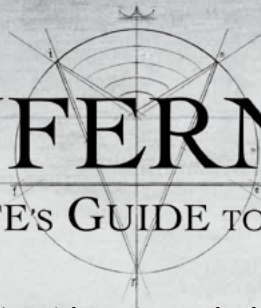


INFERNO

DANTE'S GUIDE TO HELL

Dante's Guide to Hell is the player's manual for Inferno, using the fifth edition of the world's most popular tabletop role-playing game and inspired by the imagery and setting created by Dante Alighieri for the Divine Comedy.

This volume can be read and consulted by all players. To play the game, you will also need the Guide's manual, Virgilio's Untold Tales.



INFERNO

DANTE'S GUIDE TO HELL

Inferno is an Acheron Games role-playing game.

Samuel Marolla

Project Management

Daniela Biubellini

Cover and Main Artist

Masa

Editor-in-chief

Daniela Biubellini, Vincenzo Praticò, Gustave Doré

Art

Two Little Mice

Quickstart Design and Development

Fabio Porfidia

Maps, Art and Sheet

Mauro Longo, Two Little Mice and Thomas Mazzantini

Text

Epic Party Games

Ruleset Development

Dante Alighieri and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Additional Lyrics

Antonio D'Uchille, Matteo Ceresa and Carolina Pindri

Graphics and Layout

Andrea Macchi and Massimiliano Castellani (Epic Party Games)

Ruleset First Draft

Marco Bertini

Ruleset Final version

John Marron

English Editing

Alex Valente and Fiorenzo Delle Rupi

English translators

**Simone Borri, Sebastiano De Angelis, Filippo Fusi
and Marco Bertini**

Proofreading

**Federico "il Paladaino" Coi, Nick "Taco" Crudo, Enrico
"E4R" Fortunato Codino and the entire crew of Venti di Ruolo**

Playtest, Text and Ruleset Review

Giulio Grassia, Roberto Gaslini, Abel Martin Bettucchi "Aberion", Mauro Bernardi, Alessandro "Mespes", Bicio, Daniele Caracchi - "Revel Tales", Deborah "Lilith" Carta, Don DM, Mattia Frioli, Alberto Galbiati - "Revel Tales", Alberto "Zen" Marucci, Alessandro Maurri, Roberto Parodi "donRoby", Sabino "RekXus" Pellecchia, Lorenzo "Maedemius" Procida, Daniele Solfrini di "Revel Tales", Luca Tosi

Playtest and other contributions



Inferno is entirely based on Dante Alighieri's work, written in Italy in the 1300s, and contains a variety of ethical and cultural notions which belong to that specific context. The view of the world, of reality, and of religion contained within these manuals does not represent that of the authors, nor is it the aim of this publication to promote these views, but rather, to produce a precise study and presentation of the fictional elements of the Commedia.

Before playing the game, it is crucial for all players to read through the materials for Inferno, and for them to understand that sins, vices, virtues, and other similar game elements are entirely relative, fictionalized concepts, and that they are valid only for the purposes of the game. If there are elements of any religious, ethical, moral, or social beliefs contained within that are uncomfortable or disturbing to any of the players, we explicitly recommend leaving them blurred or veiled, or removing them entirely from gaming sessions. If the players believe it necessary, said elements can also be a source of discussion for an introductory session, during which suitable guidelines and safety tools can also be established.



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Preface

WHAT WOULD ITALY BE WITHOUT DANTE?

What would Italian culture, our language, our literature be today if seven hundred years ago Durante (Dante to his friends) Alighieri hadn't existed, with his love of the vulgar tongue, his poetic sensibilities, his prophetic and prodigious vision?

The *Divine Comedy* today is universally acknowledged as one of the most important works of literature of all time, a cornerstone of the Western canon, and one of the most important accounts of medieval civilization, and it is studied and known in every corner of the world.

The power which the *Commedia*, and 'Inferno' specifically, holds over the imagination does not require any introduction from us: there is no description of the Western after-world that does not owe something to what Dante created or reworked. Even contemporary movies, comics, novels, videogames, and interactive entertainment confirm how that blazing portent has yet to cease inspiring creators.

After all, Dante had not chosen to write inaccessible, high-register stanzas for learned members of the Church, but rather stories in the vulgar tongue, in order to reach the common people, who would attend his readings much like we might do with a concert.

Combining this pillar of world culture with the greatest role-playing game of all time is, truly, an honor and a privilege.

Our approach has been methodical, philological, detailed, and aided by experts, researchers, and professionals of both literature and game design, and we have begun a journey through Hell, following the tracks of Dante and Virgilio, which adds (nor subtracts) nothing to the genius of the original poem, but does transform the unparalleled tercets of the *Commedia* into an entirely new journey.



What we here at Two Little Mice and Acheron Games have tried to create is an entirely new experience, a blend never seen before, a gaming experience which brings the players – and not only Italian ones – back to the visionary realms that Dante had committed to paper seven centuries ago.

We are the Lost Ones in the Dark Forest, this time.

It is up to our travelers, this time, to cross the Acheronte, look upon the air without a star, and board the ferry of Caron Dimonio with his ember eyes.

In Dante's year, the seven-hundredth anniversary of the death of the Poet, here is our tribute in celebration of two pillars of our contemporary culture. Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang; Ye were not made to live like unto brutes, But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge.

INFERNAL ANNOTATIONS

In this manual and in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*, you will find several annotations such as this one, which serve as further exploration of certain themes and concepts presented in the game.

The Divine Comedy

*Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
for the straightforward pathway had been lost.*

*Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say
what was this forest savage, rough, and stern,
which in the very thought renews the fear.*

*So bitter is it, death is little more;
but of the good to treat, which there I found,
speak will I of the other things I saw there.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO I, 1-9



Dante Alighieri was not only a poet, inspiring generations of writers to come. His **Divina Commedia** hides much more than what is obvious on the surface.

Do not be deceived, these lines and rhymes are not the fruit of the art and labor of a single man. Dante was not a lost traveler, at all... He was an exile of two worlds, one a mirror of the other. Just like you and I.

I have spent my youth seeking for answers re-siding between his lines, and now everything is finally clear. What Dante left us is not a simple allegory, nor a comedy, nor an epic.

It is a Guide.

A Guide for those who want to reach the Dark Forest and venture where not even the dead can rest.

A Guide to Hell.

I warn you, the journey upon which you are about to embark is long and perilous. Once you have crossed the threshold of the Eternal Gate, you may no longer come back. You must abandon all hope, and hope itself will leave you, falling through your fingers, step by step, no matter what you do.

Heed my advice, traveler: close this book and feed it to the flames where it belongs. There in the heart of the Earth, where the Lord cast Lucifer, you will find nothing but despair and the desire to die once more. There is nothing for the living among the eternal flames.

I know that my words will not stop you. Even I try stopping this hand of mine tracing ink on paper and I cannot. You and I are the same, traveler, our desire for knowledge is itself a sin. Very well. We shall share these pages and the dim, flickering light of a single candle. Together, we shall descend where the sky bears no stars and fire burns cold.

