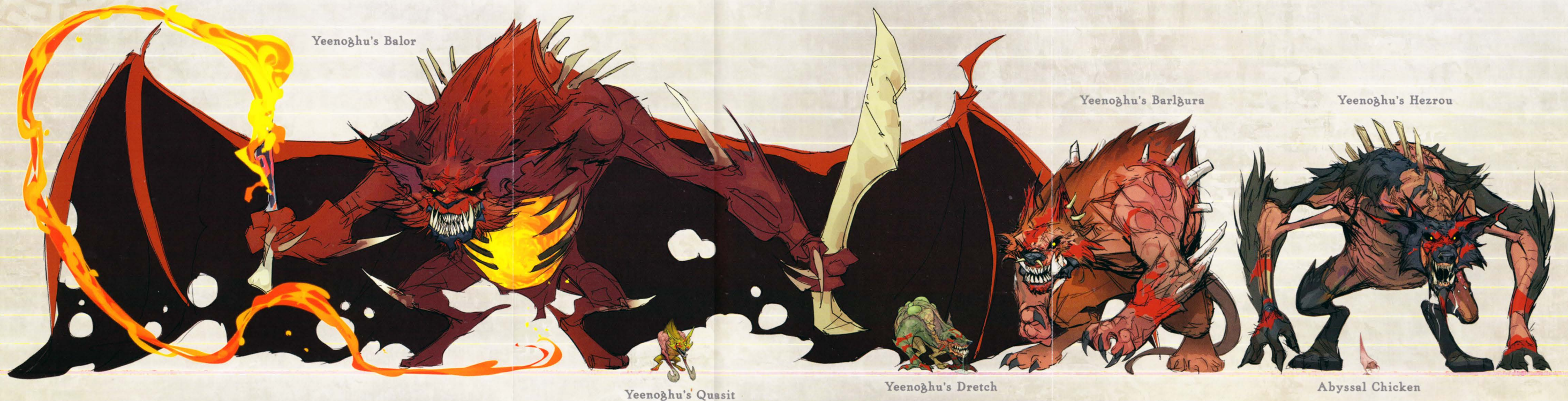






HORDE of DEMONS



LEGION of DEVILS





Avernus

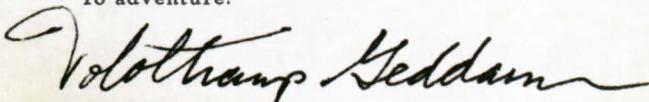


Dear Reader,

It is I, Volothamp Geddarm, bringing tales from the infernal realms! To enter the Nine Hells, one must be foolish, unfortunate, nefarious, or fearless. (Needless to say, I am the last of these). Whether you enter the plane of Avernus—the first layer of the Nine Hells—via magical portal, the amnesic River Styx, or a fantastical climb through a World Tree, peril awaits!

Here you hold my accounts describing fiends both diabolical and demonic, who rampage across Avernus and wage the eternal Blood War upon one another. Allow this journal be a warning to stay tucked up, safe in your fluffy bed. Let Volo take the risks and suffer the diabolical consequences of curiosity!

To adventure!



