

THE MICRO-COSMOGOG

by Kyle Marquis

An experiment run for almost four centuries and then abandoned, the Micro-Cosmogog is a miniature solar system created as an independent astrological system by two frustrated diviners. Its original function largely abandoned, it continues to function—even to thrive—on its own. But its creators stole from other magicians and powerful godlings to create their pocket reality, and one day the anti-scrying magic that hides the Micro-Cosmogog might fail, encouraging adventurers and treasure-seekers to try their luck in the hidden world...

The Micro-Cosmogog is an adventure site for mid-level characters of roughly sixth to 10th level.

The Physical Environment

The Micro-Cosmogog, sometimes just called the Sphere, is a sphere 40 miles across. It contains one sun, five planets, three nebulas, and over a dozen moons, all accessible and explorable. The air is breathable, but gravity only exists within 100 feet of planets and moons; beyond that, objects are in freefall. The astral bodies move on fixed and unalterable paths on a single ecliptic that is parallel to the surface of the world above.

Temperature ranges from about -30° F in the “outer dark” (between the luminous and faintly warm stars and the outermost of the planetary rings) to 130°F just above the sun. Reaching the different worlds is possible through hippogriffs (which are plentiful), chariots (which are rare), or spells like fly (which works normally) or *teleport* (which works normally, but only inside the sphere).

Light suffuses the Micro-Cosmogog. Unless otherwise noted, there is normal light everywhere. Even in umbral cones (that is, the shadows cast by planets; what we call “night”), there is at least dim light because of the stars and reflected light. Creatures here that normally have night vision, darkvision, or infravision still have those abilities,

but they take a month away from the constant light to manifest.

Magic Effects

The artificial, faintly luminous stars were constructed to enhance divination magic, and they do an excellent job. If you can learn how to read them using any Cosmogogic Text (found at most libraries and owned by most spellcasters in the Sphere), your divination spells are enhanced. When casting a divination spells that offers some chance of failure or disaster (like contact other plane, you can roll twice and take the better result).

You need regular visual access to the artificial stars of the Micro-Cosmogog to use its astrology: at least a day of direct study per year is necessary. (You also need at least a yearly visit to the outer world to benefit from its stars.)

The Landings

There are three “landings” that lead from the normal world to the Micro-Cosmogog: the Sacred Landing, the Profane Landing, and the Forgotten Landing. All are equally-spaced fixed points in the rotating outer circle of stars, which completes a

rotation once every 60 days. They are most of the way to the “top” of the Sphere and look down on the planetary ecliptic, so the three Landings are about ten miles away from each other. All have gravity that point “down” toward the bottom of the Sphere.

The Profane Landing is used by visiting wizards. Only a handful of diviners know about the Micro-Cosmogog, and they visit only rarely. The Profane Landing contains a *teleport circle* for ease of access, a small inn (the Dusty Trail) run by a Damantine named Patience (female human rogue 8, neutral), and a general store run by Father Teppar (male human cleric 8, chaotic good), the priest of some above-world air deity who has tried without success to bring the Light of Truth to these benighted heathens. (He has about a dozen followers.) Father Teppar’s mission keeps money and supplies flowing into the Profane Landing, and so his general store has rations, a few weapons (especially bows and arrows), adventuring supplies, a dozen hippogriffs, and a few basic chariots and chariot-wagons for sale.

The Sacred Landing is used by the radiata, the sun-angels, on their expeditions to harvest rei (see below). Ten radiata, ten monitor radiata, ten Black Wheel monks (Page 17), and four air elementals are permanently stationed there. Though well-guarded, it permits visitors, and actually sees almost as much activity as the Profane Landing as the radiata bring people into the Sphere for various reasons. A Black Wheel monk named Eret-Fana (male dwarf monk 9, lawful neutral) sells quality goods. Despite being sworn to poverty and humility, he haggles like a devil who only makes commission. You can acquire most common items here, though not weapons or armor. Eret-Fana sells hippogriffs but not chariots.

The Forgotten Landing is exactly that—only Mirinari, the Sphere’s creator, remembers it. You can place it at the bottom of a dungeon in your campaign world. (Just remember to do some geometry and make sure that the other two entrances are ten miles away and that the Sphere is entirely belowground!) The Forgotten Landing is abandoned, but dedicated searching will turn up Mirinari’s escape kit, which includes a wand of

Chariots

Wealthy travelers use chariots made of *blackwood*, a strong but near-weightless hardwood that grows on Sapphire and on Midnight (the moon of Turquoise). Blackwood has the unusual property of not “noticing” gravity until 1d6 hours have passed, meaning it’s fairly easy to land a blackwood chariot on a planet. They are light enough that a strong hippogriff team can take off with one, since gravity ends 100’ up.

The chariots themselves are simple sleds. They don’t have wheels, and in fact there are almost no wheels in the Sphere.

	Hippogriffs	People	Cost
Basic Chariot	1	2	15 gp
Military Chariot	2	3	250 gp
Chariot-wagon	2	6	35 gp
Chariot-carriage	3	12	100 gp

magic missiles, a potion of healing, and a badly frayed flying carpet that will work just long enough to get the party to civilization.

Origins of the Micro-Cosmogog

The Micro-Cosmogog is littered with signs of its great antiquity: the water-world Turquoise is full of ancient, verdigrised bronze machinery floating in its depths, and the cities of Tiger are older still, so ancient they are little more than windswept hills of vaguely rectangular outline. When they deign to speak, the radiata, the “sun angels” that maintain the Sphere, hint at its great age.

The Micro-Cosmogog is about 400 years old. It was conceived by two diviners who struck upon a clever idea: do you know how, sometimes, the stars and planets just won’t align? Some days you go to read the star charts and they all say the same thing: *do not go adventuring; you’re at -5 to everything. Just stay in bed.* Some days

that's the last thing you want to hear, but the stars are the stars, and deaf to the pleas of mortals.

But what if you could create a second set of stars and planets, and, sort of, point your divination spells toward them, instead of toward the real ones? Intrigued by the idea, which began as a drunken dare, these two diviners, Palandros and Mirinari, decided to invent their own consistent stellar system.

Unfortunately, it proved more complex than either had imagined, and soon they were stealing powerful magic items from all over the world and secretly excavating a pocket universe beneath a mountain...as one does. But after fifty years (and ten levels—Palandros and Mirinari went from barely able to cast *fireball* to near-archmastery in their quest), the two demiurges had completed the Micro-Cosmogog, and *it worked!* They (or any magician willing to pay them) could now get a “second opinion” from the universe. Palandros, thoroughly pleased, settled into his new home inside the “Sphere” to become fantastically rich and research immortality.

But Mirinari was not satisfied. She saw in her artificial world not merely a convenience, or a kind of cosmic trick, but an entirely new reality. Uninterested in mere technical immortality, she dedicated herself to making the Micro-Cosmogog fully real and becoming a true goddess. When Palandros opposed her, and threatened to expose the full scope of their work to the gods (who do not like rivals), she killed him and hid herself on the cold world of Amethyst to plan her ascension. She has been in regular communication with her creations, the radiata, with long-term plans to make the Micro-Cosmogog fully real and to ascend to true divinity.

Rei

Everything real has an essence that makes it real. Most people don't think about that much, since—except for the occasional illusion—everything around them is real. But illusionists, bards, and would-be gods spend a lot of time thinking about the essence of reality. They call that essence *rei*, and when a godling gets a Genesis impulse, they start obsessing over it.

In its natural form, *rei* is a blue-purple gas, visible only to spells like *detect magic*. It disperses quickly unless captured. *Rei* is found in creative works, major pieces of literature, great sculptures, and among certain natural generative phenomena (around giant bee queens, for example). It is, despite years of research, quite useless for anything except making illusory things real, and even then it requires extensive processing: an illusionist can't just sprinkle some *rei* on their *phantasmal force* spell and turn it into a real dragon.

The main job of Mirinari's radiatum servants is to find as much *rei* as they can and bring it back for processing so that the Sphere can maintain its existence. Some *rei* exists naturally in the Sphere, formed by the creatures there (who *are* real), but the greatest sources are outside, in the natural world.

This is very likely how the party will find out about the Micro-Cosmogog: by encountering a radiatum as it tries to harvest *rei* from a sculptor, bard, or major natural gestation event.

The Keystone Treasures

In addition to *rei*, the Micro-Cosmogog needs five keystone treasures to continue functioning: the *Plum of Reification* on Topaz (the sun), the *Hazelnut of Motion* on Pearl, the *Coconut of Life* on Emerald, the *Lotus of Wisdom in Turquoise*, and the *Orchid of Purification* on Amethyst. If any of these keystone treasures are lost or destroyed, the Micro-Cosmogog is doomed unless a replacement can be found.

Money

Despite its apparent strangeness, the Micro-Cosmogog is a civilization like any other. There is little gold or copper in the Sphere, but platinum and silver are fairly common. The most common coin is silver, with platinum-nickel-tin coins (called *pearls* for their color) taking the place of gold pieces, and pure platinum coins used among the very wealthy.

