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The Rhyme of the Ancient Spelljammer
(Edition 1.1)

An accessory for the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons (2nd Ed)
Spelljammer Game.

Edited and Compiled by
Richard J. Pugh, MLS (well, almost)

"If thou follow but thy star, thou canst not miss at last a glorious
haven."
-- Dante, "Inferno," canto XV, l. 55

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction
New Items
New Ships
Spacefleets and Notable Groups
Noteworthy Ships
Travel Log
New Monsters
Personalities
Legends and Lore
The Rhyme of the Ancient Spelljammer
Errata and Comments
Acknowledgements

INTRODUCTION

Hi, my name is Richard Pugh, and I am the compiler of this fine guide you have before you. The work took approximately four months to assemble, and consists of contributions from several individuals. Some of the features I had planned for the work had to be eliminated (things like the Grinder Raiders and the Octopus Club) because of time, and because of TSR's release of Realmspace (tm), Greyspace (tm), and Krynnspace (tm). In short, they took away some of my fire.

Anyway, I am more-or-less satisfied with the work as it stands, and any comments would be greatly appreciated. I would appreciate it if everyone who has a copy of this guide refrain from placing it into an FTP sight or file server. This work is considered an anthology, so several people are responsible for its contents. To put this thing into a file server or FTP sight would require the permission of each

one of us, and the logistics of that may be a problem.

You may edit this work as you see fit, but please leave the copyright statement and the acknowledgements in place, so credit will appear where it is due. Despite the slapdash appearance, this represents a lot of work.

I would also appreciate it if you refrain from tossing this guide around like an over-used Tradesman. I want people to use it, to be certain, but only those people who will get some good use from it. All I ask is that you use your better judgement when sending this around.

This work was created using Word Perfect 5.1, and if you set the left and right margins at one inch and one-half an inch respectively, everything should line up nicely. You might have trouble with the logo on page one, but with some tinkering even it will come together.

There, I am now finished with boring business.

Read on and enjoy!

Richard J. Pugh

The Minstrel of Albany,
Bard of Wildspace,
Subjugator of the Improbable,
Keeper of Strange Lore,
General Nuisance.

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Coming Soon: "The Sphere of Solaris," a sphere guide by Richard Pugh
NEW ITEMS

All of the items presented here can be used to enhance the flavor of a SJ campaign, and can introduce lots of role-playing possibilities. Most of the items presented here are magical, with the exception of the first one, which is a "normal" item with abnormal effects.

Spelljamming PanGalactic GargleBlaster (Liquor)

Made By: they won't tell!

Quality: Exceptional

Description: This exotic drink can only be found at Sun-nova Beach, an extremely exclusive speakeasy on Cygnus-5. Also available at the time of purchase is literature informing the customer of financing options, and a list of organizations that can help the customer rehabilitate afterwards.

The recipe for the GargleBlaster has been passed down for years at the 'Beach from one bartender to the next. The legend goes something like:

First pour in the juice of a bottle of the Ol' Manx Spirit, then add a measure of water from the Seas of Santraal V (Oh, that Santraal seawater! Oh, those Santraal fish!). Allow 3 cubes of Mantovin Mega-Gin to melt into the mixture (make sure it's properly iced, or the benzine will be lost!). Allow 2 1/2 liters of swamp gas to filter through, and, over the back of a spoon, float a measure of Algorian Mega-Mint, reminiscent of the Algor Regions... sweet, subtle and mystic. Finally, add the tooth of a Rakasta, watching it dissolve, spreading the red flames of the Second Sun deep into the heart of the concoction. Add an olive. Drink... but...veeerrrrryy carefully.....

Game Effects: The effects of a Spelljamming PanGalactic GargleBlaster have been likened to having your brains bashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped around a platinum brick. Upon completion of the drink, the character will have attained a state of Great Intoxication. A save vs. Constitution will allow him/her to be escorted (dragged) to a sleeping spot. ANY other action will result in violent illness (1 or 2 on 1d4) or unconsciousness (3 or 4). If any additional alcohol is consumed before the character rests, he/she must save vs. Poison or become comatose. See guidelines for recovery. Stimulants will have no effect on the recovery time from a GargleBlaster, but a limited wish will cut the time to half. Upon recovery, the character manifests the "Three-Spelljamming-PanGalactic-GargleBlaster Smile", which is almost exemplary of being unsteady.

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## New Magic Items

### DISPEL MAGIC GRENADE

Appearance: This appears to be a small, 2-inch diameter globe of crystal with a milky-white substance inside.

Abilities: This weapon may be used by any class. When thrown (using the thrower's THAC0), the globe breaks upon impact. The area of effect is a Ten (10) foot radius. All magic users and/or magical items must make a saving throw. (Mages/Clerics: Save vs. spells.

Magical items:

save vs. Magical Fire. Magical bonuses are in effect {+1, +2, etc}. Saving throw charts are found in DMG.) If the save fails, one of the following effects occurs:

1. Magic-using characters, NPC's, and creatures with spell-like abilities lose all magical abilities for 1 day (144 Turns). Mages need to study their spells to regain them. Priests must pray for more spells. Others regain them at their normal rate.

2. All magical items that fail their save lose their dweomers, and become normal weapons or trinkets. Items of exceptional quality (Artifacts, +3 or better magical items, weapons with more than 50 charges, etc.) merely act as if under the clerical spell DISPEL MAGIC. (Cast at 12th level of ability.)

Limitations: The sphere that holds the magical energy is extremely fragile. Should any monster or PC carrying a sphere be forced to make a save versus Crushing Blow for whatever reason, the sphere will fail and shatter. Also, if the to-hit is failed, grenade effect rules should be used as detailed in the Dungeon Master's Guide.

History: Nothing is known about this new and extremely dangerous weapon. Where it came from and who created it is a mystery. The first reported sighting of the grenade was on the world Oerth by a group of adventures exploring a lost castle. The group met and defeated a strange, 7-foot tall alien which destroyed itself upon death.

Several of the globes survived it's death, and were taken by the Spelljamming Necromancer Devonshire Tawrn to his homeworld of Omni for study. He surmised that the creature who used the grenade was not from Greyspace. The monster was extremely dangerous and, Devonshire decided, was one whose world he did not want to explore.

XP Value: None. Method of creation unknown to PC's (The DM may,

at his discretion, assign a value to the using of the grenade, but the PC's cannot determine how to create them.

GP Value: Unknown at this time. There are but a handful of these globes known to exist, so they could very easily demand a king's ransom.

#### EVERMAP

Appearance: An Evermap appears as a sphere about the size of a beach ball, with a smokey, transparent appearance. A tiny white light is in the center of the sphere, and it represents the ship carrying it.

Abilities: This Arcane built device only works in the phlogisin, and is designed to locate crystal spheres within a given radius. In this case, the radius is given in terms of 'standard spelljamming days' of travel. The navigator gives a command to the Evermap, such as 'show me all crystal spheres within three days travel,' and the map responds by creating an appropriate, three-dimensional map in the sphere. Any spheres within the desired range appear as miniature replicas of the actual spheres, about the size of a pea. If a sphere has a distinct appearance known to the navigator, he or she will recognize it. With the use of this map, the navigator can then compute or confirm courses, and inform the captain and helmsman accordingly.

Limitations: The device only works in the Phlogisin. In Wildspace or on a planet, it becomes dormant, and will not function again until the ship enters the phlogisin. It will not interfere with a Planetary Locator.

History: The Evermap is similar, in many ways, to a Planetary Locator, and the Arcane developed the Evermap to complement the more complex Locator. The Elven Navy started using evermaps after the first inhuman war, and have used them frequently ever since.

XP Value: 3000 points

GP Value: Starting at 30000 standard gold.

#### NETWORK HELM

Appearance: The nodes of a network helm can appear as any other helm, and are available in a variety of styles.

Abilities: The Network Helm is an arcane design that combines some of the characteristics of a major helm and a series helm. The network helm is designed for large ships, especially those that get into frequent battles. There is always one central helm, or node, in a network helm, and as many as four lesser nodes (for a total of five). This central node is the focal point of the network and it must be occupied for the network to start up. The spellcaster sitting at the central node can control the ship as if he or she were using a major helm. If he or she is the only being in the network, then the ship can be considered as using a major helm. For every other spellcaster in the net, however, the SR increases by one. A fully manned network helm (five spellcasters) can create very high speeds, which are helpful in combat. The other benefit of the network helm is that the secondary spellcasters in the network act as automatic backups for the main helm. If for some reason the main helmsman is forced to leave the helm (injury,

spelljammer shock, whatever), the network will automatically transfer power to the next highest spellcaster in the network. The SR of the ship is then re-computed, and continues. The highest level helmsman's spelljamming power is computed as if he or she were using a major helm, and then a single SR is added for each other person in the net. These helms are very expensive, but come in handy on large ships.

Limitations: Every spellcaster on a network helm loses their spellcasting abilities for the day, as with a minor or major helm. Network helms are not recommended for small ships, because the high cost in both capital and spellcasting power is more than most small ships can handle.

History: The helm was developed to enhance the SR of larger ships during the Second Inhuman war. The technology was perfected a little too late to make a difference, but it is now available for those who have the means. The Muldravian Empire sometimes uses them on Marlins, and the Elves have started installing them on Armadas.

XP Value: None.

GP Value: A network helm can be purchased for 300000 standard gold for the central node, and 50000 for each secondary node.

#### TACTICAL HELM

Appearance: A tactical helm looks like a stripped-down minor helm.

Abilities: These small helms are able to make a ship travel at tactical spelljamming speeds, as if it were using a minor helm. Merchants who want to send cargo to opposite sides of a planet may find one of these a wise investment.

Limitations: A tactical helm, as the name suggests, is not capable of spelljamming speeds. For those who plan interplanetary voyages, the tactical helm is a poor choice. For inter-stellar voyages it is unthinkable.

History: The tactical helm, or devices similar to it, have been used by planetary travellers for centuries. They have also been used to travel between asteroids in places like the Grinder and the Tears of Selune.

XP Value: None.

GP Value: 100000 standard gold (variable)

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#### BRACERS OF WILDSPACE

-This is an artifact, hence it being placed separately-  
The following description comes from Lord Monitor, Imperium Arm Magica, Of the Council of Nine of the world Tarrn, of Tarrn-space. (As told to Eric F. Schetley, Copyright 1992)

The Bracers of Wildspace are an artifact believed to be created in the Omnispace crystal sphere, but reports have them appearing in many spheres over the centuries. The bracers, according to the rumors and heresay, were originally something completely different, when they

were fashioned on the planet Omni in it's first Age of Magic (which, sages believe, is some 3,000-plus standard years past). Some of their original abilities still exist, but most of the power has changed with the passing of time.

The bracers have changed in appearance, also. Originally they were fashioned from bronze with intricate runes carved into them. For reasons still unknown, the metal has changed into something which resembles the same material which compromises a crystal sphere. The bracers are now completely black, and the runes which first adorned them are now points of light. These points of light are actually the constellations of the sphere in which the bracers are in at the time. For example, if the bracers were found in Krynnspace, the white "lights" on the bracers would appear in the patterns of Krynnish constellations. Should the bracers found in the Phlogiston, the bracers will appear completely black.

The bracers are very powerful artifacts, yet only warriors may wear them. The reason for this is yet unknown. Anyone else attempting to wear the bracers will be unable to lock the bracers into place. The bracers, when worn, appear seamless, but if not found on someone, are actually hinged! The two halves lock into place around the arm, magically growing or shrinking to fit the needs of the wearer. Any hinge or lock disappear once they are on someone. No harm befalls anyone not of the warrior class when attempting to put on the bracers: they merely fail to lock into place.

The Bracers of Wildspace have many powers. It is rumored that not all of the powers have been discovered. To date, these are all the known abilities of the bracers.

(The Bracers of power, it should be noted first, grow in power as the warrior grows in "level." Role-playing abilities will be listed first, while actual game statistics will be listed in parenthesis afterward.)

Depending on where the warrior is, whether it be in wildspace, planetside, or in the phlogiston, the bracers have different functions. Their planetside abilities will be discussed first. (Unless otherwise noted, the 'planetside' abilities can be used in wildspace or the phlogiston also.)

#### PLANETSID

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The bracers, when placed on the warrior, first impart greater strength. The warrior, at first, is not accustomed to his new strength, but soon grows used to it.

(The following chart is to be used to determine the new Strength:

Current STR Level	New STR Level
3-16	Add one level
17	18(roll for exceptional STR)
18(18/01-18/00)	19
19 and up	add one level

The PC suffers a -1 to hit penalty until he becomes used to his new strength {1d4+3 days}. After the PC gains advances to his next level, make the PC roll a save vs. Polymorph. Failure means that the PC has gained extra bulk and must subtract 1 from his Dexterity. Making the new throw means no penalty.)

The bracers also reflect the character's alignment, by way of emitting CONTINUAL LIGHT at will. The glow from the bracers will be a pure white for good characters, a dull beige for Neutral characters, and darkness will come from the bracers for evil characters.

(Please note: If a mage has cast a spell on the character to mask his alignment, this will not affect the glow of the bracers. They reflect the "inner light" of the PC, and will not be affected by any change.)

The bracers act as magical armor for the warrior. The bracers provide a magical defense constantly for the warrior. The bracers will not provide these benefits, however, if the warrior wears other forms of protection.

(The bracers lower the AC of the warrior 1 point for every two levels of experience. For example, a 1st level warrior has an armor class of 9, while a 20th level warrior has an AC of 0. This benefit is not activated if other armor is worn, either magical or normal. A shield will not affect this. The bracers also confers a 5% Magical Resistance for every two levels to the PC. This cannot be turned on or off at will: it works on spells whether they help or harm the PC.)

Also, once per week, the bracers can locate Dimensional rifts. Upon Mental command, the bracers begin to glow, then the warrior begins to levitate (as per the spell: 1d10 feet. Watch for low ceilings) and spin very quickly. After a few seconds, the glow intensifies and "flies" from the warrior in the direction of the rift. The warrior knows the direction and the distance of the rift, but not where it leads.

(This ability will not work in Wildspace or the Phlogiston. Role play this carefully: if the PC is indoors when he tries this, warn him that he may bump his head on the ceiling. Also, the "bolt" is the color of the PC's alignment, as detailed in the Continual Light paragraph. The destination and location of the "rift" is up to the DM. Should the PC use this ability in the planes, then the PC may {at the DM's discretion} choose their destination, with at chance of 5%/per level chance of success.)

WILDSPACE

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In wildspace, the Bracers become their most powerful. Depending upon the circumstances, they will help in combat or help escape, whichever your needs might be.

The Locate Dimensional Rifts ability does not function in Wildspace. Rather, the Bracers can locate portals in a crystal sphere within a 1,000 mile per level coverage of the sphere. Should a portal be located, the warrior knows where it is and while passing through it, the bracers will not allow the portal to close.

(Pretty self explanatory, dont'cha think?)

Should no portal be located, the bracers, once per week, can Create a Portal in a Crystal Sphere! The portal will be large enough for the Warrior's ship to pass through, then close as soon as the ship is through.

(This takes one full turn of concentration on the PC's part to open such a portal. Should the PC's ship be part of a fleet, the portal will not remain open long enough to let the entire fleet pass through. The portal will close as soon as the ships begins to pass. Consider this a Ship Halved roll according to the Spelljammer Boxed Set.)

Should combat be required, the Bracers draw upon the inner essence of the warrior and provide a powerful offensive weapon. The warrior, up to three times per day, can project a powerful Cone of Force from the bracers. The cone is powerful enough to cause serious damage to either a ship or to it's crew. The cone of force is extremely powerful: if not careful, the warrior might be knocked off his own ship!

(CONE OF FORCE: In order to use this ability, the PC MUST be

braced up against something that will stand the shock of something 2 times his weight {A saving throw may be made by the DM if he/she wishes}. The cone, when projected, goes in one direction while forcing the PC the opposite direction. Even if a character is bracing himself, and isn't against something, the PC will be forced back, more than likely off the ship.

The cone of force is projected in a straight line. The distance the cone can travel is determined by the PC's Level and the chart below:

| Character's Level | Distance of cone (IN HEXES) |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1-6               | Same hex.                   |
| 7-10              | 1 Additional Hex            |
| 11-16             | 2 Additional Hexes          |
| 17-20             | 3 Additional Hexes          |
| 21+               | 1 hex/ 7 levels             |

The cone can be used two different ways, and the PC must announce which method he intends to use before attacking. If the PC is unaware of the different attacks the Cone can make, then Attack mode 1 is used by default.

ATTACK MODE 1: Ship damage. The PC must make a THACO roll, with a -4 Called Shot Penalty. If successful, the PC inflicts 1 Hull point of damage per level. If the ship is destroyed by the attack (I.E., the total number of points damage taken by the ship is more than the ship's current Hull point total), the ship is permitted a saving throw (whatever material it is mostly compromised of) versus Disintegration. If it fails, the ship is destroyed and the Air envelop begins to dissipate. If the ship makes the save, the crew of the other ship can "hold the craft together" long enough to hope for a crash landing somewhere.

ATTACK MODE 2: Ship crew attack. This is more difficult. The PC must make a THACO roll with a double called shot penalty (-8). This is because the PC is trying to hit a ship someone on a ship a good distance away from him. I don't care how good the PC is, this ain't easy. Should the attack be successful, EVERY CREW MEMBER ON AN EXPOSED DECK IS KNOCKED OFF THE SHIP. THERE IS NO SAVING THROW.

If the DM thinks that this is too powerful to use in his campaign, then the second mode is optional.)

PLEASE NOTE: The Cone of Force will NOT work in the Phlogiston. It only works in Wildspace.

One other power the Bracers offer, whether it be in wildspace or the Phlogiston, is a constantly regenerating air envelope. Should the warrior be forced off his ship, his air envelope will never foul: The bracers will keep the air pure.

(Of course, the PC will still be effected by Hunger, cold and whatever else the PC needs. Hey, he may starve before another ship finds him, but at least the air will be clean! This ability will only work on one person: it will not refresh the entire ship's envelope. Should the air on a ship go deadly, the bracers will keep the PC's personal air envelope fresh.)