Volothamp Geddarm



·DEVIL·
IMP



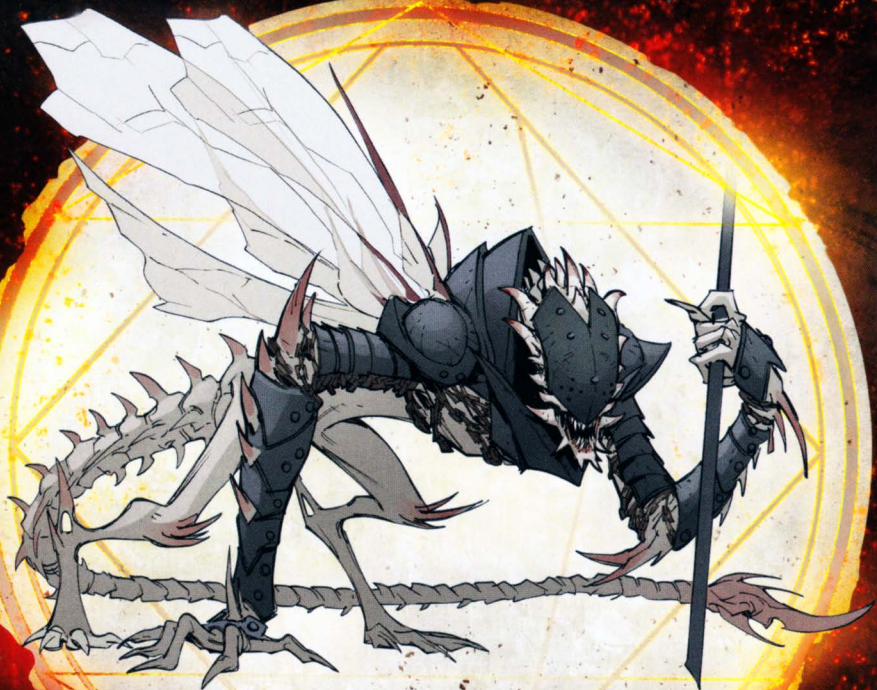
DEVIL IMP

was once offered a wagonload of gold by Pasha el Pesarkhal for discovering a pesky imp that was masquerading as his pet raven.

While entertaining one of the pasha's enchanting daughters, I noticed that the raven kept unlocking its cage and sneaking into the pasha's council chambers.

Clever and schooled in diabolical deviltry as I am, I deduced that the raven was in fact a loathsome imp. When next I spotted the disguised devil hopping away to eavesdrop, I followed and struck the feathered fiend with my hookah pipe. There was much hullabaloo about my entrance, but when they saw the raven turn into a seething soup of fizzing bones and fiendish blood, they knew I had saved them from infernal interloping!

—Volo



DEVIL
BONE DEVIL



DEVIL

BONE DEVIL

one devils (or as we learned to call them, osyluths) intimidate most adventurers with their deadly claws and fearsome, skeletal visages. Why would I seek out such a monster, you ask? Well, dear reader, I heard whispers of an ambitious chef who bargained with Mephistopheles for the power to cook unlike any other.

Being a fearless gourmand, I had to find this chef and taste all her dishes firsthand. When at last I tracked her down, I discovered an osyluth guarding the chef's chamber. Now, most would balk at this point, but not your humble chronicler! With a cunning plan, I tricked the devil out of the keys to this most wondrous kitchen.

To this day, the best meal I've ever had was in the Nine Hells!

—Volo



DEVIL
PIT FIEND



DEVIL PIT FIEND

The main thing to remember when confronting a pit fiend is to stand your ground, and to never blubber and grovel before them (they love that).

Plant your feet firmly, set your gaze on theirs, and watch them back right down. Of course, my reputation precedes me throughout the Nine Hells, so when fiends find themselves facing Volothamp Geddarm, they naturally take pause. Another trick is to never call a pit fiend by their name. Their overblown monikers are crafted to sound intimidating or grand, and thus mocking these names quite disarms them.

If a pit fiend is called Belzabulus, try calling it Boolaybubblepus, just to show you're not interested in their silly games of servitude. You'll have it eating out of your hand!

—Volo



·DEVIL·
HORNED DEVIL



DEVIL

HORNED DEVIL

he horned devil (malebranche to us learned souls) is the most slothful and cowardly of devils, thanks to its lofty position in the infernal hierarchy.

I once met one when I crossed the path of a zulkir of Thay. This zulkir was mid-tantrum about how I had destroyed his carefully laid plans to rule over Turmish. I paid no mind to his raving, but then his malebranche puppet master appeared in a poof of sulfurous smoke to "strip the skin off my face and drink the blood from my eye sockets."

Of course, it takes more than idle threats to rattle me. Rather than dignify such a speech with a response, I had my trusty teleportation ring spirit me away to a lovely tropical island.

