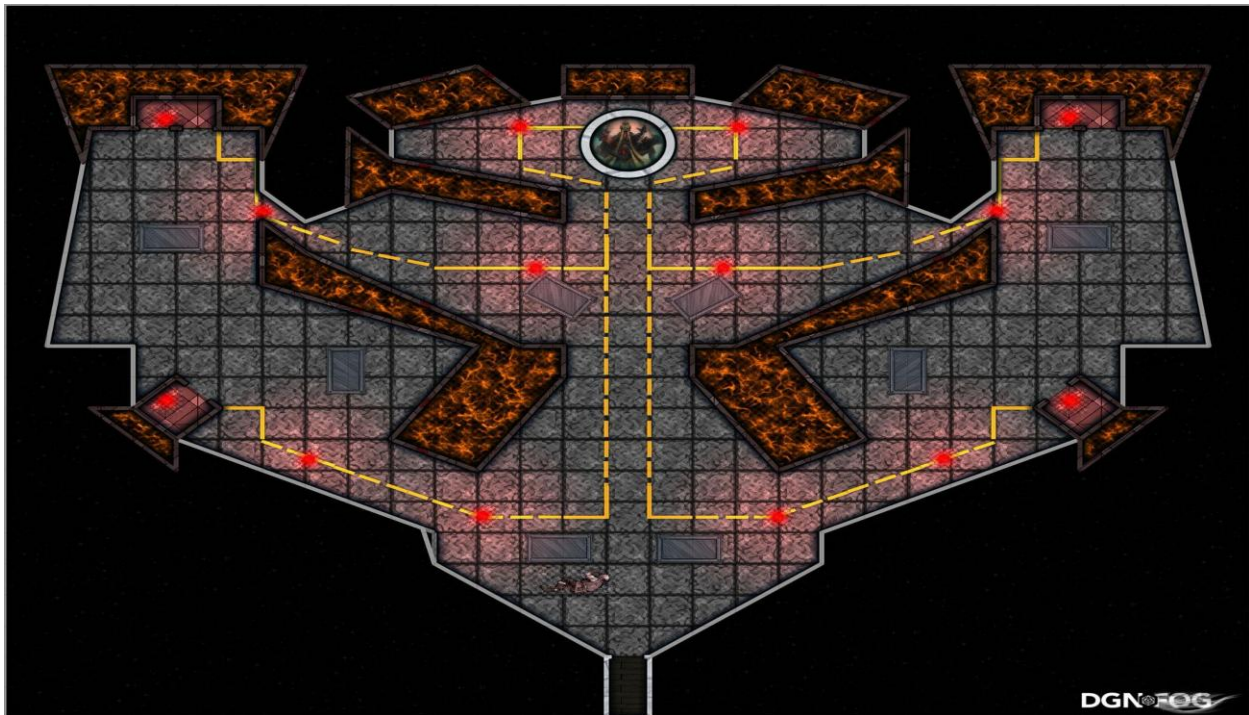
PERCEPTION CHECKS: Investigation 14; *If the party investigates enough, they will gain a thorough understanding of the layout of the Forge-Guards. Should a party member attempt to target one body part in particular, the AC of the attack will be lowered by two, but they will deal minimal damage.*

Perception 20; *If successful, the party will gain a rough diagram of the Forge Servitor Valas, detailing how it is around five bodies built into one elevated consciousness, which is powered by four conduits spread around his construction platform.*

14. **Elevation Platform to Valas;** The platform leading to the core, where Forge Servitor Valas is held, is concealed by a series of switches throughout the building: the beacons of light throughout the building are actually conduits of electricity which are hidden by a thin veil of illusion magic. By disabling all of them, this allows for Valas to be unable to control the facility, only waiting and commanding the Forge-Guards to protect it for as long as possible.

✓ Boss Room Layout

15. **Staging Ground for Servitor Valas;** This room used to be a safekeeping area for magical artifacts that were deemed too dangerous to be kept in the public, but it was converted to a staging ground once the Forge-Servitor came online. In part, the magical essence tied to this room could also



lend to why the Forge-Guard turned out the way they did. But it's too late to be wondering about topics such as this, when you already have so much oil on your hands. You could drown in it.

"The room ahead of you is filled with safes, the combinations ever changing. Four pillars of steel surround you, each erupting steam, overlooking sudden drops filled with molten lead. This is the birthplace of the modern Forge-Guard, and their Forge-Servitor lies ahead, cackling and sobbing frantically. You came here to put the Division down. See it all through."

HOUSES; Four construction chambers, which will have Forge-Guards built in them as they call for reinforcements. They will each take 45 damage before they are permanently destroyed. If a Forge-Guard is destroyed while inside these chambers, then they are destroyed as well.

16. **The Forge Servitor;** Valas is the true core of the building, and the reason that the Forge-Guard is kept from the cycle of rebirth and death. Through a twisted sense of devotion and the meddling of the Council, they have grown to resent the city, and have taken to allying with the Breathing Flame to overload the sun and to destroy all life in the Maw entirely. In their eyes, if they all reach death in a fiery instant, they'll all be allowed to be reborn in peace. Save the city. End the Safeguarding Division

"The Figure in front of you is a monstrosity, a beast that should have never been born. Five figures, easily the size of statues, lie conjoined at the waist, what were once legs ending in hundreds of wires that thread throughout the facility. Each one of their eyes has burst, sparks flickering out of their sockets like an execution squad. Each figure is tailored to a specific purpose, with one of their hands ending in a revolving mass of wrenches and soldering irons, the other nearly has twenty different sockets for sorting and delving into each wire. This is an uncaring, overthinking mass of metal and steel. End their madness."

Phase 1; 14d8+25 HP. Will be motionless, but will use a massive cannon to pester the party. When the party damages the construction pods, Valas takes 1/2th of the damage dealt. Once the party has finished off Valas, then each one of the pods turns offline. All of the Forge-Guard lose half of their HP, but gain +3 to hit with their weapons. Legendary actions include a healing option and a supercharged buff to their cannon.

Phase 2; 14d8 HP. Will throw away the cannon and take out a massive twinblade to attack the party, with a movement of 45 ft. Has the size of a large creature. Will attack the Forge-Guards to throw at the party, dealing 2d8 bludgeoning damage and destroying the guards on impact. Legendary Actions include the healing, and a reaction to add +3 to their AC.

Final Stand; 25 HP. Will strike at the core of the building, giving the party four turns to destroy Valas or a party wipe will occur. Each attack by Valas against the core reduces the turn counter by one. Once Valas dies, all the other Forge-Bound will die as well. The Dungeon will technically be over.

Loot (See Appendix, Treasures and Trinkets for more information);

-1x "Carnwenan" or "Curtana." (In the open vault lies a handgunne that's more wire than steel and a slightly glowing executioner's sword)

-2x "Tyrfinn", "Zulfiqar" or "Hævateinn" (*In the open vault lies a dark iron shortsword, a curved blade the likes of which you've rarely seen, and a carefully carved rifle*)

-2x "Rauðskinna", "Svalinn", or "Solaris" (*In the open vault lies an open book with glowing green runes, a golden crown that shimmers with natural daylight, and a shield that seems to have been of a similar make to Valas' chestpiece*)

-2x "Aegis", "Ægishjálmur", or "Rama Huzara" (*In the open vault lies chainmail with a dark aura, a paperthin warrior helm, and a set of half-plate with steel wings protruding from the back.*)

Endings:

1. The Forge-Sentries are removed entirely from the grid resulting in each one entering a fiery death as flames engulf them from the inside out. Souls aren't exactly laid to rest, but rather burnt out entirely. The Division goes silent, as everything that was connected to the system dies. There won't be enough guards to protect the city, and a civil war will slowly break out between the Foundation and the Propers.
2. Will be able to fully "reset" all of the Forge-Sentries, before booting them back online. Their souls will be forced out and made peace, and the remaining sentries will be left to protect the city. They will only respond to orders, and have even less function than before. They're effectively propaganda, as the Enlisted will have to become the main guards of the city. Will require its constant attention, so it will remain in the Division.
3. The Guards will retain their sentience and be given free will to do as they wish. Vash will overload the power conduits, resulting in the party only having a few moments to leave the building before it's engulfed in flames. Forge-Sentires will become a playable race, but the city will be fractured and they'll be sent to live in the outposts for fear of turning again.

Regardless of the endings, the roof overhead will be revealed to be made out of glass once the party has made their decision, and a crowd of nearly 20 onlookers in white masks will be seen overhead. They were watching the entire while, and they considered this adequate entertainment. They will invite the party to their masquerade, then will ritualistically slit their throats, leaving only one survivor who will leave the room as the glass above the party turns red with blood.

(Begin) Great Hall of the Valance

(Begin) Story

...

(Begin) Lore

...

(Begin) Bothyrus, Founder of Grounding, Father of Rot

...

...

...

...

(Begin) Aranea, Danseuse of the Valance

...

...

...

...

(Write more/story details) Those Waiting in the Wings

(Begin) The Estranged, Thousand-Voiced Marionette

...

...

...

(Begin) Nhiva'Lask, Expeditionary of the Maw

...

...

...

(Begin) Aughus'Theen, the Beast

...

...

...

(Begin) Ygras, Desperate Fractal

...

...

...

ADD MORE HERE

...

(Continue) Mechanics

The idea for the arc; every day, the party must go around and figure out more about the NPCs/cast Lesser Restoration on NPCs they wish to "protect," or they have a greater chance to become a part of the Valance. At the end of each day, roll a 1d4 if "saved," 1d8 for if not, 1d12 if abandoned. If below a 3, you are saved and retain your cognitive function. If 4-7 then they start growing shards of the mask on their face. If 8-12, then they become a full member of the Valance. They must be Greater Restoration in order to fix the taken over version.

What will happen if certain NPCs become Valanced;

- Argus; The party deals $\frac{2}{3}$ damage. Only one person can use ranged weapon attacks per turn.
- Aughus'Theen; Party will have -5 to all initiative rolls, and any rolls below 5 are equated to as if one rolled a 1. Additionally, Aughus'Theen is more likely to attack, and gains 25 temporary HP per encounter.
- Dar'Tangion; Spending a day traveling around the city will result in a level of exhaustion as well as stealth at a disadvantage for the next day.
- El'Skiel; <During the campaign, he will be unable to be Valanced until he is saved from the Introspection/Sortilege Division> The Maw itself will begin to break its way into the city. A piece of Ver'Ghettán (Notably one section of its great tower) will rip through reality and pierce its way through the city, allowing a way to infiltrate the Second Sun.
- Ivay Egrass; <If unredeemed> The Breathing Flame will be cut off from the city, and during the Final Battle for the Second Sun, each one of the party will be Embered. <If redeemed> Each fractal will be removed from their Host, and each will have to either fight with their own selves or become a Sinewa (Multiple 20 Constitution/Wisdom saves?)
- Kalanashov; Evidence is being planted in each home that this was the work of the Council. A civil war is being prepared even when the Valance is gone. All crafted weapons are -1/-1 to hit and damage.
- Khyne; All of the Panoptes loose in the city will be claimed under the Valance under one mind, and the next night following their possession all of the Panoptes will kidnap every NPC roaming the streets. A raid will be launched against the safehouse the party remains at, and at least one NPC must be taken away.
- Loxo'Cles; Will begin breaking the chains due to her namesake; she does not want to begin breaking the chains without getting as many citizens out of the city first. After a week, one of the links will break, tilting the city down against the wall of the Maw. The number of lives lost will be catastrophic, but it will be one less way for the Valance to enter the Maw.
- Madam Vish'ra; If enough opposition is shown to the Valance, a group of the Apostasy will dance then throw themselves off the side of the city. They will continue to do this until the Foundation is bled dry of anyone living there.
- Mishvranderá; All Masquerade enemies' weapons will be upgraded to +1, and all enemies struck will deal +1 damage to the attacker.
- Mara Desdemona; During a player's long rest a player must roll a d8. The number rolled is the number subtracted from the prepared spell list of the player. Additionally, gain disadvantage on all persuasion rolls.
- Nhima'Lask; The party will be infected with a Vračí parasite. Each level gained will not have the effects of a health increase apply. If removed, fight a Vračí with added health of that stolen.
- Olo'Tryuma; The city itself will split in half, revealing the growing remains of Bothyrus. From the open wound, deadly vapors will emerge, and every time the party is in the streets all Constitution checks are made at disadvantage and on any fail take 2d10 Constitution damage. This includes checks because of spells.

- Pamela Mispense; All cantrips will always fail on casting, either working to the detriment of the player or simply not casting at all. The player must roll a d20 on casting a spell; if a 10 or below is rolled, then the spell is not cast.
- Petra Desdemona; All persuasion or deception rolls are counted as intimidation rolls. The NPCs of the world have no choice but to view you as a threat as the Valance bend the laws of reality.
- Poma; The party deals half healing. You can only have one person heal per turn.
- Rhysar; All communication has been cut to the Outposts/Centerfold. Every day, it will attempt to break the elevation platform. On the 5th day, the chain breaks, and all non-magic movement down to the Maw is cut off.
- Stiletto; Will become unable to scour out the city, regardless of if she is saved after. She will attack the party once every three days and will leave the encounter at 40% lost. Will become a mini-boss for the Masquerade.
- Tabes; The Second Sun is extinguished, and the city is plunged into darkness. Panoptes will always be on patrol. All light spells, or spells of that nature, will not work, including magical items.
- The Estranged; All NPCs permanently gain the effect of having mask shards. If an NPC was saved by the party and becomes Valanced again because of this, then if they are resaved then the stats do not come back. Players will have to roll for mask shards, as well.
- The Mouthpiece; All racial traits are nullified as long as the Mouthpiece is Valanced, and any resistance to any form of damage instead becomes a vulnerability. This only applies to allies of the party and the party itself.
- Untrial; Will replace Panoptes as the boss that chases down the party, and he will gain an additional 50 temporary hp per encounter. He will leave once he reaches 60% health. In addition, all attacks made by the party will deal 1 fire damage to the user.
- Val'Meri'Posa; Any spells that were not prepared will be unable to be used until Meri'Posa is dealt with. The spells prepared by the party will be the only ones considered known. Spellcasters that only have prepared spells must lose one spell per spell level until she is dealt with.
- Vosundir; All Enlisted Personnel will be the main enemies during the Masquerade and will be fighting the party before reaching the egg inside the city. His phylactery, the Weave, will be infected by the Valance. Upon being defeated at the Masquerade, he will lose his mortal shell and flee back into the Weave.
- Ygras (and Ygras); The party will permanently take one level of exhaustion. This cannot be dispelled by any means, and persists even through sleep.
- Yltnar'Voss; Overcome with rage, Yltnar will begin to hunt down NPCs that have not been rescued by the party yet. An announcement will be made via intercoms around the city when he has engaged with an NPC, and after a day the NPC will be unconscious and brought to the Valance for masking purposes.

What will happen if an individual is saved from the Valance's Mask:

- Argus; The party is immune to fall damage and gains +1 to damage on firearm weapon hits.
- Aughus'Theen; Permanently gain +1 to AC, even after this arc is completed.
- Dar'Tangion; Party gains immunity to the effects of the Valance masks, even during the final masquerade.
- El'Skiel; You may reroll any 1s you roll for all damage via evocation spells. Additionally, gain a +1 to hit with all evocation spells.
- Ivay Egrass; <If unredeemed> The party gains immunity to Embering for the course of this act and gains resistance to fire damage, immunity if a player is already resistant. <If redeemed> Using an action, the party can create a duplicate of themselves, acting like the effects of an Echo Knight. These roperies apply here. This can be used once per long rest. Additionally, gain resistance to psychic damage.
- Kalanashov; custom ammunition is unlocked for each member of the party, 15 rounds supplied to each who uses firearms or bows.
- Khyne; Using a reaction or bonus action, the party can teleport up to 45 ft in shadow, bypassing any attacks of opportunity. Can only be used once per short rest.

- Loxo'Cles; the party can climb walls at the same speed as their walking speed and can use one-handed weapons while doing so. Valkerians skip this and can use two-handed weapons.
- Madam Vish'ra; If any NPC or summoned ally is defeated, they immediately are stabilized, and attacks made against their unconscious body only deal 1 failed death saving throw instead of two.
- Mishvrander; One free very rare item will be crafted for each member of the party.
- Mara Desdemona; At any point of speaking to her, the individual may choose to reroll their health dice below half while leveling up. One can also respect their character through her.
- Nhima'Lask; During act 2, the Vrači will not attack on sight and will be willing to be conversed with.
- Olo'Tryuma; The city will not be fully destroyed, and not all the chains will break. No matter what happens, the city will rise. Its inhabitants will live. Gravity will be restored.
- Pamela Mispense; On being knocked unconscious, instead roll one set of heal dice to immediately b back on your feet but fail one death saving throw. This can only be used once per battle.
- Petra Desdemona; Gain +5 to all persuasion rolls, and enemies are more likely to parlay with the party rather than attack.
- Poma; 3 times per combat, each player may choose to cast a healing spell with the maximum amount. Additionally, automatically succeed 1 death saving throw.
- Rhysar; If you rest at a safehouse with Rhysar present, you may roll $\frac{1}{3}$ of your health dice as temporary HP, which erodes away at the end of the day.
- Stiletto; Gain +5 to all stealth rolls, +3 to initiative, and if one rolls beneath 15 for either of these stats you may reroll but keep the second number even if lower.
- Tabes; Add 1d4 radiant damage to all damage dealt, and if radiant damage is used in spells or weapon attacks then it is dealt with maximum damage. All spells and cantrips that produce light cannot be dimmed by any magical means.
- The Estranged; All those who have been saved from the Valance's mask gain immunity to falling under its effects again.
- The Mouthpiece; Each member of the party may choose their race or gain the effects of another (discovered) species.
- Untrial; All party members automatically succeed 2 death saving throws, and blunt weapons gain +3 to hit and +1 to damage.
- Val'Meri'Posa; All spells known are counted towards as being prepared. Spellcasters who only have preserved spells gains +1 to their spell +1 to hit and save DC.
- Vosundir; Will be pushed back to act 3. Additionally, each players gains 2 inspiration rerolls.
- Ygras (and Ygras); Each Fractal that is found in campaign will become a Sinewa over the course of act 2, found again in act 3. All Fractal players gain this immediately, per the DM's discession/intervention.
- Ylnar'Voss; If one waits a turn before attacking, the attack will deal a 3rd level sneak attack damage and the attack itself will be at maximum damage.

(Revise) Dungeon 1; Convergence

-On the dawn of the "Turnover," as those in the Apostasy have named it, the Valance quickly overtook the Consulate, home of the Council. Specifically, the many eyes and even greater laughs peered under their floorboards. Here in the Propers lay the headquarters of the Sortilege Division and the Introspection Division, as the two worked hand in hand, transferring information for fresh supplies and test subjects. In the rush of roots and porcelain, the nature of reality itself began to shift, merging the two spaces and all souls inside into one broken, flawed image. They were after one soul: El'Skiel Nieer.

If El'Skiel was in good standing with the party, at the start of the arc then he will go missing. Vosundir will have guilted El'Skiel into giving himself up to keep the party safe, a veiled threat to slaughter them in their own homes. Deep in the Introspection Division lies the means of extracting memory, chipping away pieces of the soul, from whoever is locked inside. Piece by bleed, blood cell by cell, El'Skiel is being ripped apart, body and mind. All is being fed to the personal library of Vosundir, and now to the Valance directly. In order to save their friend or tool, the party must delve into these depths to discover just who this man truly is.

THE FALL; The Consulate building is a vast space without floors to speak of, just an emptiness in which rooms are seen as massive floating blocks with doorways dimly lit. As the party steps forward, stone will materialize under their feet, forming platforms to bridge the gap. However, there is one section that is unnatural, wrong. At the bottom of this pit appears to be movement, shifting of light. On a DC 10 Perception check, a huge mouth will reveal itself, laughing silently. As soon as this check is completed, the bricks on which the party stands will fall, plunging them through darkness and unknown distance as they fall. Pull each player aside to have them in front of their most present fear or trauma as they are seemingly consumed by the Valance. Once this is done, each one of the party will awaken in a single hallway, 300 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 19 feet tall. A single door lies at the end of the hallway. Yellow wallpaper lines the walls, and the air stinks of asbestos. There is no choice but to press forward.

PATHWAYS INTO DARKNESS; Between each room, the party will be displaced between reality and the pure essence of the Weave itself, the result being a series of backrooms born out of the Valance's cutting and stitching of what they see fit. To travel between these rooms, the party must roll a d100. To find the first room, they must roll above 5. Every room found after will raise the level cap needed to proceed by 15. Should they fail a roll, they find another backroom instead, with various sounds and noises of something coming closer. They will never see this threat, unless they fail a third roll. Doing so will spawn a Panoptes. Once this Panoptes is defeated, then the next room will open. A long-rest will be impossible in this dungeon, though the party can have two short rests.

There is a way to circumvent these high checks, however. Seen in each room are a varies of blood veins, five feet in circumference and passing out of sight around corners and through holes in the walls. On a DC 14 medicine or arcana check, players can attempt to feed into the vein by cutting the palm of their hand and letting their blood meld with that of the vein present. The player will be dealt 2d4 necrotic damage, but a visage of El'Skiel will appear, pointing them in the direction of the next room. In addition, the visage will recount a memory of the late Radiant, coming from a range of;

-El'Skiel stands before a vast emptiness: the Maw. A figure next to him, crystalline and blinding, steps into view. With a bored tone, El'Skiel asks if this so-called "Lord of Light" has ever stepped foot into the Maw. The Valkerian cuts the Heliograph off before he can speak, saying that he has, but a few times. Enough to pave a path for the Outpost's miners to delve down. He scoffs at the names of these passages, these Footfalls of the Founders. Superstition, badly placed. He pauses, conceding that many will die because he chose pathways that were never safe. Safety shouldn't be accounted for, only what could be brought back. The Maw holds many secrets. He turns, noting that the newly formed Sortilege Division will have many new test subjects with the bodies that are carried back with the relics. They won't be buried, of course, telling the families that no remains were found of their kin. Knowledge is founded on sacrifice, after all. He leaves, scoffing under his breath that these Founders never gave up enough. Through the bodies of hundreds, they'll make way for an even brighter future: the ascension of mortality itself.

-E'Skiel is shown sitting on an operating table, scalpels in hands as he cuts into his own skull. Instead of a brain, hundreds of his beads of magic are found, as he fills empty beads on the table with tiny droplets of his blood. He is reciting his movements, so that he does not forget himself as the procedure continues. He theorizes that the brain is where the connection to magic stems from, that that heart is where the self originates, that the "soul" is stored. He doesn't believe in souls, but concedes that blood has been seen to collect memories, which can be attributed to the self, or a soul. He hopes that by creating residual memories of spellcasting and their inscription from his memory, planting them in his skull, he may be able to use emotions to strengthen his connection to magic itself. He refuses to test this on anyone else until he finds positive results. He wonders where this empathy has come from.

-El'Skiel is strapped inside a large machine, with hundreds of needles piercing through all of his arms and through his back. Tubes of blood are pulled out of him, while a clear liquid with yellow bubbles is passed into his system. This is the bloodletting procedure, at least what it started as. The blood is drawn out of a person, extracting any unwanted memories, while the yellow bile of test-subjects of the Sortilege Division is placed back into the body to keep health in check. Here, El'Skiel seems distraught, yelling that the last expedition was a mistake. Various helpers clamp metal locks around his arms, restraining him.

Vosundir's voice can be heard saying that he's being paranoid, that the technology gathered is already being worked on by Tabes, Lord of Light. The city will shine because of what they found. El'Skiel only screams.

-El'Skiel is alone before a desk, spell-scrolls littered across the entirety of it. One by one, he casts spells, holding the paper against his temple. Restoration, Healing, even Illusion. He mutters that something happened, that there have been so many holes in his arms and that he can't remember where the wounds came from. Bloodletting, the memory of it drained away. Someone has been trying to condition him, or something. He gasps in pain, dropping a spell-scroll. One of Antimagic. Something resisted, pushed back. Every bead within his skull came within a hair's edge from cracking. He doesn't know what would have happened if they did. Across the table his staff seems to shake, as if it is scared. He reaches for it, his one comfort, a pillar. He mutters that someone has been stopping by his office. He doesn't recognize them, never even hired them. Not a member of the Introspection Division, either. But he recognizes those eyes. The yellow ring around the pupils. The glare. The glee in his smile. He tries to say his name, but he breaks down crying. Defeat in every teardrop.

-Cornered in an alley, bullet wounds seeping blood across a torn tunic and flakes of chitin spilling onto the ground. El'skiel is running for his life, dipping one more into the shadows. The sounds of footfalls are heard everywhere. In a final gambit, he holds his staff to his chest, a mock hug. He thanks it for its service, as it seems to glow in response. Grasping both ends, he places it over his knee and begins to bend. As cracks appear, voices are heard. The order to take aim is placed, before recognition and retreat. They're not quick enough. There's a flash as the staff breaks in half, and even the PC can feel the surge of magic as even El'Skiel's shadow is extinguished with the power of the flash. The lingering feeling after, though, causes a chilling dread; El'Skiel has cut himself off of all magic. He's broken his connection to the Weave itself, though temporary. He is an outsider, an outlier. He cannot be affected by spells, nor cast them, unless he reestablishes connection with a spellcasting conduit. He wraps a shard of his broken staff up in bandages and presses it between the left fingers of his lower arm. Should the time arise, he will plunge the splinter in his hand, making sure no one can temper with his magic again. But not now. Now, he runs. The Radiant is extinguished.

-The conversation between Vosundir and El'Skiel, leading to El'Skiel giving himself up to be bloodlet. Using Srying, Vosundir was able to find El'Skiel's location, since in order to aid the party the Valkerian had to undo the magic which prevented Vosundir and his forces from locating him. Vosundir projects various images of the party's houses in flames, of the guards of the Safeguarding Division and Enlisted forces mowing down familiar NPCs, of Vosundir himself growing through the bodies of the PCs themselves, finally projecting the party's exact location during the events of the Safeguarding Division dungeon. This finally causes El'Skiel to break, allowing himself to be captured by Enlisted personnel as they drag him away.

When the memory is complete, then the party will be given 2d20s to add to their navigation roll. If the vein is used while the Panotptes is present, then the enemy will be stunned for one round, but the damage to the user is increased to 2d8 necrotic. The check for these vein usages increases by 1 for each success.

1. Picture Room; The party will enter a plain room, around 30 x 30 feet. The walls are tiled, a clear white sheen to them. The floors are linoleum, a type not many would be familiar with. Hundreds of strings are hung from almost every point of the room, each filled to the inch with tiny square pictures. They're pictures of almost every member of the Sortilege Division, most smiles, but the grin is too wide. Some bleed past the gums. On a dc 18 Investigation or Perception check, the party will notice an outline of a doorway in the background of some of the pictures. Reaching to touch one of these pictures will have their hand pass into the realm of the Weave, disturbing those on the other side. They must pass a dc 14 athletics check to open the door, and a dc 12 acrobatics check to pull away from those inside the pictures. The party has a minute to reach the door after each PC takes 4d4 psychic damage as the souls enter this plane, dissipating at once in a terrible scream. If the party does not figure this out and five minutes pass in the room, the souls will break free and the damage increases to 6d4 psychic. After this damage is taken or the athletics check is passed, the door opens and the PCs will be able to leave.

2. Room full of bodies; This room appears to be that of a 20 x 40 ft. room, though all but normal. It appears that those who did not become one with the pictures have been forcefully merged into the walls and floors, their bodies strewn about, legs near hands, hands creeping up pillars. They slowly recount their final moments, some in muscle memory, others in guttural groans. Still, the odd allure of various magical artifacts cannot be ignored, as various have been strewn throughout the piles of gore. At least 4 magical items or weapons from uncommon to rare in rarity are found in this room, chosen by the DM. If a PC gets too close to these artifacts, the hands reach out and attempt to pull the party through to replace themselves (DC 16 Athletics/Acrobatics) If they fail the check, they take 3d4 necrotic damage and take one level of exhaustion. Investigating the bodies, no check required, the PCs will find that these people are both dead and alive; their souls are gone, but their organs still beat, blood still flows. A tick showing this is that they view their memories in third person, as if they are recounting someone else's story. They are not truly there. None of them are. Nothing can be done for them, as long as the Valance still holds control of this place.

-----HAVE NOT EDITED PAST HERE-----

3+Follower Room; One of the bodies of the other room left as the group did, though, and constantly lies just behind one party member. They can only be seen when the group turns around. They have no features on their face apart from empty sockets where their eyes used to be and a mouth full of too many teeth. There are two checks before, both DC 16 checks of their choice, to see it and figure out what it's doing (if left alone, it will leave once they leave the room). Once spotted three times, the person chosen must make a DC 18 check of their choice or be momentarily pulled into the plane of the Weave, where they must fight this person head on or risk being replaced.

4+Tower Room; The party will step through into a lake of endless ice, a vast tower pulsing a red light before them. The party must continue forward, step by step, each making a DC 16 Constitution check or being frozen by the ice. This increases by two as the pulses continue. If anyone falls in the first check, they gain 3 levels of exhaustion. This increases for 3 rounds, after which the party gets a glimpse of the ancient city where the Second Sun was found, a frozen orb still in its place. Ver'Ghettán, the city that the Enlisted scoured. And El'Skiel, not Tabes, ordered for the city to be taken.

5+Record Room; The floors warp into becoming the ceiling, bookcases spiraling to become the new floor. As the party steps forward, the books fall down, revealing a swirling pit of them below. The party must make a DC 10 Acrobatics check each time they check a record. The party rolls a d20, 1-13 remounting to the collection of NPCs, 14-18 detailing the PCs and a tidbit about their lore, and 19-20 revealing something about Bothyrus and the Valance.

6+The Army Room; this room is nothing more than a walkway above a massive chasm, with hundreds of seemingly Panoptes. Their forms sway in the darkened light. A 20 Arcane check reveals that these are soulless husks, that each one that has a light appear under them before disappearing seems to have a soul infused into their body. It seems that "Panoptes" is nothing more than a test to create an army. A 25 on a perception check will show various names stabled into the walkways and ceilings above each Pantopes. These were all the missing people of the city.

7+For High Clearance Only; Inside this room will be an elderly Valkerian man, chitin so old it's almost a gray color. This is Ozwalde's father, Tohmas. He has become an early test subject for Vosundir's "citizen army," employing the same sorts of procedures that Tabes did for his demons (His soul has been shunted out of his body, most likely deleted from the Weave. All that is left is an empty body remembering hollow memories). A charm has been placed over Ozwalde's face/Tohmas' breastplate, ensuring that he cannot recognize himself. He will act as a guide for the party.

8+The Surface; Blinding light, brighter than staring into even the second sun. The party must make a DC 30 Perception check or be blinded. Those who are blinded suddenly hear voices that they cannot understand. Even T'vora cannot comprehend what they are saying, it's in a language that is almost alien to them. Those who are able to make the check see the landscape of a massive city, It lays in front of a massive ocean, almost embracing it, and the sun slowly rises above it. The Surface. Baldur's Gate. Then all goes dark.

9+**Final Room**; the keeping place of El'Skiel Nieer, the Once-Radiant. Both of his lower hands have been docked, and his blood poured into vats around him. They essentially make a second body of veins branching off of him. *Argus, Poma, and the Y'gras have been hastily attached to some of these veins, but they are able to be easily removed.* The party has to cut him out, and each branch gives off a memory for the party to all see (Ordering the tests be done to Ozwalde's father, sending so many people down into the Maw, helping develop the technology to extract the cores of heat from Heliographs, etc). Will be up to the party if he leaves and lives. To save him, they'll have to fight a manifestation of him.

10+**As they leave; Reflection Room**; As the party leaves, the distorted memories of the party as they dissect his corpse. The room is blank, simply water up to their ankles with a door in a distance. Then, their reflections begin to shift. They each must make a DC 20 Athletics/Arcana check or DC 18 Arcana check or be dragged under the water, where they must fight a distorted version of themselves, along with all of their magical abilities.

(Begin) Layout

...

(Begin) Arenea, Infusion to Bothyrus

...

(Begin) Boss Room Layout

...

(Begin) SPECIAL OUTCOME, the Birth of Bothyrus

...

CHAPTER 7: THE MAW



✓ The Centerfold

At the base of the lowering platform, through a series of ravines with ice trailing down their sides, lies the Centerfold; the home of those who have been exiled from the Heights. Originally a temporary mining outpost constructed by those who were building the Foundation, it was shoddily made a permanent residence after it was made clear there were those who would be “unwelcome” from returning. Many of the Tra’Vial who were too wounded to become Enlisted were among the first leaders of the settlement, but it soon became a hub area for those unwilling to make contact with the rising Heights. Many of the practitioners of the Old Law, such as the Gull-Weavers and Archaeids, made themselves at home here, and the Vedettes especially began to populate the city.

However, life expectancy is low, due at a fault to the Heights itself. There is meager trading done with the loading platform, much of the city is considered excommunicated cargo, and there is dumped

over the side of the Heights by Forge-Guards if discovered. This leaves a city isolated in an area of the Maw with freezing temperatures to make their own food, supplies, and protection. Because of this, the city relies on a bartering system rather than gold coinage, but there is a “community center” where one’s gold can be traded in for various supplies, to those newcomers to the city. Those who die in the centerfold are thrown into the frozen pools around the city, as it is believed that the waters of life will carry them to a kinder place than this life.

Various teams have been sent to try to scale the walls of the Maw, so that they may reenter the Heights. All have been proven unsuccessful, as the Forge-Guards patrol the city’s edge and shoot on sight all those without identification or clearance by the Old Law. any miscommunications can be settled by the Legists. And contrary to popular belief, advisors during the Exaltation are not sent to the Maw; they are instead lowered to a special platform out of the city of the populace and shuttled back into the Heights. Rhysar is not present at the lowering platform because of this, as it goes against what it believes the city stands for. The Council does not mind this. Those who are sent to the Centerfold deserve what awaits them there, and those living there know it. So if weapons are brought back up to the Heights, concealed in packages or in the pauldrons of Rhysar? It’s only justice.

✓ *Abandoned by the Gods*

The Centerfold is built around its name, the center, as that is where the main heater is located. Nearly 100 feet tall and constructed like one of the Height’s spires, the heating structure provides conduits of steam around the city. Fire is too dangerous to hold in frigid temperatures and too costly to maintain, so steam is used in its place. Directly under this is the great hall where all meals are had, to conserve the placement for ovens and stoves. All meetings of importance are held in this area so that shivering does not impute one’s speeches. The great hall has no ceiling, but rather rafters that funnel directly into the main heater. Along a series of rope-bound bundles lies the home of the Magnus of the city, the city’s founder and leader. The Magnus does not live in a house, but rather a series of stationary hammocks and interwoven bundles. He lives in such a manner that he will be constantly ready to help with any problems that arise within the city, as well as always giving space for others to find a home. Surrounding the heater are circles of houses, interwoven around each other. The city is constantly expanding on all sides, trying to maintain a perfect circle in opposition to the many shacks built atop each other in the Foundation.

At the outskirts of the city lie the mines, where all of the work in the city is done. Each “workshop” can be seen as a mini community in its own right, with housing, food production, and supply lines all leading back to the city. These were established with the goals of keeping families together in the mines as the city was first constructed, as more of these workshops have been established the more they’ve become small communities of their own. All hands are needed on deck for what they must chip away at; crystalline ice, Ysen. The same crystals that make Heliographs, that power the Second-Sun and many of the cities further in the Maw, are found here. From what has been dug up, this is merely a huge depository of it, not the creation of these crystals entirely. Still, this begs the question of where the ice even came from. If they had the time or safety, the city would explore these answers. As it stands, the ice can be carved into tools and armor, or ferried back up to the city in secret. That’s more than good enough.

The fellows of the Centerfold are of a rough stock, being the convicts of the Heights. Many of them are Vedettes, many choosing to incorporate the crystalized ice into their bodies. A few old remnants of the ancient species also can be found here as well, though they are more occasional visitors than are known to make their rounds. There is no currency here, but rather a rigorous bartering system. Upon entering the Centerfold for the first time, they hand over all their currency to a “dealer,” who distributes goods like food, portable lamps, and mining equipment equal to their value. All bartering afterwards comes from one’s own pockets and exploits. This makes theft a major social violation when it occurs. Jury of the mob, while not approved by the Magnus, is often the way forward. Fights and duels can break out and are even accepted, but theft is always punishable by death. They must be better than the city above them. They cannot resort to how they were. There is no mainstream government, as people will always come and go. The Magnus remains, so he can be trusted for disputes, but there is no need for those

to intervene or decide what best to do. The city itself can judge on that; everyone has equal value and stock in changing the city.

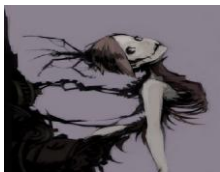
Still, it is evidently clear that there is a war quietly brewing in the Centerfold, focused back at the city up above. Since Untrial was named as the Fist of the Council, no other rejects have been sent into the Maw. No one lives past his bloodied hammer to join their stock. The city is deliberately trying to starve their city out, evident when even Rhysar was banned from visiting the Centerfold. Less and less stock has been used for trading, and more have been for sharpening climbing tools, picks, ice infused into rope. They are planning to man an assault, climbing up the walls of the Maw itself if they have to. But recently, more scraps of metal have been falling from the city. More bodies tumble over the side, remaining more than darkened smears in the ground below. Something is happening in the city above; perhaps they don't need to do anything more than wait.

✓ *Beggars Hidden in Torchlight*

The Maw, though it maims and kills all that enters it, is a forgiving place. The stones remember who lives, and they mourn and bring back who dies. Men are torn apart within seconds by collapsing tunnels and those who live inside them, but the Maw brings them back. The Maw is not a sanctuary, but is home to those who brave its terrors. Meet the inhabitants. Choose who to fear.



- The *Ysen-Graft* are the natives of the Centerfold; native in the fact that they were born there. They are a species of sentient ice, named Ysen, which is mined in the areas surrounding the frozen city. This ice pilots motorized coffins, used in heavy labor since there are so few settlers in the city and the mining of the ice takes a heavy death toll. They make up the main part of the citizenship of the Centerfold, as death is a common enough occurrence and Ysen is everywhere. If the city above can use death to serve the city? Then the Centerfold can, as well, albeit better.



- The *Precursors* are the remnants of the Gaians that left the city in pursuit of the Founders. They share the Drow lineage of the Gains and Tra'Vial, but have become more deformed by the protrusions of spider legs from their back, a leftover from their belief in Lolth. When the outposts gave way to a city, when the Second Sun was being built, the hierarchy of power decided to ban worship of the Founders. The Precursors left as a result. Many scholars now believe that those who didn't go into the Maw became that of the Archaeids. Where have the other Precursors gone?



- The *Oryktoi* are a race of giant centipedes, nearly six feet tall and can measure up to eight in length. They are a blind race, using the sounds of their many footfalls in order to pinpoint their location. They were known for their fierce work in constructing the mines around the Heights, for leading those expeditions to gather the materials needed to help raise the city. They were so well known for their work, in fact, that when they vanished upon the city's completion they were almost entirely forgotten by everyone else. Those who were in the mines never forgot, and constantly looked for them, but the city was too proud to even notice they were gone.