#### PHLOGISTON ~~~~~

One would think that the Bracers would be less effective in the Phlogiston. While most of it's abilities will not function, it does offer some protection.

The bracers's ability of continual light will work in the Phlogiston, as will the armor, the replenishing air envelope and the ability to locate portals (The Bracers will not open a portal outside

a Crystal Sphere.) None of the other powers will work.

The Bracers do offer one special power in the Phlogiston that it can't offer anywhere else: Protection from Fire. Should (the greater powers forbid) the warrior come near a fire while in the extremely flammable phlogiston, an aura (the same color as the continual light) will appear around the warrior and fire will not harm him.

(This is involuntary. The PC has no control over this power. This power will not work outside the Phlogiston. Anyone near or touching the PC will not be protected by this ability.)

#### SOME THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE BRACERS OF WILDSPACE:

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As with any artifact of power, there are some things, as the DM, you should know about. The first, and most important, is that once the bracers are placed on a PC's arms, they can never be removed. Thieves can find no locks to pick, not any hinges to loosen. The metal is considered Unbreakable (even a saving throw of a 1 will not harm the metal!) and with an AC considered near -20. Once a PC acquires these, they're stuck with them.

There are only two ways to remove the bracers: Cutting off the persons arms or killing the person. It is possible to remove the bracers, but it is strongly advised against. Only once, in all of existence, has anyone tried to use the WISH spell on the Bracers. The mage, whose name has been long forgotten, was utterly destroyed in the process, and the world under which they stood was blown apart. The man who wore the Bracers survived, but soon died of starvation.

The Bracers, also, are a prized artifact, and most Wildspace races seek them. It is believed that they were once the possession of Illithids, the Neogi, and the Reigar. The Arcane and the Dolwar would love to purchase them, but would never go to the bother of actually killing someone for them. They have, as far as these bracers go, patience. They know that someday the current owner will die and then they will try for them again. The Giff have no interest in the Bracers, for reasons no Giff will ever relate.

The Bracers are never apart; In fact, they will not work unless one being wears both of them. They are magically connected, and will never be found more than 3 feet apart of each other. Should two warriors try to wear one each, the bracers will not lock and therefore not function.

Clerics, Thieves, Mages, and Psionists cannot use the Bracers. It is rumored that because they concentrate on one "art" rather than the warrior, who is more likely to try nearly anything once, they cannot work. The bracers work on all races, with one notable exception: Gnomes. Myths tell us that the creator of the Bracers hated Gnomes. They even work perfectly on Dwarves, which has been known to shock even the most seasoned adventurer. Imagine a Dwarf, tossing off Continual Light Spells and opening portals in Crystal Spheres!

NEW SHIPS

This section contains some new ships that can be used to enhance a Spelljammer campaign, or simply to add color to a space dock.

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------------------|
| NAME: | Faernorbb (Trans: "Mage Spider") |
| Built by: | Drow Elves |
| Used Primarily by: | Drow Elves |
| Cost: | Not available on open market |
| Tonnage: | 60 Spacial Tons |
| Hull Points: | 60 |

Crew: 10/60
Maneuverability Class: C
Landing: Land Only
Armor Rating: 0
Saves As: Hard Metal (+2)
Power Type: Major Helm (90%)
Lifejammer (10%)
Ship's Rating: As Helmsman
Standard Armament:
 4 medium ballistae, crew : 2
 1 light catapult, crew : 1
Cargo : nil
Keel length : 80'
Beam length : 60'

Description: The ship looks like a squat circular spider (a map follows), made from the black adamantium that drow are famous for. There are magic spells that automate almost every aspect of the ship (meals cook themselves, beds are made). The galley automatically produces food and wine, filling empty containers, etc. The ship itself is covered with grotesque carvings which are highlighted by permanent faerie fires, etc. Additionally, the ship has been treated such that exposure to the sun does not adversely effect it.

The crystal sphere the ship is originally from is one that has been taken over by the drow. It has one major planet, where the drow have taken over. They were able to do this by the uniting force of an Emperor, a devotee of the drow god of thieves. The society is more lawful and less matriarchal than normal drow society. On the main planet, there are scattered houses that still worship Lolth, but discreetly, and also pockets of various humans and demi-humans. The drow have took over 100 years ago, and through the use of mighty magics, closed the gate to the fire elemental plane that fueled the sun. Hence the entire sphere is only dimly lit (source unknown) and is next to impossible to get around in without infravision. The drow use this ship mostly to track down rebels (worshippers of Elistraee) who have hidden themselves in among the dust clouds and asteroids of the sphere. The other major drow mission is the extermination of all demi-humans. The humans are allowed to live in poverty, and a few of them are kept in menageries in the major cities where, due to the short human generation, they have devolved quite a bit. Humanoids, on the other hand, are plentiful on the surface where the low status drow are building cities. At this point there is no warfare, since the drow have a whole surface to expand onto. Within 400 years, population pressure will probably fragment the empire, and plunge the sphere into civil war.

The Mage Spider is frequently used as a battle cruiser or spy ship. The size of the ship, and the ability to land on planets, allows for a variety of uses. They are sometimes used as escort vessels for a Jade Spider, when circumstances permit. Exactly how a Mage Spider is used depends on the will of the Drow Flotilla commander in question.

Crew consists of a priestess and 2-5 underpriestesses, a mage and 1-6 apprentices and crew men and women to fill the remaining spots. The priestess is always of higher level than the mage, and wields supreme authority. Typically, the mage is of at least 11th level. Rarely, suicide ships are found with an all male crew, but these are sent only on desperate missions.

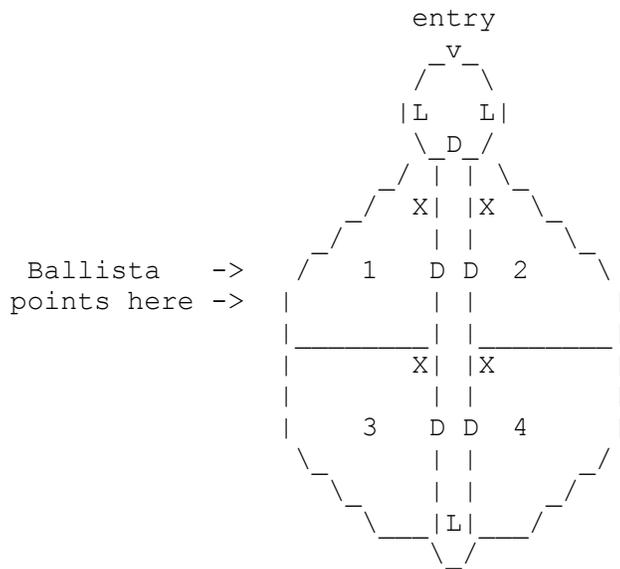
The drow also have a creation that is used on these ships for

long voyages. It is a golem, made of Drow body parts. These golems tend to be only 5'6" in height, but otherwise have the same statistics as a flesh golem. The only other advantage is that the golem can pilot a ship, following directions (go toward, go <direction>), or going to any place the golem has been using some kind of inertial tracking or perfect recall. The golem can fly a ship with a SR of 1.

The drow mages invented them to use for long trips, since they are the only ones who ever fly the ships. The priestesses consider it beneath their dignity to actually sit in a spelljamming helm, and they also dislike losing their spells.

Map of faernorbb -

Entry to the ship is by a ladder that extends from the mouth of the spider at the will of the spelljamming mage.



Key -

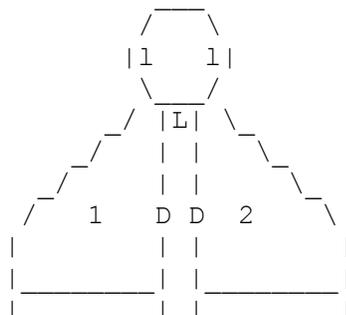
- D = door
- L = ladder (up)
- l = ladder (down)
- X = trapdoor

Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4 all contain a ballista, and 20 bolts for the ballista are in a closed box on the left side of the ballista. The ballista can pivot about 10 degrees in any direction, and points toward a 'dark window', set in the section where the wall begins to curve in all 4 rooms.

The trapdoors lead to storage areas. Small and usually empty. The storage areas hold acid for dealing with regenerating creatures, spare arms and armor, and some reloads for the weapons. A careful search might (5%) reveal an item enchanted to +2 (or better) of drow adamantium, or a specific spells component (90% for level 1 spells, -5% per level of the spell above 1 (valued below 100 gp, i.e. no large powdered diamonds or the like)).

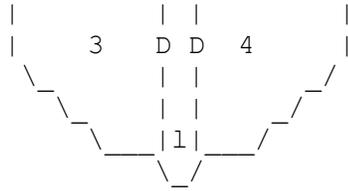
Basically, the storage area is cluttered with junk.

Level 2 -



Key -

- D = door
- L = ladder (up)
- l = ladder (down)
- X = trapdoor



On this level the 'head' does not connect. The head has a chair, where the golem sits (the helm), and a table, with various maps and charts. There is a large 'dark window', giving a 135 degree view out the front.

The golem is a 6' tall flesh golem made from drow (i.e. black skin, white hair) which can be used to pilot the ship. The golem can take the ship anywhere it has been, and can follow simple directions. It moves the ship with SR 1.

Rooms 1 and 3 are the bedrooms, 4 the barracks, and 2 the galley.

Level 3-



This level is set on top of the ship, but under a 'dark window'. The window form a half circle arching over the passageway, and a hemisphere over the catapult (C). Rocks for the catapult are set in a large closed box, at the bottom of the room.

The 'dark windows' are a spell effect that is like a VERY dark pair of sunglasses. Drow can see through them like normal lighting, since they have sensitive eyes, but humans and other surface dwellers see only a flat grey landscape (or whatever).

Other Configurations: No variations on the Mage Spider have yet been encountered. One was seen using a crew entirely composed of golems and other magical creations, but the craft scuttled itself before its mission could be determined.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| NAME: | Gnomestar |
| Built by: | Krynnish Gnomes |
| Used Primarily by: | Krynnish Gnomes |
| Cost: | Unavailable on the open market |
| Tonnage: | 90 Spacial Tons |
| Hull Points: | 90 |
| Crew: | 100 Gnomes, 8 giant hamsters |
| Maneuverability Class: | E |
| Landing: | Land only |
| Armor Rating: | 3 |
| Saves As: | Metal |
| Power Type: | Gnommish "Hamster" helm |
| Ship's Rating: | 1-2 |
| Standard Armament: | Blunt Ram
Others variable |
| Cargo Capacity: | None (see below) |
| Keel Length: | 130' |
| Beam Width: | 45' |

Description: The Gnomestar is the ultimate nightmare in Krynnish Gnome technology, surpassing even the Gnommish Dreadnaught. Only three of these monsters exist, and all of them perform The-Highly-Honorable-Task-Of-Preventing-Dangerous-Beings-and-Those-With-Malevolent-Intent-From-Landing-and-Disrupting-the-Social-Fabric-of-the-Good-Peoples-of-Krynn. Most other races call it planetary defence. For their credit, the Gnomestar is pressed to the rafters with every type of weapon available, and the worst part is, they all work. Gnomish soldiers consider it a great honor to work on a Gnomestar, so they spend all of their time cleaning, maintaining, and repairing the weapons. Only when a Gnomestar lands does it undergo modifications and "improvements."

The Gnomestar looks vaguely like a clipper with the masts removed, and the bowsprit replaced with a blunt ram. The ram is covered with all kinds of chimes, bells, and whistles to tell an opponent that they are about to be rammed. The decks are filled with weapons of all types (as many as the ship can physically carry), including standard heavy weapons, bombards, magical devices, personnel catapults (for boarding actions), and so on. The armament of a Gnomestar changes with each tour of duty. A total of six sidewheel houses are on the ship (three per side), with a hamster in each one. The sidewheeler technology is not appropriate for a ship this size, but as always, Gnomes found a way to make it work. Nevertheless, the ships rating is downright bad. It can be raised from one too two, if the Gnomes put a treat in front of the hamsters. This causes them to run on the treadmills faster, giving greater output of the engines. This can only be done for three turns. After that, the engine overheats and breaks down in a spectacular display of smoke, sparks, and flying parts. When this happens the Gnomes drop everything and go into a hilarious frenzy of repairs.

Gnomestars stay in orbit above Krynn for periods of six months. They work in staggered shifts, such that two are above Krynn at a given moment. The third is docked at Mt. Nevermind for maintenance, upkeep, repairs, modifications, improvements... Each Gnomestar has a crew of 100 Gnomes (smaller beings require less air, so more can be crammed into a ship) and eight giant hamsters. The cargo area is full of supplies, such as food for the crew, so space for other cargo is rarely available. Orders from the ground are relayed by a special Yaul, powered by one of the hamsters.

Notes: No other race would be fool enough to want one of these. If you drop by Krynn and see one, send up the flag for "hello," politely wave, and keep going.

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| NAME: | GREAT TYRANT |
| Built by: | Arcane |
| Used Primarily by: | Beholders |
| Cost: | Not available on open market. |
| Tonnage: | 100 Spacial Tons |
| Hull Points: | 100 |
| Crew: | 60 Beholders, 1 Hive Mother, 15 Orbus |
| Maneuverability Class: | D |
| Landing-Land: | Yes |
| -Water: | Yes |
| Armor Rating: | 2 |
| Saves As: | Metal |
| Power Type: | Orbus (see below) |
| Ship's Rating: | 3 (1 per 5 orbi) |
| Standard Armament: | See below |

Cargo Capacity: 40 Spacial tons
Keel Length: 70' diameter
Beam Width: 20' thick at center

Description: The Great Tyrant is a new design used by one of the beholder nations in its wars with the other factions of the race. It looks like a giant cinnamon roll, with six large crystals along the rim, each 60 degrees apart. The inside of the ship is a honeycomb of passages for the beholders, while the hive mother resides in the center. The orbi are in three small chambers just off the center one. There is surprisingly little data on this ship, simply because it is so rare. Only three confirmed citings of the craft have been made, and an comparison of the markings suggests that only two of these ships exist, and they are both owned by the same nation.

Most beholder ships are 50 tons or less because of the restrictions of the orbus helm. The Great Tyrant uses a special type of helm that combines the characteristics of an orbus helm and a series helm. If five orbi are placed in one of these special helms, they can give a ship of 50 tons or more, a SR of one. The Great Tyrant is equipped with three such "terminals," giving it a SR of 3. The mere fact that the beholders have developed (or acquired) this type of technology is rather disturbing.

The crystals of the Great Tyrant are the same crystals that the beholders use in their smaller ships, for pooling their magical powers for use as a ship-to-ship weapon. During battle, each crystal has 10 beholders and function as independent weapons. It is also possible to combine the power of every beholder on the ship and run it through one crystal. This makes the ship helpless for one turn, but the result is devastating. One witness, a tradesman crewed with humans and halflings, noticed a Great Tyrant in the Grinder of Greyspace. The Tyrant was in the process of destroying a base used by another strain of beholders, and when the bulk of the fight was over, the Great Tyrant pooled all of its power to destroy the asteroid. The asteroid was the size of an Armada, and was reduced to small bits of rock. That's when the tradesman fled.

The Great Tyrant is a giant battle cruiser, and is designed to destroy other ships. That is all it is meant for, but it could be used in other ways, such as a drop ship. The ability to make both hard and soft landings could make it a very versatile craft. For this reason, the Elven Navy considers the ship a threat. If one beholder nation was to gain supremacy over the others using these ships, it could eventually threaten the elves, at least in some spheres. For the moment, the elves are watching and waiting, preferring to let the beholders wipe each other out.

NAME: Man-O-War, Frilitary Class
Built by: Elves (old design)
Used Primarily by: Elves, Humans, others
Cost: 250000 standard gold
Tonnage: 60 spacial tons
Hull Points: 60
Crew: ##/## 12/60
Maneuverability Class: C or D
Landing: Land only
Armor Rating: 7 (hull), 4 (legs)
Saves As: Ceramic (pottery)
Power Type: Major Helm
Ship's Rating: As helmsman
Standard Armament:
2 Medium Ballista, crew 2/ea,

1 Heavy Catapult, crew 3
1 Medium Jettison, crew 3
Grappling Ram
Cargo Capacity: 30 spacial tons
Keel Length: 200'
Beam Width: 20'

Description: The Frilitary Man-O-War is clearly a variation of the standard Man-O-War. On a Frilitary, the distinct bend in the "back" of the standard Man-O-War is absent, putting the entire fuselage on the same plain. Another difference is in the wing placement. The wings lie on a plane parallel to the body of the ship, somewhat like those of an Angelship or Aracocra Corbina. The wings are placed this way to allow planetfall, and to allow the grappling ram to function. The "head" of the Frilitary has two bowsprits instead of one, and these can be used as a grappling ram. However, the grapple is only effective against ships smaller than, or equal in size to the Frilitary. Hard landings are handled by a set of landing legs, similar to those of a Damsel fly. The legs are made of very strong metal (Mitheral is a common choice), and are grafted into the hull of the Frilitary during construction. Removing the legs destroys the ship.

In flight, the landing legs fall to the gravity plain of the ship (folding up like those of a butterfly), and never interfere with steering. When a large gravity well is entered, the legs fall into position, allowing the craft can be landed normally. When the legs are down, however, the ship does suffer a loss of maneuverability (from C to D) and this loss will continue until the ship is free of the offending gravity plain. An asteroid or other small body is not sufficient to pull down the legs. To land on such bodies, the crew must manually move them into place. This is not easy (it takes two turns), and fortunately it is rarely required. Elven Armadas, and major ports (like the Rock of Bral) typically have docking facilities for standard Man-O-War ships, and these facilities are used whenever possible.