THEMES AND ATMOSPHERES OF INFERNO

Inferno isn't just a setting, but rather the attempt to create a unique and deeply affecting experience. We ask that players abandon not only hope, but also all preconceived notions; try approaching this manual with an open heart and mind, and a willingness to be surprised. Cast aside the quest for the strongest combinations, the rarest artifacts, and the glory of defeating the strongest enemies. The experience we are offering you, should you choose to play, is more elegant and requires some finesse and commitment.

The greatest enemy, after all, will be yourself.

It is often said that the hardest step to take is the first: this is not true.

Where we are going, each step will be harder than the last, each Circle will be tighter and increasingly hostile. The only thing decreasing will be hope, hope to return the light. Your only comfort will be this book.

Dante Alighieri's lines hold the knowledge of the only one who has traveled to Hell and returned to tell the tale. If there is hope to follow his path, be certain that it is hiding among these pages. Each step will be harder than the last. The first is undoubtedly the easiest. All it takes to find the Eternal Gate is to lose your way.

But fear not, traveler: if you are reading these words, it is very likely you are already, in your own way, lost...



The Divine Comedy

Between 1304 and 1321, the poet Dante Alighieri was in exile, away from his beloved Florence.

In those years, he wrote an epic, an unrivaled masterpiece which we call *La Divina Commedia*, or simply the *Commedia*.

The *Commedia* is composed of three Canticles, each containing thirty-three Cantos, except the first, which counts thirty-four – though this additional one is considered the opening to the entire epic. Each Canto, in turn, is divided into more than a hundred hendecasyllabic lines arranged in rhyming tercets.

Three Canticles of thirty-three tercet Cantos.

These are not casual numbers, traveler. The symbols and allegories which Dante has hidden in his masterpiece are innumerable, and they are the key to his mysterious journey. A dangerous and solitary journey which, in 1300, brought him to lose his way in the Dark Forest and ascend to the summit of Paradise.

The first of the *Commedia*'s three Canticles is *Inferno*; this is where your journey begins and where I will guide you, with this book.

The Hell which Dante describes in *Inferno* is a vast, endless, eternal place which groups the lost souls – those who have strayed far from God and did not repent before death – and their jailers into nine Circles. A place with one way in, and one way out...

TRAVELERS AND GUIDE

In *Inferno*, players will be taking on the role of travelers, whether Lost Ones or otherwise, as they find themselves traversing Hell, from the Eternal Gate to the bottom of the abyss, and we will be referring to them as travelers. Similarly, the GM will take on the role of the Guide sent to the travelers by the Lord (or other powers), and is also very present in the game with this role and this title. When we talk about the Guide, then, we will be referring both to the narrator, arbiter, and facilitator – the player at the same table as the others – and to the Guide who appears in the game and leads the travelers to their destination.

Together, the Guide, the Lost Ones and the other travelers who could join them is called the Brigade, and the itinerary they make is their Journey: the long series of episodes and encounters detailed in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*.

Our journey will cross Dante's Hell, but it will not necessarily end there, and there may very well be other worlds for our travelers to explore.

A warning, traveler: Dante was able to cross these Otherworldly places as a silent witness, protected by the unstoppable force of Divine Providence.

We will have no such advantage.







Chapter I

Lost Ones



On the Nature of the Lost Ones

The Eternal Gate which leads to Hell is located within a Dark Forest. This sad and terrifying place can usually only be found by souls burdened with sin, on their way to atone for their lives.

There are others, however, who are able to access it, usually through having a mission to complete, and who end up lost in the Forest.

Even Dante Alighieri, who had the strength to cross the infernal chasm from end to end, was unable to remember how he reached the Dark Forest. Was it a dream? A vision? A mystical journey completed with his astral body only? Or a real adventure, in a world beyond the world? He called himself a Lost One, and nothing could be closer to the truth. If every living person's life is like a path unavoidably leading to death, those who reach the afterlife without dying must inevitably be lost.

Whoever you may be in your world, whatever you might do to reach Hell, as you step into the Dark Forest, you become a **Lost One**: a mortal being who can only rely on their **Hope** and a spark of **Divine Inspiration**.

A Lost One is any living creature who reaches Hell before their death, and who can only hope to make it back out of it.

Hope, not expect.

And if I were you, I would not hope too much...

PLAYING A LOST ONE

In *Inferno – Dante's Guide to Hell*, players will create their first level Traveler, ideally choosing the Lost One origin (or, more appropriately, their nature) and one of the Archetypes presented in this manual. After that, they will start their Journey in the Dark Forest and follow the introductory adventure's path, all of which can be found in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*.

Playing a Lost One is the best approach to fully engage with the world of *Inferno*, and the closest to Dante's text: we strongly recommend it for players who would like to experience the Journey in its purest form and follow most closely the campaign's plot. .

Semblance

As a Lost One, you are effectively a human, and your appearance varies depending, usually, on your earthly origin: features, skin color, hair color, eye color, flaws and qualities, sex, gender, age, and complexion.

Should you look into the Dark Forest pond, or the black waters of Acheronte, and fail to recognize yourself, do not be afraid. Your features can be exactly the same as they were in the material world, before finding yourself in Hell, or they could have altered due to your vices, virtues, and sins; your semblance, after all, is but an allegory of what your earthly nature was, finally taken on once you reach the Dark Forest.

Fear not, I am not here to judge you.

Not I.

As long as they still have Hope, a Lost One is still technically alive, they have a physical body, a weight, a tangible physicality. Remember this: unlike the Dolorous People you will meet, you still cast a shadow; if you step on the ground, you leave a print behind.

And the infernal beasts can sniff you out.

What you were before you were Lost is not particularly of import, at least not as you begin your journey.

I imagine you must have been a human male or female or what have you, of our world, from an age later than that of Dante, such as I.

The Lost Ones usually remember their name and family, their origin and their tasks, their dilemmas, and fragments of their life before becoming Lost.

Do not be afraid if many details are missing: most of your past and your earthly knowledge will feel confused and muddled, once you step

into the Dark Forest. Special encounters and characters you might recognize during your journey will bring back memories and further details. After all, the route you will take is both physical and spiritual.

Before you became a Lost One, however, you may have been of any race, time, or known world, as far as I am concerned.

After all, it matters not: once you reach Hell, none of it matters. A traveler who becomes lost in the Dark Forest immediately loses any status, level, position, or career held up until then; they take on the semblance of a human and the features of their archetype, and their nature becomes that of a Lost One.

What this means and what effects it has will be explained further, as we proceed...



New Race: The Lost One

*I heard on all sides lamentations uttered,
and person none beheld I who might make them,
whence, utterly bewildered, I stood still.*

*I think he thought that I perhaps might think
so many voices issued through those trunks
from people who concealed themselves for us;*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XIII, 22-27

The Lost One is a new “race”, or rather nature, of characters intentionally created for ***Inferno – Dante’s Guide to Hell***.

As mentioned previously, a Lost One is nothing more than the mystical and visionary projection of a common mortal into the otherworldly planes: it is not fully solid matter, nor is it fully an immaterial apparition. The Lost One is a true manifestation of a living corporeal being in the netherworld: their semblance has changed, their mind is primed to perceive and comprehend the unknowable reality of unrealities around them, their memories are obfuscated but ready to reappear with every restored bond. And yet, they are the same person, someone who can still feel hunger and thirst, pain and joy, suffering and instincts, feelings and passions.

Whether this is a dream world, an astral projection, or an internal hallucination, remains an unknowable mystery – it is so willed there where is power to do that which is willed, and farther question not.

