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Accessory

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

9409

SPELLJAMMER[®]

Official Game Accessory

KRYNNSPACE

by Jean Rabe



Introduction

The SPELLJAMMER® campaign setting, vast and challenging in scope, continues to provide a welcome connection between the AD&D® game universe's varied worlds—Krynn, Oerth, and Toril. Characters from Waterdeep can venture to the City of Greyhawk—and then travel on to Kendermore. The boundaries between game worlds are no longer barricades.

Previous "space" accessories have revealed the solar systems for Toril of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® and Oerth of the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® settings.

This game accessory, the last in the space trilogy, makes the wondrous DRAGONLANCE® realm of Krynn accessible to characters and races throughout the cosmos.

As with many supplements for the AD&D game, this accessory can be used by itself, providing hours of enjoyment for Dungeon Masters and players. However, when all three accessories are used together, they open vast new domains for the players in your campaign. Further, to fully understand traveling between realms—and spelljamming—you will need the SPELLJAMMER boxed set. Other helpful supplements include the *Legend of the Spelljammer* boxed set, the *War Captain's Companion* boxed set, and the *DRAGONLANCE Adventures* hardbound.

Within the pages of this supplement, the magic and secrets of the DRAGONLANCE solar system unfold.

Krynn is not the only planet in Krynnspace that supports life. Indeed, a number of worlds, and moons, thrive with fantastic creatures and intricate mysteries!

Sirion, Reorx, Chislev, Zivilyn, and Krynn itself wait to be explored by valiant adventurers with spelljamming ships. And there's more: the awesome Stellar Islands call to traders and rogues, the vanishing planet of Nehzmyth holds untold wealth and hazards, and even the sun itself is not devoid of life. And don't forget the moons that circle many planets hold mysteries unto themselves.

With spelljamming ships your characters can move from planet to planet, world-hopping their way to fame and fortune—if they survive. Journeys be-

tween these worlds take only hours or days because of spelljamming technology. The approximate time needed to travel from one planet to the next is detailed in each planet's description.

Adventure can also find your characters while they are traveling between worlds, since the creatures that inhabit space are often both curious and malevolent.

Krynnspace is a solar system like the solar systems in the FORGOTTEN REALMS and WORLD OF GREYHAWK—and in other fantasy and science fiction games. But the Krynn solar system is also much more. Not every planetary body in this fantasy setting can be explained in scientific and analytical terms. There are conditions that exist on worlds within the DRAGONLANCE setting that simply have no rational justification. Magic, the gods, and other fantastic forces have shaped Krynnspace into a place of unrivaled beauty and incredible wonder.

Find new cultures and new creatures among the heavens. See familiar races that have been impacted by spelljamming, and the new races that have sprung from these circumstances. Discover a new dragon of Krynn—believed to have been birthed after the War of the Lance.

There are new magical items, of course—and many new confrontations that could jeopardize your characters—or turn them into heroes whose bravery rivals the brightness of the stars themselves!

Investigating the correlation between Krynn, Sirion, and the sphere-portals might make a good adventure start if the PCs are hired to travel to Sirion to set up some magical measuring device.

Sphere Overview

Of all the spheres touched by spelljamming travelers, Krynnspace is the most primitive and pristine. Here the gods play more of a role in shaping the sphere's destiny than do men who live within it.

The most beautiful planet in the sphere is Krynn, which also boasts the largest population and seems to be forever in the gods' plans. In fact, sages and clerics within the sphere believe that godly actions resulted in a recent-history meteor strike that destroyed many of the planet's civilizations. The clerics were deprived of their spellcasting ability for a considerable time after this strike, which confirms the theory.

Most of the planets are named after the Krynnish gods. The star portals form constellations which clerics in ages past determined represented the major deities.

Krynnspace is roughly 8,000 million miles in diameter—considerably larger than Realspace. Its shell looks like a great, sparkling disk—whether you are looking at it from the inside or outside. The disk is relatively flat, though it is a few million miles deep, and it is impenetrable. No known physical force or magical spell has been able to pass through or Sunder the shell. Fireballs, lightning bolts, cones of cold, ice storms, and other damaging magicks, simply bounce off this sparkling hide.

It is fortunate for the inhabitants of Krynnspace that the shell cannot be broken, for if such a breach were to occur, the deadly phlogiston outside would seep into the perfect vacuum of the widspace inside. This would cause the atmosphere on all the worlds within the shell to erupt into flames. Not even the heat-loving creatures from the elemental plane of Fire would survive!

Despite the impenetrable quality of the shell, circular openings mystically appear at unexpected intervals. These openings, edged in silver-blue, range from a yard to nearly a half-mile across, and they are enchanted so that the phlogiston does not pass beyond their rims. However, objects that contain at least a trace of life can pass through. This includes both spelljamming ships with living crews and creatures that soar through the phlogiston and wild-

space. Ships whose crews are deceased cannot breach these portals.

It is through these portals that spelljamming ships from other spheres can reach Krynnspace. Sages and scholars speculate that the gods created the circular openings to expose the people of Krynn and the other planets to dissimilar societies and races. Further, the sages know of instances when the portals have closed on ships—dooming the crews and the vessels. They believe this is the gods' way of preventing too great an evil from reaching Krynnspace. Of course, a few ships with evil-minded crews, including ships piloted by neogi and mindlayers, have passed into the sphere, allowed by the gods as a challenge that Krynnspace dwellers must overcome.

Wizards who have studied the shell believe differently. They state that the circular openings coincide directly with the orbits of the planets Krynn and Siron. The closer the two planets are to one another, the larger and more numerous the circular openings in the shell. Conversely, when the planets are farthest apart, the circular openings are small, infrequent, and apt to close without warning. Despite these correlations, the wizards have not yet deduced what exactly causes the openings . . . or the closings.

As in Realspace, the flickering of "stars" inside the sphere are actually small portals that open to the quasi-elemental plane of Radiance. These openings cannot be seen on the outside of the shell, or be used by spelljamming vehicles to enter Krynnspace. However, the stars are more than mere portals: For every truly good soul who dies while giving his or her life for others, a star appears. When a new star is spotted in the sky, people rejoice that the forces of good are expanding.

Spelljamming ships from inside the shell have tried to use the star portals to pass onto the plane of Radiance. However, when these ships touched the light, they burst into flames, killing all aboard.

As in other spheres, ships and flying creatures cannot enter the stars by accident. The stars have a field about them that actually repulses objects. A ship or creature must expend effort to steer into the star and overcome this field.

"A sphere is merely something to contain worlds, asteroids, and creatures. But ask yourself: What contains spheres?"

—Lamthartot the Seventh, half-elf scholar

Sphere Overview

Another interesting feature of the stars is that they move. Entire constellations have disappeared briefly from time to time only to reappear elsewhere in the sky. Other constellations seem to rearrange themselves in full view of the star gazers. Clerics believe this movement represents struggles or disagreements between the gods, and they fear that such movements of constellations will have repercussions on Krynn.

Clouds of Freezing Vapor

Scholars and sages who travel between spheres have noticed Krynnspace is markedly cooler than other spheres. They hypothesize that this lower temperature is responsible for a phenomenon unique to the sphere—billowy, nearly transparent clouds known as the Clouds of Freezing Vapor.

Scholars believe the clouds occur either when water or moisture leaves a planet's atmosphere, or when travelers dump water or other liquids into wildspace. The cold temperatures instantly freeze the moisture. The sages agree this is one possible explanation. However, they also consider the clerical notion that the clouds are the gods' breaths. With so much activity from the deities in this sphere, such a likelihood cannot be dismissed.

The sages' hypothesis is, in fact, the truth: the clouds are a creation of Krynnspace's gods. When a deity is effecting some scheme using the humans or demihumans of a world, he or she often places a cloud around that world (usually Krynn) to cloak his or her actions. Sometimes a canny god puts a cloud around a world he is not manipulating, to confuse other deities. These clouds are so magical and powerful in nature that even deities using planets as *crystal balls* or *wizard eye* spells cannot see through them.

These Clouds of Freezing Vapor recur most frequently in orbit about Krynn and around the planets and bodies farthest from the Sun, such as Nehzmyth and the Stellar Islands. At any given point, a cloud can be from 1 to 100 miles thick.

Spelljamming travelers and powerful planetbound wizards who have studied the clouds say the crystals within seem to writhe, as if to an unheard rhythm, and catch the light reflected off the sun, stars, and the planets; they dance with flickering white, pale yellow, and azure colors. Up close, these beautiful clouds are hypnotic because of the gamboling crystal.

While on the deck of a spelljamming ship, a traveler can safely pass through the clouds because of the speed of the vessel. However, he or she must make a save vs. spell or be mesmerized. Individuals so mesmerized can take no actions (even if attacked) other than to stare in wonder at the dancing ice crystals for 1d4 turns—even if the ship has passed beyond the cloud.

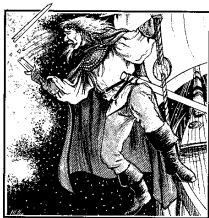
Characters who fall, drift—or jump—into the clouds must save vs. breath weapon or be frozen solid, suffering 5d10 points of cold damage per round they are in the clouds. Every piece of clothing and equipment, even magical devices, must also save or freeze and shatter. Characters who reach -10 hit points while in the clouds burst into a myriad of ice-like shards, combining with the dancing ice crystals. Not even a *wish* can restore a shattered character.

Wildspace Societies

There are only a few societies that dwell in the wildspace of Krynnspace, flying from world to world via spelljamming vessels, living on their ships, and stopping only for brief visits to ports.

The most important of these are the lakshu: lanky, green-haired amazons who are strong, beautiful, and deadly to their enemies. Nearly five dozen of them are known to traverse Krynnspace in several different ships. They are well versed in a variety of weapons, and each lakshu specializes in a particular one, becoming exceptionally proficient in the wielding of it. Many lakshu have become fond of the kender-made hoopaks, which they acquired during their travels to Krynn.

"It grows closer. I see a creature of some kind; the temperature has risen again, and the deck is smoking. Dear gods, there is . . ."
— from the journal of a charred spelljamming captain



The lakshu's motivations are mysterious; they engage in regular trade with the planet-bound peoples of the sphere, and they like to hear and tell a good tale, but their associates on the various worlds have no idea what the lakshu do for days and weeks upon end, out in the trackless depths.

In actuality lakshu are a fey race, who act according to their whims of the moment. If a particular planet or moon looks interesting, off they go to survey it. If a traveler's tale speaks of particularly good food at some inn, lakshu make their way to that inn. If they find a derelict ship, its crew slaughtered by pirates, the lakshu grimly dedicate themselves to hunting down the pirates and repaying them in kind. If player characters meet a lakshu ship in wildspace, they are liable to be caught up in whatever adventure those lakshu are engaged.

When lakshu visit worlds in the system, particularly Kryynn, they are usually mistaken for Irda, and a great deal of attention is lavished on them.

Lakshu and their reigar associates have been present in the Krynnospace sphere for the past few decades. The reigar, a legendary race of beautiful men and women, are fewer in number than the lakshu, but are as powerful and influential.

The reigar are studying the constellations within

the sphere, the phenomenon of the clouds of freezing vapor, and the three moons of Kryynn. They are also artists of more than mortal talent, and nearly all of their creations are based upon happenings within the sphere. Only a few reigar have actually visited Kryynn. Disguised, they move about as humans and demihumans. This association, however, is always brief, as the reigar wish to remain undetected and separate.

Only a handful of individuals on Kryynn and Reorx know that the lakshu are a race originating from beyond Krynnospace; these people keep the lakshu's secret safe, and they know nothing of the reigar. Lakshu trade with their confidantes, including selling them works of art created by the reigar. These masterpieces command high prices on Kryynn and adorn the homes of the most wealthy.

Neither the lakshu or the reigar intend to stay in Krynnospace forever, but at present they have no plans to leave. Their being in the sphere has benefited Krynnospace residents in a variety of ways: in addition to providing wondrous works of art, the reigar and lakshu warn residents of Kryynn and Reorx particularly of threats entering the sphere.

"Surely there must be something there. From a distance I have seen cities. Great spires stand amidst lapping flames."

—unknown wizard of the Red Robes

The Sun

NAME:	The Sun
TYPE:	Spherical fire body
SIZE:	H
ESCAPE TIME:	24 turns
SATELLITES:	6 planetoids
DAY LENGTH:	35.8 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	None
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Creatures from the elemental plane of Fire

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

Sirion	30 million miles (7 hours)
Reorx	50 million miles (12 hours)
Krynn	100 million miles (24 hours [1 day])
Chislev	300 million miles (3 days)
Zivilyn	600 million miles (6 days)
Nehzmyth	900 million miles (9 days)
Stellar Islands	2,000 million miles (20 days)

Overview: As in other solar systems in the AD&D® game, the DRAGONLANCE® realm's Sun serves as the primary orbital attractor. It is fixed at the exact center of the crystal sphere, and all the planets and the Stellar Islands turn about it in their unchanging, unceasing orbits. Sages speculate the sun itself spins, although too slowly for most observers to notice.

The Sun roges with immeasurable heat, such that the flames leaping from its surface glow white-hot. So much warmth washes in waves away from the Sun that comfortable temperatures are even found on the planets farthest from the sphere's center.

Why the Sun burns is open to conjecture. Priests on Krynn say the gods' power fuels the body's fiery furnace. Scholars and some wizards theorize the beings living on the planet exude enough heat to ac-

count for the Sun's titanic flames.

Humans within the sphere offer still other explanations—for example, the Sun is hot because it is a gateway to a fire-filled plane, or the Sun burns with the compassion flowing from the hearts of the people of Krynn. The dwarves say every sphere must have a forge, and the Sun serves that purpose here. The gnomes speculate a wayward device crashed into a planet and caused it to ignite. The elves simply accept the Sun as a great ball of flame, not pondering its origin or purpose.

Ships traveling inward from Sirion begin to risk their crews and passengers. Although vessels themselves remain safe until they are within one million miles of the Sun, the living passengers and crew face peril much earlier. From 20 million miles to within 10 million miles of the Sun, any travelers who lean over the side of their spelljamming vessels for a closer look will find their skin a mass of painful blisters and boils that can lead to permanent disfigurement.

Those who go closer than 10 million miles and who lean outward are quickly baked into blackened husks. Further, those who are closer than 10 million miles may find staring at the Sun for more than 2d4 turns causes observers to go blind.

No spelljamming ship on record has ever gotten closer than one million miles from the Sun and survived. Observers from the decks of spelljamming ships keeping a safe distance have watched foolishly-piloted ships burst into flames the moment they crossed over the one-million-mile mark. Still, the Sun continues to lure spelljamming ships closer, as the nearer the ships get, the better the leaping and twisting flames—and other mysterious objects—can be viewed.

Through the Sun's shimmering atmosphere, wizards and priests have determined that there are indeed buildings. Further research with spells has determined that living creatures—helians—make their homes in these towers.

Other creatures exist on the Sun: communities of efreet, living far from the helians, have been spotted. Sages say the efreet appear to be nomads, moving about the Sun's surface and even disappearing

It may appear impossible to use the Sun as an adventure location, but telepathic communication with a denizen (including a possible mind transfer) or a trip through the plane of fire could all yield interesting results.

The Sun

entirely—perhaps returning to the elemental plane of Fire. Fire elementals, sometimes in the company of the efreet, have also been sighted, along with salamanders, lavaworms, and creatures from the outer planes able to withstand great heat.

Climate: The Sun's climate is constant—an intense, unforgiving heat. It is believed no human or demihuman is able to withstand the temperatures—regardless of the magical protections they have. *Rings of fire resistance, necklaces of adaptation, potions of etherealness and other magical precautions have all proved futile.*

Prominent Land Features: Lakes of flame lap at the shores of molten rock; the towers previously mentioned seem to ring the lakeshores like some fiery resort. Jutting peaks of white-hot spires also rear up, difficult for the untrained eye to differentiate from the towers and from the huge flames that wrack the Sun's surface.

Lifestyle: There are two societies on the Sun, both hostile, and each is forever at war with the other.

The first is a colony of efreet, stripped of their ability to grant wishes and banished from the elemental plane of Fire decades ago for their failed attempt to take control of the plane. These efreet, numbering more than 50, rarely stay in one place. They have become malicious vagabonds, searching for a gate back to the plane of Fire. In their time upon the Sun, they have grown to hate the fiery ball's other intelligent occupants, the helians.

The efreet repeatedly mount attacks against the helians, to eliminate their communities and discover if the helians can reach the plane of Fire. So far, the efreet have destroyed only one small community.

The efreet are also aware that there is life on the planets within the sphere. Spelljamming adventurers who have come too close have alerted the efreet to the presence of humans and demihumans. The efreet have tried—and continue to try when the opportunity presents itself—to leave the sun via spelljamming ships. They use their *illusion* and

polymorph self spells to create a vision of an oasis on the Sun, populated by humans. Ships commanded by gullible captains move in closer out of curiosity—and are destroyed by the intense heat before they ever reach the Sun's surface. The efreet continue to hope that new ships with more powerful protective magic will eventually withstand the temperatures and provide a means of escape from their fiery prison.

The helians live on the Sun simply because they enjoy the furnacelike heat. These beings are responsible for the towers at the edges of the flaming lakes, and they have bent the Sun's lavaworms to their wills, standing upon the worms' tubular bodies and riding them across the surface. In fact, a helian breeds and trains his lavaworms much as a Krynn farmer handles cattle.

The helians are more numerous than the efreet and refuse to leave the Sun to avoid the efreet's wrath, as most of the helians on the Sun were driven from the elemental plane of Fire by other efreet. The helians have relied on their numbers, their lavaworms, and the strength of their burning towers to keep the efreet at bay.

Although the helians are scattered over the flaming ball in communities ranging from a few dozen to a hundred, they remain in contact so they can quickly band together against any marauding efreet. Each community has an individual leader of maximum Hit Dice and an Armor Class improved due to magic.

"Cities of evil, that's what Sirion holds. Be careful that you don't become a permanent resident."

—Mortlock the Fortunate

Sirion

NAME:	Sirion
TYPE:	Spherical fire body
SIZE:	D
ESCAPE TIME:	3 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	22 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	145 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Creatures from the elemental plane of Fire, plasmen

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	30 million miles (7 hours)
Reorx	20-80 million miles (5-16 hours)
Krynn	70-130 million miles (18 hours to 1.3 days)
Chislev	270-330 million miles (2.7 to 3.3 days)
Zivilyn	570-630 million miles (5.7 to 6.3 days)
Nehzmyth	870-930 million miles (8.7 to 9.3 days)
Stellar Islands	1,970-2,030 million miles (19.7 to 20 days)

Overview: Sirion, the planet nearest the Sun, is considered an inert fire body. The planet has no moons and has a relatively small population. Still, it boasts one port, open to all those brave enough to deal with the planet's residents.

The god Sirion is said to live at the center of the planet, and worshipers therefore speak the planet's and the god's name with fear and reverence. However, the god apparently has never set foot on the world; only his avatar has traipsed upon the blazing globe. Sirion's avatar has alternately taken the form of an efreeti and an azar when staying on the planet. The avatar stops and eliminates key efreet or azar if their plans go against the god's interest or wishes.

The god has used the planet to spy upon activities within the sphere, and especially to watch Krynn. The planet itself acts as a giant, improved wizard eye

spell, and through it Sirion can see outward, monitoring the actions of others, including his worshipers.

Climate: Like the Sun, the planet Sirion is considered a fiery world. However, its temperatures are not as intense as the Sun's, nor does the heat prevent spelljamming ships from landing anywhere on the world where there is solid ground. Except for banks of steaming vapors at the poles, the world is cloudless, and rain has never been documented.

Sirion's core is believed to be a ball of flame, which contributes to the planet's heat, and the earth around the core is suspected to be molten. However, the surface of the world is far enough from the furnacelike core that large chunks of basalt solidify. These mountainous islands resemble crimson icebergs, floating in a boiling sea of magma. Many of the islands are as large as continents; however, most are less than 30 yards across. These islands float across the globe, crashing into each other and sinking in the molten ocean—only to reform later as the basalt again cools.

There is little life on these islands, although occasionally azar and efreet take up temporary residences on choice sections of basalt. Some of the island occupants have turned their temporary homes into status symbols: those residents who have the largest—and longest lasting—islands, consider themselves superior to the other island dwellers.

The temperatures are the greatest across the planet's midpoint. The band where islands exist lies between 60 degrees North and 60 degrees South latitude. Human and demihuman passengers stopping in this region must have some type of magical protection against heat, or they will quickly broil.

At the poles the temperatures are still sweltering and unbearable, yet they are cooler than elsewhere on the globe. Human and demihuman visitors can survive the heat at the poles for 1d8 hours; after that, they need magical aid to avoid heat exhaustion and dehydration. Those adventurers who insist on wearing metal armor quickly find their protection too hot to handle.

Clearly, experimentation on Sirion must be a stepping stone to any investigation of the Sun. A most likely method for obtaining magic powerful enough to protect from the Sun's heat is an efreeti wish.

Sirion

From a distance, it appears the poles are forever draped in a thick, ghostly haze. These banks of vapor extend to between 20 and 80 feet above the ground, making it virtually impossible for any sunlight to reach the land below. In the evening, the vapor appears to thin, and pinpoints of starlight pierce the gloom.

Prominent Land Features: There are only two permanent sections of ground on Sirion: the north and south poles. The southern continent is roughly 2,000 miles in diameter, and the northern one is about 1,300 miles in diameter. Sages speculate that at one time the continents were larger, but over the years the boiling sea has worn away some of the land. Occasionally these continents expand when floating islands that crash into them join with the main land mass for a while. However, these additions get wrenched away as other islands bombard the continents' shores.

The southern continent features a mountain range dotted with more than a dozen active volcanoes. There is at least one eruption each day, discouraging spelljamming ships from landing near the mountains.

The northern continent is more stable, with only one active volcano, and that one which has not erupted in more than a decade. It is on this land mass that the bulk of Sirion's meager population resides and where the port was constructed.

Lifestyle: There are two established communities on the northern continent: one of efreet and the other of azar. Neither community gets along especially well with the other. However, they tolerate and respect each other, and they avoid any physical conflict that could be mutually self-destructive.

The efreet seem to bask in Sirion's environment. Sages guess this is because efreet are said to be made of basalt, flames, and bronze, and there is plenty of basalt and fire over the entire planet. In addition, the efreet's ability to assume gaseous form allows them to move in the steam generated by the planet.

Representatives of the azar and efreet societies maintain the spelljamming port. While such an operation seems against the natures of these beings, the port has worked to their advantage and has also benefited some of the travelers stopping on Sirion.

In addition, fire minions, efreet, azar, plasmen, and other creatures from the elemental plane of Fire are scattered across the islands and the southern pole. Groups of island dwellers migrate to the poles in seasons when the molten seas play havoc with their less-permanent homes.

The efreet who live on Sirion are not bound to the globe as are their punished brethren on the Sun. They are free to roam where they can, and they do so, although they primarily restrict their travels to Sirion and the elemental plane of Fire, where the warmth and flames are accommodating. Also unlike their brethren, these efreet retain their wish abilities. These efreet have made no move to free the efreet on the Sun. The Sirion efreet know full well their brethren are condemned for actions committed on the elemental plane of Fire, and they leave the prisoners to their punishment.

Wizards of Krynn who have spied upon the efreet of Sirion know the other planets in the sphere have far more to fear from these efreet than the ones who reside on the Sun. The wizards continue to monitor life on Sirion, careful not to catch the notice of the efreet there. The wizards speculate that the efreet have left other planets alone because Sirion is so well suited to their fiery natures—they apparently have no desire to leave. Further, the wizards believe the efreet's numbers are not great enough to allow them to conquer Krynn or the other planets.

The plasmen who exist on Sirion do so unbeknownst to most of the azar and efreet. Constructs of deranged wizards and creatures conjured concurrently from the elemental planes of Fire and Earth, these plasmen found their way to Sirion—and thus have discovered immortality because of the planet's climate.

The plasmen of Sirion live in the boiling seas and in the mountains on the southern pole, near the active volcanoes, where they delight in the bubbling

Midok may fear Klyree's plans enough to intervene to save an endangered adventuring group, but only if that group has spoken with him earlier, learned of his indecision, and played upon it.

Sirion

lava. Their homes camouflage them well, as the exterior of a plasman's body looks like white hot coals or stones floating on a mass of molten material.

Although not as chaotic as their brethren who serve wizards on other worlds, Sirion's plasmen are still quick to attack any creatures that cross their paths—including lesser creatures from the elemental plane of Fire. Plasmen have learned from experience to avoid both efreet and azar. However, visitors to the world may face the plasmen's full fury: Spelljamming travelers landing on the islands or the southern pole are quickly attacked—especially if the visitors are humans and demihumans. Plasmen blame all humans and demihumans for their former servitude, and they fight to the death to eradicate those hated beings.

The plasmen of Sirion have also been known to take to the skies, their bodies resembling gouts of lava or streaking balls of flame. Airborne, they attack humans and demihumans standing on the deck of nearby spelljamming vehicles.

Ports of Call: There is only one port on Sirion, and it is situated between the communities of azar and efreet on the northern pole. The port is impressive, large, and has few visitors. The majority of those who land and do business with Sirion's residents are of neutral or evil alignments—most good folk fear dealing with the planet's malicious inhabitants.

The port cannot be seen during the northern pole's daytime, as light reflecting off the banks of steam makes it impossible to see the land below. However, at night the glow of *continual light* orbs peek through breaks in the steam banks, acting as a beacon to spelljamming ships. Further, captains who have visited the world previously usually take magical measures to look past the steam and find the port. Because of the banks of steam, descent time to the port is 15 turns.

The port, fashioned magically by the efreet, is indeed a wonder to behold. Spelljamming vehicles land upon an immense flat, ebony platform that looks like glass. Beyond the platform, and appearing to be made out of various-colored crystal, artful

spires and elaborate buildings stand. These structures, fashioned from the wishes of efreet, withstand the planet's soaring temperatures and are largely unoccupied, apparently designed to impress travelers.

When ships land, they are greeted by an efreeti and an azar. Crews protected from the heat are welcome to roam anywhere on the slab and in the one crystal building designated for visitors. All business transactions are conducted in the building, and not all those who enter the building leave it—displeasing or offending the azar and efreet port masters is a capital transgression. The few visitors who decided to explore the other buildings did not return to their spelljamming ships.

Resources/Trade: Both efreet and azar care only to acquire magic, gems, and curiosities that come from far away planets. The efreet have little need for anything, as they can usually manufacture what they want by granting each other wishes. Still, they seem to take some pleasure in the rare contacts from travelers, learning what is happening on other planets and acquiring magic in the process. One of the most favored items of trade are objects with *continual light* on them, as the efreet and azar place these objects about the port to aid visitors searching for the landing slab.

In return, spelljamming visitors can acquire from either race sculptures fashioned from basalt, which have been known to command high prices on Toril. The azar also provide various compounds useful in the manufacture of magical items that protect their wearer from fire or heat. Some efreet have been known to barter with wishes, but this commodity carries a high price that most spelljammers are reluctant to pay.

The efreet and azar have from time to time allowed spelljamming ships run by dwarves to mine the basalt islands for ore. These dwarves, shielded from the heat by rings and potions, usually trade for the mining privileges with mounds of gems. Merchants claim the dwarves are mining mithril, for only that precious metal would coax them to pay so dearly for mining rights.

"The warmth of Sirion is not a friendly warmth. Beware what the fires of the planet hide."

—Lamthatort the Seventh, half-elf scholar



Important NPCs

Name: Kiyree

Occupation: Port Master

Race: Efreet AL N (Lawful Evil tendencies); AC -2; MV 9, FI 24; HD 10; hp 73; THACO 11; #AT 1; D 3d8; SA Spells; SD Spells; MR Nil; SZ (12' tall)

Kiyree is perhaps the most powerful efreeti on Sirion. Once per day, Kiyree can grant up to three wishes, become invisible, assume gaseous form, cast *detect magic*, *enlarge*, *polymorph self*, *create an illusion* and create a wall of flame. Further, like all other efreeti on Sirion, he can cast *produce flame* and *pyrotechnics* as often as he desires. Further, Kiyree has acquired several magical items since he began overseeing the port with an azar counterpart. These items—*bracers of defence AC 6*, a *scimitar +3*, a *brooch of shielding*, and a *gem of flawlessness*—have withstood the heat.

Kiyree is a shrewd port master, distrusting most humans, but willing to deal with them if he can get something he or Sirion's efreet or azar desire. He hopes to acquire several *rings of spell storing* to further his own goals.

The efreeti considers all humans and demihumans as inferior creatures and enemies. Still, he believes those who can benefit him or his brothers should be left alive. In addition, he fears that killing too many human and demihuman travelers could bring undue attention to Sirion and cause the humans and demihumans to mount an action against the planet's fiery inhabitants. Kiyree's distrust of humans comes from the efreet's general views of other creatures as lessers, and from a time when he was summoned and captured by a wizard of Krynn. He was made to serve the wizard for 1,001 days, performing mental tasks and granting wishes to better his master. The tasks were far beneath him, he believed, and he hated having no free will. When his service was completed, Kiyree tortured and killed his master and returned to the elemental plane of Fire, where he resided for many years before joining some of his brothers on Sirion.

Kiyree is fascinated by spelljamming ships and garners a little information about them each time a new ship lands at the port—indeed, to him, information is the most valuable commodity. He eventually plans to acquire a large ship, either taking one from a port visitor or constructing one via efreet wishes and finding a traveler to operate the spelljamming helm for him. He is also quick to gather information about activities on other planets within this sphere—and others. Kiyree harbors in the back of his mind a desire for revenge against humans because of his servitude. However, he will take no action until he feels the time is right. That action is likely to be directed against Krynn. Kiyree wants to make sure he has enough force to mete out destruction, as he does not desire to be captured again and face another period of enslavement. This fear of capture nags at him, giving him a tinge of paranoia and causing him to carefully watch all the other efreet, and especially the azar, around him. He is aware of another race of creatures, the plasmen, although he does not know much about them, and he is thankful they stay away from the northern pole. He suspects they are native to the world—or are living pieces of the world, and in his uncertainty he has decided to leave them alone. He has not spoken to his efreet associates about the creatures.

"Minerals we mine, the fruit of Reorx we harvest. Plentiful be our blessings on this world."

—Ironhead Graybeard, dwarf leader

Sirion

Name: Midok

Occupation: Port Aid

Race: Efreet

AL N (Evil tendencies); AC 2; MV 9, FI 24; HD 10; hp 51; THAC0 11; #AT 1; D 3d8; SA Spells; SD Spells; MR Nil; SZ (11' tall)

Midok is a cautious efreeti, and one far less evil than the majority of his brothers on Sirion. He keeps careful watch on Kiyree, as Midok fears the vengeful efreet could spell doom for all of Sirion if he makes an imprudent move against humans. Midok sees Kiyree as power hungry and unpredictable, or at least overly suspicious. For these reasons, Midok makes sure he is nearby when any spelljamming ship lands. He wants to be certain Kiyree doesn't dispose of the travelers needlessly, thereby starting a conflict.

Midok knows of Kiyree's plans to acquire a large spelljamming ship, and he has been hoping no such vessel lands on Sirion. Midok enjoys operations on Sirion just they way they are and does not want Kiyree's far-fetched visions to ruin his own plans.

Eventually, Midok hopes to grow in power and take over the port master duties from Kiyree. To this end he has been treating the other efreet—and the azar—with respect, hoping to gain the support of both societies when the time comes to make his move. He also has been sowing seeds of doubt in the minds of other efreet about Kiyree's state of mind. He has been careful to keep his activities beneath Kiyree's notice, knowing that if the older efreet learns of his subtle treachery he will not be long to live.