The Frilitary was introduced during the first Inhuman War, and was used extensively during the second, as a drop ship for troops and supplies. Groups of them would descend on target areas, usually under the cover of standard Men-O-War, or other allied craft, deposit their quarry, and quickly leave. In one noted case (during Inhuman War II), a Frilitary was fitted with bombards, and the jettison was loaded with greek fire. This ship was used for strafing and bombing humanoid ground targets, then landing to dispatch troops to secure the area. Sometimes a single Frilitary was used as a command center for special operations or commando missions: While on the ground, a ship can be very difficult to find. Since the close of the wars, however, the Frilitary has fallen out of favor, especially since the Imperial Navy is nervous about landing ships powered by major helms. Still, the navy maintains a handful in mothballs, and new ones are built from time to time. Simply put, a Frilitary can go places a standard Man-O-War can not, and human built ships are not always available or desirable.

Other Configurations: The only standard variation on the Frilitary is the "Waterfly." This version is built with a set of pontoons as opposed to landing legs, and is designed to land on water. This variation is rarely used, even by elves, because the bloated pontoons lower the armor rating of the ship by two places. In the entire navy, only one is in service. When elves need to land on water, they prefer to drop small boats from a standard Man-O-War or Armada.

Other Uses: Military service is still the most common use for a Frilitary, but it has a following in other circles. Elven merchants are very fond of the Frilitary. It is clearly an elven ship (something they like), and the ability to make hard landings is very useful. Free adventurers or all races are VERY fond of the Frilitary: The grace and durability of a Man-O-War with the ability to land on planets is an excellent combination. The biggest problem with the craft is finding one!

NAME: Marlin (Muldravian Warfish)
Built by: Humans
Used Primarily by: Groundling humans of Cartania, Muldravian Empire
Cost: 80000 standard gold
Tonnage: 70 Spacial Tons
Hull Points: 70
Crew: 14/70
Maneuverability Class: D (or better)
Landing: Water only
Armor Rating: 5
Saves As: Thick Wood
Power Type: Major or Network helm
Ship's Rating: As helmsman
Standard Armament:
 1 Heavy Catapult, crew 5, F
 1 Heavy Balista, crew 4, turreted 360*
 2 Medium Balista, crew 2/ea, 1 Port 180*, 1 Starboard 180*
 1 Medium Catapult, crew 3, turreted 360*
 1 Piercing Ram
Cargo Capacity: 35 gross tons
Keel Length: 380'
Beam Width: 30'

Description: The Marlin-class battle cruiser, or "Warfish," is the standard spelljamming ship of the Muldravian empire in the sphere of Solaris. It is large and ruggedly built, resembling the marine animal for which it is named. It is built along lines similar to a Hammership, and it can be used in the same ways. In fact, the designers of the marlin derived the design from a hammership, with the objective of finding ways to carry more cargo or passengers, without making the ship bulky and clumsy, like a whale ship.

A Marlin can be used as a warship, heavy freighter, troop transport, and even as a mobile command center. As noted above, the Marlin can perform all of the tasks that a Hammership can, and in many cases it can do them better. It is unlikely that the Marlin will make the Hammership obsolete for a long time, if ever. The extensive sail system of a Marlin is vital for the ship to maintain maneuverability, and special training is required to handle them. A special proficiency is not necessary; anyone with the proficiency "Spacemanship" can learn how to handle a Marlin if an expert is consulted. Such experts are difficult to find, and when they are they are either unwilling to help (claiming military secrecy) or charge a very high price. In short, the deck crew of a Marlin is difficult and expensive to field. In these cases most people would prefer to run a simple, reliable Hammership, using a standard crew. Another problem is the cost of a Marlin's helm. A Marlin requires a costly major helm (or a newfangled Network helm) to operate. A Hammership can operate on a minor helm (however poorly), making it easier to afford. Those who have worked on a Marlin, however, swear by them.

Marlins in military service typically travel in "pods" of three. The Muldravian Empire has almost forty Marlins in service, and half of them are on patrol within the Solaris sphere at a given time. Occasionally, a single Marlin will leave the sphere on a specific mission. Such missions could be the pursuit of an enemy ship, espionage, exploration, or political. Outside of the Solaris sphere, a Muldravian Marlin always has a specific mission objective.

In combat, the Marlin is a formidable opponent. It is surprisingly maneuverable for a ship its size and it can withstand large amounts of damage before breaking up. It can easily defeat a single Nautaloid, pirate Squid ship, even a Mindspider, and it can usually prevail against a Hammership or Man-O-War, depending on the crew. A single Marlin with a full complement crack crew can even defeat a Dreadnought, while two or three can defeat a Deathspider, Jade Spider, or a renegade Armada. Against such opponents, however, high casualties are expected. No Marlin pods have ever engaged a Tsunami.

While the external lines of a Marlin are sleek to the point of elegance, the internal layout of a Marlin is very simple, and many find it uncomfortable. One commentator called it a "case study of efficiency over ascetics." There are many large open spaces with low ceilings, the decks are connected by ladders as opposed to stairs, and the main deck is dominated by the sailfin and shuttle cribs (see below). The large areas are provided for storing cargo, equipment, and for use as crew barracks. On combat and patrol missions, a Marlin typically carries a full complement, with several mages and priests to take turns at the helm, recharge the air envelope, and maintain food and water supplies. Solaris is an abnormally large sphere, so some missions can run as long as eight months. Espionage and politically motivated missions (such as diplomacy with another sphere) typically carry half complement. Exploration missions also carry a full complement, and sometimes the ship has additional rigging laced into the sailfins to increase maneuverability (topping out).

The main deck usually comes with two cribs for small shuttles, or "skiffs." They are usually stored with the mast removed, but when assembled, these small ships look like sailboats with a fish-head prow. They weigh about two tons, and can carry as many as six individuals. They are designed as landing craft only, and are powered by a device similar to a "Rudder of Propulsion." As such, they are not capable of spelljamming speeds.

Other Configurations: There are no standard variations on the Marlin design, although custom designed ships exist. Even though the Marlin originated in the Solaris sphere, the design has began to appear elsewhere, in a variety of uses.

Merchant Ship: The most common alteration is for use as a merchant vessel. With the ability to carry more cargo than even a Hammership, and with only a slightly larger crew, wealthy merchants like the Marlin. When stripped of its weapons, the Marlin can easily make the transition from warship to tradership.

Free Adventuring: Adventurers who have a lot of money sometimes refit a Marlin for their own use. Such adventurers typically need to hire some crew to help handle the ship. The Marlin is also a favorite choice of mercenary companies, who sail between the spheres selling their services where needed. One such company operates openly in RealmSpace, and maintains an office in Waterdeep!

Pirates: Sadly, pirates also like the Marlin. Such groups tend to be large and well equipped, often boasting several ships. In these cases, the Marlin is used as a command ship, while smaller ships do the grind work. Such is not always the case, however. The piercing

ram can make short work of a Tradesman, and many pirates have discovered this, much to their delight. If you ever see a Marlin with pirate markings, your best bet is to 'jam out of there as fast as your helm will allow.

Non-Human Crews: Though designed for Humans, the Marlin is also used by Elves, often as a supply ship. Halfling and Illusionist Gnome crews are not uncommon either. Krynnish Gnomes love the extensive gear and pulley system for the sails, and often try to "improve" it. Such ships usually end up impaled on an asteroid. Illithids and other "underworld" races dislike the ship, because of the large, open main deck. A company of Drow merchants are know to operate one, however, and they have covered the main deck with an opaque net.

NAME: Seahorse
Built by: Aquatic Elves
Used Primarily by: Aquatic Elves, Tritons
Cost: 45000 standard gold
Tonnage: 45 Spacial Tons
Hull Points: 45
Crew: ##/## 8/45
Maneuverability Class: D
Landing: Water only
Armor Rating: 5
Saves As: Thick Wood
Power Type: Major or Minor Helm
Ship's Rating: As helmsman
Standard Armament:
2 medium ballista, crew 2/ea, 1 port 180*, 1 starboard 180*
Cargo Capacity: 5 tons (see below)
Keel Length: 160'
Beam Width: 20'

Description: The Seahorse is one of the few ships designed specifically for an aquatic race, in this case Aquatic Elves. The Seahorse does not look like an actual seahorse, at least not at a quick glance. The lines of a Seahorse are similar to those of a Dragonship, with the dragon masthead replaced with a seahorse head, in a style similar to that of a viking ship. The sails of a seahorse is woven from a silky fiber drawn from kelp, and tend to shimmer in starlight. The hull of a Seahorse is often painted in a soft brown, to resemble an actual seahorse.

The entire lower deck of a Seahorse is flooded with water, and acts as the crew quarters for the aquatic elves. The extreme weight of the water severely curtails the cargo capability of the Seahorse. What cargo there is travels in the (dry) upper decks, and any passengers the ship has will be there as well. For any non-aquatic race, a Seahorse is an unpleasant ride. Everything is damp, and seaweed tends to creep all over the ship. Air can also be a problem, because half of the ship is taken up by water. The elves, being able to breath both air and water, do not notice this of course. When the lower deck is drained of the water, a Seahorse has a cargo capacity of seventeen spacial tons.

In combat, a Seahorse is a fish out of water (pardon the pun). A substantial hull hit could cripple the ship, especially if the water drains out. The ship can hold its own for brief periods, but will try to flee any combat it encounters. To this end, major helms with (relatively) high-level helmsmen are the norm. The Seahorse is used mainly as a transport vessel. When cargo is to be transported, most aquatic elves contract elven merchants (or members of other races,

depending on who is available) who use more suitable ships. Aquatic Elves rarely travel in space, but when they do, they use the Seahorse when they can. The only other race that has consistently made use of the Seahorse are the Tritons, who use them as colony ships. Lizard Men have been known to use them on rare occasions as breeder ships, but this is rare. Most aquatic races find a trip to dry land a traumatic experience, while a trip into space is more than most can bear. Humans, humanoids and even other elves, pass up the Seahorse for other ships. Like the Arracocra Crobina, the Seahorse is simply not suitable for anyone other than the race that builds it.

SPACEFLEETS AND NOTABLE GROUPS

The fleets and groups noted here are minor powers on the grand scale, but a GM could use them as diversions, or as a change from larger, more established groups.

Illithid United Navy

In a rather disturbing development, several of the Illithid nations have recently united under a common banner. The idea here is to promote greater co-operation between the Illithid nations, which would benefit all of them. Non-Illithids have a more cynical interpretation of this development. If all of the established Illithid nations united into a common unit, they could threaten every space-faring race in existence, including the elves. Typically, the Illithid ships carry their own national colors, but also carry a pennant representing the Illithid United Navy (IUN); this is a practice similar to that of the Imperial Elven Navy. The fleet commander is an incredibly egotistical Illithid called Mind Sifter (q.v).

Fortunately, this federation of Illithid nations is still fairly loose. The member states do not openly fight one another, but they don't always help each other either. While the Illithid fleet is not a major threat, it may one day become one.

The fleet is known to operate in RealmSpace, but they do not have a lasting presence. They have also been sighted in Krynspace, but are usually just "passing through." Interpret that any way you want to. In Greyspace the Illithids are a minor, but lasting problem. They maintain numerous bases throughout the system, but no central base has been located. Ships in Greyspace tend to take an offensive stance when an IUN ship appears, and skirmishes are common. The IUN has recently begun to explore other spheres as well. A recent spy mission to the sphere of Solaris was foiled by a Muldravian commander, Deliliah Ferrenal (q.v).

Li Shou

Solaris, Cartania, S'ing Ti L'ack

Li Shou is similar to Shou Lung on Toril, and is one of the four nations of Cartania that actively engage in spelljamming. Li Shou uses Dragonship vessels to bring back the treasures of other worlds, but Li Shou also uses them as showcase vessels. Even from a distance, one can tell when a Dragonship is Li Shou (as opposed to Shou Lung or privately owned). The ship is covered with elaborate flags and pennants that glorify the land from "The center of the Universe." Li Shou mapmakers believe that Solaris is the center of the universe, and that Li Shou is the center of the Solaris sphere (at least from a cultural standpoint). When a Li Shou Dragonship sets down in another land, it often makes a big display of itself as if to say "Look at me, I am from Li Shou, center of the Universe." Trading is a secondary

concern. The primary objective is to show off.

Shou Lung captains find this cultural bravado rather amusing. Li Shou has passed up many good opportunities for trade because the other peoples were "beneath them." In such cases, Shou Lung wastes no time in collecting what Li Shou was missed. The elitist attitude has led to a marked reduction in Li Shou spelljamming. Since they have not found many things that interest them in other lands, they are becoming increasingly isolationist. In fact, the Li Shou government is actively trying to stop the use of Spelljamming technology, except for those merchant vessels that use tactical helms to travel within the empire.

The Missionaries of Celestian Greyspace (based on Oerth)

As the name suggests, the Missionaries are followers of Celestian, God of the Universe. They are somewhat different from most followers of Celestian, in that they rarely sign on to other ships. The Missionaries are a specific order of priests and paladins that travel about on modified Barges of Ptah. They actively search for damaged ships, and when they find one, they immediately do what they can to heal anyone on board who requires aid. Failing that, they try to get the injured party to a world or asteroid where better medical facilities are available. If even this is impossible (the person dies), they make certain to grant the individual a burial in space, with full honor. To view a Missionary barge as a "hospital ship" would be fairly accurate.

This group is at odds with the followers of Ptah, as is to be expected, but they do not fight. In fact, the Missionaries only fight other ships when they must. The barges they use often have magical devices or spells to increase maneuverability or armor rating.

Most spacefaring groups let the Missionaries go where they will, and NEVER attack them (even pirates let them pass). The reason is simple: you never know when you may need their help. Those groups that have offended the Missionaries in the past (the Tenth Pit for example) have never received their aid, no matter how desperately they need it.

Sadly, many pirates have tried to take advantage of this "hands off" attitude that most have toward the Missionaries, and have tried to pass themselves off as members. This has forced many leaders to search the Barges before allowing them docking or landing rights. The most notable examples of this are the Kingdom of Ratik on Oerth, the city of Waterdeep on Toril, and the Rock of Bral. The Missionaries understand this, but allow it to continue. So far, the number of pirate impostors has been quite low.

The Muldravian Empire Solaris, Cartania, Chorrad'ek

Of the four spelljamming nations of Cartania, the Muldravian Empire is the most prominent. This is to be expected, since it is perhaps the largest single nation on the planet. The Empire is actually a highly co-operative group of small and medium sized states that have pooled their resources for the common good. Most of the states are human, but there is a single halfling state that places itself under the Muldravian flag, and one of the other states has a significant Gnome population. The Empire enjoys good relations with several of its neighbors, allowing it to pursue other interests.

About 250 years ago, a study was conducted on the capabilities of "Sky Galleons." Sky Galleons never traveled off-world (being powered

with Tactical Helms they couldn't get very far), but the belief was that this was not always the case. After several years, Spelljamming Helms were re-invented, and the Muldravian Empire was the leader in this endeavor.

Of all the spelljamming peoples of Solaris, the Muldravians hold the greatest presence, surpassing even the Elven Navy within the sphere. The Muldravian Stellar Navy (MSN) is about 100 ships strong. Most of these are Marlin-class battlecruisers, with squid ships for planetary defence. The fleet is commanded from a Cuttle Command (perhaps the only one in active service anywhere) that maintains a fixed position over the Muldravian capital city. The Cuttle never engages foes, however. A small pod of squid ships is always present to deal with intruders. The Cuttle is jokingly called the "Muldravian High Command."

NOTEWORTHY SHIPS

These are specific ships, and can be used to "spice up" a given adventure. These ships are highly individual, and a history is provided where appropriate. They should create some wonderful opportunities for role-playing.

THE IEN WANDERER

The Wanderer is an elven Monarch armada, under the command of the elven command center at Evermeet (Toril). It carries a fleet of 20 flitters, and a single damselfly, as landing craft. Its main mission at present is to locate missing elven colonies, and try to re-establish contact with them. The Wanderer has been known to travel for two decades at a time, looking for missing elves. Should it be encountered in an established sphere, it will either be returning from a mission, or embarking on a new one. If found in a backwater sphere, it is carrying out its mission. In these cases, the elves will be glad to see people from the established spheres, claiming that the wilderness can get lonely, even for an elf. Visitors are never permitted into the hull of the Monarch, but they are free to walk on the flight deck and socialize with the crew. The Monarch's captain, Malath Resika (q.v) is an easy-going sort, who gets serious only when he must. When the Wanderer is forced into battle, he will use every trick he knows.

The admiralty at Evermeet maintains a continuous link with the Wanderer, using a bewildering array of magical devices. As such, the Wanderer can be quickly recalled if needed (as was done for the Second Inhuman War).

THE HAPPY VOYAGER

At a first glance, the Happy Voyager looks like a standard Bardic ship, looking like a huge mandolin. When the ship is approached, one can clearly see singing and dancing on the main deck of the ship, while below decks there is an ongoing glut of liquor consumption, sex, and all kinds of illicit behavior. In short, the Happy Voyager is the biggest party in the known spheres.

In truth, it is a travelling hell. The ship is cursed, much like the Batship, such that anyone who boards the ship must make a saving throw versus magic EVERY ROUND, or become captured by the ship. Once captured, the individual becomes compelled to join the party, and he or she will continue to party until they fall to the deck in exhaustion. The character will sleep normally, noise level notwithstanding, and awaken normally. For a few minutes after waking,

the character will be aware that they are on a cursed ship, and their thoughts will be on getting OFF! Sadly, this level of awareness ends quickly and the character returns to the party. This happens to every person on the ship, and sometimes a few of them try to pull together long enough to assume control of the ship and smash it into the nearest asteroid (the only known way to break the curse is to destroy the ship), but the curse reclaims them every time. What's more, the rest of the crew do everything they can to stop the "party poopers."

The Happy Voyager was once an adventure ship, led by a bard. On one adventure, the party had some incredible luck defeating a some rather loathsome humanoids. They returned to their ship and started to celebrate, no holed barred. However, one of the humanoids had cast a wish spell (probably from a ring) before expiring, condemning the party to some type of eternal damnation. The dietie who carried out the wish had a "humorous" streak and decided that the upcoming celebration should last forever. Thus began the travels of the Happy Voyager.