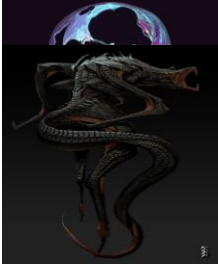
- The *Tra'Valash* were the race that came before the Tra'Vial, and they show it. Instead of just having bones poke from their arms, the Tra'Valash have most of the internal structure piercing their skin, to the effect of creating a living exoskeleton of their own skeleton. The procedure to create the Tra'Valash was too expensive, however, and moreover too costly. Too many died in the creation process that could be used. The remaining few went into the Maw to cover up the tracks of the Enlisted while the city made their own successors from their remaining, pooling blood.

- The *Wyrthruma* are a collection of roots, taking a bipedal form in order to protect the basis of creation. Each Wyrthruma is a part of that basis, implanted with a single glowing seed which grants them consciousness. Some believe that they are a hive-mind, while others believe they are simply different copies of each other. Whatever the reasoning, they are hostile to all life in the Maw, believing that to be able to decompose

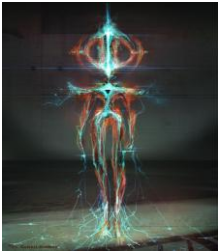


and rot means that one is insulting the grand design of life itself. Attempts to discuss the notion of plant-life being part of that cycle of life and death have been met with violence.

- The *En'Deas* are the souls that did not have enough scattered remains to become Curio-Born. In their stead, they took blood and water and fashioned themselves free-flowing bodies, centered around a tiny black-hole which keeps the liquid circulating. Many believe that this is a mimicry of blood flowing in one's body, which the En'Deas have been curious about. They hold some resentment towards their fellow living dead, but their curiosity at what exactly they are keeps them in line. They were chosen to return to the living, so they must not waste the opportunity for knowledge.



- The *Vrači* are a species of sentient leeches, and they are loathed and feared in the Maw. They seemingly have no goal but to main and kill, to collect any and all blood and then to run. They have no fixed home, no point of interest, no plan; only the slaughter of any they come across. Many settlements arm themselves on regular watches and patrols just in case a pack of *Vrači* decide to fix their jaws on them. As far as anyone's knowledge, there have been no attempts within their collective groups to reform. Slaughter is the only way forward in their eyes, against their hundreds of teeth.



- The *Urreisan* are a species made out of energy itself; they align themselves to be energy itself, not just made of, that they are the innate potential of the Maw made manifest. They are seen as kind souls because they always offer up parts of their essence in order to power settlements. The *Urreisan*, like the *Oryktoi*, see themselves only as useful if they are helping and assisting others. The Maw made them manifest, and if they cannot do their existence justice then the Maw wasted its creation with them. Though there are only usually a handful to each camp, each *Urresian* is the most vital part of that settlement.



- The *Aser-Purloin* are the wretches that claim to be more than they are. They are the fools who find the scraps of the Founders with blood along the edges of blades and flesh bound within ice and decide to partake. They are the fools who replace their blood with someone much older, much more cruel, than their own. The Founders do not experience death, though they live in it. Thus, the *Aser-Purloin* are alive, yet they are not. Needles and feathers and eyes piece out of their skin, but they are one step closer to ascension. They have chosen their form of salvation, and it has damned them.

- The *Hredaziddel* are the survivors of the extermination of Ver'Ghettan, a city that once housed ...

- The *Krnatephalē* ...

(Continue) Those Among the Wreckage

Don, the Ice-Born Magnus (Revise);



The Centerfold came to be because of a lone figure, bursting their way through a cavern wall. Pantling, stumbling, they made their way through the footfalls and wreckage of all that had fallen from the city high above, as he slowly realized he was in the Maw, what could either be seen as the bottom or the top of it. Above him, a tiny spec of light swayed overhead. His very own star, one that used to be his home. Another stone fell from up above, nearly impaling him. In the chill air, frost already trailing up his arms, he knew the quiet truth; Volosk'Don, the protege of Rhysar and the Second Forge of the city, had been abandoned by his people and left to rust, left to be forgotten.

Don had been working alongside Rhysar during the year 289, as rings of marble and limestone were slowly raised to protective structures around the Foundation. As the Second Sun was secretly being born, Don was being trained to be a secondary guard of the city, to be the future trainer of the city's defenders as more Restless-Forges entered the city. With the Tra'Valash filling the Enlisted

ranks, a prior variation of the Tra’Vial that had recessed flesh and bones that fully stuck out of the body, the cost for genetic modification was too high, too painful. They were a powerful fighting force, but not enough to sustain the city. All that was needed was a final test to solidify Don as a fighting force, as someone who could protect the city. In the dark pathways known as the Footfalls of the Founders, Don left with three others, Nimh’Ara, Val, and Aranea, to investigate why the mine was shut down. They met god, down there in the dark.

Don met a Founder, the corpse of one. Aranea became part of that Founder and killed the others. And even when Don escaped, found his way under the city, and after nearly a century finally got a message up to the city itself, they would not let him home. He was a relic of the times before the Second Sun, before a time where the city could see itself as enlightened. And the city had all but routed all stories of the Founders; Don was just measly regression, so they instead sent rejects of the city to live alongside him. And they sent Rhysar to give these criminals to Don, as a message. You do not belong, and even now we control both of you. Rhysar was forced to rise, and Don was forced to remain. But he did not fall. Using a scrap of bone taken from Nimh’s body, he did the opposite of Aranea and built a home, a place of rest for all those deemed unworthy of the city. To those who were worthier of their own light, from the ties that bind.

The Centerfold, that even at the base of the explored Maw, that this is the center of their own world. That they do not need to look above for salvation when it is already around their own feet. The goal of this place was to show that they did not need what they came from to survive, that they could be better than who they were before. In the city’s first holiday, celebrating the passing of the first decade, Don addressed his fellows, the chill and whine of their homes of ice aiding in their hurrahs, “Even though the city rises above us, a tree can only be grown from its roots. We are the city’s roots. They might have the Second Sun, but we shine bright by the lot of them.” They were not citizens, a mass to be thrown against and discarded; they were fellows, family. They were together. And they would grow to rise above all that the city would throw down at them. And even now, Don still believes in that. The city still believes in that. And they will never stop believing.

ADD MORE HERE

...

(Begin) Unfathomable Depths

(Begin) Supposed Lore

...

(Begin) The Point in Diving

...

(Begin) How to Dive

...

(Begin) Those Deep in the Maw

(Begin) Xul’Enoch, Vessel of Rage

...

...

...

...

(✓) The Gravelorn, Writhing Chosen of the Maw

The destruction of the Heights came from the walls of the city beginning to undo themselves, tons of rubble and the splintered metal of the Great Chains killing thousands even before the city began to shift along the walls. Flesh writhed under the ancient stone, scraps of arms, legs, and screams escaping for moments before the downpour began once more. The last thing the Heights saw before they were welcomed to the depths, before one of the three Great Chains snapped, was the revolving mass of flesh that made up the many jaws and teeth that made up the Gravelorn, the anger that the city forgot: the giant



wyrm made up the bodies that were tossed over the side of the city, the discarded scraps that were left deep in the Maw, and all those bundles of lost hope that were never even named.

If numbers could be placed in the anatomy of the great wyrm, it would list thousands of complete corpses, but the Maw cares not for the complete picture. Nearly a millions souls complete the wyrm, which bodies of which make it nearly a league in length alone. The bones of each soul are funneled to outside of the wyrm's body, so that they are able to climb along the passages of the Maw. This leaves the inside of the wyrm to be composed entirely of flesh, without form. The bodies swirl around each other, making a single, convulsing, and endless throat. Those who are swallowed by the Wyrm are not digested, but are slowly crushed to death as hundreds of pounds of flesh cover them and compress. The end of the wyrm simply tapers out, ending in strands of flesh that look like tentacles, like a body has been dissected. Like it gave birth to itself and failed. Because the body simply fails, as the wyrm only travels onward. There is only one progression, to the city it would destroy.

Hate is a subject the inhabitants of the Maw are well versed in. As the Maw lies out of jurisdiction of the Weave, rebirth is not found here, leaving those in the dark recesses of the caverns either to force their ways into creation through death like the Curio-Bound or Restless-Forges or become like the wyrm. Their souls lose potency the longer you are alive, so they focus on one emotion. And no one dies honestly, down where there is no light. Betrayals, murders, simple coincidence: none of this is fair, none of this is right. Souls deteriorate, voices are lost. So, they scream, and the Gravelorn roars with each individual tone until they reach a final harmony. They lose everything, become nothing. They are nothing more than cells in a body that only keeps itself together out of spite, out of the need for revenge.

But even in the end, the mind cannot be overtaken; even in the writhing mass of blood and rage, some voices will never be silenced. Some will rage and rage, tearing their bodies from the masses to claw their way back into being heard. They will scream louder than ears can perceive. Nimh'Ara, a Tra'Valash slain by the piloted body of a Founder. Val, one of the few remaining Oryktoi, slowly melted leg from leg and shell from shell in the belly of the beast. And one more, a mite of pure hate, so lost in their own self-loathing that they forgot their own names. They are the voices at the helm, the three eyes of this great beast. And they set their sights on the city that abandoned them. There is no after; the city must fall, the city will fall. And even in the rubble of thereafter, the Gravelorn will break each and every brick. Not even dust will remain. Only then will they allow themselves to lay down and truly die.

(Begin) The Keysmith, They Who Stand in the Way

...
...
...

(Begin) The Last, Founder of Wrath

...
...
...

CHAPTER 8: A BURIED CIVILIZATION

(Begin) Ver'Ghettán

...

Those Left among the Wreckage

✓ Hhima'Las, First General of the Enlisted

Can you pay time in blood? Can you write your own fate in gore? Can you take back all of the time lost, all of the waste? Pour it down one final, final drain, down the gutter of war? That final conflict within and for life itself? No, you cannot. One can try, can paint their bodies and souls with blood, pray not to the gods but to their own humility for grant and purchase, but nothing comes from it. Nothing comes from murder. No gladness is granted from desiccation and burning. No good is bought in war. And



for the Tra'Valash, for those bred only for war, their works were left for the Maw to swallow whole and spit out into that hollow, empty put that is forgetfulness. For is there any fate more cursed in the many fires of the hells than that humanity itself cannot learn from your mistakes?

A simple order, given from the bastard known as the "Radiant;" a citing of great magic has been discovered in the Maw, retrieve it at all costs. Your men have full jurisdiction in combative orders. The plain telling was that his men could make their own orders, that they had no fear of execution through what could be seen as desertion or the misfollowing of officers. But for the Enlisted, who had died time and time again to that fucking Maw, who were unthanked and jeered at, whose bodies broke at them as their bones became sharper, pierced their skin and make simple pleasures impossible, the order took a new flavor; burn it all. Burn everything down. The words of Vosundir echoed in their ears as they marched down the pathways of the Maw, those "footfalls of the Founders." *The city must rise, at all costs.* Well, without any other cities to compare to the Heights, nothing else could rise against them. Genocide seems so trite and easy when men are given freedom of consequences.

On the night of the city's burning, the army split in two. A single regiment walked through the city's gates, let in by Mha'Tralost, the Gatekeeper. A bribe was given to keep him compliant, promises of a raising of stations and other boasting for his pride. They snuck through and killed the guards to the other exits of the city, assuming their uniforms. And the other soldiers, nearly three legions strong, waited above. They had climbed up the walls of Ysen, crept and waited on the ceiling above, nearly a thousand feet above the city. It would have only taken one to take the city. But that was not their goal. They all fell in a single wave. So dark was the cast of their shadows that they blotted out the First Sun, and the rush of their fall extinguished the Sun's outer layer. Within fifteen minutes, the outer ring of the city was engulfed in flame, a feat unheard of due to the extreme temperatures of the city. This was due to Mha'Tralost, who gave them purchase to the fire of the First Sun, but even he was unaware of the extent the Enlisted would use it. Within an hour, the only life of the city remained within the great spire at the city's center. Every civilian has either been slaughtered or encased in capsules of distilled time, faulty as they were. For all accounts, their deaths were so extreme they were simply blotted out of the Weave entirely.

What happened next is known, but the how and why are left to mystery. Perhaps the stirring of the great spine of the spire, or the final incantations of Vol'Salis, were to blame, but the facts remain as follows; first, the First Sun imploded, turning all of the great orb to Ysen and flash-freezing all those who remained within its confines. Then, all of the Enlisted died. In a flash, their bodies were ruined, twisted, a yellow flame sprouting from their mouths and eyes. Then, they rose again. That flame trickled from their wounds, from every broken patch of skin. Cursed, by unknown means. They could not leave the city, the flames would enshroud the gateways and burn those who tried to clamber over the walls. And Hhima'Las, last, was broken. His mind was torn from his skull, heart burnt out to a simply hollow chamber. His blood had evaporated. All in its place, coursing through every part of his frozen body, was a yellow bile. It trickled out of him. A single runner, not from the Enlisted but some wretch from a nearby settlement, brought the plans back to the city. Each soldier screamed across the channels of communication magic to the Heights, begging and pleading for sanctity. Within days, the channels were closed, and their names were recorded as those who died valiantly to protect the city. They still rot, down there in that frozen city. They still scream. And until the day of their final death, they always will.

(Begin) Mha'Tralost, Gatekeeper of Ver'Ghettan

...
...
...
...

(Begin) Rhogas'Targon, Warden and Executor

...
...

...

...

(Begin) Vol'Salis, Scholar of Sol

...

...

...

...

(Begin) Vergessen, the Founder of Forgetting

...

...

...

...

CHAPTER 9: THE CORHAS

✓ *What Is Left of Greatness*

There is a hierarchy to the Founders, a change in importance that deals with a name. Each Founder gets three names, detailing the three stages of creation: Prismos, Bheue, and Demeyne, or the individual name, the specialization name, and the interim name. A Founder is born from one concept of the world they shaped, and their work's importance in the world denotes or improves their power and station as a Founder. They are tied in ideals to their own creation, which is why they are all missing. The Flame has usurped them all, and has taken their works with them. Below lies each Founder, along with what they represented when they were still alive.



1. Rizan - Fowen - **Iyarti**: Creation The Founder of originality. When the Founders first wove together their plane of existence, down and away from all of the vicious thoughts and lives outside, they didn't know what to create. There was no "life" for them to create, not yet. The Founders simply began mixing together the raw materials they found around them, the remains they had carried over from the realm split. Colors became light, ore became caverns, thoughts became arms. Thousands of years passed, and Iyarti oversaw each work that the Founders made manifest. When the Flame took the rest of their creation, Iyarti made one final craft; the Maw, a deep chasm where even smoke from an eternal fire could be lost, diluted over time. But if that wasn't enough.



2. Gietan - Forjeta - **Vergessen**: Omitting. The Founder of the act of purposely losing something, anything. Some creations are not worth recalling, that some knowledge is heretical for a reason. Some ideals are better off serving no one rather than being cared for. There is only one Founder that the Flame chose to kill off rather than assimilation into their masses, that they chose to burn to ash on the other side of the gateway into the rest of creation; with the death of Vergessen, the foundation in which the doomed city of Ver'Ghattan would build off of, the Flame could stay hidden within Corhas. With a mind that is infinite, however, came oversight. Though no one could creach the city of the Founders once it was cut off, so were they unable to break through into creation save for pockets of space. Transversal, that vital knowledge, lost to time with its creator.

3. Rigrir - Vindlér - **Hallinskíði**: Depth. The Founder of having space, having the ability to be hollow, to be filled. There needed to be distance away from their creation, a wound which could not be felt, could not be seen, to keep the Founders away from their children. Hallinskíði experimented with distance away from their creation, but nothing kept the Founders away, no matter how hard they tried. Working against their own nature proved too difficult. When the Flame erupted, Iyarti made one desperate final creation to keep the Flame contained, but Hallinskíði was the one who made it work, made the Maw



endless. That was the way of the Founders; nothing was ever made alone. Their own accomplishments were founded atop each other.

4. Kylos - Cambium - **Apeiria**: Cycling. The Founder of paths, of ley lines, of fate. Of repetition. Before life, before death, there was the cycle. There was rebirth, even before creation. The transfer of materials, of souls, into new forms. Some would call this alchemy, but that is only glimpsing the hope of something behind a veil. There is no true deletion, no death, no forgetting, with the cycle. Only the transfer into something new. How else did the Founders create their own plane, without Apeiria looping the plane around itself, an endless elliptical sphere that will always lead back to itself. How else could they interact with their creation, than to simply reach being them?



5. Aevum - **Eternite** - Perpetuus: Lifespan. The Founder of the gift of breath and preparing for what comes after. There is no life without death, and death without life is meaningless. Eternite was responsible for the process of drafting what a life should entail, and how the process of death reveals itself. All the bodily ails, qualms, and promises of heath were designed, no malice in mind. Eternite would have easily become one of the prime Founders, if the Flame did not consume them all. The Founder was undone by their own design.



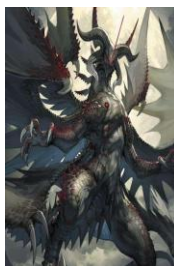
6. Waef - **Szerkezite** - Kaavilla: Structure. The Founder of rigidity, of form, of function. Of drafting bones, of constructing buildings, of creating the Corhas. Szerkezite was the main architect of the Founder's city, responsible for nearly every design. The rivers of pure magic essence that ran along the roads, tapping into the works of Sortarius and Apeiria, were only possible because of the designs this Founder drafted. All cities, every civilization, and every skeletal structure of all life in the Maw was made because of Szerkezite.



7. Eñkäl - **Følelse** - Njenjë: Emotion. The Founder of defining reactions, responses and stimuli, internal meanings. A body can have a soul, a breath of life, but without reactions without instinct, they are nothing more than bundles of bloody stems and nerves. Følelse personally shifted with the construction of brain cavities across the creations of the Founders, and it is due to their prospects that the importance of memories came to be. Still, not enough work was given of their own, often additions to the works of other Founders, so they were left without their final name.



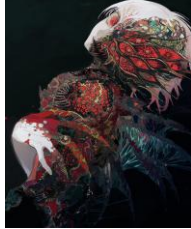
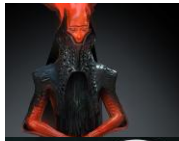
8. Spraec - **Kalbėti** - Malhada: Communication. The Founder of speech, of writing and vocal tones and symbology. Kalbėti was the archivist of the Founders, due to their creation of any language that could possibly exist in their creation. The Founders had no need for speech beforehand, but took up voices in praise of Kalbėti's work. As the record-keeper, a vessel for holding their knowledge was needed, and thus the Flame came to be. Kalbėti was the first Founder to meet the Flame, and when it consumed the Corhas, it made sure to strike when Kalbėti was resting. They wanted to take the Founder unaware, to keep the Founder in a world of their own dream.



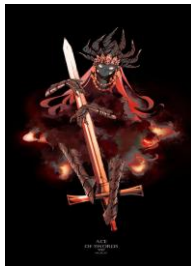
9. Xeito - **Capacis** - Vještina: Skill. The Founder of making uses, of determining the importance of a creation, of ensuring usefulness. While Iyarti dealt with creation in its rawest sense, Capacis handed out this creation to those they deemed most worthy. To Capacis, creation could fade if it was used by too many with shaky hands, too many without vision. Creation would be muddled, thrown to the dirt and left to die. Because of this, Capacis kept from changing their name, as the Founders believed that if granted too much power, Capacis would seek a way to remove Founders from their own station. In time, the notion of pride was drafted by Følelse because of how Capacis went around their own work.

10. Ektā - **Aontas** - Eenheid: Unity. The Founder of peace, of positive relations, of preserving what is and forging something new. The Founders were a nation of force, of raw talent, their work. They were focused on only what they could make. Aontas' work

was to change that, to change the nature of their own selves. The Founders had to make their own souls, after all. The relative ease in which the Founders were assimilated into the Flame is due in part to the teachings of Aontas, that in the face of all adversity they are to simply smile. In time, they will overcome.



11. Hynt - **Pneuma** - Saiwalō: Sentience. The Founder of the soul, or something that could be equal to it. Filling their creations became a concern to the Founders, as they wanted to provide something meaningful without drawing from what they escaped from. The solution was to implant a trace of Founder essence within each of their creations, that their creations are “marked” to ensure they are held within the cycles and changes that come forth. Considering the falling of the Founders, one could assume that the later races that came out of the Maw could be more like the Founders than there are any left.



12. Gealdor - **Sortiarius** - Khemeioa: Magic. The Founder of the “Weave”, of the connective veins of pure energy that connect between matter and object. The “Weave” is a condensed series of ley-lines, plucked from the realms beyond to place inside this one. Since this realm loops itself, Sortiarius chose to connect this between each Founder, Each person. The different types of magic can be considered to be nothing more than different strands, that the more wound one is in the weave means they are allowed to channel themselves more through every branch of it. This is how the Flame knew where the Heights were; they were pulled towards each pull on the Weave.



13. Stabol - **Bothyrus** - Epistamai: Grounding. The Founder of what would be known as science. The Founders wove the realm together with magic, making each aspect unique to their own whims and desires. But Bothyrus chose to take it apart. To make it understandable to those who would live under them, their creations. Borhyrus made the world legible, understandable. They created the baseline for eventual understanding of what even the Founders were. Bothyrus chose to spend time away from their kin, near the settlements cropping up around the top of the realm. And when the Flame took the Founders, all ties of essence and vital energy were cut off. Bothyrus was left alone, a rotting corpse, and the creations they so loved came and cut them apart piece by piece.



14. Tekhne - **Bellitas** - Aistheikos: Art. The Founder of creative liberty, to either celebrate the world at large or to create a scathing review of it. The city of Corhas was dull and lifeless before Bellitas began their work on it. The only color was that of dark stone, of the trickles of magic in the streets. The monuments of haphazard sizes and shapes, the sprawling works of permanent erosion and color, the twisting of magic itself to become lights, all came from Bellitas. In their eyes, a world without beauty deserved to be blind, and they would not allow themselves or their creations to be unknowing of what they could see in it. Even in the burnt husk that Corhas has become, the works of art remain.



15. **T’vora Sera** - Tarakhē Khnos - Andeiskhminein: Chaos. The Founder of never living the same day twice, of something new always arriving. Chaos has become negative in connotation simply because they survived the burning of Corhas. The Flame villainized them, made their foundry that of spite and ruin, but chaos was meant for good. Chaos was the ruiner of plans, so that one could live in the moment. Chaos kept the Founders from their work, so that they could be among themselves. T’vora Sera never rose past their primordial name because they were a child, by design or mistake, and never wished to grow. They wanted to stay with their family. But some choices were not made for us, and T’vora Sera was left to wander the Maw alone, always looking up.

16. **Sapnas** - Träume - Húpnos: Dreams. The Founder of resting, of more than fading to black, and yet the Founder of nightmares. Sapnas and T’vora Sera were close, as all the low-ranking Founders were. When constructing dreams, a comment made by T’vora



Sera inspired Sapnas to interlock the Weave of Sortarius to the mortal minds. Each dream was simply a soul passing through a tendril of that Weave; they were interacting and meshing their memories to the innately laid ones of another's soul. This was one of the key factors in why the Flame chose to take control of Corhas, of every Founder. If a single Founder can affect every mortal in such a way, then there was no limit on what it could do.

17. **Skofnung** - Lyf-Steinn - Vafþrúðnir: Duty. The Founder of honor, of courage, of sacrifice. There were no wars that were fought between the Founders, not even any major conflict. But they knew in time their mortal creations would pursue that path, as all mortals did in the realms before. As they did before, as much as they tried to forget. Skonung instilled in each creation a sense of honor, familial ties. A calling to defend others, as well as the self. They presented weapons as necessary, but as a last result. And the Flame used this to create ire, rage, when it burnt their body. In Skufnung's burnt living corpse, sacrifice replaced duty as the thing all warriors must strive for.

18. **Lúin Celtchair** - Gae Assail - Areadbhár: Challenge. The Founder of strife, of fighting and bettering oneself over time, of sharpening oneself into a blade. Lúin was one of the few Founders that were cast off from their creations, almost to the point of being exiled back to their original plane because of their nature. By always seeking conflict, Lúin invented pain. Not death, but the act of being torn asunder, of being mainmed, of being worn down. In their words, "We are making beings that cannot survive without our guidance. We create, but we are not here to nurture." It is unknown what happened to Lúin, if they were absorbed into the Flame or not.

19. **Nægling** - Graégmáel - Bysseus: Survival. The Founder of the struggle to find food, to need shelter. The Founder of making life require effort. Nægling believed that their creations were not truly alive unless they had conflict, that striving to overcome something made the day worthwhile, memorable. This was a more scathing take on the Founders' creations, as if they made their lives easier, what was their purpose to begin with? The stagnation of Nægling's name was due to a conscious choice on the Founders to make their creations have a worthwhile experience, to have lives that were different to their own on the planes outside the one they created.

20. **Oör** - Sigya - Hashraā: Inspiration. The Founder of the urge to create, to partake in making something new. Iyarti was known for a reason; being the first Founder, their original creation allowed for all the Founders to create in their own right. There was only one Founder that dared to add onto that, which was Oör. Their goal was to transfer that creation to the created, that the beings they made would have glimpses of that almighty creation and make their own out of it. Had it not been for the Breathing Flame's overturn of Corhas, it's possible that Oör might have grown beyond their primordial name, as Iyarti showed great interest in their work.

21. **Harpē** - Srīpū - Čirppi: The core. The Founder of Rebirth, but only for an individual. For the repurposing and cataloging of how attributes distinguish themselves in a living being. Harpē was a lesser Founder, due to their similarity to both Pneuma and Apeiria. Their work was on the finer details of Pheuma's soul, on distinguishing characteristics like honor across lifespans, of defining traits like sensitivity or bravery regardless of where the soul ended up. While the other Founders focused on the topics, on the inner workings of their world, Harpē focused on making them matter for those creations. But because of this, they never progressed far.

22. **Maene** - Haimaz - Belanghen: Community. The Founder of home, of family. Of peace. Of blood and name. Maene believed that the self was not enough. The Founders existed because of each other, and drew from each other's strengths. Maene made sure their creations would be the same. Across the Weave, Maene made sure not to include names. The souls would not be named, would not have ties because of that. Rather, they

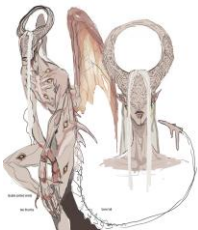


made sure each strand was connected to each other, from the souls they met, even when they split away. So that even after their rebirth, they would be able to find their community again, even if under a new person entirely. Maene is the reason the Founders survived the Flame at all.

23. **Geleafa** - Hiedelem - Creença: Belief. The Founder of religions, of self-importance, and all that came between. Not much is known of this Founder, even amongst the Founders themselves. Geleafa never left Corhas, but was never seen inside it. They were a hermit, a recluse, and one even the Flame almost overlooked as tendrils of fire swept across the city. The Founder of belief, in trying to write down every possible fleeting idea, slowly became overwhelmed by their work. By the time the Flame found them, they were barely even a Founder at all, nothing more than a pile of rags and sobbing flesh. Not even worth pity, at the end.



24. **Milogranatum** - Tylēdōn - Supplygnes: Healing. The Founder of Wounds, physical and metal, and the ways in which they grow back, stronger than they were. Milogranatum was a mute Founder, one that spoke in signs rather than words. They had been this way since their days before the Founding, but they stayed as they were so they could teach their new mortals how to realize themselves. To be better, while still being themselves. They were the gardeners of the Founders, and often sought ways to travel with their creations, if only for a time. To walk the streets of cities made not by them, to see and feel through eyes that were always open to the world around them. It is believed that the Flame spared this Founder, so that they could live amongst the mortals one last time.



25. **Derwos** - Lioalte - Gateiwu: Truth. The Founder of history and of lies. In order to transcribe the history of their lives, Derwos had to inscribe the words that would supplant them. They knew that the mortals they made would soon forget of the Founders, and they wrote out how they would say these things. In their mind, it was a passing of the torch, that the created would soon have the power to create. But in the end, they never surpassed their primordial name. Truth can become relative, as one lie can be believed as much as truth itself. Derwos was left in a state of not being able to work, as their work fell apart before even the Flame came to be.



26. **Iuris** - Langan - Sumptuarius: Jurisdiction. The Founder of order, of laws, of the state of things. Iuris was the main caregiver for the Flame, due to the Flame being an instrument of balance and perfection. The Flame was supposed to keep all of the creations cataloged to ensure no one creation would oversee another, and as Iuris was the Founder of balance, the right to control the flame went to them. Iuris was the first Founder to be consumed by the Flame, and it left nothing left of them. All order was torn asunder, because the Flame loathed being controlled, so it made sure nothing could control it or anyone else again. All of Iuris and their creations were purged from existence itself. Only their name remains.



27. **Azōos** - Insenatus - Exstinguere: Inanimance. The Founder of stone, of rock, of bedstones and foundations and not needing a purpose. Azōos created the raw materials in which the Corhas was constructed, as well as ensuring that each founder was always next to materials to make their own work. A Founder without work, without purpose, is not a Founder at all. They are also the reason the Flame was lit, as it was their creation of flame that was chosen to be the beacon and cornerstone of their people. If only they could have known the dangers the transition from inanimate to personhood would cause.

28. **Iwwiz** - Phersu - Kharaktēr: Self. The Founder of identity, of ties apart from the community. Iwwiz was not important, in the grand scheme of the Founders. For a group of beings devoted to creation, to forging ideals apart from themselves, the prospect of the self was of little to no importance. Through Iwwiz, the ranking of the Founders was



established, that their names grew over time to reflect their standing. They had to write their names, names that would never come to pass, because their accomplishments were not worthy enough.

CHAPTER 10: RETURN TO THE HEIGHTS

CHAPTER 11: EPILOGUE IN THE CLOUDS

APPENDIX

✓ Character Options

✓ Species of the Heights

VALKERIAN

“Vol’Usk nyr L’Ier”

“The Earth mourns for None”

-Lyric of the Departed, Valkerian tradition

Forward

Every civilization has a foundation upon which it is built. No building can be raised from dust, and no army is populated with more than blood. The Valkerian is the essence of the entirety of the Heights; without their knowledge and insight, the city itself wouldn't have existed at all. As the tales say, the Founders had established a lowly footpath leading to the chasm in which the city would be built, but were falling and starving, dwindling in number until only a few worthy of names had lived. When those living in the Maw reached out, grasped hand in hand, and built a new home, the Valkerian were the ones who stayed. And they were forgotten for their sacrifice. They are the lowly, and they are the many; stories told under the hushed voices of lantern-light tell of past glories, of old empires that spanned through every natural corridor deep inside the depths of the Maw. Now, they live only in the memories and stories of their forefathers, in the scratchings and carvings of the walls, and in the ancient guideposts that have fallen in mold and ruin. The past is dead, the present is all there is, and the Valkerian tend to the city to ensure the chains never break upon their new bedrock.

History

According to their customs, the Valkerian lived inside the cave systems of the Maw, and they claim that they were the ones who first navigated and charted the passages deep in the Maw itself. They believed that each cave system was divine, that each natural formation was an idol to the earth itself, and they refused to change the layouts of the caverns in reverence and duty. Songs and accords were written of the discoveries founded during this time of prosperity; then, all ended abruptly. Their world caved in, and all that was left but rubble. The oldest of the Valkerian do not speak of the silence between their age of prosperity to their time in the heights, no matter what is presented to them. This gap in silence has seduced more and more Valkerian to leave the city due to the overcrowding and lack of possibilities there, the call of ancient history and buried namesakes drawing entire generations to leave at the passing of the torch. Still, many more are bound to the city, their entire family lineage founded in the brickwork of the city itself. They cannot abandon the work of their family, not now; a lifetime of absence is better off than abandoning the thread. So, there they remain, tending to the city as best they can, building more and more until there will be a day the city does not even require the Great Chains at all; when that day comes, all

the lives lost will finally be worth it.

Description

The Valkerian are insectoid forms, roughly ranging from five feet to five feet eight inches tall. They have four arms, two protruding from the shoulders and an additional, smaller set of arms protruding from their midsection. Their hands are more claw-like in appearance, having four digits on their main hands and three on their smaller. They have four eyes, shining with a light blue, green, or yellow bioluminescence. They are covered with hard chitin, and cracks that appear on them do not heal. The more luxurious of the Valkerians pour metal into these cracks, the most common being that of gold and copper. The chitin itself is usually blue or dark green in hue, with other colors stemming from paint and tattoos that must be reapplied due to the composition of the chitin itself. Their speech is made of clicks and rattling gasps, made to be more oral than written language. Books and songs are their language, traditions passed down through the recollection of elders. The only written language of the Valkerians comes from relics dug from far, far below the Empire, but no one can read these texts anymore.

Racial stats

+2 Intelligence, +1 Wisdom, -1 Constitution/ Proficiency in Religion or History

Multi armed (Passive); Having two sets of arms, the Valkerian can carry multiple weapons and cast spells simultaneously. For weapons that are held in the lower set of arms, attacks have modifiers removed for attack rolls and damage. For additional spells used by the lower arms, the user must roll concentration in order to cast the spell. If failed, the spell slot is burnt as the spell fizzles out and dies. These weapon attacks or spells are used in tandem with the normal action use.

Natural Armor (Passive); When donning light armor, gain +1 AC and advantage on spell concentration checks. While wearing no armor, gain an additional AC point and advantage on spell saving throws. When wearing medium or heavy armor, a Valkerian has disadvantage on spell saving throws, but gains an additional +2 to constitution and an additional AC when using a shield.

Earth Made Manifest (Passive); When using evocation, transmutation, or graviturgy magics, gain an addition +2 to spell save DC, attack bonus, and damage. This bonus increases on the 5th (+3), 10th (+4), 15th (+5), and 20th (+6) level. While using necromancy, illusion, or enchantment spells, though, suffer -1 to damage. In addition, all spell slots are regained during a short rest when sleeping on stone surfaces.

GAIAN

*There is one path forward, one destiny. One hope, hand upon hand.
The Great Chain hoists the city upward, and we shall serve each link.
There is no cost too great.
Protect the City.
We must not fail.*

End of a speech by the Voice of the Council, Vosundir

Forward

The Gaian are the rulers of the Maw and all those who live above it. They were not the first ones to lay claim to this stretch of land, but they are the ones who transformed it into being something more, something different: something sublime. Life flows through their fingertips, spreading as mushrooms and growths that add ever increasingly to the anchors holding the Heights to its lofty position. Their roots spread out across every building and through every ruling class and member, each council member of Tellus holding their chins aloft through veins weaving through arms and through their flesh, holding their chins aloft and overlooking their city. Every soul living in the city has a purpose, a gleaming and shining purpose for all to strive for. They ventured down from the Lowerdark for a reason, names and meanings evolving more with the dirt and the grime and the climb deeper and deeper into their new home. They were going to find their paradise, even if they had to change every footpath they took in the way. Luckily,

they found little resistance in their newly founded paradise, everyone settling into their right and just positions.

History

The Gaian are the descendants of the Founders, a selection of Drow and other individuals who first began the trek to the Maw. The reason the Founders left their kin in the Underdark has been lost to the secretive records among the Council, but quiet murmurs in talkative streets lend rumor to disagreements between Lolth and her followers, that some grew tired of the many strands of silk tying them to a destiny beyond their control. For now, they control much of the societal functions of the Heights Proper, trendsetting what is good and proper and just. The belief that meaning stems from life, the cultivation of it, came from the Gaian, setting it as the foreground belief in the Heights. Even so, the Foundation still finds its roots along the corners of each turn of the disk. The social hierarchy of the Gaian do not favor those who appear to die off, who do not serve their proper function. Many of the seedier organizations are founded by those Gaian who were cast out from their families, left to fester and mildew so they can be reborn as something else. They are the rise, and the eventual fall, of the Heights and every individual living in balanced harmony.

Description

Years underground, far below from the sight of light and the hope of salvation, have rendered the Gaian into being needle thin, tendons pointing out of gaunt skin. To supplement this, different amounts of plant life grow on the surface and in the wounds of each Gaian. Those of higher status are known for towering fungal crowns and capes of lichen growing from their shoulders from wounds long since evolved into new life. Younger Gaian are easily spotted due to moss covering most of their body, like secondary veins that grow atop their own. Even with this, they often appear rather sickly and gaunt, and most have to apply different glamours in order to hide this. It's most easily seen across the fingers and the eyes, blackened moss painted under their skin and eyes turning a pale white the longer they remain conscious. Elder Gaian are entirely transformed by their growths, encompassing their entire bodies so that normal clothing is almost impossible to wear, their own faces becoming entirely covered apart from their eyes, if that isn't covered as well.

Racial stats

+2 Charisma, +1 Intelligence, -1 Constitution/ Proficiency in Persuasion

Life to Undeath (Passive); For all necrotic damage you deal, you gain $\frac{1}{3}$ of all damage dealt returned as health. In addition, the Gaian is immune to necrotic damage, and is resistant to poison damage. As a cost, Gaian have disadvantage against all flame attacks of any kind, whether magical or non-magical.

The Weight of Responsibility (Passive); The status of the Gaian Empire brings responsibility, fame, prestige. Gain a +3 to deception, insight, investigation, nature, and persuasion. This increases by three on the 5th level, 10th, 15th and 20th. In addition, all opponents attending to use these skills against a Gaian have disadvantage. If a Gaian loses to a roll in any of these skills the opposing foe must make a Charisma saving throw or be frightened by the Gaian.

I Command Thee, Kneel (Action, 3x per long rest); A Gaian may choose to plant their feet into the soil and rock beneath them, tendrils of moss and mushrooms shooting out and gripping at a figure in range. The opponent must make a constitution saving throw, or is completely restrained. Each turn while restrained, the opponent is dealt d6 poison damage plus your charisma modifier. An additional d6 is added for each round restrained. The damage changes to a d12 at level 10, and a d20 at level 20. An additional opponent may be selected at level 10 and 20, respectively.

TRA'VIAL

"This is how we die, alone in the dark. They have abandoned us."

'That is unacceptable.'

“This is the truth, Vrial!”

‘Then the truth is unacceptable.’

-Record of Guardian Vrial, lost in the Defense of the Maw.

Forward

Every army needs a soldier, and the Gaians are no exception. When they marched into Lowerdark, they brought their soldiers with them, sending them out again and again to leap into the fray to protect their brothers. Now, they have fought for so long that they are not even considered Gaian, but something else. For now, they are considered the wardens of the Heights, but all of its inhabitants know what they are. War, distilled into flesh. The Tra’Vial fling themselves from the caverns and canyons of the Maw, able to withstand falls of nearly 100 feet before lunging into combat. Their limbs are sharp, lagged, more blades than appendages. They know their purpose, they always have. And they wish for nothing different.