—Volo



·DEVIL·
SPINED DEVIL



DEVIL

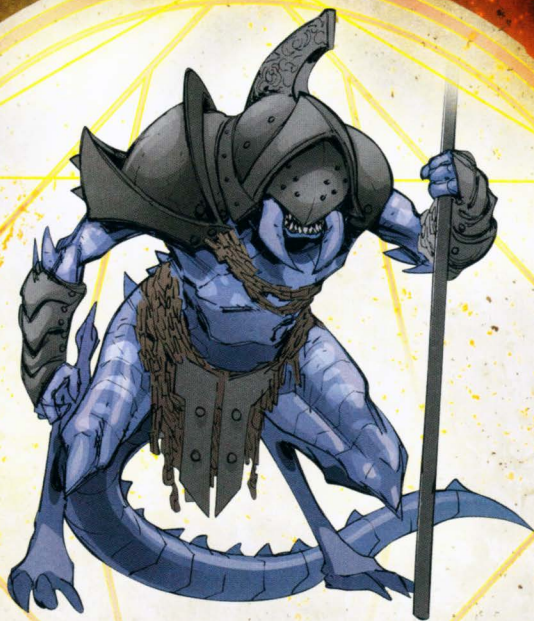
SPINED DEVIL

ave I told you of when I traveled to the Chasm of Fate to find the lost tomb of Golgarath?

Long story short, I wound up at the edge of a sheer cliff over a fiery lake surrounded by flapping spined devils. Now, spined devils aren't the most powerful of fiends, but they can be troublesome in numbers.

As I cracked the magical seal on a jar of hurricanes I had borrowed, I heard an ungodly roar of wind. When I opened my eyes, not only had the devils been sent shrieking to who knows where, but the force of the wind had scoured the chasm walls and revealed the tomb's entrance. Nothing stays lost if Volo seeks it!

—Volo



·DEVIL·
ICE DEVIL

DEVIL

ICE DEVIL



was in Avernus observing a legion of devils preparing for a demonic onslaught. A portal had opened on the River Styx, but for some reason no demons had come pouring through it, and the devils were nervously awaiting the inevitable attack.

Their commander was a *geluḡon* (known to common folk as an ice devil), and it was chittering Infernal commands when the demons finally burst forth in a jabbering horde of murderous mayhem.

The demons made a mad dash straight for the *geluḡon*, and for all its strength and cunning, it didn't last long. The horde tore it to pieces, and its parts were subsequently devoured by a flock of Abyssal chickens.

—Volo



·DEVIL·
ERINYES



DEVIL ERINYES

o there I was, in chains, hanging over a pit of lava (which singed my moustache, adding injury to insult). I must confess, dear reader, that when in the presence of great beauty, I tend to lose the ability to recognize even the most basic facts.

So it was that I forgot the merciless cruelty of all erinyes and walked directly into this one's trap. (In my defense, erinyes are easily mistaken for angels.) I could have kicked myself—had I not been wrapped in chains—for being so easily duped by the devil's flashing eyes and tender words.

If it wasn't for my rescue by Sabra, a paladin of great power, I would have had to resort to crude threats!

—Volo



DEVIL
BEARDED DEVIL



DEVIL

BEARDED DEVIL

aving explored the Nine Hells, I must say that the barbazu (or bearded devil) is the most likely of devils to be vulgar and ill mannered.

I have found them to be altogether uninterested in matters of culture and topics that require any modicum of sophistication, their attention reserved entirely for their desperate path of carnage. But, once bound through deed or deal, their manner is entirely changed, transforming them into epitomes of grim guardians. Don't grow lax, though. Many a summoner has met a beard-snarled end after forgetting their steward was a tempest of infernal rage.

Let the barbazu be a warning, dear readers: don't turn your back on evil!

—Volo



·DEVIL·
BARBED DEVIL



DEVIL

BARBED DEVIL

While awaiting an audience with Glasya—one of the more charming of the archdevils—I had the opportunity to observe her retinue of barbed devils.

These devils (also known as hamatulas) are extremely furtive and filled with mistrust. Sitting amid their sneering and whispering, I noticed that one of them had skewered an assortment of small creatures on its spines. Often, when it paused in verbally berating its comrades, it would absentmindedly pull one of these pathetic corpses off a spine to gnaw on it, as if to add emphasis to its point.

As an inveterate traveler, I now play a game with myself while wandering among the worlds of the Material Plane—predicting who shall become a hamatula!

—Volo



·DEVIL·
CHAIN DEVIL



DEVIL

CHAIN DEVIL

he kytons, or chain devils, are depraved beyond measure, and terrifying to behold—at least to those not made of the stuff of herœs.

