

WORLD OF OBSIDIAN APOCALYPSE



LPJ9279



ØBSIDIAN APOCALYPSE

DESIGNED BY:

JP Chapleau, Kalyna Conrad, Eric Hindley, Jeff Lee,
Owen K.C. Stephens, Richard Pett, Rich Redman with Louis Porter Jr.

ADDITIONAL DEVELOPMENT:

James Desborough, Robert “Bob” E. Drouin, Wojciech “Drejk” Gruchala, Nick Herold, Sam Hing,
Michael McCarthy, Jonathan Palmer, Richard Pett, Michael L. Romansky, Jakeiol Rudd

SE DEVELOPMENT:

Mark A. Hart

EDITING:

Joshua Yearsley

GRAPHIC DESIGN, LAYOUT & LOGO:

Louis Porter Jr. Design

COVER ART:

Damien Mammoliti

INTERIOR ART:

Bruno Miguel Martins Balixa, Eduardo Bromhbley, Juan Diego Dianderas, Carlos Herrera, Alejandro García Palomares,
Bryan Syme, Yama Orce and Publisher’s Coice Quality Stock Art Copyright Rick Hersey / Fat Goblin Games

Louis Porter Jr. Design
5580 SW 97th Terrace Cooper City, FL 3328
HavenGod@lpjdesign.com www.lpjdesign.com

Obsidian Apocalypse created by Louis Porter Jr.

For supplemental material, visit Louis Porter Jr. Design website: www.lpjdesign.com

Louis Porter Jr. Design, Obsidian Apocalypse & logos are a trademark owned by Louis Porter Jr. Inc. All rights reserved. All other content is copyright 2013 Louis Porter Jr. Design Inc. The mention of or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned. This book is compatible with 3rd Edition and Revised 3rd Edition rules. This edition of Obsidian Apocalypse is produced under version 1.0a and/or draft versions of the Open Game License and the System. Reference Document by permission of Wizards of the Coast. Subsequent versions of this product will incorporate later versions of the license and document.

100 YEARS AGO

THE HEAVENS CRY OUT

From out of the dark and forbidding heavens hurtles a great meteor, black as night itself. Carving through Abaddon's atmosphere, it calves into massive sections and rains down upon the world in great shards, obliterating cities and shattering the living rock. Tidal waves swamp over islands and drown the coasts; volcanoes ignite; the ground quakes.

More than eight in ten of the sentient beings of Abaddon die in moments. No sorcery, no prayer, no force of arms, no cunning with the builder's craft can stand against the destruction. Those who survive find themselves in the ruins of civilization, surrounded by corpses, overwhelmed by death, and living beneath a soot-black sky.

Their suffering does not end there. The meteor was a black, hellish thing, turgid with necrotic energy. The survivors witness in horror as the fragments and dust of the meteor wake the dead. Few of the remaining cities survive the onslaught of their own deceased.

The deaths, the trauma, the spiritual and necromantic energy—all released at once—change something fundamental on Abaddon. A rarity and a curiosity before the Cataclysm, psionic abilities emerge amongst the survivors and the few children born of these years. Perhaps a reaction to the failings of magic and prayer, these powers are a sea change of the mind—a singular gift that permits a few to survive.

PANDEMIC OF ASH

A great ash fall comes down upon Abaddon, made of particles of the obliterated meteor, combined with volcanic ash, vaporized water, and the miasma rising from the charnel piles of the deceased. Nowhere is spared from this blanket of greasy soot. It brings with it necromantic plagues, infused with horrible persistence and beyond all the healing magics yet known. These diseases cut a swathe through the surviving plants, animals, and people; what they do not kill are often changed, made strange and suited to this dark, death-ruled world.