Peoples of the Micro-Cosmogog

The Micro-Cosmogog contains five main kinds of people. They are all obviously slightly tweaked versions of outer-world creatures.

The greenfolk are small, delicate humanoids with long ears and small antennae—they are slightly modified elves. Almost all have mental powers. If your campaign uses psionics, they're psionic. Otherwise, they're almost all multiclass magicians, often enchanters or illusionists, with spells like *detect thoughts*, *sleep*, *cause fear*, and *color spray*. Their antennae are their spellbooks, though they can write them down normally too. Passionate, friendly, and (mostly) nonviolent, the greenfolk hail from the jungles of Emerald, and most are found within the First Circle.

The bluefolk are rare and almost never travel from their homeworld of Turquoise. They are merfolk. They seem to have been given fairly advanced (clockwork/hydraulic) technology, but without the knowledge to maintain it, and now live hunter-gatherer lifestyles amidst massive floating underground machine-wrecks that serve as reefs.

The tigerfolk are the aggressive and dogmatic people of the desert-world of Tiger. They are essentially gnolls, except with cat heads. Organized into aggressive, competitive clans that dwell in cities so old they seem to predate the Micro-Cosmogog, most are fighters or at least warriors. Their leaders are powerful and dangerous wizards (or psychics, if you use psionic rules), their limbs shriveled by strange necromantic energies, carried about on gilded palanquins. These mentalists seem to reject every virtue the warlike but honorable tigerfolk hold dear, but the tigerfolk still revere them.

The Damantines are the humans of Damant, divided into warring clans led by Storm-lords, most of whom are powerful fighters. Each Storm-lord claims a spire on their home world and defends it ferociously; the space between the spires is mostly a no-man's-land of cannibals and outcasts. The Damant clans are aggressive, expansionist, and warlike, though they are also great lovers of music and poetry.

The Amethysts are dwarves with gemstone beards and/or hair. Grim, surly, and oddly silent, they busy themselves with mining and scholarship. Their gemstones are worth about 100 gp, +100 gp per level, away from Amethyst, though trade in "bloodbeards" is illegal most places; even pirates and vicious Storm-lords hesitate to take such payment.

Other important intelligent creatures include the radiata (sun-spirits who harvest *rei* to maintain the reality of the Sphere) and stone giants (who have a population of several hundred—most are asteroid miners).

THE WORLDS

Topaz (The Sun)

1 mile diameter. 30-day rotation.

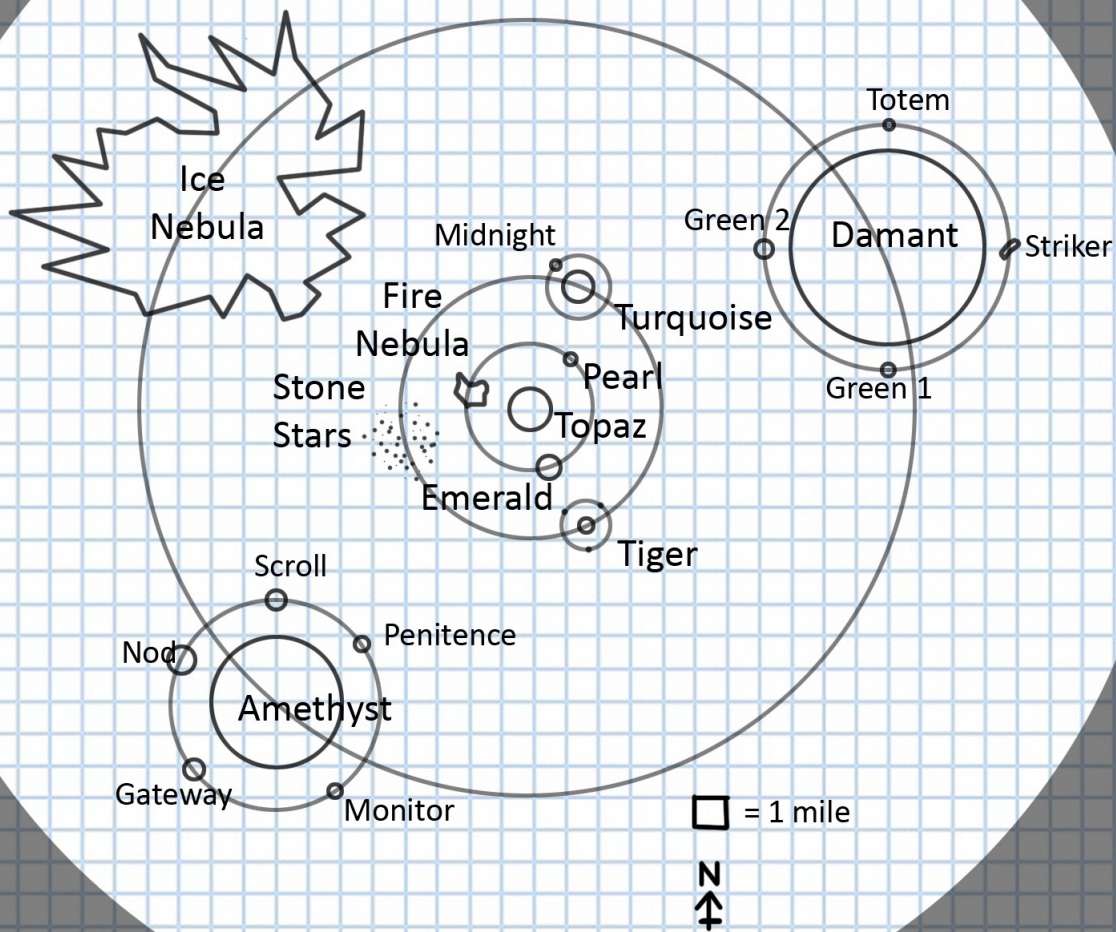
Located in the center of the Micro-Cosmogog. Quite hot: about 350° F on the surface. Contains *the Plum of Reification*, which makes the Sphere real, not an illusion. Protected by the Solar Shield, an invincible force-field that prevents anyone from getting in or out without permission from the Blue Cardinal, the radiatum who rules Topaz and who is third in command, behind Mirinari herself and the silver dragon Sheddara (see Page 11).

The Blue Palace, the Mirror Chamber, and the Hepatizon Grove (described below) are so important to the functioning of the Sphere that they are extremely well-defended, with dozens of radiata, caged fire elementals, and other defenses.

The Blue Palace

Surrounded by a pillar of "cool" (90° F) air that allows normal creatures to approach. The radiata are not actually angels or spirits born from the sun

The Micro-Cosmogog



and tasked with maintaining the world, whatever they say: they are former free-willed humanoids taken and transformed by the *raptor idol* deep within the Blue Palace. Damantine slavers drag the most powerful and recalcitrant slaves here, where the Blue Cardinal rewards them handsomely.

Though there are over a hundred radiata in the Blue Palace, only the Inner Circle (four unusually potent radiata) retain their free will and know the truth of their origins. Led by the Blue Cardinal, they maintain and guard the *raptor idol*.

Raptor Idol: Can fit over a human's head. Resembles an eagle's head, with wings for "ears." Can cast *charm monster* 1/encounter and *dominate monster* 1/day. Someone tied up (helpless) beneath it for a full hour must pass a Charisma check or become a radiatum (or a monitor radiatum if they're a regular person or rather low level). The new radiatum is loyal to the *raptor idol* and whoever controls it.

The Mirror Chamber

The Solar Shield surrounds Topaz and prevents anyone from getting in or out, even by *teleporting* or becoming ethereal. The Mirror Chamber contains the magic item that generates this effect, the *shield mirror*. It's about the size of a shield. A red silk ribbon is attached to it; by draping the ribbon over different parts of the mirror, you can open holes in the Solar Shield.

The Shield Mirror:

The shield mirror itself is a powerful magic item: a +2 *shield* that grants magic resistance and that has a 50% chance of deflecting spells that are resisted. Even outside the Micro-Cosmogog, it has the power to generate an invincible *shield of force* that covers a 100'-diameter area. It can perform this function at will, but not when being used as a shield. Picking the *shield mirror* up disrupts the Solar Shield until it's returned to its pedestal.

The Hepatizon Grove

A grove of purple plants, sizzling in the heat. One tree creates quinces that, when eaten, grant fire resistance. The tree grows 1d4 quinces per day and holds up to 24. Another tree holds the *Plum of Reification*. The grove is guarded by radiata led by the ifrit Pariza Paar, whom the *raptor idol* could not transform. Recognizing her power, Mirinari personally *dominated* Pariza Paar, but has failed to renew the spells; naturally mischievous, Pariza just needs an opportunity (such as the arrival of adventurers) to steal the *Plum* and rescue her lover, the rakshasa Vashune, who is imprisoned on Nod (Page 15).

The Plum of Reification: *The plum* is what makes the Micro-Cosmogog real, not an illusion. If the *plum* is removed from the Hepatizon Grove, two catastrophic effects occur:

(1) The sun instantly goes dark. Normal outside temperature will start to leak into the Micro-

Cosmogog at the normal rate. (This may actually cause many outer areas to warm up.)