The aging process is suspended while aboard the ship, so the original crew is still on board, partying themselves silly. As soon as someone is forcibly removed from the ship, the character rapidly ages to their normal, chronological age. Should the ship ever be destroyed, the original crew, and many of those who have joined since, will age to death in a matter of minutes.

The Happy Voyager has been travelling the known spheres for almost a century. Others have joined over time, usually boarding out of curiosity, and never getting off. There are about 45 people on the ship, and many races are represented. There are humans, demi-humans of all types, a couple of giff, a few humanoids, and even a neogi who thought the ship would be an easy place to get slaves. The neogi is known for telling sick jokes.

It can be considered a standard Iambic ship (Bardic ship), except that the curse ensures that the air is always fresh, the larder is always full of food, and the wine skins never dry up, and any injuries suffered by the crew are healed as they sleep. This party could, literally, go on forever, and the crew can't do a thing about it.

THE GOODSHIP ORION

At one time, the Orion was a pirate Hammership, but it has been modified so much that the original owners wouldn't begin to recognize it. While still a Hammership is overall design, it has the following modifications:

a). It's wood and glass hull has been rebuilt from the keel up with an Adamantium hull and Crystal portals.

b). Boarding nets to delay the boarding attempts have been added.

c). Additional Sails have been added to Improve the ships maneuverability class (topped out).

d.) The ships armament consists of 1 Heavy Ballista, and 2 Heavy Catapults.

At the bow of the ship rests a statue of a giant space hamster, posed in an attack position, fangs bared, and rumor has it that the ship flies as part of the Great Prince Andrew's Anti-Pirate protective league (see below). The ship is painted the darkest black, with a blood red undercarriage. When seen in port, its crew never seems to leave the ship. This may be just as well, because they are the meanest looking bunch of lizard men and (believe it or not) elves ever seen in wildspace. Their captain is a truly terrifying man. He wears a full suit of plate mail, complete with helm which he is never seen without. While this might not seem very extraordinary, the fact that from the back of the suit extends a pair of metallic wings, which allows the captain to soar through wildspace, is. Rumor has it that he was a test subject of mindflyer experimentation. What the truth is, the world may never know.

Alright, I'll call the above the player information. As for the DM, well now...

The Great Prince Andrew is a human ruler of a space-faring community known as Branalin. Branalin is located on a small moon in orbit around a gas giant. It is also a city-state which depends largely on trade. While the moon is very high in valuable ore content, it's incidently a terrible place to grow things, including food. Because of the frequency of these ores, and their products, Branalin could have quite easily been susceptible to piracy. In fact, before Prince Andrews began his reign, piracy was a major problem. To combat this problem, he founded the Anti-Piracy league.

To head this organization, Prince Andrews hired a former pirate, Morgan Calamon. While a very capable leader, Morgan's recruiting style is more than a little harsh. He believes in thoroughly testing any prospective recruits, even before telling them about the secret organization. His method of doing this is, basically, by setting them up. To further this ability, Morgan has gained a reputation as a smuggler. When he finds a band that seems capable, he hires them for 'a simple transport job.'

While on the job, they are given a box containing a statue which has a simple magic spell cast upon it so that it would appear enchanted. The recipient of the box is a beholder by the name of Marinox. Marinox is moderately senile, but still competent. During the trip, Morgan has the ship hijacked at least once. If the team succeeds with the mission, further such jobs are later assigned. Gradually, Morgan prepares them to join the league.

The crew of the Orion were the first such team Morgan hired. While he did test them quite thoroughly, he went a tad bit too far. For in the process of the testing, he accidentally convinced them that he was their arch-enemy. Needless to say, things went poorly. The crew ended up making a pact with a mind-flayer who used the ships captain for some testing of experimental magics, in return for protection. While ultimately things did work out, and the crew does now work for Morgan, the crew does have some strange personality quirks as a result of the mind-flayer association.

The biographies of the crew are sketchy, so they do not have full entries in the "personalities" section. There is reason to believe that nobody wants to get close enough to interview them, but here is what is available.

The Ship's Captain is C'Sid Tcapmoc. C'sid is a 14th level human ranger, who has undergone Illithid experimentation. Due to this testing, C'sid is unable to remove his plate mail or helm. However, his plate mail also contains wings which allow him to fly at 30' with a maneuverability class of A.

The Ship's Chief Spelljammer is Pyro-Lite. Pyro-lite is an eccentric 16th level mage who has an intense fascination with fireballs. Basically, he tends to lob them toward any foes, inconsiderate of where the ships fighters might be.

The Ship's Secondary Spelljammer and Quartermaster is a priest of the Stars known as Patriarch Rudolpho. He's a 14th level priest, who's not at all above using a mace when necessary.

The next figure is one not commonly seen on spelljamming craft, but one used by the Orion. This is the ships 'Transporter Chief.' A Human Psionicist named Markos, whose specialty is Dimension Door. Markos generally helps the boarding party to attack by opening a dimension door across to the other ships deck, quickly transporting 10-15 members of the crew into the heart of the fight.

Lastly, the ship's Sergeant at Arms is a 14th level Dwarven Fighter named Ralth of Clan Arkfire. Ralth's major quirk is that after years of working along side Pyro-lite, he now hates mages. He passionately despises all those who use magic haphazardly, and thus generally attacks anyone who starts making strange gestures in his general direction.

The normal members of the crew are all 3rd level Lizardmen and Elves. The crew is well experienced and has travelled throughout Wildspace, logging at least 14 different Crystal spheres. The only foe they truly fear would be a mindflayer or beholder ship, and even these would be willingly fought if the situation arose.

TRAVEL LOG

This section contains three worlds created by Ville Lavonius, and can be used as an appendix to the "Practical Planetology" (tm) guide. Vicki L. Domansky found these in the Usenet group rec.games.frp.adnd.

HETHLA

Hethla is a venus-sized Earth-world, but differs from the more usual earth worlds in many ways. The planet's crust is so thin that in most places the magma underneath has leaked through, forming great lava-lakes, or an even better expression would be lava-oceans, since they cover approximately 90 % of Hethla. Consequently the surface temperature is uniformly around 400 C, and doesn't much vary during a day.

The sophonts of the planet (red-skinned, short and thin humanoids) live on the few big (and high enough to provide shelter from the scalding heat) basalt formations scattered around the hellish seas. In addition to these human-like creatures, Hethla is inhabited by giants living on immense ships sailing the lava. Animal life is pretty much non-existent on the basalt plateaux, but the seas have a wide variety of iron-based life. Also, circling high in the winds from the hot seas float bolha, jellyfish-like, transparent creatures that form an important part of the humans' diets. The few species of wildlife big enough to pose a serious threat to most humanoids are all very rare (for example the 16-legged spider-like spinfishers that prey on all seaborne creatures). But there exists, however, a dire threat to all life on Hethla. Magmamen (usually shortened as magmen), creatures totally alien to the normal sapients, have been attacking settlements since times immemorial. Since it is impossible to explore the depths of the seas, it is unknown wherefrom they come from. It has also been proved fruitless to reason with these 6' tall fiery brutes, parlay (via telepathy or some other means) has been successfully attempted tens of times, but peace hasn't been achieved since there's absolutely no communication between the creatures themselves, they are nothing but singular killing machines.

Of course, it would be very unlikely to have a species evolve all by itself in such hostile conditions, and both the giants and the humanoids (treated as humans in game terms) acknowledge their blue-skinned gods as their only means of survival. These 'gods' are in fact Arcane, who apparently have transported these men and giants to Hethla (all epics have varying tales of voyages among the stars). Every city has at least one Arcane, the biggest two (Raga and Mathluy) both have five, and the tradecity atop the Spire has at least fifty.

And the Arcane take a very active role in managing Hethla, spelljamming is almost routine an activity here, and the large fleet has explored most of the sphere. The only reason why they haven't spread around throughout the known spheres is the heat affinity of all Hethla-folk, without a constant temperature of 40+ C, and elements of the Hethlan food, they quickly begin to deteriorate, death is a matter of weeks afterwards. And since there is no reasonable way to heat ships in Phlogiston or preserve the foodstuffs, most voyages tend to be short and confined to routes that they're intimately familiar with.

The airships are used to harvest the bolha, and to bring ice from the polar regions back to the cities. Polar ice is another mystery of Hethla, within a couple of miles the temperature turns from the blistering heat to -20 degrees, without any temperate zone to speak of. There are a couple of colonies on the north pole, whose inhabitants live there a couple of months before returning to the main

islands to recuperate. The immense heat gets stored magically within gigantic saws and these are used in separating the ice cubes from the glaciers. The cubes measure 9 meters per side and are usually held in the air while the ice melts, trying to land a ship carrying one of these is quite risky.

The giants travel the seas in huge rafts carved from basalt. Each raft accommodates an extended family and they travel around the globe nomadically, hunting the sea animals and preparing the few edible bits ready for consumption and creating magnificent art objects off the remaining parts of the bodies. The rafts are a very safe mode to travel, the seas are almost never choppy, and usually the on board navigator can detect disturbances in the convections beforehand. And there are no animals in the seas that could attack the rafts, the only hazard are the magmen, but they have learned that the giants are much tougher customers in melee than humans, after all, spending your entire life at 300-400 C, does make you quite resistant to heat. The giants take to spelljamming much worse than the humans, needing the high temperature to stay alive, at lower temperatures they quickly 'freeze' (ie. their metabolism and blood circulation are at least partly based on liquid metals. They are very much saddened by this, and feel a justifiable anger toward the gods who claim that they need to find a way of keeping warm by themselves. Some cynics might even say that the Arcane don't even know if such a way exists, as it's suspected that the giants' ancestors were quite different from the modern ones. Historical evidence has it that the giants were much more like the men, and lived in the cities. What caused the transformation is unknown, and all the history traditions and books are pretty hazy when it comes to giants' history.

The cities on the basalt plateaux are commonly very big, there's no need to have any villages around to provide food. They are usually sited near a lava shore, but still respectably far from it (a high cliff is an ideal place), the lack of earthquakes means that the cities can be founded in most hazardous spots too. The main features of the cities are the landing areas for the local airships (usually 10-20 per city) which are also used as common marketplaces. The cities' populated areas are usually uniformly designed, most of the citizens live in the same kind of houses. There isn't any class system on Hethla, the only people living 'above' others are the priests, who in addition are in charge of justice too. All other folks could be considered freemen in normal terms, slavery is unknown on Hethla. Another very unusual thing is the importance of big reservoirs, all cities have multiple artificial lakes within them. Not only are they needed as drinking water, but as the main means of defense against the magmen. Every city has several engineers who contribute to the design of these, the most common method is to have long hoses constructed of thousands of processed bolha skins, and water bombs (capacity 10 l) are given out to every citizen leaving town. Lately the engineers have been trying to cooperate with the mages to create a 'water gun', but so far the experiments have been more or less failures.

In addition to the nutritious and very light bolha, the humans eat a specific kind of lichen growing only near the lava seas (the mean temperature of the site has to exceed 100 degrees). It is collected by scraping it off the basalt, it isn't that hard a work, basalt being very smooth stone. The work is dangerous however, since the most prolific sites are vertical, and collecting from ships isn't done very often. The lichen contains a lot of nutrients, and therefore only a

small ration is needed daily, a collector easily collects lichen enough to feed a hundred others in a normal working day. The plant regenerates quickly and sites are harvested in two-month intervals. A harvesting team consists of two men, the collector and a 'backquarder' who carries a huge backpack filled with water to both make working possible in such hot conditions and to provide a means to hinder any passing magmen. These two foodstuffs are basically the normal Hethlan diet, variety is given by the awesome array of spices and other delicacies traded from the giants.

The gigantic basalt tower, popularly known as the Spire, is the main concentration of foreigners on Hethla. The temperature on the top is about 25 C, pleasant for the most travellers. The lack of heat is caused by both the height (the flat top is 16 kilometers from the lava surface), and there's also some gates to the elemental planes that provide ice and water to chill the city. The gates were constructed at great cost, when it was decided that the trade would pay off such fortunes. And the trade has certainly brought a lot of money to Hethla, and the Hethlon has grown rapidly to the point where the foreigners actually outnumber the locals.

The main trade items exported from Hethla are minerals that are either dug up in the recently opened mines or bought from the giants. The mining is very hard work, and the yields have been disappointingly low, the mining companies (all foreigners, the concept of mining for minerals is unknown on Hethla) are trying to find a way to back off without losing prestige. The giants do trade their findings too, either they are collected from the animals they have caught or collected in the rare deposits found floating on the seas. Hethlans import all kinds of materials, especially new foodstuffs get a high price here (the Hethlans seem to have a very adaptable metabolism).

Also a big pro to all the 'new folks' on Spire is the number of Arcane working there, most of the diplomatic envoys or exploration parties are here just to gain more information on these enigmatic creatures. Why these creatures have populated this planet and been watching over the inhabitants for several thousands of years is a mystery. One of the main features in all the stories concerning the gods is that they have never given anything to their subjects since the earliest years. Everything since then has either been invented by the humans (like the defense mechanisms against magmen) or bought at an outrageous price (the spells to create the gates). It has been suggested in more than once that the whole planet is just an experiment in creativity and adaptation.

Hethla has two moons, which are named Small and Big, the inhabitants aren't usually that laconic, preferring elaborate names for meals, creatures and such, perhaps these names are relics from a much earlier era. The moons circle the planet in a normal way (Small has a lunar month of 11 days, the larger completes its' journey in 33 days) causing eclipses frequently. Though the moons exert a powerful tidal force upon Hethla, there aren't tidal waves in the seas to speak of, perhaps once or twice a year there's noticeable waves, but that's about it. The moons have been explored, both by Hethlans and many others, but no signs of life have been found on either. The smaller moon spins at such a rapid rate that it has cast its' atmosphere off ages ago. The bigger is just an average young earth-world, there has been talk with the Arcane that the Elves would get to build a local navy outpost there, but nothing definite has happened in years.

As mentioned in passing above, Hethlans regard the Arcane as gods. However, in addition to these local gods they also worship an entity known as Mhola (the protector of the sphere, the rider on the waves of heat, the luckgiver), and through this worship the clerics gain their spells. The arcane are thought to be sons of this Mhola (a gigantic female figure), and they are in charge of justice and order. Financial details are entirely in human hands. The giants' only god is known as Booola (the eternal wader, the untiring worker), and giants too have clerics, who have somewhat different spell repertoires than human priests (complete spell lists aren't given for either, they both have the usual spells plus many dealing with magma, fire and earth. The giants also have spells used to control Physique, and humans possess many spacefaring magics). The priests don't get any but the most basic of spells outside their homesphere, and this is another reason why the Hethlans haven't much explored the world outside their sphere.

There aren't many mages on Hethla, since the clergy usually grabs the most promising youths. However, the few mages that there is, are very much individualistic and left alone by the common folk. Only the least powerful of mages live within the cities, the others carve themselves a citadel out in the basalt flats. Why they all are escaping from civilization is a mystery, there certainly isn't anything unusual in the wilderness.

The Arcane and their priesthood wield the law-enforcement powers on Hethla. The society itself is very law-abiding, due to the extremely severe sentencing of criminals. The most common way to get rid of unwanted persons is to shoot them into the lava using the huge Catapult of Fate, there's one in every city. However, the Hethlans, having been conditioned to harsh justice throughout generations abhor the thought of crime, especially violent. As such, there are no familiar thieves' guilds anywhere on the planet, and the foreign organized crime families are very subdued on the Spire since most cases of executions are foreigners.

Compared to life on normal planets Hethlans have it very easy. Food is easily gathered for large amounts of people, cities stay in shape for centuries without extensive repairs, due to a global unity there hasn't been any wars for the last two thousand years, there isn't much work to be done (a couple of hours per day is sufficient). And there seems to be no cloud behind this silver lining, diplomats living on Hethla have discovered no hidden secrets about the planet.

Scenario ideas on or near Hethla:

-*- Smuggling a priceless giant artifact (as in art object, the giants aren't very handy with magic) to an offplanet client. The giants have memories of elephants and will never forget the deed. And every time the culprit returns to this sphere, the giant-priests spells will notice him and he'll be the target of various nasty magics (boiling blood, heat metal, personal drought and various others).

-*- Of course some PC or NPC commits a horrendous social gaffe and is to be executed at dawn. A raid to the local temple is necessary (don't make this happen in Hethlon).

-*- Mardigris, an enterprising Thri-Kreen captain has invented a very good source of money. His agents (one in every city) provide info on criminals to be executed. On the day Mardigris' ship, Unseen Voyager, equipped with a cloaking device found in an Ancients' base is waiting

over the sea. The catapults cannot be moved and he has calculated where the victim will land. Just before he hits the lava, he's teleported to the ship and replaced by an illusion of splashing lava. These special effects are performed by Lairin Squithla, an ex-navy elf, who has found this form of piracy very profitable. The victim is then given a chance to arrange a huge amount of money in ransom or he's sold to the Neogi.

However, one of his recent catches was Janz Skillings, a Waterdhavian noble, whose family paid the ransom. Now the lad has returned to cause trouble in the Sphere. Hethlan officials are trying to figure how the guy was saved (and he's not the only one, there has been rumors of some others returning from the dead). How they will convince the PCs that they should be shot from the catapult is another matter.

-*- Another common occurrence are the magmen wars, no PC should miss these. A flowing melee fought in some 60 C, using weird weapons is something to amuse the players for half an hour.

-*- The PCs are approached by a smuggler who cheated the giants ages ago. His contract with some crime boss or somesuch forces him to stay in this sphere. And he's at least annually victim of such wonderful spells as untiring worker (a boon for the giants, not such for a human, duration 7 days), fly (no control), lose the path (effective in space too). He begs the PCs to go placate the giants, he hasn't dared to set foot on Hethla since his deed.

After this scenario, it could be hard to persuade the PCs to try out the first scenario idea.

-*- A mining company executive notices the PCs (obviously star hicks who know nothing of honest toil) and tries to sell them a 'salted' mine. At a very low price, the PCs might buy it just out of curiosity.

-*- Another mining company is looking into the exploration of the lava seas. The giants report having sighted huge metal deposits floating on the surface.