COLD BLACK WINTER

The Pandemic of Ash fills the sky with dust and smoke that persists to this day. It looms as black as night, and the warmth of Abaddon's sun can barely penetrate it. In its wake, the Cold Black Winter falls. The glaciers march from the poles, swallowing up lands that have now passed into legend, and reducing the great forests and jungles to frozen rot. Crops do not grow, animals cannot graze, and only magic and alchemy keep the huddled survivors alive in their ruins and caves. A century later, the cold is abating, though with terrible slow-

ness. The sky is now a perpetual twilight, a dim gloaming, a gray-black cloud that blocks out sun and stars and moon.

THE NIGHTWALL FALLS

For the first time, the necromantic and psionic energies suspended in Abaddon's atmosphere blend and create a storm of energy known as a Nightwall. Grounding out onto Abaddon's surface like a necrotic aurora borealis, the Nightwall psychically empowers those caught within and charges them with negative energy, all while strengthening the undead that stand within its unearthly glow. Though few if any comprehend them, Nightwall events continue today, but less often and with less intensity than just after the Cataclysm. Survivors recall that the Nightwall was all but permanent over much of the land, creating a golden age for the undead and for the power of the mind.

DEATH WALKS

The first great undead empire arises from the ashes out of the tomb cities of the Shaan. Waking with their servants and warriors, the great warrior-kings of the past open the sealed portals of their necropolis, united under the banner of the Shaan's greatest king, the mummy Asi Magnor. The undead emperor rips through the surviving Shaan and the shambling hordes of directionless undead the Cataclysm had birthed. Ruthless and brutal, he seems the natural inheritor of a dead world.

75 YEARS AGO

THE DYING WORLD

The world seems dead or dying at first glance, and few spots of true life persist in the seething cauldron of unlife. Even so, living folk hide away in the few surviving cities, towns, and villages—huddled in caves or vaults deep underground. These secret people bear the first generation of post-Cataclysm children. Perhaps in compensation for all the deaths past and present, these families are large and fecund—and begun in youth. Of the children who survive childhood, many more than expected manifest psychic or magical abilities. Despite this encouraging happening, tidings continue to worsen as these tiny communities must weather not only the scant resources and many dangers of their new world, but also the apparent futility of their struggle.

CLIMATE CHANGE

The worst effects of the Cold Black Winter begin to ease and some small amount of warmth returns to Abaddon. The icecaps cease their advance and hold steady, but not before swallowing up much of the sea and most of the moisture from the air. Abaddon is now a place of frozen deserts and permafrost and ashen dunes, where the only heat comes

THE CATAclySM

The fall of the meteor is known by many names, as is the meteor itself and its remnant fragments. The fall is most often called the Cataclysm, but different races and peoples have their own terms, such as Night Fall, the Rising, the End of Times, and the Blackness. The meteor itself is frequently nameless—speaking of it is considered bad luck, as though it might call another—but a few call it the Father of Death, Godshatter, Fallen Sky, and the Omenstone.

NECROMANTIC DISEASE

Even today, the Pandemic of Ash is not yet over. Wanderers in the wastes or those who happen upon fragments of the meteor may find themselves infected with strange new diseases. Those brought back to civilization grow into short-lived plagues before they burn themselves out. Some of these infections may be intelligent, while others may be able to infect the dead—or even inanimate rock.

THE DEATH OF THE FORESTS

The jungles and forests of Abaddon are all but destroyed. While magic and sacrifice have protected the germ of life in a few places, and seeds have drifted in from other planes, there is little but rot where once the great woods rose and the jungle canopies made the sky dark and green. Famine is only ever a hair's breadth away, and the only reliable sources of sustenance are magic and fungi.

CELESTIALS & FIENDS

The Cataclysm trapped large numbers of celestials and fiends alike. Though opposing forces, they find a common resentment in their entrapment and common enemies in the undead who regard them as dangerous wild cards, though the angels more than the fiends. Both have been forced to settle and have interbred with the mortal populace—or even each other.

THE SHAAN

The Shaan were a great empire long before the Cataclysm, one that fell into decline soon before Abaddon changed forever. Renowned as philosophers, artists, and alchemists, they had long forgotten their warlike past until the legions of old rose from the tomb cities after the Cataclysm. There is nothing left now of the Shaan, save for empty tombs and some dimly remembered philosophies of calm and detachment that seem to have little to no application on Abaddon today.