(2) While the planets continue to turn and their gravity still functions, the zero-gravity effect elsewhere ends, returning the Sphere to normal gravity. This means that everything not on a planet or moon falls to the bottom of the sphere. While certain creatures, like aaracockra, can fly, others (like the rain piranhas) cannot fly in normal gravity. Creatures on chariots are in particular danger once the blackwood's gravity-resistance runs out. The death count will be enormous.

Returning the *plum* to the Grove restores gravity and sunlight.

The *plum* has the following powers:

- Cast convincing audiovisual illusions (based on whatever system you use) at will.
- Cast *phantasmal killer* 1/encounter.
- Cast *mirage arcana* and *weird* each 1/day.
- If eaten, you receive a *wish*.

Encounters

Roll a d6 every eight hours. On a 1, there's an encounter. Roll on the appropriate chart. If not on a world, see Page 17 for encounters among the Circles.

Topaz Encounters

01-05 Corpse or remnants; roll again
06-10 Couatl
11-30 Fire elementals
31-65 Radiata
66-90 Radiata, Monitor
91-95 Red Dragon
96-100 Roll again twice

The First Circle

The innermost celestial circle is about two miles from Topaz. It rotates 1° every minute. The First Circle contains Pearl, Emerald, and the Fire Nebula.

Pearl

¼-mile diameter. 12-hour day.

The nearest and smallest planet. Hot, barren, and moonless. Daytime temperature 110° F, nighttime 80° F. The brittle white surface is dazzling and can cause “snow-blindness” if you don’t have protection. Pearl contains the *Hazelnut of Motion*, which keeps the planets turning smoothly.

The White Mine

A miserable slaving pit and open-air quarry run by Eret-Thenes (female tigerfolk fighter 9, lawful evil)—one of the most notorious slavers in the Sphere. She retired after she brought 30 heroes from the outside world to Topaz to be processed into radiata. Slaves are brought to the White Mine from all over the Sphere to extract nickel, silver, and platinum until they go blind and die. A nearby arena, the Pit of Screams and Rapture, provides entertainment. The White Mine is badly run and the Amethysts are more productive; its main function is as a threat, and a place of exile for political rivals. Powerful Storm-lords make especial use of it, and its pits are full of would-be usurpers and the children of rival lords.

Heartway

A central travel depot almost in the middle of the Sphere, Heartway is a thriving trade-town. For adventurers, it sells chariots, hippogriffs, maps,

supplies, and hirelings, but almost anything can be found here—except slaves, since all slavery is centered on the White Mine, and the people of Heartway want nothing to do with that place.

Heartway contains an almost equal mix of greenfolk, tigerfolk, Damantines, and amethysts. The Council of Ten Thousand (actually about 100) are diplomat-templars who maintain order in the town. Though masked and robed, they are visible throughout the city. A book called the *Estunish Codicil* determines who must join the Council for a period of seven years.

The *Estunish Codicil*: A magic book that identifies honest, or at least useful, people to serve on the Council of Ten Thousand. It takes a scribe an hour to identify a candidate. The book can also be read to cast the following spells at will, each taking an hour to cast: *know alignment*, *zone of truth*, *identify*.

Fort Hazelnut

A spherical fortress of silvery metal, Fort Hazelnut contains the Hazelnut of Motion, which keeps the planets turning. It is always guarded by at least 20 of the Council of Ten Thousand (most mid-level fighters), as well as a company of stone giants called the Crookteeth Girls (they are in fact quite comely; their name comes from their hideous multi-pronged retractable pole arms) and three tamed fire elementals in the shapes of huge cats.

The *Hazelnut of Motion* maintains the movements of the planets. If the *hazelnut* is removed from Fort Hazelnut, the planets and moons stop orbiting and rotating, and their gravity fails.

The *Hazelnut of Motion* can cast *telekinesis* and *fly* at will and *teleport without error* 3/day. This teleportation can move you freely into or out of the Sphere. (Service to the Council might

encourage them to let you return home using the Hazelnut, though no outsider is allowed to use it themselves.)

Lair of Milit-Shemeth

Concealed in a long-abandoned mine. Full of gold and copper, which Milit-Shemeth misses because they are so rare in the Sphere. Guarded by 50 tigerfolk cultists who believe Milit-Shemeth will take them to a world beyond this one. (He actually does take one or two per year to the Landings, armed with good weapons and with instructions to come back after ten years, but none ever do.)

Pearl Encounters

01-10 Corpse or remnants; roll again

11-15 Air elementals

16-20 Fire elementals

21-30 Earth elementals

31-35 Fire meteor

36-40 Gryphons

41-45 Hippogriffs

46-60 Radiata

61-65 Roc

66-70 Pterodactyls

71-75 Stone giants

76-85 Tigerfolk, bandit

86-95 Tigerfolk, warrior

96-100 Roll again twice

Emerald

¾-mile diameter. 36-hour day.

Covered in dense vegetation, specifically jungle. Absolutely lousy with dinosaurs and giant biting flies. Daytime temperature 90° F, nighttime 80° F. Contains the *Coconut of Life*, which allows new life to come into the Micro-Cosmogog.

The Midnight Jungle

A leafy sprawl that covers Emerald's southern pole. Named because the canopy is so thick almost no light penetrates. Haunted by lions, oozes, and spiders, and full of dangerous warriors (particularly tigerfolk) testing their mettle. No law holds in this terrible place, nor can the Matriarch of the Greenfolk affect it, so it is full of criminals, exiles, and madmen. Outside of a handful of safe zones (all claimed), make an encounter check every ten minutes.

Buried in some roots and guarded by a huge peccary with an acidic bite is the sword *Arana's Blessing*. An *intelligent +3 bronze shortsword* lost for ages, it is neutral good and grants kingship over an outer-world kingdom that no longer exists. It also functions as a *horn of Valhalla* when waved, and casts *meteor swarm* 1/month.

The Matriarch's Blossom Palace

Huge flowers floating on a mirror-clear geometric lake surround a huge white blossom where the Matriarch of the Greenfolk (female elf enchanter 13, chaotic good) lives. Though an enemy of slavery and war, she maintains a constant *charm* effect that blankets most of her world—an effect that elves are vulnerable to, instead of resistant to like most enchantments. This is called “the Harmony,” and it defines greenfolk life. The Matriarch despises slavers, especially those who take greenfolk. She will happily employ the party to break up slaving gangs (she knows the location of *Arana's Blessing* and will trade that for the party's help).

The Matriarch is one of the oldest creatures in the Micro-Cosmogog, but even she is not old enough to remember its founding. Still, she remembers its early days when she was a child, and her memories do not match what the radiata say. She

is skeptical of the radiata and their true motives: she can offer spells of fire resistance so the party can investigate.

The Moss Forest

A sprawling forest covered in moss that is harvested (by freeholders, not slaves) and sold to merchants. This nutritious green moss is one of the most common foodstuffs in the Sphere. Narrow strips throughout the Moss Forest grow delicious herbs and spices, because the moss itself is boring to eat.

The Island of Spawn

A small saltwater “sea” in the northern hemisphere contains an island with a sandy beach, 50 radiata armed for battle led by an intelligent giant scorpion named Charr, and a small grove of coconut trees. The coconuts occasionally fly away into space to spawn new life forms. One of them never moves: this is the *Coconut of Life*.

If the *Coconut of Life* is removed from the Island of Spawn, nothing new can be born anywhere in the Micro-Cosmogog.

The Coconut of Life has the following powers: *heal* 3/day, *restoration* 1/day, *simulacrum* 1/month, *reverse aging (removes 5 years)* 1/year, and *raise dead* 1/year. Anyone holding it gains the effects of a *ring of regeneration*. Nearly indestructible, it can be destroyed with a monarch’s magic blade, which lets you *wish* any one race of creatures back to life.

Grove of Palandros

The diviner-demiurge Palandros dwelt in a crystalline cave full of flowers and running water not far from the *Coconut of Life*, which he used to

maintain his immortality while he sought the real prize of Immortality-with-a-capital I. When Mirinari killed him, she destroyed most of his servants and took most of his treasures, but four stone golems guard the ruined laboratory, which contains incidental treasure as well as a *mirror of opposition* sealed in a chifferobe, an *orb of storms* that has been damaged but which could be repaired, and a spawning pit that produces one chimera per year. (See Page 9.)

Emerald Encounters

01-10 Corpse or remnants; roll again
11-15 Air elementals
16-40 Greenfolk
41-43 Dryad pack
44-46 Lions
47-50 Giant spider
51-52 Gray ooze
53-55 Gryphons
56-65 Hippogriffs
66-67 Pegasi
68-70 Pterodactyls
71-75 Radiata
76-78 Rain piranhas
79-80 Roc
81-82 Roper
83-84 Shambling mound
85-86 Storm shark
87-88 T. Rex
89-90 Treant
91-100 Roll again twice

The Fire Nebula

A quarter-mile zone of blazing, everburning fire, as hot as a bonfire. Some patches are as hot as magma. Rumors claim that free-willed radiata live within as pirates; unfortunately, it’s just the normal kind.