-*- The town of Ryu gets a wonderful idea, why not capture a passing comet using spells and save the trouble to go watercarrying every week. The PCs are hired to explore and, if necessary, sterilize the comet (what it does contain, lowlife, stray mindflayers, some disease, is up to you). And do the spellcasters succeed in bringing the comet safely on the surface. Do the PCs escape the comet in time, or do they plummet toward Hethla inside it. And do the citizens of nearby towns really wish to continue to freeze in the polar regions when they could just fly to Ryu and come back with a big chunk of ice.

-*-A hauler snaps a rope and the ship falls on the very-quickly melting ice cube in the lava. The PCs have to improvise their rescue attempt.

-*- The PCs are helping with the ice-men on the pole when they stumble upon an Ancient-base under the ice (if every planet really has to have at least one dungeon in your universe).

-*- A group of 'Radical Thinkers', an atheistic conspiracy, hires the PCs to grab some books (ledgers, diaries) from an Arcane. They are trying to figure out various mysteries of Hethla (and how much cash have the Arcane already swindled).

-- The RT manage to slay the Arcane in Magnamund, and the civil unrest spreads quickly.

-- The RT leader is discovered to be a disguised dizantar when PCs storm their stronghold in the wilderness.

-- When trying to form a stronghold on a moon on the outermost planet in the system, the PCs are hired to protect the elementalists who's going to excite a local volcano. The ceremony is performed within an old dwarfhold that's full of undead. Also, the elementalists see notices of earlier volcano-god activity in the stronghold and decides to have the whole place explored completely. Either the PCs placate the elemental god, and gain the Hethlans a new planet, or they get a real close view of a planetary explosion.

-- The Arcane organize the big auction on the Hiver-ship. In a week of mock-battles, diplomatic parties and at least one theft attempt (the PCs follow, there's only a few thieves so that the whole arsenal won't be used against their ship) the PCs are caught in a web of intrigue. The PCs learn of the major fault of the ship (no protection on the underside), what are they going to do with their knowledge, sell it to the highest bidder, inform the arcane, or what.

Helthlan Ships:

Haulers are flat, quite unseaworthy (MC E) ships used to carry ice from the polar regions to the cities. One ship can muster a maximum of 700 tons (metric) of water, carrying it using four sturdy metal-ropes underneath. The ship travels through space, using only tactical speed due to the great load. The helmsman is usually a mid-level cleric or a free-lancing mage. The defense isn't very good, but the area around Hethla is kept safe from space vermin by conventional warjammers. The ships are quite useless on long journeys, most of the deck space is sacrificed to winches, extra ropes, spare harpoons and as such they possess very spartan crew quarters and next to nothing cargo space.

Masher is a variation of Hammership, built of stone, and having a huge lava pool in the midship-area. For weaponry it carries three heavy catapults and an aft-firing heavy jettison. The crew consists of battletrained Hethlans and hired mercenaries. The main danger to other ships' survival are the spellcasters on board who routinely have at least a few turn rock to magma- spells that are used very effectively on stones just after the launching. These ships are commonly used to protect the ice haulers by having them circulate the planet constantly.

Airships are the most common form of transport on Hethla. These 20 ton ships running with minimal helms haven't got much in the way of protection, but due to their huge sails they're very maneuverable (MC:B). They are also used to catch the bolha floating in millions over the hot seas. For that activity the two biggest sails are replaced with nets. In combat airships are helpless, but as they stay near the cities or fly at low altitudes, they aren't expected to be attacked by other jammers.

Hiver is a recent addition to the Hethla arsenal, only one ship has been built thus far. The hiver itself is a heavily armed slow battle platform, but its' brood is much more dangerous. These 10 ton ships

use a minimal helm (maximum size 20 tons, max speed 2, calculated as with a minor helm) and carry a lava-gun, operated by a priest of at least 5th level. The rarity of such priests means that these ships won't grow in popularity soon. The ship had its test in a big fight against neogi two years ago, and the Arcane are planning to sell the plans to the highest bidder in near future.

The main shipyard on Hethla is on a big flat plateau near the Spire, it can accommodate over 200 ships easily and has a big wet dock too (cost is high due to massive evaporation). The hethlan shipbuilders and architects are constantly trying out new designs and pestering the traders to bring more and more wood here, as they are quite fed up with building basalt ships all the time. The newest project is to build a huge (at least 3 miles in diameter) garden on the plateau in the deep quarries, and that's why several ships have been hired to transport soil from more normal earth worlds. They have also hired several mages to explore the variations in Plant Growth spells, most druids consider this gardening an abomination.

Hethlan monsters:

The plateaux are very barren of life and the depths of the lava oceans have never been explored, so most of the monstrous encounters occur on the surface or nearby the lava-seas. And most 'monsters' are just animals whom the PCs stumble across, only the magmen are real enemies.

The magmen are already familiar (from which MC I've no idea, I have only the first one) and most of the animal life is just normal animals having excessively high body temperatures, weird diets and high armor classes.

There exists, however, a wide variety of strange creatures that have adapted to the extreme nature of Hethla and could easily become dangerous foes to most parties. No stats are given, use your imagination (or pester me enough to type these up properly :-).

Spinfishers were already mentioned, these are huge, about 5 meter tall, very spindly daddy longlegs-lookalikes that have quick reflexes, metallic bodies and slow minds.

Holeshooters are a species of worms (or perhaps snakes) that live in long tunnels they've drilled into the basalt. A couple of times an hour they shoot toward sky at sub-sonic speeds trying to capture bolha flying overhead and are then returned to their holes by their rubberous tails. A collision with a ship would be most unfortunate. The Hethlans have mapped most 'shooter areas and avoid them vigilantly.

A new variety of life (it was first observed only a few years ago) is the lichenscraper. It is a 3' by 3' metal cube moving slowly across the plateaux. It is able to move on almost vertical surfaces without falling, and consumes all lichen that it goes over. It has been put forward that the 'scraper could be just a magical food-gathering machine or somesuch.

Feel free to think up new creatures, but DO mail me the most bizarre ones !

How to use Hethla:

As you have seen, Hethla is quite far from the usual fare offered to the space-faring PCs. The planet could either be used as a place to have adventures every time the PCs come here, or you could easily have a campaign where the PCs are working for the Arcane, many of the given scenario ideas are most easily fitted into a campaign of this sort. Or Hethla could be the target of a coup of enormous proportions (using the Radical Thinkers as a lever), after all, replacing the Arcane with another absolute ruler wouldn't be a big change for the inhabitants who have gotten used to being led by their noses during the millennia.

ILDIRS

Ildirs is a flatworld, with a radius of some 6 000 kilometers. It is tidally locked (it always turns the same side toward it) with the sun, and as such its' two sides feature very different kinds of life. The planet spins around its' axis slowly (completes a rotation in 1200 standard days), as this hasn't got any effect on the surface, the inhabitants hadn't even discovered this. Ildirs has got one moon with normal circulation.

The atmosphere is standard on the top, easily breathable by most civilizations, on the backside all the gases in the atmosphere have long since liquified.

The planet is quite flat, the only major mountain is the spike standing in the exact center of the world (height 10 kilometers), the other areas are merely hills compared to this.

Since the planet is so far from the sun, the topside doesn't get very hot. In fact, its' weather is regarded as one of the most pleasant known to spacefarers, the temperature is an uniform 27 throughout the year, the rains are very light and the lack of big ocean areas precludes strong winds. The prevalent terrain type is rainforest, though there are areas of hills and some deserts.

The backside is quite different, temperature there is so close to absolute zero that all gases have solidified. There are hundreds of thousands of gigantic **jpuikko** all pointing away from the sun. The backside hasn't been explored but very briefly and from the safety of a ship.

The top side features a complete, if a bit slow-evolved ecosystem. Most of the plants there are bright red or purple in color, as to better capture the light from the sun. And there hasn't been any need for the reptiloid/amphibian lifeforms to step away from the throne, birds are non-existent and mammals occupy only a small support role.

The vast forests covering most of the world are an eerie experience for the traveller for the most part they are silent and instead of birds there are large butterflies swooning about in the sunshine. Sometimes an explorer can spot a rare winged frog (very poisonous) or become the victim of an ignorant spider-killer tortoise (who leap on the spiders from the trees), there are also many other forms of jurassic life never before seen on other planets. There aren't, however, any standard-issue dinosaurs found on Ildris, the creatures only rarely attain sizes in excess of 2 meters. Another group of animals mysteriously missing are the fish, they have been completely replaced by amphibians in the few lakes and rivers.

On the clearings in the jungle lives a race calling themselves the Njigra, commonly thought as black-skinned elves. Each clearing (size 2-10 square kilometers) supports a single family of these humanoids, they are very warlike, and regard any creature not from their tribe an enemy and a potential meal (foreigners only, they aren't cannibals). Since the clearings are separated by vast tracts of jungle it wouldn't be very common to have huge wars, but the Njigra have bred a species who can carry them aerially. This Ymbra, or jet-frog, is a peculiar creature and the elves constantly hone their skills in aerial warfare. Battles are fought high over the surface and the casualty rates in these fights are high (most projectiles are coated with a variety of poisons). However, the wars aren't an all-for-all affair, rather the Njigrae practice a fine art of diplomacy, where treaties can last from a few minutes to decades. And the wars are always fought 'gentlemanly', away from the villages and never endangering the innocent (especially females and the young).

The other sentient race on the topside are the amphibian Tasloi, who rule the rainforests around the biggest lakes. The Njigrae hate them thoroughly but have no effective means to fight with them (the tasloi keep to the ground all the time, and are as much familiar with the myriads of poisons as the elves themselves). The tasloi have a planetwide kingdom, ruled much like the Aztec nation: lots of gold and jewels, voluntary sacrifices, priests rule the whole kingdom, most of the skills used in building the large ziggurat-towns have been forgotten, mentions of spacefarers in legends. These towns are immense in size, probably the some of the biggest structures built by normal-sized humanoids, each city can easily accommodate 20 000 (over 100 000 when crowded) tasloi. Their god-king lives in a palace in the midpoint of the kingdom, this palace is built of black marble (the other ziggurats are of more 'mundane' stones) and every ceiling is lined with gold. Gold is very abundant in the jungle-regions of Ildris, and tasloi have once had far reaching mines under the nearby hills, nowadays they are largely deserted. The tasloi worship an obscure pantheon of diverse deities (Glu'kk the Scribe whose priests double as historians, Mna'gt whose priests alter all history according to their own whims), who apparently all require constant sacrifices.

There's a single spelljammer outpost on Ildris, this Whitehold consisting nowadays of perhaps twenty buildings, was founded by a priest of Mystara from Toril some thirty years ago. This patriarch laid down the laws that every visitor on the planet must obey or be expatriated very quickly: no aid whatsoever is to be given to a Njigra-tribe, no animals are to be released into the jungles, the Tasloi shan't be pestered (the last expedition was eaten). These laws sound pretty harsh, and many have thought that by disobeying them they could end the wars on Ildris quickly. The patriarch died three years ago, before his death he had gained quite a big congregation that is carrying on with his work. There are perhaps twenty ships permanently stationed to Ildris, and usually there's at least a few outsiders on vacation here. The clearing where Whitehold stands is surrounded with a broad moat, which contains a large number of crocks and water snakes. This is used both to protect the travellers from Njigrae (who seem to have difficulties in honoring any treaties with foreigners) and to prevent any animals from invading the jungles (not that they'd have a high life expectancies there, but the jammers have learned their lesson from the Marinas-disaster). Most of the NPCs stationed on Ildris are persons of a religious persuasion who are trying to show the Njigrae the advantages in taking up religion instead of spear. So

far they have been totally unsuccessful in their attempts, their tries aren't helped by the fact that most priests won't get their full allotment of spells on Ildris. And this is a fact that has brought the normally not very close priesthood into amiably working with each other. With the tasloi isn't much contact, they live so far from the Whitehold and have responded violently to every attempt to build a base near them / explore their dwellings. Neither race has shown any particular interest in spelljamming, but the tasloan legends are full of stories with blue giants in sky chariots (apparently arcane who gave up with these creatures probably due to the bloodthirst).

The darkside is a totally alien environment for all travellers. But it is not totally devoid of life. Some of the largest ****jpuikko**** have been hollowed out and are inhabited by the hateful Zalathi, the ice goblins. They spend centuries in hibernation, but when an unfortunate ship or a kindori-sized animal comes too close to their home, they set forth in their coneshaped ice-ship to capture them (treat the ****jp**** as a 100- ton ship equipped with a piercing ram) at amazing speed (SR: 10 for short bursts, this is the fastest ship known). The ships then return to the planet using some sort of ropes. The darkside hasn't been explored at all, the few crews trying that have either returned with severe frostbites or fallen victims to these iceships. And it really is improbable that there would be anything found among the ****jpuikko****.

Scenario ideas:

- *- A priest runs away from the Whitehold and joins a tribe. His bosses are eager enough to get him back to pay the PCs a handsome reward.
- *- A Njigra-tribe tries to gain the upper hand in a particularly nasty war by trying to capture the PCs ship. They succeed and the PCs are given a creaking damselfly to get their own ship back.
- *- The Rourke's Rift scenario where the Njigrae storm the Whitehold en masse.
- *- A new priest of Cheslor hires the PCs to accompany him on a 'conquistading' trip to the Tasloi. When it doesn't go so well, the PCs are polymorphed into Tasloi and sent over to investigate the cities.
- *- The PCs discover the uppermost stories of Tasloan ziggurats to be space ships, their engines eating gold. 40 ton ships made of stone, lousy maneuverability (E), quite slow (SR: 2), no weapons usable in space. However, the tasloi start approaching all manner of travellers willing to pay absurd amounts of gold for viable weapons.
- *- The Tasloan gods return, and they aren't the standard issue Arcane, but evil in nature. This would be a good followup to the previous idea, perhaps discovering the ziggurat-tops' nature was some sort of a cosmic test. And the tasloi would have soon dwindled into oblivion without the PCs' aid...

FLIM-FLAM - the great gnomish starbase

This 'ship' circling the local sun on a close orbit is one of the fanciest ideas the gnomes have got lately. A rich gnomeclan liquidated

all their assets and spent all cash on used ships on Rock of Bral, Refuge and many other famous shipyards. Instead of equipping every ship with a helm they bought a couple of major ones and transported the ships to this location over a time period of a standard year. Most of the clan remained here and together they have patched a truly unique structure of the few score ships brought here. There are almost as many gravity planes here as there are ships and walking is at best awkward, at worst dangerous.

Why the gnomes gave up their pleasant mountain on Oerth and travelled to this godforsaken place is a complete mystery. And no gnome interviewed ever gives the same reasons, some claim that here they get awesome suntans, others tell about the elmarin-hunting trips, yet another fellow told spoke about how the 24-h days perk up their giant hamsters, etc. The gnomes have indeed taken up many different pursuits after founding the FF, there's indeed a three-ship elmarin hunting company, another fleet boasts with their exploits on every comet that ever comes near (two so far).

No matter that the whole structure is thoroughly gnomish in fashion, all doors are only 4' high and there's no night here, the place is a big hit among spacefarers. They come here from all spheres to meet up with old friends and to gain new, the whole place buzzes with rumors and stories. The gnomes are making a fortune by asking truly ungentlemanly prices for the hotel rooms and meals, but no captain dares to leave his crew to live on the ship and lose his face, he buys the best (and it certainly isn't that good) food for all of them. The reason to all this is an artifact possessed by the gnome chief (an illusionist of 10th level), it projects an aura of general goodwill that has made FF such a safe place, it affects most races, neogi seem to be the only immune ones (not that this would be general knowledge, only the chief and a few assistants know of the Ball of Jolliness' existence.)

Lizardmen have lately been asking whether they could lease a wing off the base. They think that this could be a perfect place to let the eggs hatch, the local primary is one of the yellowest stars in the known spheres and the FF is a much more stable structure than any of their broodships. The other races have been spouting various displeased comments upon the matter and the gnomes are on the verge to say no to the lizards. Secretly to all the lizardmen have already some ten eggs smuggled here (not a crime, but they want to keep it secret), they are disguised as barristerheads on their luxurious Sznnn'gk dragonship (the ship hasn't moved in 6 months, the eggs are expected to hatch in a few weeks now). What the offspring will be like, is an open question, the lizardmen themselves think that they're going to see the future of the scaly race emerge from the eggs.

FlimFlam consists of perhaps 100 ships nowadays, its' tonnage exceeds some of the biggest dwarfholds and it has never been attacked seriously, their fleet isn't that big, but the base itself packs many orthodox weapons and some new inventions to surprise the enemies. FF has never been moved and no-one expects the gnomes to be able to do so anyway, even though they've installed large Steering Rockets on almost every level surface on the outside. These rockets apparently burn powder, at least a dracon captain, whose ship was 3/4ths vaporized during a test run claims so.

The FlimFlam isn't a nation and there aren't any embassies from the various spacefaring nations. But individuals of many species and even

more races brush shoulders constantly in the myriads of shops, taverns and hotels here. Due to the effects of the ball even the most hateful enemies tend to behave themselves here, there's even a Beholderish Racial Issues Committee based here that vainly tries to forge peace between the warring clans. Pale elves (supposedly drow) and mindflayers tend to avoid the place due to the merciless sunlight, but they are indeed occasional visitors here.

-- Not really suited to specific scenarios, just a Spelljammer variety of the Floating Vagabond or something. Perhaps the PCs could complete a serious night of carousing by going joyriding on the lizard chief's ship.

-- A criminal with a Brooch of Mind Protection comes over and begins a one-man terror campaign against all inhabitants. The PCs face him at the immense powder vaults, facing a combat against sparks and the Ball's suggestions to "put down yer weapons and head down to Mike's Meadland".

-- After the PC's foil the criminal's attempts, the gnome chief asks the group to lead 'the hugest ship convoy of all time'. In order to double FF's size, the PCs shall buy tens of ships and helms and lead the fleet here. As a reward they get a 'ship of their own choice', as payment they carry well over three million gold coins to Refuge. Can the PCs keep the cash from thieves, or do they succumb to their own greed.