"Something lurks deeper than our mines. Creatures crawl beneath our feet, their purposes black and their hearts even blacker."

—Grimlether the gnome, mine foreman

Reorx

NAME:	Reorx
TYPE:	Spherical earth body
SIZE:	D
ESCAPE TIME:	3
SATELLITES:	1 moon
DAY LENGTH:	21 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	259 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Dwarves, gnomes, humans, mindflayers

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	50 million miles (2 hours)
Sirion	20–80 million miles (5–16 hours)
Krynn	50–150 million miles (12 hours to 1.5 days)
Chislev	250–350 million miles (2.5 to 3.5 days)
Zivilyn	550–650 million miles (5.5 to 6.5 days)
Nehzmyth	850–950 million miles (8.5 to 9.5 days)
Stellar Islands (19.5 to 20 days)	1,950–2050 million miles

Overview: Reorx, the second planet from the Sun, is considered an earth body. The planet has one moon, which is largely unexplored and virtually uninhabited by humans or demihumans. Although the moon can easily support life, no races have tried to make a home there until the past few months. Recently a colony of dwarven miners took passage there on a spelljamming ship, hoping to start a new mining operation.

Reorx's regular visitors consist of dwarves, non-Krynn gnomes, Krynn gnomes, humans, mindflayers, and a smattering of dragons, in particular red ones.

Worshippers of the god Reorx believe the god dwells deep beneath the planet's mountains, in a great hall with walls and pillars of gold, silver, platinum, and mithril. Here the god is said to feast with

the spirits of long-dead dwarven kings, at banquets with mounds of roast deer and barrels upon barrels of ale. The celebrations are believed to last days and are forbidden to all those who are yet living.

The great hall does indeed exist, although the god himself has never been to the hall or the planet. The hall was fashioned by an avatar of Reorx. The avatar, who frequents the world in the form of a dwarf, often toils in the dwarven mines, associates with the gnomes, and watches the spelljamming visitors. Dwarves he has met through the decades—and who die—are invited in spirit to the great hall. Here the dwarf/avatar reveals who he really is. The spirits of the dwarves are invited to return and share in the revelry whenever the avatar is visiting the planet. On these occasions the great hall is always full. Some of the living dwarves toiling in the mines far above claim to have heard the sounds of clanking tankards.

The avatar, when he consorts with those dwarves and gnomes on the surface, keeps alive the tales of the great hall—and of the notion that living dwarves are prohibited from stepping inside, although this is not true. The stories are meant to keep the dwarves and gnomes safe, urging them to stay away from the depths of the planet, where the mindflayers dwell.

Like Sirion, Reorx uses the planet Reorx. Functioning as a crystal ball, the planet allows the god to look outward over the sphere, enabling him to easily monitor the activities on various worlds. Reorx uses the planet in this manner about once a year, usually during some religious festival in his honor, held on Reorx or Krynn. During this time, the deity observes his worshippers and chooses one to bless for the coming year.

The planet Reorx has four spelljamming ports and welcomes all incoming ships.

Climate: Reorx presents a great contrast to Sirion. Near the equator of the planet, temperatures are warm and the climate is tropical throughout the year. Rains are frequent and there is no chance of snow. About midway from the equator to the poles in either hemisphere, the temperatures begin to cool and seasons are realized. In these latitudes the summers are

*It might seem that there is little reason to travel the surface of Reorx; see *The Gatherers* description for ideas. Also, don't ignore the possibility of a rescue or chase.*

warm and the winters pleasant. Although it snows during the chilly season, rarely do the heavy, wet flakes accumulate or persist longer than a few days.

However, the nearer to the planet's poles one travels, the colder the climate becomes. The summers bloom shorter, the winters loom longer, and the snow accumulates several inches at a time and stays for weeks. The poles are covered in icecaps, and the harsh winds that whip across them make them desolate and forbidding.

Prominent Land Features: Reorx is almost completely covered with sheer mountains and deep chasms. Along the midsection of the planet, where the tropical climes dominate, the mountains are covered with lush vegetation, including tall palm and date trees. Although rains are frequent here, the only bodies of water are streams and shallow, narrow rivers that run down the mountains and into the chasms below. Heat evaporates much of the surface water.

The tallest mountain on Reorx is found in the tropical region. The top is always cloaked in clouds, and the vegetation is so thick—and much of it covered with thorns—that traversing the mountain is perilous and rarely considered.

In the equatorial regions, just into the southern hemisphere, the tops of the mountains appear flat, as if they were sawed off with a giant axe. These level mesas, barren and dotted with small boulders, are the planet's only deserts, a sharp divergence from the tropical lands so nearby.

In the temperate latitudes of Reorx, the mountains have ground-hugging, alpine vegetation and are easier to navigate, as trails have been carved into them over the past decades. Clinging to the lower reaches of the mountain ranges here are vast forests of pine and birch. Most animal life in this region stays in the forests, where it finds cover from both predators and the weather.

The poles are mountainous, also, although it is ice, not rock, that is responsible for the surface formations. The ice fragments stand like spiky fingers pointing to the heavens. They are a breathtaking sight, as the sun rises or sets behind them and the

wind whips through them, creating a soft glow and a whistling, chiming noise. The view is primarily enjoyed by spelljamming travelers who hover in their ships near the poles, safe from the frigid gusts and the icy temperatures.

Other land features are found below ground: There are sharply graded, labyrinthine tunnels that fill the mountains and mesas in the tropical and temperate areas. Like an ant hill, the passages wind about and connect, serving as both a work place and a home to the dwarves and gnomes who mine the regions. Nearly all of Reorx is rich with a variety of ores, including iron, copper, silver, and gold.

Lifestyle: There are several groups of people on Reorx: dwarves, gnomes, mindflayers, and humans. There are no elves on the planet, and those who visit via spelljamming ships are generally encouraged to make their stay a short one.

There are dozens upon dozens of dwarven communities scattered throughout Reorx, with one king to oversee them all. Nearly all of these boroughs are underground yet near the surface, where the dwarves feel more comfortable. Each community of 50 to 300 dwarves, operates 2d4 mines, the exact number depending on the number of working adult dwarves. Every such community has a leader, and all the leaders within roughly 300 square miles meet once a year to discuss the mining operations, the threat of the mindflayers, and to feast.

The dwarves are protective of their mines, but they accept the presence of nearby mining gnomes. However, the dwarves are ever-alert to make sure that the gnomish mines do not cross into established dwarven territories (see the map, Colonies on Equatorial Reorx, for a typical cross-section).

Recently, about 20 dwarves left the comfort of their mountain to travel on a spelljamming ship to Reorx's moon, Ora of The Hammer. There, away from the threat of dragons, mindflayers, and the pestering Krynyn gnomes, the dwarves set about exploring the moon for ore. They wanted to claim the entire moon, even though they knew they did not have the numbers to police it. However, things did

Any truly devout human cleric, upon hearing of the existence of primitive humans on Reorx, should hardly be able to resist mounting a missionary expedition.

not work out as planned.

The dwarves were never able to begin mining, instead settling for a defensible cave. The unfortunate miners—and the dwarves on the planet below—were unaware that wildspace monsters, including argos, delnorc plasmoids, q'nidar, and salt and swamp wig-gles, already occupied the moon. Hiding, the dwarves hope for another spelljamming ship to land and rescue them from their siege.

On Reorx, the non-Krynn gnomes operate fewer mines than the dwarves, but they are efficiently run, and the operations are copied from the nearby dwarves. While the gnomes accept the presence of the dwarves, and while the nearby communities often celebrate together, the gnomes do not brook interference from their neighbors, and they are ever-alert to make sure the dwarvish mines do not cross into established gnomish territories (see the map, Colonies on Equatorial Reorx, for a typical cross-section).

These gnomes are industrious, single-minded in their efforts to mine the mountains, and close-knit. The only facet of the mining operation they share with the dwarves is when the refined ores are taken to the spelljamming ports and sold. The gnomish communities range in population from 200 to 300. Each community is headed by a small council of retired miners. The council reports to the gnome king who lives near the mines in the tropics.

There are also colonies of Krynnish gnomes on Reorx. These colonies, which range in population from 50 to 400, are located in the temperate and tropical lands along the bases of mountains. These gnomes have elected not to build their homes beneath the earth, relishing the mild, pleasant climate. Rather than mine, they have become farmers and crafters, using the land and the plants to establish solid livings.

The Krynn gnomes trade food, hand-crafted furniture, household tools, and clothes regularly with their non-Krynn brothers and with the dwarves. Some of the ore they receive in exchange is fashioned into weapons and edged farming tools. However, the bulk of the ore is made into assorted

gadgets (that tend to annoy and frustrate the dwarves and non-Krynn gnomes). The gnomes' better received inventions include mechanical ore washers, beard detanglers, and bug swatters. The more irritating devices presented to the miners are quickly made inoperable.

Although the Krynnish gnomes have been encouraged to live many miles from the entrance to any mining dwarvish and gnomish communities, the Krynn gnomes move in with the underground dwarven and gnome communities on occasions when mindflayers have threatened their above-ground homes. The Krynn gnome communities recognize one overall ruler, although each borough has its own form of government.

Many of the Krynn gnomes consider it their mission to enlighten those mining gnomes on the planet about the delights of gardening, traveling on spelljamming ships, and inventing.

The most sinister of the Reorx communities are those of mindflayers. These fearsome creatures, who found themselves on Reorx via spelljamming ships, have established homes deep beneath the surface of the planet—and far below the mining operations of the dwarves and gnomes (see the map, Colonies on Equatorial Reorx, for a typical cross-section).

Mindflayers operate slaving operations in their tunneled abodes, bending captured humans, dwarves, and gnomes to their wills. For this reason, dwarves often hunt mindflayers. Although a few decades ago there were about a dozen mindflayers on Reorx, now they number more than 400, as spelljamming vessels have dropped off others to aid in the slaving affair.

The bulk of these slaves are humans, who are more easily captured than dwarves or gnomes. In the past several years, mindflayers have concentrated on breeding their human slaves, selling the offspring off planet, transported by other mindflayers in spelljamming ships.

The humans on Reorx are numerous and less organized than their counterparts on other worlds in the sphere. Scattered throughout the globe—even near the poles—these men and women are virtually bar-

*"The halls. I've seen the halls. Filled with gold.
Filled with gems. Filled with food and ale and hearty
dwarven laughter. Death isn't so bad."*

—Bouldercrusher, a dwarf miner who died and was revived

Reorx

barians, living in small communities of less than 50, ruled by the strongest. More of tribes than hamlets, each group of humans migrates to find food. The humans do not deal with either dwarves and gnomes, fearing them because of their unusual physiques. Gnomes and dwarves have not gone out of their way to associate with the local humans, either, whom they see as savage compared to the spelljamming humans they trade with.

The native humans are easy prey for the mindfleyers who lurk below the surface and strike communities at night. Although humans begin training boys and girls at an early age to fear mindfleyers, and instruct them in simple combat techniques against the beasts, the mindfleyers continue to win.

While not a true society, Reorx has another significant population—dragons. There are green dragons in the forests in the temperate areas, black dragons in the wet, wooded tropical lands, a few blue dragons on desertlike mesas, and white dragons at the poles. There are good dragons here as well, a smattering of copper, bronze, and brass, and these keep the activities of most of the evil dragons in check. Fortunately for the dwarven, gnomish, and human inhabitants of Reorx, there are few enough of the above-mentioned dragons that they do not pose a serious threat. Unfortunately, there is a notable population of red dragons who live high in the mountains throughout Reorx. The largest of these, believed to be a great wyrm, resides on the tallest peak in the tropics. The presence of these dragons keeps both dwarves and gnomes from exploring high into the mountains.

Although the dragons tend to keep to themselves and usually dine on mountain-dwelling beasts rather than the dwarf, gnome, and human populations, red dragons especially have been known to raid ore wagons bound for spelljamming ports, taking the silver and gold, but leaving the iron and copper behind.

A few of the non-Krynn gnome communities have begun leaving offerings for their resident dragons—silver and gold ore collected and refined—in the hopes the dragons will leave the people alone.

Ports of Call: There are several ports on Reorx in the tropical and temperate areas. The largest ports, however, sprawl on the desert-like mesa tops, where naturally flat land makes for ideal landing bases. Although each port is protected by a combined force of at least a dozen dwarven and non-Krynn gnomes, the mesa ports have twice as many protectors, and those in the force are the communities' best fighters. This is because blue dragons have been spotted near the mesas, and neither dwarves nor gnomes want spelljamming travelers to become prey for the great lizards.

The dwarven and gnomish ports are open to nearly all races, save mindfleyers and neogi. Dwarves and gnomes are greeted heartily, humans and giff are accepted, and elves are approved of by the gnomes and only tolerated by the dwarves. The situation is not a comfortable one for most elves. Ships crewed by mindfleyers and neogi land elsewhere on the planet, where they meet with Reorx's mindfleyers, conduct their business, and quickly leave.

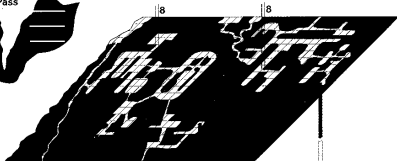
Reorx's ports were designed by dwarven engineers and built by hand-picked dwarves and gnomes. Krynn gnomes were not allowed to participate in the construction. The ports are sturdy, built of stone and specially-treated wood to last for centuries. There are no above-ground buildings at any ports, both because the gnomes and dwarves who maintain the ports prefer to live underground and because it lessens the chance of being eaten by dragons.

Each port is operated by an equal number of gnomes and dwarves. Neither race wanted the other to have a port exclusively for their own. The gnomes feared the dwarves would capture the best deals from incoming spelljamming ships, leaving nothing for them. And the dwarves feared the gnomes would coerce travelers to the gnomish ports, leaving the dwarven ports unused and the dwarves without imported merchandise. Therefore, each port is staffed by a port master, which is usually a dwarf—the dwarves argue that, since they designed the ports, they should have the lead position at each one—and the port master has three assistants: two non-Krynn gnomes and a dwarf. There are also eight laborers

Keep in mind that, despite the reference to "Krynn gnomes," the population of Reorx is indigenous to the planet, not a colony from Krynn. The "Krynn gnomes" are simply of the same racial type as those found on Krynn.

Colonies on Equatorial Reorx

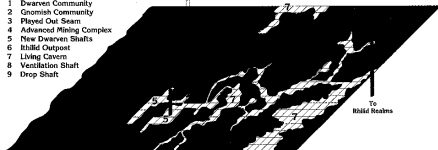
Hardhammer
Pass



□ = 1000 feet



- 1 Dwarven Community
- 2 Gnomish Community
- 3 Played Out Seam
- 4 Advanced Mining Complex
- 5 New Dwarven Shafts
- 6 Ithild Outpost
- 7 Living Caverns
- 8 Ventilation Shaft
- 9 Drop Shaft



Reorx

who load and unload ships and a guard force. When there are no ships in port, both gnomes and dwarves work to improve the facilities.

Visitors to ports are usually treated warmly by the gnomes and stoically by the dwarves. They are allowed to wander anywhere on the planet and are offered guided tours of the mines, but they are cautioned about dragons and told not to venture too far beneath the earth because of the planet's "malignant deep-dwellers." Dwarves and gnomes rarely tell visitors about the population of mindflayers, fearing it might keep the visitors from returning to Reorx. All visitors are treated to a mug of fine dwarven ale and are allowed (and encouraged) to purchase additional mugs at the port's tavern. Each port has a tavern, and it is always busy, whether there is a spelljamming ship in port or not.

There are two ports of Krynn gnome design. These appear as a garish collection of disorderly buildings, doodads, discarded inventions, and eye-popping decorated trees. Usually only the bravest or most foolish spelljamming crews land. However, there are a few "regulars" like giff who are fascinated by the gnomes' creations.

The Krynn gnomes are always excited to see visitors and offer them various inventions at discount rates. In addition, the gnomes are quick to offer adjustments and refinements to any spelljamming ships in port—usually at no charge.

Resources/Trade: The dwarves and non-Krynn gnomes of Reorx import mostly plain and practical things—strong furniture, varieties of grain not grown by the Krynn gnomes, pack animals used for hauling ore in the mines, exotic alcohols (in large quantities), tobacco, thick rugs, candy, and books on mining techniques. The dwarven and gnomish women, however, are quick to add bolts of cloth, beads, and other personal items to that list. The Krynn gnomes, on the other hand, purchase nearly anything—especially if it is colorful, makes noise, or has the potential to be used in some wondrous strange invention.

Dwarves are hard bargainers, rarely agreeing to

pay the first price quoted for goods. They haggle carefully and persistently. However, they are cautious not to anger merchants, as they want continued business. Gnomes trust the dwarves to make the best deals for imported goods.

There are a few items, nevertheless, for which the dwarves and gnomes pay top gold piece: *potions of blue, green, red, and black dragon control* and *swords of dragon slaying*. Since the dwarves realize there is a chance the potions would have no effect if imbibed by dwarves, they are quick to assign any garnered potions to gnomish port guards—who are ordered to quaff one at the first sign of a dragon of the corresponding color.

Both dwarves and non-Krynn gnomes sell unprocessed ore, refined ore, and nonmagical weapons crafted from the ore mined on Reorx. These weapons are of the finest quality and command high prices. And although ore is sometimes traded for goods the gnomes and dwarves desire, their weapons are always sold for gold pieces.

Several spelljamming crews are frequent visitors to Reorx, stopping at specified times of the year to pick up ore. These crews are treated to superior accommodations underground, and are usually provided with free mugs of ale and the best dinners the dwarves and gnomes can create.

The Krynn gnomes have goods for sale, too—a variety of vegetables of unusual shapes and colors, garish but stylish clothes, and a plethora of gimcracks, gawgaws, odd devices, and assorted inventions.

Important NPCs

Name: Reuful Ironhand

Occupation: King of the Reorx dwarves

STR: 16

INT: 18

DEX: 12

CHA: 18

WIS: 16

CON: 15

"The world Reorx is our god's anvil!"

—Steelfoot Graybeard, legendary dwarf leader

Reuful Ironhand is considered the most influential person on Reorx. The oldest dwarf on the planet, his beard is as white as clouds and his eyes are as gray as stone. Although the past few centuries have weighed heavily on him, and his axe arm swings a little slower and with less power, his mind is sharper than any mining pick. All the dwarves, gnomes, and Krynn gnomes respect him and accept his council.

Reuful was instrumental in the building of ports on Reorx. The king, always looking to the future, realized that great good could come from trading with other cultures. His people were skeptical at first, but followed his bidding. They have not questioned one of his decisions since.

Reuful also strongly believed that associating with other cultures would make his race more wise. To that end, he spends long hours over flagons of fine ale with visiting captains, quizzing them about the worlds beyond Reorx, the diversity of beings, and what lies beyond the sphere. Reuful has become the most tolerant of his brothers, even welcoming elves (much to the puzzlement of other dwarves). He has also become generous in his old age.

Name: Naddeer Silvereye

Occupation: King of the non-Krynn gnomes

STR: 13
 INT: 17
 DEX: 17
 CHA: 14
 WIS: 18
 CON: 16

Naddeer is considered middle-aged for a gnome, although he looks much older than his years—the weight of his responsibility and kingship are taking their toll.

He is a gentle soul, respected by his people and accepted by the dwarves. However, he is disappointed that he does not yet have the stature or admiration of all the races that Reuful Ironhand commands. Still, he has quietly patterned his leadership style after Reuful's.

Naddeer is a miner at heart, and he fondly remem-

bers the decades he spent happily toiling in Reorx's mines. He would be there still if his father had not passed away. He fervently hopes to return to mining work someday, but he doubts that is a possibility. So he contents himself with frequent forays into the gnome mines—"inspections," he calls them. "Reflections," is what they actually are.

Naddeer is aware the gnomes and dwarves are not yet ready to venture into a joint mining operation, each fearing that the other race will take an unfair advantage. Yet, he hopes to convince Reuful to try such a venture one day. He believes it would strengthen the bond between Reorx's two races (and he tries not to think of the Krynn gnomes).

Naddeer, too, likes to welcome spelljamming ships on occasion, especially if there is a non-Krynn gnome aboard. If this is the case, the visitor is treated royally, regaled with stories of Reorx's mines, and interrogated about gnomish life beyond the planet.

Name: Jaget Nimbletoes

Occupation: Leader of the Krynn gnomes

STR: 12
 INT: 15
 DEX: 18
 CHA: 16
 WIS: 13
 CON: 18

Jaget is the youngest of Reorx's rulers. Not yet 50, he has yet to develop facial wrinkles. He believes this youthful appearance is what keeps Reuful and Naddeer from taking him seriously.

Jaget relishes being the ruler of the Krynn gnomes, even though each community has its own form of government. The position gives him an excuse to travel to various boroughs and slake his curiosity by meddling in sundry inventions and affairs.

An avid adventurer and inventor, he busies himself with creating the finest devices on Reorx. Jaget in fact won the title of ruler of the Krynn gnomes, in a grand contest to determine the best inventor nearly a decade ago. Jaget's berry-picker-bird-caller-juice-maker-child-minder-flower-planter took first place.

"To step upon Krynn is to step into paradise. You will not want to go elsewhere—at least for quite some time. Here, step this way and let me show you something truly wondrous."

—Red Quickfoot, famed kender guide



He has not been able to create a more ostentatious or elaborately useless device but he never gives up trying.

Spelljamming visitors are almost always greeted personally by Jaget as there are never that many visitors to the Krynn gnomes' ports.

Name: Rockbottom Jones

Occupation: Port Master

STR: 18/50

INT: 15

DEX: 16

CHA: 14

WIS: 14

CON: 17

Visitors who land at one of the mesa ports almost always deal with Rockbottom Jones. The taciturn dwarf is a stickler for observing port rules, for making sure visitors do not go wandering off toward the tropical mountains—where the red dragons lair—and do not fly their ships after imbibing too much dwarven ale.

Rockbottom used to supervise the largest dwarven mine on Reorx, until a cave-in cost him his leg. Despite his handicap, Rockbottom gets along just fine with his gnome-carved wooden leg and his *ring of fly-*

ing, acquired in a shrewd deal with a spelljamming merchant. The *ring* usually works. However, it has been known to fail on occasion because of the dwarf's nonmagical nature; this angers Rockbottom, who in these instances finds himself slowly trudging back up to the mesas' ports.

Aside from his port master duties, Rockbottom is often called upon to negotiate with merchants, as he has a keen eye for goods and is an expert haggler.

Rockbottom doesn't mind working with the merchants, as he hopes to someday acquire a second *ring of flying* that he believes will serve him when the first *ring* fails.

Name: Ironeyes Fireheart

Occupation: Priest of Reorx

STR: 17

INT: 18

DEX: 10

CHA: 14

WIS: 14

CON: 13

The ancient dwarf Ironeyes is a former mining foreman who several years ago witnessed one of his miners turn into a glowing godlike form and descend into the earth. His fellow miners dismissed his sighting as the product of too much ale. However, a dwarven cleric visiting the mining camp told Ironeyes what he had witnessed was Reorx, assuming a dwarven form. The god, finished with his work, must have returned to his home in the center of the planet. What Ironeyes actually witnessed was one of Reorx's avatars. But the old dwarf was convinced the cleric was right, and the sighting was a sign to Ironeyes that he should pursue a different career.

Abandoning his foreman position and refusing to touch another sip of ale, he sought out clerics of Reorx, who were living in one of the underground communities. Begging to learn more, the elderly dwarf began schooling as a priest.

It was a hard life for Ironeyes, as he was accustomed to physical labor, not mental exercises and strict moral discipline. Still, he persevered. Now at age 350, he is a 4th-level cleric of Reorx. Ironeyes travels from mine to mine healing injured miners, conducting prayer services (which are rarely well-attended), and searching for the dwarf he saw change form.

Ironeyes has extended his teachings of Reorx to

The lack of knowledge about spelljamming possessed by Krynn residents suggests the possibility for pre-spelljamming adventures in campaigns based on Krynn, including an investigation of UFOs that may ultimately lead to a confrontation with authorities "in the know."

Reorx

spelljammer crews visiting the planet. The cleric makes regular visits to the spelljammer ports. He also heals any injured visitors in Reorx's name.

Lately, he has considered joining the crew of one of the ships so he can spread the god's words and wisdom to other worlds. He has approached a few ship captains with this idea, but as yet has found no takers.

Name: Blayze

Race: Red dragon

AL Chaotic Evil; AC -9; MV 9, FI 30(C) Jp 3; HD 19; hp 117; THAC0 2; #AT 3; D 1d10+10/1d10+10/3d10+10 20d10+10 (breath weapon); SA Spells; SD Spells; MR 55%; SZ (300')

Blayze is the largest and oldest red dragon on Reorx. A venerable dragon, she lives atop the tallest mountain in the tropics, shielded from the eyes of the dwarves and gnomes by the ever-present clouds. Blayze considers all the land she surveys as her property, including the spelljamming ports on the mesas. All the other red dragons on Reorx know of Blayze's presence and give her a wide berth. Alone, none of them could best her, and they have not yet agreed to cooperate to slay her and split her riches.

Gnomes, dwarves, and humans who foolishly tread upon her land quickly become dinner. She also has been known to dine on mindflayers who burrow beneath her mountain home. The red dragon is more cautious when dealing with these "manlings," however, as their mental powers can cause her pain before she finishes them off.

Blayze is aware of the spelljamming traffic Reorx is developing, and she is especially interested in the smaller ships that land at the ports on the mesas.

Casting her *polymorph self* spell, she frequents the largest of the ports shortly after ships arrive. Using her *detect gems, kind and number* ability, she determines if a vessel has enough gems to interest her. She has learned through the decades that dwarves are rarely interested in gems, and therefore the spelljamming ships continue elsewhere with such cargo.

Once a ship leaves the spelljamming platform,

Blayze retreats from the port, turns into her dragon form, and attacks the ship—out of sight of the dwarves below, who might seek retribution. She chooses her targets carefully, not taking on any ship so large that she fears she cannot best it. Blayze has not yet lost a battle with a small spelljammer, and she has collected many gems and other treasures for her horde. She usually burns the wreckage with another breath weapon to cover her tracks.

Occasionally, blue dragons who thrive in the heat of the desertlike areas have attempted to take on spelljamming ships. Their attempts are usually routed by Blayze.

However, at times the great red dragon allows the blues to plunder a ship. This is so any survivors or witnesses place the blame on blue dragons. Blayze is much too crafty to be seen fighting a spelljamming ship. While she harbors no particular hate for the blues, she would rather they be hunted and hounded than herself.

"To visit Krynn is to immerse oneself in history and religion; in particular, the strife of the gods."

—Lamthatort the Seventh, half-elf scholar

Krynn

NAME:	Krynn
TYPE:	Spherical earth body
SIZE:	D
ESCAPE TIME:	3 turns
SATELLITES:	3 moons
DAY LENGTH:	24 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	360 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Predominantly humans; elves, dwarves, kender, merfolk, others

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	100 million miles (1 days)
Sirion	70-130 million miles (15 hours to 1.3 days)
Reorx	50-150 million miles (12 hours to 1.5 days)
Chislev	200-400 million miles (2 to 4 days)
Zivilyn	500-700 million miles (5 to 7 days)
Nehzmyth	800-1,000 million miles (8 to 10 days)
Stellar Islands	1,900-2,100 million miles (19 to 21 days)

Overview: Krynn boasts a higher population than all the other planets and bodies in the sphere combined. The majority of its intelligent residents are humans, kender, tinker gnomes, minotaurs, half-elves and various kinds of dwarves and elves. But Krynn's diversity doesn't stop at the surface. Beneath the seas thrive merfolk, sea elves, and other water-breathing peoples. Add to the mix wondrous and magical beings—satyrs, centaurs, dryads, steg, giants, good dragons, and more—Krynn is clearly a jewel in the crown of the sphere. Tales of the heroes of the War of the Lance have even made their way to Toril and Greyhawk.

Krynn is the third planet from the Sun. There are always clouds visible at some point on the planet; still, the air is clean and clear and refreshing to

breathe. Ships hovering in the sky between the clouds have an unobstructed view of the continents, islands, and the myriad geologic and geographic features that make up Krynn.

A wealth of plant and animal life abounds on Krynn—some varieties are found nowhere else in the sphere. There are few vermin: most of the animal life on Krynn is respected within its natural habitat or domesticated for mounts and food. However, some of the creatures, evil dragons in particular, are adept at plaguing the peoples of Krynn. The populace has been able to overcome these fierce wyrms with strong sword arms and the help of good dragons.

Climate: Krynn boasts a great variety of temperatures and climates. Ansalon, one of the largest land masses, suffers frigid winter temperatures in the areas from Quainesti to Silvanesti. The elven lands, including both woods just being born and climax forests, are subject to heavy rains and milder temperatures, especially during the spring and summer. The Tarsian Plain is arid for the majority of the year. The lands of Solamnia and the Lundian peninsula have some of the most pleasant weather conditions in all of Ansalon, short winters and long growing seasons. In fact, most of coastal Ansalon enjoys mild winters because of the warm ocean breezes. The interior plains, however, are buffeted by harsh, swift winter storms, then seared dry and desolate in the summer months.

Elsewhere on the planet, the climate is even more dramatic. The northern pole is constantly covered with ice, and snowfalls are frequent, but it is not nearly as large a land mass as the southern pole. In the northern hemisphere, the planet boasts a wide tropical band where the temperatures are always warm, but the air remains fresh and pleasing because of the ever-present cool sea breezes.

There is even a place on Krynn—more appropriately, under Krynn—the land of Chorane, which has a near-constant temperature year round, an average of 45° to 65°, depending on how deep under the pole you are. Of course, humidity is high in the underground realm, and the wind blows constantly.

An interesting noncombat adventure can be created by giving your players a job as greeters in port; one of their assignments is to prepare a visiting dignitary for a tour of Krynn. This dignitary, of course, is incredibly arrogant and difficult to teach.

Krynn

Prominent Land Features: Ansalon, where the War of the Lance and other great events took place, has plains, mountains, forests, deserts, even islands. Ansalon is also the land most frequented by off-world visitors.

But there are other regions of Krynn. To the south of Ansalon lies the Icewall Glacier, which sprawls for hundreds of miles over the southern pole. Glacier-like islands dot the seas about the Icewall, white stars against the deep blue of the southern ocean. There is no vegetation anywhere on the Icewall Glacier. However, small vegetation zones have forced their way into a few of the islands' ice sheets during the brief summer months.

A thousand miles past the Icewall is Krynn's south pole—and the gateway to another land. Lava flows warm the underground realm of Chorane, which can be accessed through crevasses in the ice sheets. Chorane is simply a romantic myth to most above-ground dwellers of Krynn. Only a handful of explorers have come upon the populated underground domain, and they keep its existence secret for the good of Chorane's residents and for their own interests. However, it is rumored a few spelljamming wizards have spotted activity in the icy crevasses.

To the north of Ansalon lie the welcoming tropics, where hundreds of tiny islands appear as flecks in the water. The smallest of islands are little more than an acre of land. Though there are a plethora of these, in times of rough weather, they are almost entirely submerged. The larger islands can be several miles across. Only a dozen islands have a diameter of 30 miles or more.

All of these tropical islands boast pleasant, enchanting climates. It is difficult for many sea-going ships to sail among the islands, as the shallow shoals and reefs are treacherous; spelljamming ships have no trouble skimming the air above and finding a choice spot to land.

Nearly all of the islands are blanketed in vibrant green vegetation. Many of the larger islands are volcanic, with dormant cones towering over wide beaches. The soil is incredibly fertile on these islands because of the volcanic ash. Nowhere on Krynn is there

a wider variety of plant life than here. A remarkable variety of hook-billed birds live on the islands, as well—many of these species have been seen nowhere else on Krynn and are sought after as pets by spelljamming visitors. These birds feast on the unusual berry plants that are also unique to the islands. Wizards claim that some of these berries are useable as spell components or are themselves magical.