Fire Nebula Encounters

01-50 Fire elementals

51-100 Radiata

The Second Circle

The middle celestial circle is about four miles from Topaz. It rotates 1° every day. The Second Circle contains Turquoise, Tiger, and the Stone Stars.

Turquoise

1-mile diameter. 48-hour day.

A water world, thriving with life up top, but dead and cold below. Daytime temperature 70° F, nighttime 50° F, water is consistently around 70° F near the surface, down to 40° near the core. Contains the Lotus of Wisdom, which allows for intelligent creatures to exist in the Cosmogog. Has one moon: Midnight.

Midnight

2 miles from Turquoise. 1/8-mile diameter.

Low albedo, and quite warm. Prime source for blackwood. Bluefolk overseers in “water palanquins” monitor slave-lumberjacks. A revolution was just put down last year and the overseers (who know exactly how vulnerable they are) have become sadistic and paranoid.

Moon Note

All moons are tidally locked, with one side always facing their planet. A planet with multiple moons has only a single circle for all of them, and they are equally spaced.

The Great Purple Dragon

Some kind of floating dragon-shaped machine, probably a large-scale construction device. Also Turquoise’s major surface town, with several hundred people from all over the Sphere. Ruled by Lord Temulo, a marid who became trapped in the Sphere after a spell mishap suffered while fighting an ifrit. (The ifrit Pariza Paar, currently on Topaz.) An amateur archeologist, Lord Temulo happily employs adventurers to explore the air-filled machine pockets below the Purple Dragon and haul up anything of value.

The Old Wrack

The most extensive deepwater settlement, the Old Wrack was a complex machine that maintained gravity during the construction phase of several planets. Abandoned in Turquoise when it was no longer needed, it is now covered in coral, a lush environment for the hunter-gatherer bluefolk who dwell within it. The Old Wrack, like other, smaller “reefs,” was part of the machinery the Sphere’s demiurges used to get the planets spinning. They abandoned the machinery once it served its purpose.

The Lotus Bubble

A 100’ glass sphere full of clear water contains the *Lotus of Wisdom*. Since the radiata dislike being wet, the *lotus* is guarded by five ancient flesh golems formed from parts of merfolk, tritons, and sahuagin, and by thirty warrior-bluefolk armed with tridents called the Swords of Solar Wisdom.

If the *Lotus of Wisdom* is removed from the Lotus Bubble, intelligent creatures native to the Micro-Cosmogog start to lose their intelligence. They lose 1 point of intelligence per day until reduced to an intelligence score of 3. Radiata and other outsiders,

constructs, and undead are unaffected, as are spellcasters.

The *Lotus of Wisdom* functions as a *crystal ball* with *detect thoughts*. It grants *mind* blank to its holder. It's possible to remove one blossom per month; the blossom lasts one week and grants its bearer the ability to *detect thoughts* 1/encounter.

The Shadow Sphere

The demiurges were not above using undead labor to create the Micro-Cosmogog. When they were done, they sealed all the zombies and skeletons in a giant machine they had finished using, wrapped it in abjurations, and sank it. It's still down there, full of undead led by the (now utterly insane) bog mummy cleric, Suenor, whom they hired to control the zombies. Suenor spent years trying to psychically contact the bluefolk and corrupt them, but has had better luck luring visitors down into the dark with the promise of powerful magic. And it's true: the outer surface of the Shadow Sphere is covered in powerful abjuration wards that can be chipped away and used just like scrolls. Brave a few skeletons and lacedons, and you can grab scrolls of *magic circle against evil*, *banishment*, *forcecage*, and other powerful and useful spells. Suenor just needs explorers to chip off a few more and he will be free.

Turquoise Encounters

01-05 Corpse or remnants; roll again
06-40 Bluefolk
41-50 Giant squid
51-60 Hammerhead sharks
61-70 Piranhas
71-75 Wrench crab
76-80 Storm shark
81-90 Water elementals
91-100 Roll again twice

Tiger

$\frac{1}{3}$ -mile diameter. 6-hour day.

Cool brown-striped desert. The northern hemisphere is rocky, full of mesas and canyons; the southern hemisphere is sandy, covered in dunes and dotted with dry river valleys. Daytime temperature 50° F, nighttime 30 ° F. Doesn't contain any keystone items, though the demiurges used the First City (see below) to learn how to create pocket dimensions. Tiger has three moons, called Eye, Hand, and Heart. They vaguely resemble their namesakes, are 100 feet in diameter, and except for Heart, are little-inhabited. They are from 1½ miles from Tiger and complete a rotation in 12 hours.

Heart

Guarded by countless radiata, 20 aaracockra monks armed with flails, and an adult silver dragon illusionist named Sheddara. No one is allowed to approach. *The Reification Forge* is located in the very center of Heart.

The *Reification Forge* is a glass cauldron 10' in diameter that processes raw *rei* into *rei rays*, which are beamed toward the sun once every 1d6 days. (The beam is dim, but noticeable; everyone pretends not to notice it since no one knows what it means.) As long as the *rei* keeps coming in, the Micro-Cosmogog remains real. If Sheddara can just find a really fantastic source of *rei*, like a bard about to write the greatest sonnet of all time, or a woman about to give birth to a future god-emperor, she can make the Micro-Cosmogog permanently real. If the *rei* ever stops, the *Plum of Reification* (see Page 6) will lose power.

The Tiger Storm Bazaar

Sometimes called the “Great Bazaar,” this marketplace-town is one the busiest markets in the Sphere, though its reputation for crookedness is legendary. (The term “Tiger Storm Bazaar” might exist in the outer world, though almost no one remembers why.) Here you can buy jewels, out-world marvels, scrolls (magical or mundane), drugs, slaves, assassin contracts, and worse.

The Jeweled Guard (heavily armored tigerfolk) patrols the streets and marketplaces, but won't enter buildings, not even in hot pursuit. Their punishment is simple: any disagreement that constitutes a crime (from pickpocketing the fraud to attempted murder) means that everyone involved gets dragged to the Arena of Justice, where they are given spiked gauntlets and ordered to fight until the “righteous are rewarded.”

This justice system actually works better than most.

Ruins of the First City

A haunted and windswept collection of low pyramids and crumbled clay beehive-domes. Obviously ancient—older than elves or giants. In fact the entire “planet” of Tiger was built from the low hill that held these ancient illithid ruins, which the demiurges found on some distant world and carted back to this one. The illithids are long gone, but the crumbling frescoes found in the deepest chambers illuminate the concept of *rei* and offer detailed instructions in celestial mechanics and the creation of pocket realities. A few intellect devourers lie dormant in the corridors.

The demiurges got into quite a fight here against the remaining illithids, and while most of the First City has long since been looted, one sealed

chamber contains a *staff of fire*, a slain retainer (nothing left but bones) wearing a +2 breastplate that grants resistance to fire and radiance, and a pack of ghouls that can mind blast like illithids.

The Mind Palace of Ul-Kaang

An elegant, if crumbling, stupa, surrounded by a fortified wall guarded by gryphons and tigerfolk archers. Ul-Kaang (male tigerfolk necromancer 14, chaotic evil, withered arms and legs) is one of Tiger's most powerful tigerfolk mentalists, and one of the most despised: a spiteful, venal, drug-addled old traitor, he is faithless and treacherous even by the standards of mentalists. He also has a plan: he has learned that the *Lotus of Wisdom* (in the seas of Turquoise) maintains the intelligence of the intelligent creatures in the Sphere, and that stealing it will destroy their minds—but will not affect spellcasters like him. He and two of the Greenfolk Matriarch's youngest daughters (also powerful spellcasters, and greenfolk supremacists) plan to steal the *Lotus of Wisdom*. Then Ul-Kaang will live out his days in resplendent ease surrounded by the undead and other magical servants he controls, and the greenfolk will rule the Sphere. They just need someone simultaneously clever and foolish enough to steal the *lotus*. They have spent the last few months trying to come up with a suitable lie that will propel adventurers to attempt the theft.

The Mind Palace of Ul-Kaang is full of meticulously polished skeleton servants, brainwashed warriors, pleasure-slaves, and heaps of narcotics in jeweled boxes. Ul-Kaang keeps an astonishing collection of potions that work fine but also get you higher than Bahamut; he also wears a *cape of the mountebank*, and sits on a *flying carpet*. The Greenfolk Matriarch's daughters are deadly fighter-mages. One has the sword she stole from her father, a +1 scimitar that can cast *phantasmal killer* 3/day on a successful hit, the other a +2 *battle axe* that can cast *forcecage* 2/day on a successful hit.