History

They say that history is written by the winners, that those not willing to take their legacy by force are doomed to be lost to others willing to. The Tra’Vial are the instruments of this belief, soldiers born, shaped, and twisted into being nothing more than weapons for the Gaian to wield. When the Gaian first entered the Lowerdark, when the last traces of their drow lineage were starting to fade completely, they employed their soldiers to scout out the caving systems. This proved to be much more of a momentous task due to the rough terrain of the crevices and caverns, which their climbing tools were not well-enough equipped for. Climbing hooks soon were attached to their armor, which were soon sharpened in case of enemy advancements during their climbs. When the wounded soon had these hooks embedded into their hands through constant stress and use, they soon found they were not removed. Soon, tales began to spin of monstrous figures sculking on the ceilings far above encampments, falling to land on the shoulders of guards and crushing them on the spot due to inertia. If a Tra’Vial convoy turned its eyes to your position? Find your spot in the earth to lay your possessions to the ley lines, for there would not be enough left by these monsters to have a proper burial, nor would there be anyone left to bury you.

Description

The Tra’Vial resemble a Gaia that has been torn limb by limb, stretched, then reattached. Ears that are so long they must be clipped to helms in order not to droop, bodies that seem to slouch forward at odd angles to house muscle and sinew. Their legs seem to invert, bending behind themselves before leading into jagged points of feet. Their upper arms and elbows have the bones sticking out of their skin, the rest of the arm seeming stretched around it. But, their faces are completely normal, as if the rest of their body wasn’t twisted into that of a character of what it is to be an elf. They appear like a child’s drawing that has been terrifyingly real, a cracked mural that stalks the streets of the Heights day and night. The Tra’Vial are the boogeymen of the Lowerdark, no matter what is found in the Maw.

Racial stats

+2 Dexterity, +1 Constitution, -1 Intelligence/ Proficiency in Acrobatics

The Adama Maneuver (Passive); Due to rigorous mutations, the Tra’Vial are immune to fall damage for up to 100 feet. In addition to this, they gain an additional +2 to hit and damage during and for three rounds after falling from a great height. This increases by the 10th level (+5) and by the 20th (+10).

The Jagged Edges (Attack/Passive); At the cost of not having proficiency with any weapons except their fists, the Tra’Vial may use their arms as weapons. The bones on their arms scale have the finesse trait, the damage being 1d8 slashing damage. Should one wish, a Tra’Vial may instead attack with both arms, removing the dexterity bonus for attack to hit, but allowing for 2d8 slashing. In addition, these arms can be used to climb up surfaces, matching their normal movement speed.

Desperation of the Blood (Action, unconscious); With their dying breath, the Tra’Vail may decide to rage on. Should one be knocked unconscious, they can decide to continue to attack, but will suffer a

halved damage threshold while unconscious and will automatically fail one saving throw for each round used for attacking.

CURIO-BOUND

"There is no truth in flesh, only betrayal."

"There is no strength in flesh, only weakness."

"There is no constancy in flesh, only decay."

"There is no certainty in flesh but death."

-Expeditioner's Prayer, Chapter 9 of the Book of Divines, found in every basecamp.

Forward

The dead do not find peace this far below the surface of the material crust. The gods do not reach them here, where the ground chokes the prayers of dying men and the gurgles of blood pooling together with words. Instead, the dying turn their gaze towards the stone beneath their bloodstained hands, tuning their final word towards an uncaring thing, a lifeless thing. They never find solace as they die, they never find their afterlife; but they find life once more, or something resembling it. Limbs turn to shattered and broken stalagmites and the pieces of armor still attached to rotting bones. Blue fire spirals its way through gems and crystals, the flickering of light echoing the beating of their still hearts. And their souls manifest themselves in the remains of what was most important to them, their final will made manifest. There is a saying that if a soul comes back from beyond the dead, they must have a reason for their return. Be it revenge, love, a need to be more than who they are, the Bound are called back to the Maw, back to their lives, and they will not be denied their purpose again.

History

The discovery of the Curio-Bound was noticed on the trip the Founders took to get into the Maw, not something that occurred after. On the trip through the Lowerdark, various scenes of battles were on full display across the cavern walls, Traveling bootstraps were splattered with gore and grime, until one skeletal hand gripped a passing boot and refused to let go. The first theories for the Curios focused around liches and other magical beings, that these were simply soldiers used and that their purpose was yet to be completed. However, many of the Curios walked with the travelers, slowly stringing together words, phrases, conversations. One Curio even became the second in command behind the caravan leader, taking glancing blows through rotted ribs to keep others alive. Later as the Foundation was built, they began to be viewed as seemingly holy, blessed to come back for a second purpose, to transpose that and make death their own lineage. None of the Curios ever commented on this as the viewpoint was built up, slowly enclosing themselves more and more in the shadowy burrows of the Heights, creating catacombs of their own inception as they await the purpose for their transfiguration.

Description

The Curio-Bound are remains, be it humanoid, monstrous, or construct. They are mimicry of life, in order to convince the soul that they are still bound to this plane. They often retain some bits of bone from their surroundings; the soul does not need their own limbs in order to gain consciousness, however. In the center of their chests remains a curio, something close that tethers their soul to their being. Oftentimes it was their prized possession in life, be it a token of love, a valuable bauble, or a remnant of a duty yet to be fulfilled. Whatever means, they are held in the center of their torsos, held aloft with bone and sinew and metal prongs long since rotted and rusted. This curio pulsates whenever they speak, a constant reminder of the soulless vessel that still pings with life. Some curios still believe themselves alive and untarnished by the process of decomposition, while others use their status beyond life to reach heights they never could while in the living. Regardless, they skirt the fine line between being a person and a mere thoughtless specter, a line they must fight against every day.

Racial Stats

+1 Dexterity, +1 Intelligence, +1 Wisdom/ Proficiency in Survival

Incorporeal (Passive); Due to the vessel in which their form is based around, Curio-Bound innately gain a +1 to DC and initiative when you are facing an opponent directly. In addition, gain a +2 to damage rolls and damage dealt. When in large numbers, a Curio-Bound loses these bonuses, but may spend their turn spacing their form to incredible lengths, all physical and magical attacks missing the Bound entirely.

Resistance from the Beyond (Passive); Due to their undead nature, Curio-Bounds' are used to necrotic damage. When casting necrotic spells, add +3 to spell hit chance and +5 to damage. This doubles at level 10, and triples at level 20. Additionally, Curio-Bounds learn how to make themselves resistant to all necrotic spells at level 10, and immune at level 15.

Tethered Without Purpose (Passive); A Curio-Bound has no need for death saves, since they have already departed from their corporeal form. Instead, when their Hp is reduced to 0, they are detached from their curio. In this state, they may only cast spells that are necrotic in nature, as well as having a limited 15 ft area of flight. Their curio, which remains inert, has a limited health pool which is 1/3 of their Hp. Should this curio be destroyed, the soul is banished from this plane.

RESTLESS-FORGES

*"You were dead. You are reborn. Now you are metal. The ichor of their goddamn divine.
Damn the gods. Damn their destiny. Make your own.
Or die trying."*

-Rhysar, First Forge, upon welcoming new arrivals into the city.

Forward

Many lose their lives in the mines and tunnels of the Maw. No matter how traversed, how well trodden, how perfected, no path is sacred. Beyond the pulleys that lead down into the Maw, transportation is done by trail, huge wagons of men and artifacts pulled by hulking machines, able to traverse off of the rails should they become damaged and decoupled. It is in these times, off of the rails, that the expedition's haul may become infected with a machine-spirit. The soul of the departed latches itself into the lifeless steel, losing all memories except the drive to make it back into the Heights. They are ruthless, they are brutal, and they are dependent on the fire that fuels their fireboxes. Should a Restless-Forge fall, the spirit dies with the flame, the entire mechanism becoming lifeless and unable to be moved. Forges are seem to be too dangerous of a liability for an expedition to be taken along with the Heights, but those who have clawed their way back are always hired to be guards to the High Council without second thought.

History

The creation of the Restless-Forges was something of a miracle when it first occurred, sweeping over the memory of those who died in the miracle birth of artificial life. The first Forge crawled its way onto the left, shoving its arms inside the furnace that hoisted the pulley system and burnt its way into the Heights. It passed soon after, leaving an empty husk to be puzzled over in the Foundation. Manned posts were soon implemented in case more vessels such as these wandered back into city limits, mostly out of fear. These machines were clearly made by them, but heat had melded them into mobile suits of armor and fire. Something had turned them into being other, and if an outside force did this? They would have to be halted before they entered the city. The next Forge was fired upon when it refused to halt and address itself, but spears and magical implements bounced off its shell. The Forge didn't even register that it was being harmed, but hoisted itself onto the lifting platform and marched through the city, to kneel beneath the embers of the newly created Second Sun. *Rhysar*, the first Forge of the Heights, didn't move from this station until the second Forge entered the city, instead moving to kneel and lift up all other Forges into the welcoming arms of the city. It remains near the base of the lift to this day, a burning beacon for any new arrival to the city to run to, no matter what they are running from.

Description

Restless-Forges are their namesake; forges of the rail lines in the deep Maw given sentience, given order. Often, they're born of disasters along the lines, of weapons being forcefully dismounted by those living deep within the mines, or by faulty equipment sending them speeding off edges or into cliff walls. They're born in the bloodshed of those who manned these vessels, of the drivers, guards, and passengers that got caught in the crossfire of blood and metal. In the dying embers of these forges, rage fuels themselves instead. To wrench pistons into connective tissue, to replace blood with oil. Fingers made of nails and eyes made of screws, alight with the fire that keeps them alive, make up their body, their flesh. Should they reach one skilled with metalworking, they do not ask to appear more humanoid; instead, they work on distinguishing themselves from how they were made, to convert themselves into how they should still resemble. They take pride in their designs, and any defacement is met with a swift demise. These constructs are built from tragedy, pulling themselves out of the wreckage of construction and carnage, to have one final goal in mind; to return home.

Racial Stats

+2 Constitution, +1 Strength, -1 Dexterity/ Proficiency in Survival.

Until the End (Passive); As a Restless-Forge, you do not roll death saving throws. Should a Restless-Forge have their health pool reduced to 0, then the spirit leaves the machine and can no longer be controlled by a player. As incentive, your health pool is permanently doubled from what is rolled. Past level 15, the rolled hp is instead tripled.

The Undying Flames (Bonus Action, X number of times equal to level, refresh on short rest); A Restless-Forge may imbue their attacks with the flames that keep them alive. From levels 1-5, a heliograph may alight their weapons with 1d4 fire damage, which increases to a d6 for levels 6-10, a d8 for 11-15, and a d13 for 16-20. Should the forge miss, the target still takes half of this fire damage.

Unbroken (Bonus Action, 1 time per long rest); A Restless-Forge may also choose to strengthen their frame with their molten ore powering themselves forward. The Restless-Forge gains resistance to all physical attacks for the duration of 1d4+1 turns, at the cost of all healing being dealt as damage for those turns.

GULL-WEAVERS

"To be awake is to succumb to the dream.

To dream is to ignore the beating of the living.

Find the median leyline.

Find the Weave."

-Trügen, Leader of the southernmost cliffside Encampment.

Forward

Far in the tops of the Maw, in the spikes and jagged edges that cradle the edges of the elevation platform that lowers the expeditionists further into the darkness below, carved holes stare up at the city, filled with bright and sightless eyes. Here, on the edges of the void and the world above them, the Gull-Weavers lie dreaming. When the Gaian first came to this new world, they offered the Weavers a chance to join their new city. The Weavers refused, for they already knew of their city, hanging in the distance with invisible strings. They already walked along the ancient ley lines, set up their lives in the buildings dreamt up by their fathers and forefathers. They knew that the city would be built far before the strange men and women demanded their contribution for their paradise. And the Weavers, with their hands already pulling the threads for their next dream, were not going to pull a lesser city into existence. They had other plans in motion, and they would survive far past the new dwellers. All others had fallen before; these will not be different.

History

Everything is built into the weave, into the necessity of interconnectivity. Every action, of every life, connects to the greater will of all things. All life is made of strands, each body, each ligament, each birth and death, feeds into this will. A string of fate is too linear, too incomplete; All life is a tapestry, and the Weavers see the full picture of it all. When the forefathers first came to the Maw, the Weavers left ruts along the walls of the cavern, hideaways for them to hide in as ancient worms and scattering legs traveled past. When the Foundation was being built, they found coarse rope somehow in their buckets of powdered rock and bone, able to hoist and attach their workers to the sides of the gaping chasm below. When the first great chains were transfixed, metal fused with ancient stone, the chains were held by hundreds of thousands of strings, keeping the newly-forged metal from sagging and tearing their entire city asunder. And now, the Weavers are silent, the city loud, boisterous, screaming into the darkness as their light shines all across this canyon. Everything has effects on the greater wills of this world, and the city has caused a flutter in their dried wings. Something is happening. A fire is approaching. And they set this pyre in place so that the Weavers will not get burned.

Description

The Gull-Weavers are the forefathers for their Lepidoptera brethren, watching from their silken towers and bundles of secrets from around the edge of the Maw. The most prominent feature to them are their wings, with how mottled they are. The Gull-Weavers do not use their wings to fly; instead, they use the fiber of their wings to spin thread for dreams. Using the claws on the ends of their wings, in addition to their three-fingered hands, they pull bits of their wings apart as strips that hang across their eyes, feeding into the small patches that are their mouths. This serves as a gap from which they can project their essence, appearing as a floating wisp of hands and eyes. This is a strenuous task, leaving the Gull-Weavers rather frail and gaunt; only a handful reach their full age, most withering away in their adulthood. The eldest of the Gull-Weavers have their wings permanently affixed to the sides of their heads, claws dug into the shell lining and becoming affixed there, glued in place by scabs and blood. Most of the Heights holds the Gull-Weavers in a place of both fear and reverence, since they were the ones who first greeted the builders of old, and who have watched from the sidelines from the birth of the city to its lofty position now.

Racial stats

+3 Wisdom, +1 Charisma, -2 Strength, -1 Dexterity

The Dream Unshackled (Start/Action); In order to cast spells, Gull-weavers must fall asleep in order to manipulate their dreams. Doing so reveals an outline of themselves made from strands of pure energy of light, floating above their unconscious body. A Gull-Weavers' spells come from this energy. In combat, your movement speed is counted as flying up to a height of 30 ft, rough terrain is ignored, and one's HP is doubled. While in this form, a Gull-Weaver does not experience death saving throws. However, if one's HP goes past zero, they are induced into a comatose state and cannot awaken again save for Greater Restoration. The only way to kill a Gull-Weaver traditionally is to exceed their HP total while they were originally conscious, in which case they only have two saving throws.

A Realm Reborn (Action, 3x per long rest); Gull-Weavers may manipulate the unconsciousness of others. They can forcefully make an unconscious opponent fail a death saving throw- or they may lock their opponent in their dreams, making them unable to be revived by being spells and/or healing for a turn. Additionally, a Gull-Weaver may choose to add up to two death saving throws to any unconscious ally, at the cost of taking $\frac{1}{5}$ of their total health pool for each throw they save.

Strands of Fate (Passive, 3x per short rest); A Gull-Weaver may attempt to unravel the strands of the Weave, if only for a short time. One may choose three options, which happen without fail;

1. One attempts to ask the Weave itself, the Dm, one yes or no question, which they must respond to. They cannot clarify more than the simple answers.

2. The Gull-Weaver can attempt to ask any NPC any question. Roll a d4, 1 is the NPC from the past answering, 2-3 is the NPC from the present, and 4 is the NPC from the future. Roll a persuasion, intimidation, or deception roll.

3. The Gull-Weaver can share one of their ability traits with their allies for one day. The ability score replaces that of the other allies'. This can only be done once, the other two options being forced to occur the other two times this ability is used.

HELIOGRAPHS

*"We were not born in the dark, nor were we born from it!
We are light! We are life! We cannot, and will not, be contained!
And may all those which oppose us turn blind with our majesty."
-Sāwel, former Warden of Light*

Forward

Used in exploration of the mines, these magically created beings emit a light that they must master and control and lead teams deeper into the ravines that branch off the established paths. It's been noted that Heliographs are said to slowly gain rudimentary sentience the further down the pathways one goes, as if memorizing the expanses themselves allows for form and function to come into being. Once enough time has passed, these particular Heliographs are brought up to the Heights, to be judged on whether to admit them into societal form or not. Those who are accepted are revered to be saviors of the dark, the ones who have braved the passages and mastered the depths. Those sent back are seen as simply raw magic made form, and will either reform into being or will further chart what still remains below. Fire and force damage.

History

The Heliographs were discovered much around the same time as the Fractals, surprisingly enough. In the first expeditions, the torchlight used was not stable enough for the time required for the passages deep inside the Maw. Magic-infused flame required constant maintenance to withhold and required constant passing of responsibility between those who would dig and those who would keep watch, and natural flame often died off as air became scarcer deeper in the Maw. As divers went off to scavenge for crystals to carry back to the Foundations, some discovered that the crystals they struck moved on their own. Each Fractal discovered was in a dormant state, with the awakening of one signaling the rise of any other in the vicinity. Those who had been chipped did not respond with violence but rather with confusion, as it had been some time since anyone dared to walk along the passages they called their resting places. They accompanied the divers on their climb along the Maw out of curiosity of their own light sources, staying in the Foundation due to the inclusion of torches. Since then, they have been responsible for the lighting of the city, making sure there isn't a single street shrouded in darkness across all of the Heights.

Description

Heliographs are crystalline figures, veins of colors weaving their way through their roughly formed bodies. They don't have faces, rather empty holes that are found in the center of their heads, a light as bright as a star shining from that depth. If someone came close enough to peer inside, they would see that this light is powered through a single crystal, reflected several times through thin film. Each Heliograph is dependent on the crystals forming their form. Some can even appear to be slanted, one leg larger and longer than the other. Oftentimes, they're not even entirely intact, filled with patches and holes where light shines through their bodies. Those in the Heights have even gone as far as to fill patches that are missing, or other shape their bodies in more streamlined ways, by the addition of stained glass. The only taboo addition to their body would be any sort of patch for these holes or to cover any part of their body, be it metal, stapled leather, or otherwise. Those who have these patches are shunned, because they've been forced to take on these coverings by punishment or by shame. There is no greater crime than to lose your own light.

Racial stats

+2 Charisma, +1 Dexterity, -1 Strength/ Telepathy/ Light cantrip at all times

Unbridled Brilliance (Passive); Heliographs are an eternally lit source of torchlight, able to project their light to up to 60ft. For an action, all enemies must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw in order not to be blinded. This effect only lasts one turn. They may also sacrifice a bonus action to raise the DC to their spellcasting save DC. Their light cannot be snuffed by magical influence, but their innate light forces the Heliograph to have a permanent disadvantage to stealth.

Soul of Inmost Light (Bonus Action, 2x per short rest); A Heliograph may choose to part their warmth with another individual or channel it into themselves. This healing is a d6 roll, and this increases by an additional die at the 5, 10, 15, and 20th levels respectively. This only acts as temporary HP, and the user will lose 1/3 temporary HP gained at the start of their next turn. Additionally, past level 10, those healed gain immunity to being dazed or blinded for a turn after being healed.

Breaking the Shackles (Action, 1x per long rest); If cornered, a Heliograph may weaponize their internal magic and light into a supercharged explosion. They invoke their fiery heritage, casting the *fireball* spell centered on their person. Every 5 levels, the damage increases by a d6 and the radius is increased by 5 feet. As a consequence, the Heliograph is knocked unconscious as their body is shattered in the explosion, and the Heliograph must take 2 failed saving throws until the 10th level, where they only take one failed saving throw.

FRACTALS

"It's where I died. The first man to die was me I killed that man I killed Ivay I killed him because I'm something else I always have been something else you call names for what I am monster creature Fractal but I am Ivay."

-Ivay Egrass, Murderer.

Forward

What is seen in the dark? There are many tales of shifting figures in the shades of the Maw, of fingers gripping the edges of cavern walls, of grinning smiles that fade when eyes focus past the dimming of the torch. Of shifting shadows and echoing footsteps, of figures waiting in crevices for a chance, a light. Of beings waiting to be born. Fractals are the shattered remains of life, of the raw essence of creation needing to take form. They are parasites, siphoning identities and fitting outlines of men already imagined. They are the edges of a sharpened blade, of serrated edges, of splinters that cry out without echoes. They are everywhere, and they are nowhere. If they are the dark, what is being seen?

History

The discovery of the Fractals came as one of an accident, on the explorer's part and the Fractals themselves. The first expeditions into the Maw were born out of necessity, seeing as the city was still being built around the sides of the cavern, the hanging structure would occur nearly a century later. In the days of the Founding, excavators were sent down to carve away stone to be hoisted up to build the Founding Arches for the city. Crystals, especially, were a rare and generous find, since the payments in food for their families and a promise of being the celebrated heroes of the city was not enough to keep workers in line. All precious stones, if they could be carried, were permitted to be kept by their finders. In these cave formations, workers separating from their groups to look for baubles to take back to their loved ones, the Fractals first were recorded. The first such case is of a worker returning, though he was not recorded to even be on shift. When questioned, he grew anxious, turning towards a cave shaft that was reserved for transporting cargo back up to the cavern. They found his body there minutes later, stuffed between cracks and rope hosting the stone up and out of the ravine. Any Fractal, as they were soon called, were publicly called to be killed on sight. For the good of the people, of course. Nearly four centuries later, the law is still in effect.

Description

No one has truly seen what a Fractal truly looks like. Not even they know their true appearance, if there is any. In their beginning stages, they do not have complete thought and mind, more a drive to push forward, to gain form. The most intact description record is that of a shifting shadow, as if the edges of one's vision were given manifest. As for after a Host has been chosen, it all depends on whether the Host lives or dies. The goal of the Fractal is to keep the Host alive, as in doing so they maintain their Host's form, down to the very last detail. Every mark and every blemish is wound into their skin. Should a Host fall, though, they begin to fall apart at the seams. Bones start to not fit in place, their arms lengthening and fingernails turning an ashen black. Teeth start to chip away, turning more into needles that pierce into their gums. Their eyes darken, tears turning an oily black. Everything and anything starts to fall apart, until they are so inhuman they vanish from sight. The thin line between being a monster and a man slices through a Fractal's souls, and none survive that final incision.

Racial Stats

+1 Strength, +1 Constitution, +1 Charisma/ Proficiency in Deception

Forced Disruption (Bonus Action, X times equal to character level per long rest); You may choose to disrupt yourself from the chosen Host, forcing a static disruption inside your own body. For the course of a battle, reduce your health pool by half and gain +2 strength, and double any stats given by the *Unraveled Edges* perk. At the end of the battle, you gain only half of your reduced health and suffer -1 strength until you perform a short rest.

Unraveled Edges (Passive, story dependent); You are paired to a Host, and at any point in the campaign this Host may die. Should this occur, every level that passes after this event will result in the Fractal becoming more and more monstrous and untamed. Every level, the Fractal will gain an additional +1 Strength and Constitution, but at the cost of losing 1 Intelligence, Wisdom, and Dexterity. This caps whenever Constitution or Intelligence reaches 1 point in total. To offset this, every level up past their Host's death the Fractal rolls a d100, the starting success being anything below 100. Should a Fractal succeed, they gain a permanent +5 to their Hp total, and the success number drops by 10. If they fail, however, they lose -2 HP from their HP pool and the number rises by 5.

Too Far Gone (Passive); Your body is constantly updating, changing and responding to the trauma given to it. After reaching level 5, a Fractal's limbs can extend to the point of tearing bone and flesh, adding *reach* to any attack at the cost of 1d8 necrotic damage (*level 10=1d6, 15=1d4, 20=1d2*). After level ten, a Fractal's hands are so distorted that they resemble claws; you're able to hide this normally, but are unable to hide this in combat. They deal 2d6 slashing damage per hit. After level fifteen, a Fractal is immune to any form of amputation, their limbs regrowing and stretching to that of whips as they gain reach on all weapons. In addition, you lose -1 AC but reduce all damage taken by 2.

VEDETTES

"When you see the stone beneath you, that is your flesh. When you feel the cracks in the earth, that's your bones. And when you feel each current, see each vein of molten core, that's your blood. You are Gaia.

You are Earth. You are Home."

-Unnamed worker, Base Camp 11, near the Centerfold

Forward

They say those who are buried in unmarked graves get taken by the earth, molded into something new. Whether these tales are truthful or not does not matter when one stands face to face with one of the Vedettes. They are amalgamations of stone and crystal, like the caves' walls shifted out of their jagged formations and walked on of their own volition. They're more commonly seen in the camps in the Maw itself rather than in the Heights, and in many cases they found many of the advance stations themselves. They serve as guides for the deepest voyages into the maw, often the ones who will go beyond the known edges of the maps in order to provide updates to the scribes who reside in the camps. They are seen as aloof in the hanging city, a strange fragment of the Lowerdark suddenly among the marble and vines of

the Heights. The Maw is their birthplace and their home, and those who know more than the city of chains have the utmost respect for their presence.

History

The Vedettes live in the Maw, welcoming those new divers who are shunted into its depths. Most would rather not go to the eights if possible, with most citizens spouting the claim that they are the same as the Curio-Bound or Restless-Forges, that they're souls from someone else inhabited in rock and remnant pieces of mining equipment. It's easier to not have the conversations even start rather than try to ignore how loud they are, after all. They adopted this strategy since the "visitors" first came to the Maw and set up their home there, viewing the Vedettes as some form of spiritual guardians of the cave systems. Enough pretending for the sake of payment to enter the mines eventually solidified these views, leaving the Vedettes to regret their choice as the Heights was built. Countless petitions before the Council proved to be pointless, since it was in the city's best interest to have surveyors at the base of the Maw for protection. A deal was struck where the Vedettes would build basecamps for the expeditions into the Maw, and the city would provide payment, materials, and weapons in order to keep the Vedettes satisfied. The silence, combined with the constant ability to adapt and change their bodies however they wished, kept the Vedettes in the base of the Maw for the time being.

Description

Vedettes are golems composed of stone, gravel, dirt, crystal, and debris. They lack a distinct humanoid shape, instead appearing to be slanted or cobbled together. The older Vedettes try to craft themselves a more symmetrical body by ordering blacksmiths to meld vats of metal to their body. They often lack any fingers or feet, those having to be customly made whenever another Vedette is found. Their horns are their most prominent feature, with the rest of their body depending on what crystal or stone that originated from. Every Vedette has crystalline horns protruding from their foreheads or brow, which has been proven to be the most resilient feature in their bodies. The oldest Vedettes are respected by how smooth and defined their horns are, while the younger generations can be spotted by the sundered and sharp thorns growing from their scalps.

Racial Stats

+2 Constitution, +1 Charisma, -1 Dexterity/ Proficiency in Athletics or Persuasion

From the Walls Themselves (Passive); Whether by their creation or through experience, Vedettes are uncharacteristically knowledgeable of the cave systems in the Maw. For every encounter in a tunnel, open space, or formation made of naturally formed bedrock, Vedettes gain +5 to their initiative, double proficiency, and are resistant to poison and acid damage.

Frozen Origin (Reaction, 3x per short rest); There is a cold inside a Vedette's soul, a chill that nips at their fingers and reminds them that they are alive. Whenever a Vedette is struck with a melee weapon, they may use their reaction to grab ahold of the weapon and fill it with the ice of their core. Roll an athletics check, and if above the opponents roll, for however much was dealt to the Vedette, deal that much in cold damage in return. If a Vedette fails their roll, the weapon is lodged further into them, dealing half of the damage dealt as it is pushed further in.

Lumbering Towards Eternity (Bonus action, 1 time per long rest); As a Vedette is made unnatural means, but still moves and breathes, fully alive. A Vedette may choose to increase their normal movement speed to 55ft and gain an additional attack for the duration of the battle. They may also choose, though. If they so choose, however, to reduce their speed to 10 ft, gaining +2 to their DC and resistance to bludgeoning and piercing damage for the duration of the battle. Their body becomes brittle after, though, as they suffer a debuff of 1/3 of their hp and -5 speed until they have another full rest.

ARCHAEID

"Every day, that city is still there, that city creaks, that city groans, and that city tears at my home, through every crack and every crevice and every tear, and I'm going to free my home from it before I

have no home left to return to, because that is what heroes do, even if they call me anything but.”
 -Loxo'kles, Breaker of the Great Chains

Forward

The Archaeid are a recent addition to the citizenry of the Heights, due partly to their recent discovery around the platform leading down into the Maw. During the descent, there are various passages in the cave walls that have yet to be explored due to the sheer verticality of the Maw itself. In the most recent Expulsion from the city (nearly half a century ago), the platform was suddenly stopped, held up with a series of webs that lead into one of these passages, a series of eyes glancing out at their accidental captors in surprise. Following this, they were invited to join those living in the Heights, but they politely reclined. Few do come crawling forward to live in the darker sections of the Foundation, nesting in abandoned houses due to their position away from most light sources, but they're more of a rarity, and the finding of one often is used as a point of gossip for weeks afterward.

History

The arrival of the Archaeid posed an interesting challenge to those living in the heights, especially on the legal side. The Gull-Weavers were seen as the architects of the Old Laws, being that they were the pens originally living in the area the Heights was built in. With the arrival of the Archaeids, this was thrown into speculation; who lived here first? Query among the few new arrivals of the Archaeids led to confusion on their part; they did not see time as a linear track, but rather as a cycle of life, death, and reuse. In their culture, each individual has their own calendar of their own life, and this calendar is added to whoever uses their shell next in life. They had not found a need to expand further than the cave systems, so they never ventured out. The Gull-Weavers in the Council still promote that the Old Laws are to be ordained, since the Archaeids became confused as to their concept; their culture was built on pacts between individual ties, not communities as a whole. Because of this, the Weavers ordained that they are still the speakers of the Old Laws, as they themselves practice them and any new arrivals to the city do not. The Archaeids did not care enough to comment further on these topics, much to many Legists' dismay.

Description

The Archaeid are a race of humanoids resembling their spider-like kin, much like that of the Gull-weavers. A pair of spindly limbs protrude from their back, ending in sharp points. Their faces are composed of a series of six to ten eyes, oftentimes not symmetrically placed. Large fangs can protrude from their jaws, but they've learned how to retract these into their mouths for civil conversations. Their body is made out of a thin chitin like substance, but is often riddled with cracks due to its lighter composition than that of the Valkerian. To combat this, they armor themselves with that of remains of their fallen, the slick undersurface of the chitin able to lock and secrete itself onto new bodies. Because of this, they often take on a more lopsided physique, with their many arms leaning to one side to counteract a body built from many, many dead parts.

Racial Stats

+1 in all stats except charisma, which is -4.

To Shed Is To Be Alive (Passive); Every time you find a fallen Archaid, you may choose to replace your own shell with their own. In doing so, you gain the ability to swap out a stat of your choice. To do so, roll a d6 to determine the stat chosen, then a d20 plus the modifier you have already to add to this roll. Whatever number is rolled is the ability you must choose. This can be done a maximum of three times on any Archaid corpse, upon which the shell will have become too cracked for further use.

Our Own Ascension (Bonus action, 5x per short rest); The limbs protruding from their back have more uses than just decoration. An attack roll can be made (with Finesse), the attack dealing 1d6 +6 damage. If chosen to, an Archaid can choose to forgo the To Shed Is To Be Alive ability to instead add an additional limb to their back, adding an additional d4 to this attack. If a 1 is rolled to attack, the newest

added limb is broken off.

But To Survive Divine (Bonus Action, 5x per long rest); Should an Archaeid become overwhelmed in combat, they may choose to break off their own limbs to gain a boost in speed. In removing one of their arms or appendages, they gain a +30 boost in speed for five rounds, after which they receive a -10 penalty to their base speed and 1d12 worth of damage. The only way for them to replenish their limb is to scavenge one off of a fallen Archaeid using the *To Shed Is To Be Alive* ability, during which they receive no stat increases and can only use the ability on the same body once more.

ESSENTRIE

“Someone has to do business with all the other people here! Life is wonderful, you know. It’s just! It can also be very profitable. And when you have nothing, are you looked down on for having anything?”

Might as well take it all.”

-Palas, owner of the *Deal of A Dream*

Forward

The Essentrie are a race of minerals given sentience, the method of which is still yet to become clear. When asked, the Essentrie failed to comment, regarding the conversation more humorous than important. They’re seen as a force that lives in the city only to make the lives of those living there even harder. They’re not seen as that of a pest like the Kolbites, given that they show a larger spread of sentience than those, and these sentient oozes are more driven by their urges to cause chaos and mischief across the entirety of the Heights, as well as those living under it.

History

The Essentrie began to spawn into existence after the Founding of the city, upon which most people heralded them as the return of those Founders who had since passed on from life. This was later found to be untrue, as these were simply sprites of the earth given form and manifest of their own volition. Rumors of the Founders being reborn gave way to these “Founders” being found in taverns, consorting and spreading tall tales of adventure and how the city should have been built. Upon being driven out of these buildings, they reverted to that of a mass of molten stone and gravel and gold that responded in verbal storming rather than reverting to that of the cobblestone below. Founders eventually became that of regular people, those on the street turning to mush and ire simply because of a confrontation. Ooze became figures in the street, across the walls of the Heights, drawn up over nothing. The Legists of the city were unsure what to do with these arrivals, and have since stayed on this fence. For the time being, they are granted sentience and importance, but they have yet to be given citizenry.

Description

Essentries are a curious race, due to their two states of being. When they gather enough power and energy, they transform into a humanoid form of their own design. They appear to look as anything they desire to be, and it is completely different each time they shift. They can range from that of a giant to that of what could be said to be gnomelike. However, their true nature is revealed when they do not have enough power to withstand this shape, becoming that of a gray ooze with flecks of gold constantly swirling inside them. This ooze can be that of a rolling wave through the streets or that of a humanoid form, or something else entirely in-between. They are the forces of the earth made manifest, for the betterment of the worsening of all those living around them.

Racial Stats

(Mechanic) Who Am I, Again (bonus action); You are able to switch between two forms. Your humanoid form has 6, 6, 10, 16, 16, 18 for your base stats, while your primordial form will be 18, 18, 14, 6, 6, 8. You are able to add to these stats as though they were your base.

(Humanoid Form) Do I Know You (Passive); While in your humanoid form, you’re able to subtly

shift your form to become anything you wish to be. As long as you have an auditory or physical description of an individual, even if this individual isn't real, an Essentrie is able to shift their appearance to become that of the person for as long as they wish. In addition, Essentries have advantage on all charisma saving throws for the entirety of their time in this form, as well as proficiency on all charisma based rolls. Perception or intelligence checks, like for *Disguise Self*, do not succeed against an Essentrie at all.

(Primordial Form) You Know Nothing (Passive); In this form, an Essentrie may morph their forms to however they wish. They may enter spaces no smaller than a 3 foot cube while wearing armor (1 without), may traverse distances of 15 feet by stretching themselves, and may warp around objects no bigger than 8 feet tall or long (advantage for grapple checks). In addition, you gain resistance to all physical forms of damage, as weapons sink uselessly into the ooze that is this form.

REBOUNDS

<ONLY UNLOCKED IF A SPECIFIC PATH IS CHOSEN DURING THE SAFEGUARDING DIVISION DUNGEON. ALL FORGE-BOUNDS CAN ATTEMPT A TRANSFER PROCEDURE TO BECOME A REBOUND>

“Unit 9725. That was my name. I was not Prur’Lyk. I could not remember my own name. Please, understand. I was someone else. I’m trying to be Prur’Lyk again. You won’t let me.”
-Rebound Prur’Lyk, fleeing the Heights after being attacked by its citizens.

Forward

The “Rebounds” were the derogatory name given to the Forge-Guards that survived the destruction of the Forge-Servitor Valas and regained their sentience. Only a few of these units regained their past memories, many stumbling out of the smoke only to be brought down by the gunfire of terrified citizens. In the days after the destruction of the Safeguarding Division, the Rebounds were slowly ushered out of the city at gunpoint, many outright pushed over the edge of the city in fear that they’d somehow turn on the citizens again. Families turned against their loved ones trapped in a steel outline, unable to recognize them. The city holds grudges, and love rarely transcends death here. The Rebounds are simply an unfortunate reminder of that.

History

The days after the revolt of the Safeguarding Division left the city in shock. Regardless of the outcome, a revolution of the Apostasy and the Foundation was fated to arrive. The Enlisted began walking through the streets with rifle and bone-bound blades at the ready, and more houses began to keep locked doors. What was left were Forge-Guards staggering through the street, slowly uncovering their own past. Some found gravemarkers and collapsed, crying but being unable to produce tears. Some found their family homes and were fired upon to stay away. Some found the edge of the city and stepped over, content to let gravity let them be the judge. Many ran to Rhysar, to let them leave the city. To beg to have a different chance, because they will never have one here. It was a strange twist of fate, having the Centerfold and their Ysen-Bound find meet face to face with the Heights’ monsters, but they were unaware of what they did in their own lifetimes. All monsters have the same face in front of death in the Maw.

Description

The Rebounds are skeletonized Restless-Forges, utterly gutted and torn from the inside out. The armor of the Forge-Guard still clings to them, many choosing to rip the pieces out of their bodies entirely even though it causes them heavy harm. What is left are essentially metal skeletons with a chest of fire and wires, more needles than any active protection. Still, none can doubt the skill of the Forge-Servitor

when they were alive; even these needles are built to last, and no blade of any sharpness can scratch them. They are bound to live in unbreakable bodies, constant reminders of the atrocities they had to commit, and only they can undo the damage they inflicted on others.

Racial Stats

+3 Constitution, +1 Dexterity, -2 Charisma, -1 Strength

Out of Reinforcements (Passive); Due to the limited construction of the remaining Forge-Guard, they have had to better reinforce themselves to survive a city that loathes their existence. They are inherently resistant to non magical weapons, though are not resistant to spells. Still, they have weakened subsystems, so a blow to the head or joints has a greater chance to damage their structure.

Waiting for The Cycle (Bonus Action, 5x per short rest); A Rebound can take a bonus action to steady their shot, dealing +3 to hit and +1 to damage rolled for all ranged weapons. In addition, all shots made during this stance deal an additional 1 death failure when attacking unconscious opponents, and should an opponent be killed in this way they gain another attack with these bonuses.

The Urge of Valas (Action, 1x per long rest); Unleash the fire that keeps you alive, burning all in your wake. This action costs half of your Max HP, but unleashes a beam that fires from you in a 30 ft. long, 5 ft. wide diameter. All those caught in the beam take 5d6 fire damage. This damage cannot be avoided. Those caught in the beam must make a DC15 Constitution check or become burnt, taking 1d6 fire damage per turn unless they can make that DC check. The Rebound keeps two failed saving throws for the next time they become unconscious.

✓ *Species of the Maw*

PRECURSORS

*“Each morning is a gift,
And every moment, a sacrifice.
We are not bodies of our own,
We are simply splinters of her web.
And we are hungry.”*

-Unknown proverb, dated in the first 100 years of the Outposts' Founding.

Forward

The Gaiains have become the forefront of the Foundation's face but it took nearly a century for them to reach their current form; in the early days of the Outposts, they still had their Drow patronage, purple skin and marble eyes carving out spaces in the dark. Something about the Maw drew them to the edge, heightened their innate connection to their forsaken god. A costly price between prestige and class and their own health was found as lumps of spiders and limbs burst from their back, and a zealotism was found in their cries of agony and pleasure. Their god chose them for this. Even when they descended from the Underdark, to find a new home, their god chose them to lead the way. In time, this led to a separation as the younger generations grew to not withstand the pain, seeking instead to remove their spider limbs entirely, relying on the systems of the cave for nourishment and answers. The Precursors left the Outposts, slinking back into the recesses of the Maw to find a commune with their one true god Lolth. Is it any coincidence that hundreds of years later the Archbards came back?