<Yes, incidentally, I was listening to Black Sabbath (Planet Caravan) and Deep Purple (Space Truckin') when I wrote this one.>

NEW MONSTERS

The following monsters are intended for use in a Spelljammer campaign, but they can also be used in standard "dirtside" campaigns, with a little creativity.

ARATHAX [SPELLJAMMER]

Climate/Terrain: Wildspace (asteroids, ring systems)
Frequency: Very Rare
Organization: Pack
Activity Cycle: Not applicable
Diet: Herbivore
Intelligence: Low to Average
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Chaotic Good

No. Appearing: 2-8
Armor Class: 4
Movement: 18", 48" fly (MC B)
Hit Dice: 4 + 2
THACO: 15
No. of Attacks: 3
Damage/Attack: 1-10/1-10/1-6
Special Attacks: Nil
Special Defenses: Nil
Magic Resistance: Standard
Size: L (6' a shoulder, 16' wingspread)
Morale: Average - High
XP Value: 450

Appearance: The Arathax is a winged, reptilian creature about the size of a small horse. In fact, the head and body of the Arithax are almost identical to that of a draft horse. The wings and tail of the creature are more like those of a bird than a reptile, having long coarse feathers. Arithax usually have and plain, metallic grey color, while the wing and tail feathers boast a wide variety of colors which vary with each individual.

Combat: The Arathax fights with its forelegs and teeth. When forced to fight, they will do so in large numbers. After the second round of combat, there is a 10% chance per round, cumulative, that 1-6 additional arathax will come to help fend off attackers. They will generally avoid ships.

Habitat/Society: The arathax are native to the asteroid clusters of wildspace, and they have been encountered in many spheres. In some spheres, arathax have taken to living in the mountains of earth worlds and in air worlds where floating islands are available, but these cases are so rare that they do not warrant further discussion. Sometimes a spacefaring human or elf will take an arathax as a mount. The agreement will be a mutual partnership, however, as an arathax will never act as a simple beast of burden.

Ecology: Arathax are similar to pegasi in their behavior. They travel within asteroid clusters feeding off the various lichens that grow there. The packs are nomadic, and travel wherever there is food. In general, they try not to bother humans and other space travellers. The Rock of Bral would be a perfect place to find arathax, but the creatures do not attempt to eat the vegetation on the Rock. They do, however, feed on the nearby ones. An arathax has tight breath control, and it can last four times as long as most creatures on its own air envelope. They have excellent senses, and they always seem to know if a given asteroid will have edible food and/or breathable air.

HOLOMATH [SPELLJAMMER]

Climate/Terrain: Wildspace, Air worlds
Frequency: Varies
Organization: Pod
Activity Cycle: Variable
Diet: Special
Intelligence: Non-
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 3-18
Armor Class: 8
Movement: Fly 12" (MC E)
Hit Dice: 12
THACO: N/A
No. of Attacks: Nil (see below)
Damage/Attack: Nil (see below)
Special Attacks: Cloudkill
Special Defenses: Nil
Magic Resistance: Standard
Size: H (18' diameter)
Morale: N/A

XP Value: 2500

Appearance: A holomath appears as a very large balloon or ball, with a mouth-like opening in front. They tend to be off-white in color, and have very few distinguishing features.

Combat: The holomath will never act on a foe until it is attacked. When this happens, it will blow gas at the attacker, which functions like a "cloudkill" spell. The victim is allowed a saving throw, at -2. Failure results in nausea (as opposed to death) that lasts 3-18 rounds, during which time the character is unable to do anything other than choke and wheeze. Note that this will also drop the atmosphere one place in quality (fresh to fouled, fouled to deadly). A holomath will also do this if a ship merrily bumps into it, so captains of all races avoid them.

Habitat/Society: Holomath travel in groups, often around air worlds, but they can be found anywhere in wildspace. Phlogisin is deadly to them, and they are never found there.

Ecology: The holomath feed on the trace gases that can be found in wildspace and around air worlds. They use their "mouth" to inhale the gases, where they remain until the creature digests it. By this time, the holomath has shrunk to about two-thirds of its full size, and will starve within two to eight days if no more food is available. Hence they remain within close proximity to an air world, and will drop into the upper atmosphere if necessary.

ORBMAX [SPELLJAMMER]

Climate/Terrain: Any
Frequency: Very rare
Organization: Small group
Activity Cycle: Varies
Diet: Omnivore
Intelligence: High
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Any

No. Appearing: 1-4
Armor Class: 3
Movement: 18" (MC A)
Hit Dice: 4
THAC0: 16
No. of Attacks: 1
Damage/Attack: 2-16
Special Attacks: nil
Special Defenses: nil
Magic Resistance: 35%
Size: S (2' diameter')
Morale: Champion
XP Value: 350

Appearance: The orbmax is a mutant species of beholder, and looks like a small version of the parent race. Only four eye stalks are present on an orbmax. They can take on the appearance of any beholder sub-species, but the orbmax do not have the hatred of one another that the parent species has. They float via levitation, like other beholders.

Combat: Orbmax prefer not to fight, but when they do they bite with their large mouths. Unlike most beholders, orbmax do not have any magical powers in their eye stalks (except for levitation) in their central eye. However, the presence of five

eyes ensures that they are never surprised, and gives them infravision and ultravision of up to 60 feet.

Habitat/Society: The orbmax were developed as slaves for the beholders. Those that fail to please their masters are eaten, so they often look for ways to escape (beholders are strict masters). Those orbmax that have escaped and are now free, they still have a compulsive need to serve a master, or to work as an employee for someone else. They were designed for that purpose, and simply do not know any other way to live. Once they escape their masters, they try to find someone a little more lenient to work for. In light of this, they prefer to serve humans, demi-humans, and other friendly races. Neogi are worse than beholders, and illithids like to eat their brains. They frequently act as servants for wealthy people, often as a floating butler, maid, cook, or other skilled servant. They can be taught skills like any other character, and they can adapt quickly to new challenges. Some have signed on as crew members of ships, often handling light tasks such as maintenance, cooking, or clerical/administrative tasks. One orbmax works for a Bral merchant as an accountant, for instance.

Ecology: Orbmax are omnivorous, and can in fact eat almost anything. They can levitate up to thirty pounds of material at a time, and can perform a variety of tasks simultaneously. Orbmax that are encountered by characters are either lone travellers without a master to serve, or are serving a master of some sort. Orbmax that are still in the service of beholders are rarely brought on tyrant ships, but can be found in beholder outposts.

TABAXI (cat-man) [SPELLJAMMER, any earth-like world]

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and Tropical forest/jungle
Frequency: Rare
Organization: Pride
Activity Cycle: Twilight-Night-Dawn
Diet: Omnivore (prefer meat)
Intelligence: Average-High
Treasure: 5% magical sword or weapon
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

No. Appearing: 2-8
Armor Class: 6
Movement: 15"
Hit Dice: 2
THAC0: As 2 HD monster
No. of Attacks: 3
Damage/Attack: 1-3/1-3/1-3 or by weapon type
Special Attacks: Nil
Special Defenses: Nil
Magic Resistance: Standard
Size: Medium (man-sized)
Morale: High
XP Value: 30

Preface: This creature originally appeared in the original Fiend Folio, and to my knowledge it has not appeared anywhere else. I pulled this together by special request, and I have since adapted it for Spelljammer.

Appearance: The Tabaxi, or cat-men, are man-sized, feline humanoids. They are quite lithe and move with the smooth-easy grace of cats. They have human like faces and build, but with pointed cat-like ears,

and a tail. They are covered with a coat of fur, whose thickness and pattern varies from one group to another, but is usually tawny and striped with black, like that of a tiger. They rarely wear clothing. Their eyes are usually green or yellow, and are slit-pupilled. They have retractable claws.

Combat: Tabaxi are very adept at using human weapons, and can learn how to use them in a surprisingly short period of time. They tend to avoid complex weapons like crossbows, but will easily use bolas, atlatls, and even blades if they are not overly heavy. Typically, if a weapon has no value as a tool or hunting weapon (ex: a two-handed sword is strictly designed for killing humanoids) they avoid it. If armed with a weapon, a Tabaxi will use it as any human or demi-human would. If unarmed, they will fight with their fore claws (1-3 points each) and their bite (1-3). If the Tabaxi is pinned on its back it will be unable to bite, but may be able to use one of its rear claws for 1-4 points of damage. In hunting, they usually take their prey through quick surprise and ambush. Two individuals will try to chase prey into the claws of another. Like house cats, they may "play" with injured prey before killing it. They have a natural camouflage which allows them to "Hide in Shadows" at 60%, and they can "Move Silently" at 55%. Finally, they are very good at seeing a trap for what it is, so there is only a 10% chance of trapping a Tabaxi.

Habitat/Society: Tabaxi live in isolated areas of forests and jungles, keeping away from humans and other humanoids. A pride consists of two to eight adults (one to four males, and one to four females), and perhaps one to three young. Young have only one hit die, and will typically avoid combat unless cornered. Individual prides usually do not associate with other prides, but rarely do they fight one another. Lairs can be in hollow trees, isolated thickets, caves, or whatever is useful to them. They hide their lairs and themselves with scents and aromatic herbs. They are tool users when they find it useful or convenient. Their tools are usually wooden or bone, and are never complex.

Ecology: Tabaxi are extraordinary hunters, and prefer a diet of meat, especially small mammals and fish, which they usually eat raw. However, in times of famine they will eat edible plants and nuts. They will only deal with other races when it is convenient for them, and they NEVER trade with others. Such actions are considered demeaning. They have their own language, and some individuals can speak common, and other regularly encountered languages such as Elven or Dwarven, depending on who the neighbors are.

Variants: The coat of a Tabaxi can vary tremendously, just like those of house cats. In colder temperate forests, their coat tends to be quite thick, like that of a persian or himalayan cat. This strain of tabaxi is very rare, and tends to travel in larger prides of four to twelve. These prides often have a leader, often the strongest female.

History: The Tabaxi are native to a distant, earth-like world. The world is currently occupied by an imperialistic inter-stellar empire (you GM's can decide which one) that is attempting to subjugate it. The native tabaxi are putting up quite a fight, and the invaders are constantly on the alert for tabaxi raids. Terrorism is even practiced by some of the more fanatical strains. Some tabaxi have been captured and taken off-planet. At one time the invaders captured entire groups of them and sent them elsewhere, in hopes of breaking the resistance. This has resulted in tabaxi colonies appearing all over the known

spheres. Space faring Tabaxi (jokingly called "Space Cats" behind their backs) are more civilized than their homeworld bretherin, and freely mingle with the other space faring races. They frequently sign on with ships of human design, but are not known to have any ships of their own. They tend to dress in tunics and knee-high boots, and other clothing styles favored by the hadozee.

PERSONALITIES

This section contains full descriptions of peoples mentioned elsewhere in this guide, or who work in connection with them. Where possible, full sets of stats are provided. In these cases, the "+" and "-" symbols indicate that these stats were changed from their original values, up or down, at some point during the character's lifetime. Also, the statistic "Comlieness" is included in the character descriptions. Even though the statistic has fallen out of favor with the second edition, it is still used by many GMs and players, and is included here for their benefit.

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Belieth the Benign

Race: Half-Elven Female
Class: Fighter/Mage, 8th/9th level
THACO: 13
Armor Class: 4 (chainmail vest)
Age: 49
Height/Weight: 5'1" / 96 lbs
Homeland: Muldravian Empire, Chorrad'ek, Cartania, Solaris
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Str 17; Dex 15; Con 18; Int 18; Wis 16; Cha 15+; Cml 15

Belieth the Benign (family name Dariman) is a typical half-elf with shoulder-length dirty blonde hair, violet eyes, and a love-goddess figure. She is the illegitimate daughter of a landowner and an elven merchant. Her human mother was an alcoholic and abused her frequently. As a result, she doesn't like to talk about her childhood. She was ultimately raised by an uncle who taught her the ways of magic, and otherwise prevented her from becoming a delinquent. When her uncle died and his business closed, she signed on to an ocean ship and effectively ran away. She sailed around for a while, eventually falling into the Silver Osprey Company, a group of good-aligned, free-wheeling adventurers. She has been with them ever since.

She can be found with any member of the Silver Osprey party (usually her husband, Hall-ee-mor Dargess), often posing as a consort, but really acting as a sword hand. She has a biting sense of humor, and is a natural for practical jokes. These jokes are always harmless, but hilarious. Her jokes often mix well with Hall's stories, so the two of them are great company at a gathering. Belieith's cynical optimism (an oxymoron, but that's the best way to describe it!) can raise the morale of the most distraught individual, almost as well as any bard.

In the spelljammer universe, she simply enjoys seeing new things and meeting new people, so she can often be seen sight-seeing, or milling around a tavern. Her childhood was one of constraints, and she is still enjoying the freedom to travel about. Despite her past, she is not haunted by it, though many still consider her a wildcat. When combat starts she may revert to her old mind-set (fighting hard and not at all fair). She will generally use a crossbow before a magic spell, and most of her spells are combat oriented.

When she is at home on Cartania, she is co-manager of a busy

tavern in Maplegrove, that she and her husband own. She relentlessly teases Hall at every opportunity, but this does not hide the fact that she loves him fiercely.

Dargess, Hall-ee-mor, the "Bard of Wildpace"
Race: Half-elven Male
Class: bard, 12th level
THAC0: 15
Armor Class: 7
Age: 50
Height/Weight: 5'8" / 132 lbs
Homeland: Olvenholt, Chorrad'ek, Cartania, Solaris
Alignment: Neutral Good
Str 18.90; Dex 18; Con 16; Int 14; Wis 18; Cha 16; Cml 15

Hall was born in a run-down city in the Worldspine mountains of Cartania, to a poor, but stable family. By the time he was 22, however, his mother had died in childbirth (to his younger brother), and his father was murdered in his shop. Hall and his younger brother fled the city and enlisted in the Muldravian army. Eventually they were split up by assignments. Hall's brother was reportedly killed on some nameless battlefield, in a forgotten skirmish with some raiders.

Hall left the army after ten years, looking for something new. He worked as a scribe for a while, but found that too dull. His acquired skills caused him to eventually become a bard, especially given his knack to synthesize different versions of tales into a consistent, cohesive whole. He became a founding member of the Silver Osprey party, and now owns a tavern named in the party's honor.

When the party re-formed and took up spelljamming, Hall jumped at the chance. He has a vivid memory, and he loves collecting tales from all over. His personal library of songs and tales is an envy to most bards. It can be argued that his knowledge of folklore is reaching sage proportions, because his travels on different worlds has given him knowledge of literally hundreds of events, people, and places. When travelling, he is often carrying a small notebook, sketching notes and listening to stories, to be used as material later on. Sometimes, he whips out his mandolin and does an im-promptu performance. His performances are always a marvel to watch and hear.

He is married to Belieith the Benign, and the two are never far apart. In fact, he can't imagine life without her. Her teasing is sometimes a cause for embarrassment, but he doesn't mind.

Droitian, Bagath
Race: Human Male
Class: Cosmitist Druid, 12th level
THAC0: 14
Armor Class: -7
Age: 31
Height/Weight: 5'8" / 151 lbs
Homeland: Waterdeep, Toril
Alignment: Neutral Good (see below)
Str 11; Dex 11; Con 14; Int 11; Wis 18; Cha 15; Cml 15

Bagath Droitian is a stocky man with a thin beard and moustache, and with close-cropped, thick black hair. He always wears the dark grey robes of a Cosmitist Druid, which give him a mysterious air. He is a founding member of the Silver Osprey party, but he is not a native of Cartania. He hails from Toril, from a village near Waterdeep. His parents were Cartanian, however, and were Druids of the same Cosmotist faith. When Bagath was about eight, they embarked

on a pilgrimage to their home land. Sadly, the ship was attacked by neogi shortly after entering the Solaris sphere, and his parents were killed before a patrol ship drove the neogi off. He was taken to Beacon, where some other druids raised and cared for him. When he was sixteen, he vowed to take his parent's ashes "home," and travelled with some other druids to Cartania. Once there, and with his personal quest fulfilled, he remained on Cartania and took up a life of a free adventurer.

When he joined the Silver Osprey party, he never divulged his true origin, keeping it a secret. He was uncomfortable about leading people into the stars, a realm he knew to be all too dangerous. The party always knew he was different, because he would stare at the night sky for hours. It wasn't until Tiegorus joined the party that he felt the urge to explain his true origin, if only to her. When the group took to space, he told them all about his origins. At first they were hurt by his prolonged silence, but they quickly understood his reasons.

The Cosmotist faith is more of a philosophy (like the Path of the Way) than a religion. They believe that everyone is made from a mixture of cosmic energy, and is placed in the universe to improve it somehow. At death, the energy reverts to the cosmos, and is eventually re-mixed to form another being. As such, they believe that if you can't improve something, that you should leave it as it is. It also places great emphasis on stewardship in nature. Hence, Cosmotist priests are treated as druids for spells and point advancement, but they can be of any good alignment and there is not a restricted number at the upper levels.

Bagath has a deep hatred for undead (especially liches), because he considers them a travesty of the universal order: their energy should be sent back to the cosmos where it belongs. He is married to Tiegorus of Maplegrove, and often acts as her conscience.

Ferrenal, Deliliah: Commodore MSN, CO "Plight of Andromeda"

Race: Human Female
Class: Fighter, 15th level
THACO: 5
Armor Class: -2 (plate +3, shield, ring of protection +1)
Age: 47
Height/Weight: 5'11" / 145 lbs
Homeland: Muldravian Empire, Chorrad'ek, Cartania, Solaris
Alignment: Neutral Good
Str 18.36; Dex 17+; Con 14; Int 15; Wis 13; Cha 16+; Cml 14

Commodore Ferrenal is a rather tall woman in her mid-forties, with a full head of red hair (usually tied into a braid or bun). She is a very well-respected officer, and the High Command has considered promoting her to Rear Admiral. Many doubt she would accept the promotion, however. Ferrenal started out in the surface navy at age sixteen. After one tour, she vanished for three years, and joined the MSN at 23. She has never disclosed where she was during those three years, and people have given up asking.