Tiger Encounters

- 01-10 Corpse or remnants; roll again
- 11-18 Damantines, bandit
- 19-20 Damantines, merchant
- 21-23 Damantines, soldier
- 24-30 Damantines, slaver
- 31-40 Air elementals
- 41-50 Earth elementals
- 51-60 Sandstorm
- 61-65 Girallon
- 66-75 Tigerfolk, bandit
- 76-79 Tigerfolk, mentalist
- 80-95 Tigerfolk, warrior
- 96-100 Roll again twice

The Stone Stars

Thousands of irregularly-shaped stones, ranging from 1' to 100' in diameter, scattered across a roughly two-mile area. Some contain hidden gemstones, and stone giants have set up mining operations.

Stone Star Encounters

- 01-20 Amethysts
- 21-40 Damantine, bandit
- 41-60 Damantines, slaver
- 61-80 Damantines, soldier
- 81-90 Stone giants
- 91-100 Stray asteroid

The Third Circle

The outer celestial circle is about twelve miles from Topaz. It rotates 1° every day. The Third Circle contains Damant, Amethyst, and the Ice Nebula.

Damant

6-mile diameter. 24-hour day.

A world of gray-black pillars (from 100 feet to 500 feet wide) rising high into the air, topped by grim, isolated fortresses of the Storm-lords. The air around the high pillars is cold, 30° F during the day and 0° F at night, but each pillar contains a vein of magma that keeps the temperature above freezing, though still cool. Most pillars are topped with landing pads for hippogriffs. Gravity stops 100' from the top of a pillar on Damant, not 100' from ground level.

Stairs cut into the outer walls of the pillars lead down to the world below. The world below is misty and full of bad air, 50° F but hard to breathe (disadvantage on most Constitution checks and saves unless you're a native). Scavengers (human and animal) rule the lower world, and no one in their right mind goes down there.

Damant has four moons: Totem, Striker, Green 1, and Green 2. They are 1 ½ miles from Damant and complete an orbit in 18 hours.

Totem

1/8-mile diameter

The former religious center of the Storm-lords, destroyed by Mirinari because they were worshipping her in the form of the Rose Queen, and she did not want anyone to know about her existence yet. The ruined temples contain a few Black Wheel Monks (see Page 17), three converts to the air-god religion of Father Teppar (see Page 2), and the specters of those killed while worshipping.

Striker

3000 feet by 500 feet now

Claimed by Lord Hausan, the most influential Storm-lord. He is converting it into a giant lightning gun using machines scavenged from Turquoise.

Green 1

¼-mile diameter

Entirely covered in agriculture to feed the population of Damant.

Green 2

⅓-mile diameter

Like Green 1, but rather more amber than green because it specializes in cereal crops, and with an extensive dock for off-world transport.

Creating a Storm-lord Fortress

There are dozens of Storm-lord fortresses atop the high pillars of Damant. Whenever you visit one, roll to determine the Storm-lord, his Chamberlain, his Warriors, and his special Treasure.

The Storm-Lord (d6)

- 1) Obnoxious, laughing, sadistic idiot, keeps demanding more wine, more pit-fights
- 2) Dim-witted, hen-pecked younger son, has no idea how replaceable he is
- 3) Dashing swashbuckler; cares nothing for the lives of his followers, but respects women and children
- 4) Brooding, poetry-writing loner, a deadly warrior but temperamentally unsuited to rule
- 5) Fussy but brilliant strategist and excellent administrator despised by almost everyone
- 6) Violent, insecure meathead, incapable of backing down from any challenge

Chamberlain (d6)

- 1) Scheming, weaseling, suspicious, shifty-eyed; actually honest and good at his job
- 2) Utterly incompetent, but hides behind blather and sarcasm
- 3) A brutal assassin and inquisitor; knows every secret
- 4) Envious relation to the Storm-lord, dreams of overthrowing him, but is roundly despised
- 5) Capable functionary who would prefer to be studying magic (a magician of modest power)
- 6) Actually a squabbling cabinet of 3d4 minor lords, kept at each others' throats and out of trouble

The Warriors (d6)

- 1) Vile buccaneers and murderers, not even brave or honorable—just the worst kind of scum
- 2) Savage, death-obsessed raiders and corsairs covered in marks of ritual combat
- 3) Doughty, loud-mouthed warrior-celebrants with mead in one hand and an axe in the other
- 4) Clever, patient archers; they move more like modern commando teams than viking bands
- 5) Drunken buffoons who have been living large for too long; they've lost their edge
- 6) Hardened veterans of countless battles, tired of endless raids

Key Treasure (d6)

- 1) A *+2 thundering weapon* that can be heard halfway around the world when it's used
- 2) *Boots of flying* that work indefinitely in zero-G
- 3) A pegasus with a unicorn horn and all its associated powers
- 4) A long coat (armor as *+2 leather*) that can be slipped out of to create a perfect duplicate of you (with the coat but minus other equipment) that can function independently for 10 minutes, 1/day.
- 5) A tree whose limbs, when cut off and ignited, burn for 24 hours. While it burns, the smoke forms into a solid two-story fortress of black stone. (The fortress takes an hour to form.)
- 6) Bracers that grant a reach of twice your normal reach.

When exploring moons, etc., you can use these charts to generate small warrior bands.

The Briar Garden

A neglected garden that wraps around the lower levels of an unclaimed pillar. The air here is clean, the water fresh, but the deer are predatory (stats as jaguars). Contains the *Rose of Authority*, which Mirinari gave to a long-dead Storm-lord to unite the Damantines. He got drunk, lost it, and died.

The *Rose of Authority* increases your Charisma to 19 when worn. It lets you cast *charm person* 3/day and *sanctuary* at will.

Damant Encounters

01-10 Corpse or remnants; roll again
11-20 Basilisk
21-35 Damantines, bandit/pirate
36-50 Damantines, merchant (above) or Scavengers (below)
51-70 Damantines, soldier (above) or Scavengers (below)
71-75 Damantines, slaver
76-80 Gargoyles
81-85 Pterodactyls
86-87 Roc (above) or Scavengers (below)
88-95 Stone giants
96-100 Roll again twice

Amethyst

4-mile diameter. 36-hour day.

Mostly covered in purple bogs haunted by giant amphibians. Beneath the muck: gems and ore. Amethyst towns are on stilts to prevent rot. Internal heat from decaying vegetable matter means days are 70° F and nights are 50° F. The *Orchid of Purification*, which removes anything past its prime and recycles it, is on Amethyst.

Amethyst has five moons: Scroll, Penitence, Monitor, Gateway, and Nod. All are cold (days 30° F, nights 0° F) and 2 ½ miles from Amethyst. The moons complete a rotation in 4 days.

Scroll

½-mile diameter

A cool, dry world. Contains the Great Library, which is very big but mostly empty, with 96 of its 108 rooms still closed. The head librarian, Chon-Thaa (female dwarf rogue 7, lawful neutral) claim that an ifrit destroyed most of their books, but many of her underlings suspect the truth: the world is not as old as it “should” be.

Penitence

⅓-mile diameter

A prison for political dissidents used by the Amethysts and some Storm-lords. The air is unbreathable poison everywhere except the poles. The North Pole contains the prison; the South Pole holds the lair of Nomos the white dragon, who has

a considerable treasure in silver, diamonds, and furs.

Monitor

¼-mile diameter

A huge unfinished brass telescope draped across the world's spine like a dragon's skeleton. One of the greenfolk Matriarch's sons was working on it with an outer-world wizard when both were killed by rampaging air elementals. The elementals are still there, and no one can get at all that valuable brass.

Gateway

½-mile diameter

A small trading outpost. Serves as a likely first stop for anyone entering the Sphere.

Nod

1-mile diameter

A small diameter crystalline world. The resonance here causes anyone who enters the gravity well to fall into a deep, ageless, and permanent sleep unless a Wisdom save is made. A new save is needed every day. The demiurges used it to imprison the rakshasa Vashune after they robbed him; he slumbers there still, not quite real enough to kill permanently. Palandros then planned to imprison Mirinari here, and in fact successfully captured a few of her mortal champions, who still slumber, neglected, in catacombs below the surface. They would be furious if they learned she never revived them.

Newmine

The largest Amethyst city, Newmine is located on the south pole of Amethyst, away from the swamps. It includes a palace (of King Cordo, male human dwarf rogue 11, lawful neutral), a temple (to death and resurrection), lots of smithies, neat rows of barracks-like housing, and (disrupting the town's symmetry) chasms and veins in the ground as the Amethysts seek the best gems and precious metals. A stuffy, unpleasant town with bad air and icy weather, thoroughly agreeable to Amethysts, tolerable to certain dwarves, and utterly miserable to anyone else.

Mirinari's Manse

The invisible, sprawling estate of Mirinari, contained by a transparent steel dome. Full of gazelles, orchids, peacocks, and imports from the outside world. Minari (female human diviner 17, neutral evil) lives within, plotting the full reification of the Micro-Cosmogog. 2d6 radiata are here at any time, guarding her or receiving orders. They are blinded before approaching the manse; only a handful of powerful servants like Sheddera, the Blue Cardinal, and the ifrit Pariza Paar know its exact location.