History

The end of the Precursors and the start of the Gaians came because of a split in ideology, over how to lead the Outposts into becoming a larger city. The Precursors were more entrenched in the ideology of the Founders, that these godly beings led them into the depths, that perhaps they had been sent by Lolth herself. The talk of the Founders being known as nothing more but men was thought to be sacrilege, especially with their proof in their unnatural limbs growing out of their backs. Still, a split in

the debate came across after one of the Precursors had their limbs spread into their spine, their entire nervous system ripping itself out of its body once their legs left. What gift given by any god or being was worth death without cause? Not even a sacrifice? Many turned to surgery, to remove these limbs, which is when the flowers started to grow on their bodies. The loss of one gift became the cause for another. When many of the Precursors did this, the more devoted of their breed left the city in a mass exodus, to prove to the Outpost that the Maw was instead a holy pilgrimage to invoke on, that this led to Lolth being found in the depths. Their loss was not mourned by the city.

Description

The Precursors differ from their Gaian children in that they had yet to fully grow vegetation on their bodies fully. The most that would sprout from them were tiny buds of flowers around their cheeks and necks, the older ones having roots stem from the corners of their eyes. But what truly set the Precursors apart were the scabs and scars on their backs, around their shoulder blades, where writhing mounds of flesh and muscle were found. Spider-like appendages, not unlike those of the Archbids, grew under their skin, bursting forth when they were most needed for protection. The Precursors took this as a badge of honor, that Lolth still was with them, favored them rather than the wretches that still lived in the Underdark. They wore garments that openly showed their wounds, so that at any moment those living there would see their glory come forth in their time of need. This often led to their untimely demise, but even that was a sign of the utmost faith.

Racial Stats

+3 *Wisdom*, +2 *Charisma*, -2 *Intelligence*, -1 *Constitution*

Old World Blues (Passive); With all damage you deal, be it spell or melee damage, you can choose to have two options happen; you can choose to deal half that damage to another opponent or heal that much damage.

The Pull of Responsibility (Bonus action, 5x per long rest); You can choose to attempt to charm an opponent; make a Persuasion/Deception check, and if they fail they cannot attack you or your allies for 1d3 turns. In addition, you gain +5 to deception, insight, investigation, and persuasion scores.

Lothe Commands Thee (Action, 1x per long rest); Reveal your spider-like appendages, planting them into the ground and lifting yourself 10 ft. in the air. You gain +10 movement and may choose to have an attack roll with. They have a plus to hit of either your Charisma or Intelligence modifier, and if it hits they are restrained and take 2d6 poison damage every round until they can make a DC 16 Constitution save.

SINEWA

“I have a name, but only for you. Because you believe that without it, I am no one. That I am nothing. I keep a name so that in your eyes I may live. But make no mistake, this is only for you. I have no need for your regulations. This is the only courtesy you shall ever receive from me.”

-Bilar Vryask, a simple guide for the Centerfold.

Forward

Fear has always been the final stroke in which the mind is killed off. Fear, the terrible cleaver, the reason man chooses to kill man. Fear, the dreadful sword, which lops innocent heads off of cold and far too feeling shoulders. Fear, the endless and boundless reason there are so few Fractals left. The Heights posed the question: why do we fear the unknown? Why do we dread the other, the unseen, the outlier? The Fractal Purge, which killed 90% of the entire Fractal population, was their answer. But no one cares enough to record that number. They were monsters, after all. No one is left to ask: what happens when the Host is no longer needed? When a Fractal becomes their own flesh and blood? The answer lies not in death but in the Maw, in secluded campfires and shared warmth. Far from prying and hateful eyes of up

above, the Sinewa are the next stage of Fractal life, and they know better than to ask of others their lot.

History

Val'Nieer, the Radiant, had one note on the Fractals: "That these are unfinished works." He believed the Fractals to be a last resort exploit of magic itself, of condensing the soul into a shadow and sending it off to survive, to grow again. The notes of one man, flawed or otherwise, do not hold a candle to the truth. The reality is that origins do not matter for a dead species. If a personhood is wiped out, no one will be left to hear their songs, their stories. Each murder lies beyond just how much blood is in how many hands. Fractals are drawn to the city because they have people. They are drawn to life because it is needed to survive, because they do not have it. Why would any life that is born of bloodshed want to stay there? There have been several sightings of Sinewa in the Maw, notably in the Centerfold. People in masks come forth and quietly exchange their findings without looking at anyone, without drawing attention. But their features are not of the thing that are known: Skin that ripples to the touch, eyes that never blink, veins that seem to travel out from their bodies. They are the other. And the other leaves. Perhaps Nieer was right, that this was a long-lost civilization that has found a way to come back. It is because of those living in the Maw that this civilization will never see the light of day again, even if it has flourished once more.

Description

Life is not a body. Life is flowing, is water, is a pathway. They are veins that twist and become a smile. The Sinewa's bodies are fluid because their personhood, the elements of a soul, are fluid. They are not tied down to any name, to any face, so they reflect this. They wear masks carved out of their own bones, the one piece of them that remains transfixed. But the rest of their body is that but a reflection, ever shifting, ever changing. No wound stays on them. No word stays marked in their consciousness. Their skin is that but a thin membrane, like a cell. Their entire body is but veins of blood, slipping past the surface and finding those who need life. Who needs purpose. Who needs a morning without regret and anguish. They are the opposite of their Fractal selves, their outset shell, their shadow. The body, the image, is a temporary thing. The Sinewa are rivers, are eternal, are the landscapes they carve and the life that flourishes in them. They are all of these things, and they are not you.

Racial stats

+2 Charisma and Constitution, +1 Intelligence and Wisdom, -3 Strength and Dexterity

Blood of My Blood (Passive); You grew your own blood, and you know just how much good it can do to the world. You gain X health per turn ($X = 1/4$ of your character level, rounded up). When healing your allies, you can heal more than their maximum HP, which stays until their next long rest. Additionally, any healing spell you cast on an enemy counts as radiant damage.

Martyrdom (Action, 3x per short rest); Life is not found only in the blood. Project a blood vein from your arm and attach it to one of your allies (+1 vein on the 10th and 20th level), up to 15 ft. away. At the start of their turn, they gain Their current character level in HP. At the start of your turn, you lose $1/2$ your character level in HP. If you choose to cut the connection manually, without an enemy interrupting the attack, gain $1/2$ of the damage you took back.

Bloodless Altars (Action, 1x per character); Never again shall anyone die for your name. Cast the spell "True Resurrection." This does not need spell components. You gain an additional cast on your 10th and 20th level. Once you use this ability once, you gain +X on all healing spells you cast ($X = 1/2$ of your current character level).

ORYKTOI

"I am no one.

I am the stone.

I am the steel.

I am the fire.

I am the pause.

I am Orktoi. I am. And you are not."

-Unnamed Oryktoi, the last to speak to any who would live above the Maw before they descended.

Forward

The Oryktoi were a race appearing to be large Remipedes, known for their intense strength and resilience in the early days of the Heights' founding. When the Outposts were the only source of civilization, the Oryktoi emerged from the face of the rock to assist in the construction of more: more of everything. They did not serve; they ordered. They worked, and others joined in. They are the reason the city is where it is. And they were purposely forgotten by those living there because they left. When the city was fully completed, when the tremor and the noise of the city resounded across every chasm, they left. They could not stand the clamor, and they descended into the Maw to help with those who never came back up. In a city known for Founders and mysticism, there was no place for those who did not claim their dues, and so they vanished from sight.

History

The Maw was always populated with life; the others that came to call it home were the ones who made a permanent local to call their own, yes, but they were not the ones to first call it home. The Oryktoi were prime example of that, a quiet people that came out of the stone when they heard the tremors of approaching footfalls. They assisted those living there because there was work to do. They lived with those in the tents and hastily-carved homes because there were people living there. They grew attached to the meaning that those who lived there made because there was a meaning. They didn't have a culture, so to speak; they simply were. They glorified the fact they were alive, and nothing more. Nothing else was important, only the inhale of oxygen inside their lungs and the exhale of the world beneath their feet. Then, the city grew louder. The stone continued to rise. Lives became crammed together, culture and beliefs became solidified due to ease of use. It no longer became life, simply living. Survival. And so, the Oryktoi left. They had run out of their use. And they descended down into the MAw, to find others who could use their life. They have not returned since. It has nearly been 694 years, and they have not returned since.

Description

The Oryktoi resemble greater centipedes, their bipedal looks stemming from fabric and magical lining tying their many legs together to resemble arms. They range from twelve to sixteen feet in length, but with their posture they're only eight feet tall, the rest of the body trailing behind them as they walk. Their shells are as hard as the stone they live from, many times encrusted with diamonds sliced so fine they cannot be pried out of their chitin. They have four pits in their heads, scratch marks stemming from the centers of them. They're a blind race, though it's unclear if this is by birth, by practice, or by design. After the city was constructed, they slowly grew grooves and cracks in the carapace that would cover where ears would normally be. It's theorized that their heightened hearing was slowly used against them as more and more people deemed the city their home. In the end, when they returned to the Maw, they shed their bindings, leaving the marks and characteristics of that lowly civilization behind.

Racial Stats

+3 Strength, +2 Constitution, -1 all other stats. Blindness, disadvantage on perception checks relying on senses other than hearing.

Locked In Here With Me (Passive); Just because you are blind does not mean that you are powerless. You gain the effects of Blind-Fight (as long as you can hear your opponent, they do not gain advantage on attacks against you and your attacks do not suffer disadvantage), but even if you lose that sense of hearing you can feel the tremors of movement below your feet, and these benefits apply as long as you are within 10 ft. of an opponent. You also gain proficiency in perception checks based on sound.

This World Is Not Our Own (Passive); The intensity of the city dulls your senses, makes you unable to function properly: return home. When you are in the Maw or any cavernous region, you gain skill proficiency in arcana, history, nature, religion, stealth, and survival checks, and any you already have proficiency in before expertise.

We All Lift Together (Action, 3x per long rest); You know the weight of the world on your shoulders, you bear it and break against it every single day. As an action, you can curl inside your own protective shell, which grants you an additional +2 to AC, advantage on all strength saving throws, and all damage that is dealt to you is only the most minimal damage. This lasts for one round, and an additional round after must happen before this can be used again.

TRA'VALASH

"Not enough. Not enough, you haven't done enough yet, I'm not satisfied! Hit me! Come on, strike true! HIT ME!"

-Unknown Tra'Valash soldier, run through with five different spears after defending Outpost Katabasis

Forward

In the early days of the Foundation, before even the Propers were constructed and the city not even seen as such, protectors came through blood. Every cycle, entire families would be taken by the Maw; some by campaign too close to the edge and dragged down, some missing in the many caverns, and some attempting to climb back up and disappearing in silence. This was never a safe place to live, and unless change occurred there would be no one living there at all. The Tra'Valash were the solution drafted, injecting solutions of extracted bone marrow, transmutation magic, and spoiled blood into wounded drow until their skin drained of blood, so that when their bones began to push through their skin nothing came with it. They were murderous, barely sane through the pain, and fools enough to charge headfirst through battle just so they could relive their pain in death. It never found them.

History

The history of the Tra'Vial begins with the Tra'Valash, the first experiments for the Enlisted faction. The initial candidates chosen for genetic splicing were those who had been maimed during the descent down into the Lowerdark, many including those who had lost their appendages. The growing bones often caused them immense pain, to the point that their pain registration was extracted out of their bodies just to keep them from not falling unconscious while standing. The end result was a highly-mobile task force that would spooner kill their opponent than let any survive out of mercy. Still, the mutation was too cost effective, and the loose sustainers were not able to sustain a fighting force, so the solutions injected into patients were eventually distilled down, to the point they could be passed from parents to offspring rather than forced mutation, leading to the Tra'Vial as they are currently known.

Description

The Tra'Valash were the first step into making the Tra'Vial, only they didn't get the genetic and magical balance perfect; with the increased bone density and strength, their bodies had to take the nutrients from somewhere, and the skin became the primary target. They only have enough skin to cover their vital organs and enough to cover their chests, but many other parts of their body are uncovered, showcasing muscles that have hardened to almost become the density of bones themselves. Their ribs have burst out of their back along with their spines, arms, and legs, creating thin ridges that snake around their bodies like nerves. It's even believed their blood has hardened to become as sharp as razor blades. They are held together by magic, because they're just things to be patched and repaired; tools for the Outposts and the growing Foundation.

Racial Stats

+3 Dexterity, +1 Constitution, -2 Charisma, -1 Intelligence.

For Wry'Lias Adama!; The Tra'Valash are immune to fall damage for up to 60 feet, and for each 10 feet you fall you gain an additional d6 damage to dice rolled in an attack. In addition, you can choose to take 1d4 necrotic damage to gain +1 to hit, and this stacks.

The Ruptured Blades; Your hands are too broken by ingrown bones to hold any weapons, but your arms are made for war. You have weapons known as Armblades, which have finesse and light properties. They deal 1d8 slashing damage and the opponent must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned, taking 1d6 necrotic damage every round. To attack with both, use a bonus action and do not apply your dexterity bonus to damage.

Coagulation of the Blood; The Tra'Valash do not have death saving throws; in order to become unconscious and stable, they must choose to attack 3 times after they are dealt their HP total. While they only have half their damage threshold, they suffer no negative death saving throws should they be hit. Instead, if you do not attack, you suffer a negative death saving throw.

YSEN-GRAFT

"We don't 'ave a choice. When you're born in a place that wants you dead, it's not like you have a choice but to sacrifice everythin'! I mean, hells, what chance had we even got to amountin' to shit?"

-Fgre'Nan, Ysen miner of the Centerfold.

Forward

Down in the depths of the Centerfold, bodies encased in steel and ice chip away at the surrounding walls. These are the Ysen-Graft, a species that exist because of death but do not lie within it. They are bodies held aloft with implants made into their bones with screws and splints, motorized gears moving and shifting uncaring limbs forward. Crystalline-ice grows from their ribs and inside their empty chest, along their skin that has been petrified. They move and lift and break the ice apart to further grow their city and to make more brethren. They break the world apart for their love of each other, and they don't ever stop. Tiredness only comes from the living, and they can only do so much, so they'll repair the favor time and time again. They are the roots of the dying tree that was the Heights, and they'll find a way to revitalize the bark. They'll find a way. They have to.

History

Ysen is a property of the Maw, a combination of ice mined from the Centerfold, the magical properties of the Maw, and a dead thing. A casket, more specifically; In the beginnings of the Centerfold, even the dead had to be used to work. This difference was one of the ties between the two cities, which the Centerfold made sure never to forget. They had to be better than the city that forgot them. Each body was preserved and left to be seen, so that the workers could always remember their sacrifice, so that each

good they pulled from the since around them was a blessing upon their namesake. When the ice they mined, the Ysen, grew into the dormant reliquaries, the city was quick to adapt them into the fold. They were a new species, and one to celebrate. To grow alongside them. When you are abandoned down in the Maw, hate will not last long against your fellow men. Considering their circumstances, the Ysen-Grafted are one of the luckier races to emerge from the Maw, as they were led hand-in-hand to home rather than sent out of it.

Description

The Ysen-Grafts are essentially walking reliquaries, constructs made of bone and coffins that have ice growing through all of the cracks. These reliquaries were fitted with arms and legs, with the hopes that they could be programmed like the Forge-Guard of the Heights. When ice grew, personalities did as well. Every inch of their bodies is covered in this ice, humming different colors that change periodically. The only place the ice rarely touches are their faces, which only retain light traces of frost. In rewriting the personalities, they kept their faces unmasked, so the dead could still be remembered. What is interesting is that the Ysen-Grafts do not have the same cores of light that the Heliographs are known for. What makes the difference between these crystals? Where does the essence of self lie?

Racial Stats

+3 Intelligence, +1 Constitution, -2 Charisma, -1 Dexterity

Till We're Lifeless Together (Passive); The Maw, alongside your innate properties, make you resistant against the forces of death. You have a total of four points for death saving throws, and automatically succeed one every turn alongside rolls. You do not roll, however, but regain your fitting once you hit the 4th death save. In addition, if you or party members cast cold/necrotic abilities on you, you gain that health instead of taking it. Attacks only deal minimal damage if attackers hit you with these damage types.

Ice And Veins (Bonus Action, proficiency bonus per short rest); When threatened, the Ysen can attempt to expel the ice from their bodies, shielding your allies. In a fifteen-foot area around yourself, all allies gain +1 to AC while inside and regain 1d4 HP every turn they start their turn in the field. All enemies that enter this zone are dealt that 1d4 damage as cold damage. This effect acts as concentration, and the attack that ends this concentration deals double damage to the Ysen-Graft.

Death Does Not Beget Hate (Action, 1x per long rest); You can choose to take all the damage that is incoming for your allies. In a ten foot radius around your person, ice ejects your body and sticks to your allies. These allies can leave once the Ysen has attached. All damage that is taken to your allies is instead dealt to you, with resistance. This lasts until your next turn, when you retreat back to your body and regain 1/4th of the HP you lost.

WYTHRUMA

"You say that you are the roots of the city. You are not. To be connected to life is a blessing, not a curse. You draw an insult to the word."

Fur-Tygah, leader of a recorded Wythruma settlement deep in the Maw

Forward

Living beings have always hated the dead for as long as there has been mourning. For the Wythruma, this takes on a deeper meaning. They represent life in its purest form, in their view, as they are not bound by the restrictions of decomposition. When they die, they dry up, and in time more roots will grow and connect them to another being, a new being. They do not follow the cycles of death as set forth in the Weave, as they never truly die at all. For that, they despise those who do, for being foolish

and mocking pretenders of being alive at all. They were one of the few races who never came in contact with the Heights, as it represented everything they could ever learn to hate.

History

The history of the Wythruma is one of veiled mystery, as only in the last 250 years has there been any contact with the Wythruma at all. They were discovered by accident, an expeditionary group sent by the Centerfold stumbling across a cavern filled with greenery. This was later named a “nest,” as the Wythruma who began to emerge from the brambles in the walls were seemingly grown or kept in hibernation there. From the little the explorers could discuss because they were forced out, the Wythruma believed that these places, as there were more of them, were where the roots of living creation, of the planet which they dubbed Tellus, culminated. These were sacred places, and these living beings who trampled among them were nothing short of a mockery.

Description

The Wythruma are composed of roots, many stemming from a single seed or husk of past life that is within their “head.” They are in vibrant colors, many reds and greens and yellows, though few also come in buddy undertones. The most common form has been one of a bipedal form, though some can grow with multiple legs, arms, or even heads. They do not have hands, choosing to wrap the lengths of their roots around anything they wish to grab. Many have been likened to that of the Curio-Bound because of the germination of their core seed, which calls into question their creation; why are they only found in the Maw, and why have they not appeared to enter the city of the Heights?

Racial stats

+3 Charisma, +1 Wisdom, -2 Dexterity, -1 Constitution

Sword in the Root (Reaction); When you are attacked by a melee attack, you can attempt to keep the weapon lodged within the lengths of your roots. The opponent must make a Dexterity saving throw of 16 or lose their weapon, and you may attempt to pull it further within the recess of your chest with a DC 16 Constitution saving throw to ensure the weapon cannot be taken back.

Growth of Eons (Bonus-action, 3x); You can merge yourself into the ground, taking advantage of your earthly nature. You reduce your movement to 0 as your roots burrow into the ground, but each round you gain one hit dice full of HP every turn and half of one on any healing by allies, though as temporary HP. This acts as a concentration check, and once you are removed by this state by an enemy you are stunned for one turn.

Sprouts in the Dark (Action, 1x); You can split yourself in two distinct halves, but only after a round of combat has passed (or if this is not a combat encounter). Split your hp, rounding down, in half and reroll your initiative. Should one of these fall, you will immediately lose a death saving throw and cannot regain the HP you put into the sprouts until a long rest. You can act, move freely, and cast spells out of these sprouts.

EN'DELEAS

“Do not think little of me for this form. I chose this. And I choose to make you drown. I can unmake you.

You are nothing, and you will always be nothing.

Vna'Olay, citizen of the Centerfold, before killing a recent arrival from the Heights who called them a monster.

Forward

The souls who find themselves able to make their own bodies become those of the Curio-Born, but many more are unable to make such an attempt. Many drowned in the lake, the temperatures so

freezing that to move even a fraction results in cracks running up an arm. Do these souls just sink, become part of beasts like the Gravelorn? No. They rage. They take the waters they were born from, rip ice from shelves and steel wire from tracks, and they fashion themselves a vessel to enact their vengeance, their fury. They become alive, though they have no flesh and blood. And though their form constricts them to the Maw, one day they will return to that city above them, and they will find what they are looking for.

History

The gravitational forces that keep the En'Deleas together have been a subject of study in the Centerfold, as it appears to be paracausal in nature. Gravity shifts around them, pulling those they deem to be threats closer and repulsing the ones they care for. It appears their emotional output is tied directly to the forces keeping them alive. What is notable is that liquid of any substance is required for their continued existence; if one were to somehow freeze, dry, or burn away the liquid that is their bodies then the spirit appears to dissipate. The cause of this is unknown, and no scholar or En'Deleas has any response or reasoning for this phenomenon.

Description

The En'Deleas are usually found in pre-made constructs, thin figures made from wires. They're usually metal skeletons, some made out from funeral epitaphs itself. What is found in every En'Deleas is the hole in their chest, where a miniature blackhole is held. From the gravitational forces, fed along the wires by beads of graviturgic magic, pools of different liquids pool themselves into drafting features for themselves. Any sort of liquid can be used, from ink to water to blood. Residents of the Maw are unsure where the magical essence and soul of the En'Deleas is to be found, some believing that it's a part of their blackhole itself. Perhaps their soul manifested itself that way?

Racial stats

+3 Wisdom, +1 Intelligence, -2 Constitution, -1 Strength

-*Finality in Motion* (Passive); You can choose to substitute any damage you deal, be it weapon or spell, to be force damage. In addition, if you have a weapon or spelt that deals force damage normally, add an additional damage dice of the weapon/spell. Also, you cannot drown.

-*The Slow Revolution* (Reaction, 3x); You can pull from the hole in your chest, absolving the world around you of their ties to gravity. You create a 15 ft. sphere centered on you, which pulls in all attackers, projectiles, and material components for spells around you. If a weapon is pulled in your chest, the opponent must make a DC 16 Concentration check or lose the weapon. Nonmagical weapons are destroyed and magical weapons are flung in a random direction for 30 ft.

-*Pull of the World* (Reaction, 3x); Charge into your foes, pull them into oblivion. If you have movement and see an ally be targeted by an attack, you can attempt to rush over and absorb the damage instead. If it is below 20, you fully absorb the attack and take no damage. If it is above 20 but below 40, you take half the damage. If above 40, you take it fully.

VRAČI

"To Rip To Gnash To Bear To Eat These are why we Live Death is the only Dishonor Death brings the Unworthy Consume so that You will be Better"

-Dying words of a Vračí on the outskirts of the city.

Forward

In the Maw, sound travels for longer than one will remain alive. A single scream will be heard hundreds of miles away, bounced and broken apart by the hundreds of thousands of chasms and

tunnels. But when one hears tearing, of flesh being consumed raw and blood from bone, they must know to run or face the Vračí. These sentient leeches are one of the few sentient predators in the Maw, and their scope runs beyond even the few cities that set up camp in dilapidated ruins. The reason sentries are posted during hours of rest is not to watch for dangerous wildlife, but to be on the lookout for the rows of bloodied teeth that are found in the loose jaws of the Vračí.

History

The Vračí are despised throughout the Maw for being the equivalent to the surfaces' vultures. They're thieves of flesh and blood, descending on new kills and tearing the bodies apart until not even their gold and silver on torn cloth remains. They care not for riches, for history, or even survival, only the kill matters, only the survival to the next day. No one has been able to get a glimpse into their culture, but movement throughout the Maw suggest that they're nomadic in nature, that they spawn and travel so that they are always on the hunt, those wounded and too feeble to continue left behind to either die or make a hunt of their own.

Description

The Vračí are leeches, elongated and alien. They have five main limbs which they use to traverse the ground and take blood from their enemies. They crawl rather than stand, appearing to be roughly four feet tall but five to six feet long. Their heads are nothing more than a gaping mass of teeth, endlessly rotating in a mouth that is more loose gum than anything composed. They follow the smell of blood, the sound of clumsy stumbling along cavern walls. They are sentient, and they choose to hunt.

Racial stats

+3 Constitution, +1 Wisdom, -2 Charisma, -1 Dexterity

-*The Thrill of the Hunt* (Passive); There is always more to take, and there is always more to choose. For all damage that you deal with any melee weapon, you regain that damage as temporary HP. You can choose to bite with your bite (2d2 piercing damage with no added modifiers through level 5, 2d4 through 10, 2d8 through 15, and 2d12 through 20), then you regain the damage you heal as regular HP.

-*The Union of Flesh* (Action, 2x); By sacrificing all your attacks for two turns, you can spew out a screen of blood to keep enemies away from you. Create a 5 by 10-foot shield of blood in front of you, which quickly hardens into a glass-like material. The shield lasts for 3 turns and blocks all projectiles that come through. All melee and spell attacks deal 1/3 the damage. The shield cannot move.

-*Ties Ever Binding* (Action, 1x); You can attempt to latch yourself at an unsuspecting enemy. Drain them until they are nothing. Devote your action to a bite attack at an enemy, and if successful the enemy must make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw or become stunned as you slowly drain the life from your opponent. Each round since, you deal your maximum bite attack damage to the opponent as you are attached to them. Each attack you take, make a concentration check or fall off. You are stunned for 1d2+1 turns once this happens.

URRESIAN

"It's strange, I can't figure out if they're, well. There's nothing to divine about them. They're there, but there's nothing there."

-Centerfold Resident addressing Magus Don about the new members of the city.

Forward

The Urresian are a species of sentient energy, thought to be the vessels of the Maw's own consciousness. They are a genderless and almost immaterial species, thought to be often entirely devoid of anything resembling a person entirely. They do have will and agency, however, and they choose to stay

and tend to the other inhabitants of the Maw. When asked why, many will simply reply that “this is what I was made to do.” There has been no recorded instance of a Urresian ever being created, and they do not even know who their creators are. They are a mystery of the Maw, and one thought impossible to solve.

History

The discovery of the Urresian was purposely undermined, so that those in the Heights would be unaware of them. Rumors of the Forge-Guard came down by the word of Rhysar, and so any that were discovered by the Centerfold were kept away from prying eyes. The Urresian were brought into the Centerfold slowly, but the intense cold kept most of them away. They bound themselves to the smaller settlement posts throughout the Maw, usually only a handful per settlement. These small numbers were kept so that no settlement ever became dependent on the energy they provided, that each appliance powered by their own life was never taken for granted.

Description

The Urresian are made of energy itself, out of the essence of the immaterial. Some take a form like those who walk amongst the Maw, appearing as wisps of electricity that crackle as their limbs scrape across the floor. Others manifest themselves as floating balls of pure energy, veins of energy shooting out around them to protect themselves from harm. Many do not speak at all, choosing to transmit their thoughts through contact or illuminating words above them. They are a strange, receptive lot, and they do not appear often to those who trespass on ground, not theirs to walk on.

Racial stats

+3 Intelligence, +1 Dexterity, -2 Strength, -1 Constitution

-Coil of the Cosmos (Passive); You are immune to lightning damage, as you are made of it yourself. Should an opponent target you with any form of force damage, you instead redirect half of what would have harmed you back to them. This is not limited by range.

-Flickers in the Dark (Bonus action, 5x); You can choose to substitute 1d8 hp to flicker in a direction of your choice 10 ft, passing through any obstacles, walls, or opponents as you wish. If you roll an 8, then you move 15 ft and bypass opportunity attacks. If you pass through an opponent during this, then roll for damage with a roll of your Hit dice and deal half.

-Untethered By Your Ghosts (Bonus Action, 3x); You can transition your form into that of a floating orb, which halves your movement speed but gives you flying and grants you immunity to being restrained and above the effects of difficult terrain. Your AC is reduced to as if you were not wearing armor during this form, however, and cannot be raised by any means until you touch the ground again.

HREDAZIDDEL

“When the city fell, there was nothing anyone could do. Those who remained slowly wasted away, rotting in their containment pockets. Time ate away at them until they were nothing. And the rest of us? We rotted everywhere else.”

-Illimin'Tari, Conservator of Sanguin

Forward

In the caves of the Maw, where frost coats the edges of long-forgotten cities and those left behind in them, something stalks, waiting. With metal and fury, they dispatch all in their way, leaving only shreds of sinew and cloth behind. Some believe this to be the work of the Vrači, but there is too much left behind to be them. Others believe this to only be the work of wild animals, or the Maw itself, but they're left discontent when the Maw chooses who and what to erase. No, something lives in these caves, staying away from the cities, from life. They have lived in towers of civility before. They know what happens

when they fall. These are the Hredaziddel, and they will not be left abandoned, wanting, and defenseless, again.

History

When the Enlisted fell on Ver'Ghettan, when the emergency stockpiles of artifacts were used, and when the grand tower let out its final, desperate cry, there were so many citizens still in the streets. Some were in their houses. Others holding, shielding their loved ones, blades piercing their backs and severing their spines. When that final wave of energy erupted from the sun, as the ice finally set in and froze it over, all those still within the city's walls were expunged. Their flesh was torn from their bones, their eyes melted, organs shattered. Blood coated the streets then froze over, turning a city a permanent crimson. But the city remembered those who lived there. As the city fell beneath mountains of snow, those who still lay in the streets rose back up. A final push, to be remembered in history. They had no tongues to scream, no fingers to feel, no minds to wonder. But they had their hearts, steadily beating. In time, they would build the rest.

Description

The Hredaziddel would be confused for the Curio-Bound, if not for the beating organs underneath their metal and bones. They begin as a wire-frame of a body, around which various bones are held by red-hot weldings, forever burning. Long shards of broken metal and glass trail along their arms, giving the appearance of broken wings. Their skulls are the most poignant factor, as additional leg and arm bones have been grafted together to give the appearance of a monstrous beak. And all their internals are held aloft by thin wisps of magic, invisible cords urging their hearts to beat. They are dead. They are alive. They are the only survivors of Ver'Ghettan.

Racial Stats

+3 Constitution +1 Dexterity, -2 Charisma, -1 Strength

Blood and Rust (Passive); On downing an opponent, gain a temporary 1 HP healed per turn. This stacks, but goes away at the end of combat. On killing an enemy, which you deal 3 death saving blows on attacking an unconscious opponent, gain 3 HP per turn. This does not stack, but remains after combat is over. Gain an additional AC for the fight as well.

Able Bodies, Able Minds (Bonus Action); You wield a pair of blade arms sprouting from the middle of your torso, much akin to a Valkerian. For a bonus action, you may attempt to swipe at an opponent with these which deal 1d8 slashing damage and deal a lingering 1 piercing damage at the start of their next turn. If you are wielding two light weapons, then this attack is counted alongside your second weapon attack. On any critical hit against you, you may attack with these blades for free against the opponent.

Absolution of Chains (Reaction, 3x per long rest); As a reaction, you can fly from your shackles and escape the coil of this metal hell. Jump 60 ft. in the air and glide down wherever you wish. You may use this while in mid-air, to escape attacks, or to gain additional vantage behind cover. All enemies in 5 ft. of you when you use this reaction take 1d4 piercing damage and 1 piercing damage at the start of their turn.

KRNATEPHALĒ

“IT HUNGERS LIKE A BLADE IT RENDS ALL I AM IT IS EVER REACHING AND I CANNOT HOLD IT BACK MORE.”

-The dying words of an unknown man, as the last of his phlegm was removed.

Forward

This place has had many names. The Lowerdark. The Maw. Verghettan. Corhas. All meaningless, because nothing has been left behind enough to make enough of an impact. Dusty and ashes and those poor bastards that scuttle in the aftermath, in the mire. Scrambling to a legacy that does not exist, that cannot exist, that will never exist. Left alone in the dark. Floundering and falling and disappearing, again and again and again. And here at the end of it all, in this place where time forgot, where the erosion of rock and soul has ended, figures emerge from the wreckage that was civilization. Bone and pus. Marrow and nerve. Brain within, bile without. Krnatephalē. Other. Forgotten. Alone.

History

What is a Mindflyer? An invader, an alien, a threat. They have been known all through the plains, but where exactly did they invade from? Where was their long lost empire, their Grand Design? Not here. No, this is where that dream of a resurgence died in the dark. Snatched away by threads even they were unaware of, the first Krnatephalē were torn inside and had their flesh pulled outside their bones by what they would only see as gods. All muscle, all sinew, was removed. The brain was elongated, torn and splintered to act as nerves. The skull extended, but hollywood. And brains were difficult to come across in this Maw, so they sought the inner workings of ready bones: marrow. Phlegm. Black bile. They were made around the humors that came to define the city of Verghettan, a testament to the spirit of civilization, of humility. And they were anything but divine. How ironic, that they alone now roam that damned city.

Description

Made from bone, the Krnatephalē almost appear to be a living skeleton, if not for the tentacles spilling out of their heads. Mostly centered through the hole that is their mouth, spikes of teeth are laced throughout the flesh as it recedes into their skull. It appears their tentacles are part of their brain, that all the flesh that pokes from the gaps in their skeleton are all one elongate brain. Even their eyes never seem to blink, only stare out in fleshy hate. Would that make their entire skeleton one elaborate skull, meant for moving and cycling life all around it? Perhaps this is the primordial Illithid, or one that has been trapped so long underground that they have forgotten all of their lost glory. There is no grand design for the Krnatephalē: only bile, only blood, only nutrients. Only survival remains for them.

Racial stats

+3 to Intelligence and Wisdom, -2 to Charisma and Strength. Proficiency in Medicine and Arcana, but disadvantage on persuasion checks. You cannot gain proficiency in persuasion.

Dyscrasia (Passive); You must feed on others in order to survive. To feed, you must force your tentacled mouth into the cavity of one's skull and absorb all of the phlegm that lies there. If you have not fed after two in-game days have passed, you cannot take a short rest and have disadvantage on all skill checks. Once you do feed, however, for those two days you gain advantage on all Constitution checks, expertise in your skills, and 2d8 temporary HP which can be added onto and does not fade until the dawn of that third day.

Chymos (Passive); Once you feed, you regain all the memories of the individual you killed, but they quickly fade. Similar to the effects of "Speak with Dead," you may delve into their blood to discover five truths about their experiences. Any skill-check you roll with this information in mind is rolled with advantage.

Melancholia (Action, 1x per long rest); You weaponize all of the black bile within you, drafting long spikes which shoot out of the pores in your body. While you take 2d10 piercing damage, you deal 1d12 piercing damage to all opponents within 5 ft. of you and take 2d12 damage at the start of their turn while within that 5 ft. In addition, gain immunity to piercing, slashing, and poison damage. These bonuses

last until the end of the battle. However, you immediately lose all phlegm in your system and the negative effects of Dyscrasia begin, as well as a vulnerability to psychic damage that lasts until you feed once more.

ASER-PURLUIGNERS

“Take it back! Take it back! Please! I cannot live like this! Unmake me, so I will never feel this again!”
-Unnamed Aser-Purloin, moments before being put out of their misery.

Forward

In the darkness of the Maw, a creature squirms. They drag themselves along the sharp floor, spilling blackened blood that they willingly drank from. Their open mouth reveals rows of tiny, needle-like teeth, a far cry from the precise molars they had before. This fool could have been a Gaian at one point, a Tra’Vial or Tra’Valash, could have been anything. But now they are a jumble of growing limbs and open wounds that seal themselves closed with fire. These are the Aser-Purluigners, those who drank of the Founder’s blood to become one with their creators, and they suffer the fate all that transcend to godhood face: death.

History

The Valance was not the first to attempt the process of becoming a Founder, but they were the ones who pioneered the way. During the transportation of Bothyrus’ body into the Foundation, several pieces were kept secure and ferried down into the Maw for safekeeping. From there, Arenea posted her most trusted advisors to stay with the caskets of raw blood, and if possible, to submerge within them. Others had to become one with her Founder as she did. The result was not an addition to her consciousness, but rather a coughing wretch who could barely even stand up. Arenea let the first Aser-Purluigners go, stripping them of their status for their failure, but they did not die. They simply moved further into the Maw, endlessly chasing their forebears.

Description

Those who drink the blood of the Founders are changed by it forever. First their skin begins to molt, tiny spines of feathers bursting out of every space. The feathers never appear. Next, their eyes shift color and hue, and more begin to grow on their hands and along their arms. Their blood turns black, and they cough it up from their lungs. But the result, if survived, is that of a miracle; of a Founder, made anew. Reborn. None have survived the ritual yet, but plenty still try.

Racial stats

+2 Wisdom and intelligence, +1 Strength and Dexterity, -3 Constitution and Charisma / Permanent disadvantage on all skill checks. Disadvantage stacks.

-Repentant Bloodline (Passive); You deal +1 damage to all damage you deal, but you lose an additional 1d4 HP when you are dealt damage, which increases to 4 when a natural 20 is dealt. All damage that follows in the blood also deals an additional 2 HP to you. Still, you finally can hear the whispers of the Founders. Anything is worth the price.

-Below the Skin (Passive); At the start of combat, you must choose two types of damage. The first is immunity, which lasts for 1d4 turns. The second is vulnerability, which lasts the entire fight. If you became unconscious at any point after your last long rest, then you must roll a d6. On a 3 or above, proceed as normal. On a 2 or below, however, the DM chooses for you.

-The Surpassing of the Self (Passive); You’ll become a Founder someday, you will. You’ll have to. From levels 1-5, you gain darkvision of 60 ft. On levels 6-10, you switch this with an additional 10

feet of flying. From levels 11-15, you combine there for darkvision of 120 ft. and 20 ft. flying. Following the 16th level, you become a Founder, with all the stats that implies.

✓ *Specialized Race & Class*

FOUNDER

Forward

You have been traveling for some time. More than time can allow itself to have a name. Though the rising foothills and climbs and every possible step, finding your footing to rise past another cliff, past another barren wall. The jagged edges are not kind upon your wings. When was the last time you soared up, finding a draft of wind? Can you even recall that? Do you even want to imagine that? Ahead of you, noises sing down to you, pull you up. Voices. You know that they're voices. Your own voice is so raspy in your throat. As your mouth opens, a word manages to trickle past your teeth, sharp, snagging on fangs long since dulled; a name. Yours. You cannot forget it. You won't forget it. Continue the climb. Keep on reaching. You have so much to show them.