Facing such fiends tested even my own iron fortitude. Suffice to say that kytons are to be avoided at all costs—that is, unless you are a paragon of goodness and virtue intent on sending such abominations back to the pits from whence they came.

I dearly hope that these journals I have written inspire a heroic spark within all my readers, so that they may rise up to eradicate evil in all its forms. Hold fast to goodness and make merry, dear readers, for enjoying the pleasures of a righteous life dispels the seeds of wickedness!

—Volo



· DEMON ·
BALOR



DEMON BALOR

ome have said that I suffer from an inflated sense of self-importance, but when you're known throughout the multiverse as a man of daring, what can you do but live and let live?

I must admit, however, that my incorrigible derring-do has gotten me in hot water on more than a few occasions, worst of all when I ran afoul of the balor Gurbloxitrox.

Let it be known that I only pretended to run in terror from him—all part of my master plan to lure him into the Caverns of Calisto, where I knew he would fall through the ice and cause the cave to collapse in on him!

—Volo



· DEMON ·
DRETCH



DEMON DRETCH

tupid, smelly, and grotesque to behold, dretches are among my least favorite creatures.

Although I believe that evil spawned by the Abyss is unworthy of pity, I must confess, that I can't help but feel a pang of sorrow for the dretch. To be a dretch is a terrible fate indeed, as every dretch exists as a weakling within a slobbering mob of demons ruled solely by savagery and strength. Because of this, the dretch is condemned to an eternity of futility and frustration.

Dretches' only hope is to mill about in mobs, bully as many weaker victims as they can, and follow orders from their demon lord. A mercy, then, to be slain by Volothamp Geddarm!

—Volo



· DEMON ·
QUASIT



DEMON

QUASIT

hough cut from the same fiendish cloth as all the other demons, quasits are somehow more agreeable than most demonkind.

Perhaps it's their diminutive size, or maybe they were created in some area of the Abyss where the evil and chaos weren't as strong. I've met many quasits in my time, and although they're usually noisy and foul-tempered, there are the occasional individuals who are quite entertaining, affable, and intelligent.

What brings a mortal to accept a quasit's services is beyond me, but should you meet a quasit, give it the benefit of the doubt! Take it from Volo—not all Abyssal spawn are fit for the paladin's sword.

—Volo



· DEMON ·
HEZROU



DEMON HEZROU

he multiverse is beautiful beyond imagination, and I would love to take all my readers to the chromatic hidden waterfalls in the mountain passes of Oerth, or the dreaminḡ lakes I have sailed in Brun, or the little-known singinḡ sands of Athas.

Yet beauty benefits from contrast, and thus I would be remiss to omit the most awful thinḡ our mind-boḡḡlinḡly vast multiverse has to offer: the stench of the hezrou.

Believe me when I say that the thick, almost tangible smell of rotting offal seems more akin to a field of spring flowers when compared to the watery flatulence and revolting dermal discharges of the hezrou. Once you've smelled their stink, you never forget it—no matter how hard you might wish to.

—Volo



· DEMON ·
BARLGURA



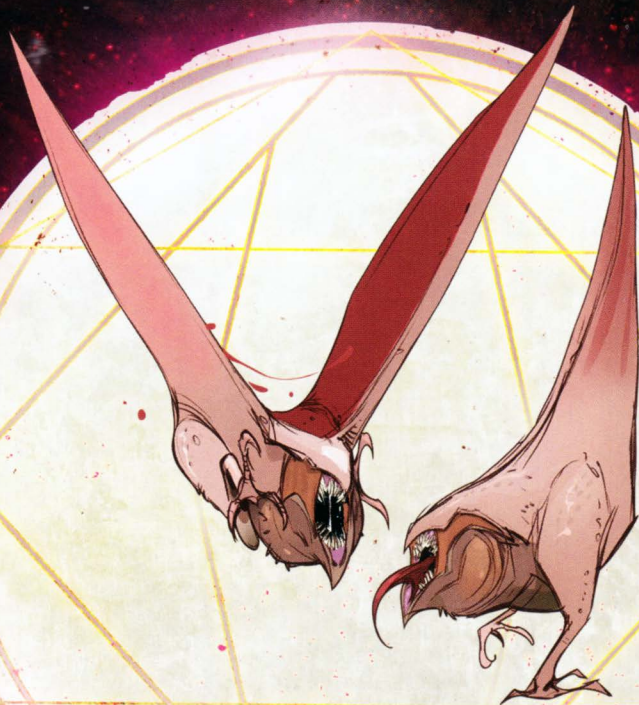
DEMON

BARLGURA

ome say the barlguras have always wandered the Abyss, causing their horrendous carnage, yet I've long held my own theories about how these foul entities came to be. Given their bestial shapes, I posited that they were likely the result of the Abyss warping errant apes that wound up in the demonic realms.

