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# *The Planes*

# FEUERRING

## GATEWAY TO HELL

### A Realm of Evil

Feuerring, the great Ring of Fire, encapsulates Hell providing a formidable obstacle to those seeking passage into its lower layers. Anguished screams and horrific, ear shattering cries emanate from the multitude of condemned souls consigned to Feuerring's eternal flames of woe. The tormented spirits of the damned bob helplessly upon Feuerring's surface, buffeted by the shifting and treacherous vortices created by their unceasing and desperate pleas for mercy.

Massive islands of sulphurous, smouldering rock float upon the unquenchable ocean of fire and brimstone.

Within this sourcebook, you will find an entire layer of Hell ready to drop straight into your campaign. Feuerring is fully detailed, with locales and features of each of this layer's realms. In addition, Games Masters will be able to make ready use of the new creatures that populate the plane, as well as the spells, magic items and artefacts that comprise the dark knowledge of Feuerring's denizens. The creatures of this layer eke out their existence in the hostile confines of their fortress-prison, eternally watching for outside interference or for opportunities to launch their own incursions into the rest of the Universe. Feuerring is the kind of hellish realm featured in many a myth, where heroes travel to stop the downfall of entire worlds, wrest the secret to an evil enemy's defeat or rescue the doomed souls of loved ones. An entire chapter is devoted to help the Games Master insert Feuerring quickly and easily into their existing campaigns, with ways of infiltration and escape from its fiery depths, and plot hooks and scenarios to challenge the hardest adventurers. One way or another, few players will ever forget the adventures they endure in a realm of evil and torment, bringing the only light to be found in its expanses.

FOR GAMES MASTERS AND PLAYERS ALIKE

**MONGOOSE  
PUBLISHING**

[www.mongoosepublishing.com](http://www.mongoosepublishing.com)

U.S. \$9.95

ISBN 1-903980-26-7



This Product Requires the use  
of the Dungeons and Dragons®  
Player's Handbook, Third Edition,  
Published by Wizards of the Coast®







# FEUERRING

## GATEWAY TO HELL

Tom Knauss

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# INTRODUCTION

**F**euerring, the great Ring of Fire, encapsulates Hell providing a formidable obstacle to those seeking passage into its lower layers.

Anguished screams and horrific, ear-shattering cries emanate from the multitude of condemned souls consigned to Feuerring's eternal flames of woe. The tormented spirits of the damned bob helplessly upon Feuerring's surface, buffeted by the shifting and treacherous vortices created by their unceasing and desperate pleas for mercy. Massive islands of sulphurous, smouldering rock float upon the unquenchable ocean of fire and brimstone.

Most of Feuerring is an inhospitable ring of burning liquid and sulphurous gases. Its temperature reaches a mind-boggling 500 degrees Fahrenheit, immediately incinerating any flammable objects. Feuerring's many islands are rugged, but somewhat more habitable. They are composed of a mixture of igneous rock and cosmic metallic alloys such as nickel, cadmium and iron. Loose particles of these substances comprise the rest of the great ring, but unlike the atmosphere surrounding the ring itself, the islands usually produce enough breathable air to sustain life.

Legions of barbazus defer almost all of the islands, poised to repulse any attacks initiated against their plane. Dwelling within massive citadels carved from the native rock, the barbazus and their pit fiend commanders relentlessly patrol the islands in search of intruders. Nearly all of Hell's pit fiends consider this duty an insult; therefore only the least influential archdevils command the barbazus legions at Hell's gate. In addition to the native devils, an eclectic collection of deities, their deceased worshippers and powerful evil beings also populate Feuerring's islands. These competing interests engage in tireless intrigues against one another, hoping to increase their power and influence in Feuerring as well as in the Material Plane.