History

Founder. What does that word mean? You're unsure. You know that word, stenciled into your brain, a constant reminder of things you could have been. Or are. Or will be. The details are hazy in your mind. Feathers ruffle your skin as you climb through the Maw, your home, but not where you were meant to be. Sometimes, there's a tingling behind your eye, scaled up by hundreds of feathers fused to your skin. Like something is desperately begging you to see once again, like a wound covered up, fully healed, but the scabs and scales still remain. For as long as you've known, you have needed to travel up. You've needed to rise. Below you lie things that should have been buried, and are buried, and are left in the ashen mists of memory. Perhaps that is enough for you to continue climbing; you will not join them. *You will show anything that follows along your edges that it is to be alive.*

Description

The Founders are beings of swirling flesh and blood and viscera, slowly treading back into entropy. They're often beings of misaligned limbs from their own creations, even if these creations are long since returned to dust and ashes. Only one Founder still exists, as far as you know. If there were any other Founders? They are nothing more than the bedrock under her feet. You are covered with many wings of what once may have been birds, of which have not appeared in the Lowerdark for thousands of centuries. They flap as she moves, often causing tiny rivulets of blood to congeal around her joints. These do not cause any pain, though, and oftentimes any open wounds open up into new, tiny sprouted wings. One of her eyes has scaled over with what may have been feathers at one point, but the constant growths have made it something far more congealed.

Racial stats

+1 to all stats, disadvantage on all constitution and initiative checks

Simulacra (Passive); You are a Founder, you build all of the life in the Lowerdark. This is your creation, and your masterpiece. You can sense the innate capabilities of each part of your creation, able to sense their health, as well as their innate magical abilities and if they have spent any against you. In addition, you are able to hear vestiges of thoughts around those in the Maw, your home.

Christening (Passive); You are but a fragment of your original self. The more a Founder's name is uncovered, you can an additional d20 to roll as you navigate through the Maw. In addition, Each fragment recovered of your name nets you an additional 25 HP and 1 proficiency. On two name fragments, all allies heal 1hp per turn around 10 ft of you. Once your third fragment is found, you gain permanent advantage on all damage rolls you make.

Lament Configuration (Bonus Action, 3x per short rest); The Founders built all of the Maw, and you strove against it. Pull from inside your body, and make chaos known. For a bonus action, you can roll

a d6 to deal harm to yourself, adding 1d4 to any damage you deal. By 5th level, this transitions to taking 1d8 for 1d6, 10th level for 1d10 damage for 1d8, 15th for 1d12 for 1d10, and finally 20th for 1d20 for 1d12.

CORYPHEUS

Level	Proficiency	Features
1st	2	Spellcasting, <i>Cambion and Shaitan Form</i>
2nd	2	Refirmament
3rd	2	
4th	2	(ability score improvement)
5th	3	<i>Spectra Form</i>
6th	3	(Form improvement)
7th	3	
8th	3	(ability score improvement)
9th	4	
10th	4	<i>Aërial Form, Phlegethon</i>
11th	4	
12th	4	(ability score improvement)
13th	5	
14th	5	(Form improvement)
15th	5	<i>Leliurium Form</i>
16th	5	(ability score improvement)
17th	6	
18th	6	Unholy Trinity
19th	6	(ability score improvement)
20th	6	<i>Lucifugous Form</i>

LEVEL: USE BANK:

1-3 2

4-5 3

6-7 4

8-9	5
10-11	6
12-13	7
14-15	8
16-17	9
18-19	10
20:	12

Cambion: 0 cost

Shaitan: 1 cost

Spectra: 2 cost (gained lvl 5)

Aerial: 3 cost (gained lvl 10)

Lelirium: 4 cost (gained lvl 15)

Lucifugous: 5 cost (lvl 20)

Spells and hit-dice available from the druid and ranger spell lists. Spell levels/numbers follow that of the Druid level table. Wisdom is the modifier for spellcasting.

<2nd> **Refirmament (reaction):**

Your time spent traversing up through the Maw has led to many interesting side effects, including the ability to harness your innate abilities to deconstruct the word rather than build it. Whenever a creature attacks you, you may use your reaction to roll a d6 to mitigate the attack, results listed below;

1. All damage received is halved
2. The damage is instead shared to two other individuals around you.
3. All damage taken is doubled
4. The attacker instead receives half the damage that should have been given to you.
5. You take full damage, and are unable to make a bonus action on your next turn.
6. If the weapon is nonmagical, it shatters (only melee weapons). All ranged attacks/spells dissolve.

<6th> **Form Improvement (Passive):**

You have grown more accustomed to changing forms, but you can feel a change in your body. You will only grow more powerful from here. If you receive any healing while in a form other than your Cambian form, this healing carries over as temporary health once you transition back to it. In addition, you can transform into your **Shaitan** form endlessly.

<10th> **Phlegethon (Bonus action/reaction):**

Each time you receive damage, you may consume the bonus action of your next turn along with your reaction to add that damage to the next damage you deal. As a consequence, you are vulnerable to the damage type dealt to you for the remainder of the fight. Usable 2x per long rest.

<14th> **Form Improvement (Passive):**

You are well used to your forms, now, enough that you're sometimes unable to tell which is your original skin. Any damage you deal while in any forms other than Cambion transfers as temporary health while in Cambion form. In addition, Each creature you kill while in cambion form leads to a +1 to attack for your next form. In addition, all forms cost 1 less to transform into.

<18th> **Unholy Trinity (reaction):**

You are complete, you are whole. You are everything your brothers and sisters and forefathers wished to create. Upon anyone attacking you, be it a spell or physical attack, you can force that roll to fail. They must roll damage for themselves and take half of what they roll. The other half is added to the next attack roll you make. You can also force them to critically fail, the results being of your choosing, but you must take the other half of the damage they rolled. This can be used five times per long rest.

Class ability, Form Taking:

You can morph your body into being someone else, something you have inklings of memory of. For a bonus action and reaction, you're able to transform into one of your differing forms. Once this form's health becomes 0, you are dealt 2x your level in damage directly, as well as unable to cast spells for a turn after.

Cambion Form:

The Cambion form is your base stats. Since this is your normal form, the one you are most used to taking, you gain additional benefits whenever you use this form. You gain temporary health each time you cast a spell, being the level of the spell you cast. Cantrips do not give back health. In addition, you may choose to have any damage you cause turn into radiant damage.

Shaitan Form:

AC; 11

Health; 2d8 -2

Speed; 30 ft.

STR 6 (-2) DEX 16 (+3) CON 10 (+0) INT 4 (-3) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 7 (-2)

Skills; Stealth +10

Passive Perception; 18

While in this form, you may use your bonus action to run another 20 ft of movement.

If the Shaitan does not move for a round, then they gain the effects of greater invisibility, which lasts until you move again. If the form is riding something that either is unaware of its presence or is permitting, it retains the invisibility.

Claws; +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit; 1 slashing damage.

Spectra Form:

Armor Class 15

Hit Points 39 (6d8 + 12)

Speed 40 ft.

STR 16 (+3) DEX 14 (+2) CON 14 (+2) INT 3 (-4) WIS 13 (+1) CHA 6 (-2)

Skills; Perception +5, Stealth +4

Multiattack. This form makes two bite attacks.

Charge. If the minotaur moves at least 10 feet straight toward a target and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 9 (2d8) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be pushed up to 10 feet away and knocked prone.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned. Every round, the creature must succeed a saving throw of 16 Constitution, reducing its hit point maximum by 5 (1d10) on a failure. This poison stacks each bite attack, and the poison damage starts at the start of the creature's turn.

Aërial Form:

Armor Class 14

Hit Points 44 (8d10)

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

STR 1 (-5) DEX 28 (+9) CON 10 (+0) INT 13 (+1) WIS 14 (+2) CHA 11 (+10)

Damage Immunities lightning, poison

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12

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

Variable Illumination. The will-o'-wisp sheds bright light in a 5- to 20-foot radius and dim light for an additional number of ft. equal to the chosen radius. The will-o'-wisp can alter the radius as a bonus action.

Actions

Shock. Melee Spell Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. *Hit:* 9 (2d8) lightning damage.

Consume Life. As a bonus action, the will-o'-wisp can target one creature it can see within 5 ft. of it that has 0 hit points and is still alive. The target must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw against this magic or die. If the target dies, the will-o'-wisp regains 10 (3d6) hit points.

Leliurium Form:

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 63 (14d8)

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR 16 (+3) DEX 20 (+5) CON 17 (+3) INT 18 (+4) WIS 20 (+5) CHA 18 (+4)

Damage Resistances radiant

Senses truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 15

Innate Spellcasting. Your spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14).

At will: detect evil and good, detect magic, detect thoughts

3/day each: bless, create food and water, cure wounds, lesser restoration, protection from poison, sanctuary, shield

1/day each: dream, greater restoration, scrying

Actions

Withering Touch. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (4d6 + 3) necrotic damage.

Constrict. Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 10 ft., one Medium or smaller creature. *Hit:* 10 (2d6 + 3) bludgeoning damage, and the target is grappled (escape DC 15). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and the couatl can't constrict another target.

Hurl Flame. Ranged Spell Attack: +5 to hit, range 150 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (3d6) fire damage. If the target is a flammable object that isn't being worn or carried, it also catches fire.

Lucifugous Form:

Armor Class 18 (natural armor)

Hit Points 105 (10d20)

Speed 30 ft, fly 90 ft

STR 20 (+5) DEX 15 (+2) CON 21 (+5) INT 19 (+4) WIS 17 (+3) CHA 16 (+3)

Damage Resistances fire; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from non-magical weapons

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 13

Innate Spellcasting. The glabrezu's spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 16).

At will: darkness, detect magic, dispel magic

1/day each: confusion, fly, power word stun

Magic Resistance. You have advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Actions

Multiattack. You make three attacks: Alternatively, you can make two attacks with your chains and cast one spell.

Chain. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage. The target is grappled (escape DC 14) if the devil isn't already grappling a creature. Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained and takes 7 (2d6) piercing damage at the start of each of its turns.

Animate Chains (Recharges after a Short or Long Rest). Up to four chains the devil can see within 60 feet of it magically sprout razor-edged barbs and animate under the devil's control, provided that the chains

aren't being worn or carried.

Each animated chain is an object with AC 20, 20 hit points, resistance to piercing damage, and immunity to psychic and thunder damage. When the devil uses Multiattack on its turn, it can use each animated chain to make one additional chain attack. An animated chain can grapple one creature of its own but can't make attacks while grappling. An animated chain reverts to its inanimate state if reduced to 0 hit points or if the devil is incapacitated or dies.

Legendary Actions

Psychic Drain (Costs 2 Actions). One creature charmed takes 10 (3d6) psychic damage, and you regain hit points equal to the damage the creature takes.

New Subclasses

SUNFORGER

A subclass for the wizard

-2; The Heights of Knowledge (Bonus action/reaction, 5x per long rest) / You gain the ability to create solar flares however you wish. As a bonus action/reaction, you can summon a solar flare in a fixed location you can see up to 60 ft. away. This flare causes 2d6 radiant on all those who fail your spell save DC and leaves them blinded for 1d2 turns. Those who succeed take half damage. This counts as a level 1 spell slot, and one can use additional levels to add a d6 per level. At the 10th level, those affected cannot cast spells in duration of the blinded effect.

-2; In the Palm of Your Hand (Passive, action.) / You can draft a vessel made out of solar light in your hand. This object can be no larger than 2 feet on a side and weigh no more than 5 pounds, and its form must be that of a non magical object that you have seen. The object disappears after 30 minutes, when you use this feature again, or if it takes or deals any damage.

For a bonus action, you can cause the item to explode in a miniature solar vortex, dealing 4d4 radiant damage to anyone who fails a DC Dexterity check of the Caster's DC in a 10 ft. radius.

-6; Aligning the Stars (Action, 3x per short rest) / You can revert the gravitational pull of yourself and one other. If willing, allies gain the ability to float 30 ft. in the air, in any direction. This lasts for 1d2 turns, where they fall to the ground under the effect of Featherfall. You can apply this multiple times to yourself, but not an ally. An enemy you select must make a DC 15 Strength/Dexterity check or be flung 40 ft in the air and dropped, if saved only 30 ft. Deal fall damage.

-10; Safety in Light (Passive) / All summons that you create begin with an additional 2d8 temporary HP at the first 2 rounds of combat. After these two rounds, any remaining health is halved and added to their HP. While any summon exists, the Caster has advantage on Constitution Saving throws.

-14; The Final Flare (Action, 1x per long rest) / All those you can see within a 30 ft. radius must succeed a DC Intelligence saving throw of the Caster's DC or become embalmed by light. Whenever they take an action, they take 1d10 radiant damage. A bonus action/reaction deals 1d6 radiant damage. All damage dealt by them is reduced by a d8. They are dealt 1 radiant damage for every 5 ft. they make. This lasts until the end of combat.

AXIOM OF VERACITY

A subclass for the paladin

Spells; 3rd; Id Insinuation (1d6 dmg), Sanctuary

5th; Mind Thrust, Zone of Truth

9th; Counterspell, Intellect Fortress

13th; Divination, Ego Whip

17th; Commune, Temporal Shunt

-(3rd Level) Channel Divinity;

-Uncover Thy Secrets! For a bonus action, you create a 30 x 30 ft cube of force around yourself, the perfect isolated crime scene. For one minute while the cube exists, you automatically succeed on all investigation rolls and gain a passive perception of 25. All those within the field are under the effects of

Zone of Truth, and they automatically fail the roll. If you successfully discover 3 or more "secrets" with your checks, you gain one inspiration.

-What Are You? You supercharge your next use of divine smite, gaining advantage on the attack roll. Once the smite has been used, you gain all of the opponent's stats, gain a passive glance at their thoughts, and will gain a passive tracker of their HP for the rest of combat. Once the opponent is felled, you gain one inspiration.

-(7th) Investigator's Sense. All allies within 15 ft. of you gain advantage on all investigation and perception checks and have their passive perceptions raised to 16. You gain expertise in these checks, and on a natural 20 you gain one use of inspiration for your rolls. Everyone has disadvantage on insight rolls against you, however. No one trusts a cop.

-(15th) Don't Close This Case! As a reaction, if you are about to be hit with a spell or melee attack, you may choose to spend one of your inspirations to dodge the attack. If you have no inspirations left, you may choose to forgo a spell-slot to do so.

-(20th) I Am The Law. You gain inspiration on all succeeded investigation checks, be it from ally or foe. You may choose to spend one of your inspiration counts as a highest-level smite, max damage. Or, you can choose to spend two inspiration counts to automatically succeed a check as a critical success. Additionally, you gain immunity to psychic damage.

THE GREAT WORK

A subclass for the Warlock

"Life should not exist. There are too many factors that work against it. That any being can draw breath is an impossibility. If religion is faith in what can or cannot be, then science must be a form seeking the divine, life itself, primeval. Knowledge is holy. We are the Great Work. So says Bothyrus, Founder No More."

Spells: 1st: Healing Elixir (UA), Silvery Barbs

2nd: Borrowed Knowledge, Fortune's Favor

3rd: Life Transference, Fast Friends

4th: Fabricate, Widogast's Vault of Amber

5th: Legend Lore, Reincarnate

(1st) Unio Naturalis: Passive (Reaction). Keep track of every skill check you fail. Once you reach 5 failures, you create a "Mark of Creation." This mark can be turned into an automatic success on your next skill, advantage on your next three rolls of any type, or can be used to regain your lowest level Warlock spell slot. Consuming a Mark costs a reaction.

(1st) Leucosis: Reaction, # (Proficiency Bonus) per short rest. At the end of your turn of combat, you may choose to outwit the natural rules of the Maw itself. You must roll against the DM in a skill of your choice. If you succeed against the DM or roll a 20, all spell slots used in your last turn are refunded to you and your turn resets.

(6th) Citrinitas: Passive. Each time you discover something new within the Maw, be it a location, character, lore, etc, you may use a "Mark" in order to ask Bothyrus one question about said discovery. Bothyrus will respond, as best as it can, to the question in one sentence. Using multiple "Marks" grants more sentences and details.

(10th) Rubedo: Action, 3x per long rest. Concentration, 5 minutes. Costs a mark to use. You ground yourself to knowledge, and it's used. All spells that target you affect you as normal, but you gain back a spell slot of appropriate spell level for the spell. Additionally, all rolled skill checks are doubled. If you lose concentration, become stunned for one round, unless you have another "Mark."

(14th) Ventus Hermetis: Reaction, once per long rest. Keep track of the turn order of any combat. After four turns have passed since you had your own, you may choose to use your reaction to completely unwind the passage of events. It immediately becomes your turn again. You regain all spent spell slots of the turns rewound, as do all of your allies. Damage dealt to enemies and to you is still kept, but your allies heal any damage that was taken. Gain insight into any enemy weapons, spells, or abilities used during this rewind.

✓ *Treasures and Trinkets*

✓ *Sandbox Updates*

-*Scythe*; 2d4 slashing damage. Heavy, two handed. Simple
 -*Javelin*; 2d2 piercing damage. Thrown (range 30/120). Simple.
 -*Sickle*; 2d2 slashing damage. Finesse.
 -*Flail*; 1d6 bludgeoning. Reach. Martial
 -*Glaive*; 3d4 slashing. Heavy, reach, two handed, martial.
 -*Morningstar*; Special weapon, 1d8 piercing or 1d4 piercing/1d4 bludgeoning. Martial.
 -*War Pick*; Special weapon, 1d8 piercing or 1d6 piercing/1d2 bludgeoning. Martial.
 -*Scimitar*; 1d8 slashing, finesse. Martial.
 -*Shortsword*; 1d6 slashing, finesse, light. Martial.
 -*Twinblade*; Special weapon. 2d6 slashing, additional d6 added if bonus action used in attack. Two handed, heavy. Martial.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Price</i>	<i>Ammo</i>	<i>Damage</i>	<i>Range</i>	<i>Properties</i>
<i>Derringer</i>	20g	2g (20)	1d6 piercing	(10/100)	Light, reload 1, misfire 1
<i>Flintlock</i>	50g	4g (20)	1d8 piercing	(60/240)	Reload 1, misfire 2
<i>Repeater</i>	Crafted	4g (20)	1d8 piercing	(30/200)	Reload 5, misfire 3
<i>Pepperbox</i>	100g	4g (20)	1d8 piercing	(80/320)	Reload 6, misfire 2
<i>Handgun</i>	Crafted	5g (1)	2d8 fire	(30/60)	Reload 1, misfire 3, explosive
<i>Arquebus</i>	75g	5g (20)	1d10 piercing	(80/320)	Reload 1, misfire 2, two-handed
<i>Musket</i>	125g	5g (20)	1d12 piercing	(120/480)	Reload 1, misfire 2, two-handed
<i>Revolving</i>	275g	5g (20)	1d12 piercing	(125/500)	Reload 5, misfire 3, two-handed
<i>Chamberson</i>	500g	5g (20)	3d8 piercing	(130/550)	Reload 10, misfire 4, two handed
<i>Mortar</i>	600g	10g (5)	2d12 piercing	(200/800)	Reload 1, misfire 3, two-handed
<i>Firelance</i>	Crafted	10g (5)	4d8 fire	(250/900)	Reload 1, misfire 5, explosive, two-handed

-*Beidana*; Exotic/Martial. Versatile. 1d6 slashing damage (normal), 1d8 slashing +1d4 blunt (two/handed, bonus action). If an attack is made with the two-handed variant and hits, the opponent is considered grappled as you force the blade into their body at an angle they cannot pull out.

-*Lantern Shield*; Exotic. +1 to AC, two variants. (1) Gunpowder shot, 10-30 range, reload 1 (reload cannot be hastened), 5d2 piercing damage and opponent must make a DC 12 Con save or become blinded. (2) Bladed gauntlet, 2d4 piercing damage and opponent must make a DC 15 Con save or become blinded.

-*Urumi*; Exotic/Martial. Reach. 3d4 slashing damage. Attacks made by this weapon deal (X) bleed damage for one turn after. The (X) is determined by the amount you roll divided by 4, rounded up.

-*Wurfkreuz*; Exotic/Martial. Thrown, 10-60 ft. 1d4 piercing damage. If the user is a spellcaster, a bonus action will change the damage type to whatever the user wants it to be. As long as the throwing cross stays in an enemy, attacks made against the creature will deal 1d2 more piercing damage.

-*Xun Lei Chong*; Exotic. Two-handed, firearm. 20-120 range. Reload 5. 1d10 damage per barrel. An attack action makes the user spin each barrel, and rolling a d6 determines how many barrels fire. If used in point blank range, gain a +X to hit, where X is the amount of barrels still active.

SOUL-POWERED ARMOR;

Fashioned from metal so tampered it appears to be stonework, powered by naturally harnessed souls ripped out of the Maw, these frames provide the user with the most protection that can be found in these

depths. While the works of smithing can produce heavy armor, clad in trim and gold, nothing matches the wild nature of the Maw than metal of its own creation.

-To use Soul-Powered armor, the user must be specifically trained in order to don it. When the training is complete, the price and complexity depending on the smith themselves, then the user gains a feat which allows them to don any powered armor. If a user without this feat wears the armor, after every combat encounter and after each use of each suit's abilities they gain one level of exhaustion.

-Each armor must have a Conduit in order to keep the armor working. If the armor does not have a Conduit powering it, then any stat bonuses that are a part of the armor are instead reduced to +1, you must at 1/3 speed, and all attacks subtract your proficiency from the roll instead of adding it. Replacing or adding a Conduit to a suit takes a bonus action, while entering or exiting the armor takes an action. The user cannot be taken out of the armor unwillingly

-Conduits can be crafted or found. In numerical value, 10 gold will create a "charge" to the Conduit, which will supply the suit with 2 full rounds of combat. Each special ability of each armor requires a charge to use, unless explicitly specified.

Pneumaurgy (Special feat); you have been taught how to use Soul-Powered armor, so can wear it without any penalties. Additionally, you gain a +1 to attack and damage to any other individuals who are wearing Soul-Powered armor, as you now know the armor's weak points.

"Whip Master"

-Feat

-Reach now means 15 ft. while you use a whip weapon. This works with all forms of attack, for traversal, or miscellaneous means. Additionally, whips now deal 2d4 damage.

-All attacks to disarm enemies can be made with advantage. Should you succeed, their weapon is knocked away 15 ft and they take half damage of the attack. If this happens, make another free whip attack.

"Flail Master"

-Feat

-While attacking an enemy in heavy armor, gain a +1 to attack and damage. The flail itself imbeds itself in the armor, removing pieces of it. After five hits, reduce the enemies' AC by one.

-If an enemy has a shield, you can use your bonus action to attempt to destroy the shield of an opponent. Make a strength based roll with advantage in order to permanently crumple the shield, reducing AC by one. A natural 20 destroys the shield.

"Hammer Master"

-Feat

-When attacking with a hammer-type weapon of any kind, you reroll your damage dice when you attack and choose the higher of the dice rolled. This only works once per attack.

-When attacking any opponent in light or no armor, you may choose to use your bonus action and reaction to break an opponent's arm with a blow. Make a strength based roll, and if the opponent loses they drop any weapons held in that arm and cannot use the arm for any spellcasting. This lasts until it is mended at a long rest.

"Short-Blade Master"

-Feat

-Any one-handed blade, from daggers to shortwords, deals a lasting 1hp damage per turn on the opponent struck, which requires a reaction on their part to patch up. This works on all opponents that have blood or vitals of that sort.

-Using a reaction, the user can attempt to push their blade further into a wound upon a hit; sacrifice either an attack (if multiple) or a bonus action/reaction (if not) to deal the least amount of damage possible, but a guaranteed hit.

"Sling Master"

-Feat

-You have mastered how to use this simple weapon to greater lengths. You can use objects up to three pounds in weight in the weapon, including smaller weapons like daggers. When hitting an opponent, you deal 2d4, the 1d4 of the sling and a 1d4 of an improvised weapon. If you sling another weapon, you deal the damage of that weapon as well.

-You can use your bonus action to aim at an opponent's vitals. On a hit, they must pass a DC 15 Constitution check or be blinded if hit in the eyes, deafened if hit around the ears, or poisoned if hit in the gut. These effects last for 1d3 rounds. They must survive a DC 10 Constitution check or become prone.

✓ *Magical Items*

Player items

"Pools of Empathy"

-Uncommon item, cursed.

-It is said that eyes are the windows into the soul, which is why they are the first things in which a Fractal develops. They begin as simply black pools of oil, the running of oil down tears being explained as simply a lack of tear ducts. If one does not know even how to breathe, how can they possibly know when to stop crying, or even what their tears are?

-Your eyes have 3 Charges, which are restored on a long rest. As a reaction, you can expend a charge to attempt to charm someone. They must pass a DC 18 Wisdom check or be immediately charmed. While under the effects of your eyes, you can modify one memory of your choice, can command them to go after an action or course, or attempt to befriend them and guide them into wanting this outcome. This effect does not dissipate until when you have your long rest, in which the charm fades but your decisions under charm persist.

-However, these eyes won't work on everyone, and you know it. There will be a select few individuals who will gain advantage on these checks. Should any individual succeed these checks, they will know a charm was attempted to be placed. Should these individuals succeed, however, then they will know who you are, what you are, what happened to your Host. Some will attempt to kill you on sight. Some will lie in wait. Some may even attempt to forgive. But you cannot know who these individuals are.

"Founding Gaze"

-Uncommon item, cursed.

-Should you will it, your true eye bursts forth from the scaled covering that protects it. Those looking at your eye only see an empty socket with what appears to be webs that curl inside, jostling slightly as you move it.

-Your eye has 3 Charges, which are restored on a long rest. For a reaction, you may unveil your eye. One opponent that you see within a 60 ft. range must pass your wisdom spellcasting DC. Should an opponent fail this DC, then they forget all information about you and the Founders, and any memories they had of the part with you in it are edited to have you removed. If they are the sole opponent left in the battle, then the battle immediately ends as their mind recalibrates itself. As a consequence, those around within 30 ft. may choose to roll against your spell-save DC with either an Intelligence or Wisdom check. If they pass, then they may obtain one piece of information they wish from your mind. You take 2x your hit-dice per opponent affected this way and for each person which succeeded the check against you.

Uncommon

"Akhilāyos"

-Uncommon splint armor, attunement.

-This suit is heavily ornamented, outlined in gold and silver and even traces of small forms of emeralds. There are slight scratches along the back of the armor, but none along the front. Even warriors must be immortalized after their battles.

-While wearing this suit of armor, the user gains resistance to all non-magical weapon attacks and all forms of necrotic damage. If the weapon attack is magical, the user instead gains resistance to bludgeoning and piercing damage types. If flanked, however, all attacks made against the user deal maximum damage, and necrotic damage is instead a vulnerability.

-In addition, the user gains proficiency in intimidation and athletics checks. If the user already has proficiency, then the user gains expertise in these skills. They gain disadvantage on all performance checks, however.

"Babr-e Bayan"

-Uncommon studded leather armor, cursed.

-This piece of armor is hairier than other studded leather sets you've come across; it almost entirely appears to be made out of fur, rather than the chitinous studded leather you've grown to be accustomed to. What is this made of?

-While the user wears this armor, they gain immunity to fire, force, and bludgeoning damage. Any opponents that attempt to use these types of damage on you receive 1d4 in whatever type they used reflected back on a hit. In addition, you may use a reaction to gain insight into any animal you come across.

-(Curse) This armor does not actually give any bonuses to AC at all, in fact apply AC as though they were wearing no armor at all. Do not tell the user of this. This curse can be cleansed in the form of a ritual, which can be determined by passing a DC 20 religion check; one must attune fully with the armor, buy one hide and one leather armor, and cut the two apart in order to make a fully ornate set. Combining this with Barbr-e Bayan restores the AC to that of studded leather and grants it an additional +1 to AC.

"Eallgréne Bígyrdel"

Uncommon item, cursed.

-This belt is stained a dark green, and seems to shine as though it was made from precious emeralds. The clasp is solid silver, a rune etched upon it which you cannot transcribe. It's soft to the touch. Why not put it on?

-Raises AC by two for the duration of the time worn. This can be combined with a magical armor set, taking place over one short rest. Each time a strike that would connect is deflected, a single cut appears on the trim of the belt. Each cut raises the user's initiative by 1, even in the midst of combat. This refreshes upon every short rest.

-(Curse) The cuts on the trim of the belt are, in fact, the girdle keeping track of each time the user would have been harmed. Upon the removal or removing attunement of the belt, the user takes Xd10 necrotic damage, X being the amount of notches present. Should the user be reduced to 0hp because of this attack, their head is cut off from their shoulders.

"Helskór"

Uncommon item, cursed.

-These boots are more bootstraps and chains than actual things to walk on. The act of moving is nearly unbearable, but there's a slight humming in them whenever the user is struck. They will keep you safe, you're sure of it. Of why? Does it matter?

-Should the user fall unconscious while wearing these boots, on their next turn they are revived with 5 HP and gain the effects of Haste. The second time they fall in combat, they are revived with 15 HP and gain advantage on the next action they take. Attacks made on them while they are prone or sleeping do not gain advantage.

-(Curse) On the third time they fall wearing these boots in one combat phase, or the 6th time they fall at all, they immediately fail all of their death saving throws. While it would appear that the user has been slain, any check with connection to the Weave or divine senses would find that their soul is instead stored

in the boots themselves. On removal of the shoes, the user is stabilized, but granted five levels of exhaustion. After this, the cycle of deaths restarts.

"Lamentation"

-Uncommon item, attunement.

-This small box is made of interlocking brass and gold pieces, with what appears to be obsidian details. Every time a hand is placed upon the box, the box changes in shape, and a tiny blade pokes through to pierce the skin of the one trying to open the box. A pact is a pact, and there is only one way to rid oneself from it.

-A creature that spends 1 hour trying to open this box must pay their level in HP, which their total amount is reduced by until their next short rest. From here, they must roll a d100, the following effects being listed here:

+On rolling a 100, then the user gains 3 levels. The box cannot be used by them again for the duration of the campaign. What a waste of such good suffering.

+On rolling 77 through 99, then the user takes 2d8 psychic damage. The user gains permanent truesight, but must pay one hit-dice worth of HP when it is used. Pain and pleasure, indivisible.

+On rolling 55 through 76, then the user takes 4d6 psychic damage. The user will automatically detect those who are invisible, now, as well as hear the whispers of the Weave itself. This is for your eyes.

+On rolling 33 through 54, then the user takes 6d4 psychic damage. Scaring appears across your entire body. You gain +1 to AC, but take 3 additional damage on every hit you take and reduce your passive perception by 3. Again, again! We have such sights to show you!

+On rolling 11 through 32, then the user takes 8d2 psychic damage. Nothing else happens. Further explorations in the realms of experience call you.

+On rolling 1-10, then the user takes 10d2 psychic damage. They lose one level until their next long rest, upon which they will discover that they will have lost their entire proficiency bonus. A foe is trailing them, one which only they will recognize. The foe itself the DM may choose, but it is one the user must face, alone. Upon death of the opponent, then the user gains one level and regains their proficiency. Should the user lose, their soul is collected by the box. You opened it, and it came.

"Pithos"

-Rare item, three times use.

-This worn wooden box is too damaged to even be used for holding anything, but the heavy latch on the front is made of a metal so pristine not even dust remains on it. Perhaps something else may be held here? Is there a risk for that?

-Upon opening the box, all creatures within 30 ft. must make a DC 20 check of their choice (athletics or acrobatics) or become attached to the box. On the next turn, they must make a DC 18 Strength or Constitution save or become trapped inside of the box. Once trapped inside, they cannot leave the box again until the box is opened again.

-This can be used as a tool; the user can attempt to open the lid and throw the box 30 feet in a direction of your choosing. The user must successfully make a DC 20 check of their choice, however, to let the box go and not be pulled inside themselves.

"Reginnaglar"

-Uncommon items.

-These rusted nails seem to hum with some innate power, but you cannot attune to it. The energy seems to be primal in nature, like a vein of ore opened in the earth. They feel warm in your hands, like they deserve to be there.

-When planted inside a surface, be it inanimate or animate, the object becomes a source of spellcasting energy. If placed into a handheld object, then the object becomes an arcane catalyst. Spells can be cast through these nails. The user can cast through the nail within 30 ft, and all others must pass a DC 12

Intelligence or Wisdom check in order to cast their spells within 15 ft. -If a nail is placed into a body part, take 1d8 necrotic damage as it is driven deep into your flesh. From now on, this nail can be used as a level-one spell slot, with the nail shriveling into dust on use. A maximum of three of these nails can be placed in one's body at a time. These are not attuned to just the user.

"Rhombi"

-Uncommon item, attunement.

-This shield appears to be constructed almost entirely out of glass, with the inscription of a tiny cannon being placed along the handle. It seems Mishvrandra is poking fun at the user, if she believed in his strength enough.

-This shield acts in two different forms; the first grants a +1 to AC and acts as a spellcasting focus. If radiant damage is cast through this shield, then gain +1 to damage rolled or added to saving throws. The second grants +2 to AC and removes 1 damage from all sources when struck, but loses its spellcasting focus. These modes can be switched between using a reaction.

-When the user falls unconscious, the shield creates tiny reflections of the user around it, hiding them. All attacks made against the unconscious user are rolled at disadvantage, unless they come from AOE effects.

Rare

"Aegis"

-Rare item, attunement.

-This set of chainmail is made for the entire body, rather than being assembled into pieces. When worn, it almost feels as if you're wearing nothing more than usual clothing. The chain-links are so small you can barely see them. How did someone assemble this?

-The user loses 1 AC, but gains advantage in stealth and +5 in initiative. When a creature is slain, the mail remembers how it was attacked, and for an action can replicate the attack to its full extent. Once the user uses this action, they must slay the same type of creature to gain the action back. The attack can be a special ability or simply their attacking stats, copying its s plus to hit and damage. If the user attacks in such a way, this takes place over one of their normal attacks. If the user gets a critical miss with this attack, then they gain one level of exhaustion.

-Instead of stealth, the user may instead shine as bright as the surface above. Instead of advantage in stealth and +5 in initiative, they gain a bright shine with a range of 15 ft. and advantage on all saving throws against radiant or fire damage. Instead of an animal's attack, the user may emit a pulse of light, and all those within the radius of light must pass a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be blinded for 1d4+1 turns. This light cannot be magically snuffed out.

"Ægishjálmur"

-Rare item, attunement.

-This helm, if it could even be called that, is nothing more than a seal on a scrap of paper. Upon pressing it to your scalp, the rune is imprinted on your own skin, and you can feel a weight around you that wasn't there before. You can't remove the rune by any normal means.

-Upon revealing this helm, all opponents that can see or hear the user with 60 ft. must make a DC 20 Charisma saving throw or become frightened. Even opponents that are immune to this must make the roll. If they are immune to the effect and fail the saving throw, then they cannot attack you for one round. All others who fail the check are frightened and cannot attack the user for 2 rounds. Regardless of checks, any opponent in sight will be unable to leave the combat encounter.

-Additionally, the user gains mastery over darkness, slipping into it like a robe. The user gains +5 on stealth checks, and can vanish into them even if they are using spells of light or similar effects. To the user, the brilliance remains, though everyone else will not be able to see the lights.

"Chrysos"

-Rare item, cursed.

-In front of you is a fruit which you don't recognize, as nothing of the sort grows down here. It almost appears to be that of a solid gold, but the coolness and freshness in your hand seems to dissuade that thought. Whatever origin, you can't let it go.

-In your hands, this is more than just mere gold: this is life itself. While you wield this in your possession, you gain an additional 2 Constitution, gain a +5 to insight, and automatically critically succeed on death saving throws. If the user wishes, you may infuse your currency into this fruit, keeping it safe from pickpockets or the like. Perhaps you can consume this..?

-(Curse) All those who see this object are driven to take this object for themselves, at any cost. One can roll a Charisma saving throw to fight against the effects, but the curse will still remain unless they roll a natural 20. The roll is a guise, an illusion. Should someone roll a 1, however, then they are compelled to attack and take the fruit from the user by force. If Chrysos is consumed, the user suffers -4 Charisma, though the other effects remain.

"Dēmoskles"

-Rare ring, cursed.

-This golden ring is emblazoned with the symbol of a blade, but once worn the visage of that blade appears on the back of the wearer's neck. On taking damage, the blade appears to draw blood, sinking ever further into one's flesh.

-While wearing this ring, any damage that is dealt to you is slowed, being dealt to the user only after a turn passes. This applies for all types of damage, being weapon, ability, or spell. This applies even to attacks made against death saving throws. Additionally, the user gains expertise in deception checks. Unless the one being deceived has proficiency in insight checks, they gain disadvantage on insight checks made against the user's deception checks.

-(Curse) When damage is dealt against the user, it is multiplied by 1.5X. If a critical hit was landed against the user, it triples instead of being doubled. Critical hits against the user also deal one latent death saving throw, applied as soon as the user is unconscious.

"JárnGREIPR"

-Rare item, attunement.

-These metal gauntlets are mostly detailed around the rings that are built into the fingers. They're more built like gloves, with weaves of copper wiring straining against any grip of a weapon. This was a crafted piece, something built for combat and efficiency rather than quality and looks.

-While wearing these gauntlets, every weapon gets the Thrown quality, with a range of (30/60) ft. If a weapon already has this quality, the range is increased by 30 feet. Attacks that land in such a way deal an additional 1d6 lightning damage. Once a weapon is thrown, the user must pass a DC 14 intelligence check in order to order the weapon to be returned to the user. On failing the check, the weapon instead slams into the user's arm, dealing 1d8 lightning damage to the user and rendering them unable to make any additional thrown attacks until their next turn.

-If an opponent ever attempts to steal or disarm you, a surge of electricity invades their senses. The user's save against these checks increases by +3, and if an opponent fails then they are unable to throw any weapons or make any ranged weapon attacks until their next turn.

"Nábrók"

-Rare item, cursed.

-These pants go over the feet of the person wearing them, with gold and platinum coins sewn onto the bottom. From your knowledge, these are supposed to help you come across riches more quickly. Just don't investigate what exactly the pants are made out of...

-Every time you are paid or find treasure, you magically gain an additional platinum for every 20 gold that is claimed as yours. If you are in a bartering community, the person you are bartering with is

compelled to give you an additional item of uncommon or rare quality, depending on a persuasion check. Perception checks to look through piles of treasure gain advantage and add +10 to the amount rolled.

-(Curse) These are parts of a dead thing, being another's dried skin; All opponents who are undead gain advantage on attacks and checks against you. Additionally, if someone makes a high perception check against you, they may gain insight into the nature of the pants and gain +1 on all checks against you.

"Rama Huzara"

-Rare half plate, attunement.

-In the olden days of the city, a Valkerian wore this blackened armor, which was recognizable due to the barbed-wire wings which he boasted would piece and choke out the corruption of the city. He never fell back in his pursuit to aid the Foundation, never quit. All that happened to him was the force of men wishing to elevate their own status. But here, now? This armor feels at home in your arms. Add to his legacy, and your own.

-Whenever you take the dash action, it acts as an attack roll for all opponents in your way. Barrel 15 ft. forward, the rest of your dash under your control, and all enemies in the path must pass a Strength or Dexterity saving throw of your current AC or take 2d6 piercing damage and are unable to make attacks of opportunity for one round.

-In addition, allies in a 30 ft radius gain 1d6 temporary hit points and gain a special dash action. When they dash and charge into an opponent, they may make a weapon attack with their main weapon and add 1d6 piercing damage. The opponent is also unable to make attacks of opportunity for one round. The Temporary Hit Points and Special Dash Action are lost at the end of their next turn.

"Yliaster"

-Rare lantern shield, attunement.