In search of corroboration, I went to Candlekeep to research the topic. With a jolt of wonder—but not surprise—I discovered descriptions of barlguras of distinctly unsimian mean. Those in the service of the Beast of Butchery, Yeenoghu, for example, take on feral hyena-like or wolfish aspects. Moreover, it seems all demonkind might contort to the preferences of their fickle demonic lords (inspiring my illuminator's grim musing on Yeenoghu's brood throughout this record). Truly the Abyss holds no end of terrible marvels!

—Volo



· DEMON ·
ABYSSAL CHICKEN



ABYSSAL CHICKEN

I'll never forget the first time I saw an Abyssal chicken. Such fiendish fowl stream out of the Abyss into Avernus during demonic incursions so as to scavenge infernal corpses after the onslaught ends.

The chickens gorge themselves in a frenzy, bloating up to twice their normal size, before waddling back to the Abyss like triumphant pirate ships filled with plunder.

Having captured one despite its swift and cantankerous nature, I managed to soothe it with some salt pork, finding that it tolerated being held and even enjoyed scratches on its meaty body. Yet its docility was short-lived, and within moments it reverted back to its demonic nature and sought to devour my tiefling guide.

—Volo

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS

IN AVERNUS

d20 Description

- 01 A 20-foot-tall basalt monolith comprised of animated stone faces and bodies that moan and writhe.
- 02 A 200-foot-tall, 150-foot-wide wrought-iron archway that reads, "Avernus Welcomes All" in all languages.
- 03 A white gazebo 30 feet across and 15 feet tall, with a pointed top.
- 04 A 15-foot by 15-foot wide by 5 inches thick wall of opaque, black liquid. Any one looking into it sees a smirking, fiendish reflection of themselves.
- 05 A banquet table covered with food and drink fit for a king. Upon closer inspection, each morsel has a tiny face. Although they smell terrific and are perfectly delicious, all of them scream and blubber when eaten.
- 06 A carved stone pedestal with a wrought-iron lever atop it. If the lever is pulled, the party hears an elaborate whirring and clunking sound, followed by a faint, distant scream, but nothing else appears to happen.
- 07 A random character is repeatedly contacted via the *sending* spell by extraplanar salespeople from across the multiverse about pledge drives, deals on wagons, vacation timeshares, and life insurance. This effect only lasts while in Avernus.
- 08 A pile of 23 severed angel wings. Some of them still twitch.
- 09 A life-sized, 3-walled room that looks like it's from a dollhouse living room, complete with a sofa, a low table, and chairs, all lit by a fireplace. If adventurers sit there for more than 5 minutes, they must each succeed on a DC 15 Constitution save or be turned into dolls for 24 hours. Casting *remove curse* breaks the spell.
- 10 Twenty **imps** combing through a battlefield littered with devil corpses for their master, Mammon.

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS

IN AVERNUS (CONT.)

d20 Description

- 11 A grumbling **spined devil** stands before a 10-foot-by-10-foot wall of iron covered in round holes. The spined devil has a basket of square iron pegs and is furiously whipping a number of captives, who desperately try to jam pegs into the holes.
- 12 A 30-foot-tall hill of skulls of various humanoid races.
- 13 The cracked rib bones of some unknown monster stick out of the dust and soar 100 feet overhead.
- 14 Ten lines of **spined devils**, each line four miles long, stretches into the distance. The devils all groan and grumble as they move slowly toward a slab where a **barbed devil** tells them to go to the end of the next line. At the end of the last line, the spined devils are branded and released.
- 15 A 50-foot-tall colossal head of some ancient petrified giant.
- 16 An iron placard standing next to a scorched chasm a mile deep. The placard—etched in Infernal—reads, “This marks the site where Wilberto the Witty taunted Tiamat for the last time.”
- 17 A 2-foot-tall wooden doll cries soundlessly, staining its tattered clothes. Its paint is faded and chipped. If a character picks the doll up, it magically animates and follows that character until it is destroyed or the character dies.
- 18 A charred corpse lies balled at the bottom of a 20-foot-deep crater. If the body’s brittle arms are broken away, singed pages fall forth. These parchments comprise a chapter of the *Demonomicon of Iggrwilv* detailing the Abyssal realm of Pazunia.
- 19 A mass of three thousand **lemures** whose groans can be heard from miles away.
- 20 A small flotilla of five longships, complete with oars and tattered sails, lies beached on the barren plains, covered in dust.