CHAINS OR DEATH?

It may seem there is little choice between slavery and death, but freedom cannot be enjoyed in death. Many of Abaddon's people hold a pragmatic and fatalistic mindset, considering slavery better than death. In the domains of a few undead lords, favored slaves are all but free, save for the ability to leave. In others, some are pampered like pets or prized possessions. While it always constrains one's freedom, slavery wears many faces in this land.

from the great cracks in the earth, the volcanoes, and the few unshrouded places where the sun can reach. The dust and smoke remain in the atmosphere, sustained by the erupting volcanoes and the smoke pouring from the cracks in the world's crust, causing a perpetual twilight that will last centuries.

TRAPPED

New people and beings begin to arrive on Abaddon—only to find they cannot leave—trapped by the necromantic and psionic energy infusing the planet, combined with the souls of the dead. Adventurers, angels, spirits, demons and elementals, and planar beings of all kinds are stuck on Abaddon like insects in a jar. They must try and make a new life and place for themselves on the shattered world.

LIFE PERSISTS

The survivors and their children begin to emerge from the depths to found new settlements and to pick over the ruins of the lost cities for anything that can help them rebuild and live on. News of other survivors comes as a welcome surprise, but these fragile settlements are easy prey for the undead armies.

THE HUNGER

With so many undead to feed and so few mortals to feed upon, the undead factions begin to battle one another over their hunting grounds and spoils of the flesh. Having drawn perhaps a third of the known world beneath his sway, Asi Magnor meets his first real challenger: a vampire named Calix Sabinus. Sabinus thwarts one of Asi Magnor's armies at the Battle of Black Crescent and defies the mummy's

imperial ambitions, uniting many lesser undead powers under his banner against the emperor.

THE ANGRIEST ANGEL

A celestial angel known as Zebadiah becomes trapped upon Abaddon. An agent of law and a servant of the gods of light on another plane, Zebadiah is appalled and horrified by what he finds on Abaddon. Unnoticed by the warring undead powers, he moves amongst the living, learning from them and scheming to make a better future.

50 YEARS AGO

WARS OF THE DEAD

The decades of wars among the undead consume many years, many lives, and many unives. The constant demand from all sides for new troops and sustenance makes living survivors the most valuable resource. Many fledgling survivor communities are swallowed up into the unliving empires, while the more canny undead set up “farms” to raise flesh to feed and renew their armies. Foul experiments and punishments—intended to control the living populations or make self-sufficient spawning grounds—lead to the birth of the harrowed, half-dead abominations that could not exist on any other world. These atrocities become part of the mundane hardships of war, poured on top of the daily struggle for mere survival.

THE CHANGE

Losing ground against a renewed assault by Asi Magnor, Calix Sabinus switches to the defensive tactics of a war of attrition and spends his empire’s looted treasure to pay plane-trapped mercenaries to fight in his stead. In a passionate frenzy he studies lost and forbidden arts, finally transcending his vampiric form to become a lich. Power renewed and armies rebuilt, he again goes on the offensive, seeming virtually unstoppable.

THE CHILDREN OF ZEBADIAH

While the undead powers continue to war with one another, Zebadiah works to find and unite other stranded celestials. They move in secret amongst the mortal populace, fathering hundreds of children with mortal women and taking mortal seed into their own bodies to birth young infused with their angelic power. These children, called exalted, are destined to become protectors and symbols of hope for the living, though fear and resentment surround many of these pregnancies.

BATTLE OF THE DEAD

Throughout Abaddon, Asi Magnor’s legions continue to clash with Calix Sabinus’ army of mercenaries, personal spawn, and alliances of lesser undead. Both the undead

emperor and the vampiric lich lend their own strength in many of these battles. Some living communities aid Sabinus, seeing enslavement as a better prospect than death at the hands of Asi Magnor’s ravaging hordes. The struggle is epic, but Calix Sabinus’ adaptability and cunning win the day in most confrontations. Asi Magnor is slowly but surely beaten back to the gates of the Shaan necropolis.