THE CHARACTER BEHIND THE LOST ONE

Pay particular attention to one thing: the Lost One is not the projection of the player into Dante’s Hell, but rather the “lost” version of a *player* character – one that exists in their own reality, in whatever plane of whatever imaginary (or not) world they originate from.

Players and the Guide can spend time together during the introductory session to establish what this world might be: our present time, an alternate reality, a fantasy setting – established or created from scratch – which all players know.

For example, all characters might be from the Forgotten Lands, or dwellers of the Macabre Renaissance, space colonizers from Urania, or international wanted felons hiding in Santa Latitanza. When the game begins, however, each of these characters takes on the qualities of a Lost One in the Dark Forest, burdened with vices and virtues, their memories hazy, and with appearances tied to their individual sins.

This is when the game truly begins, and the role that players inhabit is that of their Lost One, not of whatever character they might have been until then.

Inferno is based on Dante Alighieri’s work, written in Italy in the 1300s, and contains a variety of religious beliefs and views of the world which belong to that specific context, we suggest imagining the Lost Ones’ backgrounds as those of plausible people who could have existed one or two centuries after the creation of the ***Divina Commedia***.

In this way, the worldview that underpins ***Inferno*** will be entirely compatible with that of the Lost Ones being played.

The Journey to Hell and Hope

A Lost One is someone who gets lost and arrives in the Other World, and who must complete their Journey through Hell and other immaterial realms before they are allowed to return to their existence; the risk is that they may never find the straightforward pathway again and remain lost, wandering elsewhere for all eternity.

Not all Travelers are Lost Ones, and many find that there are always those who are ready to join them in their Journey; all Lost Ones are Travelers, however, and must see their mystical Journey through to the end to be able to return to their prior existence.

The Journey is required of the Lost Ones and any deviation or complication can be fatal.

If the path through Hell is not completed before all Hope of the Height is consumed, all will be lost: the Lost One will be left to wander Hell and their earthly shell will be soulless, until the moment of corporeal death. At that point, the soul will take the place of the Lost One and be appointed to its circle, just like one of the Dolorous People it has now become.

Forevermore.

MAGIC AND MATERIAL COMPONENTS

Any material component for a spell without a cost or whose cost is less than 500 gp is not required and can be ignored to cast spells. If a spell requires a material component with a cost of 500 gp or higher, the Guidance, according to the gaming experience they wish to offer to their players, can choose to replace them with one of the following methods:

- The spellcaster gains one exhaustion level.
- The spellcaster loses a number of hit points equal to five times the spell's level.

Lost One Traits

- ◆ **Ability Score Increase.** One ability score of your choice increases by 2, and another ability score of your choice increases by 1.
- ◆ **Age.** Your original character is midway upon the journey of their life.
- ◆ **Alignment.** Lost Ones maintain the alignment of the character they originated from, usually a mortal with several vices and virtues, marked by a major sin.
- ◆ **Size.** Lost Ones can have a wide range of heights and weights. Nonetheless, your size is always Medium.
- ◆ **Speed.** Your base walking speed is 30 feet.
- ◆ **Darkened Step.** A Lost One's past is shrouded in mist and shadows, their memories are vague and hazy, and they can rarely call them back to mind with precision. A Lost One maintains their knowledge and the basic proficiencies to think and act as usual, and they recall any generic knowledge about relevant aspects of daily life. They are also aware of their sins, vices, and virtues. You are proficient in two skills of your choice.
- ◆ **Languages.** You can speak, read, and write all languages you knew before entering the Dark Forest. In addition, all denizens of the otherworldly kingdoms can speak and understand the First Tongue, the one spoken before the Tower of Babel was built, and they all use that language without realizing it.
- ◆ **Lost One Nature.** A Lost One doesn't require air, food, or drink. In addition, a Lost One doesn't require sleep. You can complete a long rest if you spend the same amount of time in an inactive state, during which you rest, but remain conscious.

Blessings of Charity

No two Lost Ones are alike: Each one features unique abilities granted by Divine Charity, which sustains them along with Hope of the Height. Each Lost One gains two minor blessings and one major blessing. You cannot choose the same blessing twice.

Minor Blessings:

- ◆ **Expert.** You are proficient in two skills of your choice.
- ◆ **Darkvision.** Perhaps in order to brave the darkness that awaits them in their fraught and perilous journey, a Dark One has been gifted with superior sight in darkness and in dim light. You can see in dim light within 60 feet of you as if it were bright light, and in darkness as if it were dim light. You can't discern color in darkness, only shades of gray.
- ◆ **Shrewd.** You can take the Disengage or Hide action as a bonus action on each of your turns in combat.
- ◆ **Brave.** You have advantage on saving throws against being frightened.
- ◆ **Relentless Justice.** As a bonus action, you can move a distance up to your speed towards an enemy creature you can see or hear. At the end of this movement, you must be closer than you were to the enemy creature.
- ◆ **Infused Secrets.** Choose one archetype: jester, vicar, pagan, illuminatus, heresiarch, or false prophet. You learn two cantrips of your choice from the spell list of that archetype. Your spellcasting ability for these spells is determined by your chosen archetype: Charisma for jester, heresiarch or false prophet; Wisdom for vicar or pagan; Intelligence for illuminati.
- ◆ **Fleet of Foot.** Your base walking speed increases to 40 feet.

Major Blessings:

- ◆ **Cautious.** You are prudent and circumspect when you act. You have advantage on your initiative rolls.
- ◆ **Stout.** Your hit point maximum increases by 2, and increases by 2 again whenever you gain a level.
- ◆ **Impregnable.** You have resistance to necrotic and radiant damage.
- ◆ **Righteous Fury.** When you damage a creature with an attack or a spell, you can deal extra damage equal to twice your level. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Aegis.** When you fail a saving throw, you can reroll it, and you must use the new roll. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.
- ◆ **Blessed Perk.** You have advantage on all saving throws based on one ability of your choice.

USING LOST ONES IN OTHER SETTINGS

The Lost One “race” was explicitly conceived to be used in the otherworldly settings imagined by Dante Alighieri, but you can also use it in other settings as a human variant.

In this case, a Lost One is meant to be a creature hailing from another reality and stranded in a new world, of which they know little and in which they are lost. Their special traits, especially Blessings, Emblems, Vices and Virtues, are meant to symbolize their *outer* origins, and to give them an advantage to counter their lack of experience in the world they have arrived in.

Other Lost One Traits

Normal names have little or no importance in Hell, and it is possible that you have even forgotten yours when you started your Journey. Everybody knows you as a Lost One, and your companions call you by your Archetype’s title. This is more than enough to begin with. Your name, your appellations, your relatives, and your mortal acquaintances can be revealed as you proceed on your path, when you meet your **Familiar Spirits** (see *Virgilio’s Untold Tales*). If you need to define a name, you can use any typical name from your character’s original culture.

Sex, Gender, Origins. Any traits belonging to your origins and earthly lineage no longer matter when you become a Lost One. Whether you were male or female, when you take on your Archetype’s otherworldly semblance, you acquire the typical appearance of the gender to which they feel they belong.