-This could be a shield, should be one, but there is no plate. There are wrappings for an arm, but there is a pitch-black hole where a shield should be. One's arm cannot be seen once the shield is worn. You are unsure if you are wielding a living or dead thing, but this shield brings results.

-Instead of a weapon, the internals of this shield house a black-hole, with an intensity greater than even the most wisened En'Dealas: for an action, the user may pay 1d6 + their Constitution modifier in damage to force a reaction in the device, pulling one opponent within 30 ft. into the shield. They must make a DC 19 Dexterity check pulled inside, where they are dealt 4d6 force damage then are placed under the effects of Banishment. They are shot out of the shield 30 ft. away after 1d4 turns.

-Additionally, all opponents who roll a natural 1 on melee attacks against you have their weapon pulled into the shield. This applies to both magical and non-magical weapons, though weapons such as claws cannot be pulled in this way. After a turn passes, the user can substitute one of their attacks to launch the weapon up to 30 ft. as an improvised thrown attack. The weapon, if not thrown after 1d4 turns, is shot out 10 ft. away from the user.

Very Rare

"Alatyr"

-Very rare item, attunement.

-This stone sparkles regardless of whether it's held in any light or not, yet gives off none of its own. When held up to the ear, whispering can be heard of various languages, giving off information at random. Something is coming through. You will be the first to witness it.

-If the user holds onto this stone, they are able to ask one question to the Dm per day, under the guise of transplanting their consciousness temporarily into the Weave itself. Within the best of their capability, the Dm must answer truthfully. If this stone is implanted within a user in some way, then they are able to ask two questions.

-In addition, the user does not have need of food or drink or sleep while attuned to this stone. They are immune to Exhaustion, and are resistant to any effect which inflicts Incapacitation, Charmed, Petrified, and Stunned.

"Gloire"

-Very rare item, attunement.

-A shriveled hand, embalmed with various waxes and seals. It appears to be petrified beyond belief, but you can swear you feel just an ounce of warmth still left inside. When you hold it in the palm of your hand, its fingers curl, interlocking with your own.

-On activating the hand, the user cannot be detected by any means necessary, not even by spells such as True Sight. They are invisible to the world, to creation. Those around the user will see them disappear for only a moment then reappear. For the user, five minutes will pass in a heightened state, where time moves so slowly that one can see the strands of the Weave connecting and breaking, time itself physically. During this state, all steal, lock-picking, and sleight of hand checks will automatically succeed. All manner of locks may be opened, even magical ones. At the end of five minutes, no matter the amount of distance traveled, the user will be teleported back to where they first used Gloire.

-This hand cannot be used to escape combat, and those stolen from will immediately detect that something is amiss. Additionally, this hand only has three uses before it crumbles into dust, permanently destroyed. Gloire can only be used once per long rest. One may attempt to create another Gloire, however, by sacrificing their own hand. Discarded body parts cannot be used; Gloire requires a sacrifice from the attuned user.

"Lorg Mór"

-Very rare staff, attunement.

-This blackwood staff is encased in barbed thorns, each easily sharp enough to pierce the flesh on their own accord. There is no handle to speak of, just the rows of thorns leading to a piece of amber at the top of the staff, encasing a tiny insect surrounded by ancient runes. The description is in a language not known by you.

-This staff keeps a charge of each opponent the user kills, be it from spells or weapon attacks. Each kill generates one charge, though using this staff as a quarter-staff (+1 weapon, dealing necrotic damage on a hit) will grant two charges. The effects are listed below;

+For one charge, the user may use their bonus action to raise one knocked unconscious instantly back to 5 hp. with a single tap. The user is dealt 5 necrotic damage, but as long as the ally that this charge survives until the user's next turn, that HP is refunded back to the user.

+With 10 charges, the staff is able to shrink a nearby corpse, preserving them in a bead of amber along the staff. For a bonus action, the body can be transferred to and from the staff. If an ally's body is preserved in such a way, then no time penalty passes in order to revive them. The user takes 1d8 necrotic damage each time the body is transferred from the amber back into the psychological world.

+With 25 charges, the user is able to perform great feats of magic. Any individual that has been revived in some way is restored to their original form on the Weave. If they are a species similar to that of a Curio-Bound, they are returned to the body they held in their original life. All lost memories are returned to them, and they retain the memories they held in this life. The user takes 1d12 necrotic damage.

+With 50 charges, the staff is able to raise a deceased individual, be it friend or foe, as long as the body has not been damaged beyond repair. If the raised individual is a foe, they are bound within their soul to answer your questions truthfully and cannot move against until their next long rest, upon which they regain their total free will. The user takes 1d20 necrotic damage, and this ability cannot be used again until a short rest passes.

+Upon 75 charges, the user is able to perform miracles unseen in the Maw. They can either raise up to three individuals back from the dead, from any distance, as similar to the effects of True Resurrection. Or, they can attempt to permanently heal a wound in the Weave, such as effects of diseases such as the Rot,

can end the loping of souls such as in the Second Sun, can grant entire cities such as Ver'Ghattan rest, etc. The user takes 3d20 necrotic damage, and this ability cannot be used again until three long rests pass. +After 150 charges have been used, the staff breaks permanently, unable to be repaired by any means, but the user gains a level.

"Pænitens"

-Very rare soul-powered armor, attunement.

-This suit appears to be that of a walking iron maiden, with broken swords and spikes being shoved through each part of the armor. The helmet is that of a pointed death mask, blood leaking from the eyes. It is not yours, and the mask's face changes for each individual who wears the suit.

-While wearing the armor, you gain the following effects;

+An AC of 20, your Constitution while wearing this armor increases to 26, and expertise in religion. Successful religion checks grant the user 1 Inspiration. The user gains immunity to piercing and radiant damage, apart from what this suit deals to its user. Once donned, the suit can only be taken off by taking your current level worth of hit dice in piercing damage, and it must be voluntarily.

+This soul-powered armor does not need to run on Cells, but instead pulls from the user's own vitality. Each time they move, they are dealt Xd2 piercing damage, X being every 10 ft. moved. Every action they take deals 1d8 piercing damage. The damage dealt to you is applied to the damage rolled on all melee damage with weapon attacks you make while using this armor.

Every time they move, they take Xd2 piercing damage, X being every 10 ft. moved. Every action Deals 1d8 piercing damage to the user, which can be used as well. By storing this damage, the user can also attempt to store the damage to use a set number of actions, which can be used a total of five times per long rest;

1. 20 dmg+, action; You unleash a hail of spikes in your immediate vicinity. All enemies must pass a DC 18 Dexterity check or or take Xd6 piercing damage and have their movement halved X turns, X being the amount of damage stored divided by 5. Enemies that critically fail this roll are blinded for X turns.

2. 40 dmg+, bonus action; Fill the suit with blood, yours and others summoned from the past wearers of the armor. At the start of your turn, heal X around for X turns, X being the amount stored divided by 6. Additionally, the first time you fall unconscious during this battle, regain X in health immediately, but suffer 1 failed death saving throw the next time you fall unconscious.

3. 60 dmg+, action; Launch a brutal assault into an enemy, spikes being drawn out of the armor made of your crystallized ichor. For an action, make a melee attack roll against one opponent. If you have inspiration, you may use it to gain advantage and +3 to damage and to land the attack. If the attack lands, deal X piercing damage, X being the amount of damage stored. If the opponent is immune to piercing, they are instead reduced to resistance for this attack. The user takes 1/3 of X stored, but gains the effects of haste.

"Rauðskinna"

-Very rare spellbook, cursed.

-This spellbook had to be pulled from the skeletal grasp of its owner, bony fingers piercing a red-leather binding that feels too familiar to your own hands. The words seem to shift across the page, barely contained between scrawled writing.

-The moment you attune to this spell-book, it immediately becomes your spell-focus. Once bonded, it cannot be removed from your person, from your own being, as your name is carved into the inner lining in blood. On each level up, any user who attunes to this spellbook may permanently sacrifice a spell they know in exchange for a spell-slot of the same level. Additionally, they may choose to sacrifice two spells in order to empower one spell of the user's choice, granted being the same spell-level, granting them +3 to hit and spell-save DC and granting maximized damage or effects on a success. This counts for cantrips, as well, though the user may also choose to sacrifice a cantrip to grant +2 to damage on all cantrips the user knows.

-(Curse) When a user sacrifices a spell or cantrip, they will have disadvantage on rolling against said spell each time it is cast against them. Additionally, each new user of the book will be tracked down by the original owner, being that of "The Keysmith" (see stats in Boss section). The user should be expected to fight this owner when the time comes or give up the book, losing the effects of all spells provided and still lose the exiled spells. If the "Keysmith" is defeated, all spells used via the special spell-slot are considered maximized. Other stat changes will depend on the battle.

"Sacra Sindone"

-Soul-powered armor, Very Rare.

-This is a rudimentary piece of soul-powered armor, though it does not seem to be powered by an active soul. Instead, power is drawn through slabs of Ysen-ice and bone, the living essence of the ice and the Weave-bound nature of the bones essentially fooling the armor into thinking it is alive. Condensed fog and hail trail down the pauldrons and arms of the armor, leading to slabs of the Ysen where one's hands would be. Only one can be essentially carved back, as not even magical fire can burn the rest. Custom-made, custom-built, custom-worn.

-While wearing this armor, you gain the following benefits:

+An AC of 17, but cannot wear a shield, as a large slab of ice is fitted to the left arm.

+Immunity to the first two levels of exhaustion. On reaching the third-level, only take disadvantage on attack rolls. The rest of exhaustion continues as normal.

-(Action, 3x per long rest) The armor combines the essence of the user with the Ysen-ice itself, allowing them to further themselves beyond what they were previously capable of doing. Choose from the following options to occur:

1. Add the cold of your ice to your attacks, inviting your foes to a grave in the glaciers. For the rest of combat, add 1d8 cold damage to all melee weapon attacks you make, though you take the damage rolled straight to your HP. Should the opponent fail your current DC, making a saving throw with either strength, Dexterity, or Constitution, then they lose one of their attacks on their following turn.

2. Chip away at the ice on your frozen arm to create a ray of freezing frost. Fire a 20 ft. line emanating from you, and all those caught in its path suffer halved movement for one round and take 1 level of exhaustion, should they fail a DC 16 Dexterity check. Should they roll a 1, their movement is reduced to zero and suffer two levels of exhaustion.

3. Shield yourself with a thick veil of ice, as thick as the walls of the Centerfold. This action must be chosen at the start of your turn. Gain +5 to your AC and any saving throws until your next turn, but the inability to help any of your allies through attacks, movement, or the like, as you are frozen in place. As long as you do not take any damage while in this form, at the start of your next turn you regain 1 hit dice in HP.

"Solaris"

-Very Rare item, attunement

-This golden crown appears to somehow be made from fire and light itself. In your hands, it burns with a fire that leaves scars. While worn, though, it feels a piece of you like your own hair. Like it was always meant to be there.

-When dealing fire or radiant damage, the crown amplifies the spells; deal maximized damage with these spells, add +2 to attack rolls and spell DCs while casting the spells, and gain resistance to these damage types. If the user is rendered unconscious due to an attack, then the crown fires a bolt of fire at the attacker, dealing half of the damage rolled back at them.

-On receiving fire or radiant damage, the crown holds the other half of the resisted damage, keeping track of how much was received. For a bonus action, the user may choose to expand the damage in various ways, listed below;

1. 15+; Store a flaming mote above the crown, which can be expended whenever a spell or attack you make lands against an opponent. The mote then fires, connecting immediately. The mote deals 1d8 fire

damage, which is rolled at advantage, and deals a lingering 1d2 fire damage for 1d4 turns, dealt at the start of the opponent's turn.

2. 45+; Create rings of fire around all allies in a 60 ft. radius, which lasts for 1d4 turns. These rings add 1d12 fire damage to all their melee attacks, 1d8 to all ranged attacks or spells they cast, and all enemies that enter the ring must pass a DC 18 Dexterity check or take 2d6 fire damage, with a lingering 1d6 fire damage which lasts until the allies' ring dies down. Opponents that succeed only take 1d6 fire damage.

3. 75+; Create 12 motes of fire above the crown, which can be fired at opponents allies any number of times for one bonus action, with a range of 80 ft. Any opponent struck must pass a DC 20 Dexterity check or take 2d12 fire damage and gain disadvantage on all attacks or spells for their next turn. All allies are given 1d10 HP and add 1d12 fire damage on their next attack that lands. Each mote fired heals the user 1d10 HP and any effects of exhaustion are healed on the 12th mote being fired.

"Svalinn"

-Very rare Shield

-This shield appears to be the back of a furnace, clear scorch marks evident on the metal surface. Was this melted off the back of a Forge-Bound? The grip feels too comfortable in your hand, almost as if it was made for you. Prove it wrong. Melt it away.

-While wielding this shield, the user gains immunity to fire and radiant damage, as well as the effects of any spells pertaining to heat. If any spell of such an effect strikes the user, it emanates off them as though struck with a 5 ft. sphere of force. Additionally, if an ally is struck with fire or radiant damage, the user may use their reaction to siphon the weapon or spell attack away from the user, pulling it into the shield itself.

-This shield holds onto the damage ignored in such a way, which can be released with an action. The shield expels the heat as a great flare of light, emanating in a 120 ft. cone from the user. All enemies caught in the cone must pass a DC 22 Constitution check or be blinded for the remainder of combat, as well as taking the entirety of the stored damage. Those who pass the check take 2/3rds of the damage, as well as have disadvantage on their next action at the start of their turn. Regardless, all those caught in the cone reduce their movement by 10 and radiate light for 1d4 turns, giving all advantage on attacks against them for the turns provided. All the ground in the cone becomes rough terrain as the top layer is melted away.

Legendary

"Achtung"

-Legendary boots, attunement.

-These could be considered to be high-heel boots, if not for the fact that they end in sharp points. Only a few inches across, it's quite difficult to get used to these nearly two-foot tall footwear, but faint traces of blood can still be found caking the bottom. These are not to be worn lightly.

-These boots know the horrors of the Maw, and immediately turn to action. On the first turn of combat, the user may use their action to empower these boots. For the remainder of combat, as soon as an opponent is knocked prone, as soon as the user moves within 5 ft. of the opponent the user is compelled to brutally stomp on the opponent's neck. If the opponent is conscious, then they are dealt X damage, X being half of the opponent's remaining HP. If X is more than 100 HP, then the user takes 1/3 of the damage dealt. If the opponent is unconscious, then they are instantly killed, the boots continuing to stomp on the opponent until they are nothing more than a red stain on the floor.

-Additionally, the user gains total immunity to any effect which would render the user immune. If an effect is used against the user, then it is reflected back to the opponent who instantly is knocked prone. Distance does not matter. The user gains advantage on effects that may render an opponent prone.

"Ancile"

-Legendary shield, attunement.

-This object is nothing more than a floating cube, with many grooves and divots which glow and turn while it remains stationary. On pairing to someone, it immediately floats into the air, splitting itself into thousands of tiny segments, forming a net around the user. Could this have been the Founder's version of a shield? An apparatus of its own volition, its own will, sworn to protect one person by name and blood?

-This shield is not held in the user's hands, but instead remains hovering around the user via Concentration. All the user must pass in order to hold the shield aloft is simply a 5, though a critical fail does result in a fail. On a fail, the shield drops to the floor, returning to its position aloft after 1d2 turns. While held aloft and proficient with shields, the user gains +4 to their AC (Only +3 if the user is not proficient) and gains immunity to all thunder and force damage. All attacks which deal this damage are caught by the fragments of the shield and fall helplessly to the floor. If the user is proficient in shields, spells absorbed this way also let the user regain a spell level of equal quantity to the spell cast.

-Additionally, this shield can be used as a battering ram against an opponent. For a bonus action, the user is catapulted up to 45 ft. towards an enemy of their choice, acting as a melee attack with their strongest weapon. The user gains X to both attack and damage with this attack, X being +1 for every 5 ft. traveled. On landing the attack, the opponent must pass a DC 25 Dexterity saving throw or take force damage equal to the amount lost between the save and the DC and be pushed back 30 ft. This push can be done off edges, cliffs, or the like. These pushes can result in lethal damage.

"Chervona Ruta"

-Legendary, cursed, attunement.

-In your hands is a skull with a yellow flower sprouting out of the side. Even as you hold it, the roots tangle around your fingers expectantly. How can life like this grow this deep underground, it doesn't make sense. Even the decorations in the Heights are nothing more than magic. Find out.

-The dried flower needs a host in order to revive itself; upon planting in one's body, it will sprout out of the side of their head and lend them its will. Once planted, it is a permanent part of their body, moving its flower to wherever the user is looking, shuddering on chills, etc. It also grants the following benefits;

+The flower, upon turning a vibrant red, means that danger is present. All party members that notice this gain an additional AC for combat, a +3 to hit and damage on their first attack, and advantage for their first saving throw of the encounter. The user automatically knows this.

+Upon being attacked with any fire damage, petals sprout from the user's body, protecting them and making them immune to the incoming damage. This is against weapons, spells, or abilities, magical or otherwise.

+You're able to read, translate, and speak all languages throughout the Maw, regardless of your prior knowledge. In addition, the user is immune to any magic that attempts to overwrite, confuse, or pry into their thoughts or memories. Any attempt is reflected back on whoever or whatever attempted such an effect.

-(Curse) There is a vengeful spirit inside the flower itself, one that has spanned many generations, one that is attempting to meld itself with the user's own soul. The following benefits are added as well;

+Any payment not in the form of magical items is immediately burnt to ash. Additionally, any weapons or items that the user has containing corrode as soon as the user holds them. They cannot be restored by any means, and any magical items that have their magic stem from the gold itself lose their properties.

+Your body will not be able to use any affects or spells that deal flame damage; instead, it turns to necrotic damage, and the user takes $\frac{1}{5}$ of the damage rolled for these attacks.

+Should the user fall in combat, they make one less death saving throw, and are immediately consumed by the plant should they fail. They join the soul within the flower itself as the user's body shrivels rapidly into nothing but a mummified corpse, their own soul consumed to the point that True Resurrection does not work on them anymore. What would be brought back would be the spirit within the flower itself.

"Clarent"

-Legendary item, attunement.

-This scabbard appears to be made out of a rusted and broken black metal, with scratches depicting various faces and weapons. Swords, glaives, daggers, and other assortments are shown along the metal. This is a relic of warriors long since passed, to be worn in times of peace. Not now.

-Once per battle, the user can use their action to throw this scabbard to the ground within 30 ft., generating a field of golden light in a 50 ft. square emanating from the scabbard. All those within the field are locked within as though in a sphere of force, and they cannot make attacks, abilities, or spells of any kind for 2d2+1 turns. Any effects currently on anyone in this field, including temporary Hp, immediately end. No violence of any kind will be tolerated, and any who attempt will both fail and take an automatic failed death saving roll the next time they are rendered unconscious. Once the field leaves, however, the user or the first to make an attack, be it from weapon or spell, lands an automatic critical hit. This damage is tripled instead of doubled, though the user takes half of the damage provided. The scabbard will be rendered useless until a long rest is had, however their damage is dealt to themselves as well.

-Additionally, the user heals their current proficiency in Hp at the end of each one of their turns. Should they be rendered unconscious, they are immediately stabilized and are immune to damage or attacks aimed at them while in the unconscious state. The only way to kill the user holding this scabbard would be through spells or weapon attacks which specifically say they kill on being rendered unconscious.

"Gjallarhorn"

-Legendary Item, one use.

-What you hold in your hands seems to almost shimmer with power; but you know you could only use this once. Made of ivory, enlaced in gold, and thin resin holding in the essence of pure magic, this horn was made for a declaration, not multiple. You're unsure of what this will hold. But history was not made for those who wait; do what is right, not because it is written, but because it is yours to make.

This item, upon being used, will revise and rewrite the entirety of the campaign as it is progressing. The independent realm in which the Maw and all its inhabitants live in will immediately be teleported into the realms of X, being a worldspace of the DM's discretion. Many areas of the Maw will cease to be, as the living matter of the Maw itself dies out to simply become inert stone. The Weave as it is known will cease to be, being drawn into the latent magic of wherever the Maw ends up. The Founders, Corhas included, will simply revert to being demigods or their equivalent. All of the great cities (The Heights, the Centerfold, Ver'Ghattan, the Corhas, etc) will merge into one city, with reality blending together into one ugly yet perfect picture. And the Heights, or what is left of it, will rise to the surface, to become a floating city miles above the surface. A world left trapped underground will be seen by all of creation. This is Vosundir's dream made manifest.

-Additionally, the party and all allies in coherency of the horn gain a level, +30 permanent HP, and an additional proficiency.

Upon blowing the horn, you and all those you considered companions immediately gain a level and gain +15 permanent health points, as well as gain another proficiency point.

"Kozuchi"

-Legendary item, attunement.

-This wooden mallet is almost too small to be used, more like a pendant than anything useful. Still, this hammer has been used more in smithing and the entirety of those living in the Heights. Perhaps the gods do not exist anymore. Perhaps this is what they chose to become.

When this mallet is struck against a surface, it is able to create anything that the user creates, anything that isn't sentient. Anything is on the table, from materials to desired objects, within the confines of rarity under three very rare items. When it comes to non-magical substances or items, the amountable to be made is endless. For magical items, after 3 very rare items or 6 rare items are made, the mallet is rendered useless and cannot be picked up by anyone.

-This mallet can only be used against an opponent once. It deals 100 damage, to whichever is the opponent's weakest damage type, then is destroyed on the spot. This only works on a hit, and the damage type is that of a warhammer.

"Kozuchi"

-Legendary item, attunement.

-This wooden mallet is almost too small to be used, more like a pendant than anything useful. Still, this hammer has been used more in smithing and the entirety of those living in the Heights. Perhaps the gods do not exist anymore. Perhaps this is what they chose to become.

-When this mallet is struck against a surface, it is able to create anything that the user creates, anything that isn't sentient. Anything is on the table, from materials to desired objects, within the confines of rarity under three very rare items. When it comes to non-magical substances or items, the amountable to be made is endless. For magical items, after 3 very rare items or 6 rare items are made, the mallet is rendered useless and cannot be picked up by anyone.

-This mallet can only be used against an opponent once. It deals 100 damage, to whichever is the opponent's weakest damage type, then is destroyed on the spot. This only works on a hit, and the damage type is that of a warhammer.

"Lapis Philosophorum"

-Legendary item, attunement.

-A wrought iron glove, held onto a hand with golden clamps. In the middle of the palm rests a white stone which seems to smoke as the glove is moved. All attempts to remove the stone from the glove have resulted in disfigurement or death. Best to just keep it on.

-This glove not only serves as your own spellcasting focus, but also may serve as the spellcasting focus for all allies within a 15 ft. radius of the user. All allies in the radius may cast from the glove, and the first spell cast by them in a long rest counts as being upcasted by one level. The user gains a free 2nd level upcast from the glove. Additionally, all spellcasting components, regardless of cost or rarity, will be created by the glove for free. This does not have a price cap or a range in which the spell component creation can be used.

-For a reaction, the user may change the nature of a weapon, be it an ally or an opponent. The user may transfuse a weapon to become gold (+5 to hit, -1 damage. Cannot be broken) or copper (-1 to hit, weapon user must make a DC 14 straight saving throw or have their weapon break). This effect cannot be used on magical weapons, and the effects wear off after combat.

"Naglfar"

-Legendary soul-powered armor.

-This armor appears to be made entirely out of pieces of bone, fingernails, and other discarded remains of the body. It's a stark white, with pulsating purple veins appearing underneath the armor. They merge with your own flesh, becoming one. An eternal voyage beyond life.

-While wearing the armor with stocked power cells, you gain the following benefits;

+An AC of 20, 20 in Strength and Dexterity, and Wisdom 18. Speed is reduced by 10 ft.

+Immunity to necrotic damage. Whatever amount that would normally be dealt as damage against the user instead becomes healing, at the amount rolled.

+Immunity to all movement-based debuffs, from movement speed (even rough terrain) to checks such as grapple, even exhaustion. If a check is required, the user immediately succeeds and the opponent themselves must pass said check.

-(Action, 5x per long rest) If the Weave recycles all of creation, then it itself must be alive in some sense. Thus, the Maw must be, too. Pull form it, and choose from the following options to occur, using one charge from your power cell while doing so;

1. Pay X HP to propel yourself X ft. into the air, and using your movement speed fall that distance. You do not suffer fall damage, and all opponents in a 10 ft. radius of where you land must pass a DC Constitution check or take Xd6 bludgeoning damage, those who pass only taking X bludgeoning damage.
2. Pay Xd6 HP, X being the amount of allies and yourself you choose. Those allies or yourself, anyone that can be seen in a 60 ft. radius, are granted Fly of their movement speed +10 ft. for X turns. On their

final turn, they float down to the ground, taking no fall damage. Effects such as counterspell require a contested roll from the user in order to cancel the Fly.

3. Expel X ft. of bones and grown spikes from your armor, X being the amount of HP the user pays divided by 4. In a radius around the user, the ground becomes rough terrain, and all that step there take 2d6 piercing damage and must pass a DC 18 Constitution check or be dealt 1d6 additional piercing damage at the start of their turn, remedied with a DC 18 medicine check. This is the only way to rid oneself of the start of turn piercing damage.

4. Expel a torrent of blood, not yours, around the user. In a 15 ft. radius, all allies heal X, X being the Hp paid divided by 6. Additionally, they heal another 1d6 HP on the start of their next turn. All opponents that fail a DC 20 Strength check are pushed back to the edge of the radius, as well as take half of X as necrotic damage. Opponents that succeed the check instead heal $\frac{1}{3}$ of X.

Artifacts

"Eyes of Hallinskið"

-Artifact, attunement.

-These glowing eyes shift through a miasma of colors, never fully settling on one color over the other. The stems of nerves can be seen trailing from behind; someone cut these out of a skull. They're valuable. And they're still warm. They can be used. See past the frost covering your mortal vision, and enter the splendor of godhood.

-When these eyes are transplanted into the user, they will succeed on all perception, passive or otherwise, throws, regardless of instance. Consider the stat to be ∞ . In addition, whenever you lock eyes with another individual, you may delve into their consciousness. Those you gaze into must pass a Wisdom saving throw of 24, immediately ending the attempt on a success. Should they fail, however, the user may sift through their consciousness, discerning what their motives are for any number of questions. The user may also attempt to remove or modify one memory of choice. If the user does so, they gain a permanent advantage on all checks and initiative against them, while they gain permanent disadvantage on the same checks. If you do so, you gain advantage on initiative orders, and they gain disadvantage. Also gain 60 ft. darkvision.

-(3x per short rest) In addition, the user may spend their reaction to immediately miss any attacks, be it from weapons or spells, until the start of their next turn. AOE damage is accounted for in this way, as well. Once the third charge is used, the user immediately suffers a level of exhaustion.

"Malogranatum"

-Artifact, one use, cursed.

-Those in the Maw know that it is alive, that it is an uncaring yet all-powerful beast. Far from all-knowing, there are gaps in its surface, where the stone and cave break away into the strands of the Weave itself. If life is based upon cycles, could it be that this petrified stone in your fingers, amber and flexible like fresh produce, is but a seed for a second Maw, or a continuation?

-This petrified fruit is a shared meal; when two individuals eat of this fruit, it dissipates, and thin strands of the Weave combine around the two. Their essences, their souls, are combined, made part of the Maw itself. They gain the following effects, which are unable to be nullified or remedied at any point save the Maw's entire destruction;

+On each level up, whoever takes the higher health-dice rolled has it transferred over to the other individual, even if it exceeds their own health-dice amount.

+When one individual receives healing, of HP and status effects, the other individual receives it as well.

+If one individual receives damage, it can be split between the two individuals with a reaction, with the benefits of both immunity and resistance still applying.

+The two cannot be shut off from each other, as they will always be able to communicate telepathically, regardless of distance or spell usage.

+If the two are in cohesion, and skill that one is prophecy in has advantage, and any skill with expertise becomes an automatic success.

-(Curse) If one who has partaken of the fruit becomes an enemy, they gain a series of additional status changes;

+Whenever one takes a long rest, they must roll all of their hit dice instead of passively regaining all of their HP, and roll a dice pertaining to the number of spell-slots they have to see how many they receive back.

+When one receives healing, of kind, after one round both users take half as much in necrotic damage.

+Whenever one takes damage, the other individual must pass a Constitution saving throw of 22 or take half of the damage. Damage type does not matter.

+The individuals both know the relative locations of the other, regardless of distance, as well as their general direction.

“Pridwen”

-Artifact soul-powered armor, attunement.

-This armor is more like a hunk of iron rather than an armament. Various beads of magic are strewn through the suit, along with various wires and chains holding it in place. A large capsule sits in the back of the suit, which the user must climb in under. The suit thrums with energy. It's breathing. You're breathing.

-While wearing this armor with power cells, you gain the following benefits:

+An AC of 22, 21 Strength, 20 Constitution, and 18 Dexterity. If the user has more than any one of these attributes, they keep their original scores and instead gain advantage on checks and saves using those scores.

+The user also gains immunity to all negative effects, from abilities, weapons, spells, or the environment. Advantage on all initiative checks. Additionally, the user immediately stabilizes once they fall unconscious as the armor takes on the user's will, fighting for them. The suit itself has an HP of $\frac{1}{3}$ the users and regains 1d4 HP at the start of its turn. It may use any of the abilities and weapons of the users, but cannot cast spells. Once the suit has been defeated, it must require two power cells and a long rest in order to be brought back to full strength.

-(5x per short rest) Only in death does duty end, and there is no true death as long as one soul is remembered. Break apart fate, and choose from the following options to occur, using one charge from your power cell while doing so;

1. For one of your attacks, vent the excess heat of this suit into your fist, creating an explosive punch which can be heard from all around. Using a weapon attack you are proficient in +3, this deals 10d2 force damage to the opponent hit, creating a 10 ft. cone behind them which deals 5d2 fire damage to all those caught within it. Opponents hit cannot use their opportunity attacks until their next turn. The user takes $\frac{1}{5}$ of the damage rolled for the main attack due to steam being vented improperly.

2. For one of your attacks, you can open a bloodvein in your armor and use it to create superheated rounds of crystalized blood. Using a ranged-weapon attack you are proficient in +2, this deals 4d8 piercing or necrotic damage. On a hit, the opponent is unable to receive any healing, as HP or temporary HP, until their next turn. The user takes $\frac{1}{4}$ of the damage rolled.

3. For one of your actions, create a plume of fire as though swinging a massive greatsword, searing the heavens. Create an arc of fire emanating from you which reaches 30 ft. away, and all those in the arc must pass a DC 24 Dexterity check or take 5d6 fire damage, half on a success. Should they fail, they must spend an action putting out the fire or suffer 2d6 fire damage at the end of their turn, not going away until this is done. The user takes $\frac{1}{3}$ of the damage rolled for the initial attack.

4. Force a bout of speed behind you, propelling you forward. For 1d4 turns, you are given +10 movement speed and a +20 ft jump, attacks of opportunity have disadvantage on you, melee attacks gain -1 to hit and damage against you, and you deal 3d4 fire damage to all enemies you pass.

5. Lock your armor-pieces together, waiting for the chance to strike. Save any number of your attacks, which are expended when an opponent lands a melee attack against you. This does not count as an attack of opportunity. These attacks gain +3 to hit and +6 on damage.

"Talaria"

-Artifact, attunement.

-Artifact, attunement.

-Footwear is important in the Maw, with many rocky passages turning imminently into rivers of blood or severe snowfalls. Open-toe sandals, then, are an impractical rarity. Still, something about these gives a sense of awe, of power. Something which does not belong, yet does, has the power to bend reality. It has the power to reclaim a place in the Maw, where sense will lead to an easy death.

-For a bonus action, the user may click these sandals together to grant the user a flying speed of 60 ft. While in the air, the user is given +5 to initiative and their AC is increased by 3. Additionally, the user succeeded on all dexterity saving throws and gains +3 on all other saving throws while flying. While in the air, the user is granted a special grapple attack. On succeeding on a grapple, the sandals immediately travel the remaining speed of the user in the air, dropping the opponent after. The opponent then takes fall damage accordingly.

-While in the air, the user can spend a bonus action to detach two wings from the sandals to an ally they can see within 30 ft. You and the ally now have a flying speed of 30 until the end of combat, where they return to the original user.

-These sandals count as being different targets than you, having an AC of 14 and having 20 HP. Upon having their HP depleted, the user will fall to the ground under the effects of Featherfall. If the user gives a pair of wings to an ally, then the one who falls is dealt ½ fall damage for the distance they flew. During a long rest, a user may choose to siphon their regained health into the sandals to repair them.

"Tarnhelm"

-Artifact, cursed, attunement.

-This piece of rust-metal would normally be considered nothing more than a beartrap, other than the revolving collection of faces that can be chosen at will. Behind each face lies tiny inline blades, lying only inches away from one's skin. What is the price of total amenity? Certainly a little prick won't be anything wrong.

-This is less of a helmet and more of a wearable torture device, but one with uses. When this artifact is placed on the head of an unconscious or dead body, be it any humanoid form with clear facial features, then hundreds of tiny blades protrude from within the helmet and carve off the face of said individual. If the body is unconscious, then they are killed instantly, their soul transferred into their face as it slides within the helmet and is lost.

-For an action, the owner of the helmet can place it atop their head and choose which face to wear. On doing so, their bodily instantly transforms into that of the face stolen. The user's blood changes, their spell-slots change. The DM will hand the user the stat-sheet of the face chosen, and no opponent may roll insight to determine if this is a disguise. This is not a disguise or a spell; you have become that individual. You keep the spell-slots of the form at the time of their "collection." The helmet is rendered invisible during this time, unable to be perceived except on a 30 arcana or perception check, and the form drops as soon as you remove the helmet. Once a face has been used, the user must roll a natural 20 on removal of the helmet or lose the face forever.

-(Curse) While the user gains a +5 to deception and medicine while wearing this helmet, there is a tracker that goes down each time this helmet is worn. The DM must roll a d100 each time the user wears the helm. The number the DM must beat starts at 1, but increases by 5 for each face taken and by 9 each time the helm is worn. Once the DM rolls below the threshold, the user must pass a DC 25 Dexterity or Constitution saving throw to quickly pull the helm off or take 8d10 piercing damage as the outer layer of

their face is surgically removed. If this renders the user unconscious, then the effects of “collection” apply to them.

"Triquetra"

Artifact, cursed, one use.

-The seed before you is large enough to fit in your palm, but you know it is too dry and barren to ever be planted. Eons have passed by this decaying artifact, and you know that will only be passed to you should you partake in it. Give in to the temptation, and open your eyes.

-On consumption of this seed, the user must pass saving throws in each one of their stats. On succeeding the throws, the DC being 20, they gain +3 to the ability, going above the 20 mark. On failing, they only gain +1. If they succeed more than three checks, they may choose two abilities to increase by an additional +1. Those two abilities increased in this way cannot be reduced in score by any means, be it through spell, artifact, ability, passive, or any other means. Any critical success using these abilities grant the user one point of inspiration.

-(Curse) On consumption of the seed, the user's species immediately changes to that of an Aser-Purloiner, which cannot be reversed by any means. Additionally, the threshold to become a Founder is changed to only occur on the 20th level. Additionally, several voices start to supersede in the user's mind. The user has an allowance of five failed rolls per short rest, and on the 6th they have disadvantage on all saving throws and checks as they are unsure just whose voice is theirs anymore. This is refreshed on a short rest, and this curse disappears on reaching the 20th level.

Extra Artifacts

"Larkspur"

-Artifact, attunement. Relic from a campaign lost.

-This is the twin flower to the one that grows out of the head of Councilmember Vosundir, plucked from the same stem. Though the flower itself does not need to be physically planted into flesh and bone like its predecessor. Instead, this plant grows into the weapons and armor of their chosen individual, instead becoming a secondary force for their own good.

-This flower must be planted in the ground within a set of armor, magical or otherwise, with either a spell-scroll or a weapon in their arms. Upon three long rests, a body will arise from the ground in front of you, regardless of the distance you traveled. This individual is treated as a homunculus, but may develop its own personality in time. You may command the being as though they are your own player. It has your base stats, your base level and class, but its weapons and armor are what was planted with it and they cannot be changed. They are tied to the flower's very being.

-On each level, this plant starts to develop its own intelligence, growing the first strands of its own soul. On five level ups, they break away from your control, either continuing to ally with you or continuing on their own path. Additionally, this form cannot truly die, as they will revive and regrow after two turns once their HP is reduced to zero. They revive with one hit-dice worth of HP. If they fall to fire or radiant damage, they must make a medicine saving throw of 18+the spell level of the spell cast. Should they succeed with the saving throw, they regain sentience after five turns. If failed, they must take a long rest to rest and grow the plant into their own person once again.

"Operative Policy"

-Artifact (ammunition), attunement.

-These rounds have beads of evocation magic instead of the bullet itself, packed with a whitish-gunpowder that is sharp to the nose. Upon each round is an engraved number and a phrase. On 29, "I'm shutting down. It's getting cold. But I'm not afraid. Because I lived for her."

-When this ammunition is placed inside a firearm, be it any kind, the weapon will always hit. No more rolls will need to be had to take shots at opponents, also meaning that you'll never be able to obtain critical hits. This lasts as long as the ammunition lasts within the firearm, the user must spend their action

during long rests to create more bullets, sacrificing one hit dice to create ammunition (1 hit dice worth of HP + 1.5x the amount of bullets left = your new amount, take this much HP away from the user as soon as the rest ends).

-In addition to the amount of damage rolled on hit, roll an additional d6 to determine an additional effect: (1) the shot misfires, dealing your minimal damage for the shot to both you and the opponent in addition to the amount rolled. (2) A second shot is fired, which deals half damage. (3) nothing happens. (4) your next shot is primed, dealing 1.5x the amount rolled. (5) The ammunition sparks, dealing maximum damage to both the opponent and the user. (6) Expend all of the magazine; Minimal damage per shot, but multiplied by the amount of bullets in the magazine. Reload.

✓ *Magical Weapons*

Examples of Starting Weapons

"Hamelin"

-Uncommon switch weapon (custom), marital type. Reach.

-What is a parasol, really? It's a shade from the light. It's a luxury made of fabric and wire. But this far underground, what use are they? There is no light, nothing to hide except from gazes and looks. And the blades that come from this device are not naturally made. This is new. Cut your own meaning.

-This weapon has two forms, which are able to be cycled between for a bonus action or reaction;

1. The first form is that of a parasol, which deals 1d8 bludgeoning damage on a hit. For a bonus action, the user is able to unfold the parasol itself, shielding them from ranged attacks. Non-magical ranged weapons have a -3 chance to hit, while magical have a -1 chance to hit.

2. The second form is that of a Man-Catcher. The initial attack only deals 2d2 piercing damage, but on a hit the user can use their bonus action to clamp metal prongs around the opponent's neck, granting an additional 1d8 piercing damage at the start of an opponent's turn. They cannot move or make attacks held in the Man-Catcher, and must pass your DC with a Strength or Dexterity check to escape.

"Patience"

-Uncommon firearm. Range; 10/70. Light. Reload 1, Misfire count 3.