The tropic zone includes the fabled Isle of Dragons; here all the good dragons of Krynn waited until they were freed from the Oath. The greatest island chain is found between Taladas and the Undersea Kingdoms of the sea elves. These islands are called The Spine of Taladas, and they include Vorm, Odith, Abshu, Fedron, Chandion, Little Taladas and Selasia.

Vorm looks most spectacular from the deck of a spelljamming ship, when its large, frequently erupting volcanoes make a dazzling display of natural fireworks. The peoples of The Spine of Taladas are diverse—among the inhabitants are the Twilight Irda, the tree-dwelling Bolandi (considered by many to be far more mischievous than Kender), and the Mishcta. The islands have several human settlements along the shores that service seagoing vessels.

To the west and east of Ansalon lie great expanses of ocean. The largest continent across the ocean is Taladas, home to various humans and minotaurs: In many places the minotaurs are the dominant and most powerful race. Like Ansalon, Taladas is large enough to include a diversity in temperatures, climate, and geographic features.

Despite its size and population, Taladas has not been visited by many people from Krynn's other continents and islands. Travel on the great seas is perilous because of immense waves that have sent many a ship to the ocean's floor. Typhoons have likewise doomed low-flying spelljamming vessels.

Lifestyle: There are hundreds of communities of various sizes on Krynn—sprawling cities, thriving towns, comfortable boroughs and tiny hamlets. Governments include monarchies, oligarchies, democracies, collegiums, hierarchies, patriarchies, republics, magocracies, theocracies, and more.

"The ignorance of the people of Krynn is enchanting and primitive. Perhaps it is better we leave the world largely alone—leave it an uncut gem."

—Hia Mu Win, Shou Lung explorer

Krynn

The communities vary from large towns that are a veritable patchwork of races: humans, elves, half-elves, gnomes, dwarves, minotaurs and others, to smaller, ethnically pure pockets. For example, the tinker gnomes are a race who often keep to themselves—although not always by choice. Even though the gnomes view nearly all intelligent races of Krynn in a good light and are quick to associate with them, not all of the races reciprocate, thus frequently keeping these gnomes separate. The tinker gnomes are ever prone to create gadgets and assorted devices—some of which work as intended, most of which seem to exist solely to bother other Krynn races. Still, the gnomes live near human and elven communities, and there is rarely anything of importance that transpires in a human or elven city that the tinker gnomes do not learn.

Humans are the most numerous on Krynn, and they are quick to associate with elves, dwarves, and half-elves. They are more cautious around kender, but they usually accept the smaller folk. Humans are responsible for creating the largest cities on Krynn and they influence much of what happens in Ansalon and the rest of the planet.

Many groups of elves live apart from humans and other races. The elves on Krynn primarily include the Silvanesti (high elves), Quallnesti, Kagonesti (wild elves), and the Dargonesti and Dimernesti (sea elves.)

Dwarven races on Krynn predominately include Hill Dwarves, Mountain Dwarves, and Gully Dwarves. The latter, like the tinker gnomes, are usually not invited to associate with other communities, but they are not turned away.

The Irda are a beautiful race, stemming from the original stock of ogres—before ogres became cold-hearted and cursed. The majority live on a large, hidden island that has not yet been found—even by spelljamming travelers. The Irda are strikingly different from the other races of Krynn. They are tall and slender, with midnight blue to emerald green skin, and hair that is white or silver. However, they have the ability to shapechange, and they use this advantage to appear as humans, elves, or dwarves and

move into these other communities. Mischta ogres, offshoots of the Irda, are found primarily in the islands in the tropics.

Krynn's minotaurs are another of the powerful races of the planet. Also descended from the original ogres, these proud people with a troubled past dwell in scattered communities, on islands that are the remains of their historical kingdoms, and in large numbers on the continent of Taladas. Tremendous shipbuilders and sailors, they roam the seas of Krynn and are often sought after by spelljamming captains to serve as first mates on spacefaring ships.

In some places on Krynn, such as the underground world of Chorane, people have grouped into clans, classifying each society as unique. The three human tribes of Chorane are the Ameshites, governed by a theocracy; the Yaluu, governed by a series of dictators (the majority of them remorseless and brutal); and the Vodar, governed by a council of representatives with an elected Spokesman. Further, there are Thiewar, a type of dwarf, and the Kendar, a long-forgotten offshoot of the surface race Kender.

There are some segments of society on Krynn that are not bound by race. For example, knighthood on Ansalon is an important part of the continent's culture, and the circles of knighthood are considered as much of a society as are races and communities. The Knights of the Sword, Knights of the Crown, and Knights of the Rose are among these groups.

Ports of Call: Despite the large population of Krynn, the widespread knowledge in other spheres and on other worlds about Krynn, and the considerable spelljamming traffic to the planet, only about one-twentieth of Krynn's population are aware of spelljamming, other planets, and off worlds. There are only two ports on the planet that were created for spelljamming vessels, and both of these are located next to major cities—one in Ansalon, and the other in Taladas.

Vessels do land elsewhere on the planet, often using both terrain and spells to cover their presence, keep from startling the local populace, and avoid getting boarded. In Ansalon, spelljamming captains

"Sights and sounds—many abound. Step off your craft
and come to Merchants' Row."

—sign posted at the Palanthus port

The Haunted Galleon of Lunitari

One square = 5 feet



Main Deck

- 1 Cargo doors
- 2 Mizzenmast
- 3 Jibboom
- 4 Charred corpse
- 5 Logbook

Cargo Deck

- 6 Lantern
- 7 Wench

Steerage Deck

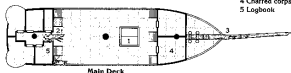
- 8 Thorny Vines
- 9 Lantern
- 10 Empty Chests

Forecastle

- 11 Ballista

Stern Castle

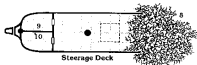
- 12 Catapult



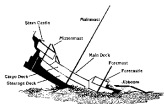
Main Deck



Cargo Deck



Steerage Deck



caught landing outside of the port at Palanthus (by people who know what spelljammers are) are ordered to take their ships to the port, leave, or face fines and penalties. The spelljamming ship is searched for contraband cargo or undesirable races such as mindflayers and neogi.

If a ship's cargo is deemed to be contraband or dangerous, it is confiscated and destroyed, and any evil creatures are killed. Penalties and fines for the ship's captain and crew are determined by the closest city official (aware of spelljamming) and range from a few dozen gold pieces to several thousands and a month or more of hard labor. Of course, as spelljammers are not common knowledge on the planet, many landings outside of ports are dismissed as illusionist spells, the gods attempting to alter the lives of the residents, or gnomish devices.

Other countries and islands on Krynn do not have

penalties for landing outside a port. However, a few communities on the larger tropical islands have considered banning the ships because of pirate attacks.

Ansalon's spelljamming port borders Palanthus on the east, the only great city that escaped the devastation wrought during the War of the Lance. The port here covers nearly two square miles. The northern and eastern borders seem to fade into wilderness. However, hidden in that terrain are portions of the port's defenses.

The Knights of Solamnia are the appointed protectors of this port. Knights, warriors, and humans, elves and dwarves loyal to the knights and to Palanthus are stationed around the port, in its buildings, and posted in the nearby woods waiting for any signs of trouble. Further, there are always 2d4 clerics stationed in the port office to add to the defense of the port or to aid any injured travelers. During peak port

"Me? Oh, I like to go to the giff tavern. It serves big drinks long into the night. Why don't you come with me?"

—Rockbottom Jones, famous dwarf miner, Krynn

times, wizards are also added to the ranks of defenders.

To the south of the port stretches a line of permanent and temporary buildings. Most of these belong to merchants waiting to do business with landing ships. These merchants pay prime prices for use of the land and are policed carefully to make sure no wrongful transactions take place. Conversely, these merchants enjoy the protection of the port, and port officials work to ensure that the Krynnish retailers are not taken advantage of too much by spelljamming sellers.

The merchants' row is also frequented by the people of Palanthus and other nearby cities. The shops are colorful, offer goods that are found throughout Krynn as well as from other worlds, and are operated by a variety of races—hill dwarves, mountain dwarves, gully dwarves, kender, half-elves, kagonosti, qualinesti, tinkler gnomes, and an occasional minotaur. Silvanesti merchants have never opened shops along the port. Though avoided by most of the Krynn shoppers, the booths handled by the tinkler gnomes are among the most-frequented by off worlders. Their whirring and blinking gadgets are quick to catch wandering eyes.

Merchants' row is a sight to behold, as the calls of the hawkers, the aromas of cooked food, and riotous music bombard and entice the senses. At night the row takes on a festive atmosphere, with candles, lanterns, and wondrous objects aglow with *continual light* spells inviting visitors to stroll by. Merchants' row is open nearly continuously, closing only for a few hours before dawn so supplies can be restocked, workers can change shifts, and the buildings can be cleaned before greeting new customers.

All travelers coming into the port on spelljamming ships are required to go through the port office before being allowed to roam freely through Palanthus and elsewhere on Krynn. This is to ensure that known pirates and others wanted for various crimes are not seeking refuge on the planet. It also allows visitors who appear ill to be barred from spreading a new disease among the populace. Visitors identified as "sick" are quickly attended to—at a charge—by

clerics at the port. Once a traveler has been pronounced "cured," he or she is free to move about Krynn.

The buildings to the west of the port, which border on the edge of Palanthus, comprise barracks for the port's defenders, the main port office (which is a building of immense proportions), and various temples set up to honor the good and neutral gods of Krynn. A handful of smaller, nondescript buildings are devoted to of other worlds.

The main port office is a place of wonder to visitors. Inside, a wall-sized mosaic map of Ansalon greets travelers. Countries, cities, and other features are pointed out by Krynn's mostly human greeters. A few qualinesti and half-elves also hold the positions. These latter greeters are sought after by elves traveling from other planets.

Books detailing various aspects of Krynnish life are available for perusal in the main port office. The people of Palanthus established this library with the hopes visitors would become acquainted with the peoples and customs of Krynn—rather than offend the various races out of ignorance. Here it is also explained that spelljammers and off worlders are not common knowledge throughout Krynn; therefore visitors should be careful what they say and do.

The port office also boasts a fine inn, where travelers are encouraged to stay, and several taverns that cater to unusual tastes. One was created just for visiting giff; however, some humans and half-elves of Palanthus have found it so engaging that they now frequent the place and few giff are seen.

The port in Taladas seems almost primitive in comparison to Palanthus' port. Located in the Imperial City and under the control of the minotaur Emperor Ambeoutin XI, the port is spartan, clean, and well-maintained. Still, it boasts none of the splendor of Merchants' Row in Palanthus, nor does it offer visitor services like those provided by the humans and demihumans of Ansalon.

Taladas' port consists of a rock-tiled slab nearly a mile square. It was created through slave labor, and each stone was leveled, polished, and anchored by human hands. From above, the slab looks like a

"The gods of this sphere are sacred. Leave news of your own deities on your own worlds. There are no places for outside gods here."

—Almut the Just, priest of Majere

Krynn

mosaic of earth tones.

Only four buildings edge the port. The largest, also made of stone, is the barracks for the minotaur warriors who provide port security. It measures nearly 350' by 100', and is home to more than 80 minotaurs—only one-third of whom are inside at any given time. A second building, made of wood and stone, sits near the barracks. Though half the size of the large building, it houses nearly twice the population. A little over 150 human and demihuman slaves are housed here, under the watchful eye of minotaur warriors and wizards. In addition to maintaining the port, the slaves are assigned to various tasks in the Imperial City.

The third port building is the home of the port master, an especially powerful and domineering minotaur called Lone-Eye. He earned his position through arena combat, and none has been greedy or foolish enough to challenge him for the job. His home is spartan-looking on the outside, yet lavishly decorated inside with expensive furs, carved wooden furniture, and racks upon racks of precious metal goblets displayed on every wall. Lone-Eye paid well to have special guards and wards placed about his home. He does not fear thieves from within the Imperial City; the spells are a precaution against off worlders.

The final building at the port is Lone-Eye's office. He refuses to conduct business at his home. The office is furnished simply on the inside, filled with large wooden tables and bench-like chairs that can accommodate a variety of races. A quartet of minotaur warriors are always present when Lone-Eye receives or dispatches goods to spelljamming captains.

Despite the guarded atmosphere surrounding the port, the Imperial City frequently receives spelljammers. The majority of the ships carry merchants, several of whom deal in slaves. One neogi ship is a regular to the Imperial City's port, trading its acquired creatures, which are used in the arena, in exchange for human slaves. There are also a few ships that come to the port because their captains want merely to explore Taladas and to add to their

experiences and list of places visited.

Other than the two major ports, spelljammers most frequently stop at gully dwarf communities. There, captains and crews trade for and buy gadgets and assorted odd-looking creations that command high prices on other worlds and in other spheres. Some ships visit the tropical islands, where their crews acquire prized hook-bills and unusual plants, and trade with a few of the communities.

There is evidence of a spelljammer crashing on the island of Fedron in the tropics. This tropical isle, which has served as the secret home of the evil Nzunta, legendary dark ogres, is considered the most dangerous of The Spine. The legends surrounding the downed spelljammer suggest its crew was tortured and killed by the island's monstrous inhabitants, and the ship discarded because it was not edible. Years later, Doom, a Nzunta chieftain, was said to have rediscovered the spelljamming engine amid a tangle of trees. Doom, who was more intelligent than his brethren, took 30 of his closest followers—those who were the purest and vilest of the dark ogre stock—and took off for the stars. He vowed to return.

Scholars familiar with the Doom story believe the Nzunta chieftain was killed, as he knew nothing of spelljamming devices and likely collided with the Sun. Clerics on the islands, however, believe otherwise. Their divination spells indicate the evil ogre is still alive, though not on Krynn. These clerics preach to the island residents that they should look to the sky and fear the return of the hateful Nzunta band.

Resources/Trade: Krynn has vast amounts of resources valued by the spelljamming merchants who visit the two official ports and other communities across the planet.

Merchants trade for metals and gems mined by Krynn dwarves, crafts and swords finely made by elves, gadgets dreamed up by gully dwarves, and the myriad things manufactured by humans, especially ornate armor. Much of the wildlife on Krynn is also in demand by merchants, whether for food, companionship, or collections. Merchants coming into port often hire bands of adventurers to hunt wildlife.

"We welcome the news of other gods and religions. That only strengthens our own beliefs. The gods of Krynn are the most powerful of all."

—Sadda Wordsmith, priestess of Kiril-Jointh

Braver or greedier souls hire hunting guides.

Jewelry of Krynnish make, especially pieces fashioned by silver and goldsmiths in Palanthus, receive fair prices and are taken to planets in other systems for sale and to be copied. Also in demand are the various ethnic foodstuffs of Krynn's races. Recipes are sold at the port, as well as stocks of breads and fruit dishes that are preserved to last for several months.

In return, Krynnish merchants who are stationed at port, or who make pilgrimages to port for new stock, purchase unusual creatures, clothes made of wondrous materials (the likes of which have never been seen by the planet's populace), unique metals, exotic foods, and works of art. Often, imported goods are sold at double to quadruple what a merchant paid for them.

Some metalmiths have begun to demand specifically ore mined on Reorx, believing it is of finer quality than that mined on Krynn. Priests of Reorx—and of other gods whose names grace planets in Krynn's sphere—seek parts of those planets to pass to worshippers (who make sizable donations to their temples).

Other popular Krynnish commodities are songs and stories. Palanthus bards earn many gold pieces each time a new spelljammer arrives in port. Through tunes, poems, and elaborate stories, bards weave their tales of adventure and life on Krynn, delighting the captains and crews of visiting ships. Some of these bards are commissioned to serve a time on ships, to compose songs and write stories about the crew's adventures.

Adventurers are also considered resources in the ports. Adventurers who arrive on incoming spelljammers are quick to disembark and spend months, occasionally years, exploring Krynn, and in the process spending what gold they acquired elsewhere to bolster Krynn's economy. In exchange, Krynn-born wanderers often pay well for a chance to explore another world.

Important NPCs

Name:	Tempest Ruse
Occupation:	Palanthus Port Master
STR:	10
INT:	15
DEX:	14
CHA:	18
WIS:	17
CON:	16

Tempest, a middle-aged human woman who looks much younger than her years, is the newly appointed manager of Palanthus' spelljamming port.

The Palanthus native, who served for many years in the city's guard force, left Krynn nearly five years ago to serve as first mate on a spelljammer locust. For the next three years, Tempest adventured in Realmspace, frequently stopping on Toril, where the captain had lucrative trading contracts. However, when the captain died of illness on one of those stops, his ship was inherited by his twin sons—and they saw no place for a woman in authority.

Crushed, Tempest spent a year on Toril until she could gain passage on another ship bound for Krynn. When she set foot in Palanthus, she realized just how much she had come to miss her world and knew that she could never leave it again. She found work at the spelljammer port, where she could spend her off hours talking with the off world travelers. Her presence at port was a boon to the city, and she proposed the creation of many services for incoming visitors, which provided work for many citizens.

When the port master retired several months ago, Tempest was quick to apply for his job—and the Palanthus council knew she was the most qualified applicant.

Tempest has never been happier and does not mind the long hours she imposes upon herself. Her handsome salary pays for a fine apartment in the best section of the city and allows her to purchase objects of art and beautiful clothes and jewelry that come from other worlds.

Tempest makes it a practice to meet with the

Human PCs traveling in the minotaur port, though officially under protection from capture, may nevertheless be subject to attack by an unscrupulous slave dealer.



captains of all incoming spelljammers while she is on duty. Many of the captains are old friends, and they are quick to relate stories of their travels and to spread news about happenings in wildspace and the phlogiston.

Name: Darget Pondersmith
Occupation: Merchants' Row Guildmaster
STR: 18/00
INT: 15
DEX: 18
CHA: 18
WIS: 17
CON: 18

Darget is a most formidable human—and a dangerous one to his opponents. The quick-thinking actor-turned-merchant was one of the first sellers to

open a stall along the spelljammer port, and he was the first to organize the merchants. Naturally, he was appointed head of the guild he shaped. Despite his distance from the merchants in the business district in Palanthus, his influence has spread throughout the entire city. Darget's decisions and policies concerning Merchants' Row trickle into the city and are often adopted by the more formal merchants guild that exists there.

Through Darget's efforts, the port guild monitors all merchants who buy and sell along Merchants' Row. Each incoming merchant must list the type of goods he or she intends to sell, and must contact the guild for permission to modify that list. Because of the careful watch on selling, no two merchants hawk the same goods—at least over the counter. To get caught doing so means a hefty fine to the guild and possible expulsion from Merchants' Row. After all,

*"Krynn is the jewel of this sphere. No finer world is there."
—Ruqoi Whitesail, first Palanthus Port Master*

there are many merchants on the waiting list for stalls along the Row.

The merchants do not seem to mind the stringent policy, for being in the guild has its benefits. For example, if a merchant along the row has been stolen from, the entire guild assists in having the thief caught and punished—Darget usually serves as the judge in these cases. Further, if any merchant is especially down on his luck, the guild makes him a low-interest loan.

Darget relishes his power and basks in the wealth the port has provided. He is earning far more gold than he ever did strutting across Palanthus' stage. The merchant maintains his stall along the port, in addition to running several businesses within Palanthus' business district. His ownership of these latter businesses, however, is hidden by false names and disguised visages. Darget does not want any of Palanthus' merchants to know just how powerful and wealthy he is. Darget's holdings also include several inns and farms—also held under false identities. To aid in his ruse, Darget employs a *hat of disguise* and his theatrical skill of changing voice and mannerisms to portray his various personas who own businesses within the city.

Player characters crossing paths with Darget find him shrewd, but approachable. The merchant is always willing to chat with adventurers who might have interesting items for trade that could command a high profit when sold through his other shops to Palanthus' citizens.

Name: Elyath Moonspun

Occupation: Cleric of Mishakal

STR: 10
INT: 17
DEX: 11
CHA: 18
WIS: 17
CON: 7

Elyath is a female human, who appears beautiful, yet exceedingly frail. A devoted and respected cleric of Mishakal, she has made it her life's work to preach

the glories of her god to all incoming travelers at Palanthus' spelljamming port—at least to those who will listen to her.

Elyath fears that, as more people from other worlds come into the port bringing news of their gods, the people of Krynn will stray from their faith. Mishakal must gain followers, not lose them to foreign ideas, Elyath has decided.

To this end, she busies herself healing any wounded visitors, making it clear it is because of Mishakal that they are being cared for. She feeds both beggars who frequent the port—and down-on-their-luck adventurers coming in on spelljammers. And all the while she proclaims the greatness of Mishakal.

Elyath has garnered several converts through her efforts, and she has been training a few young clerics to take over for her in the event she becomes too ill to carry on her work, or takes her preaching off Krynn by signing on with a spelljamming crew. This latter possibility has become increasingly intriguing to Elyath, and she has been looking for a ship whose crew worships a foreign god. She intends to convert them while preaching to others during the ship's travels.

Name: Stony Sixfingers

Occupation: Master of the Port Thieves Guild

STR: 16
INT: 18
DEX: 18
CHA: 12
WIS: 16
CON: 17

Stony, a half-elf who can pass for elf or human based on his mannerisms, knows the port better than any other individual on Krynn.

The conniving, greedy thief has mapped in his mind every darkened corner, back door, and window ledge of the port buildings. And he knows the faces of every merchant, guard, and port official. He even suspects there is more to Darget than appearances suggest.

Raised on the streets in Palanthus' poor quarter, the thief was quick to accumulate a store of wealth by robbing those unfortunate, careless or weak.

To explain further about the configuration of the moons: from the surface of Krynn, in any place at any given time, there may be no moons visible, one moon or two moons visible, but never all three.

Shortly after the port was built, he moved his operations to Merchants' Row and the taverns there that cater to off worlders. His wealth has grown tenfold, and the small, yet tightly-knit guild under his directions has become increasingly powerful. A hand-drawn map of the port area, usually titled *The Guild Map of Sky Port* (see page 37), is one of Stony's creations. Hidden in the drawings of the buildings is a thieves' code which includes the guild's secret recognition signals: "Knock thrice, once, twice," and "Say kender knocks, moon speaks." Random squiggles on the back of the map point out escape routes, gem stashes, and corrupt caravan owners.

Stony directs his operations against both Palanthus residents and off world visitors. He is especially fond of targeting giff, as the hippo men collect weapons. He is also quick to steal magic, using the skills of a thief-wizard in his guild to point out weapons and other objects of magic carried by port visitors.

Despite the port guards' efforts to apprehend him, Stony has remained free. He enjoys his cat-and-mouse games with the warriors and knights who protect the port. Still, the half-elf realizes that one day the guards could learn enough about his operations to get closer to him. To this end, he has been studying the movements of ships into and out of the port. If the day comes when he fears being caught, Stony will stow away aboard a spelljammer and take his thieving operation elsewhere.

The port authorities have offered a sizeable reward to anyone who apprehends the thief who is behind the guild at the port. So far, many adventurers have taken the challenge—but none have brought in Stony.

Name: Lone-Eye

Occupation: Minotaur Port Master

STR: 20
INT: 18
DEX: 18
CHA: 18
WIS: 14
CON: 20

The massive minotaur is one of the strongest and craftiest of his kind in the imperial City.

Trained for combat from an early age, Lone-Eye was quick to become a favorite in the arena and to rise in wealth and power with every win. He won his current position through combat, and he does not fear anyone taking the job away from him.

Although he concentrates to increase his wealth and power, he also works to improve the operations at his port. He brooks no dissent from those under his command.

Lone-Eye took his name shortly after working at the port. Disagreeing with a pair of neogi and their umberhulks, the minotaur was quick to teach them a lesson. He won, but he lost an eye in the process. Those who work at Taladas' port believe the incident left him meener—and greedier.

Name: Scheteckch

Occupation: Minotaur Port Wizard

STR: 12
INT: 16
DEX: 12
CHA: 16
WIS: 16
CON: 14

Scheteckch is considered a wizard of high sorcery, whose greed is matched only by his ability to weave deadly spells.

Loyal to Lone-Eye because the pay is good, the wizard works to keep the port slaves in line—using spells to torture them if necessary.

Scheteckch is usually the first minotaur to greet captains of incoming spelljammers. His shrewd judge of character helps him determine the motives of his visitors and how powerful they are. On occasion, he has used spells to ferret out important information, such as what is in the cargo hold of the ship.

Scheteckch has traveled several times on spelljamming vessels—at the direction of Lone-Eye. The trips were made to gather information about the vessels and their operations.

From the surface of any given moon there will be either one other moon visible, or none, but never both. The one moon that is invisible to the other two is said to be "isolated," and it is at these times the avatars plan their most dangerous plots.

Kryynn

History of Kryynn: With the coming of spelljamming and the dawning awareness—by some of Kryynn's population—of the presence of other worlds, Kryynn's own origin has been scrutinized.

The legends say the gods were born before the stars and planets and lived in the presence of the High God. Under the High God they formed a triangle of Good, Evil, and Neutrality that brought Chaos to the heavens.

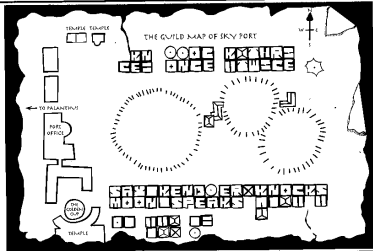
Clerics of the gods expound upon how Reorx struck his hammer, and the sparks became the first stars. The light of the stars were spirits of all alignments, and the gods were quick to quarrel over which of the spirits would belong to whom. This conflict started the All-Saints War, and during its course the gods of Good and Neutrality joined forces to keep the gods of Evil from winning.

In the end, the gods of Good brought life and form to the spirits, while the gods of Evil made certain that the spirits thirsted, hungered, and had to work. The gods of Neutrality gave the spirits free will so they could choose between good, evil and neutrality.

Kryynn was created as a home for these spirits.

That story was believed without question until spelljamming ships and wizards, with the ability to see beyond Kryynn, brought news of other worlds—Reorx, Sirion, others within Kryynn-space . . . and others beyond Kryynn-space.

Now clerics of the Kryynn gods believe that the worlds within the sphere were created at different times—with the Sun and Sirion being first, then Nehzmyth and the Stellar Islands, and then the worlds between. They are certain Kryynn was created last—the best of the gods' creation. The other worlds



"Slaves we shall never be. We shall never work for the creatures in the rocks, the creatures of evil."
—Rockbottom Jones, famous dwarf miner, Kryynn

Krynn

were merely experiments.

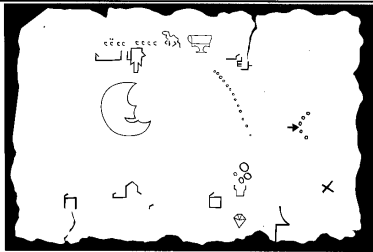
Krynn, being the most populated world in the sphere, initially became home to the choicest of beings—until the gods decided that the other worlds could not remain barren. The worlds would be filled with beings for the Krynn residents to meet when it came time for them to explore beyond Krynn.

The worlds also gave the gods more “pieces” to work with in their great game of guiding the destiny of the sphere.

The clerics believe the gods of good put humans, elves, gnomes, dwarves, kender, and other intelligent creatures on the worlds. The gods of evil were responsible for all monsters. And the gods of neutrality made it possible for humans and demihumans to choose their own path in life—thus explaining why not all of them are good.

The Moons of Krynn circle their world equi-distant from each other and from Krynn. Despite the uniformity of their orbits, the moons are each a different size and call to mind the divergent gods in the Krynn culture. Because of the moons’ orbits, from the surface of any one of them only one other moon can be seen. The third moon is always hidden behind Krynn. This is a constant frustration—and benefit—the deities the moons were named after. If their moon happens to be the “odd moon out” at the time, it is invisible to and unable to see either of the other.

Wizards of the White Robes, followers of Solinari; Wizards of the Black Robes, followers of Nuitari; and Wizards of the Red Robes, followers of Lunari, believe they gain spellcasting abilities from these three moons. This is true to a point, depending on the position of each moon in relationship to Krynn. This is



"Hard to write now. Long starvation. Constant questions. The dragon means to kill me . . . take my place. Must hide this diary . . . preserve with a spell. May the gods grant that someday, someone find it and the truth."

—the secret diary of Mel Ling

Krynn

more fully explained in the DRAGONLANCE® realms hardback. The closeness of the moon, and therefore the closeness of the god's avatar, play a part in the granting of a wizard's power. When a respective Robes' moon is full, ceremonies are held to honor the globe and the god said to reside within it. During these grand celebrations, wizards feast and revel long into the night—until the moon disappears in the morning sky. The most powerful among them make lengthy and impressive speeches about their magical practices and the benefits their god bestows upon them. The celebrations of the Wizards of the White Robe are joyous and long remembered. When the moon cannot be seen, the wizards are careful and sometimes fearful that one among them has done something to anger the orb.

Wizards of the Black Robes and Wizards of the White Robes are more reserved, their speeches tend to include plans for helping the area and peoples. The celebrations of the Red Robes are more elaborate and the speeches concentrate more on the magical order. The festivities of the Black Robes, however, are sometimes grisly, and when the common folk suspect such a gathering is planned nearby, they lock their doors and bar the windows.

Actually, any of the wizards can gain spellcasting abilities without the aid of the moon or the god, but the moon gives them added benefits. Their gods' avatars can play a part in whether they receive bonus spellcasting mastery. The god Lunitari takes a more active role in the lives of the Wizards of the Red Robes.

Nuitari: This is the smallest of the three moons, and from a distance it appears black, as dark as the god Nuitari's corrupt heart. The blackness of the moon's surface and the dark spires of its mountains give Nuitari its appearance. The few trees and the multitude of mosses that grow there are deep green, nearly black. Early spelljamming explorers from Krynn found no signs of life on the moon—despite its clean, breathable atmosphere. However, they found the remains of several spelljammers—minus the remains of any crews. Because of that, the moon is thought to be uninviting and uninhabited. That is

far from the truth.

Scattered across Nuitari are DelNoric plasmoids, who have developed a taste for the spelljamming dwarves who chanced to stop at Nuitari to take ore samples. The plasmoids have no societies, living in small groups and foraging for whatever wilderness brings their way. All of the DelNoric plasmoids are evil in alignment.

Other creatures living on Nuitari include a handful of marooned lutums, a few lensman beholder-kin, and an unknown number of argos. Nuitari's inhabitants are all evil, and they have successfully hidden themselves from spelljamming ships passing by the moon. However, ships that did land quickly discovered there was life on the moon. The crews of those ships did not live to pass on the information. The ships were claimed by some of the moon's inhabitants—who tried to use them to escape Nuitari. It is unknown whether the creatures were successful in piloting the stolen spelljammers.

The moon's residents are forced to live off each other and the variety of mosses that abound on Nuitari's surface. Several varieties of the moss are addictive, and creatures that feast upon them guard them zealously and have no desire to leave the moon—or their favorite moss patch.

Legends say the god Nuitari resides on the moon. Although this is not true, the god's avatar frequently visits to use the moon as a wizard eye from which to look at other worlds in the sphere. Krynn is usually Nuitari's most-often watched world. However, the evil god never goes more than a few months without spying on Lunitari and Solinari to see if those gods' avatars are at work on some scheme. Nuitari delights in concocting grand plans to affect the life on Krynn—especially when the moon Solinari is behind Krynn, preventing that god's avatar from watching Nuitari.