Her current command is a Marlin, the "Plight of Andromeda." This ship contains a full complement of crack deck crew, a highly trained marine force (for boarding actions), and several priests and mages. One point of interest is that Ferrangal's ship is entirely crewed by women. Ferrangal claims that mixed-gender crews are a distraction for all on board, which in turn causes a break-down of military discipline. This practice has fostered some very nasty rumors about Ferrangal's personal life. At any rate, many of the Muldravian commanders agree with this "single gender" philosophy and practice it

themselves. The practice is an issue of great controversy.

The "Plight of Andromeda" has become one of the most feared ships in the Solaris sphere. Ferrenal is efficient to the point of being ruthless, and this shows in the performance of her crew. If you decide to pick a fight with her, reconsider while you still can.

Ferrenal has commanded the "Plight" for eight years, and during that time she has proven herself one of the best tacticians in the MSN. Her most recent achievement was a one-on-one battle with an Illithid Deadnaught, the "Bringer of Nightmares." Ferrenal and the Illithid commander engaged in a lengthy battle of wits. The two ships chaced and darted about the Cumara nebula in Solaris space for almost two months, neither one being able to catch the other. The Illithid commander made a subtle mistake in trying to break the stalemate, however. His Dreadnaught was cloaked in an illusion to look like part of the nebula, but since the ship was opaque, the stars on the far side of the nebula could not be seen through the "cloud." Ferrenal swerved her ship at the Dreadnaught, and the two ships played out a fight that lasted over four hours. In the end, the Dreadnaught was pierced twice and most of the Illithids on board were killed, while the "Plight" suffered surprisingly low casualties. Five Illithids were taken prisoner, as were ten human mercenaries. About fifteen slaves were freed.

Recently, Ferrenal has been accepting missions outside the Solaris sphere, mostly of the search-and-pursue type. The Muldravian Empire has been sending ships into other spheres to spy on the United Illithid Fleet. Recently, the "Plight" and its sister ship, "The Arrow of Rigel," have been seen in Realmospace, investigating rumors of Illithid bases in the Tears of Selune.

Mind Sifter, Grand Admiral, United Illithid Fleet

Race: Illithid
THAC0: 14
Armor Class: 2 (ring of protection +3)
Age: 56 (assumed)
Height/Weight: 6'0", 140 lbs
Homeland: Oerth (assumed)
Alignment: Lawful Evil
Str 12; Dex 11; Con 18; Int 19; Wis 19; Cha 12 (18 for Illithids); Cml 9
Special: Mind blast, suggestion, charm person/monster, hypnosis, ESP, levitate, astral projection, plane shift.

Even among his own kind, "Mind Sifter" (his mental label translated into Common) is considered to be the most arrogant, conceited, megalomaniac, and dangerous Illithid alive. His Illithid name is impossible for non-Illithids to even attempt, so only his use name is presented here. Mind Sifter has worked the space lanes for over twenty years, and shows no signs of slowing down. When the Illithid nations decided to form a united fleet, Mind Sifter immediately volunteered to act as the chief admiral. Several other volunteered as well, but all of them vanished within a few days of announcing their intentions. Mind Sifter has built up a personality cult of sorts, such that he always has at least seven Illithids bodyguards with him, all of them ready to die for him. Furthermore, several Illithids have been trained to imitate him both mentally and physically, so as to mislead assassins.

Mind Sifter listens to no one except the directors of the Illithid fleet, and then only when it suits him. In Greyspace, his greatest area of activity, the elves have clashed with him on a number of occasions. A truce is always drawn, but Mind Sifter breaks it as

soon as it is convenient to do so. It has gotten to the point where the elves are considering an all-out strike on the fleet. The trouble is, they can't find out where the base is. Mind Sifter himself never stays with one ship, so it is impossible to know where he is at any one time.

Fortunately, the Illithid fleet is currently more interested in securing trade routes and protecting the mutual well-being of the member states. Mind Sifter claims that this is his primary concern as admiral, and that he is only doing what is necessary. In truth, he sees the Illithid fleet as his means to conquering worlds or even entire spheres. Some of the Illithid nations are prepared to support him in this endeavor!

His megalomania aside, he is a competent admiral. His performance during the Vodani War proved that. He never takes unnecessary risks, and always has five or six back-up plans for any action he undertakes. His uncanny ability to plan and anticipate multiple outcomes, and always come out on top regardless, is the reason why he has survived in such a high position. He is perhaps the most dangerous Illithid alive.

Raleigh, Garadin

Race: Human Male
Class: Rogue/Swashbuckler, 10th
THACO: 16
Armor Class: 3 (leather armor +4)
Age: 36
Height/Weight: 6'0" / 155 lbs
Homeland: Unknown
Alignment: Chaotic Good/Neutral
Str: 13; Dex 17; Con 12; Int 17; Wis 14; Cha 16; Cml 18

Garadin Raleigh is the archetypical dashing scoundrel. Examples of this type of character include: Captain Okona (from Star Trek: The Next Generation, "The Outrageous Okona"), Han Solo, and Lando Calrissian (from the Star Wars cycle). His ship is a modified Tradesman called "The Elusive Damsel," and it has been magically altered so that he can operate the ship at full efficiency alone, AND he has equipped it with spells and devices that lower the armor rating and increase the maneuverability. He frequently takes on a few hired hands to operate the balista, however, just in case. He never hires crewmen for more than one voyage at a time. That way, people can get out any time they want, and he can dismiss someone when he wants. He doesn't like owing people anything, and he doesn't want people to owe him either.

His history is very sketchy, and he tries very hard to keep it that way. What is known is that he has been in space for most of his life, and has visited at least fifty different worlds in seventeen crystal spheres. He has a good head for business, and his efficiency as a cargo carrier is never questioned. He has a contact in every sphere he has visited, and can always find work through them. Sometimes he needs their help to hide as well.

He is better known for his flamboyant style and prowess with women. He always buys the best food, stays at the best inns, and visits the best places wherever he goes. He believes in living life to the limit of human endurance, because he is convinced that every trip he makes will be his last. He is almost always in the company of a woman, and he sometimes claims to be going for some kind of record. Any female character can expect to be approached by him, especially if they have a high charisma, and are members of the human, half-elf, or elven races. Most intelligent women see him for what he is right out,

but still think he is a lot of fun. An evening with Garadin Raleigh is never dull.

Sometimes he gets caught up in things that he takes personally. He hates neogi, for instance, and will go to great lengths to mess up one of their schemes. He never fights them directly. He considers sabotage and tampering more effective. He is very adept at getting to places that other people can't, and some diplomats have even booked passage on his ship.

The Rock of Bral is one of his favorite places, and he can often be found there, "between jobs." He is never unemployed for long; his services are always in demand. When his silver and brass Tradesman docks at Bral, many freight handlers are happy to see him, as are many of the single women of Bral.

The Elusive Damsel can be considered a tradesman in terms of physical layout, but the hull has been given a layer of thin, magical wood, and metal plating, that collectively raise the armor rating one place. Also, he has a device similar to an elven "Rudder of Maneuverability" that raises the maneuverability class from D to B. The entire ship is gilded with silver, brass, and copper highlights, and screams of money. Raleigh is paid very well for his work.

Resika, Malath. Commanding Officer, IEN Wanderer
Race: Elven Male
Class: Fighter/Mage (12th, 10th)
THAC0: 10
Armor Class: 0 (+2 plate)
Age: 486
Height/Weight: 5'5" / 118 lbs
Homeland: Evermeet, Toril
Alignment: Neutral Good
Str 16; Dex 14; Con 12; Int 17; Wis 13; Cha 15; Cml 13

Rear Admiral Resika is the archetypical explorer. Throughout his entire career in the Imperial Navy (over a century) he has been fond of exploring new areas, and seeing new things. When the admiralty of Evermeet offered him the "Wanderer," he jumped at the chance. Currently, the Wanderer is assigned to travel the spheres looking for lost elven colonies. Resika has indeed found many lost colonies, but he has also initiated peaceful contact with several planet-bound races on a variety of worlds. He isn't exactly like Jean-Luc Picard from Star Trek: The Next Generation, but he is close.

Resika is surprisingly friendly for an elf of his rank. When a strange ship appears, he tries to talk peacefully with them. He has a modified flitter that he sometimes takes to visit other ships, or land on worlds, to initiate peaceful relations. He never, under any circumstances endangers his ship. The welfare of the Wanderer is as important to him as his mission, and he would rather die than let his mission be recalled on account of a damaged ship. Rumor has it that the Wanderer has been modified to match his personal specifications, which are far above the standards demanded by the Imperial Navy.

Resika is one of the good guys, without a doubt. He tries to look at everyone with an open mind, and he always tries to find a peaceful solution. When options are low, he tries to uncover more options! Despite his military calling, he dislikes war. Anyone who encounterers Resika will find him a great conversation, and actually very friendly (in an aloof, elven way).

Seko
Race: Human Male
Class: Sage

THAC0: 20
Armor Class: 10 (9 HP)
Age: 75
Height/Weight: 5'6" / 112 lbs
Homeland: Shou Lung, Toril
Alignment: Neutral Good
Str 5-; Dex 4-; Con 11; Int 18; Wis 17; Cha 15; Cml 13
Special: Noweapon Proficiencies: Celestial Navigation (16),
Astronomy (18), Wildspace Survival (14), Semaphore (18), General
Planetology (15), Realmospace Planetology (18), and Spacemanship (5).

Seko is a frail, elderly, Oriental man who once worked on a Shou Lung dragonship that had the misfortune of crashing on Cartania. He survived the crash, but his body was permanently damaged. He can still move around normally, but his physical skill are gone. He was considered one of the best navigators in the Shou Lung fleet, and his skill as a navigator is never questioned. He currently works for the Silver Osprey party, and they never question his advice.

He is a wealth of knowledge for all aspects of spelljamming, and he has been compiling a library of the worlds and spheres he has visited. He has accelerated his work on this collection of books, because he fears that his life will end soon, and he does not want his life's work to go unfinished.

Seko is an enigma. He rarely speaks, but when he does he can give a book's worth of advice and almost any aspect of life. What's more, the advice is meaningful. After spending many years of his life on Cartania, he is glad to be in space again. However, he has passed up numerous opportunities to return to Shou Lung. He has found planet life to be constrained, and fears that if he returned to Shou Lung, the emperor will make him remain as an advisor to his admirals. He wants a simple life, and he wants it in space.

Tiegorus (Cherylyn Serianna) of Maplegrove.

Race: Human Female
Class: Mage (no specific school of magic), 12th
THAC0: 17
Armor Class: 3 (bracers of defence AC 3)
Age: 50 (28 from magical longevity effects)
Height/Weight: 4'10" / 98 lbs
Homeland: Kien Islands, Cartania, Sphere of Solaris
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Str 10; Dex 18+; Con 14-; Int 20+; Wis 14; Cha 18+; Cml 17
Weapon Proficiencies: Staff, Taw Kwan Do
Special: Immune to 1st and 2nd level Illusion/Phantasms

History: Cherylyn Serianna Tiegorus, or Cherry was born on April 16, 1182 (Cartanian Calendar). Her father was human, her mother half-elf. She is proportionally small, like an elf, with reddish-brown hair and blue-green eyes. She was a triplet, but only one of her sisters is still alive.

At the age of ten, after showing a natural talent for magic, she was sent into an apprenticeship with a group of reclusive magicians. She completed her studies at eighteen, and promptly took up a very flamboyant adventuring career, filled with dilettante style living, whirlwind romances, and lots of parties with her adventuring companions.

This first phase of her life ended abruptly when a war broke out in her homeland, and of her family only an uncle and one identical sister survived. She left her party and spent several years trying, unsuccessfully, to find them. She has never truly given up on this

quest.

The years of frustration in trying to find her uncle and sister made her very distraught, and she underwent a type of "mid-life crisis." She wandered about Cartania, trying to find a place to settle and become a "real wizard." She never stayed long in one place, however, claiming that the place wasn't right somehow. In truth, she didn't know what she wanted, knew it, and was very close to hating herself. She was near suicide at one point, and only the intervention of an old friend (a member of her original party) stopped her. Her friend, by this time wealthy and established, took her in at that point, and she started to put her life back together.

Her life changed radically with the discovery of an old tome describing an order of wizards called the Nimar. She had heard of this order, credited with protecting Cartania in ages past, only to be banished at the end of the Magic Wars (a period of wanton magical hell). This book described what the Nimar actually were like. Much of the knowledge they used had been lost after the Magic Wars, and she decided to find it. She encountered a group of characters of similar power (the Silver Osprey Party), and joined with them. Since she had a purpose in life again, she began to "loosen up" and become more like her old jovial self.

Her life changed again when the Silver Osprey Party encountered the most powerful foe they ever encountered: Drogatha the Everdragon (Natives of Greyhawk know of him). Drogatha defeated the party hands-down, and the survivors (about half) had to grant Drogatha some concessions. Cherry has given a curse/quest: compile a spell library of 1000 spells before the end of her natural life. At that time, Drogatha would come and collect them. If she failed to complete the task, or trick him in any way, he would turn her into a lich, and she would forever be his consort. The Osprey Party partially disbanded at that point, with many of the characters feeling that their luck had finally run out.

As for Cherry, she has tried desperately to find a loophole in Drogatha's terms, because they spell a fate truly worse than death. So far, she has found only two routes out of it: she can use power from the Negative Material Plane to destroy her own soul, leaving Drogatha with nothing to transform (and destroying her own essence in the process); OR, she can become an Arch-Lich (a very rare, Good aligned Lich) under her own power before Drogatha can come to make good on his promise. Neither option is appealing, but they exist.

As a result of this curse, she sometimes retreats into a silent melancholy, as she considers her own future, and the possible fate of Cartania, or any other world for that matter, if Drogatha had a library as large as 1000 spells. However, it does not dominate her life.

She still enjoys what life has to offer, especially good friends and natural beauty. She is now married to Bagath Droitan, a Cosmotist Priest (something like a Druid with Neutral Good alignment), and a former adventuring companion. She is still searching for knowledge about the Nimar, and her studies have taken her all over Cartania.

In fact, her quest has taken her outside Cartania. She now knows that the Nimar were not restricted to Cartania, though that was their greatest concentration. She has taken up spelljamming, and was instrumental in re-uniting the Silver Osprey party as a spelljammer group. She had a modified Damsel Ship, called the Oridia, but it recently became the victim of an unfortunate accident... Now, she and her companions book passage on other ships to travel. She is currently set on purchasing a new ship.

Most of the time, she and her companions are "dirtside," looking for knowledge about magic and/or just seeing what there is to see.

Because of this, she can be encountered in any standard game world. Because of her travels, she has access to spells from all over the known spheres. Any spell from virtually any world could appear in her library, so one should hesitate before challenging her in combat, since her magical skills are an unknown quantity.

She has a pseudo-dragon familiar, Nigerio, who has been with Cherry for most of her career. He is a personable creature, enjoying philosophical writings, exotic food, and stimulating conversation. He has proven an invaluable assistant to Cherry on numerous occasions.

Cherry has the following magical items: A Robe of Eyes, a Ring of Wizardry (2nd level spells), and her personal Staff. Her staff is a by-product of her accumulated research. It is made of rare wood, is about 4'6" long, and with a star-shaped tip holding a gem that continuously changes color. Cherry is NEVER without this staff. It is similar to a magi staff, and can perform the following:

Powers that drain no charges:

Read Magic, Detect Magic, Light, Feather Fall, Shield*

Powers that drain one charge:

Invisibility, Web, Fireball, Lightning Bolt, ESP, Tongues, Magic Missile, Levitate, Dispel Magic, Ray of Enfeeblement, Suggestion.

Powers that drain two charges:

Telekinesis, Cone of Cold, Wall of Fire, Conjure Elemental, Wizard Eye, Teleport, Passwall.

Arcane powers: Absorb spells to recharge, Store ten levels of spells (as a Ring of Spell Storing), Astral Projection (drains five charges, lose 1-6 strength points upon return. Strength returns at a rate of 1 point/hour).

If the staff is ever broken it will perform a retributive strike, as a Magi Staff. Normally, it performs all spell functions at two levels below Cherry (10th at present), and it can strike creatures hit only by magical weapons. However, it has no "to hit" bonus and is considered a normal weapon in calculating damage. Finally, though the "Shield" function drains no charges, it can only be used as many times in a twenty-four hour period as there are charges in the staff. Like most staves, this one can hold 25 charges before becoming "full." Overloading it will result in a retributive strike.

For the record, the construction of this staff took a LONG TIME: about two years to construct the formula, another year to gather the ingredients, and eight months for actual construction.

LEGENDS AND LORE

Here are some legends and stories to enhance the flavor of a Spelljammer campaign. It is up to you to decide weather or not they are true!

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The currents of the Phlogistin, by Terrigimar.

(Those of you who have read "Skull and Crossbows" know of Terrigimar, the space faring lich. Terrigimar conducts research on the Phlogistin from his modified Dragonfly ship. His vessel was last seen in the flow near RealmSpace).

There is reason to believe that the crystal spheres move about in the flow, like corks floating in a tub of water. After consulting with historical maps and other records, I do not believe this to be

the case. Instead, I believe that the crystal spheres are stationary, at least in relation to one another, and that the currents of the flow are what change.

For as long as historical records have been kept, there have been currents connecting the three spheres of RealmSpace, Greyspace, and Krynspace. At present, transport between Greyspace and Krynspace is very difficult, but several centuries ago (at about the time of Krynn's Cataclysm) Greyspace and Krynspace shared a strong two-way current. Now, such a current exists between RealmSpace and Greyspace.

According to conventional wisdom, Greyspace "moved" to a different location, and the two-way current moved with it. However, if this were the case, the three-way connection between the three spheres would have been lost. If, on the other hand, the flow current moved for some reason, but the spheres remained stationary, the three-way arrangement would have changes, but would still exist.

My research has concluded that the spheres themselves rotate on an internal axis, and that this rotation is very rapid. People inside the sphere are unaware of this, because they are all moving together with the sphere's gravity well. Upon entering the flow and breaking free of a sphere's gravity well, one on the ship may notice their portal moving away at an alarming rate. Simply put, the surface of a crystal sphere is always moving. This is why portal searches are required to enter a sphere.