OF GODS AND DEVILS

Following the great battle at the gates of Asi Magnor’s necropolis, Zebadiah and a wing of celestials sweep in, hoping to strike down Calix Sabinus. While Calix is severely wounded in the mighty battle, he manages to destroy many angelic cohorts and even defeat Zebadiah himself. In a humiliating act, the mortal mercenaries of Calix Sabinus’ employ raise the angel’s broken body as a battle standard for the remainder of this last great conflict. Calix banishes the angel to forever live beyond his lands in the wilderness, binding his command with great magics and consigning Zebadiah to an eternity as a mere observer.

SABINUS’ TRIUMPH

Holding Zebadiah’s broken and tortured form aloft as a battle standard, Calix Sabinus’ mercenaries penetrate Asi Magnor’s lines with great ease, the undead falling before the angel’s radiance as candles melt before a flame. The lich’s forces overwhelm Magnor’s battle lines and cut down the undead emperor, burning his body and scattering his ashes to the winds. Calix Sabinus becomes the uncontested ruler of the known world.

BLOOD AS FLESH

Thought destroyed in the necromantic inferno of the Cataclysm, beings called the khymer manage to overcome their bodiless state and now walk the land in their old bodies, confusing and unnerving undead and mortals alike. Their cities were considered dead, their people destroyed, but now they have reappeared in search of relics and knowledge from before the Cataclysm to make themselves whole again.

THE RETURN OF LIFE

With so much undead strength spent in the wars, mortals begin to freely colonize Abaddon’s wastes in old ruins and new settlements alike. Birth rates remain high, and the arrivals of wanderers from the other planes often form nuclei around which new settlements grow. True to his word, Calix Sabinus offers protection to human settlements under his sway in exchange for a life of slavery, but it will take some time before his armies can renew themselves and reassert his authority over his demesne.

10 YEARS AGO

LIFE IN CHAINS

In the decades following the war, Calix Sabinus imposes his dominion over his lands, placing near every mortal settlement in chains, each under an undead lord as a pyrrhic reward for loyal wartime service. These vassal lords, squabbling over the crumbs from Calix's table, take very different approaches to the mortals under their care. The cruel tyrants take to callous indifference, while others patronize their underlings and treat them as pets. All the while, the people struggle as they have since the Cataclysm, and—despite the depredations of their lords—their population grows and grows as their rulers and superiors fight and posture.

DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

While they cannot yet win their freedom, the mortal mercenaries who fought for Calix Sabinus win some security for themselves and their families. Where Asi Magnor would have had them killed, eaten, or made into undead to bolster his armies, Calix Sabinus and his allies are more interested in “farming” them. While some suffer these horrible ends, most work as slaves, supplying their toil and blood while the occasional person is selected as a tithe in exchange for safety, security, and protection. In the dire circumstances of Abaddon, this does not seem such a terrible deal to strike.

RISE OF THE EXALTED

First seeded by Zebadiah and his angels, the exalted are now found all across Abaddon, now brought into being by those celestials who escaped massacre at the hands of Calix Sabinus. Most new exalted are fathered or mothered by an exalted rather than a pureblooded celestial. While these souls of light never gather in great numbers, their presence seems to comfort the enslaved populace. Bands of exalted and their allies begin to prey upon the slavers and trade caravans of the undead lords in acts of unprecedented open defiance.

OUT OF THE WILDS

From the deep wilds, the lykians—previously little but a rumor—make themselves felt, traveling as traders, working as mercenaries, and preying upon unwary travelers. Perhaps they have always existed as hidden lycanthrope tribes, but with the Cataclysm they have come into their own, both unable to hide and lacking reasons to do so. Numbers swelling, they have been forced out of the deep wilds and the frigid deserts into contact with civilization—such as it is.