According to religious legend, Nuitari is the twin brother of Zeboim and the son of Takhisis and Sargonnas. He is considered the god of Black or Evil Magic, and Wizards of the Black Robes are reported to receive their spells from the moon Nuitari. This is partially true. While most Black Robes believe their

It is quite possible that the underground labyrinths of Chislew might house items of interest to adventurers: either remnants of long-dead civilizations, or at the very least ores and gems to fire the heart of even the most greedy of dwarves.

magical power stems from the moon and the god in it, only 10 or 11 of the wizards actually benefit by the presence of Nultari's avatar at any one time. Each year the avatar selects 10 Black Robes to whom he grants maximum spell casting ability for the next 12 months. In other words, each spell cast by those wizards—for the duration of the year—will have maximum effect and maximum duration. Further, of those 10 selected wizards, if one is shown to wreak the most havoc on Krynn and to commit the most vile acts, he or she is given a boon for the following year. Spells cast by the wizard during that year retain their maximum effect, and spells which normally allow a target to have a saving throw are automatically successful.

Lunitari: The largest of the three moons, Lunitari looks the most inviting with its many pools of water, its tall shrubs and grasses, and its cloudless sky. Yet, like Nultari, the moon appeared to be uninhabited to the eyes of Krynnish spelljamming explorers.

However, Lunitari has life, though not in abundance. A quartet of watcher beholder-kin make their home upon the moon. Their mission in life is simply to watch, noting any important occurrences. These watchers avoid participating in the activities within the sphere and abstain from physical conflicts unless their lives are in danger. They have been able to successfully hide from spelljamming visitors and from the prying eyes of wizards using *crystal balls* and other magic.

The few other inhabitants of Lunitari are a mated pair of old hadozee; five neutral DeGleash plasmoids, who were stranded on the moon following a disastrous spelljamming trip; and a lone rastipede who was unfortunate enough to be on the DeGleash ship.

Although the inhabitants have had a few opportunities to leave the moon behind—by contacting the explorers from visiting spelljamming ships—they have decided to stay in this paradise and avoid contact with visitors. This makes the visitors believe Lunitari is uninhabited. The few explorers who considered setting up a temporary home on the moon

were quickly discouraged. Lunitari's inhabitants were quick to work together to make the moon seem haunted and inhospitable, using the hulk of an old, crashed spelljamming vessel (see the map *The Haunted Galleon of Lunitari*, page 30).

The inhabitants of the world have "mined" the ship's carcass with a variety of scary, inexplicable sights, sounds, and smells. Their objective is to be eerie and nerve-racking without going overboard—they don't want to make it too obvious that visitors are not welcome.

The cargo doors have been slagged shut with fire; the metal is fused and mixed with charred wood. The upper deck and ship's ladders between decks are slimy with moss and rot; extra Dexterity checks are necessary to stay upright.

The other access to the lower decks is through the thorny vines growing around the smashed prow. These have been deliberately cultivated to be dense and painful; the inhabitants have coated some of the thorns with a mild poison that causes pain, itching, or hallucinations in those who pass through them (saving throw vs. poison +1 to avoid—those who fail have a -1 on all fear saving throws later on). An explorer skilled in herb lore might know that this breed of thorns has no natural poison.

Each room harbors some "special effect" the denizens have worked out for the purpose of shaking the confidence of explorers. Most of these effects are simple and hard to detect as false.

The denizens are prepared for a certain amount of heroism on the explorer's parts; they will plant a logbook in the upper deck chartroom for adventurers to find, hoping the interlopers will carry this away and leave to study it. It is, of course, filled with lurid details of horrible planetary monsters and finally a savage death for all crew members. Each time a logbook is carried off, a new one is prepared; the hadozee take particular delight in writing these accounts.

The avatar of Lunitari is almost always on the moon, frequently mingling with the inhabitants in the guise of one of their forms. The avatar feels it is important to stay near Krynn, where the other gods

"A giant is a giant among men and beasts. A dragon is a garishly colored lizard that has somehow gotten too big."

—Sully Gatherer-Clan, king of the swamp giants

frequently meddle, and is certain this moon is the ideal spot from which to observe all the activities.

Like the other planets and some of the moons in the sphere, the moon Lunitari can be used as a variation of the wizard eye spell, allowing the avatar to watch the sphere as if the moon were an eyeball. The avatar finds himself frequently frustrated, however, as either Nuitari or Solinari (or both) is always behind Krynn, and therefore left unobserved. Lunitari's avatar rarely interferes in the course of life on Krynn or on the moons. The avatar has become like the watcher-beholder-kin of his moon, taking everything in and not acting directly.

However, the deity cannot break off all involvement in the sphere. Lunitari's avatar acts through the Wizards of the Red Robes and takes an aggressive part in determining who will become students of Red Robe sorcery. Those pupils deemed worthy are granted a clear mind to allow them to memorize spells and follow in the teachings of the high-level Red Robes. Those who do not appeal to Lunitari are never able to pursue Red Robe sorcery, the spells and doctrines being too deep for them to understand.

Once each year, Lunitari blesses choice followers by granting them improved intelligence or wisdom. No more than five wizards are imparted with the attributes. However, news of the affected wizards' "awakenings" travels among the other Red Robes and inspires them to do better, to honor the moon Lunitari and the god Lunitari.

Once every decade, the moon Lunitari eclipses with the Sun in the sphere. The incident lasts for several hours, and during this time all Red Robes' spells have maximum duration and effect.

Solinari: This moon is perhaps the most interesting of the three, as it is always cloaked in clouds, and therefore presents a mystery. One half of the moon always has its "face" turned toward Krynn, while the other is always pointed away, toward the other planets. The "face" Krynn sees looks much like a temperate piece of Ansalon—filled with trees, ground cover, lakes and low hills. The other face of Solinari is barren, rocky, and desolate. Of course, these fea-

tures are only noticed if viewed from the atmosphere of Solinari. When viewed from Krynn, Solinari looks like a ball of mist.

While several spelljamming ships have explored the two surfaces of Solinari, none have stayed more than a few months. Despite the pleasant appearance of the temperate side of Solinari, the air is thin and makes most races uncomfortable. The barren side of the moon also has a thin atmosphere, and it is very cold. Visitors without spells and magic to resist cold cannot exist long on this part of Solinari.

The moon has few inhabitants, and these keep to themselves and avoid any spelljamming visitors. This is not because the creatures are skittish, but because Solinari's avatar demands the creatures not to give away their presence. These inhabitants include scattered tribes of grommams and good-aligned De-Gleash plasmoids.

Solinari's avatar is often found on this moon, appearing as a grommam and cavorting through the moon's trees with the ape-folk.

The avatar uses the moon Solinari like a giant crystal ball, but looking out of it, rather than in it, to see various places throughout the sphere. Unfortunately, the avatar cannot always watch the moon Nunitari, as it is sometimes directly behind Krynn. This causes the avatar much consternation, since he believes the god Nunitari works at foul plans during these times.

The avatar considers his worshippers, the Wizards of the White Robes and the grommam, "his people," and works to protect them and channel them in directions that improve their lots in life. Solinari especially favors cleric-wizards, and it is to these dual-classed White Robes that he grants privileges and abilities. Such followers of Solinari will always heal the maximum amount possible when casting curative spells on other White Robes. Further, the amount of time needed to memorize spells is cut by half during times of a full Solinari moon.

"She calls herself Ebon, and she is a beautiful dragon. She tells me that I can help cement relations between our two races by trading information with her. After we understand each other better, our peoples will get along better. What a wonderful opportunity!"

—the secret diary of Mei Ling

Chislev

NAME:	Chislev
TYPE:	Spherical earth body
SIZE:	E
ESCAPE TIME:	4 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	27 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	454 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Humans, demihumans

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	300 million miles (3 days)
Sirion	270 million to 330 million miles (2.7 to 3.3 days)
Reorx	250 million to 350 million miles (2.5 to 3.5 days)
Krynn	200 million to 400 million miles (2 to 4 days)
Zivilyn	300 million to 900 million miles (3 to 9 days)
Nehzmyth	600 million to 1,200 million miles (6 to 12 days)
Stellar Islands	1,700 million to 2,300 million miles (1.7 to 2.3 days)

Overview: Chislev, the fourth planet from Krynn-space's Sun, is classed as a liveworld by Shou Lung spelljamming explorers from Toril. Other travelers also recognize the planet as a liveworld. However, residents of other planets within Krynn-space refer to Chislev as an earth body.

Perhaps one of the least populated planets in the sphere, in terms of human and demihuman life, Chislev nonetheless is filled with wondrous live plants and a variety of animals.

The world is named for the god Chislev, who is believed by many of his worshipers to dwell there; as with other worlds in the system, it is actually one of Chislev's avatars. The avatar spends about 30 to 40 days each year on the surface of the world, conversing with the plant and animal life. When the god believes other deities are gaining ground in the sphere, the avatar retreats to the center of the planet to use it

as a powerful wizard eye to spy upon activities on other worlds and moons. Chislev's avatar uses this power infrequently.

Climate: Chislev is a jungle. From pole to pole the world is covered with plants. Chislev has no oceans, and only a few dozen lakes. Most of the water on the world is choked with vegetation.

Along the planet's equator, where temperatures are the hottest, the land is tropical and covered by an immense climax rainforest. Broad-leaved plants of dense green stand thick across the ground, their roots delving deep into subterranean pools. Most species have abundant fruit year-round. These fruits run the gamut from pulpy, to fleshy, to juicy varieties, and there is at least one which satisfies the thirst of each native animal. Many types of nuts also grow in abundance, and brilliant flowers hang like moss from the trees. The trees here reach to 200 feet or more, and their trunks span 20 to 40 feet in diameter—sometimes more!

The temperatures in the tropics are intense throughout the year. The only respite from this heat comes during the frequent storms.

The world's jungles spread from the equator more than 60 degrees latitude into each hemisphere, toward the poles. On the far edges of this zone the temperatures are still very warm, but are tolerable for humans and demihumans. Many of the same tree and vegetative species found along the equator are here but they are not as tall. The storms are present here, too, and they help account for the immeasurable variety of plant life.

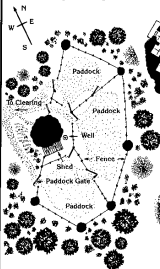
Chislev's jungles feature plants found throughout Krynn-space—plus a myriad unique species found nowhere else, not even in other spheres. Many of the plants are parasitical and grow on top of other vegetation. It is common in the swamps to find orchids growing atop thick vines, sprouting out of trees.

At Chislev's poles a hint of temperate forest is evident. The ground is drier here, and the slightly cooler temperatures allow a few varieties of pine and other conifers to grow. There are fewer trees here that produce fruits and nuts, and there is less animal

"A broken world lies before you. This is what happens when one challenges the gods."

—Almut the Just, priest of Majere

Mei Ling's Camp



Main Level



Upstairs Guest Rooms



Tree Trunk Cross-section

□ = 10 feet

Secret Cavern



Basement



Main Level

- 1 Entrance Foyer
- 2 Center Hall
- 3 Living Room
- 4 Dining Room
- 5 Kitchen
- 6 Hatch to Basement

Upstairs Guest Rooms

- 7 Hallway
- 8 Bathing Room
- 9 Women's Guest Room
- 10 Men's Guest Room

Basement

- 11 Hall
- 12 Woodpile
- 13 Meat Locker
- 14 Dry Goods
- 15 Mei Ling's Bedroom
- 16 Secret Passage to Cavern
- 17 Laboratory
- 18 Drying Room
- 19 Smokehouse

Secret Cavern

- 20 Stone Steps
- 21 Underground River
- 22 Treasure Vault

life at the poles. However, bands of human and demi-humans have discovered that the land at the poles is very suitable for farming.

Because they are drier, the polar forests are subject to firestorms that sweep across the land during summer. In places, these storms reduce the forests to stretches of blackened ground. However, no land on Chislev remains empty for long. Plant life soon takes root with the next rainstorm.

Except for summer firestorms, the world seems to display no seasons—just constant warm temperatures and frequent rainstorms throughout the year. However, there seem to be more storms in what would be the planet's fall and winter months.

In fact, the planet is ringed by a dense, stormy atmosphere. Sunny days are almost nonexistent at the poles and are rare along the midpoints of the planet. Only at the equator does the sun seem to

poke through with any frequency, and this is because the intense heat burns away the moisture in the air.

Use the following table to determine planetary weather conditions for Chislev.

1d8 Spring/Summer

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1 | Strong Winds |
| 2 | Strong Winds |
| 3 | Strong Winds |
| 4 | Storm |
| 5 | Storm |
| 6 | Gale |
| 7 | Gale |
| 8 | Monsoon/Tornado* |

Fall/Winter

- | |
|------------------|
| Strong Winds |
| Strong Winds |
| Storm |
| Storm |
| Gale |
| Gale |
| Monsoon/Tornado* |
| Monsoon/Tornado* |

* Monsoons and Tornadoes occur only if the previous day's weather was Gale. Otherwise, treat as gale force winds.

"Spinning rocks. Hmm. Lots of spinning rocks. We should be able to create something that does the same thing—only it must blink and make noise."

—Marjor of the *Liddlebidoeverythingputogether*

Chislev

A typical storm on Chislev lasts for 1d6 hours, with gales and tornados lasting 1d4 hours. Monsoon winds, which are found in the tropics, last for 1d10 hours.

Storms, gales, monsoons, and tornados are always accompanied by rains.

Chislev's atmospheric conditions can cause difficulties for spelljamming ships taking off and landing. Because of this, it is not uncommon to see a spelljammer orbiting the planet, waiting for a clearing in the weather.

Prominent Land Features: The largest bodies of water on the world are lakes, and none of these are greater than a mile across. Spelljamming travelers, including the Shou Lung explorers, classify the world as having only one continent, that covers the entire planet.

This massive continent is not without its varied features. For example, in the northern hemisphere, just above the equator, unevenly spaced volcanoes seem to ring the entire world. It is theorized that if one were to travel downward far enough, one would come to a series of passageways and caverns linking all the volcanoes on the world into one gigantic system. Shou Lung explorers believe that if the volcanoes were ever to become active, they could split Chislev's continent in two.

The majority of Chislev's mountain ranges are found in the southern hemisphere, close to the poles. It is difficult to spot these mountains from far above the planet, since trees and plant life cover everything, making the region seem a featureless green. These mountain slopes are vulnerable to firestorms, however, as the ground is drier on the tops of the mountains.

The northern hemisphere has few mountains, though there are hills along the band of dormant volcanoes and at the pole. As in the southern hemisphere, the plant growth on the hills at the northern pole is subject to firestorms.

Other prominent geographical features include a series of canyons a few hundred miles north of the equator. Called the "Hand of Chislev," this series of five connected canyons is filled with junglelike plant

life that reaches up the canyon walls. A dramatic waterfall cascades into the largest of the canyons, the "thumb," as scholars have dubbed it. The water rushes into a small lake and drains into underground caverns. Unique ferns, found nowhere else on the planet, grow along the canyon walls. These "caterpillar" ferns are sought after by spelljamming visitors, as a component in healing potions. Potions made with ground fern rhizomes automatically heal 8 points of damage.

The underground caverns beneath the canyons have little solid ground to walk upon. The caverns, in effect, are a series of underground pools. Despite the inky blackness and the high humidity, the caverns teem with fish and reptiles.

Lifestyle: Humans and demihumans are rare on Chislev, with most living on the northern and southern poles, away from large, predatory animals. These bands of humans, elves, dwarves, and kender are loosely-knit and disorganized. They are primitive, barbaric, and move about to find food. Only a few of the bands have established communities, and these are without any form of government. The focus of these tribes' lives is to stay alive. Strength, the ability to gather food, and top hunting skills are most admired.

The Shou Lung explorers tried repeatedly to educate these pockets of humans and demihumans. The explorers were met with superstition and fear, and the tools they offered were quickly discarded. Intent upon "saving" these people, the Shou Lung explorers captured two of each type of people—dwarves, humans, elves, and kender—and took them off of Chislev where they could be trained. Years later the people were returned to the world, but there is no evidence that these individuals have changed the lifestyle of the tribes on the planet.

The dominant species on the planet are giants. Hill giants live in the mountains south of the equator, and swamp and bosk giants live throughout the globe. These latter two giants are detailed in the *Monstrous Compendium* entries at the end of this supplement.

All giants have the rudiments of civilization, living in crude villages with simple forms of government.

"Could a people become so powerful that they could destroy their own world, and yet be so unwise as to use this power? I think that more likely than the gods smashing Zivilyn. Shame."

—Sadda Wordsmith, priestess of Kiri-Jolith

The rulers of these villages are usually the strongest, with leadership frequently determined by combat. Giants disdain both the humans and demihumans on Chislev, considering them little more than animals. The swamp giants have left the humans and demihumans alone, and have fought them only on the rare occasions when "small ones" have ventured on to giant land. However, bosk giants have no qualms about attacking and capturing humans. No humans or demihumans have been known to survive combat with these giants.

Despite the variety of animal life on the planet, the actual number of animals is limited. This is primarily due to the voracious appetites of Chislev's largest predators—dragons.

Green and black dragons in particular bask in the humid, jungle atmosphere of the planet. The dragons are numerous and have grown to cooperate with each other, recognizing each others' territories and generally avoiding trespassing. Only the largest and meanest of the wyrms ignore boundaries and challenge other dragons.

Unlike dragons' hoards on other worlds throughout the spheres, the treasures of green and black dragons of Chislev are, with few exceptions, simple. In fact, the dragons of Krynn would consider their

Chislev brothers poor. Chislev dragon hoards consist of crude metal and bone jewelry made by swamp and bosk giants, primitive humans and demihumans, and the wooden carvings of hill giant artisans.

These latter objects have become prized by dragons, and groups of hill giants have been known to leave wooden sculptures as sacrifices. Black dragons accept this arrangement. Chislev's green dragons, however, have chosen to war continually with the various giant communities.

Ports of Call: There are no formal ports of call on Chislev, nothing that could compare with the facilities on the other planets in the sphere. However, there is a section of land near the equator, roughly three square miles, where the vegetation is kept at bay. This rough field has been designated as a port for merchants.

The port is tended by a lone, middle-aged Oriental woman, Mei Ling, who tells all merchants that she is one of the Shou Lung explorers who decided to remain on Chislev. She claims to be a powerful wu jen, and has shown skeptics a few powers to make them believe her. These displays have prevented pirates and less-than-lawful merchants from attacking her.

In fact, Mei Ling is a great wyrm black dragon who has learned to enjoy dealing with spelljammer travelers. She keeps the spelljammer landing field devoid of choking vegetation through *plant growth* and other abilities, plus a prudent application of her acid breath.

Spelljammers do land elsewhere on Chislev as well, weather and terrain permitting. Adventurers have been known to land near swamp giant territories and hire some of the giants as guides so they can search for caterpillar ferns and other plants that have powerful herbal qualities or are used as magical components.

Resources/Trade: Although Chislev is essentially primitive, its resources are many. Its jungles produce a variety of fruits that are delicious, succulent, and prized by the peoples of Reorx, Krynn, and worlds outside this sphere. Most fruit, when stored in the dark, has been known to keep for months, making it a valued commodity to merchants. The nuts and edible roots found in abundance everywhere on the planet keep almost indefinitely.

Many of the plants on Chislev have medicinal and magical values. Although not magical themselves, some of the plants found along the equator have been shown to increase the duration or magnify the



"There is magic here, I know it. I sense it. A great magic waiting to be discovered. I shall have it!"

—Gray Mark

Chislev

effects of potions, and produce other, beneficial effects. Some of the rarer plants on Chislev are toxic, and when refined they produce some of the most deadly poisons known in the sphere.

Merchants stopping at the spelljammer field trade large herd animals, gold, and gems for medicinal plants, fruit, and nuts. Merchants and adventurers dealing with the swamp giants trade cloth, over-sized weapons, and various tools for plants, carvings, and raw gemstones.

Important NPCs

Name: Sully Gatherer-Clan

Occupation: Swamp Giant King

STR: 24
INT: 10
DEX: 12
CHA: 18
WIS: 10
CON: 22

Sully of the Harvest Clan has served as king of the swamp giants for the past three decades.

Well into middle-age for a swamp giant, he works to retain his great strength and health, knowing that if he begins to weaken he will be challenged for the kingship.

Sully is the only swamp giant who has been off of Chislev, and he is the only giant on his world to truly have mastered hand-to-hand fighting techniques. As a child, he was captured by spelljamming pirates and sold into slavery to an unscrupulous land baron in Shou Lung. Escaping after four years of hard labor, the young giant was befriended by a band of Shou Lung adventurers who later took to the stars aboard a spelljammer. Sully accompanied them, and eventually their travels took them back to Sully's home. It was because of Sully that the Shou Lung group decided to explore the planet.

Sully became king at age 60, after killing an adult green dragon with his bare hands. He has ruled the swamp giants well, appointing leaders over the communities and meeting with these leaders to discuss

various common problems. A prime concern is the aggressive green dragons. Sully has passed down combat techniques he learned in Shou Lung, which have proved fairly effective in fighting the great lizards. Still, he has not been able to obliterate the threat.

It is because of Sully that spelljamming adventurers are welcomed by the swamp giants. Prior to Sully's return, these giants—like the humans and demihumans of Chislev—feared and sometimes attacked visitors. Tribes of giants not beholden to Sully are rumored to exist deep in the jungles.

Sully is cordial and cooperative with all neutral- and good-aligned spelljamming visitors. He is quick to strike up trade agreements and to allow humans and demihumans to hire his people as guides. The swamp giants have learned which plants are most prized by humans and demihumans and have no qualms about allowing the small people to take as many plants as they can carry. The giants know there is no shortage of vegetation on Chislev.

Name: Mei Ling

Race: Black Dragon

AL Chaotic Evil; **AC** -7; **MV** 12, F130 (C), Sw 12; **HD** 20; **hp** 121; **THAC0** 2; **#AT** 3; **DAM** 1d6+12/1d6+12/3d6+12/2d4d4+12 (breath weapon); **SA** Spells; **SD** Spells; **MR** 45%; **SZ** (180')

Mei Ling, whose black dragon name of Ebon Demise is spoken with awe by other dragons of Chislev, is unusually intelligent and cunning.

The dragon, desiring more out of life than an occasional invasion of giant communities, and the collection of hill-giant wooden carvings, set about to study the life forms on Chislev. During one of her outings she came across a band of Shou Lung explorers. One explorer—Mei Ling—had lagged behind the rest of the group, gathering herbs. The dragon quickly lured Mei Ling to it and, acting friendly and helpful, lulled the wu jen into a false sense of security.

It was easy to capture the wu jen and take her to the dragon's lair in the mountains. After weeks of study, during which time Ebon Demise learned much

"No one else shall have this magic. I shall bat away all those who try. Flies to the sugar they come. But like a great hand I shall swat them all away."

—Gray Mark

Chislev

about the Shou Lung people and Mei Ling, the dragon killed the woman and took her place. Mei Ling's magical items made this possible—an armband which had allowed the woman to *polymorph self* at will (and which fit nicely over Ebon Death's smallest claw) and a necklace of *comprehend languages*.

"Mei Ling" rejoined the Shou Lung explorers, claiming to have gotten lost for several weeks in the planet's jungles.

For the next few years Ebon Demise traveled with the explorers, visiting other worlds and acquiring unusual and very valuable bits of treasure. The "wu jen" was also accumulating a veritable storehouse of magic items. Mei Ling's companions often asked her how she was acquiring so much magic, but the woman always claimed they were gifts from relatives. (The previous owners of the magic items had usually been devoured by the new Mei Ling.) When her companions' suspicions continued to mount, Mei Ling requested the group return to Chislev, where she wanted to live out her years studying the lush jungles.

Now Ebon/Mei Ling has no desire for further off-world adventures. However, she is still too interested in life on other worlds to close herself off from visitors.

To this end, she created the spelljammer field, and she continues to keep it inviting to travelers by keeping the plants away and the ground as flat and as dry as possible. Her camp is a hollowed out living tree located about a mile from the field, hidden in the thick jungle. She has brought visiting merchants there on occasion for dinner, and to deliver herd animals, but none would attempt to find it without Mei Ling to guide them (see the map, Mei Ling's Camp, page 44).

She appears only as Mei Ling to merchants and adventurers who land on her field. To them, she is friendly, gracious, and a generous hostess. She keeps up this front, as she wants a continuous stream of merchant ships to visit her field. Mei Ling is smart enough to know that if spelljamming ships landing on her field begin disappearing, the traffic will lessen if not stop all together.

She encourages merchants to bring her herd animals, claiming she is trying to establish grazing herds on Chislev. Although some merchants are curious why none of the herds have taken hold, the plants with medicinal and magical value she trades for them are valuable enough to keep their questions in check.

Mei Ling also accepts gems and gold in exchange for plants. These she uses to pay other merchants for herd animals. From time to time she is also interested in spell scrolls, potions, and other items of magic the merchants are willing to trade. Despite much temptation, Mei Ling has avoided killing the merchants who possess such items and are unwilling to sell them.

One of Mei Ling's great pleasures is the very occasional pirate raid: these humans and other evil creatures she considers fair game, and she enjoys playing the helpless Shou Lung victim before launching her devastating counterattack. Any attempt to coerce or capture Mei Ling is sure to be met by the breath of a dragon.

Mei Ling suspects a few other black dragons are aware of her deception. She believes she has little to fear from them because of her magic and her great wrym abilities.

Some of the magic items she possesses include: *armband of polymorph self*, *necklace of comprehend languages*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *ring of fire resistance*, *necklace of missiles*, *staff of striking*, *scimitar +4*, *long sword +4*, *dagger of venom*, *short sword of quickness*, *boots of elvenkind*, *boots of striding and leaping*, *cloak of the bat*, *cloak of elvenkind* and several wands of wonder.

"Ruins, there are. Deep beneath the ice and snow of the hunks
of Zivilyn, there must be grand cities.
One day they will be unearthed."

—Lamthatort the Seventh, half-elf scholar

Zivilyn

NAME:	Zivilyn
TYPE:	Spherical air body
SIZE:	F
ESCAPE TIME:	6 turns
SATELLITES:	12 moons
DAY LENGTH:	36 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	567 days
POPULATION	
ANALYSIS:	Stranded humans, demi-humans; Human and demi-human colonies on the moons

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	600 million miles (6 days)
Sirion	570 million to 630 million miles (5.7 to 6.3 days)
Reorx	550 million to 650 million miles (5.5 to 6.5 days)
Krynn	500 million to 700 million miles (5 to 7 days)
Chislev	300 million to 900 million miles (3 to 9 days)
Nehzmyth	300 million to 1,500 million miles (10 to 15 days)
Stellar Islands	1,400 million to 2,600 million miles (14 to 26 days)

Overview: Zivilyn, the fifth world from Krynnspace's sun, is the largest "planet" in the system—and the one with the smallest population of human and demihuman life.

The world, classed as an air body, boasts a handful of continent-sized boulders spinning through its atmosphere. The remainder of the planet is smaller boulders, ranging in size from a kender's fist to one mile across, also spinning in a relatively fixed space. The bulk of the world is open space.

Zivilyn's 12 moons are all earth-type bodies, and they rotate about the mass of spinning boulders. The moons are more stable than the continents below, and they are the only places where human and demihuman beings have purposely settled.

Old logbooks unearthed by humans investigating

the largest spinning boulders have revealed that at one time Zivilyn was a whole world, much like the others in the system, and that there were continents separated by great seas. However, the books also indicate that activities on the planet brought about the world's downfall and caused it to be pulverized like a rock struck with a fine dwarven hammer. The logbooks indicate that a group of humans had developed extraordinary magical powers they believed could be used to control the gods of Krynnspace. Further notes indicate some of these people attempted to pool their powers and accomplish the feat.

The lack of notes after that point has caused scholars to speculate that the people were unsuccessful and that the gods turned their wrath on Zivilyn because of the affront. Some scholars believe the gods ripped the planet into pieces, killing all of the inhabitants. Rival scholars believe that the unleashing of the very power itself caused the planet's demise.

Sages and priests agree that the god Zivilyn does not inhabit any of the spinning boulders. However, the priests suspect the god or his avatar has some presence on one of the moons. This latter is close to the truth. One of Zivilyn's avatars does indeed make his home upon the moons—traveling to a different moon each month for a different view of Krynnspace.

Climate: Zivilyn's climate varies greatly, depending on the spinning boulder being referenced. For example, the boulders closest to the moons have arctic temperatures, and their movements are quick. The winds on these boulders are fierce and frigid and are responsible for the great snowdrifts that blanket the frozen ground.

The boulder continents closest to what would be the center of the planet are temperate. The largest of these spinning continents are covered with forests and deep lakes, while smaller continents are dotted with scrub growth and tall grasses. The weather on the temperate boulders can be intense, from long dry spells where much of the plant life dies off to

Zivilyn is the largest 'planet' in the system.



months where it rains for weeks in a row, flooding most of the land.

The smallest of the temperate boulder continents have some ground cover and experience four seasons.

Scholars who have studied Zivilyn through journals written by spelljamming explorers speculate that the world's diverse climate is caused by the continents' spinning. Not experiencing a normal rotation about Krynnspace's Sun, Zivilyn is forever cursed with random weather.

Prominent Land Features: Zivilyn's major feature is a boulder continent the size of Krynn's Ansalon. The continent twirls erratically, while it spins at an unpredictable speed just inside the circle suggested by the 12 moons. This great moving continent has been seen (via *crystal balls* and other magic) crashing into smaller spinning boulders, thus splitting them into pieces. This large continent, dubbed "Land Wrecker" by those observers, seems unaffected by the collisions. Scholars theorize that one day Land Wrecker could be all that remains of Zivilyn.

Land Wrecker is dotted with icy chasms, snow-covered peaks, and vast, flat fields of ice. The wind that whips across the continent shapes the mountains and other terrain features and discourages visitors who are not magically protected from cold.

Zivilyn's other interesting feature is a trio of boulders near the core of the world. These three boulders, separated by open space, remain together like points of a triangle. It is a mystery what holds these sections of land equidistant from each other as they spin through the heart of Zivilyn. Sages and wizards suspect some great magical force is responsible, perhaps Zivilyn himself, while scholars argue that it is simply a force created by the other boulders spinning around the three that keeps them together.

These three continents, called The Triad, boast

temperate climates and winds less intense than the outer boulders. Their terrain is less dramatic, as the continents are largely flat, with only a few low, rolling hills marring the surface.

Each boulder of The Triad is dotted with scrubby trees and covered with wild grasses. There are no large plants due to the prolonged droughts which ravage the core continents.

Lifestyle: The scattered humans and demihumans who live on the temperate boulder continents of Zivilyn are not natives. They are survivors of crashed spelljammers and the marooned victims of pirates. These people number no more than a handful on any given continent. They have no government, but most of them have banded together to improve their chances for survival.

The majority of the animal life on the boulder continents is avian—giant eagles, griffons and hippogriffs predominate. However, there are birds and flying reptiles of all sizes, and most of them subsist on the plant life, insects, and small mammals.

The boulders seem ideal to support a multitude of dragon life—from the icy reaches of the outer boulders, which would be perfect for white dragons, to the inner worlds that would fit the needs of green, black, copper and bronze dragons. However, it is likely that a lack of food prevents dragons from settling on any of the spinning continents. In addition, there are not enough humans and demihumans to yield sufficient valuables for the hordes of the evil dragons or sufficient conversation for the good dragons.

Ports of Call: There are no established ports of call on any of the boulder continents of Zivilyn. However, spelljamming ships have been known to land on some of the larger temperate land masses to collect various avian species and to explore.

A trio of boulders remain near the core of the world, held together like the points of a triangle.