Mirinari also has:

- An angel of Father Teppar's (Page 2) air-god, imprisoned in a wall of force and tormented by a bored devil with an extra-long pitchfork. (The pitchfork is a +1 war-fork that can pass through dimensional and force-field barriers along with its wielder.) Mirinari is convinced that the air god is plotting against her. (He isn't, but if he finds out what Mirinari has done to his servant, he sure as hell will.)
- A *teleport* chamber that lets anyone who can cast the *teleport* spell teleport without expending the spell to the location of any of the keystone treasures. Anyone wearing *Mirinari's ring* can also teleport back by touching any of the treasures.
- A cloning chamber with a *clone* (as the spell) waiting with a spare spellbook, a *potion of invisibility*, and a *wand of lightning bolt* in case of calamity.
- 12 bound bearded devils and ten Black Wheel monks (Page 17) that form a personal "honor guard."
- The *formless treasure*. Stolen from the illusion-kingdom of the rakshasa king Vashune, the *formless treasure* is an unreal object that can become any magical item you have ever handled. Mirinari will use it to replace a destroyed or permanently stolen keystone treasure.

Her personal equipment includes:

- *Mirinari's ring*. Worn at all times. Stolen from the ifrit Pariza Paar, who intended it for her mortal husband, it grants immunity to fire. While wearing it, you can touch fire up to the size of a bonfire, snuff it out, and release its power within one minute as a *magic missile* (candle), two *magic missiles* (torch), three *magic missiles* (campfire), or four *magic missiles* (bonfire). You can do this 1/encounter.
- A crown that casts *phantasmal killer* 3/day.
- A *robe of stars*.
- *Goggles of minute seeing*.
- Three *potions of cure serious wounds*, a *potion of invisibility*, an *oil of etherealness*, and a *potion of dragon control*.
- Her familiar, Iranirim, a hairless cat that can *teleport* and *plane shift* from any mirror to another. Iranirim can also talk and cast spells as a 10th level diviner, but mostly he prefers to insult people and complain about the cold.

Mirinari will only leave her manse for one reason: to stop people from meddling with the key treasures. And since she's a diviner, by the time someone thinks "I should steal the *Lotus of Wisdom* so I can have a *crystal ball*" she has already dispatched her assassins. Minor threats merit at least a dozen Black Wheel monks; anyone who has a chance of even getting near a treasure will result in Mirinari herself appearing—along with the monks and a small army of radiata. Though Mirinari is not a god, she is near-omniscient inside the Sphere, and her divinations help her stay several steps ahead of any party that opposes her. The one thing she won't do, however, is leave the Sphere.

The Temple of Endings

There aren't many temples or religious orders in the Micro-Cosmogog because Mirinari plans to reveal herself as a goddess only once her realm is fully reified. The Temple of Endings nonetheless functions much like a church, with "priests" (in

fact monks) dedicated to the ideas of death, rebirth, and harmony. The “Black Wheel monks” perform important roles in society, from teaching the young and maintaining family records to killing bandits with awesome kung fu. Though loyal to Mirinari, they are also honorable and contemplative, and of all people in the Sphere, are least likely to treat the diviner like a goddess.

The temple’s main function is to guard the *Orchid of Purification*, which maintains the cycles of life, death, and rebirth throughout the Micro-Cosmogog.

If the *orchid* is removed from the temple, nothing from the Sphere can die unless completely destroyed (by fire, *disintegrate*, etc.). This is exactly as catastrophic as you think; the screaming near-corpses will stack up quickly once the *orchid* is lost, and the delicate carbon cycles that maintain life on the worlds will soon collapse.

The *orchid* can cast *death* spell 3/day and *disintegrate* 1/day. Killing a creature with these spells restores an expended spell of your choice.

Amethyst Encounters

01-10 Corpse or remnants; roll again
11-40 Amethysts
41-44 Damantines, bandit
45-48 Damantines, merchant
49-52 Damantines, soldier
53-56 Damantines, slaver
57-60 Earth elementals
61-65 Gargoyles
66-75 Giant frogs
76-78 Roc
81-92 Scavengers
93-94 Stray ice-asteroid
95 Woolly Mammoth
96-100 Roll again twice

The Ice Nebula

An indigo cloud of freezing air, as cold as the fire nebula is hot. The ice nebula is about seven miles across and full of tumbling ice crystals that range from 1’ to 50’ in diameter.

Ice Nebula Encounters

01-50 Air elemental
51-100 Stray ice-meteor

ENCOUNTERS AWAY FROM THE WORLDS

First Circle Encounters

01-05 Corpse or remnants; roll again
06-10 Heatwave
11-15 Aaracockras
16-18 Damantines, bandit
19-21 Damantines, merchant
22-24 Damantines, soldier
25-27 Damantines, slaver
28-30 Chimera
31-32 Couatl
33-36 Fire elementals
37-40 Fire meteor
41-45 Hippogriffs
46-47 Adult green dragon
48-50 Adult red dragon
51-55 Greenfolk
56-58 Pegasi
59-63 Pterodactyls
64-70 Radiata
71-73 Rain piranhas
74-75 Roc
76-78 Stormshark
79-83 Tigerfolk, bandit
84-88 Tigerfolk, warrior
89-95 Water pocket
95-100 Roll again twice

Second Circle Encounters

01-05 Corpse or remnants; roll again
06-07 Beholder
08-10 Chimera
11-13 Damantines, bandit
14-16 Damantines, merchant
17-19 Damantines, soldier
20-22 Damantines, slaver
23-25 Gargoyles
26-28 Gryphons
29-34 Hippogriffs
35-36 Pegasi
37-42 Pterodactyls
43-48 Radiata
49-52 Rain piranhas
53-54 Roc
55-60 Stone giants
61-64 Stormshark
65-70 Stray asteroid
71-80 Tigerfolk, bandit
81-90 Tigerfolk, warrior
91-95 Water pocket
96-100 Roll again twice

Third Circle Encounters

01-05 Corpse or remnants; roll again
06-20 Amethysts
21-25 Cold snap
26-30 Ice patch
31-33 Damantines, bandit/pirate
34-36 Damantines, merchant
37-39 Damantines, soldier
40-42 Damantines, slaver
43-45 Adult white dragon
46-47 Cloud giants
48-52 Gryphons
53-56 Ice elementals
57-60 Hippogriffs
61-63 Pegasi
64-70 Radiata
71-72 Roc
73-77 Stray ice-meteor
78-81 Stormshark
82-86 Winged polar bear
87-95 Wraiths
96-100 Roll again twice

Monster and NPC Descriptions

Aaracockras: 2d6 bird-folk led by 1d6 low-level rangers. Superstitious, proud, obsessed with ritual but not with territory since they are nomadic. They dislike ground-folk. Constantly thirsty since there's not a lot of water in space. Each clan has a color, a totem, and a taboo that triggers immediate violence and that they won't ever mention. Roll 1d10.

Reaction:

Low: In the mood for banditry. Turn over everything you have or they attack.

Medium: Suspicious but not aggressive—there's plenty of room for everyone out here, after all.

High: 1d3 are willing to become hirelings.

How I do Reaction Rolls

I make a 1d20 check modified by the Charisma modifier of the party's leader—just Charisma, no proficiency bonus or anything like that.

5-, or natural 1: Low reaction

6-14: Normal reaction

15+, or natural 20: High reaction

Adult Green Dragon: There is only one green dragon in the Micro-Cosmogog: **Milit-Shemeth**. He is...not actually that bad (neutral alignment). Vain, pompous, fond of tricks, with a particular love of strange jewelry and coinage. Would love to leave, but can't fit his rather rigid wings through any of the gates. Has a lair on Pearl (see Page 8).

Reaction:

Low: In a bad mood. Demands you hand over something. Will attack if denied.

Medium: Curious and willing to answer questions.

High: Wants you to retrieve something for him; will happily pay.

Adult Red Dragon: There are two red dragons in the Micro-Cosmogog: the twins Weshtar and Inerit. They hate each other. Both are rapacious, cruel, and too impulsive and childishly cruel to use their great intelligence effectively. Weshtar dreams of shapeshifting and ruling humanoids as a king, while Inerit cares only for thrones, beds, and other “sittable” treasures, and wants to enter the sun to loot it. (He has gotten good at waiting for the Solar Shield to drop, then slipping inside.) Neither has a proper lair yet; they tuck their treasures onto passing asteroids, and know the location of every single one.

Reaction:

Low: An immediate, vicious attack. Both try to capture single targets, drag them away, and buy treasure with their lives.

Medium: Aggressive and demanding; the dragon wants money and slaves, and will attack if denied.

High: Curious; will follow you and see if you hurt something that can be looted.

Adult White Dragon: There is only one white dragon in the Sphere, the bestial and wolf-headed Nomos. Once quite intelligent and civilized for a white dragon, he fell under the spell of a particularly savage human druid who stripped him of most of his thoughts. He now lives a life of flesh-guzzling hedonism, heedless even of his considerable treasure in silver, diamonds, and furs, which is located on Penitence, the moon of Amethyst.

Reaction:

Low: Immediate, murderous attack.