Height, Weight, and Other Physical Traits. A Lost One’s semblance is symbolic, and all your features, skills and disabilities depend on the Archetype drawn from your sin, whatever your original ones might have been. A short, near-sighted, hunched woman who led a violent and angry life might appear as a huge, towering tyrant. An overweight trader, unable to stand from his chair by himself, but devious and cunning might appear as a slithering figure whose arms are covered with golden asps.

Alignment. Your alignment no longer matters in Hell; if you embark on the Journey as a Lost One, you are burdened by a grave sin, and your flaws, guilt, vices, and virtues are more than enough to define you.



Archetypes

In Hell, a Lost One's powers and weakness are usually defined by their Archetype and their sins, and not by the skills they possessed as a mortal. Thus, a great fighter who fought in the name of a heresy may find out that he has gained the Heresiarch archetype, and may be forced to trade his sword for the power of fire. Similarly, a small and weak man who bullied and cowed his subjects may embody the Tyrant Archetype and loom over the other damned, ensconced in his bloodied cloak.

Each Archetype represents the sin that may sentence a Lost One to rot in Hell for all eternity once they actually die.

An Archetype comes with several traits and special features that a Traveler may never get rid of, just as they can never get rid of their Lost One nature or of their semblance.

An Archetype's typical emblems, for instance, will appear on a Traveler as if they were unavoidable, inalienable, and irreplaceable parts of their look. Whoever tries to modify or to remove them would only be trying to deny their own nature, and to self-inflict wounds and mutilations, a practice that would only lead them on a path of pain, death, and loss of Hope.

Playing an Archetype

Before starting their Journey in Hell, each player chooses an Archetype among the twelve described in the following pages. You select an Archetype at 1st level, when entering the Dark Forest. Each Archetype is meant to be used in association with the official listed class, and it modifies the semblance of the Lost One who embodies it.

Inferno's Archetypes represent the classes avail-

able to all players. It is not possible to play any type of class or subclass other than these twelve Archetypes, unless using the variant character types featured in **Virgilio's Untold Tales**.

In terms of mechanics, the choice of an Archetype implies the following:

Equipment. Whatever their look may be, a Lost One has no starting equipment. Their outer look, their outfit, their physical traits are up to the player, but they do not affect gaming mechanics.

Feats. The optional rules concerning feats are not used in **Inferno**.

Infernal Emblems. Every Lost One, and any other type of Traveler in **Inferno**, has three Infernal Emblems depending on their Archetype. They may be considered as magic items, in which the Lost One is proficient, or unique abilities. For example, a False Prophet's emblem (the Lost Warlock Archetype) is an obsidian blade, a magic longsword. A False Prophet gains proficiency in the obsidian blade, even if the warlock class does not normally grant any proficiency in martial weapons.

Some Infernal Emblems grant their users the ability to cast a spell. In this case, the spell is cast at the lowest spell and spellcasting level possible, it does not consume any spell slot from the caster, and it does not require any components. The spell uses its usual casting time, range, and duration, and if it requires concentration, the emblem's user needs to concentrate.

An Infernal Emblem cannot be put aside: It is an integral part of a character's semblance. To destroy or to abandon them amounts to hurting or mutilating themselves. The semblance will turn itself to ash, to reappear fully formed and complete after a few seconds. Still, a Lost One can carry an emblem on their person, or drop

GUIDE – SIN AND PREDESTINATION

Every Lost One is marked by their primary sin, which is directly bound to the Circle, Round, Zone or Region they will be sentenced to haunt by Minosse after their death. When a Lost One visits the specific otherworldly place that they will be sentenced to haunt if they do not atone during their Journey, they will suffer several additional hindrances:

- You have disadvantage on ability checks, saving throws, and attack rolls.
- The cost in Hope Points to Embrace Your Sin, or the ones you lose for any other reason, are doubled.
- You draw the attention of any Infernal Keepers, devils, or other monsters torturing the souls of the sinners in that place. Even the environmental hazards seem to focus on you with uncanny malice.

Because of these features, every Lost One will be severely limited and disadvantaged when traveling through the place that awaits them. They will have to explicitly rely upon their companions to leave that place as soon as possible.

If a Lost One overcomes the trials of their place of punishment and emerges on the other side, they gain Divine Inspiration and regain 1 Glimpse of Hope.

These effects are part of the *Inferno* game experience, but they are only an optional rule. If the Guide deems them too hindering, you can ignore them or warn the player before they enter their foreshadowed circle.

Every Lost One's description explicitly lists which place in Hell they are going to be punished in, and where they will be hindered (also see the table on page 18).

it to the ground next to them to better use their hands or provide a spell's somatic component.

These emblems increase in power and corruption along with their characters, according to the following progression:

5th level. One of the three emblems becomes Tormented.

9th level. A second emblem becomes Tormented, then a Tormented emblem becomes Burned.

13th level. A third emblem becomes Tormented, then a Tormented emblem becomes Burned, then a Burned emblem becomes Damned.

17th level. A Tormented emblem becomes Burned, then one of the two Burned emblems becomes Damned.

When an emblem gains a level, e.g. advancing from Tormented to Burned, it gains one or more additional properties.

Any choice made about an emblem's progression is made by the player controlling the character.

Multiclass. When you gain a new level, you cannot select a class different from that of your Archetype.

Virtues and Vices

Every story, even that of a lost soul, has a beginning and, above all, a background. Your character's virtues and vices reveal those aspects that most characterized your soul before you reached the Infernal Circles. Choosing virtues and vices provides you with important story cues about your character's past identity and what led you to your current condition. The most important questions to ask about your background, virtues, and vices are what led your soul to Hell? What led you to indulge in the sin that defines you in Inferno? What role did your virtuous traits play in your sinful existence? Will you be able to cling to them so as not to succumb to despair? What distinguishes you from those damned who share your capital vice among their sins with no sign of Infernal Emblems whatsoever?

And above all, who or what caused you to end up in Hell while still alive, thus offering you the opportunity to redeem yourself?

The examples featured in this chapter's table include the list of all sins directly connected to each Archetype, along with a list of general examples concerning virtues and vices that may be used as a source of inspiration and roleplaying tips for the players.

Players shouldn't select a background for a Lost One. Each player must select or roll two vices and two virtues that will take the place of their character's background traits. Virtues and vices do not provide any additional elements to define a character, but they can provide Divine Inspiration if a player convincingly roleplays their character and their choices (also see **Playing Divine Inspiration** page 23).

TABLE OF SINS

Archetype	Sin	Punishment
Beast (Lost Barbarian)	Wrath	Fifth Circle
Jester (Lost Bard)	Violence Against Oneself	Second Round of the Seventh Circle
Vicar (Lost Cleric)	Hypocrisy	Sixth Bolgia of the Eighth Circle
Pagan (Lost Druid)	Unbaptized	First Circle
Tyrant (Lost Fighter)	Violence Towards Others	First Round of the Seventh Circle
Serpent (Lost Rogue)	Theft	Seventh Bolgia of the Eighth Circle
Illuminatus (Lost Wizard)	Greed	Fourth Circle
Slave (Lost Monk)	Sloth	Antinferno
Saint (Lost Paladin)	Violence Towards God	Third Round of the Seventh Circle
Exiled (Lost Ranger)	Betrayal of One's Country	Second Region of the Ninth Circle
Heresiarch (Lost Sorcerer)	Heresy	Sixth Circle
False Prophet (Lost Warlock)	Discord	Ninth Bolgia of the Eighth Circle

TABLE OF VIRTUES

d10	Virtues
1	Wisdom. The Lost One is convinced that only knowledge directed by the Lord can lead to absolute truth.
2	Temperance. The Lost One always controls their instincts through their use of reason.
3	Fortitude. The Lost One does not lose courage or back down before difficulty.
4	Justice. The Lost One believes that no one can be above the law.
5	Prudence. The Lost One prefers conciliatory solutions and tries to avoid dangers and threats.
6	Acceptance. The Lost One never doubts the divine plan behind everything.
7	Faith. The Lost One never doubts they have time for redemption.
8	Benevolence. The Lost One tries to help the needy and even the damned whenever possible.
9	Reason. The Lost One believes that it is crucial to know every detail before taking action.
10	Diligence. The Lost One nurtures courage and mental strength.