Zivilyn

Wealthy wizards from Krynn have funded secretive expeditions to the world in the hopes more notes can be found to provide clues about the magic allegedly powerful enough to control the gods. While these wizards have no intention of attempting to subjugate the gods—and thus, presumably, sharing the fate of the previous residents of Zivilyn—they do intend to use “just a little bit” of the magic against their rivals to better their positions on Krynn. The majority of spelljamming visits to the boulders of Zivilyn are in search of this magic.

Resources/Trade: Zivilyn’s known resources are its avian creatures. Spelljamming crews have been known to mount expeditions to find griffon eggs, the nests of giant eagles—even to capture some of the winged creatures. A few explorers have gathered plants to see if they have any value for spell components or medicines.

So far remaining undiscovered, but nevertheless rumored, are the magical treasure hoards of the former occupants of Zivilyn. Surely, the whisperers argue, a whole planet’s worth of occupants’ belongings and magic could not simply disappear. Surely it could not all have been pulverized in the cataclysm that destroyed Zivilyn. Surely, they say, some of it must remain. Perhaps it is what holds The Triad together. Perhaps it is what gives Land Wrecker its seeming invulnerability. So far, however, no expedition has uncovered so much as a single clue as to the whereabouts of this fabled hoard.

The planet has no trade, as all those living on the boulders are there by accident. The stranded people’s only desire is to get off the world. A few of these marooned individuals have been able to get off their boulders in exchange for promising work to the spelljamming captain.

The moons of Zivilyn are another matter, sustaining both resources and trade. These are addressed under each moon’s entry.

The Moons of Zivilyn: The world’s 12 moons were named within the past 60 years after various religious councils met on Krynn and decided that some-

thing must be done to recognize the other gods. Fearing that gods who did not have planets named after them would become angered, they elected to recognize those gods by naming the moons of Zivilyn after them. Therefore, the moons of Zivilyn are called Paladine, Majere, Kiri-Jolith, Mishakal, Gilean, Shinare, Takhisis, Sargonnas, Morgion, Chemosh, Zeboim, and Hiddukel.

A council of scholars has been meeting recently in Ansaion to determine whether there are any remaining astronomical bodies which can be used to honor other gods and famous personalities. Possibilities include honoring Heroes of the Lance, famous Knights of Solamnia, and great wizards. The council is considering naming asteroids in the Stellar Islands for this purpose.

The moons rotate about Zivilyn equidistant from each other and from the outermost boulder continents, in effect forming a ring about the planet. More spelljamming ships and creatures of wildspace stop on the moons than on the boulder continents that make up Zivilyn.

Gilean: The largest of Zivilyn’s moons, from a distance Gilean appears as a mass of swirling, glittering dark orange and rose. As visitors near the moon, however, they discover that the colors are in fact a blanket of clouds. No one knows what tints the clouds; scholars speculate that glittering dust particles are responsible. Spelljamming crews have attempted to harvest the glitter, but find they have nothing but water when they pull the particles onto their ships.

Beneath the colorful clouds, Gilean appears to be a lush, tropical world. It is populated by several colonies of elves and half-elves, who settled here after visiting the moon via spelljammers. The elves’ and half-elves’ ships remain on the moon. However, they have not been flown in decades.

The elves and half-elves have found this moon to be a paradise. The climate is constant and pleasingly warm. There is always a soft, cool breeze, and rains are frequent enough to keep the vegetation vibrant. There is a variety of small animal life, some of which

Zivilyn’s 12 moons are named after gods.

the elves use as food.

Spelljamming visitors to Gilean find the elves and half-elves willing to trade unique fruits, vegetables, and exotic liquors made from the moon's plants. The elves and half-elves seek cloth, various household goods, and tomes in exchange.

Shinare: This large moon appears to be much like Gilean, save that any clouds at all are rare here. Many of the same animal and plant species can be found on Shinare. However, the temperature is warmer, and the breezes less frequent. While a smattering of elves can be found here, they are loosely organized. Most of them have chosen a life of seclusion and avoid spelljamming visitors. There is no organized trade on this moon.

Takhisis: Although named for a god of evil, this moon is inviting. It is mostly covered with temperate grasslands, broken by small, isolated forests, and laced with abundant springs and streams. There are several mountain ranges, and the valleys between them are lush and verdant. Many of the plants found on this moon are also evident on Krynn. A variety of herd animals, birds, and fish can be found throughout Takhisis.

The humans who live on Takhisis appear to be natives of the moon. They are primitive, hunting the herd animals for survival. A few of the tribes have discovered farming and have begun to keep some of the herd animals as livestock. Frightened of the unknown, these humans flee from spelljamming visitors and wildspace creatures which stop on Takhisis for rest or food. Some scholars speculate that if these humans can be befriended and communicated with, they might provide a link to the past of Zivilyn itself.

Sargonnas: This moon presents a great contrast to the previous three moons. Although the sky is dotted with large, fluffy white clouds, there is little rain, and finding water on the surface is a difficult matter. Sargonnas is a desert. Scrub and cactus dot the rocky, sandy land. Insects, snakes, and small rodents

are the predominant life forms. While there are no human and demihuman settlements, there is intelligent life on the moon.

Sargonnas has become home to a handful of blue dragons. Each of the dragons has its own territory. In solitude they bask in the hot, dry weather. However, since evil dragons seem to require treasure, these blues work independently to lure spelljamming ships to Sargonnas's surface. Through use of their illusions, the dragons create pocket oases that seem inviting. Other illusion-lures include crashed spelljamming ships, productive farms, and unusual creatures. Once a ship has landed and the crew goes out to investigate, the dragon attacks.

Spelljamming ships which have survived and escaped have warned others to stay away. Still, there are many ships entering Krynnspace which know nothing of the threat of Sargonnas.

Morgion: The smallest of Zivilyn's moons, Morgion is a water-covered world. Nearly the entire surface of the moon is blanketed in water, ranging in depth from 20 feet deep to only a few inches. Immense trees draped in moss cover the world, their thick roots digging into the earth beneath the water. Like a giant bayou, Morgion is filled with plants, reptiles, birds, and insects. The heat is oppressive at times, and rains are frequent and heavy.

There are no human or demihuman settlements on Morgion. However, there are a few black dragons, and many wyverns, will o'wisps, freshwater scrag, giant water spiders, and lizardmen.

Spelljamming crews visiting Morgion usually have wizards and fighters in their numbers as a precaution. They come to the moon to collect plants which are used in medicines. The plants command high prices on Torii.

Chemosh: This moon is nothing more than a big rock. It has no water, plants, or animal life. Spelljamming explorers have discovered remnants of civilizations, including arrowheads, spearheads, pieces of clay pottery, and human skeletons. This suggests that at one time Chemosh was habitable. Some ex-

"Crush the great walking trees,
smash them, burn them!
Pull the magic from the vines,
grow stronger.
This world—and this sphere—will be ours!"

—neogi chant

plorers hint that Chemoah was originally a portion of Zivilyn, and when the world was broken up by the gods, this piece of the world was propelled into the moons' orbit.

Zeboim: This is the only ice-covered moon circling Zivilyn. Explorers are puzzled as to why Zeboim is a frosty world filled with ice-covered lakes, snow-blanketed mountains, and great expanses of permafrost. The moon follows the same orbit as Zivilyn's other moons, and therefore should be warm.

This variation in climate has caused several scholars and sages to pay for passage on spelljamming ships to this place. Does this snow-covered moon indicate that other moons will lose their warmth? Is it even possible for worlds to lose their warmth and become ice-covered? Are the gods involved? Sages say this moon needs much studying to provide the answers.

The explorers do not stay long on the Zeboim, as the cold and the moon's animals are not hospitable. Creatures on the moon include white dragons, yeti, winter wolves, ice toads, and remorhaz.

Hiddukel: A farmer's dream, this temperate moon is covered with flat, fertile plains that receive frequent rains. The ground is farmed by humans, gnomes, and elves who have migrated here via spelljammers.

The farmers grow a variety of crops. All of their vegetables reach incredible sizes—bell peppers, onions, and tomatoes as big as a man's head; green beans more than a yard long; heads of lettuce a foot across; peas as big as a dwarf's fist; pumpkins as big as boulders; and more. The vegetables are sold to spelljamming merchants or traded for household goods, clothes, and various fineries.

Hiddukel's farmers have a democratic government, and the government determines when and if any new settlers can make homes on the moon. Further, the government works to insure that the land is farmed properly and that fields are allowed to lay fallow every few years.

Many of the larger farms have employed fighters

to help protect their property from spelljamming visitors with less-than-good intentions and from the large creatures native to the moon. These creatures include wild and giant boars, brown bears, hyena, hyaenodons, jackals, and giant lizards.

Hiddukel has three spelljamming ports, which consist of nothing more than flat expanses of ground edged by farmers' markets. The ports are staffed by retired farmers.

Mishakal: Like Chemoah, this moon is a rock. A few signs of previous life have been discovered, including human bones and cooking implements. Currently a company of humans is excavating what they believe to be an ancient city.

Paladine: Visitors to this moon are convinced a huge natural disaster covered the entire globe. Craters dot the surface and great chasms crisscross everywhere. It is as if a tremendous earthquake was felt throughout the moon, or a rain of meteors came from the sky.

In places it appears that the moon is recovering. Small plants are beginning to grow, and tiny streams are evidence of change. However, there is no animal life, and there is no reason for humans and demihumans to settle here.

The few spelljamming ships which visit Paladine search for a cause for the supposed disaster or are mining vessels whose captains hope the craters and chasms will reveal valuable minerals.

Kiri-Jolith: This moon has been claimed as the property of an eccentric wizard from Krynn. A temperate place, Kiri-Jolith would be ripe for establishing farms. Further, the herd animals that roam the plains would make good livestock. However, so far the wizard, Gray Mark, has kept homesteaders at bay.

Gray Mark lives in a castle he shaped from the moon's ground. His various magical and living servants scattered over the moon warn him of incoming visitors. Gray Mark receives few visitors—only when it suits him and only when he thinks they have magi-

"The Black Clouds hide us, cloaking us like the night does its fearsome predators. The Black Clouds are as dark as our perfect souls."

—Sxtratch, neogi war captain

cal items for sale. The wizard hoards magic.

Gray Mark's many guardians and servants—most of them charmed to do his bidding—include grommams, giant space hamsters, wyverns, q'nidars, various golems, salt wiggles, chimera, and gnolls.

Majere: This mountain-covered moon is a dwarf's paradise, and has, in fact, become home to a few colonies of dwarves originally from Reorz. There is little flat land on this moon, but it sports an abundance of caves and subterranean passages.

The weather is mild, though chilly, with winds whipping down the mountainsides. The tallest mountains are always snow-covered.

The dwarves who have made this moon their home are mining various mountains for copper and silver. They have found other metallic substances which they cannot identify, but which they one day hope to develop a use and a market for.

The moon has but one designated spelljamming port, though spelljammers have been known to land elsewhere on the planet. This port, a flat mile-square spot between two craggy mountains, is well maintained. Visitors to the port are afforded free lodging in a nearby underground complex. Most of the visitors are merchants who purchase copper and silver from the dwarves. However, a few are explorers. The explorers are welcome only if they can prove their intentions are not to set up mining operations. The dwarves consider all the moon's mining rights theirs.

In exchange for copper and silver, the dwarves acquire ale, bolts of cloth, leather, and some food. While the mountains can be farmed, the dwarves have not had good luck with raising enough crops. In addition to food purchased or obtained through trade with visiting merchants, the dwarves supplement their diets with the meat of cave goats, fish from mountain streams, and a tasty moss that grows along mine walls.

Important NPCs

Name: Gray Mark

Occupation: Moon Owner, Resident of Kiri-Jolith

STR: 12

INT: 18

DEX: 15

CHA: 13

WIS: 14

CON: 12

Gray, a 17th-level chaotic good wizard from Krynn, spied Kiri-Jolith as he was gazing at Krynn-space's various worlds through one of his several *crystal balls*. The wizard had been especially interested in tales of Zivilyn and the great magic supposedly discovered there. And when he noticed that this moon did not have any noticeable human or demi-human life, he decided to claim it as his property. He felt the moon would be a much better place from which to study Zivilyn and to find the source of this rumored great magic.

Gray has been on his moon for nearly seven years. Over those years he has formed a comfortable castle for himself through stone shape spells and other magic, and he has established spies, guardians, and various "employees" across the planets via his *charm spells*. He renews the spells when necessary and continues to create golems as added protection.

The years of isolation have taken their toll on Gray, and have caused him to go mildly insane. The wizard now suspects nearly all visitors of being a threat to his home and believes they are here to find this great magic before he can. The few exceptions are fast-talking merchants who can convince the wizard they are on his moon to sell him magical items, new spells, or constructed creatures to help serve as his guards.

The occasional bands of adventurers who have tried to discover what keeps Gray on this moon have to date been successfully run off—without fatalities. Gray has no desire to kill those who do not physically threaten him.

The wizard magically spies on the boulders of Zivi-

"What can we give our gnome brothers? Our hearts?
Our friendship? Our knowledge? All of these, for
they offer these things and more in return."

—Sebrethat, revered dracon kaba

Zivilyn

lyn, convinced that some day from his moon position he will find a trace of this powerful magic.

Name: Dryasdust Adda

Occupation: Chief Port Overseer, Moon of Hiddukek

STR: 15
INT: 12
DEX: 11
CHA: 11
WIS: 17
CON: 16

A retired farmer, and one of the first settlers on this moon, Dryasdust volunteered for the post of chief port overseer when he got too old to keep up his farm.

Now 68, the human has retained his keen wits and shrewd sense for business. His crew maintains the three ports efficiently. Each port, under Dryasdust's directions, has a flower garden filled with gigantic blooms. All female visitors to the port are treated to a free flower.

Each port also has a farmers' market which falls under Dryasdust's directions. He keeps the farmers who sell at the port cooperative and amiable to visitors.

Dryasdust has no plans to leave the moon, which he has come to think of as his. Despite the government, he considers himself in charge of the world. The members of the government, respecting Dryasdust's years and wisdom, rarely correct him.

Name: Orotund Locofoco

Occupation: Mining Foreman, Majere

STR: 18
INT: 15
DEX: 9
CHA: 14
WIS: 18
CON: 18

A dwarf and a priest of Reorx, Orotund came into the position of moon mining foreman when he successfully, and peacefully, settled a dispute among

striking miners. The arguing factions quickly appointed him the arbiter, a job which soon grew into the foreman position. Orotund is happy with his job, as he feels it is Reorx's will that he keep the peace on their new-found world.

Because of his great negotiating skills, Orotund is often called upon to barter with spelljamming merchants and adventurers. The dwarf priest is well known for making deals that satisfy both sides.

Orotund enjoys meeting with all strangers, even elves (elves are also Reorx's creatures), and he loves to talk to adventurers at great length. Orotund has a deep desire to know the activities on the other moons of Zivilyn, as well as the other worlds in the sphere. He is especially interested in news about happenings on the planet of Reorx. He hopes to return to Reorx one day, where he assumes he can acquire a position of similar importance.

Player characters who meet with Orotund find him talkative, warm, and genuinely interested in their activities. The dwarf is quick to cast curative spells on any injured or sick visitors. In exchange, he asks them to make a donation to a worthy cause in Reorx's name.

"Dishes. Plates. They're okay. But we have to find a way to fashion weapons out of the lava."

—frustrated giff fighter

Additional Astronomicals

Nehzmyth

NAME:	Nehzmyth
TYPE:	Ovoid earth body
SIZE:	C
ESCAPE TIME:	2 turns
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	14 hours
YEAR LENGTH:	900 days
POPULATION ANALYSIS:	Neogi, umber hulks (vodyanoi)

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	900 million miles (9 days)
Sirion	870 million to 930 million miles (8.7 to 9.3 days)
ReorX	850 million to 950 million miles (8.5 to 9.5 days)
Krynn	800 million to 1,000 million miles (8 to 10 days)
Chislev	600 million to 1,200 million miles (6 to 12 days)
Zivilyn	300 million to 1,500 million miles (3 to 15 days)
Stellar Islands	1,100 million to 2,900 million miles (11 to 29 days)

The Vanishing Planet Nehzmyth, as it is often called, is rarely seen from the face of Krynn, Reorx, or Sirion—even if the observer is using magic to augment his vision.

Because the world's orbit takes it on an unusual course about Krynn's Sun, and because of what the planet moves behind, it is most often seen from Zivilyn and at times from the Stellar Islands.

Nehzmyth's course takes it behind and through a phenomenon called black clouds. During these times the planet seems to vanish, only to reappear months later in a different position in the sky. While the planet is actually on a steady course, those who have been watching it are certain it leaves the sphere for a time. Mages, however, speculate that the world

is a living entity and not a planet at all. They surmise that this immense being has spellcasting abilities and is able to make itself invisible, just as a mage would cast *invisibility* upon himself. Those mages who were curious enough to hire spelljamming crews to visit Nehzmyth were disappointed—none of the ships returned.

Because no survivors have returned from Nehzmyth—at least no survivors that wizards on Reorx and Krynn are aware of—and because of the dark, sinister nature of the planet, it is considered taboo. Of course, that doesn't stop the overly curious wizards from attempting to *scry* on the world or to secretly hire adventurers to go there.

In truth, no explorers who have ventured to Nehzmyth have survived. They either perished at the claws of aquatic umber hulks or at the fangs of the world's giant reptiles, or they were captured and worked to death by neogi dwelling on the world.

Nehzmyth is of most concern to the residents of the Stellar Islands, as some of them have begun to suspect the nature of the planets' evil occupants.

Climate: Nehzmyth is a harsh, dismal world, covered from pole to pole by a fetid swamp. The plants are nearly as thick as those on the world of Chislev; however, little light gets through the thick cloud cover that blankets the planet. The vegetation is therefore shades of black and dark greens, and all of it is draped in heavy, slimy mosses. Nehzmyth's plants thrive in the murky darkness, and some of them are as mobile as the reptiles that run about the surface of the world. These great plants walk about the world using their snakelike roots for propulsion.

Nehzmyth has seasons, but these are more a function of the black clouds than the planet's course about the Sun. When Nehzmyth moves into or behind the clouds, the planet experiences summer, as the heat from the clouds raises the planet's temperature to almost unbearable degrees. Still, the plants and reptiles are able to survive this heat. In fact, it is during this time that the plants enjoy their greatest growing season—some even producing tart but edible fruit.

As the planet moves out of the black clouds, the

*"The ribbons link the islands, like our hands link our peoples.
The ribbons cannot be broken, nor can the spirits
of the gnomes and dragons."*

—Widdlefinger Leveret III, first gnome ambassador to the dracon

heat drops. Still, the temperature remains just warm enough to keep the world in its swampy state. Insects appear in abundance during this time, their numbers so great that they appear as fog above the boggy water. Just before the world is ready to move into the black clouds again, the insect population is at its height; the bugs have been known to completely strip the giant trees in their feeding frenzy. However, the insects do not seem able to tolerate the excessive heat within the cloud. Entering the cloud significantly reduces the insect population.

Emerging from the cloud starts the planet's cycle all over again.

Water on Nehzmyth is abundant, though there are no distinct bodies large enough to be classed as oceans. Most water soaks into the land, making the surface a giant bog. However, there are large and numerous chains of lakes strung across swampy firmament. These lakes are home to the planet's most ferocious predators, vodyanoi (aquatic umber hulks).

Prominent Land Features: The planet's major feature is its vast network of underground caves and tunnels. Whether natural or made by previous inhabitants, the tunnels seem to be found in both hemispheres, reaching even to the poles. The caverns are immense and dry, despite the swamps overhead. Further, the caverns and tunnels seem to remain at a constant temperature year-round, despite the change in seasons created by the black clouds.

Scattered amid the tunnels and caverns are underground lakes and streams, which seem connected to the various chains of lakes on the surface.

Lifestyle: The only organized, intelligent life on the planet's surface are the massive moss-draped trees that are a form of treant. These creatures move slowly about the planet's surface to explore, to meet with others of their kind, and to move away from water where aquatic umber hulks are sighted.

The swamp treants have a loose form of government. All treants in a radius of 200 square miles recognize a king. This treant is responsible for the safety of his folk; further, the king stations members of his folk in various locations to act as scouts.

When the scouts discover the aquatic umber hulks—or neogi who have come to the surface—a complex series of sounds is used to draw all treants in the area together. The swamp treants do not tolerate the presence of neogi on the surface, and they

are willing to fight to keep the "defilers" underground.

So far, the treants have been successful in routing the neogi and the nonaquatic umber hulks from their territory. Still, the treant kings are disturbed that the neogi remain on the world. They fear the spider creatures are plotting something in their lairs far beneath the swamps.

The neogi and their pet umber hulks dwell in the caverns and twisting tunnels underground. They came to this world many years ago, looking for an outpost from which they could attack other ships and worlds in the system. Finding this world devoid of humanoid or demihuman life, they landed in their deathspiders and began to establish a base. Soon they discovered some of the plant life was intelligent and hostile to them, and their attempts to kill the treants proved futile.

Still, unwilling to give up this location, they searched the planet's surface until they discovered great caves along Nehzmyth's southern pole. These caves were large enough for their ships and led to a vast underground network of tunnels and caverns.

Here, the neogi have made their home and plot the destruction of spelljamming merchants.

Through the past few years the neogi have learned to



In general, dwellers on the Stellar Islands believe that visitors come for just one thing: supposed immortality. Knowing that if visitors stay too long they will be granted some of the Islands' powers, the residents act friendly for the first month, but gradually get more insistent to newcomers that nothing is going to happen, so it must be time to leave.

Additional Astronomicals

strike only when Nehzmyth is in or behind the black clouds. This keeps the location of their outpost safe and keeps the majority of people in Krynnspace oblivious to the neogi's "permanent" presence in the sphere.

The neogi keep their umber hulks in chambers underground. Parties of neogi occasionally venture to the surface to capture aquatic umber hulks. These are kept and bred in the underground lakes.

Ports of Call: Nehzmyth has no ports of call, as its neogi residents do not desire spelljamming traffic other than the occasional deathspider that arrives to bring reinforcements or supplies.

The few uninvited spelljamming ships that do land on the world are quickly captured by the neogi and their umber hulk pets—despite interference from the swamp treants. The captured crews serve the neogi as slaves in their underground base.

Resources/Trade: Nehzmyth is rich in resources, some of which the neogi are only now starting to recognize. The water that fills the above-ground and underground lakes and bogs is pure and delicious, revitalizing all those who drink it. The neogi have discovered that drinking the water cuts by one-third the amount of time normally needed to rest after exertion. In addition, they have learned that the vodyanoi who live in the water have maximum hit points. Since drinking the water has not added to the neogi's own hit points, they surmise that one must be born and live in the water to enjoy the hit point benefit.

Further, the neogi have discovered that several of the mosses that grow on the trees above ground have medicinal purposes. By experimenting with human slaves, the neogi learned that some varieties of moss act as *slow poison* and *neutralize poison* potions, while others—if chewed before imbibing a *poison*—neutralize the effects of any poisons consumed during the next several hours.

The neogi leader has placed a priority on exploring the planet's surface to collect various mosses and plants. However, a way to defeat the living trees must first be discovered.

Important NPCs

Name: Tarassis
Occupation: Neogi Outpost Leader
STR: 17
INT: 18
DEX: 12
CHA: 10
WIS: 18
CON: 12

Tarassis was in the first ship that landed on Nehzmyth. At that time he was only a scout for the neogi; during the past several years he rose in importance, and when the previous neogi leaders returned to their home, he was given the mantle of leader.

Tarassis has come to think of Nehzmyth as his home world. The warm temperatures and deep caverns feel comfortable to him. Further, he realizes he would not enjoy a leadership position at a larger neogi base.

He is a cautious but sly leader, intending to one day make this outpost the most powerful and important under neogi control. He intends to do this through careful, controlled growth.

To this end, he is watchful that the neogi under him do not destroy too many merchant ships within the Krynn sphere. To draw too much attention to a neogi presence in Krynnspace could spell the outpost's downfall. Tarassis is well aware that there are great adventurers in Krynnspace, particularly on the planets Krynn and Reorx, and he has no desire to turn their wrath on his outpost.

He has ordered the neogi only to strike when Nehzmyth is behind the black clouds, and never to take more than three ships a month. Further, Tarassis hopes to learn more about the system and the cultures of a city before attempting a major strike upon it. To aid in this goal, he has established a trade agreement with the mindflayers on the planet Reorx. By trading Nehzmyth moss for information and gold (which can be used to bribe pirates for further information), he is certain the neogi can learn the various planets' defenses and weaknesses.

"Dark they are, and challenging. I must know what is inside them!
Secrets, to be sure! Valuables perhaps!"

—Omer the Foolish

Additional Astronomicals

When the time is right, even if it is many years from now, Tarassis plans to strike against Reorx and Krynn. Until that time, he continues to build his forces and line his coffers with the booty of captured spelljammers and their crews.

Tarassis does not fear the Krynnspace gods, despite his human slaves' warning that the good deities will prevent the neogi from interfering too heavily in the sphere. Tarassis views the Krynn deities as weak—else they would have put an end to this outpost years ago.

Name: Pule
Occupation: Neogi Captain
STR: 18
INT: 17
DEX: 14
CHA: 11
WIS: 12
CON: 16

Pule is captain of the deathspider fleet on Nehzmyth, a position he has occupied for less than a year. The young neogi, who is shrewd and confident in battle, leads most of the raids against spelljamming merchant ships in this sphere.

Still, he is not satisfied with the occasional raids and the "hands off" attitude Tarassis has ordered with regard to Krynn and Reorx. The young captain wants to strike fear into the hearts of all residents in Krynnspace and make them aware of the neogi presence and base.

So far, Tarassis's rationale and explanations have kept Pule in check. However, if something were to happen to the neogi leader, Pule is certain the neogi outpost would soon adopt new tactics and a new leader.

Name: Xctrgh

Occupation: Treant King

AL C0; AC 0; MV 12; HD 12; hps 76; THAC0 9; #AT 1; DAM 4d6; MR 40%

Xctrgh, like other treants on the world of Nehzmyth, can never be surprised. Therefore, he and his kind never fall for the sneak attacks the neogi continue to attempt.

The great king detests the spider-creatures, sensing in them a deep-seeded evil that could corrupt the swamp world of Nehzmyth.

To prevent such a thing from happening, Xctrgh has declared a personal war against the neogi and their umber hulk pets. The king has established a network of treant lookouts who notify others of their kind when a neogi presence is spotted above ground.

While the treants have been able to drive the neogi back into their caverns, Xctrgh knows this is not the way to ultimately deal with the malicious creatures. Though his people cannot enter the caverns and effectively take the war to the neogi, he knows there are other races who can.

The king is aware that others have landed on Nehzmyth, adventurers and explorers no doubt. Unfortunately, in all cases the neogi captured these people before the treants could act. The king has vowed this will not happen again. He hopes that the next group of outsiders to land will fall under the protection of the treants. The treants will inform the outsiders about the threat of the neogi and encourage them to bring forces that will send the spider-creatures away for good.

"Protect the worlds, we will! For none are more up to the task than my fabled Star Knights! Those with evil intents quake in our presence!"

—Dante Lionmane

Stellar Islands

NAME:	Stellar Islands
TYPE:	Asteroid cluster
SIZE:	A
ESCAPE TIME:	10 rounds
SATELLITES:	None
DAY LENGTH:	Various
YEAR LENGTH:	1,314 days
POPULATION:	
ANALYSIS:	Giff, dragons, gnomes, grommem, spacesea giants

DISTANCE/TIME FROM:

The Sun	2,000 million miles (20 days)
Sirion	1,970 million to 2,030 million miles (19.7 to 20.3 days)
Reorx	1,950 million to 2,050 million miles (19.5 to 20.5 days)
Krynn	1,900 million to 2,100 million miles (19 to 21 days)
Chislev	1,700 million to 2,300 million miles (17 to 23 days)
Zivilyn	1,400 million to 2,600 million miles (14 to 26 days)
Nehzmyth	1,100 million to 2,900 million miles (11 to 29 days)

Overview: The Stellar Islands, the seventh "world" from the Sun, include five oasis-asteroids, each 100 to 400 miles across, that are called islands by their inhabitants. There are many smaller asteroids in the cluster, none of which is larger than a mile across, and none of which is inhabited.

The Stellar Islands are connected by glowing ribbons, enchanted walkways constructed by a gnomish wizard decades ago. The wizard is long dead, and none of his predecessors has been able to recreate the phenomenon. These magical pathways that link the islands have withstood time, collisions with smaller asteroids, and pirates' attempts to destroy them. The various races which call the islands home use the ribbons to travel back and forth.

The islands' inhabitants include a community of neutral good giff, a nomadic group of gnomes and

dragons, scattered grommams, and a colony of spacesea giants. The various peoples get along well, often meeting for week-long festivals where the cultures share their foods, customs, and tall tales.

Visitors to the islands at one time believed the large asteroids were linked and were broken apart by colliding with a huge asteroid or planet. The islands' occupants disagree. They are certain the asteroids have always been discreet entities, but were lifeless until their course took them through Krynnspace. They are certain the Sun captured the asteroids many decades ago and breathed life into them. And since that time the asteroids have circled the Sun just like the other worlds in the sphere.

The islands' inhabitants also know the magical secret of the five asteroids—a secret that is not shared with travelers. Only those who choose to make permanent homes, or those who accidently discover the magical benefits of the asteroids, learn the power inherent in the islands.

Climate: The Stellar Islands boast tropical climates. Each of the major islands has lakes, tropical forests, steady annual rains, and cool breezes. The soil is fertile, and lush, thick-leaved, edible plants grow everywhere.

The islands do not have true seasons (the temperature is constant year-round). The only change noted by the occupants is in the rainfall. The closer the islands are to the planet Nehzmyth, the more it rains. And the rainfall seems to correspond exactly to the millions of miles the two are apart. For example, when Nehzmyth is 1,100 million miles from the islands, average rainfall is 1.1 inches that week. When the two are 2,900 million miles apart, the average weekly rainfall is close to 3 inches. The residents of the Stellar Islands use the rainfall to estimate where the planet Nehzmyth is at any given time.

Nearly all of the islands' animals are nocturnal. The only exceptions are bright-plumed birds. The animals move about at night when it is cooler, and their eyes have acute infravision, allowing them to see up to 180° in the darkness. During the warm days they sleep, hidden by the islands' foliage.

"I have the best cloaks in all of this sphere. I'm confident there are several in your size. And the price is certainly fair. Do try one on."

—Arlo Green of The Caravan

Stellar Islands

Prominent Land Features: The largest of the Stellar Islands boasts an active volcano. Almost daily it erupts, sending a lava flow down its sides. Fortunately for the islands' inhabitants, the eruptions are not excessive, and the lava flows stop just short of the tropical forests that surround the volcano. As the lava cools, and while it is still malleable, it is gathered up by island inhabitants and poured into molds, forming cooking utensils, plates, and works of art.

The remaining four inhabited islands each have magnificent, tall waterfalls. Water rushes down into pools at the falls' bases, creating dazzling rainbow effects. Visitors looking upon these falls for the first time must successfully save vs. spell or be mesmerized for 2d10 rounds.

Lifestyle: The communities of Stellar Island inhabitants have their own form of government. Usually, the oldest or the strongest is in charge of a group. However, in some instances a cleric or wizard is the leader solely because of the magic at that person's command. The leaders meet at festivals twice a year to discuss their most pressing concerns, including the amount of spelljamming traffic, any influx of residents, the location of the planet Nehzmyth, and other occurrences which could affect life on the islands.

The islands' permanent residents are all goodly aligned, and most of the leaders tend to be lawful good. The communities' clerics cast spells to discover the alignments and intentions of visitors. Newcomers with evil alignments are quickly sent off the world or killed.