Medium: Picks someone off for food.

High: Curious; follows, looking for weakness.

Amethysts: The brooding miners of the outer dark. 4d6 dwarves led by one mid-level fighter and 1d6 low-level fighters. When traveling between worlds, they travel on a single sky-barge pulled by 10-20 hippogriffs, though the fighters all have hippogriffs of their own.

Reaction:

Low: You’re under arrest!

Medium: Willing to trade. They drive a hard bargain.

High: Willing to trade and can offer good deals, especially on minor magical items like potions.

Basilisk: Gecko-like feet let them cling to any surface.

Reaction: Predator.

Beholder: There is only one beholder in the Micro-Cosmogog, a mystically-inclined scholar named Xeph-Uruk. The beholder collects cadavers and has vague, long-term plans to study necromancy.

Reaction:

Low: Will kill you and stow you away in a secret asteroid with dozens of other corpses.

Medium: Demands books on death or necromantic magical items. Failure or refusal: you get the eye-beams.

High: In a genial mood; interested in death, dismemberment, mutilation.

Bluefolk: Aquatic Hunter-gatherers of mercurial disposition, the bluefolk travel in family bands that contain 3d6 warriors and 2d8 noncombatants, led by 1d4 mid-level rangers or fighters.

Reaction:

Low: You’re an intruder! They attack until you leave.

Medium: They are interested in trading with surface folk, but they’re no fools and drive a hard bargain.

High: 1d4 are interested in becoming hirelings.

They can’t leave the water, but they make expert guides.

Chimera: All chimeras in the Micro-Cosmogog are exactly identical (except age, scars, etc.). If you manage to communicate with one, you can learn why: they're all cloned from the same long-forgotten source: a spawning pit in the Grove of Palandros on Emerald.

Reaction: Predator.

Cloud Giant: The Sphere contains a single family of cloud giants, exiled here almost fifty years ago for crimes they will not name. They are: the patriarch Eshuro, the matriarch Tenna, the sons Guron and Raash, the daughters Modoro and Kanra, and Sumeto, Kanra's and Milit-Shemeth's daughter, now a toddler. (Kanra's relationship with the green dragon did not work out, and chromatic dragons have little interest in their children.) You meet 1-3 at a time. Roll to see whom:

- 1) Eshuro. Proud, secretive, suspicious. A competent summoner.
- 2) Tenna. Angry, defiant, paranoid. Probably responsible for their exile. Carries Shunar, a +1 frostbrand bastard sword sized for cloud giants.
- 3) Guron. Loud, boastful, loves to wrestle. Likes helping the weak; thinks you are weak.
- 4) Raash. Sullen, hates his exile. A natural explorer. Knows at least something about every planet and moon.
- 5) Modoro. Pious, anxious, desperate to impress. Beneath the exterior, thoroughly unpleasant and a tattle-tale. Recently converted to the worship of Father Teppar's (Page 2) air-god.
- 6) Kanra. Shaken up by the whirlwind romance and new child. Has confused plans to escape with Milit-Shemeth and raise a brood of poison-breathing cloud giants.

The giants travel on huge chariots pulled by a dozen hippogriffs each. They are cursed and cannot leave without losing their strength (which will kill them through suffocation); the curse is powerful—Father Teppar—could not lift it, and they will go to great lengths to escape it.

Animal Reactions

Animals, and animal-like creatures, are either Predator or Prey.

Predator Reaction:

Low: Hungry. Attack!

Medium: Hungry. Will follow for 1d20 hours and wait for an opening to attack.

High: Not hungry.

Prey Reaction:

Low: Flee! May attack in a panic if startled.

Medium or High: Wary.

Reaction:

Low: Eager to take out their anger in a fight.

Reluctant to kill, but happy to steal and boast.

Medium: Curious, and desperate for anything that might help them escape.

High: Friendly and eager to trade; might even tag along for a while if there are monsters to crush.

Cold Snap: The temperature suddenly plunges, remaining far below freezing for 1d12 hours. Roll 1d4:

1: 1 point of cold damage per hour

2: ...per ten minute

3: ...per minute

4: ...per round

This damage assumes warm clothes. It's possible to avoid the damage by remaining within a few feet of a heat source. Most intelligent creatures of the third circle carry slow-burning kindling to keep them safe from cold snaps.

Couatl: There is only one couatl in the Micro-Cosmogog. Her name is Enedura and she wants you to find and destroy the chimera spawning pit on Emerald. She would do it herself, but Palandros psychically dominated her once and she fears stray magic might enslave her if she gets too close.

Reaction: Couatl are mind-readers and react in a way that gets them what they want.

Damantines: The more-or-less human inhabitants of Damant, the largest world in the Micro-Cosmogog. 4d6 aggressive human warriors armed with spears, short swords, breastplates, and plumed or conical helmets, led by 1d4 mid-level fighters.

Damantines, bandit: Add 1d4 mid-level rogues.
Damantines, merchant: Add 2d6 regular merchants led by 1d4 low-level rogues.
Damantines, soldier: Add 1 high-level fighter.
Damantines, slaver: 1d20 slaves for market. Most are regular people; 10% chance of 1d6 leveled characters.

When off-world, they favor chariots, three to a cart. If not bandits, they have a Storm-lord; you can roll their Storm-lord on Page 14.

Reaction, Bandit or Slaver:

Low: Immediate attack.

Medium: Give them what they want or they attack.

High: Full up at the moment; willing to swap rumors and trade.

Reaction, Merchant or Soldier:

Low: They mistake you for bandits and try to arrest you.

Medium: They interrogate you but won't attack unless threatened.

High: Willing to trade and talk; they may have work for you.

Dryad Pack: Emerald is so lush that dryads form roaming packs and can travel anywhere on the planet. They are dangerous and fey. 3d6 appear at a time.

Reaction:

Low: They want slaves, ideally beautiful men.

Medium: Shy and watchful.

High: Curious, friendly, seductive; still dangerous. One or two might tag along as hirelings, if you can figure out what they want (that isn't men).

Elementals: Summoned by the demiurges to help construct the Sphere, elementals of different kinds still remain. They are dim-witted and cruelly playful, like children among small and defenseless animals. 1d6 appear at a time.

Reaction:

Low: Eager to rip, mangle, and fling parts of you back and forth.

Medium: They follow you, aggressive and loud, looking for a fight. They get bored after 1d4 hours.

High: More curious than hostile, they follow you for a few hours, then leave.

Fire Meteor: A random party member is targeted by a whizzing meteor! Make a Reflex save or suffer 3d6 bludgeoning damage and 2d8 fire damage.

Gargoyles: Created by Mirinari as servants and spies, but she was totally dissatisfied with them and cursed them, hoping they would kill themselves off. Implacably, incurably cruel; their faces show horror and perhaps even remorse at their deeds, but they never seem to stop killing. 2d8 gargoyles appear at one time.

Reaction: Always hostile.

Giant Frogs: These unpleasant vermin are all over Amethyst. 2d6 appear at a time. They won't normally attack unless someone is obviously wounded.

Reaction: Predator.

Giant Spider: About the size of a rhinoceros. Unintelligent, stained by berries and moss.

Reaction: Predator.

Giant Squid: A classic and a guaranteed crowd-pleaser.

Reaction: Predator.

Girallon: Impolite six-armed scavenger-gorilla-monsters. One encountered at a time, since they hate their own kind.

Reaction:

Low: Immediate, savage attack. They like to maim and rip off hands.

Medium: Hostile threat display ordering you to back off. If you don't turn around, the girallon attacks.

High: Not immediately interested in ripping your head off.

Gray Ooze: Psychic slime. Fun fact: the greenfolk Matriarch can see through every gray ooze on Emerald.

Reaction: Predator.

Greenfolk: Mystical, peace-loving elves. 2d8 low-level elf ranger/wizards armed with bows and spears, led by a single mid-level spellcaster. Roll 1d4: (1) enchanter, (2) illusionist, (3) bard, (4) diviner. They favor hippogriffs when off-world.

Reaction:

Low: Skittish and aggressive; will warn you off, then attack.

Medium: Curious and, in particular, interested in a spell exchange.

High: 1d4 rangers are "not in harmony" and the leader is willing to hand them over as henchmen for "a short time," maybe 12-20 years.

Gryphons: Pack-hunting apex predators. 2d4 appear at a time.

Reaction: Predator.

Hammerhead Sharks: 1d10; always hostile if there's blood in the water.

Reaction: Predator.

Heatwave: The temperature increases to deadly levels for 1d12 hours. Roll 1d4:

1: 1 point of fire damage per hour

2: ...per ten minutes

3: ...per minute

4: ...per round

Damage is only suffered if you're in direct line-of-

sight of the sun. If you can get something between you and the sun that can survive heat, you'll be fine. (Most intelligent creatures in the Inner Circle carry leather blankets behind which they can shelter.)

Hippogriffs: A herd of 2d12 plus 1d8-2 (minimum 0) young.

Reaction: Prey.

Ice Patch: A loose cloud of water-ice that can be turned into 1d20 barrels of potable water.