TABLE OF VICES

d10	Vices
1	Vainglory. The Lost One believes they are better than everyone else and takes credit for everything.
2	Indolence. The Lost One does not confront injustices and does not help companions or those in need.
3	Lechery. The Lost One does not control or attempt to control their desires.
4	Wrath. The Lost One often harbors unjustified hatred towards those who oppose or contradict them.
5	Treachery. The Lost One is used to tricking, conning, and lying, even for no reason.
6	Malice. The Lost One always thinks the worst and trusts no one.
7	Resentment. The Lost One feels jealousy and bitterness toward the successes and privileges of others.
8	Greed. The Lost One steals and accumulates material possessions despite needing for nothing.
9	Disdain. The Lost One considers nothing to be of worth, if not themselves.
10	Ignorance. The Lost One gives no importance to knowledge and reason, and acts on impulse and instinct.



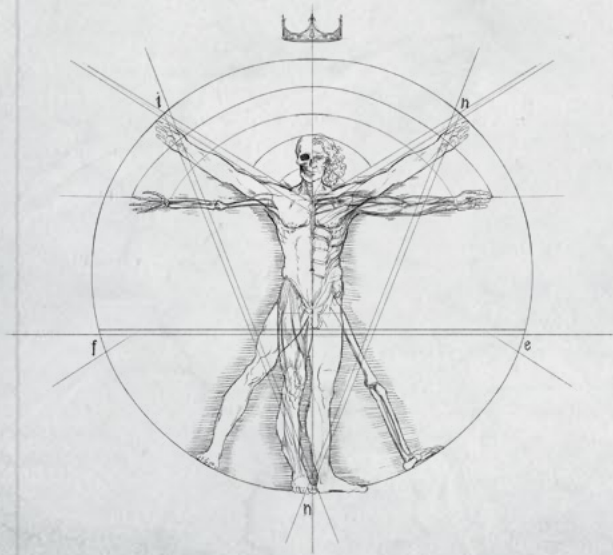
Hope

The Hope of the Height, or “of Heaven”, is a Lost One’s most precious belonging, as they make their journey across Hell, and even for the damned, the indifferent, and the devils held within.

Despite their sins and their allegorical semblance, the Lost Ones are still alive, tangible and corporeal, and cannot really die or fall captive in Inferno, at least as long as the flames of hope of redemption burn within them.

The Lord awaits them, in the Empyrean, and even as they travel across the blackest abyss formed by the Fall of Lucifero, the hope of making it back out, of returning to the material world and being cleansed of their sins, to then gain access to Paradise – that is the flame which feeds them and lights the way.

Even should they be, while in Inferno, torn to pieces by monsters or dismembered by dangers and horrors, their immortal soul and hope will regenerate them. As their material body turns to ash, destroyed by Infernal evils, another is formed from the bitter soil of the Underworld, and they shall return once more to set foot upon it.



This, however, only takes place as long as hope lives within them.

Hell is not made to nurture and keep hope, and all those who enter must, sooner or later, abandon it all, according to the harsh truth carved into the Eternal Gate which leads into the dark realm.

When travelers use some of their powers or emblems, each time they die and come back, each time that the charms and traps of Hell take hold of, weaken, or damage them, they lose some of their hope, and part of that Divine Flame within them dies.

Remember this, Lost One: Inferno does not wish to stop you, it does not wish to kill you, it does not wish to destroy you. Inferno wants you to lose hope, to let yourself into its arms willingly, to surrender all desire to leave. Each circle, round, or bolgia features traps specifically designed to cause the loss of hope in damned and travelers alike, and prevent them from gaining more.

For the only way to flee those ancient places is to preserve high levels of Hope for Heaven until the end of the journey, and those who lose their own will never leave.

It is true, then, that there are many ways of losing Hope in Hell... after all, that is what Hell is for, is it not? It is also true, however, that there are ways in which to recover hope too, though they are much more rare.

Advancing in your journey as a group, step by step, round by round, is already enough to maintain the Divine Flame.

USING HOPE

In *Inferno*, Hope is a very specific score, the most precious in the whole game.

Each player character has a Hope score, and a Lost One who is suddenly deprived of it entirely loses any desire and surrenders to Hell, immediately becoming a desperate soul, a non-player character. Now indistinguishable from a common damned, a despairing soul cannot help but adapt to the horrific lands of Hell and submit to eternal damnation for the sins that they have not been able to atone for.

Hope is linked to the cycle of incineration and physical return of the Lost Ones, which can also be eternal as long as this divine fire persists in them. Some of the archetypes' powers and abilities depend on this score too.

Each archetype has different ways of using this

celestial resource, which a traveler can expend to generate extraordinary effects, though always being careful not to waste it.

At the beginning of the journey, each Lost One has **33 Hope Points**, which are essential for traversing the circles of Hell, and will be the only beacon capable of keeping them away from perdition. A Lost One can gain Hope in the form of specific amounts of Hope Points, or in an intangible and random quantity, such as a Spark or a Glimpse. When a Traveler gains, loses, or gives a Spark of Hope or a Glimpse of Hope, they must roll the listed die to determine how many Hope Points are involved.

Spark – 1d4 Hope Points

Glimpse – 1d6 Hope Points



DIVINE FLAME

The Lost Ones and the Hope that keeps them alive are directly bound to divine fire, which in Hell is embodied by the Guiding Torch and a few other flames dotting the reign of gloom, such as those burning in the city of Limbo. As moths drawn to the light, the Lost Ones are explicitly regenerated when close to the Divine Flame of Hope. These points of light and regeneration are very rare in Hell and are explicitly mentioned in the text.

Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust. When a Traveler fails their third death saving throw or is destroyed in any other way, their body and their emblems turn into ashes in a few moments, and the Traveler loses 1 Spark of Hope. If the Traveler still has any Hope Points left, after 1d4 round they manifest again with a new semblance next to a Divine Flame, gaining the benefits of a long rest. In addition, any poison in them is neutralized, any disease is healed and any curse afflicting them at the moment of their destruction is lifted. If they do not have enough Hope Points left, they become a Despondent One, and their intangible essence will wander in the Hellish lands until they will take shape again as one of the Damned in the round they belong to.

Embracing Sin. Every Traveler has some features bound to their Archetype, which they can use to gain temporary effects. When a Traveler uses one of these abilities, they lose Hope as detailed in that ability's description.