Ports of Call: There are no formal spelljammer ports on the Stellar Islands. However, ships can land on each island to trade with the inhabitants and to explore, though island natives try to discourage the latter. Most vessels that land are capable of landing on water. These tend to stop in the large pools at the bases of the waterfalls. Because the ground is so densely covered with vegetation, it is difficult for ships to find a sufficiently large clearing.

Wealthy merchants have proposed building a port

that would be linked to the ribbon walkways. However, the island inhabitants have firmly vetoed this. While they usually enjoy the contact with outsiders, they want to limit the number of visitors. They fear a formal spelljamming port would increase traffic to their home.

Resources/Trade: Despite the primitive nature of the islands, they have many resources. The water from the falls is pure and sweet. It is sought after by clerics elsewhere in the sphere, as the *holy water* made from it is very potent (inflicting double damage to undead, compared to normal *holy water*). Further, wizards seek the islands' nocturnal animals for use as spell components. The eyes of these creatures can be used in potions and spells that cause darkness, grant people *clairvoyance*, and extend vision, such as *wizard eye*. Also in great demand are utensils and works of art made from hardened lava. The workmanship, primarily giff, is impeccable and commands good prices at ports on Krynn, Reorx, and on some of the moons of Zivilyn.

The inhabitants of the Stellar Islands trade for and purchase food and items of clothing. However, giff are quick to collect weapons and anything resembling a medal or award. Gnomes are interested in broken objects which they can fix or merge together to create new devices.

The Secret of the Islands: The inhabitants of the Stellar Islands liken their home to the "hand of goodness," the thumb being the island with the volcano and the fingers being the inhabited asteroids.

All good creatures—whether they be gnomes, giff, or any other race—who stay on the island for more than three months realize the magical benefits of the land. These goodly aligned people receive maximum hit points for their level of experience. For example, a third-level cleric gains all 24 possible hit points. Any Constitution bonuses extend a character's hit points even further.

The islands' residents are also free from disease, have Constitution scores from 14 to 19, and generally enjoy good health.

"Cloaks? You can buy them anywhere. But my goods are rare and wonderful. Magical horse and griffin barding are my specialties. Won't you take a look?"

—Sylvan Silvermoon of The Caravan

Stellar Islanders believe these benefits occur because their land remains unsullied by evil. And they intend to keep the land pure to retain the benefits. Explorers who have accidentally discovered the magical effects (which sometimes stay with them after leaving the islands), believe the water from the falls has magical qualities that contribute to the residents' good health.

Important NPCs

Name: Hirci Hipshot
Occupation: Giff Governor
STR: 19
INT: 12
DEX: 11
CHA: 17
WIS: 14
CON: 19

Hirci, a middle-aged giff fighter, was voted the governor of his small community several years ago. The solemn giff enjoys holding a position of importance, but takes great precautions to make sure it does not go to his head. He wants his fellow giff to realize he is no different from them and that any one of them can aspire to someday be governor.

At present, there are 75 giff on the islands, all of them neutral good, and all of them looking up to Hirci. The giff, who came here on a galleon and enjoyed it so much they stayed, have turned the galleon into the governor's home. Hirci enjoys his spacious home and makes it a point to have frequent dinners there so other giff can enjoy the surroundings.

Hirci has toyed with the idea of taking the galleon for a ride through the rest of the sphere—it has been over a decade since he strayed from the islands—but with his position of responsibility he knows that this is not possible.

When Hirci is aware of spelljamming visitors, he makes it a point to meet with them and to ask to see their weapons. A collector of fine swords, daggers, maces, and anything else resembling a weapon, Hirci is quick to purchase additions to his collection. Further, he wants to be regaled with tales of other worlds—especially if those stories involve the use or collection of weapons.

PCs visiting with Hirci find him overly friendly for a giff and a little formal. The giff refers to people of all races as "sir" and "madam."



Name: Ghoom Venatic
Occupation: Grommam Leader
STR: 15
INT: 16
DEX: 18
CHA: 14
WIS: 18
CON: 18

Ghoom, a 10th-level grommam cleric, is the youngest grommam to hold the title of leader in the past 100 years. He dresses in garish, bright-colored clothes. Like his brethren, he communicates primarily through gestures and sign language. Unlike his brethren, he avoids using the accompanying hoots, screams, and grunts. Ghoom does not consider the high-pitched bellows acceptable to other races, and therefore he has resolved to use only sign language and to speak Common and Gnomish, which he is trying to master.

Ghoom loves his Stellar Island home. The grommams came to the island because they crashed in a spelljamming ship refitted from human design. The rescuing grommam ship also stayed, finding the islands delightful. Ghoom is descended from the rescuers.

The Grommam leader is protective—of his people and of the land. He patrols his island home to make

"Let me tell you about Reorx. It'll only take a few days."

—Forge Irongrip

Stellar Islands

sure no spelljamming trespassers land and defile it. Still, he is open and courteous to spelljamming visitors—if he and other clerics determine that the visitors' motives and alignments are good.

His hospitality is known throughout the sphere. To be invited to dine with him is an honor and a delight.

Name: Jussive Proudskull
Occupation: Spacesea Giant Chieftain
STR: 22
INT: 12
DEX: 12
CHA: 18
WIS: 14
CON: 19

Jussive is an elder, one of his race capable of casting priest spells. He is the equivalent of a 5th-level cleric, and he uses his spells to determine the intentions of visitors and to improve the life of his giant brothers.

Jussive is a passive leader, preaching peace and non-interference in the ways of the other Stellar Island residents. He believes the races should live apart and relate only when necessary. However, he recognizes that his people enjoy associating with other races, especially the grommams, and so he has resigned himself to the interaction.

He is contemplative, moody, and prone to meditate upon various concerns and happenings. The spacesea giant believes the best way to approach any situation is to carefully think it out, look at it from all angles, and then make a decision. He knows that the giants beneath his command sometimes tire of his ways and prefer quick action. However, he knows that they will abide by his decisions, since they elected him their leader.

Jussive is the most powerful of the spacesea giants, and the only giant on the Stellar Islands capable of casting spells. He has used his natural stone shape and rock to mud spells to sculpt a home for the giants. And he has used his stone tell ability to converse with the rocks on each of the Stellar Islands, trying to learn why the asteroids benefit "good" peo-

ple through improved health.

When spelljamming visitors stop near Jussive's people, the chieftain makes it a point to meet every individual on the ship and ask for a tour of the vessel. This way, he can make sure the visitors are not hiding anything harmful to his people or to the other inhabitants of the island. On a few occasions, Jussive and his band have routed space pirates pretending to be merchants. Those incidents have left the chieftain less trusting of newcomers.

Name: Eremic Besoom of the Watery Glade
Occupation: Dracon Kaba, Co-leader of the Stellar Nomads
STR: 17
INT: 17
DEX: 12
CHA: 16
WIS: 16
CON: 18

Eremic was born on the volcanic Stellar Island. As he grew, he gained the respect of his brothers and the nearby community of gnomes. The enterprising dracon was the inventor who devised molds into which cooling lava could be poured. The dishes, utensils, and works of art that came from his molds soon circulated through all the peoples of the Stellar Islands, and the giff quickly adopted his art.

Further, the dracon urged his people to become friendlier and more cooperative with the other races on the island and to deal with merchants and adventurers who landed via spelljammers. His people appointed him their leader and adopted his philosophies, selling lava dishes to merchants, giving adventurers brief tours of the islands, and becoming fast friends with the local gnomes and grommams.

In fact, the dragons came to love the gnomes and the two races formed a joint community. The gnomes' whimsical nature helped complement the seriousness of the dragons. When the combined community's buildings were destroyed several years ago by an unusually strong eruption of the volcano,

The Singing Sword might be likened to Robin Hood and his Merry Men, except that the elves and half-elves of the Sword rob from the rich . . . and keep the booty. They are very likely to invite elf or half-elf PCs to join their band.



Stellar Islands

Eremic convinced both races to begin moving about the islands.

"The ribbon paths are there for a reason. Let us use them," he said. And so dragons and gnomes became known as the Stellar Nomads. Under the direction of Eremic and his gnome co-leader, these nomads move from island to island, never living in one spot for more than a few months. Eremic believes there is so much to see that it is pointless to stay in one place and miss it all.

Speljamming visitors who encounter Eremic find him cordial and very curious. The dragon kaba feels a need to know as much as possible about newcomers. In exchange for the information, he tells them in detail how the gnomes and dragons came to be one people.

The dragon kaba is one of several people on the islands who suspect a neogi presence on Nelzmyth. He watches the planet carefully to make sure these evil creatures do not threaten his own world.

Name: Croakumshire ProsoPolrithy Taniwha-Tanquam
Occupation: Gnome Priest, Co-leader of the Stellar Nomads

STR: 11
INT: 15
DEX: 18
CHA: 16
WIS: 18
CON: 18

Croakumshire is a semi-retired gnome inventor-turned-priest. He came to the Stellar Islands several decades ago as a stowaway aboard a merchant's squidship. Quickly joining up with an existing gnome community, he impressed them with his elaborate inventions—none of which worked.

Still, his devices looked the best, and they had the most whirring noises, flashing lights, and twirling appendages. He promptly won the community's invention contest and was appointed leader. (At the time the community had no other criteria for selecting a leader.) Deciding that the heavy responsibility now on his shoulders left no time for inventions, he

passed his tools on to the younger members of the community and took up clerical studies (still finding time now and then to dabble with gadgets). As a cleric he was certain he would be better able to lead his people and cure any ills that beset them. Of course, his people haven't been sick because of the benefits of living on the Stellar Islands, but Croakumshire is certain his healing spells will come in handy some day.

Croakumshire was initially apprehensive about joining forces with the dragon community and forming one group. However, the young gnomes were taken in by the creatures' kindness and odd looks, and Croakumshire knew his feelings could not stand in the way of progress. Through the past few years he has become very good friends with Eremic, and would now lay down his life in defense of the dragon.

The two have become inseparable companions, and they often spend hours in conference over even minor decisions. The gnome now cannot imagine life without the presence of the lawful good dragons.

PCs meeting Croakumshire find him energetic despite his years—and cautious. The old gnome, like others in the Stellar Islands, is wary of newcomers.

As the Strike's reputation spreads throughout Krynnspace, it is likely that punitive expeditions will be mounted—most likely in the form of innocent-looking galleons with hidden powers and weapons. The hiring of medium-level PCs for a supposed trade ship could lead to some onboard mysteries and a final encounter with the Strike.

The Black Clouds

The black clouds that hang in the outer reaches of the Krynspace sphere are invisible against the blackness of the sky. Only the light of the stars passes through them. These clouds are in some respects the opposite of the clouds of freezing vapor that are found elsewhere in the sphere. The black clouds are boiling to the touch and have been the doom of many spelljamming ships that foolishly passed through them.

The clouds form a choppy ring occupying the same space as the planet Nehzmyth's orbit, making that world seem to disappear at times. Unlike the stars, no trace of Nehzmyth can be seen through the clouds. The few clerics who are aware of the clouds believe this is because the stars are magical, the souls of heroes, and their light is strong enough to penetrate the evil darkness. They believe there nothing magical or heroic about Nehzmyth, and so it is obscured by the clouds.

The clouds contain the essence of evil humans and demihumans who died in wildspace. Like a powerful magnet, this section of wildspace pulls the dead people's souls together. So dark were the hearts of the dead that the area clouded over, becoming as black as their once-beating hearts. Through the decades the clouds have grown, as the number of evil humans and demihumans who died in wildspace has increased. The clerics who are aware of the existence of the clouds still do not know the true nature of the phenomenon, and they are unaware that the substance has grown in size. However, they experience a sense of foreboding when they ponder the dark astronomical body.

Crews on spelljamming ships passing near the clouds have claimed to hear cries of pain and terror coming from the darkness. Others have reported seductive whispers: "Come closer that you may feel my embrace." Still others, especially good-aligned clerics, have felt an oppressive force that physically weakens them while they are within a few hundred miles of the clouds.

Spelljamming ships are able to pass into the clouds unharmed. However, any crew members who attempt to touch the cloud or lean over the deck,

quickly suffer ill effects. The clouds are scalding, and to touch them is like dipping your hand in a pot of boiling water. All characters coming into contact with the cloud suffer 2d4 points of damage each turn. Further, neutral and evil characters who die in the clouds are consumed by the blackness. No trace of their bodies can be found. Good characters slain by the clouds are still dead, but their bodies remain floating in the blackness.

Despite the heat, no damage is done to inanimate objects.

When a ship has fully entered a cloud, all that those on deck can see is blackness. The stars vanish, as does everything else that was in sight moments before. The effect is similar to being in a deep cave with no light source. Only the most skillful of spelljamming crews can pass through the clouds without becoming disoriented and lost, emerging sometime later in a different location in wildspace.

A handful of spelljamming crews have learned they can damage a cloud, poking holes in it that let them see the wildspace on the other side. These crews have determined that magic weapons and holy water seem to push the cloud back in places. The attacks seem to do no permanent damage to the blackness, but they keep it at bay and help crews find their way through the dark entity.

The most unsettling effect of the clouds becomes noticeable after spelljamming crews emerge on the other side. It seems they have no recollection of the astral body or of moving through it. It was as if the clouds themselves wiped out the travelers' knowledge of them.

There have been several attempts to capture a portion of a cloud and bring it back to a planet for study. Only one recorded attempt was successful. A wizard with an iron flask held open the cork and commanded the cloud to enter. A portion of the blackness did indeed enter the flask. Friends of this wizard later found him in his cabin below decks, the flask opened and the wizard dead, boils covering his face and hands. The flask's cork was nearly dissolved, as if it had been immersed in strong acid.

"To challenge my beloved dagger would result in your death and our financial profit. Of course, feel free to try. I wouldn't want to discourage you."

—Blackheart of The Strike

Spacefaring Companies

While there are hundreds of companies operating in this sphere, these are the most prominent and successful—and the ones most likely to provide aid, adventure, and challenge for PCs. Of course, not all of these groups are friendly to strangers.

Keep in mind that spelljamming is not common knowledge on Krynn, so contacts with these companies on that world should be limited to Ansalon's or Taladas' port.

The following information reveals each company's motivations and major characters. Spells available to the characters are left up to the DM. Spellcasting individuals in the companies are sure to carry both damaging and protective magic.

Star Knights

This small but powerful company primarily patrols the wilderness about Krynn and Reorx, sworn to protect the inhabitants of those worlds.

The company was formed nearly a decade ago by a retired Knight of Solamnia, Dante Lionmane, who discovered the joys of spelljamming while visiting friends at Ansalon's port. Dante, then 65 at the time, sold all of his possessions, save his armor and sword, and used the money to purchase a dragonfly spelljamming ship. Gathering a small group of warriors, the knight formed the Star Knights and has been sailing wilderness ever since. He has concentrated the company's efforts on Krynn and Reorx, as it is easier for the dragonfly and crew to cover a limited territory.

Although now 75, Dante still remains as head of the company—which currently consists of six additional knights and one wizard, whom Dante appointed ship's captain. The group finances their operations through contracts to haul passengers between Reorx and Krynn, and through payments made by grateful merchants and shipowners.

Dante and his Star Knights have been saving a portion of their earnings from passenger transport and have their eyes set on eventually purchasing a galleon and expanding the company. The group realizes that they can only tackle threats from spelljamming

ships their size or slightly larger, and they would like to expand into a force that can reckon with any size craft.

For the present, however, when the Star Knights run across a threatening ship that they know they cannot handle, they notify the captains of larger ships in Ansalon's or Reorx's ports and ask for their aid.

The Star Knights are also known for coming to the aid of damaged ships and transporting any wounded to Ansalon.

- **Dante Lionmane** (AL LG), 12th-level "retired" Knight of Solamnia, originally from Ansalon. The years have affected his strength, but not his sharp mind. Dante possesses the following attributes: ST 11, DX 12, CH 13, IN 18, WS 17, CH 16. He carries the following magical items about him at all times: *plate mail* +1, *shield* +2, *long sword* +3, and a *ring of warmth*.

Dante works to keep his small band a close-knit group. The old knight considers each member one of his children, and he is always careful to make sure they remain happy and steadfast in their purpose to keep Krynn and Reorx safe.

He feels at peace in wilderness, and he considers his dragonfly more of a home than any building he lived in on Ansalon. He intends to live out his remaining years on his ship, and has given strict orders to be "buried" in the clouds of freezing vapor when he dies.

Despite the many successes the Star Knights have claimed, and despite the number of foes they have vanquished, Dante remains a troubled man. It bothers him that he and his knights cannot take on all the ships whose crews could threaten Krynn or Reorx. He knows his dragonfly is simply too small to battle some of the large ships, and he hates seeking aid from other good-aligned spelljamming crews. The aged knight considers asking for help as a sign of weakness. Further, the knight fears he will die of old age before the company is able to save enough gold to purchase a galleon.

"What's for dinner? Heh heh. Good food 'cause I like you—spiced up with natural things. I save my tainted stuff for the enemy."

—Innokentij Sein of The Strike

Spacefaring Companies

• **Amaan** (AL LG), 10th-level Wizard of the White Robes. Amaan, a middle-aged human, has the following attributes: ST 15, DX 17, CN 16, IN 17, WS 17, CH 12. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Bracers of defense AC 2, ring of feather falling, ring of invisibility, wand of magic missiles, boots of elvenkind, and a staff +2.*

Amaan is fiercely loyal to Dante, admiring the retired knight for his convictions and for his willingness to give up all his earthly possessions in exchange for the dragonfly. The wizard is also honored that Dante appointed him captain of the dragonfly. Dante confided to Amaan that he felt too old for such a task and that he believed the wizard was the smartest and wisest in the company. Further, the retired knight has made it clear that when he dies the dragonfly will become Amaan's property.

Amaan has led the company wisely, wanting Dante to be proud of him. He believes in the Star Knights' mission to keep Krynn and Reorx safe. To this end, he is forever researching magic that might improve the dragonfly or his ability to defend the ship in times of trouble.

Crimson Caravan

The Caravan, as the peoples of Reorx and Zivilyn's moons have come to call the company, consists of three dozen merchants who pooled their wealth and purchased a very large galleon spelljammer. Each merchant has an equal share in the ship, which has a cargo capacity of 40 tons. The ship is captained by one of the Shou Lung explorers who visited Chislev many years ago. The captain works under a contract which gives him authority over all operations of the ship. The three dozen merchants determine the operations of the company and its travel routes. Lengthy sessions attended by all of the merchants spell out and alter all policies, taxes, and price increases.

The merchants travel from world to world, dealing with local shop owners, government officials and the those among the general public who want to purchase unusual or special goods.

Each merchant in the Caravan specializes in a different type of merchandise. This policy allows the company to maintain peace and cooperation. The Caravan charter states that a merchant who is caught dealing in goods already assigned to another in the company will be tossed from the ranks and reimbursed for his share of the ship.

The company regularly stops at ports throughout Krynnspace, including on the moons of Zivilyn and at the Stellar Islands. Further, they are veterans of traveling through Greyspace and RealmSpace, and have regular contracts to bring goods from one sphere to the next. Many adventurers place orders with the Caravan during a stop in port and receive their items during the following stop a few to several months later. In addition, individual merchants hire groups of adventurers to acquire items they turn around and sell on other worlds. The current roster of the Caravan and their merchandise for sale is listed below.

Merchant	Goods
Abrial Springer	large guard dogs
Adin the Fair	"otherworld" paintings
Alba the Pure	silk clothes from Shou Lung
Ario Green	embroidered cloaks
Ayame Stormbull	magical swords
Bonfilia Ikar-Candomut	combs & other hair care items
Broc of the Even Deal	rare live plants
Colby Cobbiewood	fine tables, chairs & other furnishings
Delicia Paine	unique wines, ales & liquors
Droilo Stickyfingers	fine candy
Eamon The Wise	exotic fruits
Elmerth Sowuit	exotic nuts
Enona Sweetson	unique stringed instruments
Fadil Honesthand	silver-inlaid belts and pouches
Golden-Eye Smithy	nonmagical weapons
Graziella Glimpse	Siron sculptures

"Such a show you will see. The sights will mesmerize you, the acting will leave you speechless. You will beg for more!"

— Alphonso the Grand

Spacefaring Companies

Merchant

Ib of the White Mountains
Kumar Willowood
Lalage Flutterlips

Magna Windsprinter
Maitland The Quick

Melody Ash
Miloud
Mugly The Unkempt

Namid Arabesk
Nara Anartomej
Nard The Awesome
Noga Morninglight
Rembyrt Parkyr
Romaric Utherbyth
Srijan Goodman
Sylvan Silvermoon

Tynder Flynder
Vaidemar

Wembly H'Yatih-Erl
Yovel Zadornin

Goods

silk and hemp ropes
alchemical powders
books and nonmagical scrolls
expensive tunics and hose
thieves' tools & equipment
gems & jewelry
magical daggers
dragon scales and other animal parts
antique weapons
magical scrolls
perfumes
traps
old coins
potions, salves, elixirs
spices
magical horse & griffon
barding
rare birds & small reptiles
magical and non-magical candles
boxes and coffers
pipes & tobacco

An additional three dozen 0-level human and demihuman employees see to the personal needs of the merchants, perform various duties to keep the galleon in shape, assist in sailing the vessel, and handle much of the ship's cargo.

• **Ching Tao Ling** (AL NG), 8th-level Kensai from Shou Lung. Ching possesses the following attributes: ST 18/30, DX 18, CN 17, IN 16, WS 17, CH 15. He carries the following magical items about him at all times: *ring of protection +2*, *cloak of protection +2*, *spear +3*, and a *decanter of endless water*.

Ching was but a youth when he joined with a group of seasoned adventurers exploring the world of Chislev. Fascinated by travel in wildspace, the young kensai soon found he felt more alive on other worlds and on the deck of a spelljammer than in Shou Lung. After leaving Chislev, Ching found another ship to sign with, and off he went again to discover new creatures, peoples and customs. This travel and study has helped him learn a variety of languages, including Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnomish, Lizardman, Mino-taur, and various Common dialects.

He has been captain of the Crimson Caravan's galleon for the past three years and has never been happier. He enjoys the diversity of the merchants, although he wrestles with the greed that drives many of them, and he relishes the opportunity to fly from world to world to world. The merchants' trade route gives Ching the opportunity to mingle with different societies. He is hopeful that the merchants will continue to appreciate his skills as captain so that when the time comes to renew his contract in another few years, the merchants do not hesitate.

Ching loves adventure, the chance to fight an equal foe and the opportunity to acquire magic. The Shou Lung native has learned that magic is a powerful tool, and he wants to have as many tools as possible at his disposal. To that end, he continually searches for magic that can increase his Armor Class and improve his ability to deal out damage to those who threaten the merchants.

In addition to the merchants, the galleon is home to 20 2nd-through 4th-level fighters and four 3rd- and 4th-level wizards, who are employed as protection. The fighters work under contract and are paid with pooled money by the merchants. Whenever the Crimson Caravan is in port, one half of the fighters remain on the ship to protect the goods in storage; the other half stay with the merchants, protecting them and helping to insure that local thieves do not lighten the merchants' loads. Because of the occasional turnover in fighters, young adventurers are sought from time-to-time to add to the merchants' force.

When a particularly valuable cargo is being hauled, or there is news of pirates in the area, the Crimson Caravan hires additional adventurers as needed.

"What's that you said about a funny-looking lizard? Describe it real carefully. Don't leave anything out. By the way, where did you see it?"

—Rohgan of The Gatherers



The Hand of Reorx

Newcomers to Krynnspace are frequently greeted by the crew of the Hand, a tradesman spelljammer operated by 20 dwarves and gnomes originally from the world Reorx.

The tradesman patrols wildspace just beyond the Stellar Islands, waiting to meet incoming ships. When such a ship enters the sphere, and the tradesman is nearby, the ship rushes to intercept it. The company of the Hand means the new ship no ill will, and is quick to state their friendly intentions. (However, the crew is equally as quick to avoid neogi ships and is cautious around squid ships.)

If an incoming ship stops, and is determined to be friendly, the dwarves and gnomes of the Hand offer the other crew food, drink and fellowship. The company, who introduces themselves as the Hand of

Reorx, offers to regale their new friends with information about Krynnspace—if the newcomers but listen a few moments to the glories of their god Reorx.

Itinerant preachers all, the gnomes and dwarves want nothing more than to convert newcomers to worshipping Reorx—or at the very least make them well-disposed toward the god. The dwarves and gnomes encourage the crew to visit the planet Reorx and trade with the dwarves and non-Krynn gnomes who work in the mines there. If the newcomers treat the company of the Hand with respect and seem sincerely interested in Reorx, the company offers to escort the ship within the sphere, making their voyage safer.

The Hand of Reorx prides themselves on not being prejudiced—they are quick to converse with any kinds of elves, half-elves, kender, and other races. They treat those acquaintances with the same respect they offer

"Oh, look what I found under this grimy, slimy, dirty, old rock! It's that funny-looking lizard you were searching for. It stinks. But here you go. Hope you're happy!"

— Talf the Bold of The Gatherers

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other dwarves and gnomes. The company hopes that news of their actions will eventually warm their planet-bound brothers on Reorx to other races.

• **Forge Irongrip** (AL NG), 2nd-level fighter, originally from the planet Reorx. The young dwarf possesses the following attributes: ST 17, DX 16, CN 18, IN 12, WS 13, CH 18. He carries the following magical items about him at all times: *hammer +1*, *dagger +1*, *shield +1*.

Forge comes from a very wealthy family of successful miners. When he died in a mining accident several years ago, the family handsomely paid a visiting cleric to "bring their son back." The cleric was successful in raising Forge—but not before Forge's spirit met the avatar of Reorx in the great feast hall in the center of the world.

The young dwarf was awed by the avatar's presence (and a little upset with his family for bringing him back). However, Forge was quick to view the entire ordeal as a message from his god to spread the word of the glory of Reorx. Forge, electing not to reveal information about the feast hall, began preaching about the greatness of Reorx. His charisma and strong words drew others to him, and he soon left his mining career to pursue his preaching full time. However, it didn't take Forge long to realize that the dwarves and non-Krynn gnomes of Reorx didn't need a great deal of convincing, as many of the world's residents already worshipped the god.

Still, feeling a need to spread the word, Forge convinced his family that he must take his crusade to other worlds. Forge's family eventually complied and purchased a tradesman from a spelljamming captain who decided to make Reorx his home. Forge gathered some of the god's most devout followers, along with a gnome who could pilot the ship, and took off for wildspace.

Forge has been traveling wildspace for the past three years and has no intention of stopping his Reorx crusade. He calls himself captain of the ship. Although there are other dwarves who are more able fighters and leaders on the tradesman, they bow to his judgment and follow his orders.

• **Walfrid Hyghseeker** (AL NG), 7th-level wizard, originally from Reorx. This middle-aged non-Krynn gnome who pilots the tradesman has the following attributes: ST 8, DX 16, CN 11, IN 16, WS 13, CH 12. He carries the following magical items about him at all times: *ring of protection +2*, *boots of speed*, *fur of warmth*, and a *lens of speed reading*.

Walfrid considers himself a worshipper of Reorx, but he does not possess Forge's fervor. In addition, Walfrid honors other good-aligned Krynn gods. However, he keeps these beliefs secret, fearing if Forge knew his true thoughts he would be replaced as helmsman.

Walfrid enjoys nothing more than piloting the tradesman. He feels he was born to live in wildspace, to dance among the stars, and he wants little else than to continue in his position for decades.

The Singing Sword

The company of the Singing Sword consists of five dozen elves and half-elves who have taken to a life of pirating in wildspace. The mix of pirates includes fighters, thieves, and wizards. In addition, a few half-elfen clerics are always present to heal any wounded or sick pirates.

They fly throughout the sphere in a hammership that has been redesigned below deck to fit elvish tastes and lifestyle. The crew of pirates prefer to attack ships that are entering rather than leaving the system, especially those that appear to be merchant vessels. Such attacks are swift, but merciful, as the company of the Singing Sword has no desire to kill the crew or extensively damage the incoming ship. Killing an entire ship's crew and damaging the vessel means lessening the traffic in the sphere, which in turn means less loot to pillage. The pirates of the Singing Sword want to gain as much loot as possible.

The Golden Blade

This company of human explorers from Shou Lung flies perhaps the most impressive ship in the sphere. The group of approximately 50 makes their home

"Never will the gods leave us alone. Their puppets are we, their playthings. Always will it be so. Yet, it is a blessing they do not ignore us."

—Lamthatort the Seventh, half-elf scholar

Spacefaring Companies

upon their vehicle, an impressive dragonship. Both the vehicle, and the Shou Lung explorers, are called the Golden Blade.

The vessel is in perfect condition, kept that way by enchantments and the rigorous work of her crew. The deep red hull of the "dragon" part of the ship is so polished that it reflects the light of the stars and makes the vessel difficult to see as it approaches. The ship's sails are magically-strengthened gossamer, through which the stars and other wildspace bodies can be seen—and which help cloak the vessel until it nears. The decks are painted an ebony black and edged with silver.

Player characters seeing this ship for the first time must save vs. paralyzation or gape in wonder, awestruck by its sleek design and beauty, for 1d4 rounds before they can take any action.

The crew of the dragonship views others' reactions as respect, and they have been known to deliberately fly the ship very slowly by crews whose eyes and jaws hang wide open.

The Golden Blade has served as home and vehicle for this collection of Shou Lung fighters, sages, priests, wizards, and common workers for the past several years. Following in the footsteps of the Shou Lung explorers who visited Chislev, the Golden Blade company has decided to study and map every world and wildspace body they come across. The company realizes their return to Shou Lung in their lifetime is unlikely, as there are simply too many things to see and explore.

Player characters encountering this company find them friendly, generous, and inquisitive. Further, a band of PC adventurers could find themselves invited along on the ship as it makes its next exploratory stop. The Shou Lung people, while nationalistic, have no qualms about associating with adventurers of other races. Further, if the PCs distinguish themselves, they could be asked to join the Golden Blade.

The company keeps itself in top condition, too. They spend hours each day training in their respective areas and helping each other to improve offensive and defensive skills. They also seek new fighting styles or new spells from people of other cultures.

The Golden Blade makes it a point to cross paths with the Crimson Caravan. It has regular orders with the merchants for clothes, wine, and other items from Shou Lung. The captains of the vessels have become good friends, and they share news about ships entering and leaving wildspace, rumors of pirates, and updates on various spelljamming ports' politics.

The company's current mission is to unravel the secrets of the vanishing world Nehzmyth. The disappearing world has bothered the Golden Blade's captain for quite some time, and he has decided he must learn where the planet goes, even if that means landing on the planet and following its course that way. However, while his crew goes along with his decision, they are not so sure that is a good idea. For the present, they have convinced the captain to follow the planet from a distance.

• **Dao Ming (AL NG)**, 9th-level Bushi, captain of the Golden Blade. He has the following attributes: ST 18/45, DX 18, CN 18, IN 14, WS 14, CH 17. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Katana +3, flatbox, ring of water walking, ring of protection +2, and a portable canoe.*

The Shou Lung captain is filled with a need to know more—more about other worlds, other cultures, new creatures, different religions. He believes he has fallen in love with the unknown, and he has devoted his life to exploring. He knows that the majority of the crew share his same sense of wonder and determination.

Ming also has a desire to add other races to his crew so the Shou Lung explorers can be closely exposed to other cultures. Whenever the Golden Blade lands at a water port, Ming spends several hours about the dockside establishments, looking for just the right human or demihuman to offer a place on his ship.