THE HARROWED GHETTOS

As undead lords take their seats as rulers of living towns and cities, many find personal “diversions” amongst the mortal

populace. Others punish their serfs with foul visitations for both true and imagined slights or rebellions. At the same time, their undead troops act like all occupying armies, with or without official sanction. These horrid acts produce an explosion of harrowed, “royal” bastards and foundling children of undead rule. Neither fully mortal nor fully dead, they found their own communities in the undead-ruled cities and towns, seeking a place for themselves and causing trouble as they do so.

THE SLAVE TRADE

With no need for ordinary food or the other staples, the undead lords trade mortals as others would cattle. Using their slaves as a basis for currency, the lords vie for the skilled, strong, or merely fertile—even selling children before they wail their first cries. Slaver caravans crisscross the wastes from settlement to settlement in search of lifeblood, while slaving parties both undead and mortal scour the wastes for bands of survivors they can turn in for a reward.

THE PETTY WARS

While Calix Sabinus' alliance was never the strongest, without the common enemy of Asi Magnor to unite them, the petty undead lords begin to turn upon each other. Open warfare does not yet erupt, but the various powers participate in constant clashes and deadly intrigues. For whatever reason, Calix Sabinus has not seen fit to put a stop to this. He may even be behind the infighting, as it prevents his lords from uniting and challenging his position. There is one positive of these pointless clashes, though: The gladiatorial contests between slave champions of different lords provide a way in which a slave can become “chainless”—a true free man, one of very few in this benighted world.

New

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

With the undead lords concentrating on their infighting and Calix Sabinus withdrawing into the lofty seclusion of imperial rule, the time has come for mortals to reassert themselves over the unnatural rule of the damned. Generations after the Cataclysm, the children of the new age suffer neither from nightmares of those fateful years nor the memory of things lost. They dream of what might be and chafe under the rule of the undead—not content to be safe, they crave freedom. With rebellions on the rise, the peoples of Abaddon trade stories of the exalted and other heroes around their night fires to inspire and embolden each other. Many seek the ruins of the past to find secrets of their people and others, but the most valuable lore and treasures are controlled by undead aristocrats. They are obstacles to the living reclaiming their rightful place as masters of their own destiny, and they must be toppled.



THE OSIRIAN UPRISING

Ever since the Cataclysm, the osirians have been a thorn in the side of the undead lords and still hold some of the few free cities remaining. This has not prevented a great many of them falling to the chains of slavers or to the executioner's axe. Their vaults have been invaded and their people dragged out, killed, or captured on the whim of an undead lord. The osirians have, however, known freedom. More so than any other people, they despise the whips and bonds of their undead overseers, a hate which has spilled out as a direct uprising against the ghost lord Kalbna. While he has managed to keep this affair largely secret, an army of former slaves, osirians, and others has taken several settlements in his domain. Their numbers swell with every passing week, readying themselves to take on the lord himself.

HOPE'S LIGHT

For the first time in generations, a choice few have seen the light of Adaddon's sun pierce the clouds that blanket the sky. Here and there, now and then, a shaft of light strikes through the darkness, almost blinding in its intensity before the clouds snuff it out once more. Even so, this brief and blinding glimpse of radiance is enough to reignite feelings of hope in people who had all but given up—and strike fear into the cold hearts of those undead vulnerable to it.

FOOTSTEPS OF ZEBADIAH

Though he is barred from Calix Sabinus' lands, Zebadiah prowls the edge of his binding like a tiger in a cage. Wandering the ashen deserts, he meets with bandits, adven-

turers, refugees, and wanderers in a variety of guises to hear news and dispense wisdom and aid where he can. His words and influence still breach the border, even if he does not, stirring up the lich's empire with every utterance.

DISUNITY OF DEATH

Calix Sabinus' alliance is falling apart at the seams. The undead lords cannot keep their ambitions or their mutual hatred under wraps for long, and their squabbles and skirmishes are rapidly becoming assassinations and battles. They form their own alliances outside of Sabinus' hierarchy, and some factions even risk spreading mortal and undead dissent against their emperor's rule—a house divided against itself. Some of the undead lords may even sympathize with the mortal rebels or, at least, are willing to ally with the rebels for some short-term gain against their rivals.