Divine Inspiration. A Traveler can spend Divine Inspiration (see below) to reduce their loss

of Hope. When you spend Divine Inspiration in this way in the moment you are about to lose 1 Spark of Hope, you achieve the desired effect without losing Hope.

Despair. If a Traveler loses all their Hope Points, they risk fading away, being entirely engulfed by sin, and becoming a damned one. When a Traveler loses their last Hope Point, they must immediately make a special saving throw called a Despair saving throw, to determine whether their essence still hangs on.

Unlike other saving throws, this one isn't tied to any ability score. You can make this saving throw up to 3 times during your whole Journey. Roll a d20. If the roll is equal to half your character level (rounded down) or higher, you succeed, and you regain 1 Spark of Hope. If you fail, your character becomes utterly Despondent and can no longer be played. Their essence becomes intangible and it will wander in the infernal lands until it coalesces as one of the damned in the round they belong to.

Giving Hope. A Traveler can give their own Hope to another Traveler or to other willing characters they meet in Hell. As an action, you can spend 1 Spark of Hope or 1 Glimpse of Hope to give another character an amount of Hope Points equal to half their roll, rounded up.

For example, Vieri wants to give part of his Hope to Lucretia, and with an action he decides to spend 1 Glimpse of Hope. Vieri rolls a d6 and gets a 5. Vieri loses 5 Hope Points and Lucretia gains half that roll rounded up, thus gaining 3 Hope Points.



Divine Inspiration

When crossing the empty infernal darkness, the travelers have little comfort and even less practical support for their needs and virtues.

As mentioned, the Lost Ones' travel companions help them in moving forward and resisting the horrendous visions and the sense of loss. The Guide provides knowledge and information on the many terrible things unfolding before their eyes, and both the Divine Flame and the Hope of Heaven offer a moral and spiritual beacon among the shadows of sin, vice, and eternal torment.

There is another positive element that travelers can make use of in this terrifying itinerary, the Divine Inspiration, another manifestation of the divine spark flickering in the hearts of men, that sense of righteousness and innate wisdom which guarantees every man or woman the knowledge of what is right and virtuous in any given situation, like a sailor who looks at the compass to find true north.

Using Divine Inspiration, a character can draw on some Heavenly support that allows them to resist the despair that clutches at those losing themselves in the wastes of Hell.

Whether one then decides to follow this inspiration or not, is up to the traveler's free will.

PLAYING DIVINE INSPIRATION

Divine Inspiration is a rule that replaces standard inspiration, and the Guide can use it to reward you for playing your character in a way that is true to their virtues or in contrast to their vices.

Gaining Divine Inspiration. Your Guide can choose to give you Divine Inspiration for a variety of reasons. Typically, in *Inferno - Dante's Guide to Hell*, Guides award it when you play out your virtues-related traits, or you act in stark contrast to one of your vices and otherwise portray your character in a compelling way. Your Guide will tell you how you can earn Divine Inspiration in the game. You either have Divine Inspiration or you don't: you can't stockpile multiple "Divine Inspirations" for later use.

Using Divine Inspiration. If you have Divine Inspiration, you can expend it when you make an attack roll, saving throw, or ability check. Spending your Divine Inspiration gives you advantage on that roll. Additionally, if you have Divine Inspiration, you can reward another player for good roleplaying, clever thinking, or simply doing something exciting in the game. When another traveler does something that really contributes to the journey in a fun and interesting way, you can give up your Divine Inspiration to give that character Divine Inspiration instead. Also, a traveler who has Divine Inspiration can spend it whenever they lose Hope as described in the Divine Flame section.



David

The Beast

LOST BARBARIAN ARCHETYPE

*That was an arrogant person in the world;
goodness is none, that decks his memory;
so likewise here his shade is furious.*

*How many are esteemed great kings up there,
who here shall be like unto swine in mire,
leaving behind them horrible dispraises!"*

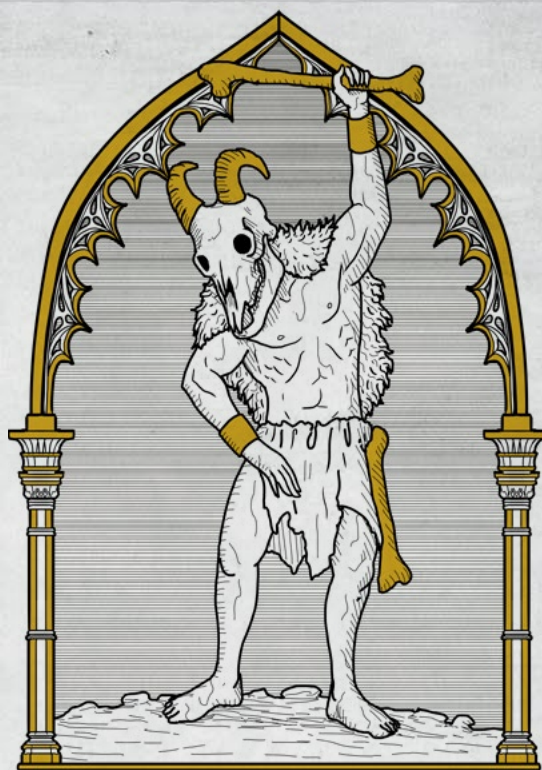
*And I: "My Master, much should I be pleased,
if I could see him soused into this broth,
before we issue forth out of the lake.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VIII, 46-54

Those whose sin is of incontinence can easily be pushed over the edge: They will indulge in the basest urges of the human soul and give in to foul perversions such as lust, gluttony, and especially wrath. Those who couldn't restrain themselves and often gave in to anger in life, in Hell will be sentenced to the Fifth Circle, among the violent, or will enter Hell still alive as Beasts, no longer worthy to proudly walk with their chin high.

Maybe you were a warrior, a raider, or a mercenary who gave in to frenzy over and over during a battle or a raid. Maybe you were a violent and restless woman who hit her children whenever they asked her for some food. Or maybe you were an artist or a musician who was unable to control their mood in the presence of their patrons or companions.

Whatever your sins in the worldly realm, after your death you have been sentenced to wallow for all time in the dark marshes of the Styx River, scuffling with the other sinners in mud and foul water. This is your sentence; this is your fate.



Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance is covered in mud and dirt, and your shameful face is hidden behind the golden skull of a beast, a grim reminder of your unworthy condition. Only through redemption will you avoid the foul marshes of the Styx.

Fear the Fifth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!



Beast Emblems

BRUTAL WEAPON

The beast holds an oversized, bloodied, ominous weapon, the symbol of their unending wrath.

A beast's Brutal Weapon is considered a magic melee weapon. It deals 1d12 bludgeoning damage and has the two-handed property. In addition, when you rage and score a critical hit with your Brutal Weapon, you can roll an additional die when determining the extra damage from the critical hit. The additional die varies according to your Rage Damage: +2 adds 1d4; +3 adds 1d6; +4 adds 1d8.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack rolls and to damage rolls you make with your Brutal Weapon. In addition, your Brutal Weapon gains the reach property.
- ◆ **Burned.** Your bonus to attack rolls and damage rolls you make with your Brutal Weapon increases to +2. In addition, your Brutal Weapon gains the thrown property with a normal range of 20 feet and a long range of 60 feet. If the beast throws the Brutal Weapon to perform a ranged attack, whether they hit or miss their target, the weapon flies back into the beast's open hand at the end of their current turn.
- ◆ **Damned.** Your bonus to attack rolls and damage rolls you make with your Brutal Weapon increases to +3. In addition, once per turn, when rolling for damage with your Brutal Weapon, you can reroll your weapon's damage and choose which one to use.