Lately, Ming has needed time to himself—away from the faces of his Shou Lung crew he has come to know so well. During extended stays in port, Ming has been known to take his *portable canoe* (purchased from a Greyhawk sailor) and travel the waterways of a planet for a week or more—alone. During

A god's power is increased as the god's worshipers increase and as their individual devotion is strengthened. To gain power at the expense of another god, a deity must not only steal away worshipers, but he must enact plots that prove his power and increase his followers' belief in those powers.

these times he meditates, thinks about his home on Shou Lung, and contemplates his current fixation, such as his desire to know about Nehzmyth.

The Strike

One of the most feared companies to frequent Krynnspace is the Strike, a band of evil humans and half-elves who have made careers of death and destruction.

Flying a Neogl Deathspider, which has been converted on the inside to fit their forms and lifestyles, the crew of 60 pillages ships within Krynnspace, stealing all their wealth, taking no prisoners, and leaving the opposing vessel a useless hulk adrift in wildspace.

The Strike have concentrated their efforts about Chislev, Zivilyn, and the latter planet's moons. The captain, Dagger Iceblood, knows of other ships that patrol wildspace elsewhere and could pose a threat to the strike—or if not a threat themselves, could warn others of the Deathspider's presence.

Of particular interest to the Strike are ships which have not been seen before in Krynnspace and ships leaving Chislev and Zivilyn's moons (which could have hulls full of "treasure").



The Strike orchestrates its attack on a target vessel with all the grace and elegance of a well-rehearsed dance. Many of the men are expert marksmen with the ship's ballistae and catapult, and they use these weapons to great effect, while the Strike's spellcasters further weaken the opponent. In most cases the target ship's crew is given an opportunity to surrender (and in most cases the ships accept). This allows the Strike to pillage the ship and to rip personal belongings from each crew member without having to worry that valuable items are being destroyed in a continuing battle. When the ship and crew has been stripped, the Strike continues their assault until not one opposing crew member is left alive. The Strike then guts the inside of the ship, making sure it can never be used for spelljamming again, and leaves the hulk adrift in space—a morbid trophy for other voyagers to see.

Of course, the Strike does not attack every ship that crosses its path. The captain and crew are shrewd and do not knowingly pick a target that would pose a serious threat to themselves. For example, Dagger Iceblood is well aware of the Crimson Caravan and the Golden Blade, companies he would dearly love to grind into wildspace dust. However, he knows better than to risk his own ship and the lives of his crew on such a venture.

Still, Dagger watches the movements of these ships, hoping to one day find them crippled or the victim of another attack. When the time is right he will strike, and the takings from either of those ships will be glorious.

• **Dagger Iceblood** (AL NE), 17th-level fighter. Dagger, an ancient human who is physically only 30 years old due to the repeated quaffings of *longevity potions* has the following attributes: ST 19, DX 19, CN 13, IN 16, WS 13, CH 19. His Strength, Dexterity and Charisma have been boosted magically (at great expense). He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Chain mail +3*, *shield +2*, *long sword +3*, *boots of striding and leaping*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *ring of regeneration*, *ring of flying*, and a *necklace of adaptation*.

At times Dagger believes he is invincible—it has been two years since an opponent landed a blow that caused physical damage! Still, Dagger is too smart to fight recklessly. His combat strategies are carefully thought out and ruthlessly performed. His timing with sword blows is precise, and his defensive moves are agile and sure. In truth, it is his long years of life

"The people are learning of gods from other realms. A mixed blessing, to be sure. We must be careful and continue to honor our own gods . . . else another cataclysm could come."

—Sinfred Appleton, priestess of Mishakal

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and work with swords and varied fighting techniques that has brought the pirate to his present skill. He practices each day, and he demands similar efforts from the other fighters on board. He is a harsh captain, but those under him are rewarded well in the form of treasure shared from defeated ships.

Dagger is obsessed—with acquiring more wealth, with improving the skills of his crew and, above all else, with improving his own physical condition and staying young. When he divides the treasure among his crew, he keeps all forms of magic that would extend his life or improve his strength or other attributes.

• **Geva of the Red Hills** (AL NE), 13th-level fighter. Geva, a young half-elf, possesses the following attributes: ST 17, DX 18, CN 14, IN 13, WS 12, CH 16. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Plate mail +1, shield +1, boots of levitation, cloak of elvenkind, long sword +2 (black dragon slayer), and three portable holes.*

The first mate of the Deathspider, and unofficially second-in-command of the Strike, Geva has the respect of the crew. He is evil, but trustworthy as far as the Strike members are concerned, and he works to acquire better entertainment, wine and weapons for the company.

The young half-elf admires Dagger and feels an odd sense of obligation to him, as Dagger singled out the fighter and named him first mate. Geva works to keep himself in top physical condition, keep the crew in line and keep Dagger's trust. Geva enjoys his position and the wealth and power it brings. He does not intend to cross paths with his captain and jeopardize his standing and life.

• **Blase Terror** (AL CE), 9th-level fighter. Blase, a short but muscular human, has the following attributes: ST 18/90, DX 12, CN 18, IN 12, WS 10, CH 7. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Bronze plate mail +2, two-handed sword +2, ring of feather falling, and a gem of retaliation.*

Blase, who attained the rank of second mate through hard work and successfully squelching

fighters among the low-level fighters, is nervous and paranoid that those under him will seek to eliminate him and take his place. He does not sleep well, awakening at any creak or groan of wood, and because of this he is perpetually tired, with dark circles under his eyes.

Despite his fatigue, he keeps himself in good physical condition, and is frequently found practicing swordplay with Geva on deck. He is happiest when fighting, especially when the battle is on the deck of a target vessel. He also enjoys his time in port, where he seeks the most obscure, out-of-the-way lodging possible, and spends most of the days in bed, gaining much-needed sleep.

• **Blackheart** (AL LE), 12th-level Wizard of the Black Robes. Blackheart, a half-elf who is Dagger's current romantic interest, has the following attributes: ST 9, DX 12, CN 13, IN 18, WS 17, CH 18. She carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Bracers of defense AC 4, ring of spell storing, cloak of the bat, wand of magic detection, wand of fireballs, boots of elvenkind, two jars of Keoghtum's ointment, a brooch of shielding, and a crystal parrot.*

Blackheart, as she calls herself, is as beautiful as she is deadly. She uses her spells to maximum effect, and attempts to cause pain and terror with them. Like a cat, Blackheart likes to toy with her victims before ending their pitiful lives.

Blackheart felgns affection for Dagger, recognizing that she could do well magically and financially at his side. She is the only one of the company of the Strike who is aware of his true age, and she is repulsed by the idea of romancing such an "old" man. Still, at his side she is respected, and the crew is quick to take orders from her.

She intends to keep up her charade as Dagger's mate until she is certain she can best the pirate. At that time, she intends to kill Dagger and take control of the Strike and the Deathspider. To that end, she has considered seducing Geva or Blase, but has not yet acted on these plans.

"Wow! Lookit that!"

—anonymous



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• **Innokentij Sein** (AL LE), 8th-level thief. Innokentij, whose name means innocent, possesses the following attributes: ST 13, DX 18, CN 15, IN 17, WS 11, CH 10. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Leather armor +4*, *short sword of backstabbing*, *perlaip of proof against poison*, *boots of balance*, and *Talin's tights*.

Innokentij, skilled in the culinary arts, is the Strike's chef. The middle-aged human considers his position one of the safest on the Deathspider, as he knows none in the crew would attempt to kill him—the meals he prepares are too delicious. In addition, the crew knows Innokentij is an expert poisoner, and to threaten him would likely bring on their own dooms.

Innokentij has made it clear he desires no other position than cook and has no aspirations to rise to the rank of first or second mate. He is content to feed the Strike, acquire wondrous new foods and recipes from their raids against other ships, and perfect his art of creating poisons. Most of Innokentij's lethal concoctions find themselves on the edges of swords hefted by the Strike.

The Dream Spinners

This company is comprised of actors, dancers, singers, acrobats, clowns, and musicians who travel from world to world displaying their talents and pulling in gold pieces from pleased patrons.

The Dream Spinners, as they call themselves, make their home aboard a colorfully-painted squidship, and they land at ports where there is plenty of water to accommodate their ship. The company is comprised of humans, elves, half-elves, kender, dwarves, Kyrnn and non-Kyrnn gnomes, and lizardmen—who all seem to get along splendidly because of their love for the theater and entertaining others.

The captain is a playwright, whose works have brought tears and standing ovations to crowds on Reorx, Zivilyn's moons, Tori, Greyhawk, and other worlds. His dramas seem gritty and real, tugging at the heartstrings of humans and demi-humans alike.

His plays are aided by illusions and other spells cast by the stagehands, and the actors are the best of many worlds. For the young at heart, the Dream Spinners offer comedies, clown acts, light songs, and acrobatic feats to dazzle even the most dour dwarf.

The group is forever working to improve their craft. They have been known to spend great amounts of coin on fabric, gnomish creations, and other items that could improve their productions. They also hire adventurers as protection when flying in areas known to be frequented by pirates. Occasionally the adventure's stay on for many months, caught up by the wondrous acts and personalities.

The Dream Spinners make a healthy living, as in addition to performing for the masses they make scheduled stops for royalty. While kings and princes prove a more stuffy audience, their payment more than makes up for their tepid enthusiasm.

• **Captain Evan Alger** (AL NG), 0-level human. He possesses the following attributes: ST 14, DX 12, CN 15, IN 15, WS 14, CH 17. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Ring of protection +3*, *armulet of dramatic death*, and *boots of levitation*.

Evan Alger does everything with flair—from walking off his spelljamming ship to strutting across a stage giving directions to his actors. He uses grand, exaggerated gestures when he speaks, and his face displays a whirlwind of emotions. He is almost always the center of attention in any crowd, and he plays his audience with the expertise of a practiced actor.

For all his bluster, Evan is a kind man who cares about the happiness of others. That is how he got into the business—wanting to create plays that anyone could attend. The rich could think about something other than money for a time, the poor could be caught up in the fantasy and forget their day-to-day problems. His plays range from heart wrenching dramas tinged with bittersweet endings to fulfilling romances where there is not a dry eye in the house at the end of the curtain call.

Lately, Evan has been given to writing about ad-

"'Gadget'! You call my creation a 'gadget'! Don't be insulting! This work of art can darn your socks, start a campfire, and entertain the children all at the same time!"

—Marjoritops Butterwil,
Chief Inventor on the *Liddlebidoeverythingputtogether*

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ventures and including swordplay and flashy magic in his productions. The audience seems to love these new productions. To find more material, Evan spends time in port talking with adventurers—some of whom he hires as extra protection for his ship. He spends long hours listening to their tales, and then writes up some of their exploits (embellishing here and there to make episodes more dramatic).

He is always on the lookout for new talent, and is not above fast-talking a starry-eyed adventurer or adventuress into auditioning for his latest production with promises of future stardom to come. His motives in this are usually pure—and if the person turns out to have talent, he or she is invited to join the company as an apprentice—but he also has an eye for female beauty, and he has found that including a local in the production can greatly increase the box office. In these cases, Evan has no intention of admitting the local to the company.

• **Alphonso The Grand** (AL NG), 11th-level illusionist. The human first mate possesses the following attributes: ST 16, DX 14, CN 17, IN 18, WS 12, CH 15. He carries and wears these magic items at all times: *Ring of protection +1*, *ring of protection +2*, *cloak of elvenkind*, *staff +3*, *dagger +3*, *pearl of the spheres*, and a *wand of wonder*.

Alphonso provides special effects for many of Evan's plays. The aging wizard enjoys nothing more than using his spells and ventriloquism skill at entertaining audiences. He has found the theater work more fun, safe, and financially rewarding than adventuring.

Alphonso is loyal to Evan and considers the entire company his extended family. He spends long hours watching the actors rehearse, the singers practice, and the clowns put on their make-up. He regrets not having chosen such a life for himself when he was younger. Still, he is happy he found Evan and was afforded the opportunity to help the theater business in some way.

The aging wizard worries that there are not many years left in his tired bones. There are no other illusionists among the members of the company, al-

though there are general wizards who have some illusion spells. This does not seem enough to Alphonso, and he is on the lookout for an enterprising young illusionist each time the ship stops in port. He wants to take on an apprentice to continue the special effects he provides for the performances.

The Gatherers

This small company of fighters, clerics, and rogues is greeted with mixed reactions when they land on planets in Krynnspace and elsewhere.

Their aim is to capture unique mammals, fish, and plants from worlds throughout various spheres. The gathered subjects are kept in cages and tanks in the Gatherers' small galleon and transported to other worlds where they command good prices. For example, the Gatherers collect rare birds from the Isle of Dragons on Krynn, then transport them to the bustling city of Greyhawk marketplace where no such species exist, and where they can be sold to the highest bidders. Of course, the country from which the animals are taken profits by their enterprise. The Gatherers spread coins about in their search for wild-life and sometimes pay others to help them capture animals and collect plants.

Many champion the Gatherers' work, claiming that the company helps guarantee that various species prosper and continue to multiply; for example, a species of bird threatened with extinction on Krynn might thrive in the forests of Toril. The Gatherers' supporters frequently aid the company, directing them to rare plants and animals and informing them about newly-discovered species. Local officials tend to support the Gatherers, as their countries profit from the money the company spreads around.

However, there are small groups who oppose the Gatherers' work and who are becoming increasingly vocal about it. They claim it is wrong to transplant animal and plant life to other worlds—even to other continents on the same world. They contend the creatures and plants live in specific locations for a reason, and nature should not be meddled with. These individuals, among them high-level druids,

"Yellow is the color of bravery—bright yellow that will strike fear into the hearts of the enemy. Call me chicken, and I'll show you just how powerful yellow can be!"

—Yazhoo the Yellow

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claim the Gatherers could cause the death of entire species by collecting too many. Further, they fear that introducing foreign animals and plants to another land could harm that land through introduction of unwanted pests, predators, or disease.

A few governments throughout the spheres are considering adopting laws relating to the Gatherers—either endorsing their work or prohibiting it. So far public opinion is leaning toward the former, as it means a monetary gain for both sides.

In terms of this sphere, the Gatherers can work largely undetected on Krynn, landing their galleon under cover of the darkness in the waters about the tropics where a wealth of avian and plant life await. In this way, the peoples of the islands are kept oblivious to spelljamming, viewing the galleon as nothing more than a well-maintained sea-going ship. The few on the islands who are aware of the company's spelljamming operations support the Gatherers. The company stays away from the port on Ansalon, although they sell animals and plants from other worlds through merchant-agents. On Reorx, the Gatherers take no precautions to hide their origins and purpose. Here, as elsewhere in this and other spheres, they are met with mixed reactions.

The Gatherers came into being less than a decade ago. A band of Toril adventurers with their own spelljammer, they traveled from world to world looking for adventure. After several expeditions on Chislev, where all they acquired were bruises and empty pockets, they decided to collect some of the exotic looking plants and try to sell them. They were amazed at how much gold the plants brought, and they returned to Chislev for another load. Expanding their operations to other worlds, the adventurers quickly learned that collecting and selling rare plants and animals was far more profitable than delving into ruins and dungeons.

Other companies have tried to copy The Gatherers' business, but the adventurers always manage to . . . persuade . . . the new competition to try another line of work.

• **Rohgan** (AL NQ), a 9th-level fighter originally from

Waterdeep. The captain of the galleon, he possesses the following attributes: ST 18/21, DX 12, CN 16, IN 15, WS 10, CH 15. He wears and carries the following magical items at all times: *Boots of elvenkind*, *cloak of elvenkind*, *bracers of defense AC 4*, *short sword of quickness*, and several *bags of holding* of various sizes.

Rohgan is the captain solely because he has the largest financial investment in the galleon. Still, he leads the group with a fair hand, and his wit and judgment have netted the Gatherers considerable profits at little risk.

The middle-aged fighter enjoys traveling wild-space, and he relishes visiting various worlds. A vagabond at heart, the lifestyle of a Gatherer fits him well. Rohgan, however, realizes the Gatherers may someday be affected by government laws and groups of people who oppose the company's collecting. Because of that, he has been saving most of his earnings. When the time comes, he intends to settle down by purchasing an inn or other establishment on one of his favorite worlds.

• **Talf the Bold** (AL CN), a 9th-level thief. He possesses the following attributes: ST 13, DX 16, CN 14, IN 17, WS 17, CH 12. He wears and carries the following magical items at all times: *Leather armor +2*, *boots of varied tracks*, *long sword +1*, and *bags of holding* of various sizes.

Talf has only recently discovered the joys of the Gatherers' work. Originally, the halfling only felt comfortable prowling ruins, dungeons, and other places where he could acquire jewelry, gems, and objects of art. Dirtying his hands carefully uprooting plants held little enjoyment. In fact, the halfling had decided to part company with the Gatherers until the ship landed on Reorx and he learned about the precious metals the dwarves mined. Further, the unsuspecting dwarves and gnomes often wore pouches filled with coins and nuggets! Before the company's galleon left the port, Talf had greatly lessened the gnomes' and dwarves' burden.

Talf also discovered that adventurers the Gatherers dealt with also carried considerable wealth . . .

During this adventure, the PCs may come across magical clues left by the real Mel Ling. These clues point to the location of her hidden diary, but are very subtle (since she feared alerting the dragon to the diary's presence).

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wealth just waiting to belong to the greedy halfling. Talif has now accepted his lifestyle, and his efforts have made him second-in-command of the galleon.

• **Adima the Peg** (AL NG), a 10th-level cleric from Greyhawk. Adima, the primary helmsman of the ship, possesses the following attributes: ST 14, DX 14, CN 12, IN 13, WS 17, CH 11. He wears and carries the following magical items at all times: *Peg leg of levitation*, *chain mail* +3, *mace* +2, and several bags of holding of various sizes.

Adima, who has just reached 35 summers, is an accomplished cleric for his age, learning astonishingly quickly under the tutelage of older and wiser clerics. A very devout individual, he spends at least four hours a day in prayer and meditation, and the remainder of his waking hours are spent either capturing animals or studying tomes about rare species. He truly believes that the Gatherers' work is important and helps various types of animals and plants survive and flourish. He believes his deity wants him to do this work so that the diversity of plants and animals spreads throughout the spheres and grows in number.

He is outgoing and friendly, and he is quick to talk to strangers—especially adventurers—about their travels and any creatures they might have seen. He takes extensive notes regarding animals he learns of, including details of their locations, behavior and general appearance. Once others join a conversation with Adima, he is loathe to let them walk away. He wants to know as much as possible about the newcomers, and he wants them to know all about the Gatherers' work. Often he is found following those who wish to end the conversation and be about their business. He rarely takes "no" or "I must go" for an answer.

"Buy my vegetables, that's just fine with me. That's how I make my living. But try to copy my work? Watch yourself. Me and my friends don't take kindly to gnomes threatening to put us out of business."

—angry Hiddukel farmer

The Gods of Krynnspace

The gods play a major role in activities in Krynnspace—perhaps more of a role than deities in other spheres.

The Krynn sphere came into being untold years ago when the gods from Beyond dwelt in the presence of the High God, their father. It was during this time that Reorx, called the Forging God, struck his mighty hammer. The sparks became the first stars, and the spirits that came from the light shed by the stars became the people.

The gods were quick to quarrel over possession of these spirits. The All-Saints war resulted when the good and neutral gods joined to keep the evil gods from winning. In the end, the spirits were given worlds to inhabit—the worlds that make up the planets in Krynnspace.

Despite the beliefs of many of the residents of the planets and asteroids in the sphere, the gods do not inhabit the worlds named for them.

Still, the gods continue to influence the sphere as they always have, through their avatars. Almost without exception, the gods' avatars spend time each year on their worlds. Further, they use the planets and moons, as described in each world entry, to watch activities throughout the sphere. Sometimes the avatars interact with the worlds' residents. For example, Reorx's avatar occasionally works in the mines, side by side with the people who worship him.

Although the moons of Zivilyn have in recent memory been named for other Krynn gods, there has been no evidence that those gods' avatars dwell on the moons.

One of the latest instances of the gods thoroughly meddling in the affairs of men was the Cataclysm. The Kingpriest of Istar called down the wrath of the gods upon Krynn, the jewel of the sphere. During this time, the gods disciplined the people for their pride. This punishment took the form of a great mountain crashing down upon the ground, causing tremendous death and destruction.

Although the land of Solamnia was perhaps least affected by the natural disasters, the countryside was devastated by the repercussions of the Cataclysm. The once-respected and revered Knights of Solam-

nia were cast into disgrace by the common people—despite the noble knights' attempts to fight the unspeakable horrors that walked upon the land.

The gods again involved themselves in the War of the Lance that rocked Krynn. Good and evil dragons surfaced, the people united, and Takhisis, the dragon queen, was prevented from achieving her goals.

The people of Krynn, and those of Reorx who know of the gods' involvement on Krynn, believe another catastrophe orchestrated by the gods will soon plague a planet in the sphere. The people are certain the gods will never leave them or their worlds alone.

The people are right.

The gods of Krynnspace are forever scheming, primarily against each other. However, the gods and their avatars are not above manipulating the people of the worlds in the sphere to do their bidding. Some time in the near future, a Time of Troubles or incident as great as the Cataclysm or War of the Lance will again shake their world.

The Gods

Branchala: This neutral good god was a companion to Habbakuk before the worlds in Krynnspace were created. His music is more beautiful than anything that can be created by men.

Chemosh: Called the Lord of Undead, this lawful evil god is held in esteem by wizards of the Black Robes. His worshipers almost always dress in shades of black and gray and wear skull masks to hide their identities. Most of the powerful evil undead that walk the face of Krynn and other worlds were people who made pacts with Chemosh. They gained power, but with a price: they now exist in corrupt, decaying flesh.

Chislev: This neutral god is nature. Able to take the form of a man or woman—or any creature, for that matter—Chislev is believed to dwell in Zhan, the greatest of all forests. The god's elfen followers believe they will join with Chislev in this forest when they pass from their lives on Krynn.

In "The Play's the Thing," be sure to include red-herring clues that point to one of the current members of the crew. Players will be all too eager to believe that the leader of the company has some dark secret to hide.

The Gods of Krynnspace

Gilean: A neutral god, Gilean possesses a book called the *Tobriil*. This book is said to store all the knowledge manifested in all the gods. The god is said to live in the night sky near the constellations of Paladine and Takhisis. His followers believe he keeps the two forces from destroying each other.

Habbakuk: The twin of Kiri-Jolith, this neutral good god is honored by sailors and rangers. He especially watches over animal life and the seas.

Hiddukel: A trader in souls, this chaotic evil deity is portrayed as a corpulent figure with cold, beady eyes. His followers believe he is the only god who can barter with Takhisis and emerge triumphant.

Kiri-Jolith: The war god, he is lawful good and the son of Paladine and Mishakal. His twin is Habbakuk.

Lunitari: Wizards of the Red Robes pray to this god of natural magic. She is the only daughter of Gilean.

Majere: This god is favored by monks. Neutral good in alignment, he is said to provide symbols that his followers can turn into insects and invoke to fight for them.

Mishakal: The lawful good goddess of healing, she is known and revered by good creatures across the entire planet of Krynn.

Morgion: This repulsive neutral evil deity is considered the god of disease, decay, corruption, and plague. He rarely acts with the other gods in the sphere, choosing to follow his own agenda. He is said to reside in the Bronze Tower that is located on a border of the Abyss.

Nuitari: One of the least powerful evil gods, Nuitari is considered the god of evil magic and is regarded highly by wizards of the Black Robes. He is the twin brother of Zeboim and the son of Takhisis and Sargonnas.

Paladine: He is considered the "Father of Good and Master of Law." Spokesman for the gods of good, he prefers not to meddle in the affairs of his fellow beings. Lawful good in alignment, he rules the Dome of Creation that makes up all that is. An ethereal land of flawless radiance, it is vast and beckons to all those who have walked upon its ground.

Reorx: The commander of creation and technology throughout Krynnspace, Reorx the Forge is a neutral god. Dwarves and gnomes throughout this sphere hold him in the highest esteem. He is considered the father of dwarves, kender, and gnomes. He has many human followers, but these tend to consider him a squire to Kiri-Jolith.

Sargonnas: The lawful evil companion of Takhisis is a mystery. The people of Krynnspace know little of him, except that he is considered the god of vengeance and has been involved in plots that better—or hinder—Takhisis.

Shinare: She is the neutral god of wealth and industry. Favored by dwarves, who view her as a male deity, Shinare is considered the god of merchants.

Sirion: Called the god of flame and natural power, this neutral deity is thought to bring nature into being. Shinare is his companion, and they are viewed as a disagreeable couple with quarrels that impact worlds.

Solinari: The lawful good god to whom wizards of the White Robes pray is the son of Paladine. He keeps an eye on magic and those who cast it.

Takhisis: Queen of Darkness, Queen of Evil Dragons, Dragonqueen, and She of Many Faces are some of the names this lawful evil god is known by. Consort of Sargonnas, Takhisis is known for instigating the Ail-Saints war before the birth of Krynn. The three Dragon Wars were also initiated at her direction. She can take on any form she desires and has been seen as a five-headed chromatic dragon.

"Ice is brittle, yet harsh. In places it is thicker than the walls that surround great cities. I'm certain it hides a wealth of knowledge—and treasure, perhaps. But breaking the ice will not be easy and might require much heat."

—Lamthatort the Seventh, half-elf scholar

The Gods of Krynnspace

Zemboim: The chaotic evil Sea Queen is the daughter of Takhisis. Considered to be the most moody and temperamental of the gods, she has wild emotion swings that are sometimes felt across the faces of worlds.

Zivilyn: Another neutral god, he is considered to have all the wisdom of all the planes. His companion is Chisleiv in her female form, and together, the two gods are said to have a perfect blend of understanding, wisdom, and harmony.

Gods From Other Realms

The influx of spelljamming visitors from other spheres has brought an awareness of other gods.

For example, the presence of explorers from the lands of Kara-Tur has awakened interest in the Eastern gods of Realmspace and of the philosophies practiced by the Eastern people. Further, adventurers from Toril have been quick to spread the news of their own gods, such as Torm, Tyr, Malar, and others.

Most of the Krynnspace natives remain true to their gods, taking only a passing interest in the gods from other spheres. Still, they listen to the tales of the other-sphere deities with interest, as it seems those deities do not interfere as much in the goings-on of world affairs as do Krynn's gods.

Spelljamming visitors from other worlds who establish permanent trade routes with some of the planets and moons in the Krynn sphere have been known to set up small temples to their gods. Priests from Toril and other planets stay behind at these temples to convert followers to their deity's faith and to provide sanctuary and aid for spelljamming adventurers from their home worlds.

Near the Palanthus spelljammer port on Ansalon, several of these small temples have been established above merchants' shops. Local Krynn clerics are upset by the intrusion, but most of them have resolved to tolerate the newcomers. Still, some of the clerics are irritated that a small percentage of Krynn natives who visit the port have also been seen visiting these temples. The local clerics fear that should too many

Krynn residents stray from the worship of Krynn gods, those gods could force another cataclysm upon the world.

To help keep the Krynn natives loyal to their own gods, the clerics recently have started festivals and other activities near the spelljamming port. Some clerics have argued that temples should not be allowed to foreign gods. These cries have fallen on the deaf ears of city officials, as the foreign temples pay taxes and contribute to the economy.

"Aye, I have heard of a great ship—a magical vessel that swims between the worlds easier than a dolphin swims in the seas. To have that ship would be to possess a miracle. If you're looking for her, count me in."

—Etombee the gnome sage

The Tinker Gnomes of Krynnspace

No race in this sphere took to spelljamming with such joy as the Krynn gnomes. They embraced the opportunity to travel between worlds, having few qualms about leaving their homes and friends.

The tinker gnomes are fascinated with spelljamming, with the ships, gadgets, and everything else involved in the process of flying from planet to planet to moon to asteroid. Gnomes on Krynn, Reorx, and other planets who have learned about spelljamming have been known to sell all their worldly possessions for passage on a ship or to be taken on as a crew member of a spelljamming vessel. Some have even resorted to stowing away!

A few tinker gnomes have gone so far as to claim that their kind belong in the stars—with their feet firmly planted on the deck of a spelljamming vessel. Other races of Krynn and Reorx agree, fervently wishing that all tinker gnomes would find their way into wildspace—and never find their way home.

Spelljamming travel has allowed tinker gnomes to set up homesteads on planets in Krynnspace and other spheres. The gnomes view this as a perfect means to spread their wealth of inventions, permitting other races to use their wondrous devices. In turn, they can acquire foreign gadgets to add to their odd machinations.

Although the majority of gnomes do not have their own ships, there are a few companies of tinkers who fly vessels of decidedly gnomish make and ownership. The captains are usually the gnomes who designed and built the ships. No two gnome ships look alike. However, observers can often recognize bits and pieces of other ships—the wings of a dragonfly, the tail of a hammership, the masts from a galleon, etc., hidden somewhere in the mélange of wood and metal that make up the gnome ship. These vessels are covered with blinking lights, twirling dials, and levers that go up and down of their own accord.

The most famous tinker gnome ship is the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*, a vessel that looks like its name. The captain, detailed below, is considered a hero among his people—on the same level as the Heroes of the Lance. Of course, this is only as far as tinker gnomes are concerned. Dwarves, kender,

humans, and elves consider the captain little more than a junkman.

The crew of the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether* are scavengers. They comb wildspace looking for the wrecks of other spelljammers that they can haul to a world and merge together to create another working vessel. The captain and crew have dreams of building a fleet of these ships. Humans and other demihumans who know of their plans shudder at the thought, but a few of them have purchased the gnomes' odd ships because they could not afford any other kind of spelljammer.

Name: Chokablock Axunge

Occupation: Captain of the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*

STR:	10	INT:	15
DEX:	18	WIS:	10
CON:	12	CHA:	11

Captain Chokablock flies his unusual-looking ship throughout wildspace, striking terror in the hearts of those who worry over gnomish inventions and inspiring awe in travelers who do not know better.

His aim in life is to find as many wrecked spelljamming vehicles as possible and to assemble them together into a massive fleet. His crew is unwaveringly loyal, and they share his goal.

An itinerant inventor, Chokablock is forever finding new gadgets to add to his ship and is always creating more and more back-up devices in case the first several back-ups fail.

Newcomers find him cordial, inquisitive, and quick to offer to sell them devices. He has no reservations about taking on new crew members who share his ideals—even if those crew members are of other races.

Name: Zindig Dozenfingers

Occupation: First Mate of the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*

STR:	19	INT:	14
DEX:	18	WIS:	13
CON:	18	CHA:	16

The most famous tinker gnome ship is the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*, a vessel that looks like its name.

The Tinker Gnomes of Krynnspace

Also an inventor, Zindig has profited from failed experiments. By imbibing hair-growth tonics at the same time as applying oils to tan his skin, he permanently increased his Strength and Constitution. Unfortunately, he has never been able to duplicate the procedure. He continues to try, as he is certain a successful hair-growth product will make him rich.

Zindig is faithful to his captain and assists him with most major inventions. Still, he hopes to become an admired deviser in his own right.

He is responsible for acquiring many of the unusual levers, dials, and other accoutrements that deck the devices. A kleptomaniac, Zindig has a penchant for picking up items that beg to be placed on gnomish creations. PCs encountering Zindig later find their pockets empty and their backpacks lighter.

Name: Marjor/tops Butterwill

Occupation: Chief inventor on the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*

STR: 15 **INT:** 17

DEX: 15 **WIS:** 15

CON: 11 **CHA:** 7

Adult gnomes on Reorx and on parts of Krynn know well the tales of the great inventions of this middle-aged former housewife. Her creations are legendary, as most of them work (although frequently not as intended). Parents tell their children if they study hard they might someday be able to sign on the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether* and work under her direction.