All of the spheres rotating create turbulence and eddies in the flow, which allow the currents to exist. The current between Greyspace and Krynspace was lost shortly after the Cataclysm. I believe that this sudden change in Krynspace caused the sphere to rotate in a different direction, which destroyed the current. These changes in currents also allowed a new current to develop between Greyspace and RealmSpace. To travellers, however, this movement is impossible to track. All they notice are slight changes in landmarks. In the past, these changes were attributed to the movement of the crystal spheres. In truth, it is because the currents of the flow are always changing. As a result, each trip through the flow is unique; the same exact route is never used twice.

I intend to continue my research on this theory, and with the centuries of undead life before me, I expect to gather large amounts of data.

--

The Incident of Farbay: Cartania, 865 standard years past.

This account adds yet another contradiction to the legend of the great ship "Spelljammer." The most disturbing aspect of the tale is that it ACTUALLY HAPPENED. Some elves were eye witnesses, and some of them still live. The following account is from the memoirs of a human historian who lived in Farbay at the time:

"The reign of Dark Magic was at last coming to an end, and the cursed Nimar were assumed soon to be gone, but before they left they brought one more moment of fear to the people of the Land.

The last of the Nimar, twelve of them to be exact, came to Farbay in a majestic Sky Galleon. Upon their arrival, the good people of the city descended on the ship and destroyed it, but the Nimar, who escaped the destruction, exhibited no concern. It was as if the loss of the sky ship meant nothing to them. They went to one of the small islands in the bay and created an enormous fire of green flame. The

flame formed a pillar, that rose to the height of a small mountain. The people of Farbay were terrified, and many wanted to travel to the island and destroy the Nimar at once. But, since the flame posed no immediate danger to the city, and since most of the people were frightened beyond words, they were left alone. The flame ended most mysteriously. Instead of dying like a normal fire, it formed a long shaft and flew into the clouds like a spear. It was as if the Nimar had been searching for a great game bird, and released an arrow once they had found it.

The flame must have contained a magic too terrible for a simple one like myself to understand. After one phase of the red moon [Irania, the second moon of Cartania], the summons was answered. It was no game bird that answered the Nimar's summons, but a huge flying manta ray, with a long tail like a scorpion, and a small city mounted on its back! It blotted the sky at dawn, and glided above the surface of the ocean without effort, finally coming to rest in the bay, resting peacefully on the calm water.

The people of the city were expecting the great creature to destroy the city, it not the entire world. Yet, the beast just sat quietly. The Nimar, still on the tiny island, itself smaller than the enormous creature, boarded a small boat and paddled toward the beast. One brave soul mounted a griffin and flew above the winged beast. He reported seeing many people within the city, many belonging to races he had never seen. Oddly, they all appeared to be asleep. When he attempted to land on the beast, his griffin was prevented from doing so by two smaller versions of the great beast, who drove him back to the mainland.

The Nimar however, boarded the craft without incident. Just before nightfall, the beast took wing again, with the last of the Nimar on board, travelling into the sky with a speed greater than the finest sky ship. For days the people waited for the beast to return, but it never did."

Commentary and analysis, by Tiegorus of Maplegrove:

Those who have studied the lore of Wildspace know this vessel to be the "Great Wanderer," or "The Spelljammer" as it is more commonly known. They will also know the two craft that engaged the griffin rider as some type of Smalljammer. I have verified the authenticity of this event through magical spells and speaking with aged elves native to the area. The event has acquired the proportions of an epic myth in the eight centuries since, but the above account can be considered accurate.

One should note that this is the only confirmed instance, in all of the worlds I have visited, of the Spelljammer actually **LANDING**, in this case on water. The ship does not land because doing so would break the spell it uses to hold its many passengers, which is sent through the ship's atmosphere. The fact that all of the passengers were asleep when the ship landed suggests that the craft must take extreme measures to land (put everyone to sleep!) and therefore avoids it.

Many less informed historians offer this story as proof that the humans of Cartania built the Spelljammer at the onset of the Magic Wars. That is simply not true: Accounts of the Spelljammer in other spheres predate the earliest phases of the Magic Wars (2500 standard years past) by several centuries. Furthermore, though the mages of Cartania eventually harnessed sufficient magic to create such a craft, it was not until the final phases of the Magic Wars that such powers were available, and even then were used only sparingly.

I will accept a different theory, that the Wanderer was built by a group of humans, sometime in the past, and that some (or even all)

of these humans established a settlement on Cartania. These would naturally be the Nimar (on other worlds this ancient order of spellcasters may have different names). The descendants of these humans were the ones who summoned the great ship to Cartania. As for where it was built, I can only make suggestions drawn from Arcane records. The level of magic required to create such a craft has only existed on a few documented worlds, and in each case it is currently lost, the world no longer exists, or the knowledge is otherwise unaccessible.

Be that as it may, the fact that the Wanderer came to Cartania, landed, and "personally" carried the Nimar away, indicates that the Nimar (by whatever name) had something to do with the creation of the ship, and that the ship was "returning a favor" when it arrived. It is highly unlikely that the Great Wanderer, who does not involve itself with the affairs of groundlings, would respond to any summons, no matter how compelling, unless its "conscience" required it to do so.

Tiegorus of Maplegrove, Incumbent of the Nimar.

The Rhyme of the Ancient Spelljammer

Adapted by Hall-ee-mor Dargass, Bard of Maplegrove, Subjugator of the Improbable, Bard of Wildspace.

Translated from the Common by Richard J. Pugh
(with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)
(Copyright 1993)

Translator's notes: This tale exists in several forms, and on several worlds (including our own "real" world). Hall-ee-mor Dargess is renowned among bards for his ability to synthesize fragments of stories into a cohesive whole. He spent several months working over the various forms of this tale, and the resulting epic (presented here) is a marvel to hear. Sadly, I lack the literary ability of the renowned bard, and much of his wondrous poetry has been lost in the translation. I have concentrated on preserving the imagery of the tale, presented here in a prose format. Unlike most bard songs, this one is not meant to be sung, but recited, possibly with musical instruments in the background. Hall-ee-mor Dargess performs this tale in that manner. If you ever visit the world of Cartania, and find a village called Maplegrove, be sure to visit the Silver Osprey tavern (Dargess and his wife operate the place), and request a recital of this tale. You will never forget it.

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#### Stanza the First

The old man in tattered armor approached the festhall where a grand celebration was in progress. Three individuals, a Wizard, a Warrior, and a Lady Sage approached the hall to partake in the joy. The old man called to the Lady Sage.

"Hold," he said, and the Lady came to him. "I am a Spelljammer," he said, "who has travelled to more worlds than you can imagine. Please listen to me." The Warrior and the Wizard entered the festhall leaving their companion with the Spelljammer.

"Why detain me?" the Lady Sage asked. "I have never travelled off-world and never plan to do so. Speak to one who would relish your tale, and allow me to join my companions in celebration."

"Mine is a tale not to be relished, and not to be told to one of narrow mind. I can see wisdom in your eyes. Hear me," the Spelljammer insisted.

For an instant the Lady Sage was entranced by the look in the Spelljammer's eyes. They appeared to be as deep as space itself, yet sorrow and longing filled them as well. Inside the festfall, the sounds of celebration suddenly grew louder. Lady Sage hesitated for another moment.

"Tell me your tale," she whispered.

#### Stanza the Second

In a soft voice, the old man began to speak.

The vortex carried the ship far beyond their limits of the finest maps, to where the rainbow currents of the flow had grown thin and cold. They were trapped, unable to move more than an arm's length. Their death seemed imminent. From nowhere a dragon of radiant colors appeared and made a wide circle around the ship. The ship made a turn toward the dragon, and a current began to carry it forward! The crew rejoiced! The dragon had saved them from certain death. The current would certainly help them find a path to safety! Such was not the belief of the Spelljammer, who slew the dragon with a single balista bolt. One of the slain dragon's scales fell to the deck of the ship, and the corpse floated out of sight.

"Curse you Spelljammer!" cried the crew, "for slaying the radiant dragon! Such was a sign of good omen!" The cries continued as the ship moved slowly through the current. Gradually, the current grew stronger, and the ship moved faster. At that the curses ceased, for clearly the dragon was preventing the ship from reaching the flow current that would take it home.

"Hail to thee Spelljammer!" cried the crew, "for slaying the radiant dragon and setting us free!" The ship moved away quickly, and all appeared well. For days the ship travelled, but no familiar worlds did it find, and rest for the crew was possible. The space around them was larger than the sky, but nowhere was there a breath of air!

The lungs of the crew began to feel pain as the ship's air ran low. "This is the spirit of the dragon taking revenge!" cried a crew member. "Aye!" cried another, "we have been led to a death in deep space!"

"Curse you Spelljammer! This is your doing! Carry your guilt to the grave!" Again the crew turned on the Spelljammer. One crew member took a length of silk chord and fashioned a harness. With it, the scale from the slain dragon was slung around the neck of the Spelljammer, and with magic was it made stationary.

#### Stanza the Third

The ship continued to drift; no worlds on which to land were found. The crew grew weak and sleep began to overtake them. Suddenly, in the distance, another ship was sighted.

From the aftcastle came: "Ship port astern!" "But how?!" the crew asked. "There is no current to move it! How can such a craft move?" A closer look revealed a ship in the shape of a Kraken, slowly approaching. Its color was white as death, for death itself was on board. Two figures, were poised on the main deck of the ghostly ship.

One was a woman wearing tattered robes over a skeletal form, and two red lights for eyes. The other was a black specter, with no discernable form at all.

The crew became terrified, and begged the helmsman to carry them free, but the ship would not move. The ghost ship came along side, and the two figures threw dice to the floor below them. The specter regarded the dice and shrieked "The crew is MINE!" His shadow form enveloped both ships and the crew fell dead to the floor.

The Lich came to the Spelljammer, the only one left alive, with the dragon scale still around his neck. "And you," she hissed, "are mine."

At this the Lady Sage interrupted the tale: "Must you fill me with fear, Spelljammer!?" she cried. "Leave me in peace!"

"Endure," he said, "I implore you." After a moment's hesitation, he continued.

The Lich regarded the Spelljammer for a moment, then returned to her ship. The ghost ship vanished, leaving the Spelljammer alone with his tattered ship, and the bodies of his slain companions. He was alone in deep space. No one would ever find

him, no one would ever hear him cry for help. In anguish he drew his sword and impaled himself upon it. Yet, the wound closed at once.

"Curse everything that lives!" he cried. "I despise you all! I can no longer live, and yet, I can not die! If some divine power can hear me, grant me death!" But no answer came to him. His agony would last forever, and rage was all he could feel.

After a long voyage, a world appeared. The tattered ship landed, and the Spelljammer walked among people who could not see him. They were happy people, who know about love, beauty, and grace. As he returned to the stars, memories of his former life began to stir, and the rage within him softened. Finally, a divine answered his plea. The dragon scale fall to the deck and dissolved into dust. The spell was broken; he was free again.

#### Stanza the Fourth

Sleep claimed the Spelljammer, and he was awakened by a soft, soothing breeze. For a moment, his spirit flew with the wind. He saw his tattered ship, the rainbow currents of the flow, and a hundred worlds in an instant. In a sudden frenzy of light, the ship was restored, and life returned to the crew. The Spelljammer is amazed and overjoyed, but confusion overtook him when he viewed the bodies of the crew. They were not restored as he had thought. Angels had inhabited the bodies, not the souls who once used them. A star appeared from behind a nearby planet, and the angels began to sing. The song was lovely beyond words, yet haunting and sad.

The ship entered the flow and moved without a current. It was a group of Demons that moved the ship! They wanted revenge for the death of the dragon, but the Angels would not allow them to achieve this as they would have wished. In frustration, the Demons allowed the Angels to sing.

Finally, the Angels agreed that the Spelljammer must perform penance, and that they would chose an appropriate manner. The Demons were satisfied with this, and departed. The Angels placed the Spelljammer in a trance, and the ship began to move faster than any ship ever had. A thousand Spheres passed by in a heartbeat. When it stopped, the Angels departed, and the Spelljammer's penance began. He looked about at his lifeless crew, and saw only space around him. His ship worked only for him now. No helmsman would ever be needed.

Still confused about his situation, the Spelljammer saw his home world before him. He feared that he is dreaming, and expected his world to vanish, but it remained. Quickly he moved the ship toward his home, and dreamed of the village he grew up in. "Never again will I fly through wildspace," he said to himself.

His flight was interrupted by a huge, black form. From the dark side of his home world came an enormous ship in the shape of a manta ray, with a long, back - curling tail like that of a scorpion. His ship stopped abruptly. Only in legends had he heard of a craft like this, legends he had never believed until know. Before him, between himself and his home world, stood the legendary Great Wanderer: The SPELLJAMMER.

#### Stanza the Fifth

In the presence of the great ship, the tiny craft broke apart. The Spelljammer was spared from death by landing safely on the huge ship. From a small deck above one of the great ship's eyes he looked out at his home world and suddenly realized that he could never truly return home, that in fact he could never remain in one place, ever. He looked at the citadel on the great ship's back, and recalled the legends that described the craft as a sentient being, very powerful and very wise. He cried out:

"Great Wanderer, hear me! What is to become of me? Why has this happened to me?!" No answer came from the great ship.

"Please, help me!" he cried out again. A sudden awareness filled his mind, and a voice spoke to him.

"I hear your plea," it said quietly, "but your fate has been decided by one more powerful than I. I can not change it, but I can explain it, and make you understand."

His fate was sealed. Nothing could reverse it. After moments of agony, he finally asked "What must I do?"

"You must travel the spheres forever," the voice answered, "recanting your tale and teaching others love and reverence to all that holds beauty and grace."

He looked behind him, to see his ship restored, waiting for him. Slowly he boarded it, and turned toward his home world. He looked behind him to see the SPELLJAMMER vanish into the vastness of space. He took his ship to his home world below, and began his eternal mission.

#### Stanza the Sixth

The Spelljammer took his leave of the Lady Sage, and vanished into the crowded street. She in turn entered the festhall, deep in thought. Sleep did not come to her that night. Early the next morning she spied a small ship ascending into the sky, to find another world, and another being to hear the tale.

"Fare well, Ancient Spelljammer," she whispered. She then returned to her companions, themselves still joyous from the previous night. Lady Sage however, was not joyous. She was sadder, but wiser.

#### ERRATA

The mysterious \*jp\* or \*jpuikko\* entry in the Ildris world-description was a leftover from the writing. I couldn't remember what 'jpuikko' (icicle) was and didn't bother to check it from the dictionary.

(Ville Lavonius)

#### COMMENTS

Well, for starters, it was intimidatingly BIG :-)) And the ASCIIization of the Sj-logo was nicely done.

##### 1. New Items:

Gargle buster == SJ meets the Hitchhiker's guide, eh ?

Evermap and DM grenade are very nice, and are going to be added to my campaign pronto.

The new helms seem OK, even though I dislike the Sj economy (capture a helm and get more ca\$h than an average dragon has in Switzerland), in my campaign the sales prices are those that the Arcane subject planet hicks to - in space they are cheaper (usually the ship costs more than the helm, why would anyone otherwise buy lousy ships to save a measly tenth of the price). I have not looked at the prices seriously, but they seem seriously screwed and I intend to replace them with a pricelist of my own.

##### 2. New Ships:

Good material again. Most of these beat the new TSR's ships (in the WC's boxed set) hands down by actually making sense and being logical.

##### 3. Space groups & noteworthy ships:

More quality stuff - much more usable than the lame adventuring companies in the Greyspace accessory.

4. New worlds:

Well, be brutally honest in your assessments...

5. New monsters:

Arathax - very re-usable, and perhaps usable as food too. The asteroid fields need a lot more non-combatant native life and this species is a good start.

Holomath - nasty special ability, perhaps some sort of magic 'fouling grenades' could be constructed from the gas/corpses.

Orbmax - Beholder: The Next Generation :-) I think most PCs will blindly attack it since "it has only four stalks, must be easy prey".

Tabaxi - A classy adaptation, instead of just another insectoid/reptilian new race.

Since Tabaxi are a sentient race, they ought to have god(s) and priests. But they are a new race and letting them have an 'own' kind of ship would be pushing credibility.

6. Characters:

I just skimmed them through. No real commentary, but this Rogue's Gallery's bound to be of use.

7. Legends & Lore:

Stuff like this is always in demand. Thanks.

8. Rhyme:

Nice - perhaps I finish my spelljammerization of Deep Purple's "Stormbringer" some day.

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Quotes: 'All superior items, a damn big file though. Sucks for people with limits on their quota.'

'Better than T\$R's stuff, and free too!'

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At this time, I would like to give credit to the following individuals, who helped make this tome possible:

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Cbickford@ucs.indiana.edu / Cbickfor@iubacs.bitnet

Reid Bluebaugh (author of the famous "Guide to Sex in AD&D") brought us the PanGalactic GargleBuster, for those of you who want a stiff drink after a hard day in space. In most establishments, one is the limit.
C2mxblu@fre.towson.edu

Vicki L. Domanski, also known as Morgaine, discovered Ville Lavonius's exotic worlds in an equally exotic place called rec.games.frp.adnd.

Happy hunting!

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John Dunn, the Arkangel, brought us the Goodship Orion and her merry, monstrous crew. Fly safely!

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Ville Lavonius created the three worlds featured in the Travel Log section, complete with descriptions of inhabitants and adventure ideas. Neat stuff!

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Eric F. Schetley, the Psionic Samauri, brought us the Bracers of Wildspace (Too bad I'm not a warrior...) and the Dispel Magic Grenade

(really too bad I'm not a warrior!)

Jnet%"ONESTAR@pittvms" / ONESTAR@pittvms

I would also like to acknowledge Lawrence Schick, who created the original Tabaxi for the first edition Fiend Folio. If you are out there, thanks for the really neat monster. I hope it appears in one of the new compendiums (if it has not already).

Richard J. Pugh, editor/compiler.