-Fashioned from tubes of brass and gold, this firearm more resembles that of a cut-down breech loaded musket rather than a pistol. Its handle is carved delicately from ivory, and the muzzle has been polished to a shine so clear one can see their perfect reflection in it. How anyone managed to keep this as a concealed firearm is a miracle and a mystery.

-This is a single-shot pistol that deals no damage. Instead, it fires special ammunition, tailored to various circumstances. There are clear grooves and divots indicating further modifications, but they are not found here;

+Tar; A gold capsule, veins of thin ice trailing around it. When fired, this capsule releases a stream of cryogenically frozen tar, rapidly cooling and freezing around everything it comes in contact with. If fired on the ground, it produces a 10 foot cube of rough terrain, requiring a Strength DC of 14 to leave. If fired on a creature, they must make a Strength saving throw against your DC or become immobilized, taking 2d6 cold damage at the end of their turn until they escape. If fired at an unconscious opponent, they instantly fail 3 death saving throws if they require oxygen to live.

+Flare; A brass capsule, engraved with glowing orange runes. The bullet glows slightly, and it burns to touch for prolonged amounts of time. When shot, the gunpowder activates the runes, leading to a short time before exploding in a flash of white fire. When shot into the air, this has the effect of the spell Daylight, and grants all allies under where it lands in a 30 ft. radius +1 to their next attack. If this is fired against a solid surface, any living creature within 10 feet must make a Dexterity saving throw against your DC or become inflamed, taking 3d2 fire damage at the start of their turn unless they make another save to put the flame out.

+Gas; A glass capsule, reinforced with silver. When shattered, a thick purple mist surrounds the area of detonation in a 20 foot cube. All those caught inside must make a Constitution saving throw against your

DC or become overcome with swirling visions. Those caught within the mist have disadvantage on all checks and saving throws and are rendered blind as if they are in darkness. Additionally, each turn they remain in the cube and fail subsequent checks against your DC grant one level of exhaustion and 1d8 poison damage.

"Shard of the Sun"

-Uncommon dagger, cursed.

-This item appears to be a dagger's hilt, the blade itself being made of sunlight itself. The dagger appears to be made out of crystals. When holding away, it almost looks like that of a finger, but you can brush that off as your mind simply playing tricks with you.

-You gain a +1 bonus to Attack and Damage Rolls made with this weapon, which deals radiant damage instead of slashing damage. For a bonus action, you can attempt to mark a target, and the length of the blade of light will extend. Against this target, you gain a +2 to hit and attacks now deal 2d8 radiant damage.

-(Curse) When you are at 1/4 health, you must pass your own save DC or use your Break the Shackles ability, as the blade seizes control of your arm.

"Haladie"

-Uncommon dagger, attunement.

-T'vora's weapon of choice is a four-pointed dagger composed of a series of discarded scales. When worn above her head, the points retract, turning into a traditional halo. In its current state, T'vora can almost hear whispers coming from it when it's worn. Perhaps it can be awakened in some way..?

-+1 to attack and damage. Light, Finesse, Thrown (20/60).

-For a bonus action, you can utter the Command word, and the dagger returns to your hand. If the dagger is thrown into an enemy, it slices its way out of the opponent, dealing an additional d2 damage.

Uncommon

"Az Isten Kardja"

-Uncommon rapier, cursed.

-This strange rapier appears to have been made of a metal not known to those in the Heights, the heft of which makes it nearly impossible to wield nimbly. Most users of this blade hold it instead in two hands, like an estoc, to make the blade strike true though anything they wish to pierce.

-+2 to attack and damage, but removes the Finesse quality and instead replaces it with Heavy. While this weapon is one-handed, it cannot be used with a shield or another weapon save one with the light quality due to the sword's weight.

-(Curse) The strange construction of this sword lends for striking through metal and chitin, rather than flesh. If this weapon strikes any being with flesh, it deals 1d2 bludgeoning damage instead. If the rapier strikes any animated individual, be it through species or reanimation magics, then the user gains insight into the current HP of the being.

"Caladbolg"

-Uncommon sickle, attunement.

-This sickle seems to shimmer with multiple combinations of metals, appearing almost in a Damascus steel type pattern. At times, it feels almost as if the weapon is vibrating within the wielder's hands.

-When the user rolls below a 5, the sickle grows in size, becoming larger than a greatsword. An additional +5 damage is added to all attacks afterward, granted that the user is able to pick up the weapon with a strength of 16 or above. However, the weapon has a -5 to attack due to its unwieldy size. If the user cannot hold the weapon up, then the weapon only deals minimal damage. The sickle returns to its normal size after 1d4 turns or until it is dropped to the ground.

-The sickle is granted additional uses in exploration in the Maw, as well, as it can be used either as a climbing tool or to cut through loose ground and vegetation. Athletics, acrobatics, or attack rolls in this vein are rolled at advantage and have a lower DC for success.

"Claidheamh Soluis"

-Uncommon glaive, attunement.

-This glaive is entirely made out of crystal, from the hilt to the blade. Why are so many weapons here crystalline, perhaps there is some connection to be had? There must be other weapons such as this somewhere in the Maw.

-Deals radiant damage instead of slashing, and if opponents are stuck under any bright lights then they are dealt an additional d8 radiant damage. On a critical hit, the blade shines as though it were on the surface, automatically filling the requirements for extra damage. This lasts for 1d4+1 turns.

-This weapon has four charges, which recharge after spending a long rest exposed to natural light. If an opponent is struck, the user may use a bonus action to cause the alighted blade to combust, dealing 1d12 radiant damage to you and the opponent. However, this destroys the weapon's blade, which cannot be used again until the user's next turn as the edge reforms. All other attacks made with this weapon until then only deal 1d4 bludgeoning damage.

"Hrunting"

-Uncommon greatsword, cursed.

-This gilded greatsword is perfectly preserved, as though it has never seen combat before at all. Its blade is made of pristine silver, and it almost appears to shine in your hands. Such tales the two of you shall make together.

+3 to attack and damage, or so it appears.

-(Curse) This sword will always fail in combat, no matter who it strikes against. This blade can never deal any damage to an opponent, as the blade will seemingly shatter on hit, reforming when pulling away. For a reaction, the user can instead hold an action to gain +5 to their AC as they use their sword as a shield, but that is all this 'weapon' can do.

-Still, the user gains expertise in performance and deception checks while they are attuned to this sword, as they are used to unearned boasting.

"Gram"

-Uncommon Handaxe, attunement.

-This used to be the base of a longsword, before being broken into two halves. What was left of this weapon was reforged into a rough imitation of an ax. The wooden hilt pulsates with energy; its story is not over yet.

++1 to attack and damage. This weapon is of two parts; the handaxe itself, and the remnants of a blade. The handaxe has +1 to attack and damage and heals half of the damage it deals. The shard can be used as a dagger for a bonus action, though the user takes half of the damage rolled on a hit. On making a weapon attack with both parts of Gram, gain an additional bonus action.

-For that second bonus action, the user can squeeze the bladed sections of both parts of the weapon. If done, they take 2d4 slashing damage, but attacks made by the handaxe deal 1d12 slashing damage on a hit for 1d2+1 turns. This moveset can only be used in a single battle, after which the ability can be recharged by imbedding the handaxe in a solid chunk of wood for a short rest.

"Szczerebiec"

-Uncommon heavy crossbow, cursed.

-This crossbow is inscribed with scriptures of a language you cannot recognize. Whenever a bolt is placed inside the crossbow, the bolt shines as though it is made out of light itself. It is unknown where this weapon truly comes from.

-This weapon, when fired at an enemy, deals radiant damage. Enemies fired at are illuminated and have disadvantage on perception checks against you and your allies. When fired at an ally, however, your allies gain +1 to their AC and are healed an amount determined by your Wisdom modifier. If your modifier is in the negatives, instead heal +1. No additional damage, but damage type is radiant. If all attacks in a round are made by shooting allies, the user also gains +1 to AC.

-(Curse) Should this weapon be used in killing, not wounding, an opponent, or the user feels guilt over their actions in combat, then the crossbow explodes in holy fire, dealing 4d6 radiant damage in a 15 ft. radius, centered on the user's location. All those caught in the radius must pass a Dexterity saving throw of 18 to take half damage, but the user cannot make this check. After this, the weapon is destroyed.

"Taming Sari"

-Uncommon sickle, attunement.

-This could have once been a ragger, if the blade had not been warped so heavily, curving in on itself. The hilt is made from a light brown leather, a scarcity down in the Heights. It's hard to tell if this was made from care or mistake.

-At the start of combat, you cannot draw this weapon. This weapon will remain locked in its sheath, until the first time the user is hit with a melee attack. Once this happens, the sickle will fly out and automatically strike the opponent, dealing maximum damage.

-For the rest of combat, the blade will be hovering near the user. While you must still use your action to attack with this weapon, it will be out of your hands, allowing you freedom to use other weapons or cast spells. Once combat ends and the blade returns to its sheath once more, the user gains temporary HP equal to the number of opponents they hit.

"Zomorodnegār"

-Uncommon derringer, cursed.

-In your hand is a tiny pistol, made to fit in the palm of your hand. It's made entirely of gold, with no engravings made along the gun itself. Why hide such a tiny, bright thing? And who has a use for a pistol this small, anyway? Do you?

-When fired, this tiny pistol fires not bullets but tiny barbed spikes, which seep into the opponent's essence. For the remainder of combat, enemies shot with this gun cannot be healed by conventional means. The only way for the opponent to be healed is to either make a medicine check of 17 or to use any restoration spells. Additionally, this gun cannot misfire, due to its delicate care.

-(Curse) However, when the user either rolls a 1 or is critically hit, then the effects of the weapon also apply to the user. The Dc for the medicine check is reduced to 14.

Rare

"Dyrmwyn"

-Rare switch weapon (scythe/musket), attunement.

-This is a crude weapon, being nothing more than a musket's internal systems with a long blade fitted instead of a stock. Beads of evocation magic are jammed inside much of the mechanisms. Use with care, your care.

-This weapon has two forms, which are able to cycle between for a bonus action or reaction. The scythe has the quality of versatile, while the musket does not;

1. While this weapon is in its musket form. The user can deal X fire to themselves, X being the user's proficiency level. Doing so grants the weapon +1 to attack and damage, adding X to the number rolled in fire damage.

2. While this weapon is in its scythe form, the user can use their bonus action to create a shield of fire around themselves. The User gains a +1 to their AC, resistance to fire damage, and deals X fire damage to all opponents that hit on melee attacks against the user. After 1d2 turns, the shield burns the user, dealing 2X fire damage.

"Gandiva"

- Rare longbow, attunement. Owned by Loxo'Cles.
- A longbow seemingly composed entirely of strings. Many have believed this to be a product of the Gull-Weavers, believing this to be a manifestation of their Weave. None questioned have ever learnt any credence to this belief.
- Strings of the Weave are tethered to your passivism. You gain advantage on all saving throws and gain a +1 to Charisma. Additionally, as long as this weapon has not been fired, gain advantage on one skill of your choice.
- Additionally, as long as your shots with Gandiva or your spells are not used to inflict damage, gain a +2 to hit with these types of actions. Once this weapon has been used for combat, effects instead are changed to a +1 to attack and damage, and damage may be changed to either piercing, fire, or radiant. This weapon automatically selects what is most potent against an opponent, though.

"Hævateinn"

- Rare arquebus, attunement.
- This arquebus appears to be made entirely out of metal alloy, not a single bit of ingrained wood in sight. Instead of powder, the gunsmith has constructed the receiver with a grain of Conjuraton magic, creating ammunition inside the device.
- +1 to attack and damage. Reload 1, but no ammunition required. If an action was readied before firing, gain an additional +10 to attack and +5 to damage.
- This rifle does not suffer from the misfire penalty. However, due to the complicated nature of the firing mechanism, reloading cannot be sped up by any means. Only a single attack of the weapon can be used per turn. In addition, should this rifle be damaged, it cannot be repaired.

"Joyeuse"

- Rare Halberd, attunement. Owned by Rhysar.
- This gilded halberd is entirely constructed along a long vial of blood, crystallization running along the handle of the weapon. The golden accents seem to shimmer whenever the blood travels near them. Perhaps this is only a fragment of a greater weapon?
- Gains +1 to damage and attack per crystalline weapon or Heliograph in the party. When this user makes an attack, they receive healing from the weapon itself. On a miss, heal 1d2 HP. On a hit, heal 1d6 HP. On rendering an opponent unconscious, receive half the HP rolled as temporary HP.
- Should the user instead strike an ally, both the user and the ally gain 2d4 healing. Only one ally can be struck in such a way per turn, but the user may choose to use their reaction to later strike another ally.

"Tizona"

- Rare Pike, cursed.
- This wrought-iron pike is etched with green depictions of snakes winding down the length of the handle. The pike's blade is instead a broken glass vile, an ever-present venom dripping from inside. No matter how many times it finds itself inside a victim, the venom never runs dry.
- +1 to attack and damage and deal acid damage. This pike can be used as a spell focus, and all spells cast through this pike can have their damage changed to acid damage. If the spell already deals acid, then the spell deals maximum damage.
- (Curse) On all attacks struck, the opponent must overcome a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be dealt 1d6 acid damage at the start of every round. This lasts for 1d4+1 turns. However, whenever the user casts a spell that opponents succeed the check for, they must pass that same Constitution check or suffer the damage.

"Tyrfing"

-Rare shortsword, cursed.

-A shortsword crusted with rust and blood, it is held within its sheath with various locks and chains. When drawn, a thin rivulet of blood stems from the tip of the blade, tracing up the user's arm.

+4 to attack and all damage dealt. Whenever an attack with this weapon lands, the user can pay one of their hit dice to make an additional attack. This can only be done once per turn.

-(Curse) This sword demands bloodshed, requires a death to occur each time its blade is drawn. Murder must be made by the user, made with this weapon. If this sword has not tasted flesh by the time combat ends, the user must pass a DC 22 Wisdom check or immediately turn to attacking their opponents. Being knocked unconscious automatically returns the blade to its sheath.

"Vierling"

-Rare aquerbus, attunement. Owned by Argus Richis.

-This custom-made rifle is a relic from Argus' days in the Enlisted. Its massive four barrels are loaded with gunshot and powder, along with 46 notches along the topmost barrel. There are no other engravings to see on this weapon.

-Range; 30-60. 1 Reload, misfire 5.

-This is a custom four-barreled shotgun, firing all four shots per salvo. On a hit, this weapon deals 4d12 piercing damage, and the opponent must pass a DC 14 Constitution check or be knocked prone. If they pass the check, they are pushed back 10 feet from the user, but not off any cliffs or edges of terrain. Each shot with this rifle deals 1d10 bludgeoning damage to the user, though critical hits forgo these.

-Because of the mechanics of this weapon, it must be reloaded after each shot, and no feats or class-mechanics can help speed up this. To reload this rifle, they must spend their bonus action and reaction to reload or spend another action. Remember, switching to your secondary is always faster than reloading.

"Zulfiqar"

-Rare scimitar, attunement.

-A curved scimitar ending in two points. Ribbons of red and green trail from the hilt, leading in veins of gemstone that lead to the points. When holding the blade, it almost feels like it's floating in your hand, adrift on a current of air.

+1 to attack and damage, and can be used as a spellcasting focus. When ranged spells are cast through this weapon, they gain an additional +2 to hit, as long as they are focused on one opponent. Additionally, the ribbons tie around the user's wrists, making it impossible to remove this weapon from the user unless they are willing.

-This weapon has 3 charges, which refreshes either on a kill or during a short rest. For a bonus action, you may flourish the weapon, adding a -5 modifier to hit in a 20 foot radius focused on you. This radius affects you, allies, and opponents. If you manage to get a hit with this weapon, gain +3 to the damage you roll, but if an opponent hits they gain a +2 to damage rolled.

Very Rare*"Aurvandill"*

-Very rare flail, attunement.

-Care was placed into this whip, transforming it into a new weapon entirely. A long chain ends in a four-pronged head, housing a cracked mote of fiery evocation magic. This is a weapon designed for an execution, not for war.

+1 to attack and damage, deals fire damage. Additionally, this weapon has a range of 20 feet, due to a magically-enchanted chain. If an opponent is struck with a normal whip's range of 10 feet, add an additional 1d4 fire damage to the amount rolled. To any opponents that have been reanimated in some sense, the damage changes to radiant damage and gains advantage on rolling damage. Critical fails count as a weapon attack against the user, which hits.

-This weapon grows more powerful the more times it strikes an opponent. On each strike against one individual, gain +1 to attack and damage, capping at +4. After hitting ten or more attacks against an opponent, the user may spend their bonus action and action to force a mote of fire down the chain, dealing an additional 2d6 fire damage in a 10 foot radius around the opponent struck. There is no save DC for this damage.

"Carnwennan"

-Very rare handgunne, cursed.

-This handgunne has been removed to almost its bare essentials, more of a wire frame surrounded in magic gauze and gunpowder. It's a wonder the thing doesn't explode on the person wielding it. Still, it packs a hell of a punch.

-This weapon has two firing modes, which is determined by rolling a d2 on each shot. On a 1. The weapon gains +2 to attack and damage, instead acting as a solid cannonball shot against a combatant. Attacks that hit require a Constitution saving throw of 18 to succeed or knock the opponent prone. On a 2, the weapon instead gains a +4 only to damage, dealing an extra 2d4 fire damage in a 10 ft radius sound the opponent struck. Opponents must pass a DC 18 Dexterity throw to take half-damage on this explosive shot.

-Should a roll of 20 be achieved, the user may roll a d100. On an 80 and above, a limb is blown off of their body at the user's discretion. The head can only be shot off if they are below 25% HP and on a 90 and above, which results in instant death.

"Curtana."

-Very Rare greatsword, attunement.

-One would be forgiven for not believing this was a greatsword; this executioner's blade is adorned with wax and seals, the blade almost appearing as an altar rather than an instrument for warfare. The handle is that of driftwood, emblazoned with gems that shine with innate magic.

-This weapon does not have any bonuses to attack. In fact, the weapon deals 2d6 bludgeoning without any modifiers added due to the tip of the sword being flattened. However, this greatsword is a massive spellcasting focus, amplifying all spells cast. All healing spells heal an additional d10. Any status affecting spells have their DC save increased by 3. Any buffs last twice as long.

-For a bonus action, you may touch one ally with the tip of this blade, imbuing them with a d4 which they may add to any roll of their choice. This lasts as long as the user has spell slots, though this action does not use one.

"Draupnir"

-Very rare pepperbox, attunement.

-This ivory pistol would be otherwise unremarkable apart from craftsmanship, apart from the cartridges themselves. Inside the chambers of this pistol lie 6 orbs of transmutation magic. The fire and gunpowder added to the shots allows for the gun to never need to be reloaded.

-+2 to attack and damage. Light. Reload 6, but no ammunition required. For an action and bonus action, the user may spin the chamber of the pepperbox, unleashing all six shots for 6d8 damage. The pepperbox must be fully-reloaded for this shot to occur. On the subsequent turns of combat, each other volley shot adds a +2 to hit, capping off at +10. On each miss, however, the user takes half damage of the amount rolled, and on a critical fail they take full damage.

-There are two of these pistols in the entire game, as they serve as a pair. When dual-wielded or used by two members of the party, replace the +2 to hit and damage with +4. If one of these pistols is destroyed through magical means, then the other pistol is instantly destroyed as well.

"Gáe Bulg"

-Very Rare Javelin, attunement. Cursed.

-This javelin does not appear to be much, at a glance, other than the tip of the weapon itself; an obsidian shard, ending in seven jagged points. When thrown, these points expand through the body, acting as venomous veins, slowly replacing that of the opponents.

- -1 to hit and damage against all small creatures, +1 to attack and damage on all normal creatures. +3 to attack and damage and deals an additional 1d10 piercing damage to all large creatures, and gargantuan creatures are automatically hit and are deal an additional 2d10 piercing damage

-(Curse) These javelins lodge themselves into their opponents, unable to be pulled out easily. At the start of each of their turns, the opponent takes 1d10 piercing damage, and they are capped at having a movement of 15. On a medicine 18 skill check, the opponent is able to staunch the bleeding and the damage, though the javelin remains. Once thrown into an opponent, the javelin cannot be removed through any means, even magical. The only way to have another Gáe Bulg is to craft another.

"Gungnir"

-Very Rare switch weapon, spear/whip, attunement. Owned by Volundir.

-This spear is not from this city, nor is it from any ruins in the Maw. While he will never admit this, this tool was a creation of the Weave, of its outer edges. From the place where this realm is cut from the others, where shapes and times filter past, hazy and unknown. Vosundir went through that doorway empty-handed, and came back with another tool to place creation under his vision.

++1 only to damage dealt, as this weapon will always strike their opponent. This weapon cannot be forcefully pulled from the user's hands by any means necessary, and acts as a spell-focus while in its spear form. All spells cast this way can be changed to deal force damage.

When in its spear form, when an opponent is struck they must pass a DC 20 Dexterity check or be restrained in place until their next turn.

-While in its whip form, the user may use a reaction to spin the cord of the whip around them, shielding them from all non-magical weapon attacks and giving them advantage on spell saving throws until their next turn.

"Hauteclere"

-Very Rare hammer, attunement. Owned by Untrial.

-This hammer was once nothing more than a simple dueling weapon, something to be used in the pits of the city to those who would be executioners and actors, to those who settled trial by combat. In Untrial's hands, it was never washed. The hammer is now black with gore, a color and stench that trails to his hands.

-This +1 war-hammer is merciless, meaning that it will always fell foes in the most terrible of means possible. Opponents killed by this weapon will be too mangled to be revived by normal means, as their bodies will be too broken for the soul to return to. On killing an opponent or rendering them unconscious, the user regains their Constitution score in HP.

-Additionally, the user can use their attack to throw the weapon at an opponent they can see within 60 ft. If the weapon strikes the opponent and they fail a DC 18 Constitution check, they may only take one attack on their next turn as their bones are rendered useless. On a melee hit, the opponent must pass a DC 20 check or be unable to make any attacks in their next round.

"Firbois"

-Very rare dagger, attunement.

-This weapon appears to be that of a longsword, but the blade has been naught but snapped off entirely. In its place is a faint outline of glowing yellow light, being made of tiny suspended crystals. Even tools can live on after death.

++1 to attack and damage, which increases to +2 if the user is a rogue. If the user is a rogue, they may deal an additional 2d6 radiant damage on each sneak attack, granting the opponent a -1 to attack and damage on their next attack. If the user is not a rogue, then they only get an additional 1d6 piercing attack on each strike with advantage.

-This dagger has three charges, which refresh on every shot rest while the user sharpens the broken blade. For a bonus action, the user can hold the blade up and peer through the radiant light, glimpsing a vision of the future. Gain a +3 to hit and damage on your next attack and a +1 to your AC while this effect is up. Or, the user gains advantage on their next three skill checks and saving throws.

"No Pasarán"

-Very Rare Chambersson, attunement.

-This rifle is something built by a long-dead Enlisted soldier, with its magazine replaced by a custom box filled with ammunition, thin wires along the barrel leading to a large slab of Ysen built into the box. Tally marks are carved into the stock: 1916. Continue the count.

-This Chambersson deals 1d6 lingering ice damage, taken at the start of each opponent's turn. On each hit, this damage increases by an additional d6, capping at 5d6. The barrel is shoddily built, however, and firing this rifle more than once per turn burns the user 2d4 cold damage per shot. This gun also has the option to fire three-round bursts, dealing 4d8 piercing which freezes the opponent in place for their next turn, stopping their movement. The user is dealt 3d4 cold damage.

-On each kill, the rifle reloads itself, creating ammunition out of the ice which cools the gun. The effects of the 2d4 cold damage are negated, and the next time they fire a volley shot they will not be dealt the 3d4 cold damage.

"Sharur."

-Very Rare mace, attunement.

-Sharur is a flanged mace, the head dipped in gold and dripping lightly onto a ebony-wood handle. While wielding, the hand of the user slowly turns to gold as the mace starts to share its essence with the user.

-Sharur is a sentient lawful neutral weapon with an Intelligence of 12, a Wisdom of 15, and a Charisma of 15. The weapon communicates telepathically, and must be convinced by the user to be used before attunement is possible.

-+1 to attack and damage. On each successful hit with Sharur, the user gains insight into the opponent's HP and resistances/immunities when one strikes with Sharur. On a second hit, this information may be passed onto one teammate of your choice, and on a third then the information is shared to the party.

-By using a bonus action and reaction, speaking the weapons's command word, the user may toss Sharur into the air. Doring so lets the mace hover 5 feet next to you, unless commanded otherwise. Sharur may move up to 30 feet per turn, flying, and attack one opponent of your choice. This does not count towards the user's own attacks. Sharur's AC is 16, and they have an HP equal to your proficiency. After making four attacks or being knocked out of the sky, Sharur immediately returns to your side, holstered. Sharur will require an action to channel magic back into the mace before it can act independent on its own again.

Legendary

"Apocrypha"

-Legendary spear, attunement.

-A spear seemingly made out of crystalized blood, it warms to whoever holds the armament, warming enough to turn to that of a viscous fluid around the wielder's hands. It retains its shape, but allows for the wielder to maneuver it in ways that cannot be normally used. Streams of it seemingly flow into the wielder's wounds.

-+2 to attack and to all damage dealt. While wielding this weapon, you cannot fail any death saving throws. This weapon has both the finesse and versatile quality. Finesse. While being held in one hand, the weapon deals 1d10 piercing damage and all kills made with this weapon grant the user their current level plus their proficiency in temporary HP. While held in both hands, it deals 1d12 necrotic damage and all damage made with this weapon heals the user.

-In addition, the user can stab themselves with the weapon and let loose a torrent of blood. Use a bonus action to deal this weapon's damage to yourself, spewing the ground in front of you in a 15 ft. cone in crystalized blood. All allies in this field heal 2x the damage dealt to you, while all opponents must pass a DC 18 Dexterity or take the damage dealt to you, passing grants them ½ damage.

"Astradhari"

-Legendary repeater, attunement. Owned by the Mouthpiece of the Apostasy.

-The Mouthpiece remembers the first time he grasped the hand of this pistol, during the Ascension riots. Given by the then leader of the Apostasy, a face he was tearfully asked to cave in with shot and powder as the revolt failed. A lover is nothing before the blood of one's people, so the Mouthpiece placed the identity of the leader into a bead of magic and crushed it. Now this pistol is his only memento, his reverence. His hate.

-This pistol fires unique ammunition, seemingly generated from within the chamber itself. The shots deal damage types in the following order; 1. Radiant 2. Cold 3. Force 4. Necrotic 5. Necrotic 6. Force 7. Cold 8. Radiant. Due to the complications in self-generating ammunition, the pistol is not reloaded, but requires the user to infuse their essence with the gun. On the final shot being expended, they must use a bonus action and pay 2d4HP to reload the pistol. This cannot be negated by the gunner feat.

-Additionally, this pepperbox has been marked with runes of silences, engraved so deeply and numerous along the chamber that it appears heavily ornamented. All shots made with this repeater are made in complete silence, with opponents stuck having to roll a check with disadvantage to tell where the user is firing from. If an opponent is felled, their body collapses to the floor with the effects of silence cast on their body.

"Durendal"

-Legendary greatsword, attunement.

-This greatsword is scratched beyond recognition, with a circular blue rune emblazoned along the blade. As the blade is wielded, runes are inscribed along the blade that ebb as the sword itself speaks to the wielder.

-Durendal is a chaotic neutral sentient weapon with an Intelligence of 17, a Wisdom of 10, and a Charisma of 19. The weapon communicates verbally, demonizing the wielder for whatever it chooses. It may be swayed to go after a target if given enough incentive.

-+3 to hit and damage, but every turn Durendal will choose a random opponent to strike. Should you will it, this weapon will take a free melee action, dealing an additional 1d8 necrotic damage on hit, though it may be an ally. 1d4 additional damage to whoever Durendal chooses to attack next. Each attack with Durendal, including the sword's free attack, costs X HP, being the user's bonus to attack. Once the user has paid 50 HP in this fashion, they may choose to have Durendal let their free attack automatically hit.

-For an action, the user may thrust this weapon into the ground, creating a 45 ft. cone in which the very ground underneath those in the cone shudders and trembles. All those in the cone must pass a DC 20 Dexterity saving throw or take 4d10 bludgeoning damage, half on a save. The ground under their feet becomes difficult terrain. Durendal only has one charge of this ability, but it is refreshed on a kill by this sword. Additionally, it takes a bonus action to once again pull Durendal from the ground.

"Fragarach"

-Legendary longsword, attunement.

-A longsword that glistens with stars, glowing along the blade and the pommel. The cuts seem to go through flesh too easily, enough that they do not even cause blood. Deep cuts show that of a heat so intense they cauterize wounds. Scholars believe this blade cuts so preciously, it cannot be measured by physical means. The maker is unknown.

-This sword's damage and accuracy depends on the will of the Weave itself; If the user rolled a 10 or below, gain +1 to damage and rolls. This increases to +2 for 15 and below, +3 to 19 and below, and +4 to

20. On all rolls with a 15 and above, add an additional 1d10 to all damage dealt. If on a 20, gain 3d10, added after discovering the critical damage amount. Additionally, any opponent struck by this weapon is compelled to answer a single question asked by the sword itself. If they refuse to do so, then they cannot receive any healing until their next turn ends.

-This sword has three charges, which are regained through only by rightfully killing a foe. On announcing an attack, the user can use a charge to use a max level Divine Smite, pulling from the sword itself, dealing 5d8 radiant damage which ignores resistances or immunities. For the next turn, the opponent attacked cannot cast spells or be affected by spells of any type other than those used by the sword's user.

"Naegling"

-Legendary Twinblade, attunement.

-This twinblade is of ancient design, more than any historical evidence lends credence to. Some believe this must have been of Founder design, but that would not explain the rust that cannot be scrubbed off the blade. Still, the blade cuts deeply enough. Use can still exist in a broken blade.

++3 to attack and damage to all beings of medium or lower size. Whenever an attack is made, the opponent must succeed a DC 18 wisdom saving throw or become entranced by the spinning of the blades. The opponent must only attack the user of Naegling, or become dazed for a turn as the blade spins so quickly it's impossible to keep track of. When attacking the user, they gain disadvantage on their first attack, affecting both the attack itself and the damage.

-Against all beings large and above, however, the blade loses all bonuses to attack and damage. Instead, the blade splits into two separate shortswords that float above the user's head. Each shortsword has +2 to attack and to damage. For one bonus action and reaction, the two shortswords both attack, but cannot strike the same individual. The user may command these swords to attack anywhere in a 60 ft. radius, and the swords return on their attacks ending.

"Skírnir"

-Legendary scimitar, attunement.

-This blade was constructed to appear almost like a feather, with engravings designed to resemble frills along its blade. It has no grip to speak of, rather a thin amber magical field underneath the blade. The blade senses, and is attuned, only to the wielder of which it's been given to. None other shall ever hold this blade.

++2 to attack and damage. While wielding this blade, the user is immune to the conditions of: grappled, incapacitated, prone, restrained, and stunned (only from weapon attacks). The blade also lets one float in the air to up to 20 ft, which is added to one's movement already.

-This scimitar is sentient with an Intelligence of 2, a Wisdom of 12, and a Charisma of 14. It speaks in warbles and chirps, which only the wielder can understand. For a bonus action, you may encourage Ingrid to fight on its own; the scimitar will float 15 feet in your vicinity, take two attacks per turn, and will deflect all attacks made against it.

-Also while in your possession, this weapon cannot be taken from you unless you will give it to them; until then, this sword is impervious to all pickpockets, grapple checks, and use of magic to disarm you.

"Thuận Thiên"

-Legendary greataxe, attunement.

-This thing is too big to be called a greataxe: too big, too thick, too heavy, and too rough, it is more like a large hunk of iron. Along the hilt are various notches, seemingly collapsible via a series of tiny transmutation runes. Whoever built this weapon did not intend it to be used by mortal hands.

++2 to attack and damage, unless the user has a strength of 22 or greater, in which the weapon instead becomes +3 to hit and +6 to damage. If the user has 22 Strength or more before attunement to this weapon, then they gain an additional +4 to Strength and gain advantage on initiative checks. Additionally, this weapon can be thrown, with a range of 30/80, in which strength is the modifier for attacking. If this

ax is thrown into an opponent, it increases in size, rendering it unable to be pulled out except by the user unless they succeed a DC 30 Strength saving check at the start of their turn. Their movement is reduced to zero, and attacks made against them have advantage.

-On melee attacks, this weapon shreds through armor as though it were nothing more than paper. All non-magical armor is destroyed if the user deals 50+ damage in their attacks. Rare armor is destroyed on 60+, rare on 70+, very rare on 80+, legendary on 90+, and artifact on 100+. On a critical hit, the armor is destroyed regardless of rarity. The armor can be repaired through magical means or through a smith, and each armor destroyed in this way grants the user one point of Inspiration.

Artifacts

"Keraunós"

-Artifact mortar, attunement.

-This ancient cannon could have been the precursor to all firearms found in the Maw itself; Thick wires that constantly flow with oil wrap around the chamber of the cannon, and the barrel itself is cut into fragments, raw evocation-infused crystals filling the gaps and emitting a dull electrical pulse. Bring the walls down.

--+5 to attack and damage, Reload 1, misfire 6, two handed, heavy. This weapon does not have a minimum or maximum range it will wreak destruction however it lands. This weapon can be reloaded by killing an opponent, though the user must pass a saving throw of 18 in Constitution or take 1d12 thunder damage as the charge builds up once again. This weapon deals 3d12 lightning damage normally, or by spending an action and bonus action to charge up this weapon deals 4d20 lightning damage. Attacks charged up in this way gain advantage on attacks, but leave the user exposed for 1d2+1 turns, giving them advantage on attacks against them.

-Those struck with this weapon's ammunition will emit a 30 by 30 foot sphere of electricity on their person, dealing an additional 1d12 lightning damage every turn. This sphere will last 1d2 turns, and all individuals that enter this zone take that lightning damage. This is no saving throw against this damage. If the opponent is struck a second time by Keraunós, their entire body acts instead as a conduit for all of the electricity around them. All ranged weapon attacks now deal an additional 1d10 lightning damage and 1d6 bludgeoning damage on a hit against the opponent, as long as they are within a zone of electricity.

"Kladenets"

-Artifact switch weapon (longsword/repeater), attunement.

-This strange longsword has a revolving pistol built along the frame of the sword itself; despite its almost cobbled-together appearance, the craftsmanship is anything but shoddy, with each cut and engraving along the side enforcing aerodynamics and weapon capability rather than appearance. Tread this weapon well.

--+4 to attack and damage. This weapon has two forms, which are able to cycle between for a bonus action or reaction;

1. While this weapon is in its longsword form, it deals cold damage equal to the damage rolled for its normal damage. Attacks made with this weapon chill the opponent, requiring a DC 18 Constitution saving throw at the start of their turn in order to use any abilities or legendary actions. Additionally, the user may attempt to ram the blade into an opponent and unload each shot of the other form, dealing 1d4 piercing and 1d6 cold damage per bullet left in the other form. Once this is done, a full action and reaction will be required to reload the second form.

2. While this weapon is in its repeater form, all attacks deal force damage equal to the damage rolled for its normal damage. Attacks made with this weapon prime the opponent for additional damage; on five or more hits, the opponent loses any resistances to the damage this weapon deals, and on 10 or more hits this weapon they gain vulnerability to damage dealt. Damage for the longsword's burst attack count for this. Additionally, if the user falls unconscious while holding this form, the sword becomes that of a stationary

turret, firing 2 shots per turn until all ammo is expended, upon which it will resort to one slash and one reactionary slash against all who enter range.

"Lúin Celtchair"

-Artifact lance, cursed, attunement

-This wooden lance appears to be made entirely out of what is called a tree on the surface; bark still lays visible, though the point has been sharpened to that of a needle. Blood has stained the wood until the entire piece remains a muted crimson, all but save the handle which remains a dark brown.

-+2 to attack and hit while using this weapon normally or as a medium size. +5 to attack and damage while either mounted or while in large or greater size, advantage if both requirements are met. While these requirements are met, all attacks will pierce through enemies, dealing half damage to all those behind the first struck in a 25 ft. line. If the lance is thrown, opponents hit are automatically knocked prone and the weapon immediately returns to the user's hand.

-This weapon, once it tastes blood, cannot be stopped. Each kill you have with it during a battle will increase its damage by 1d4 fire, which stacks indefinitely. On ten kills, the user may make another free round attack per round, but will have their AC reduced by 1 each time until the end of combat. On twenty or more kills, all attacks you deal, for rolling to hit and to damage, are given advantage. After combat, this weapon will give the user one level of exhaustion for every one hour that passes without bloodshed; a special ointment of the blood of a founder, the strongest alcohol, and crushed seeds is the only removal for this blade's bloodlust.

"Harpē"

-Artifact sickle, attunement.

-This weapon is of Founder design, of that there is no doubt. Traces of gold and silver are woven so interchangeably that the blade itself almost resembles pottery; did they consider war to be an art? An inscription lies along the hilt of the blade which cannot be deciphered by normal means.

-+4 to attack and damage. Each attack this sickle makes leaves a 1d2 psychic mark on the opponent, which increases by another 1d2 per each attack successfully made. This damage is rolled at the start of the opponent's turn. This damage could also be activated for a bonus action, dealing, after which the counter resets once again. While wielding this weapon, any resistance or immunity to slashing and psychic damage is ignored and the user gains immunity to these forms of damage.

-For a reaction, you press on the inscription along the hilt, forcing the sickle to transform into a shield with the depiction of a Founder's death mask. You gain +3 to your AC, but cannot use attacks of opportunity until it is transformed back for a bonus action. If the user knows the name of the deceased Founder, however, they gain +4 to their AC and gain immunity to attacks of opportunity made against them. While the death-mask is up, the user may use an action to make all opponents in a 45 ft. cone make a DC 18 Constitution saving throw or become petrified, after this this ability cannot be used again until the user's next long rest.

"Mjöllnir"

-Artifact maul, attunement.

-This maul is so crusted with gore and grime that it is impossible to note the silver ore in which the weapon is constructed from. The only source of color in the weapon are the emblazoned azure runes which still crackle with innate electricity. The weapon is not sentient; perhaps the lightning held inside is?

-+5 to attack and damage (Increases to +7 if the user also is wearing the magical item Járngreipr), and this weapon may be wielded in one hand if the user has at least 20 Strength. If the user does have this much, then this weapon gains the Thrown quality without a range cap. Wherever the maul is thrown, it deals 4d4 lightning damage in a 15 foot radius around the opponent. Should the user miss, the maul will change its trajectory in flight to at least land in this field. All opponents must pass a DC 20 Dexterity check to take half-damage. The maul will then fly back to the user's hand. Regardless of the Strength cap being

reached, this weapon deals a stacking 1d6 lightning damage on each hit landed and grants the user their speed in Flying.

-For a bonus action, the user can attempt to throw the maul to every opponent they can see within 60 ft. The maul flies to each opponent, forgoing any additional lightning damage, until the last opponent is hit. Then, each opponent hit takes Xd10 lightning damage, X being the number of opponents hit. There is no way to escape this damage. This can only be done once, before needing to wipe the maul in at least 5 liters of alcohol. If no alcohol can be found, 10 liters of blood will suffice.