UNCHECKED MIGHT

A beast is a being unable to restrain themselves, ruled by passions, instincts and feelings. You gain resistance to nonmagical damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your Strength or Constitution score increases by 2, along with the maximum you can increase that score to.
- ◆ **Burned.** When you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Strength or Constitution saving throw to take only half damage, you instead take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, and only half damage if you fail.
- ◆ **Damned.** All critical hits you suffer are considered normal hits.

MUD

Your body is covered in slime and foul sewage. In a grapple, you can use your reaction to escape.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your layer of Mud protects you, granting you resistance to cold and fire damage.
- ◆ **Burned.** You gain proficiency in Dexterity saving throws.
- ◆ **Damned.** You gain a +1 bonus to AC and saving throws. In addition, because of your foul stench, every creature within 5 feet of you must make a DC 17 saving throw. On a failed save, the target is poisoned until the beginning of its next turn. On a successful save, the target is immune to your stench for 1 hour.

Path of the Beast

The Path of the Beast is a path of reckless fury. A Beast gives in to their anger whenever they can, shedding every restraint. It was this force that led them to Hell, and it is this force that sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a beast's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

BLINDING RAGE

Starting at 3rd level, you gain some additional effects while raging.

- ◆ You cannot be charmed, frightened, or restrained when raging. If you are charmed, frightened, or restrained when you enter your rage, the effect is suspended for the duration of the rage.
- ◆ You gain blindsight with a radius of 30 feet. Within that range, you can effectively see everything that is not behind total cover, even if you are blinded or in darkness. In addition, you can see an invisible creature within that range, unless that creature is successfully hidden.
- ◆ While raging, you must use your action every round to attack the closest creature to you. If you can make extra attacks as a part of your Attack action, you must use these extra attacks and you must move to attack the next closest creature to you, once you have struck the current target down. If there are multiple viable targets, you attack a random target.

UNBRIDLED FURY

Starting at 6th level, when you score a critical hit or drop a creature to 0 hit points on your turn, you can make an attack with a melee weapon as a bonus action.

RELENTLESS COUNTERSTRIKE

Starting at 10th level, other creatures provoke an opportunity attack from you when they come within reach of the weapon you are holding.

UNLIMITED RAGE

Starting at 14th level, when you are raging and you are reduced to 0 hit points but not killed outright, you can drop to 1 hit point instead, and gain immunity to all damage until the beginning of your next turn. After you use this feature, you can't use it again until you complete a long rest.

EMBRACE THE SIN

On your turn, you can spend 2 Hope Points to take one additional action on top of your regular action and a possible bonus action.



Susilo

The Jester

LOST BARD ARCHETYPE

*Behind them was the forest full of black
she-mastiffs, ravenous, and swift of foot
as greyhounds, who are issuing from the chain.*

*On him who had crouched down they set their teeth,
and him they lacerated piece by piece,
thereafter bore away those aching members.*

Dante Alighieri

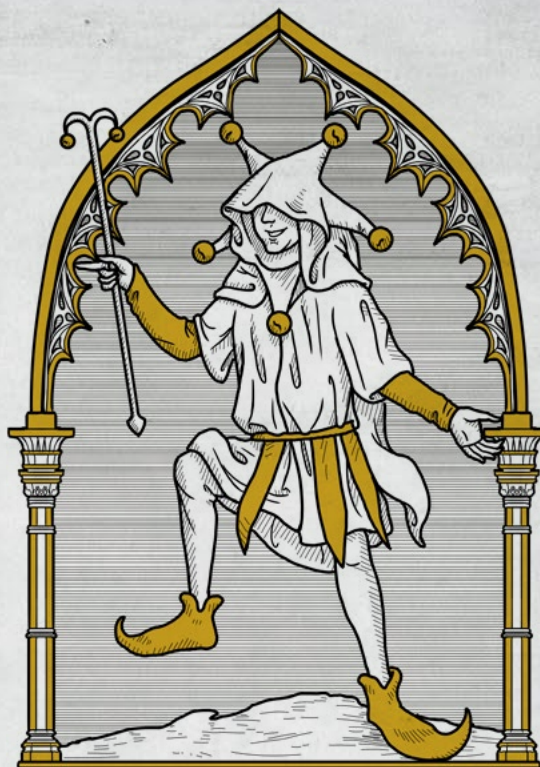
INFERNO, CANTO XIII, 124-129

In the Seventh Circle grows a tangled and wailing forest where every tree entraps the soul of a suicide. Those who squandered their wealth and possessions run forever among those bleeding bushes, pursued and torn to pieces by vicious and hungry hounds.

Those who wasted their life and their skills, and those who mocked the Lord by wasting their time in frivolous pleasures will be sentenced to the Seventh Circle of Hell, the circle of the violent against themselves. If they descend into Hell while they're still alive, they will turn into Jesters, dressed like fools and sporting foolish grin.

Maybe you were an idle young man and you spent your whole life locked inside, among foolish toys, frivolous books, and other unworthy pastimes. Or maybe you were a rich and spoiled woman, always thinking about superfluous purchases, galas, and concerts. Or maybe you were a selfish and bitter old woman, who refused to do anything to help those around you in the endless and boring last days of your life.

Whatever your guilts in the earthly domain, after your death, your fitting punishment will be to spend eternity in the forest of suicides, hunted down by a savage and untiring pack of hounds. You will never be able to elude them, and you will run forever alongside those who, like you, squandered their greatest gift.



This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and heavy cloud, foreshadowing what will happen to you after your death, till the end of times, unless you can atone and be redeemed in time.

To represent your fatal flaw, your semblance is covered with small bells, whose unending jingles are a dire signal to the hounds waiting for you in the eternal shadows. Your face is eternally frozen in a foolish grin, but it is concealed by a mask which you can never remove, a symbol of the false life you flaunted.

You fear the Second Round of the Seventh Circle. Your hardest trial awaits you there!

Jester Emblems

TOUCH OF MADNESS

A jester taints all those around them with their ominous madness, infecting them with the very same folly that affects the jester.

You gain a new attack option which you can use with your Attack action. This special action is a melee attack. You are proficient with this attack and you can add your Charisma modifier to your attack and damage rolls. This attack deals psychic damage and its damage die is a d6.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make using your Touch of Madness.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make using your Touch of Madness increases to +2. In addition, the psychic damage you deal increases to 2d6.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make using your Touch of Madness increases to +3. In addition, the psychic damage you deal increases to 3d6.

JESTER BELLS

The numerous bells hanging from your semblance are considered an instrument, and grant you a special Distracting Aura. In addition, when you cast a spell that includes a verbal component, you can replace it with a somatic component.

Distracting Aura. You and every creature within 30 feet of you have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing and Dexterity (Stealth) checks.