TRINKETS ONE FINDS

IN AVERNUS

d20 Description

- 01 A 5-inch-long duck carved out of wood. A message on the under-side reads, "For Mildred, my plucky duckling." If the word "Mildred" is spoken within 100 feet of the duck, it quacks.
- 02 A slender steel cylinder with a sheet of parchment inside that reads, "Like a lobster in a pot, you think you're safe, but you are not / Because the water you are in, is all your greed and all your sin."
- 03 A human skull that constantly mutters and complains.
- 04 A thin bone whistle. If blown in the Nine Hells, it has a 50% chance of summoning a **bone devil**.
- 05 A vulpine doll's head that whispers ways you're going to die.
- 06 A 2-foot-long feather. A character who succeeds at a successful DC 20 Arcana check can identify it as having come from an erinyes.
- 07 A silver locket containing an image of a beautiful person. Whoever looks at the image must succeed at a DC 15 Wisdom save or become obsessed with finding this person. The spell can be broken by *remove curse*.
- 08 A withered human hand. The hand has a symbol of Torm tattooed on it.
- 09 An ashtray made from an imp skull.
- 10 A small toboggan with the name "Rosebud" painted on it.

TRINKETS ONE FINDS

IN AVERNUS (CONT.)

d20 Description

- 11 An 8-inch-long iron fang.
- 12 A waterskin that appears to be full of cool water is actually full of dust. Succeeding on a DC 20 Wisdom (Insight) check allows you to see through the illusion. A *dispel magic* spell breaks the illusion.
- 13 A music box that plays a diabolical melody. **Imps** find the music irresistible—any imp who hears it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom check or cavort uncontrollably to the rousing tune.
- 14 A brochure about vacations in Malbolge. The brochure has a ready-to-sign deal: “For the price of your soul, you get an eternal view of the Torture Labyrinths. Rules and restrictions may apply.”
- 15 An eyeball carved out of wood and inlaid with metal and glass.
- 16 A 1-foot-diameter iron bowl ornamented with infernal designs reminiscent of a five-headed dragon.
- 17 An iron ring with the symbol of Zariel on it. It magically fits anyone who puts it on.
- 18 An iron bell 8 inches tall and 5 inches in diameter, etched with infernal symbols.
- 19 A child’s rattle that looks like Asmodeus. When shaken, it emits countless tiny screams.
- 20 A tattered, leather-bound book written in Infernal, titled “How to Get Ahead.”

The inhabitants of the Nine Hells make much of their clangorous tongue, a language they claim to be among the oldest and most efficient in all the multiverse. (Though, to my ear, devil speech has all the music of a slate sailing ship crashing upon a coast of broken teeth.)

Lack of poetry aside, there's evil elegance to diabolical script and soul-saving virtue to understanding a diabolical contract's every word. Thus, for what I assure you are righteous ends, I've provided twenty-six common Infernal characters—the barest primer on the nuance-mired lexicon of the Nine Hells.

However, I warn you, there's much to be lost should you speak aloud or even summon to mind the corrupt words of fiends. Proceed with utmost caution, doughty linguists!

—Volo

Das Buchstaben ABCD EFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

A a B b C c D d E e F f

A a B b C c D d E e F f

G g H h I i J j K k L l

G g H h I i J j K k L l

M m N n O o P p Q q R r

M m N n O o P p Q q R r

S s T t U u V v W w X x

S s T t U u V v W w X x

Y y Z z 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Y y Z z 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