ANGRY GHOSTS

The spirits released during the Cataclysm were scared, confused, and barely sentient. An outpouring of pain and suffering, they lashed out at anything that came close and—being little more than necromantic energy—animated the dead with abandon. The character of the dead is now different, though. Those who die today hold hatred for the lords in their minds and cries of freedom on their lips. The ghosts of today are the spirits of vengeance, no allies to the undead lords or to Calix Sabinus. Even the dead themselves are turning against the powers that be.

THE SPIRIT KNIFE

Psions were almost unknown before the Cataclysm, and what little tutelage available came from the secretive order known as the Spirit Book. As psions proliferated during the Cataclysm, the Spirit Book—almost shattered along with every other pre-Cataclysm organization—took on new purpose and strength. As the undead began to extend their rule, the Spirit Book stood against them, renaming itself the Spirit Knife. The organization trains and hones psychic warriors as they ready for an opportune time to strike a blow for freedom against the undead oppressors. This new purpose not only fulfills their modern passion for freedom but also the dreams of the psions of old: to lift psionics as a force as strong and important as magic.

HOW ABADDON CHANGED

When the dark star fell, it brought an excess of negative energy mixed with wild, uncontrolled magical energy born of unknown stars and the emptiness of the void. From the moment it hit the atmosphere, to the second it struck the world—and in the minutes, days, and years thereafter—that energy has roiled through the planet and wrought catastrophic changes on the planet, its inhabitants, and even the very magic that permeates the world.

The first consequence of the Cataclysm was the complete disruption of the planet's dimensional field. Pocket dimensions tied to the world imploded, sucking in massive amounts of wild and negative magic and annihilating all within. Bags of holding and similar items became conduits for deadly blasts of dark, matter-twisting magic as they were ripped asunder.

Beings that naturally or frequently traversed dimensions found themselves transported through a miasma of ripped dimensions, negative energy, and chaotic magic. Teleporters and plane shifters seeking to flee the disaster were ripped apart in transit. Planar entrances and exits became holes in space that disgorged floods of destructive magical power, in many cases destroying the very places people were fleeing from and to.

A shockwave of wild magic spread across the world, disrupting magical items and spells and making them attract magical energies. The explosive wild magic and negative energies ripped apart those laden with magical items and spells and those holed up in magically defended abodes as their spells failed or triggered en masse. Those in flight, thinking themselves out of danger, faced long descents—if they managed even to survive the destructive whorling of their magic.

These disruptions virtually eliminated the planet's most powerful, most wealthy, and most experienced figures, as they were the locus of the most powerful spells and magical items. The only magical items that survived this shockwave were those buried underground or sealed away in non-magical surroundings. The gutting of magical knowledge and power by the destruction of the magically powerful and their abodes was incredible.

The combination of planar trauma and negative energy prevented the flow of positive energy for a time, almost wholly removing the effects of healing power. Innumerable people perished from wounds that, in a mere short time before, could have been magically healed away. Those who tried to channel such powers became fountains of uncontrolled negative energy that killed them and all those nearby.

The living perished by the tens of millions, and in the dark storm of negative energy arose the same numbers. Even uncontrolled minor undead hold an inborn hatred of the living, and the powerful undead now found almost nothing to resist their strength. Bodies erupted out of graveyards shorn of their blessed protections, and those slain by the Cataclysm twitched and rose to their feet, turning to prey upon the living.

The saviors of the living during this time period were a highly unlikely pairing—the ghouls and their ghastly masters, and the vampires. After exulting in their new power and their ability to slaughter and feed as they wished in a land with no sun, they soon came to realize the rapidly increasing scarcity of the living. The ghosts and vampires realized their hungers required the living to flourish, lest they devolve into maddened desires for blood and flesh that could no longer be sated, and began to take steps—at first hesitant, then extremely forceful—to protect their own future.