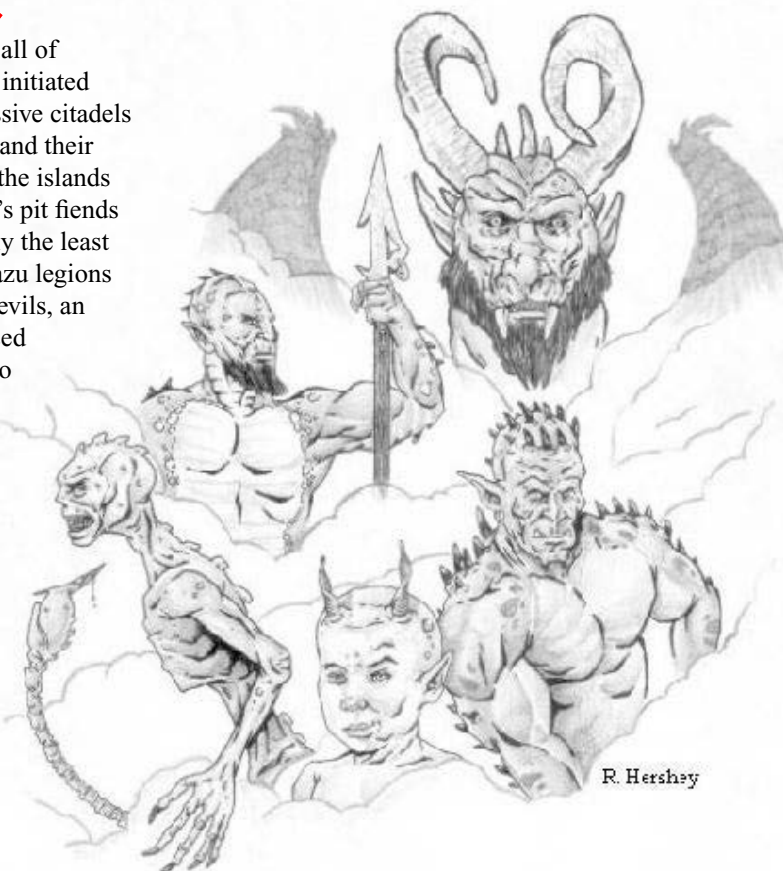
## THE PLANES

*Feuerring – Gateway to Hell* is the first title of The Planes, a new series of sourcebooks from Mongoose Publishing detailing new and old Planes of Existence. Designed to be slotted seamlessly into any fantasy-based D20 games system, these

sourcebooks provide thousands of new adventure hooks across planar boundaries, adding whole new dimensions to any campaign... literally. Each book of The Planes series gives Games Masters entire new settings into which to plunge their players, exploiting the heights of fantasy and legend to create stories of epic proportions. Feuerring is a plane that stands between Hell, home of devils and other evil deities, and the Astral Plane. It is a prison and a fortress to withstand any attempt of invasion, or escape.

## FEUERRING – THE GATES OF HELL

Within this sourcebook, you will find an entire layer of Hell ready to drop straight into your campaign. Feuerring is fully detailed, with locales and features of each of this layer's realms. In addition, Games Masters will be able to make ready use of the new creatures that populate the plane, as well as the spells, magic items and artefacts that comprise the dark knowledge of Feuerring's denizens. The creatures of this layer eke out their existence in the hostile confines of their fortress-prison, eternally watching for outside interference or for opportunities to launch their own incursions into the rest of the Universe.



R. Hershey

Feuerring is the kind of hellish realm featured in many a myth, where heroes travel to stop the downfall of entire worlds, wrest the secret of an evil enemy's defeat or rescue the doomed souls of loved ones. An entire chapter is devoted to help the Games Master insert Feuerring quickly and easily into his existing campaigns, with ways of infiltration

and escape from its fiery depths, and plot hooks and scenarios to challenge the hardest of adventurers. One way or another, few players will ever forget the adventures they endure in a realm of evil and torment, bringing the only light to be found in its expanses.

'It should not have ended this way,' I solemnly thought to myself. My battered and broken body lay helpless on the battlefield, as ebbs of warm, red blood flowed from my wounds and mingled with the soft earth around me. As consciousness drifted from me, I recalled not the events of my life, but the emotions that I had experienced. Waves of anger, envy and lust coursed through my dying mind, nearly providing me with the elusive strength to rise from my prone position and re-enter the fray around me. Yet, my heaving mass of shattered bones and shredded tissue prevented me from doing so. My fleeting breath fled from my useless body, while my spirit escaped the prison of mortal flesh.