Lions: A pride of 2d6 lions and lionesses in shocking, psychedelic hues of pink, and green. 25% chance that the pride's leader displaces like a displacer beast.

Reaction: Predator.

Pegasi: Wild horse-spirits roaming free across the sky. 1d6 plus 1d8-2 (minimum 0) young.

Reaction: Prey.

Pterodactyls: 2d4 hungry, squawking, thoroughly disagreeable void-seagulls. They will get all up in your shit and try to steal your french fries.

Reaction: Predator.

Radiata: Angels that maintain the *Plum of Reification* in the sun. The Plum requires occasional fuel (see Page 11), so they venture out to find rei to maintain it. 1d8 radiata; stats as hound archons except they can shapeshift into birds, not hounds, and are immune to fire, not electricity. Current status if encountered away from a world (d6):

- 1) Seeking rei nearby.
- 2) Considering the Solar Shield that protects the sun. Engaged in abstract philosophical conversation.
- 3) Leaving the Sphere to gather rei.
- 4) Returning with rei.
- 5) Returning empty-handed.
- 6) Returning empty-handed and badly injured.

Reaction: All radiata ignore parties if at all possible.

Radiata, Monitor: Stats as lantern archons. These creatures monitor the rei and function as messengers and laborers. They are rarely found away from Topaz.

Rain piranhas: Dangerous, ever-hungry; a swarm covers about a 10'-diameter cube and can strip a hippogriff to the bones in less than a minute. They look like regular piranhas with slightly longer fins that let them fly—though not too fast. In dry environments, they harden, only to come awake again if near prey.

Reaction: Predator.

Roc: There are four titan-birds in the Micro-Cosmogog. Once, one watched over each planet, as well as the sun and certain major moons, but several have died over the centuries. All are male, and all are best avoided.

Reaction: Predator.

Roper: Native to Emerald. Only about a half-dozen exist. They are implacable enemies of the greenfolk Matriarch, believing she betrayed them in the early days of the Sphere.

Reaction:

Low: Immediate attack.

Medium: It demands you leave.

High: It wants your help harming the greenfolk.

Sandstorm: Common on Tiger. They last 1d6 hours and are rarely deadly, but make movement all but impossible while they rage.

Scavengers: Found on the lower levels of Damant (where they are Damantines) and the wastelands of Amethyst (where they are Amethysts). 3d6 warriors led by 1d4 mid-level champions, usually rogues or rangers. Desperate and violent, always suffering in some way. Roll 1d6.

1: Starving or parched. Strength halved.

2: Badly wounded after a rough fight. Roll percentile dice for each to determine hit points.

3: On the verge of mutiny. About to erupt into screaming arguments, death threats, etc.

4: Equipment run down and broken; weapons rusted, armor hangs in tatters.

5: Just finished a forced march to escape some greater threat; exhausted.

6: Cursed; they've all got fish-heads, or everything they say is a lie, or both, or worse.

Reaction:

Low: Immediate attack and robbery.

Medium: Hand over treasure or they attack.

High: Desperate for help.

Shambling Mound: Native to Emerald. Loquacious and without the “do not bring your evil here” anxiety that plagues shambling mounds in the world outside.

Reaction:

Low: You are a trespasser; leave or get crushed.

Medium: You probably won't even notice anything as they watch you pass by.

High: Eager to exchange gossip. Shambling mounds listen to the leaves and know a great deal.

Stone Giants: Most stone giants are miners. They isolate themselves inside an asteroid and chisel away, sometimes for decades. Those you meet away from planets or asteroids are often wives (mining is men's work to stone giants) tasked with providing their husbands with food and carrying news from home. 1d3 stone giants.

Reaction:

Low: Humanoids, not being people, are not allowed to own things. You need to turn your things over to the giants.

Medium: Eager, almost desperate, for gossip. Well-informed, but you need to spend time telling the giants what you know.

High: Someone in the extended stone giant clan is in trouble; help will yield considerable (mineral) rewards.

Stormshark: A flying great white shark that shoots 5d6 lightning bolts (recharge 5-6) and can cast gust of wind at will. Just awful!

Reaction: Predator.

Stray Ice-meteor: A random party member is targeted by a whizzing shard of ice and stone! Make a Reflex save or suffer 3d6 bludgeoning damage and 1d8 cold damage.

Tiger-folk: The “cat-gnolls” of the desert world called Tiger. Warlike, proud, patient. They travel in groups: 3d6 regular warriors armed with scimitars, axes, or bows led by 1d8 low-level rangers or fighters. Off-world, they ride hippogriffs, though the leaders sometimes (50% chance) ride gryphons.

Tiger-folk, bandit: Add 1d4 mid-level rogues.
Tiger-folk, mentalist: Add one high-level wizard and 1d4-1 (minimum 0) mid-level wizards. They are (d4) 1-2 necromancers, 3 enchanters, 4 illusionists. The high-level wizard’s arms are weak and legs are useless.
Tiger-folk, warrior: Add 1 mid-level fighter or ranger.

Reaction, bandit or mentalist:

Low: Immediate attack.

Medium: Robbery; if you fail to comply, they attack.

High: Eager to exchange rumors; may even want to team up.

Reaction, warrior:

Low: You are considered “worthy prey” and attacked until someone dies.

Medium: They demand honorable one-on-one combat until someone yields. Victory can earn you treasures, but refusal causes them to attack.

High: 1d4 want to become hirelings.

Treant: Friendly, excitable, lucid; nothing like the placid treants in the outer world.

Reaction:

Low: Belligerent and rude; will throw fruit.

Medium: Curious, eager, sarcastic. They want to exchange knowledge.

High: They have work for you, possibly for or against the greenfolk Matriarch. (They are always entangled politically with the greenfolk aristocracy.)

T. Rex: A handful of these beasts are active on Emerald at a time; the rest sleep in cysts beneath the ground. Long, sleek, featherless, almost without scales, more like newts than reptiles, with bony ridges in place of teeth.

Reaction: Predator.

Wrench Crab: 1d6 horse-sized giant crabs with “Swiss Army Knife” claws. One claw is big and handles heavy lifting; the other is as delicate as a human hand (but still immensely strong). Not really intelligent (Intelligence 3), wrench crabs have the ability to repair anything mechanical at assembly-line speed. They can blow butt-bubbles to float around, but prefer to remain on or inside mechanical wreckage.

Reaction:

Low: You need to be disassembled for some reason, sorry.

Medium: They ignore you and “repair” random bits of metal junk.

High: They seem to have mistaken you for a demiurge and will follow you around until you wave them away or until an hour passes. Until then, they repair objects for you and defend you from threats.

Water Pocket: The outer realms are quite dry. This water pocket contains 1d100 barrels full of fresh potable water.

Winged polar bear: Exactly what it sounds like, and maybe a little bit worse.

Reaction: Predator.

Wooly Mammoth: Huge and magnificent creatures. Close examination reveals that these mammoths are not actually alive; they are “living illusions” created by Pallandros at the very beginning of the Micro-Cosmogog project. If killed they reappear after seven days.

Reaction: Prey.

Wraiths: 1d10 dead (roll 1d6) 1) Greenfolk, 2) Amethysts, 3-6) Damants. Mindlessly aggressive.

Some Final Questions Answered

You can, of course, change these answers to reflect your setting.

Do the inhabitants of the Sphere know about the outside world?

For the most part, yes, in the same way Medieval Europeans knew about China: the “outside world” exists as a concept, but its scale isn’t clear, nor is how to get there (only a few people know about the Platforms, which lead to and from dangerous dungeons), nor is its exact relation to the Sphere.

Who knows the true age of the Sphere?

Mirinari, less than a dozen radiata, and a handful of diviners in the outer world. Most outer-world people who know about the Micro-Cosmogog think some true god created it ages ago; the idea that two people could knock it together in a human lifetime just by stealing enough magic items would stagger them.

Where did the key treasures come from?

Mirinari and Palandros stole them, then cast anti-screaming spells to hide them from the world above. Some of their owners are probably still alive and would like them returned; they might hire the PCs for exactly this reason, or may or may not have qualms about destroying a pocket dimension to get their magic coconut back.

How mad are the gods at the Micro-Cosmogog?

This depends on your setting, but the default answer is “far less mad than Mirinari believes.” The real threat isn’t from the gods, who generally tolerate this kind of archmagical nonsense, but from various fiends, who still don’t know that the Sphere exists. What do you think a couple pit fiends or dukes of hell would do to the Sphere, if they knew about it?

How much trouble can my PCs get into with *rei*?

Quite a bit, but it will take time. Remember that it has to be processed first; it’s entirely possible to make illusions real with enough *rei*, but it’s not easier than creating magic items or constructing golems, and probably harder than compacting summoned entities with spells like *summon planar ally*. Access to *rei* can give powerful spellcasters an edge, but it is just one more tool in the toolbelt, and one not even accessible to lower-level casters, who lack the ability to construct and maintain powerful items like the *reification forge*.

END OF THE MICRO-COSMOGOG