Other undead, not tied to such corporeal appetites, had no such qualms. Still, the intelligent among them knew they couldn't reproduce; it takes the living to make more undead. As the monstrous egos of the undead lords clashed and their armies took shape, the need to replace fallen minions stirred a pragmatic yet ruthless desire to shepherd their living assets. And so the living were corralled and rounded up as slaves and breeding stock for a new generation of undead. Those who resisted were slain and raised as more compliant undead minions. Possessed of no desire but to hunt the living, the free-willed undead still roaming the land were hunted down by their undead kin to safeguard the priceless humanoid cattle.

The combination of wild magic and negative energy that swept the world inflicted catastrophic harm on the natural ecology. With the lack of sunlight, only two types of plant life survived: those species mutated in the Cataclysm to endure on the energies of death and rot, and the fungi, which could live on the decaying plant life all around. Many of the

plants turned poisonous or inedible to normal creatures—or became predators themselves.

Necromantic and wild magics inundated bodies and spirits alike, and even sentient creatures changed and adapted. Elves, ever part of the environment, changed with uncanny speed to reflect the new world they lived in—or, rarely, managed to defy it and cling to an old paradigm that no longer existed. The dwarves fought the change with all their tenacity, and succeeded only in cursing their entire race. Gnomekind's emotional links to the First World were crushed under a tide of negative energy, giving the entire race a black mindset and an affinity for the undead. The halfling race degenerated from lucky, easy-going folk with ties to the land into feral, seemingly cursed savages clawing for survival.

Humankind shifted and split. Those shepherded by ghosts and vampires or clinging to ancient ways grew tough and resistant—veritable fountains of life energy their masters found appealing, and the best of cattle. Those under the care of wights, mummies, and other undead found an affinity for negative energy and became almost half-undead themselves, dispirited and grim souls slaving away until their masters decided to convert them into undead. One free race of men took part in a massive magical ceremony, forever branding themselves with evolving tattoos to resist the necromantic powers around them.

The tearing and healing of the dimensional tides had several more effects, the first and most noticeable being its effect on summoned and conjured beings. The ravaged dimensional barriers lost their ability to serve as conduits for travel. While the Obsidian Veil could be punched through to pass into Abaddon, it proved impassable in the opposite direction. Dimensional magic—whether teleporting, creating dimensional hideaways, or other powers—became limited to extremely short durations or distances, and its users risked exposure to wild death energies prowling the Obsidian Veil.

Creatures called through the Obsidian Veil found themselves stranded and unable to return home, their essential natures rapidly and forcibly changed. Even death or destruction could not send them home, but instead wiped their existence out entirely. Summoned creatures fared even worse; with their true selves called and hurled into battle by callous spellcasters, the end of the spell only returned their self-control rather than returning them to their points of origin.

The extraplanar beings that survived their first battles almost inevitably turned on their masters or escaped. They spread into the wild and intermixed with the native wildlife to such an extent that it is now common practice for arcane casters to summon extraplanar entities as breeding stock and food. Such creatures were hardly free of extraplanar influences, which spread to those that consumed them. Spirits and entities outside the Obsidian Veil marked the world as a black hole—one in which all who responded disappeared into.

The new Obsidian Veil bars all divine traffic of souls and prayer, preventing any deity from seeing or hearing a thing, and cutting them off from gaining power from their followers. The souls of the departed do not pass the Obsidian Veil into other worlds; they either dissipate into the ravaged world-aura of the planet or become infused with negative energy and return as the motivating forces for yet more undead. Extraplanar minions sent in to assess the situation could not return home, so the divine powers cannot be sure if anything lives on the world at all.

The outsiders trapped in Abaddon have tempered their beliefs in response to their circumstances. Severed from the static and extreme influence of their home planes and greater entities thereon, they now compromise in ways that resemble mortal mindsets and views, knowing they can be slain forever on this world and that no more of their kind will come willingly. They too have been gathering, herding, recruiting, and capturing mortals, with an eye toward creating progeny that can carry onward if they themselves are slain—all while following their instincts to further their own cause and alignment, and granting them the emotional subsistence they crave.