Marjor, as her friends call her, is embarrassed by this attention. She has vowed to retire if her fans do not quit pestering her. Deep down, however, she enjoys the adulation and has no intention of putting away her tools. She is concerned about her age, and worries that she will die before her great talents are passed on. To this end, she has been studying potential apprentices (gnomes, humans, and other demi-humans) in the hopes of finding that special person who can eventually fill her shoes.

Some of her most noteworthy devices are presented below.

Udder Rudder

One of Marjor's first spelljamming devices, an udder rudder, remains a staple on many gnome spelljamming ships. This device is lashed to the bottom of the vessel, and a heavy cable is strung from it, up and over the side of the ship, and connected frequently to the main mast. By turning a small knob attached to the mast, the rudder turns the ship. Consult the following table for the result of using the rudder. Use a 10-sided die.

1d10	Result
1-2	rudder does not work
3	rudder takes ship in opposite direction as intended
4-7	rudder works exactly as intended
8	rudder makes ship sail in circles
9	rudder doubles the ship's speed and takes the ship where intended
10	rudder doubles the ship's speed and takes it in a 90° course to the right of the intended path

Masked Mast

This is one of the gnome's most recent inventions and relies on the use of a jar of *Nolzur's marvelous pigments* and *invisible sails* (detailed in the magical Items section). Many gnomes think Marjor cheated with this creation, as there are no gadgets, blinking lights, or whirring sounds. A *masked mast* kit contains these magical items in addition to careful directions how to use them. First, the gnomes paint their mast with the *pigments*, making the mast look like something (a tree is usually the object of choice). Next, *invisible sails* are attached to it. The end result is a spelljamming ship that appears to have no mast or sails—just an object, such as a tree, sprouting from the deck.

Anchor Shocking

A favorite of the crew of the *Liddlebidoeverythinputo*

"Can't stay long. There's too much we gotta see and do. Been nice meetin' ya, though. Maybe we'll see ya on Chislev."

—Zindig Dozenfingers,
First Mate of the *Liddlebidoeverythinputogether*

The Tinker Gnomes of Krynnspace

gether, these anchors appear normal and could be used on sea-going vessels. However, when a knob is turned or a button is pushed somewhere on the anchor, lights emerge from concealed holes and begin blinking in tune with music from a music box carefully concealed inside the anchor. More expensive versions of this anchor include varieties that emit a shower of colorful sparks, twirl seemingly of their own accord, unfold into different shapes, and make loud belching noises. Marjor cautions all sea-going captains who purchase an anchor shocking that they should not push the button or turn the lever while the anchor is underwater. The anchor is not guaranteed to work while wet.

Crow's Nest

This simple device (simple as far as gnomes are concerned) attracts crows. A normal basket attached to a mast, it has secret compartments filled with bits of dried meat, cheese, and fruit that attract birds—especially crows. The crows flock around the basket, smelling the food.

Particularly large flocks of crows have been known to dismantle these baskets in short order.

Marjor insists these crows' nests are invaluable to seagoing vessels, as when the captains are lost, they can tell when they near land because of the presence of crows. Unfortunately, Marjor points out these crows' nests are good only on spelljamming ships when the ships are on a planet. The type of "birds" the nest might attract in wildspace make it to risky to put the basket up while spelljamming.

Wildspace Race Case

This plain-looking box is filled with everything a spelljamming captain would need to compete in a race: sphere maps (which may or may not do him any good), false maps (to give to competitors so they can get lost) a compass which functions in wildspace and plays assorted tunes, a second compass (which does not work but could be used to throw off competitors), an eyeglass that magnifies and minimizes what

is being viewed, and a ship's prow ornament. This latter object is of decidedly gnomish make—garish, colorful, and of questionable taste.

Helm Covers

Although these devices do not make noise or blink, they are sought after by gnome wizards and clerics who pilot spelljamming ships. Most often made of gaudily dyed animal fur decorated with beads and fringe, these helm covers fit over most chairs. Intricate devices beneath the fur raise the temperature of the helm cover so the chair's occupant is toasty warm and comfortable.

Wildspace Tinker Gnome Heroes

As more and more gnomes go into space, tales of their exploits, accomplishments, and inventions drift from the heart of the sphere to its farthest reaches. These are some of the revered gnomes, whose adventures have become the stuff of legends among their people.

Name: Nerfhrerter Nanglewobble of the Endless Yarmtegor

Occupation: Thief Extraordinary

STR: 12 **INT:** 15

DEX: 21 **WIS:** 11

CON: 12 **CHA:** 3

Nerfhrerter is called the "thief of all thieves"; tales say he stole an artifact from under the nose of a half-orc pirate. The artifact is said to have made him uglier than a troll, but it increased his Dexterity to godlike proportions. Now, Nerfhrerter claims he can steal the socks off anyone—without the victim noticing. Ballads say he has an extensive collection of socks. The nimble gnome prides himself on stealing the most unusual (or valuable) objects he can find.

"Who? What? Why, you—!
—overheard frequently in gnome taverns



The Tinker Gnomes of Krynnspace

Name: Yazhoo the Yellow

Occupation: Wildspace Swashbuckler

STR:	17	INT:	16
DEX:	15	WIS:	13
CON:	11	CHA:	17

"No gnome be so brave as he
who sails the Wildspace sea."

So claims the opening couplet in the great "Ballad of Yazhoo The Yellow." Reported to be a 12th-level swashbuckler who owns more than a dozen magical swords, gnomish bards claim Yazhoo has never been defeated—and never will be.

Sailing across the vastness of wildspace in a wasp converted to match gnomish tastes, Yazhoo rights wrongs done to the downtrodden and mistreated (or so the stories go).

Yazhoo is truly a talented gnome, with a flair for using a variety of swords. He is quick to jump into a fight—especially if someone calls him chicken because he is named "Yellow." In fact, Yazhoo is called Yazhoo The Yellow because of his flowing yellow hair and beard.

Name: Little Bignome

Occupation: Fighter of Great Renown

STR:	19	INT:	8
DEX:	16	WIS:	9
CON:	14	CHA:	15

Bignome got his name because of his size. Reaching four feet tall, he towered above his friends and quickly earned a reputation for being a bully. He also had a reputation of trying anything that remotely seemed magical. Most of his experiments worked to his advantage. He acquired a *girdle of hill giant strength* which helped increase his stature as a fighter, and he obtained a *ring of flying*, which he used to take him to his foes. However, he also quaffed a *portion of diminution*, which had permanent effects.

Now 6 inches tall, Little Bignome still is considered a foe to be feared. Retaining his great strength, and using his ring to fly like a wasp, he strikes out at his targets with buzzing fury.

Name: Max

Occupation: Priest of Reorx

STR:	12	INT:	18
DEX:	16	WIS:	18
CON:	18	CHA:	18

A most handsome, wise, intelligent, and robust gnome, Max was indeed blessed. It was Reorx who so blessed him, Max decided when he was but a youth. And from that day forward, Max worked to honor his god.

Now, well into middle-age, Max books passage on different spelljammers to spread the word of Reorx. It has been years since he set foot on the planet Reorx, his home.

Name: Richie of Norman

Occupation: Scholar

STR:	9	INT:	15
DEX:	16	WIS:	17
CON:	13	CHA:	14

As inquisitive a gnome as could ever be met, Richie is quick with his questions—firing them off in such rapid-fire succession that the person being quizzed can't keep track.

The young gnome has decided that he must learn a little bit about everything. Since, as he puts it, "the more you know that you know the less you know you know, you know?"

His goal in life is to assimilate all the information about worlds in Krynnspace and open up a shop where he can turn his knowledge into tomes that will be read across the face of any planet.



Adventure Ideas

Sister Dragon

The player characters are hired by Hon Kai Ling, a Shou Lung merchant visiting at Palanthus's spelljamming port. The old merchant came all the way from Toril looking for his sister, who decades ago belonged to a group of explorers that traveled to the planet Chislev. Although many of the explorers have since died of old age, one who served as a cabin boy on that expedition told Hon Kai that his sister had returned to Chislev.

Hon Kai, believing he does not have long to live, wants to see his sister one last time. He asks the PCs to take him to Chislev and help find his sister Mei Ling.

If the PCs are unaware of the port location on Chislev, it may take them weeks of jungle slogging to locate signs of habitation. If they approach the port as anything other than a merchant expedition, Mei Ling makes herself scarce. It takes PCs with expert tracking ability to locate human female footprints at the abandoned port, but eventually, they may find her hollow-tree house and livestock yards (see the map on page 44).

Mei Ling isn't sure she wants to be found. Mei Ling is a dragon (see background information on Chislev) who has assumed the identity of the former Shou Lung explorer. (If the PCs came in the guise of merchants, of course, she greets them as she would any traders—and then dissembles once she hears their real purpose.)

After observing the PCs for a while, or when they look likely to invade the house, "Mei Ling" makes herself known. She pretends to be Hon Kai's sister (convincing the elderly merchant), and encourages the party to go on its way and leave her alone. However, the DM should present a hint of doubt about the identity of Mei Ling—enough to make the PCs curious.

The PCs have to be skilled—and very careful—if they hope to best the dragon in Mei Ling's clothing.

Stellar Youth

A merchant along the row at Palanthus's spelljamming port has been listening to tales of the Stellar Islands from the adventurers who have traveled there. From their tales of the healthy gnomes who live in the asteroid cluster, he has convinced himself that a fountain of youth exists on one of the major asteroids.

The merchant hires a group of player characters with a spelljamming ship to take him there. Of course, he doesn't tell the PCs what he is looking for. Instead, he attempts to convince them he is on an expedition to find new fruits and nuts to sell at his booth—and that he must see these edibles firsthand so he can decide if he wants to deal in them. So saying, he asks the PCs to escort him throughout the five largest asteroids, going deep into the heart of each land in search of his fountain of youth.

Along the way, the PCs meet the various peoples of the Stellar Islands and learn that all the residents are healthy and happy. The merchant's obsession with the natives' health should make them realize his true intent. If they let slip hints that they are aware of his true goal, the perannoid merchant attempts to have them all killed, or kills them himself if need be.

It is up to the PCs whether they stop him—or help him. In any event, while there is no fountain of youth, there are indeed benefits to being on the islands. Any PCs who stay for an extended period realize these benefits. Refer to the Stellar Island section for more information.

Zivilyn's Hidden Power

A high-level wizard offers to purchase the PCs their own spelljamming ship, likely a dragonfly or similar small ship, if they perform a task for him. If the PCs already have a ship, he offers to improve it.

The wizard has been researching the air world of Zivilyn, and he has learned through magic and bribing explorers that a set of books and scrolls is said to exist that detail great magical powers. The wizard does not know if this is the power that ages past was

"To sit at home is to wait for death. There are worlds to explore, great things to see. The spheres await us. In exploring them, we live!"

—Dao Ming of the Golden Blade

Adventure Ideas

rumored to be able to control the gods—but he is hoping it is. The wizard knows several of his peers have also been searching for that magic, and he intends to have it.

Depending on the alignments and trustworthiness of the PCs, the wizard may tell them his true plans. Otherwise, he implies that these are valuable research tomes that he needs for his studies. To insure that the PCs do not keep any tomes they find, the wizard attempts to *charm* one or two PCs or use stronger magic to compel them to return any discovered tomes or scrolls.

The wizard has no intention of accompanying them, as he wants to keep an eye on his earth-bound peers and their activities.

What the PCs find is up to the DM. However, it should not be the famed magic strong enough to control the gods. Perhaps there are tomes that hint of the magic. Or perhaps they can find books written by the races that walked the planet when the planet was intact.

To complicate the PC's search, the wizard's rivals learn of the expedition and hire their own adventurers to stop the PCs and acquire the tomes first.

Farmer Frenzy

The Krynn gnomes who farm on Reorx have learned that giant-sized vegetables grow on one of the moons of Zivilyn. They have become obsessed with the idea of growing even larger vegetables—but first they have to get some samples of the plants grown on the Zivilyn moon.

A bandful of gnomes attempt to book passage on the PCs' ship, pooling all their wealth to get the ship to make a run to and from that moon. During the journey, the PCs must deal with the inventive and inquisitive gnomes—and their endless stories of experimental farming techniques.

Once on the moon, the gnomes demand that the PCs acquire two of every giant vegetable, as well as samples of soil and water. During the course of this adventure, the PCs might become curious about the properties of the moon and just what allows the

plants to grow so big. And they face the native creatures—some of which are not very friendly.

A Little Bit Of Everything

Life is going smoothly and rather uneventfully for the PCs—until they cross paths with the captain of the *Liddleblodeverythingputtogether*, the garish gnome spelljammer.

The captain has heard of a spelljamming ship graveyard inside the Black Clouds, and he wants the PCs' help in retrieving as many useful parts from the graveyard as possible.

The pay is good, and the captain even promises a share in the profits if necessary.

However, the task is not an easy one. The Black Clouds are dangerous, and the ships that are lost inside it are difficult to find.

There are other pirates who want whatever treasure lurks inside the clouds, and have heard of the gnomes' interest in entering the clouds and snaring it. The pirates have decided to wait for the gnomes and PCs to bring it out rather than hunt for the treasure themselves. Then, when the treasure is free from the clouds, they will strike. To aid them in their plans, they have planted a gnomish informer on the *Liddleblode*. This new crew member acts furtively and suspiciously, and might be caught using his *amulet of telepathy* to communicate with his pirate masters.

Rescue Operation

The player characters have learned that the entire crew of a spelljamming ship disappeared while on Reorx.

The dwarves and gnomes who run the mines near Reorx's equator are frantic, knowing that unless the crew is rescued, traffic to their spelljamming port will dwindle. Already fewer ships are landing at the port, afraid that the same fate awaits them.

The PCs are asked to hunt for the crew members, and are promised a healthy reward from the dwarves and gnomes.

"Of all the spheres, Krynnspace is the best. It is the grandest, the most glorious; all others pale beside it."

—translation of the sayings of various Krynnspace residents

There are few clues to follow. However, a miner thinks he saw one of the human crew members enter a cave near the spelljamming port mesa. Careful examination reveals a painstakingly concealed door that leads to a dark, descending tunnel.

A small group of mindflayers in need of slaves captured the crew from under the noses of the dwarves and gnomes. The few dwarves who got close to discovering the mindflayers joined the slaves.

Can the player characters enter the depths of Reorx and free the crew—and perhaps other slaves as well? Or will they join the ranks of the mindflayers' servants, to toil the rest of their days beneath the earth?

The Play's the Thing

The Dreamspinners, a company of performers who travel from planet to planet, are in need of adventurers and bodyguards to keep them safe in Krynn-space. Tales of pirates and recent sightings of spelljammer wrecks have unnerved the group.

Guarding the company proves a chore for the PCs, as the actors have no intention of canceling performances even though there are reports of pirates—and worse—in wilderness.

To complicate matters, following a performance on Hiddukel, one of the clowns is found dead. And after the next performance on another moon, a singer is found mutilated.

At the root of the problem is a disgruntled actor who was discharged from the Dreamspinners years ago after he demanded top billing and half the proceeds from all performances. The actor is a wizard, who has been using his spells, magical items, and imp familiar to bedevil the group. The actor hopes to kill all those who opposed his plans for greatness among the Dreamspinners.

It is up to the PCs to protect the company from pirates—while unraveling the murder mysteries. The action and clues keep them on their toes as they travel from stage to stage with the worried performers.

The Caravan War

Unrest is plaguing the Caravan, a company of merchants that travels from world to world selling and buying goods.

It seems an outside source has been selling the merchants shoddy goods and foodstuffs that are tainted (already three customers have died from



food poisoning). Some of the merchants think one of their own number initiated the problems, wanting to obtain more power and be able to sell a variety of goods in the Caravan. A majority of the merchants has voted to keep the Caravan in wilderness until the root of the problem can be unearthed.

The unrest is being felt on spelljamming ports within Krynn-space, too. Many of the planetbound merchants rely on the Caravan for goods to buy and later resell out of their own booths. And since the Caravan is not making any stops until the problems are cleared up, business is hurting in cities connected to spelljamming ports.

The PCs could be contacted by someone from Merchants' Row in Palanthus or could be hired by the Caravan to find out what is plaguing them.

It is a difficult task. The culprits are a trio of wizards of the Black Robes who are bent on disrupting activities along Merchants' Row. They want the association of Krynn merchants dissolved and their own merchants put along the row instead. As the PCs get more deeply involved in the Caravan's troubles, they learn that the unrest has spread to Merchants' Row. Damaged and sullied goods are showing up at merchants' booths there—even though the Caravan has not stopped at the Row for weeks. The PCs can trace some of these acts to the wizards' agents, who might talk if given the proper amount of persuasion.

"Worlds? Why, yes, there are worlds upon worlds upon worlds!
And to study them is to be very worldly, you know."

—Etombe the gnome sage

Adventure Ideas

The PCs have to be careful when they cross paths with the wizards. One of the wizards is favored by Nuitari's avatar and has been granted bonus spellcasting benefits.

An Age of Ice

The player characters hear rumors of a great treasure hidden beneath the snows and ice of the moon Zeboim. Are they up to the task of piecing together evidence of the treasure's existence?

There is indeed wealth buried beneath a sheet of ice. However, to reach it the PCs must battle the elements. In this adventure, the cold, ice, and snow storms are their enemies, and the PCs must use their wits or perish in the moon's harsh elements.

Their only clues are a tattered map and a single gem supposedly brought back from the hoard of a long-dead dragon. For additional excitement at the end of the adventure, the dragon might turn out to be merely suspended in ice, not dead.

Doom From Wildspace

Doom, a Nzunta chieftain mentioned in the Krynn section, did indeed discover a spelljammer decades ago.

For the past several years, he has been traveling in Realmspace, acquiring magic and "buying" crew members with promises of shares of riches.

Believing that he has a strong enough force to take his homeland, he is now returning to Krynn. He intends to regain what he considers his rightful position on that world, and from that post, he resolves to move to conquer all of Krynn.

By the time the PCs get involved in the adventure, Doom already has landed on Krynn. The PCs hear rumors of a monarch growing in power, one who could threaten the safety of seagoing vessels.

The PCs must travel to Doom's home, discover his plans to dominate Krynn, and stop the chieftain and his forces. This may involve hunting down or intercepting offworld shipments of men and supplies, and raids conducted from spelljamming ships.

Their rewards could be great—including Doom's spelljammer and the wealth he has been hoarding. Of course, if they fail, the penalties are severe.

Gathering Woes

The PCs discover The Gatherers while they are on one of the worlds in Krynnspace. The Gatherers are hard at work collecting species—despite a small but vocal group of protesters.

The PCs become embroiled in the issue of collecting and transporting species, as they are asked to choose a side and squash the opposition.

It is up to the PCs which side they elect to take in this ecological debate and what they do to hamper or advance The Gatherers' plans.

To complicate matters, The Gatherers have found a rare and beautiful flying reptile. There seem to be only a few dozen of the creatures, and The Gatherers intend to take half of them for breeding and resale.

To spice up the adventure, protesters break into The Gatherers' ship and release all the animals they have below decks. Many of those animals are dangerous. It is up to the PCs to contain the animals and keep the local populace safe. Whether they kill the animals or work to capture them without harming them is up to the PCs.

Efreet Distress

Clerics on Krynn have learned of the presence of efreet on Sirion and The Sun. They fear that the evil creatures are plotting to take over the other planets in the sphere. The clerics beseech the PCs to learn the intentions of the efreet and to determine how many of the evil creatures are on Sirion and The Sun.

To aid the PCs, the clerics have obtained three vials of a powerful oil of *insulation*. This oil is strong enough to cover six PCs two times each against the heat of Sirion, or to cover a small spelljammer against a few minutes' exposure to the heat of the Sun.

"Heat? The fires of Sirion are nothing but a comfortable breeze!"

—Raxux the efreet

Adventure Ideas

Fear Among Worlds

A spelljamming ship limps into port, the majority of its crew dead and its hull badly damaged. The helmsman claims the ship just escaped from an attack by a neogi deathspider.

Are there neogi in Krynnspace?

Can the PCs determine if a neogi threat exists in wildspace?

Can they handle the threat?

Do they have the detection skills to locate the creatures' presence on Nehzmyth? And, if so, do they have the courage to travel to the disappearing world and conquer the neogi?

Silver Linings

The PCs hear of a wrecked spelljammer rumored to be filled with treasure and a magical device that makes travel between the worlds and spheres easier.

Investigation reveals that there is indeed a galleon that sails primarily between Krynnspace and Grey-space that supposedly has such a fantastic device. However, no one has seen the ship in any port in nearly a year.

If the PCs assume the role of detectives, tracing the ship's last known route, they can find approximately where she should be.

Of course, the PCs are not the only adventurers looking for her. In fact, two groups of NPCs have been following the player characters and letting them do all the work.

The trail leads to just inside the orbit of Sirion, where The Sun's rays sear wildspace. The great galleon hangs, cloaked in the shadow of Sirion, broken and lifeless.

The PCs must contend with the heat, assorted wildspace creatures, two groups of NPC adventurers (one evil, one good) who want to claim the riches for themselves, and a particularly nasty spirit jam who has taken up residence in the galleon waiting to destroy other helmsmen who come by. The spirit jam was the downfall of the galleon.

There is treasure to be had, of course, including

some minor magic and plenty of gold and jewels. But the greatest treasure is the hull of the ship. The self-mapping hull is a one-of-a-kind magical item that can be fitted to other galleons—with work. It traces the path of the spelljammer, etching on the inside of the hull in gold and silver the course taken and the planets and asteroids visited. By simply touching a planet or asteroid pictured on the hull, the helmsman can return the ship to that place. The self-mapping hull does not require any magical fuel. It allows anyone to operate the ship, including creatures with low intelligence.

Need to Know

Officials at Palanthus's port are concerned that with increased spelljamming traffic, visiting ships will begin stopping at other cities on Krynn.

Spelljamming is not well known across Krynn. In fact, the majority of the planet's residents know nothing about spheres, flying ships, wildspace, and other oddities.

The government officials hire the PCs to establish a port on one of Krynn's moons where all incoming ships are encouraged to stop. The PCs are put in charge of a fleet of a half-dozen small spelljammers (which serve as the port's military fleet), a garrison of low-level fighters, and a group of contractors, who handle the actual construction. At the port, the captains and crews of incoming ships are informed of the populace of Krynn's limited spelljamming knowledge, and they are given specific, approved landing locations. Failure to comply results in the moon's resources coming to bear upon them.

Of course, not all the captains are going to comply, and it is up to the PCs to handle the situation. Further, not all ships stop at the moon's port.

This is truly a challenge to the PCs' leadership abilities and tactical capabilities.

In addition, the base offers myriad adventure spin-offs. The PCs must deal with the moon's inhabitants, could learn of great treasures from visiting ships, and might have to deal with a pirate ship or two.

"Visitors are always welcome."

—a larger sign posted at the Palanthus port

New Magical Items

Invisible Sails

Invisible sails come in many shapes and sizes, as are required for the variety of spelljamming galleons and other ships that use sails. These sails simply cannot be seen—they have no other magical property.

These sails are in great demand by gnomes and pirates—the former because the gnomes like the idea of having invisible sails, and the latter because the pirates can make their vessels appear to be unable to move.

gp: 10,000

XP: 4,000

Sounder

Sounders come in an array of sizes; however, all of them are square and have a glass front. By looking into the *sounder* and speaking the command word, the user begins to hear a series of beeps and witnesses wavy lines appearing on the glass. The *sounder* locates moving objects in wildspace and the phlogiston that are out of range of normal vision. The *sounders'* range varies with the device. There are four *sounders*, and those with the greater ranges cost more.

Device	Range	
Sounder I	2,000 miles	
Sounder II	4,000 miles	
Sounder III	8,000 miles	
Sounder IV	10,000 miles	

gp: 20,000 XP: 8,000

Gnomewrecker

There are only a dozen such devices known to exist—and all of them are considered priceless and in great demand (especially in Krynnspace). *Gnomewreckers* were created nearly three decades ago by a stoic human wizard who was frustrated at his gnomish neighbors' creations and machinations. The wizard, who has since died, was said to have created 12 of these prized magic items, each one with 60 charges. A *gnomewrecker* appears as an ornately-carved walking stick capped with a metallic head of a scowling gargoyle. By pointing the gargoyle's head at a gnomish device and speaking the command word "stop," the stick causes the gnomish device to cease functioning. No more lights blink, no dials twirl, no beeps issue from the ma-

chine's recesses. The device is rendered inoperable, and no amount of effort on the craftiest gnome's part can get it to work again—ever.

Wizards are reported to be working fervently to duplicate the *gnomewreckers*, as the ones created 30 years ago are very difficult to recharge.

gp: priceless

XP: 20,000

Nest of Life

These magical crows' nests were created by the gnomish clerics and mages of the Stellar Islands. To function, they must be affixed to the mast of a spelljammer and attuned to that ship. This attuning process takes 1d4 days. After that time, if a crew member is injured or killed on the ship and is placed in the *nest of life*, he is restored to full hit points. This process takes 1d4 hours and ages the crew member 1d4 years. The nest does not function on someone who was killed or injured while off the ship. Each nest works 12 times before being rendered nonmagical.

gp: 75,000

XP: 15,000

Nest of Invulnerability

Also a creation of the Stellar Islands gnomes, these crows' nests protect the individual or individuals inside them as if a *globe of invulnerability* were cast upon them.

When found, a nest has 4d10 charges. Each charge protects the nest's occupants for 12 rounds.

gp: 10,000

XP: 4,000

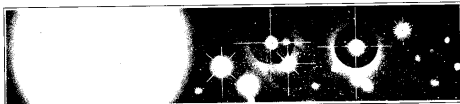
Nest of Eyes

The creator of this device is unknown. However, other powerful wizards had discovered ways to duplicate the object. Like the other nests, a *nest of eyes* must be placed on the mast of a spelljamming or sea-going ship to function.

The occupant of the nest speaks the command word and is given the ability to see up to 500 miles away. The viewer determines, in increments of 10 miles, how far he wants to view. Each vision lasts 4d4 turns, and each nest begins with 30 charges. These nests are rechargeable.

gp: 8,000

XP: 2,500



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Bogs, marshes
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Plants
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	M, Q × 10
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (evil)
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	14+3
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8+8 or by weapon 1d12+8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spit
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (19' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	
Infant: -4 HD	2,000
Juvenile: -2 HD	3,000
Adult:	5,000

Bosk giants are selfish, greedy, and territorial. They are quick to attack any creature that encroaches upon what they consider their land—even if those creatures appear more powerful and deadly.

Bosk giants make decisions quickly, never dwelling upon problems or situations. Considered stupid by their relatives the swamp giants, bosk giants have never been known to analyze a predicament or spend any amount of time thinking about anything.

Despite that, the giants seem to possess a natural cunning that is terrible and ruthless.

Bosk giants are the tallest giants on Chislev. Their features are handsome, almost as if they were sculpted by a fine craftsman, and their skin is thick, giving them a natural armor class of 4. They are muscular and have amazingly broad shoulders, and their long athletic legs carry them quickly over the terrain. The most striking features of bosk giants are their skin and hair. Their skin is green, ranging in color from a pale olive to almost black, and their green hair grows in clumps like grass. They wear little clothing, usually animal hides sewn together. Their coloration makes it easy for them to blend in with their surroundings. They gain a bonus of +3 to surprise, and in return they have a -3 to be surprised.

Combat: Unlike other giants, bosks do not hurl weapons. They simply charge into melee, swinging either their great fists or large clubs fashioned from tree limbs. The more intelligent of the giants shave the limbs so they have sharp points and deliver an additional 2 points of damage. They have no combat strategy.

The giants have a special attack. Bosks can swallow great amounts of swamp water, which they can spit at their targets in a stream 12' long by 6" wide. The fetid water is combined with the gastric juices of the giant, causing 1d8 points of damage. Further, all those struck by bosk spit must save vs. paralyzation or be dazed for 1d6 rounds. Bosk giants who have swallowed swamp water can spit twice before needing to fill up again.



Habitat/Society: Bosks live in simple villages of crudely constructed huts made of rotted trees. Most of the villages are located in a bog—with standing water everywhere. Each village has a loose form of government. The strongest giant is the leader and his orders, which tend to be few, are followed without question.

When encountered in their lair, there are 4d4+10 giants, and half of these are adults. The remainder are infants and juveniles. An infant has 10 HD and has only a +4 damage bonus. A juvenile at 12 HD has a +6 damage bonus. If a village is threatened, infants and juveniles fight side by side with their parents.

Ecology: Bosk giants live where there is heat, vegetation, and lots of water. They prefer fetid water, as they enjoy its taste and smell, but they settle for pure water if nothing else is available.

Bosk giants eat only plants, preferring sodden roots and overripe fruits. Nuts are a delicacy and a potential bribe.

The giants have been known to raid nearby human tribes for fun, to acquire human servants, and to keep other human tribes in fear of them.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Swamps, tropical forests
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	D
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-3
ARMOR CLASS:	4 or 0
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	15+5
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8+9/1d8+9 or by weapon 2d6+9
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Hurl spears (1d10+9), spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	H (16' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15-16)
XP VALUE:	
Infant: -5 HD	2,000
Juvenile: -2 HD	6,000
Adult:	9,000-10,000
Shaman:	10,000-11,000



Swamp giants are believed to have evolved ages ago from bosk giants. These smaller, stockier giants are more intelligent than the nearby bosk and have learned the rudiments of civilization.

Swamp giants have green skin and hair like the bosk, and therefore are quickly mistaken for their slow-witted cousins. However, there are differences. Swamp giants tend to wear their hair long, usually braided and festooned with ornaments collected from battle. Further, they have facial hair, which most of them keep trimmed.

A swamp giant's natural armor class is 4. However, many of the adult males wear the skin of young green dragons. This skin, cured in a manner known only to these giants, lowers their armor class to 0. Their coloration gives them a +3 chance to surprise opponents and a -3 chance to be surprised. Giants in green dragon armor have a +2 surprise bonus and -2 AC bonus. All swamp giants regenerate 5 hit points of damage per round.

Combat: Swamp giants fight only when they believe their territory is in danger. They prefer to reason with a foe first (with the exception of dragons). They often choose a leader when going into battle and follow his directions. They prefer to circle their quarry, using their coloration to blend into the foliage.

They begin their assaults with spells. Because swamp giants are so tuned to their environment, from birth they are able to cast *entangle* three times a day and *plant growth* once a day. A favorite tactic is to trap prey in a tangle of vegetation, then slaughter it with a volley of spears. Each giant can throw two spears per round.

Habitat/Society: Swamp giants prefer to live in trees, in simple homes constructed of wood and reeds. Of course, the trees they choose for homes are immense, usually at least 10 to 20 feet in diameter and 100 feet or more tall.

They generally live peaceful lives, staying to themselves and interacting with the bosk only when their cousins wish to trade. The swamp giants are known for crafting wooden bowls, dishes, and other objects that the bosk covet.

When more than four swamp giants are encountered, they are a mated pair and infants or juveniles.

When encountered in their lair, there are 4d4+6 giants, one half of these adults. The remainder are infants and juveniles. An infant has 10 HD and has only a +5 damage bonus. A juvenile at 13 HD has a +7 damage bonus. If a village is threatened, the adults protect the infants and juveniles.

For every 10 giants encountered, there is a 30% chance one is a shaman, a giant who is the equivalent of a 1st-6th level druid. These shamans are respected in swamp giant communities and are often sought as advisors by the village leader.

All the villages recognize a king. He is considered the strongest and wisest of the swamp giants and other giants look to him to appoint village leaders.

Ecology: Swamp giants live off the land, hunting and foraging for food. Many of them grow a large, ricelike crop. They do not keep animals for food. Their favorite meat is the flesh of young green dragons. In turn, older green dragons like to hunt the swamp giants.