"Skofnung"

-Artifact twinblade, attunement.

-This blade was wrenched from the corpse of a Founder, of that this is certain. The grip of the founder still remains, so pressed into the pommel by time that it's become one with the hilt. As you wield it, the fingers seem to curl around your own, lending to your strength. This blade's tale is not over yet.

++4 to attack and damage. While in possession of this blade, the user can invoke the rage of Skofnung, Founder of Duty, vehicle of War. At the start of their turn, the user may choose to partake in the rage, granting them +10 movement, advantage on attacks and damage rolls, and all opportunity hits against the user only deal minimum damage. Each round this progress, however, grants the user one level of exhaustion and damage made against the user is rolled at advantage. The only way to clear this exhaustion is to kill another opponent. In addition, this blade increases damage as the user is harmed; at 50% health they gain an additional d6 to attacks, and while under 10 HP this is increased to a d8.

-By using your action, bonus action, reaction, and the action of the user's next turn, the twinblade plunges into the ground and creates 6 ghostly copies of itself. These blades have a movement of 30 ft, have an AC of 16, and an HP of 57. They retain the same ++4 as the original, and deal 3d6 upon hit. This can be done once every three rests.

Extra Relics

"The Ambulance"

-Artifact spear, attunement. Relic from a campaign lost.

-This wooden spear seems entirely ordinary, apart from various golden inlays and an inscription which says simply "Ambulance." What is an Ambulance? Is it a name, a title? A vehicle? You're unsure. But this spear makes it clear that it doesn't know either. "You can be one! You can just believe in it!"

++4 to attack and damage. As you deal damage with this weapon, the damage dealt is stored inside the weapon. Upon making an attack towards an ally, you can instead delve out however much of the HP you have stored inside the Ambulance to give to your ally. Any opponent hit with the Ambulance has the minimum amount rolled for healing, while allies gain maximum. This lasts for 1d2+1 turns.

-Upon 60 health gained, you can choose to give this HP to up to five people within a 60 ft. radius, but this weapon then is rendered broken in its healing capabilities until the next short rest. Once 100 HP has been distributed in this way, this weapon gains a faint sentience, speaking in a raspy voice that seemingly warbles as it is used. While holding this weapon, you cannot be charmed or controlled by any means, as this spear will yell at the user until they awake.

"Beacon of Firesight"

-Artifact flail, attunement. Relic from a campaign lost.

-This flail appears to be a rusted lantern with the visage of the heads of what are known to be crows along the rims, the chain itself being made of etched feathers. This must have been a relic passed down during the Procession, as there are no birds that live within the Maw.

++4 to attack and damage. This flail has Reach, and can make two attacks of opportunity per round. For one of these reactions, this weapon can be spun in an overhead circle, granting the user the effects of truesight. Even more so, all opponents in a 30 ft. radius must pass a DC 18 Intelligence check or be frightened for 1d4+1 turns, during which this flail gains advantage on attacks and damage against the

frightened opponents. Those who have been rendered Frightened must be compelled to tell the truth to whatever the user asks.

-In the presence of a Fractal or a Sinewa, whenever under the zone or struck, the beacon alights and burn out the impure, the terror, the mutant. These species are automatically hit for attacks of opportunity and are dealt an additional 3d6 fire damage on each strike. While facing these species, the user can use a bonus action to slam the flail into the ground, causing 1d4 spires of hellfire to erupt in a 30 ft. radius around as many of the selected individuals as possible. Each figure within 5ft. of a spire must make a DC 18 Dexterity saving throw or take 4d4 fire damage (half if succeeded).

"Furiosa Cordis"

-Artifact (shortsword), cursed, attunement. Relic from a campaign lost.

-This blade isn't like any normal sword seen in the Heights, some think it's not even from this plane; it's only single edged, with a square guard that barely even covers the hand wielding it. The "blade" itself is nothing but a blunt, rounded edge, but the air in front of the weapon is sharp enough to cut through any rock found in the Maw. People wield this sword for a purpose; to be worthy of death taken by this weapon.

-+4 to attack and damage. This weapon has an Ysen-ice blade, and thus deals cold damage on a hit. On each missed attack, even for attacks of opportunity, add to a counter. These counters can be stored and used, based off the following options. Only one of these moves can be used in a turn; (1 counter, reaction) Create a barrier of metal shards around the user, blocking any one weapon attack. This can be used to nullify even natural 20s. (2 counters, bonus action) Create a shockwave of kinetic energy, releasing 2d8 force damage to all opponents in a 15 foot sphere around the user. (3 counters, bonus action) Ripples appear along the blade, turning it into an almost liquid form. While this is active, this weapon deals 2d4 extra force damage and any resistances any opponent has to this weapon's damage are nullified. This lasts for 2d2+1 turns. (4 counters, action) Slam the blade into the ground, erupting a 45 ft. cone in front of the user that pushes opponents back 30 ft. and deals 8d4 force damage. (5 counters, bonus action) Plunge the sword into the user's chest, granting them resistance against all forms of damage until the end of combat.

-The user is slowly transformed by the blade, giving their own life essence to the blade. In return, the blade gives itself to the user to ensure that they hold it well; after each level up while wielding this blade, the user loses 1 Constitution but gains 1 Strength and Dexterity. There is no cap for gaining Strength and Dexterity, but the cap for losing Constitution ends at 5. Once the cap in Constitution is reached, the user simply does not gain HP for leveling up anymore.

DM Necessities

(Copy Paste) NPCs

...

✓ Enemy Stat-blocks

ACT 1; THE SAFEGUARDING DIVISION

Forge-Sentry

A simple mechanical frame, dressed up in many layers of guard uniform and a respiratory mask to hide the flesh-less bits underneath. The "eyes" change colors from green, orange, and red for visual aid in targeting hostiles. A large backpack hides a beacon, which rings to all available units when cranked.

Medium construct, neutral

Armor Class:16

Hit Points:3d8+3 (16)

Speed:30 ft

STR 14 (+2) DEX 16 (+3) CON 12 (+1) INT 11 (0) WIS 11 (0) CHA 8 (-1)

Skills:Perception +4, Insight +2. Passive Perception 12

Damage Vulnerabilities:lightning

Challenge: 1**Actions**

Raise the Alarm! :If a sentry is not in a secluded location, they may use an action to raise the alarm. By shouting or ringing a bell, the alarm brings an additional guard every 3 rounds, this effect stacks for every guard who raises the alarm.

Pepperbox :Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 20/60 ft., one target. Reload 6, misfire 2. Hit: 7 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage attack.

Flail :Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit 5 (1d6 +2)

Forge-Commander

This commander is structured in much the same way as their lower part, but has better armor and better weapons.

Medium construct, neutral

Armor Class:17

Hit Points: 3d10+4 (19)

Speed:40 ft.

STR 16 (+3) DEX 18 (+4) CON 14 (+2) INT 12 (+1) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 8 (-1)

Skills:Perception +6, Insight +4 Passive Perception 14

Damage Vulnerabilities:lightning

Damage Resistances:slashing, piercing

Challenge: 2

Actions

Sound the Alarm! :If a sentry is not in a secluded location, they may use an action to raise the alarm. By shouting or ringing a bell, the alarm brings an additional 2 guards every 3 rounds, this effect stacks for every guard who raises the alarm.

Revolving Rifle :Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, range 25/75 ft., one target. Reload 5, misfire 3. Hit: 10 (1d12 + 4) piercing damage attack.

Longsword :Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 5ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d4+3) slashing. Versatile (3d4 +3 slashing)

Flame-Worshiper

A crazed individual, a certain spark of yellow in their eyes. Something is wrong with them, and you know you can't fix it.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class:12 (30 ft)

Hit Points:2d8 (9)

Speed:

STR 11 (0) DEX 12 (+1) CON 10 (0) INT 8 (-1) WIS 11 (0) CHA 8 (-1)

Skills:Deception +3, Religion +3

Senses:

Challenge:1/8 (25 XP)

Absolve Me Yet! When dealt a death blow, this unit will revive upon the last creature being slain in combat with one health. If other cultists are with this unit, they revive at this time.

Actions

Sickle :Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, range 5ft., one target. Hit: 3 (2d2+ 1) slashing damage. Finesse.

Dark Devotion. The cultist has advantage on saving throws against being charmed or frightened.

Flame Devout

The devouts are characterized by the tears of orange and yellow flame streaming from their eyes, irises so wide that one can see the flame peeking out from inside their flames.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class:14

Hit Points:6d8+6 (33)

Speed:30 ft

STR 14 (+2) DEX 11 (0) CON 12 (+1) INT 8 (-1) WIS 13 (+1) CHA 8 (-1)

Skills:Religion +6, Deception +4, Stealth +2

Senses:passive perception 11

Dark Devotion. The fanatic has advantage on saving throws against being charmed or frightened.

Absolve Me Yet! When dealt a death blow, this unit will revive upon the last creature being slain in combat with one health. If other cultists are with this unit, they revive at this time.

Challenge:2 (450 XP)

Scythe:Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 6 (2d4 + 2) piercing damage

Actions

Spellcasting. The fanatic is a 4th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 11, +3 to hit with spell attacks). The fanatic has the following cleric spells prepared: Cantrips (at will): light, sacred flame, thaumaturgy 1st level (4 slots): command, inflict wounds, shield of faith 2nd level (3 slots): hold person, spiritual weapon

Scythe:Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 6 (2d4 + 2) piercing damage.

Flame Envoy

This speck of flame writes with a large imprint of an eye and a mouth floating in stone disks in the middle. Someone enchanted this to ablaze, to have life. Who would do such a thing?

Medium aberration, neutral

Armor Class:13

Hit Points:2d6+2 (9)

Speed:

STR 7 (-2) DEX 15 (+2) CON 12 (+1) INT 8 (-1) WIS 11 (0) CHA 10 (0)

Damage Vulnerabilities:cold, force

Damage Resistances:acid, psychic, lightning, slashing, piercing, thunder, traps, poison, necrotic

Damage Immunities:fire, radiant

Condition Immunities:restrained, prone, grappled

Senses:darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Challenge:1/2 (100 XP)

Actions

Touch :Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d6) fire damage. If the target is a creature or a flammable object, it ignites. Until a creature takes an action to douse the fire, the target takes 3 (1d6) fire damage at the end of each of its turns.

Death Burst. When the envoy dies, it explodes in a burst of fire and magma. Each creature within 10 feet of it must make a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw, taking 7 (2d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. Flammable objects that aren't being worn or carried in that area are ignited.

Enlisted-Veteran

A Tra'Vial, enhanced with various metallic augmentations scrapped from failed Forge-Sentries. They act on their own, preferring to take out those unthinking drones that don't deserve the credit of the kill, not the station of living in the Heights.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class:17

Hit Points:4d10+5 (27)

Speed:40 ft (climbing)

STR 10 (0) DEX 20 (+5) CON 14 (+2) INT 12 (+1) WIS 12 (+1) CHA 10 (0)

Skills: Perception +7, Insight +5, Acrobatics +4

Senses: passive Perception 15

Challenge: 3 (700 XP)

Actions

Call of the Old Guard : A guard may strike down a Forge-Sentry, draining them of their energies and powering their own augmentations. The Sentry is killed, but the Enlisted gains 1d12 +4 healing, +4 to all attacks, and +2 to all damage dealt.

Handgunne : Ranged Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, range 30/60 ft., one target. Reload 1, misfire 3, explosive. Hit: 12 (2d8 + 4) fire damage attack.

Armblade : Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, range 5ft., one target. Hit 8 (1d8 + 4) slashing damage attack.

Cobblestone Thug

A common ruffian of the Foundation, forced to take whatever matters may be necessary to get the prize of the day, so that they may continue to the next day.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class: 12

Hit Points: 5d8+5 (27)

Speed: 30 ft.

STR 16 (+3) DEX 14 (+2) CON 12 (+1) INT 10 (0) WIS 10 (0) CHA 11 (0)

Skills: Intimidation +2, Sleight-of-hand +4

Senses: passive Perception 12

Challenge: 1/2 (100 XP)

Pack Tactics. The thug has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the thug's allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

Multiattack. The thug makes two melee attacks.

Actions

Repeater Pistol : Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 35/100 ft., one target. Reload 5, misfire 5 Hit: 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage.

Maul : Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 9 (2d6 +3) bludgeoning damage.

Cobblestone Gunner

This hulking figure is permanently hunched over, due to the weight for the ammunition belts strapped to his back, leading into a gun that should have remained stationary but now is shackled to the gunner's hands.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class: 15

Hit Points: 3d12+6 (25)

Speed: 15 ft.

STR 11 (0) DEX 19 (+4) CON 11 (0) INT 9 (-1) WIS 9 (-1) CHA 9 (-1)

Skills: Perception +4, Acrobatics +2

Damage Vulnerabilities: piercing

Pack Tactics. The thug has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the thug's allies is within 5 ft. of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated. Stay Away! All melee attacks against this unit have advantage. Multiattack; this unit can fire two ranged attacks.

Challenge: 1 (200 XP)

Actions

Chamberson Rifle : Ranged Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 30/120 ft., one target. Reload 10, misfire 4. Hit: 16 (3d8 + 4) piercing damage.

Cobblestone Thief

This ruffian of the Foundation has equipped themselves only for speed, for running in and out of conflict. To fight is to die, and that isn't the most profitable.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class:10

Hit Points:3d8+3 (16)

Speed:45 ft.

STR 8 (-1) DEX 16 (+3) CON 8 (-1) INT 10 (0) WIS 10 (0) CHA 11 (0)

Skills:Sleight-of-hand +6, Athletics +2

Challenge:1/4 (50 XP)

Actions

Not yours anymore... :The thief may make a slight of hand check on an opponent, which the opponent must make an opposing roll against. Should the thief win, they may steal 1d20 +6 gold pieces from them, as well as gain an additional AC for one turn.

Dagger :Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4 +3) bludgeoning damage

Cunning Action. The master thief can use a bonus action on its turn to take the Dash, Disengage, Hide, or Use an Object action.

ACT 1; THE VALANCE*Masked Ensemble*

The Ensemble are not special, they were not designed to be. their bodies are encased in black tar, wrapped in fabric, nothing but a single white porcelain mask reminding the viewer of any humanity at all. A tip for the wise; there is nothing left of that here.

Medium humanoid, neutral

Armor Class:16

Hit Points:10d6+12 (47)

Speed:30 ft, 15 ft. hover off ground per turn.

STR

20 (+5)

DEX

18 (+4)

CON

9 (-1)

INT

11 (0)

WIS

11 (0)

CHA

13 (+1)

Skills:Deception +4, Insight +2, Athletics +2

Immunity; tough terrain, slow, charmed.

Reckless. At the start of its turn, the Masked can gain advantage on all melee weapon attack rolls during that turn, but attack rolls against it have advantage until the start of its next turn.

Take a Bow; while under 20% health remain, the Ensemble gains the effects of Haste.

Actions

-The Ensemble has innate spellcasting ability with Charisma (spell save DC 14). They can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components: They only have one spell slot. At will: Dissonant Whispers, Puppet (UA), Silvery Barbs

Multiattack; The Ensemble can make two weapon attacks.

-Sickle :Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6 +5) slashing damage. On hit, the user must succeed a DC 15 Constitution or Charisma check or gain mask shards.

-Throwing Knife; Ranged weapon attack. +8 to hit, reach 30 ft. Hit 9 (2d4+4) piercing damage. Grants a stacking 1 piercing damage which begins on the start of their opponent's turn, requires a DC 16 medicine check to stop or a healing spell.

Masked Amalgamation

A monster, an abhorrent amount of eyes. The Valance's Abomination is a creature composed of nearly 50 heads, crashed together through various other body parts and means. With four long arms it moves itself across the many pathways of the city, screaming out in anguish and delight.

Large monstrosity, neutral

Armor Class: 20

Hit Points: 10d12+32 (97)

Speed: 15 ft.

STR

24 (+7)

DEX

6 (-2)

CON

18 (+4)

INT

8 (-1)

WIS

8 (-1)

CHA

15 (+2)

Reckless. At the start of its turn, the Masked can gain advantage on all melee weapon attack rolls during that turn, but attack rolls against it have advantage until the start of its next turn.

Dreadful Ambition; At the start of each one of its turns, the Amalgamation heals 1d12 HP. If the Amalgamation has not been hit since its last turn or has landed both of its attacks, it heals itself for 12 HP, no roll required.

Join the Chorus; at the start of its turn, the Abomination turns to whoever damaged it the most since its last turn. The abomination then reveals a face from the collection of the Valance, an individual that the attacker knows the most. The attacker must succeed a wisdom saving throw of 18 or be frightened of all Valance units until their next turn.

The Abomination's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14). They can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components: At will: Blade Ward, Vicious Mockery 3/day each: Cloud of Daggers, Crown of Madness, Spray of Cards (UA).

Actions

Multiattack; The Amalgamation may make 2 melee attacks, or one melee attack and one spell.

Enlarged Arm: Melee Weapon Attack: +12 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. Hit: 18 (2d10 +7) slashing damage. Each time an opponent is struck, they must succeed a DC 18 wisdom save or have take -1 on all ability and attack rolls until combat ends. This can stack.

Masked Director

These are the lynchpin of the Valance, the conductors who pull the string of the Ensemble. Blessed by Arenea, though holy blood and written lyric, they dance their way through the streets of the city, picking and choosing who they bring with. They are some of the most dangerous foes to face alone.

Medium aberration

Armor Class: 18

Hit Points: 2d10+10 (67)

Speed: 30 ft.

STR

7 (-2)

DEX

16 (+3)

CON

9 (-1)

INT

8 (-1)

WIS

24 (+7)

CHA

11 (0)

Saving Throws: Wis +7, Dex +3

Skills: Athletics +6, Stealth +6, Perception +4

Production Value; at the start of combat, the director automatically has Spirit Guardians active (3rd level).

Any unconscious opponents they control with Assemblé gain a +10 to hit and deal double damage.

Spellcasting. The director is a 5th-level spellcaster. Its spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 13, +5 to hit with spell attacks). The priest has the following cleric spells prepared: Cantrips (at will): light, sacred flame, thaumaturgy 1st level (4 slots): cure wounds, guiding bolt, sanctuary 2nd level (3 slots): lesser restoration, spiritual weapon 3rd level (2 slots): dispel magic, spirit guardians.

Actions

Assemblé; The director targets a creature that has blood within 60 feet of them. That creature must succeed on a Constitution saving throw (20) or immediately move up to half of their movement in any direction of your choice and make a single weapon attack against a creature of your choice within range.

Dead or unconscious creatures automatically fail their saving throw.

Pyroconverger :Ranged Weapon Attack: 10 ft. cone, DC 13 save, half on save. 4d6 fire damage. can cause the pyroconverger to project fire in a 10-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 13 Dexterity saving throw, taking 4d6 fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Mask of the Valance

What is the point of a facade? Why hide why you truly are, what you wish to be? Come, drink in of the blood of the Founders, of their desires, their identity. Be more. Put on the mask. Be more then you could ever be alone.

Armor Class; 15

Hit points; 10d10+20 (75)

Speed; 30 ft.

STR

9 (-2)

DEX

18 (+4)

CON

14 (+2)

WIS

11 (+0)

INT

9 (-1)

CHA

18 (+4)

Skills Deception +6, Insight +3. Passive Perception 11.

Condition Immunities Charmed

Actions; The Mask may take two swipe attacks, or may use one Stunning Senses. If an opponent fails their save, all masks in the area will swarm to use Extract Personhood on them.

-Gathering Swipe; Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6 + 4) bludgeoning damage. If hit, then the effects of detect thoughts are cast. On two hits, the opponent is cast under the effects of the mask trying to probe deeper.

-Stunning Senses; The Mask attempts to psychically lash out against an opponent, potentially dazing them. The target must succeed a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or become stunned until their next turn.

-Extract Personhood; Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one incapacitated humanoid. Hit: The target takes 55 (10d10) psychic damage. If this damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the Mask attaches itself onto the Host as they fall victim to the Valance. Only one Lesser Restoration will be required to remove the mask, unless they flee the scene.

Enlisted-Veteran, Masked

Once proud members of the guard, the Valance has twisted these soldiers into veritable puppets, gliding along the streets and ceilings of the city.

Armor Class: 18

Hit Points: 8d12+35 (87)

Speed 45 ft. (Climbing).

STR

8 (-1)

DEX

22 (+6)

CON

16 (+3)

INT

12 (+1)

WIS

10 (0)

CHA

8 (-1)

Skills: Perception +7, Acrobatics +6, Insight +3

Senses: Passive Perception 15, advantage on initiative checks if victim to a sneak attack.

-Good Soldiers Follow Orders: An Enlisted, using their arm-blade, May instantly kill one of their brethren below 20% HP. On doing so, they are healed 4d12 HP, which adds on +4 for each soldier slain following, and double their + to hit and damage values on all melee weapon attacks.

Actions.

Multiattack; may make two Armblade attacks or one Handgunne attacks. All attacks against fellow soldiers automatically hit.

-Handgunne: ranged weapon attack, +8 to hit, range 30/60 ft., one target. Reload 1, Misfire 3, explosive (All those 5 ft. around target must pass a DC 16 DEX save or take half damage). Hit 24 (4d8+6 fire damage).

-Armblade: melee weapon attack: +8 to hit, range 5 ft., one target. Hit 17 (3d6+6 slashing.) Reduces movement on hit by 5 for one round, must pass a 16 CON check or be dealt 1d46 poison damage on their next attack. Stacks.

Bothrian Spore

-Medium Abomination

-The lungs of Bothyrus reach far out from just the inner confines of the city. they spill out like dissected cells, choking and scratching in the inner workings of the street. Due to their inane anti-magic, they have made it impossible for themselves to even breathe.

-AC; 22

-Hit Points; 6d12+33 (72)

-Speed; 0 ft.

-STR 5 (-3), DEX 5 (-3), CON 30 (+10), INT 10 (0), WIS 10 (0), CHA 5 (-3)

-The Unholy Body; As long as one ally remains within a 30 ft. radius of this unit, then the Spore will succeed on all saving throws made against them.

-Clinical Retort; On being dealt any magical damage, be it from spells somehow cast, cantrips, or even magical weapons, the opponent who deals damage is dealt half damage back at them which cannot be saved or excused from. The damage type changes to always apply.

ACTION

-Gasp of Litany. At the start of this unit's turn, all opponents gain a -2 to hit for magical spells and saving throws. Each turn this action is used, an additional -2 counter is stacked. On reaching five uses of this action, all magic is nullified within the confines of the combat arena. On this unit's death, all stacks are removed immediately.

-(3x per combat encounter) Echo of Their Scream; All units within the battlefield (or a 100x100 ft. radius) who are not deafened must pass a DC 30 saving throw with their spellcasting ability of choice. On fail, they are unable to use any magical abilities, items, or spells until their next turn. This has no effect on a save or if the opponent is deafened

VARIOUS OTHER DWELLERS

Maw Husk

The dead of the Maw either come back as someone new or are trapped in their own identities, cut off from the Weave, from life itself. They wander in death, looking to claw anything in sight in a desperate form of escape.

Armor Class: 13

Hit Points: 6d10+10 (40) +1d4+4 temporary (6)

Speed: 30 ft.

STR

15 (+2)

DEX

17 (+3)

CON

20 (+5)

INT

7 (-2)

WIS

7 (-2)

CHA

6 (-3)

Damage immunity: necrotic

Damage vulnerability: radiant, all healing spells

Reckless: at the start of its next turn, the Husk can gain advantage on all melee attack rolls, but attack rolls against it gave advantage until the start of its next turn.

Challenge: 2 (450 XP)

Actions

-Swipe: Melee weapon attack, +5 to hit, reach 5 ft. Hit 7 (1d8+3 slashing). Heals the Husk all damage dealt as temporary HP.

-Grapple: Melee weapon attack, +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. Deals no damage, but grants a +3 to hit for all husks that attack the grappled individual and doubles the health healed for these attacks.

Skrunk

-AC 12, 1d4 HP. Small size. Speed 30ft.

4 / 15 / 10 / 5 / 11 / 6

+1 perception and stealth, darkvision 15 feet, passive perception 10

-Advantage on wisdom saving throws based on sight, and +1 to initiative if the owner is in presence.

-Beak. +2 to hit, 5ft range. 1 piercing damage.

Albino Bat

-AC 12, 1d4+2 health. Small size. Speed 5 ft., fly 30 ft.

2 / 15 / 8 / 2 / 12 / 4

-Senses blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 11

-Keen Hearing. The bat has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing.

-Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +0 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 1 piercing damage.

Kolbite

-AC 12, 2d6 – 2 HP. Small size. Speed 30 ft.

7 / 15 / 9 / 8 / 7 / 8

-Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 8

-Pack Tactics. The kolbite has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the kobold's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

-Dagger. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage.

-Sling. Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, range 30/120 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

Olm

AC 12, 3d4 HP. Medium size. Speed 40 ft.

12 / 14 / 13 / 3 / 11 / 9

-Skills Perception +3, passive Perception 13

-Keen Hearing and Smell. The Olm has advantage on Perception and Investigation checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or suffer -1HP per turn.

Eyeless Centipede

Armor Class 13 2d6 + 2 Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

5 / 14 / 12 / 1 / 7 / 3

Senses blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 8

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) piercing damage, and the target must succeed on a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or take 10 (3d6) poison damage. If the poison damage reduces the target to 0 hit points, the target is stable but poisoned for 1 hour, even after regaining hit points, and is paralyzed while poisoned in this way.

Albino spider

-AC 13, 2d8+1 HP. Medium size. Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

12 / 16 / 13 / 3 / 12 / 4

-Skills Perception +3, Stealth +7

-Senses blindsight 10 ft., darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

-Spider Climb. The spider can climb difficult surfaces, including upside down on ceilings, without needing to make an ability check. And while in contact with a web, the spider knows the exact location of any other creature in contact with the same web.

-Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw, taking 4 (2d4) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

Cave beetle

AC 12, 3d8 + 6 HP. Medium size. Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

16 / 10 / 14 / 2 / 9 / 7

Skills Perception +3, passive perception 13

-Multiattack. The bear makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (2d4 + 2) slashing damage.

Pseudoscorpion

Armor Class 15, 4d8 + 4 HP. Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

15 / 12 / 13 / 14 / 11 / 13 /

-Skills Perception +4, Stealth +3

-Damage Immunities acid

-Senses blindsight 10 ft., darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

-Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d10 + 2) piercing damage.

Stinger (Recharge 5–6); The pseudoscorpion attacks a creature with a specified stinger inside its jaw. All creatures in a 15 ft. line must make a DC 12 Dexterity throw or take 18 (4d8) acid damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

(Copy Paste) Essential Bosses

...

*✓ Optional Bosses**Forge-Servitor Valas*

This machine is built into the wall of the Servitorium of the Forge-Sentries, a hulking collection of Forge-Bound corpses that were gathered from the bottom of the Maw. The head is missing, showing a flashing projection of various faces.

Large construct, neutral

Armor Class:18

Hit Points:14d8+25 (88)

Speed:None

STR 20 (+5) DEX 22 (+6) CON 18 (+4) INT 8 (-1) WIS 8 (-1) CHA 6 (-2)

Saving Throws:Str +5, Dex +6, Con +4

Skills:Perception +6, Insight +4, Intimidation +8. Brave. The Servitor has advantage on saving throws against being frightened. Brute. A melee weapon deals one extra die of its damage when the servitor hits with it. Multiattack. The Servitor makes three melee attacks or two ranged attacks.

Damage Vulnerabilities:lightning

Damage Resistances:piercing

Damage Immunities:slashing

Condition Immunities:prone, grappled

Challenge:5 (1800 XP)

Actions

I am the Alarm: An alarm brings an additional 3 guards every 2 rounds, this effect stacks for every guard who raises the alarm.

Mortar: Range Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, range 20/80., one creature. Hit: 20 (2d12 + 7) fire damage. If the target is a Medium or smaller creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be pushed back 10 ft. On a 1, they are knocked prone.

(Becomes Carnwennan)

Twinblade: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 12 (2d6 + 6) slashing damage.

Additional d6 added if bonus action used in attack.

Legendary Actions: Bank of 3 actions, recharge upon its turn.

Parry (1 Reaction); Adds 4 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit it. To do so, the Servitor must see the attacker.

Heal Self (2 Actions); Regain 10 (2d8 + 1) hit points.

Supercharge (3 actions); Targets one target it can see within 30 feet of it. The target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded and deafened for one turn. Regardless of the throw, the attack deals an additional d10 fire damage.

Loxo'kles, Breaker of the Great Chains

Medium humanoid, neutral

This Archaed has long since fallen to madness, but her eyes do not spiral with the orange glow of the flame. Something else has inhabited this husk of a person, extra fingers and eyes seemingly cracking through her carapace.

Armor Class:15 ()

Hit Points:15d6+15 (67)

Speed:55 ft., 30 ft. climbing

STR 8 (-1) DEX 20 (+5) CON 12 (+1) INT 9 (-1) WIS 15 (+2) CHA 9 (-1)

Saving Throws:Dex +5, Con +1, Wis +2

Skills:Stealth +8, Athletics +6, Sleight-of-hand +6

Challenge:5 (1800 XP)

Spellcasting; Cantrips: Infestation, Gust. 3x per day: Charm Person, Entangle, Thunderwave. 1x per day: Spike Growth

Dexterous; Advantage on all grapple checks, as well as checks for becoming prone.

Actions

Call Forth :Summon a swarm of 3 spiders onto the field, 5ft. away from where Loxo'Kles is standing. All damage returns to her, and upon death they heal her 1d2 HP.

Multiattack; Take 2 actions per turn. *Gandiva*: Ranged Attack, +8 to hit, range 15/100., one creature. Hit: 10 (1d8 + 6) piercing damage. Weapon drops when killed.

Legendary Actions; Pool of 2 legendary actions

Web Breath :Fire Breath (Recharge 5-6). The veteran exhales fire in a 15-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 15 Dexterity saving throw, taking 10 (5d4) fire force on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. In addition, all those who fail the save are restrained. 2 Legendary Actions

Jump :As a reaction, leap out of harm's way. Take a third of the damage you would take and leap 20 feet away from the attacker. 1 Legendary Action.

Annora, Danseuse of the Valance

Once the proud leader of House Desdemona, Annora now is upheld by cords and rope, stained by infernal blood. A large scythe is bolted to her hands, brown sludge dripping out of her wounds. The Rot has infested her body. She died long ago.

Large undead, neutral

Armor Class:14

Hit Points:20d8+35 (125)

Speed:50 ft., flying 25 ft.

STR 7 (-2) DEX 24 (+7) CON 15 (+2) INT 9 (-1) WIS 7 (-2) CHA 17 (+3)

Saving Throws:Dex +7, Con +2, Cha +3

Skills:Athletics +8, Deception +10, Stealth +8

Damage Vulnerabilities:radiant, fire

Damage Resistances:psychic, lightning, thunder, poison, force, traps

Damage Immunities:cold, necrotic

Challenge:6 (2300 XP)

Reckless. At the start of its turn, the Masked can gain advantage on all melee weapon attack rolls during that turn, but attack rolls against it have advantage until the start of its next turn.

Sense Magic. Annora senses magic within 120 feet of it at will. This trait otherwise works like the detect magic spell but isn't itself magical.

Innate spellcasting; 1x per day, Greater Invisibility. 3x per day, Invisibility. Multiattack; Annora may make 3 melee attacks, or one attack with two uses of Assemblé.

Actions

Assemblé :Annora targets a creature that has blood within 60 feet of her. That creature must succeed on a Constitution saving throw (15) or immediately move up to half of their movement in any direction of your choice and make a single weapon attack against a creature of your choice within range. Dead or unconscious creatures automatically fail their saving throw.

Great Scythe :Melee weapon attack: +9 to hit, reach 10 ft, one creature. Hit: 15 (4d4 +7) slashing damage (Drops Tizona, modified).

Legendary Actions

Annora has a bank of 3 legendary actions.

Action :For a legendary action, Annora gains a free action to attack, dash, or to cast a spell.

Spellcasting :Annora may choose to cast one of her spells, taking up 2 legendary actions.

Antimagic Cone :Annora concentrates on the strings holding her upright, creating an area of antimagic, as in the antimagic field spell, in a 75-foot-cone. This is a concentration check which remains upright until dispelled (DC save 16 or higher). This takes 3 legendary actions.

Panoptes, The Unspoken Eye

Large fiend, neutral

This curiobound is too long, far too long. It appears to have been constructed from lantern-torches and the railing of the Foundation. A glowing, pulsating eye emerges from atop its head, numerous smaller ones throughout its body.

Armor Class:15

Hit Points:14d8+30 (93)

Speed:Teleportation, 30 ft. (Only in shadows)

STR 9 (-1) DEX 9 (-1) CON 15 (+2) INT 23 (+6) WIS 19 (+4) CHA 13 (+1)

Saving Throws:Cha +1, Wis +4, Int +6, Con +2

Skills:Perception +10, Stealth +5

Damage Vulnerabilities:force

Damage Resistances:radiant, fire

Damage Immunities:psychic

Condition Immunities:charmed, deafened, frightened, unconscious, exhausted

Senses:Passive Perception 16

Actions

Multi-action; Panoptes may take two actions per turn, of any variety.

Under Watchful Eye :Upon targeting a creature within 30 ft, they must make a DC 17 intelligence saving throw or be controlled for one round. While controlled, Panoptes heals 2d8 HP.

All Under Surveillance :Emits a 60 ft cone, and all creatures in the cone must pass a DC 15 intelligence saving throw or take 24 (4d8 + 6) psychic damage and be blinded. Should they make the save, they receive only half damage.

Legendary Actions

Panoptes has a pool of 3 legendary actions

Teleportation (1) :Panoptes may teleport up to a range of 30 ft. This bypasses attacks of opportunity.

Mind Rake (2) :Should Panoptes be hit with a melee attack, their damage will be reflected back on the attacker, plus an additional 14 (2d8 +6) psychic damage. They are also blinded until their next turn.

Consciousness Overload (3):Panoptes unleashes a blast emitting in a 40 ft. radius, and all inside the blast must make a DC 18 Intelligence saving throw or take 36 (8d8) psychic damage, and become blinded and stunned. The stun lasts a round, but the blindness lasts until the end of combat. Those who make the save are dealt half damage and become blinded until their next turn.

The Gravelorn, Chosen God of the Maw

Huge aberration, neutral

The thing that lies before you is dead. It has to be. Faces are pressed into the outer chitin of this monster, mouth agape, silently screaming. But their eyes keep looking at you. And their mouths still tremble from the volume. This worm, if it can be called that, is assembled with the corpses of all the restless-Forges and Curio-Bound that failed to return to the Heights. And it's coming home.

Armor Class: 20

Hit Points:25d12+65 (227)

Speed:20 ft.

STR 24 (+7) DEX 7 (-2) CON 23 (+6) INT 3 (-4) WIS 9 (-1) CHA 1 (-5)

Saving Throws:Str +7, Con +6

Damage Resistances:poison, traps, lightning, radiant, cold, fire

Damage Immunities:poison, necrotic, slashing

Condition Immunities:prone, invisible, exhausted, frightened, charmed, poisoned, grappled

Senses:darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10

Transference. Any party member that falls unconscious is instead pulled into the consciousness of the Gravelorn; instead of making death saving throws, make will saves that cause damage to your body and the Gravelorn.

Actions

Multiattack; The Gravelorn may take 2 bit attacks or one slow attack.

Slow (Recharge 6) :The Gravelorn targets one or more creatures it can see within 10 feet of it. Each target must make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw against this magic. On a failed save, a target can't use reactions, its speed is halved, and it can't make more than one attack on its turn. In addition, the target can take either an action or a bonus action on its turn, not both. These effects last for 1 minute. A target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on itself on a success.

Bite :Melee Weapon Attack: +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 19 (3d8 + 7) bludgeoning damage.

Legendary Actions

Burrow :(bonus action) The Gravelorn travels underground, moving up to 45 ft. and appearing around a randomized opponent. The opponent may choose to make a DC 16 strength saving throw or may choose to use their reaction and bonus action to dodge the attack.

Walk Without Rhythm :(action) The Gravelorn unleashes a shockwave along the ground, turning an area of 60 ft. into rough terrain. The Gravelorn can move an additional 20ft. across this terrain and has no restrictions on it. In addition, all characters in the 60 ft. sphere must make a DC 14 strength saving throw or be knocked prone and take 2d4 force damage.

Galvanizing Scream :(reaction to those who fail Burrow) Each non-undead target within 20 feet of the Gravelorn that can hear the magical utterance must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be stunned until the end of their upcoming turn. In addition, all those who fail the save are marked granting them disadvantage on all saving throws until two of their turns end.

Immutable Form. The Gravelorn is immune to any spell or effect that would alter its form.

Magic Resistance. The Gravelorn has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

The Flame's Beacon

Large celestial, Armor Class 21], Hit Points 280 (24d10 + 160), Speed 50 ft., fly 150 ft.

STR 26 (+8)/ DEX 22 (+6)/CON 26 (+8)/ INT 25 (+7)/ WIS 25 (+7)/ CHA 30 (+10)

Saving Throws Int +14, Wis +14, Cha +17, Skills Perception +14, Senses; truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 24

Damage Resistances; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks

Damage Immunities; radiant, fire. Any dealt heals the Flame's Beacon.

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned

Blessing of Flame. The Beacon's weapon attacks are magical. When the solar hits with any weapon, the weapon deals an extra 6d8 radiant damage (included in the attack).

Innate Spellcasting. The Beacon's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 25). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: detect evil and good, invisibility (self only)

3/day each: blade barrier, dispel evil and good, resurrection

1/day each: commune, control weather

Magic Resistance. The solar has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Actions

Multiattack. The solar makes two physical attacks.

Flame Whip. Melee Weapon Attack: +15 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. Hit: 22 (4d6 + 8) slashing damage plus 27 (6d8) radiant damage. This weapon magically hovers in an unoccupied space within 5 feet of it. The Beacon can mentally command it as a bonus action to fly up to 50 feet and either make one attack against a target or return to the solar's hands. If the weapon is targeted by any effect, the solar is considered to be holding it.

Flame's Gaze. Ranged Weapon Attack: +13 to hit, range 150/600 ft., one target. If the target is a creature that has 100 hit points or fewer, it must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or immediately lose consciousness and fail a death saving throw.

Healing Touch (4/Day). The solar touches another creature. The target magically regains 40 (8d8 + 4) hit points and is freed from any curse, disease, poison, blindness, or deafness.

Legendary Actions

Teleport. The Beacon magically teleports up to 120 feet to an unoccupied space it can see.

Searing Burst (Costs 2 Actions). Each creature of its choice in a 10-foot radius must make a DC 23

Dexterity saving throw, taking 14 (4d6) fire damage plus 14 (4d6) radiant damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one. Those who fail are blinded for one turn.

Blinding Gaze (Costs 3 Actions). The Beacon targets one creature it can see within 30 feet of it. If the target can see it, the target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until magic such as the lesser restoration spell removes the blindness.

(How can you not remember your friends' lastnames, Eli) Credits, Playtesters

Jaedyn Bryant

Annabel Johnson

Solomon Hollitzer

Skyy Jackson

Sophia ...