As if awaking from a dream, I found myself adrift in a vast, featureless space, speeding toward a distant light. Although the journey assuredly covered thousands of miles, any sense of time and distance eluded my perception. My pensive spirit, still seething with the vile emotions of my mortal life, rapidly approached the formerly far-off glowing sun. Contrary to my initial belief, the beacon of hope revealed its true nature as a raging circle of flame. Despite the immense distance between its fiery boundaries and myself, a host of ghastly screams and diabolical cracks pierced my terrified ears. I vainly attempted to retreat from the oncoming conflagration, but some irresistible force propelled my flailing spirit headlong into the burning sea of rock and flame.

Even though my intangible form lacked my former physiology, excruciating jolts of pain surged through me, forcing my voice to join the cacophony of anguished screams emanating from all around me. Awash among the ring's swirling tides, I futilely struggled to spare even a finger from the ravaging fire consuming me. As I fought the shifting currents, my emotions again overcame me, deluging my soul with vile thoughts of hate, envy and rage. As my feelings intensified, the roaring embers also increased proportionally. Attempting to understand this strange anomaly, I theorized that perhaps I stoked the flames of this raging inferno. Temporarily buoyed by this idea, I exerted a conscious effort to control the boiling anger bubbling within me. Instead, I discovered that the more I resisted, the greater my agony became.

At that moment, unfathomable fear enveloped me. I accepted the futility of escape, and the absence of any respite from the ceaseless torment. As I internally debated the dilemma, a conclusion leapt to the forefront. I realized that my punishment for a lifetime of sin and depravity was not the crackling fire around me, but the despair begotten by the ring. Hope abandoned my wretched soul, cast into this undying ocean of crackling flames, incarcerating me for all eternity without any chance of pardon.



# FEUERRING — AN OVERVIEW

Clouds of suffocating, noxious gases and blistering heat emanate from the raging conflagration that acts as Hell's first and most formidable defence against intruders. Composed of smouldering cosmic metals and minerals, Feuerring resembles a vast lake of fire, a sharp contrast to the largely featureless space of the Astral Plane that borders it. Feuerring's light extends hundreds of miles into the Astral Plane, yet its heat does not exert its energy even remotely as far. Feuerring also incarcerates and torments the countless souls trapped within its merciless flames. Buffeted by the ring's ever changing currents, the tormented inhabitants of this prison engage in a futile struggle to remain afloat atop the swirling undertow of melting stone and metal.

Adrift upon this sea of molten matter are a number of rocky islands ranging from a few square miles in area to the massive island of Ísjarheim that spans several thousand square miles. Although rugged and inhospitable, many of these islands boast a substantial population of sentient beings. A large collection of powerful entities, including a handful

of deities, dwell within the secluded confines of these titanic barges. Despite the presence of life upon the islands' surface, natural laws do not govern Feuerring. At first glance, the great ring of fire exists as a macabre and twisted anomaly spawned by an unnatural and unknown force at the dawn of time. Further investigation reveals that amidst these paradoxes, Feuerring possesses a strange logic unique unto itself. Throughout the great ring, law reigns supreme, and evil infects its malevolent inhabitants like a festering plague.

Order exists within Feuerring's boundaries simply because an omnipotent being or group of beings wills it to exist. The source of Feuerring's flames does not originate within the physical world, but emanates from the wretched spirits consigned to its horrific depths. Hell's mighty flames are the palpable manifestation of its inhabitants' vile emotions. Feuerring transforms its occupants' rage, fear, anger, jealousy, lust, hatred and wrath from an intangible sensation into a tangible energy. Cursing one's condition within Feuerring's flames of woe only intensifies the flames around.

The multitude of Feuerring's islands essentially obey the same principle but with a few nuances of their own. Unlike the incorporeal spirits engulfed by Feuerring's flames, the entities controlling

each island craft an immortal, yet material, body for all new inhabitants of their particular island. All native beings died at some indeterminate time on the Material Plane. However, some beings distinguished themselves during their lifetimes warranting pardon from Feuerring's perpetual pain. The vast majority of beings achieve this goal through a lifetime of tireless dedication and sacrifice to their patron deity, while others obtain immortality by embracing evil, drawing the lustful attention of one of the island's omnipotent beings. Upon their death on the Material Plane, the decedent's soul merges with the energy that permeates the plane, with its new corporeal body taking the shape of a small, violent funnel cloud. Resembling