- ◆ **Tormented.** When you target a creature with a spell and that creature is within your Distracting Aura, you can choose to add your Touch of Madness damage in addition to the normal effect of the spell.
- ◆ **Burned.** *Wave of Madness.* You can use an action to deal your Touch of Madness damage to every creature within your Distracting Aura. You are also affected by this effect. You

can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Damned.** When you use *Wave of Madness*, you can spend a spell slot to deal extra psychic damage to your targets, in addition to your *Wave of Madness* damage. The extra damage is equal to 1d6 for a 1st level spell slot, plus 1d6 for each spell level higher than 1st, to a maximum of 9d6.

MASK

A grinning mask hides a Jester's face. An outer semblance concealing their inner semblance.

While you are wearing no armor and not wielding a shield, your Armor Class equals 10 + your Dexterity modifier + your Charisma modifier.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to your AC and saving throws.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to cast a 5th level version of the *confusion* spell (spell save DC 16). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** When you succeed on a saving throw against any spell that targets only you (not an area of effect), you can use your reaction to reflect that spell. The spell has no effect on you and instead targets the caster, using the slot level, spell save DC, attack bonus, and spellcasting ability of the caster. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Bard Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** dancing lights, light, mage hand, mending, message, minor illusion, prestidigitation, true strike, vicious mockery.
- ◆ **1st Level:** bane, charm person, cure wounds, detect magic, disguise self, faerie fire, feather fall, healing word, heroism, hideous laughter, identify, longstrider, silent image, sleep, thunderwave, unseen servant.
- ◆ **2nd Level:** blindness/deafness, calm emotions, detect thoughts, enhance ability, enthrall, heat metal, hold person, invisibility, lesser restoration, locate object, magic mouth, see invisibility, shatter, silence, suggestion, zone of truth.
- ◆ **3rd Level:** bestow curse, clairvoyance, dispel magic, fear, glyph of warding, hypnotic pattern, major image, nondetection, plant growth, stinking cloud.
- ◆ **4th Level:** compulsion, confusion, freedom of movement, greater invisibility, hallucinatory terrain, locate creature.
- ◆ **5th Level:** animate objects, awaken, dominate person, geas, greater restoration, hold monster, legend lore, mass cure wounds, mislead, modify memory, scrying, seeming.
- ◆ **6th Level:** eyebite, find the path, guards and wards, irresistible dance, mass suggestion, programmed illusion, true seeing.
- ◆ **7th Level:** arcane sword, forcecage, magnificent mansion, mirage arcane, project image, regenerate, symbol.
- ◆ **8th Level:** dominate monster, feeblemind, glibness, mind blank, power word stun.
- ◆ **9th Level:** foresight, power word kill.

College of Jester

In life, the jester was ridiculed. Behind the facade of a bitter, empty laugh, their life was a life of mockery, despair, and sorrow. This led the jester to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a jester's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

AURA OF CHAOS

Starting at 3rd level, you can use your bonus action and spend one use of your Bardic Inspiration dice to make your Distracting Aura even more chaotic. Until the start of your next turn, every creature within your Distracting Aura who can hear you must subtract the result of your rolled Bardic Inspiration die from an attack roll, an ability check, or a damage roll they make, of your choice. You are affected by this effect as well. A creature that cannot be charmed is immune to this effect.

REFLECTION OF PAIN

Also at 3rd level, you learn to turn any feeling of pain and despair back at those who attack you. When a creature that you can see within 10 feet of you hits you with a melee weapon, you can use your reaction to force that creature to make a Wisdom saving throw against your spell save DC.

The creature takes 3d6 psychic damage on a failed saving throw, and half as much damage on a successful one. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all expended uses when you finish a long rest.

HIDEOUS ECHO

Starting at 6th level, you can cast *hideous laughter* without expending a spell slot. Once you cast *hideous laughter* in this way a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus, you can't do so again until you finish a long rest, though you can still cast it normally using an available spell slot. You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest. In addition, when you cast *hideous laughter*, you can spend one use of Bardic Inspiration to target with that spell every other creature in your Distracting Aura.

DO YOU WANNA KNOW HOW I GOT THESE SCARS?

Starting at 14th level, when you suffer a new wound, you can turn a part of it into a wicked form of pleasure and throw that wound back at your attacker. Not even Infernal beings can escape this turmoil. If a creature hits you with a melee attack, it takes 1d8 psychic damage.

EMBRACING THE SIN

On your turn, you can spend 2 Hope Points to regain all of your expended uses of Bardic Inspiration.



Subilo

The Vicar

LOST CLERIC ARCHETYPE

*They had on mantles with the hoods low down
before their eyes, and fashioned of the cut
that in Cologne they for the monks are made.*

*Without, they gilded are so that it dazzles;
but inwardly all leaden and so heavy
that Frederick used to put them on of straw.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXIII, 61-66

Those whose sin is of hypocrisy loudly preach righteous words in public, and then act differently in private. Those who claim to speak for the Lord and take up the mantle of divine authority without being worthy of that mantle, those who preach well but act badly, will join the ranks of hypocrites in the Eighth Circle when they are sent to Hell. Even in life, they visit Hell as Vicars, proud and haughty clergymen burdened with the cloak of hypocrisy.

Maybe you were a proud and ineffective religious man, stirring others to virtue with your sermons, but secretly acting vile. Maybe you were a powerful woman or a mentor, always ready to sternly condemn others while you secretly indulged in the very same sins. Maybe you were an ambitious scholar or a foul disciple, spreading rumors and stirring malcontent to turn your teachers against your fellow students, so that you might shine the better as a model student.

Whatever your sins might have been in the earthly world, after your death you will be sentenced to an endless march through Malebolge, burdened with a leaden cloak. This is your sentence; this is your fate.



Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance must wear a golden cloak which looks shining, but actually weighs as the basest of metals. You also wield a heavy torch with a flickering flame, a pale imitation of the true divine light. Yet, in that burning Divine Flame lies your Hope and your only chance at redemption.

Fear the Sixth Bolgia of the Eighth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Vicar Emblems

CLOAK OF HYPOCRISY

The heavy garment enshrouding your semblance looks like a golden cloak, but it is actually made of lead. It is uncomfortable, heavy, and encumbering. The Cloak of Hypocrisy acts as a suit of magic armor. Its wearer has AC 16 and disadvantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks. The cloak doesn't let you add your Dexterity modifier to your Armor Class, but it also doesn't penalize you if your Dexterity modifier is negative.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You no longer make your Dexterity (Stealth) checks with disadvantage because of your Cloak of Hypocrisy. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus to your saving throws.
- ◆ **Burned.** Your Cloak of Hypocrisy grants you AC 17. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus on your attack rolls with your spells and to your spells' save DC.
- ◆ **Damned.** Your Cloak of Hypocrisy grants you AC 18. In addition, when you are hit by a melee attack, you can use your reaction to cast the *holy aura* spell (spell save DC 17). This spell only affects you. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

TORCH OF VANITY

This light source tries to mimic the torches and flames irradiating a Divine Flame, but its fire is vacuous and it transmits no hope, only a pale imitation of the heavenly light.

The Torch of Vanity is a magic mace. In addition, when you hit with an attack you made with the Torch of Vanity or when you deal damage with any cantrip, the target takes 1d4 extra radiant damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Torch of Vanity.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus you gain to attack and damage rolls you make with your Torch of Vanity increases to +2. In addition, your extra radiant damage increases to 2d4.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus you gain to attack and damage rolls you make with your Torch of Vanity increases to +3. In addition, your extra radiant damage increases to 3d4.

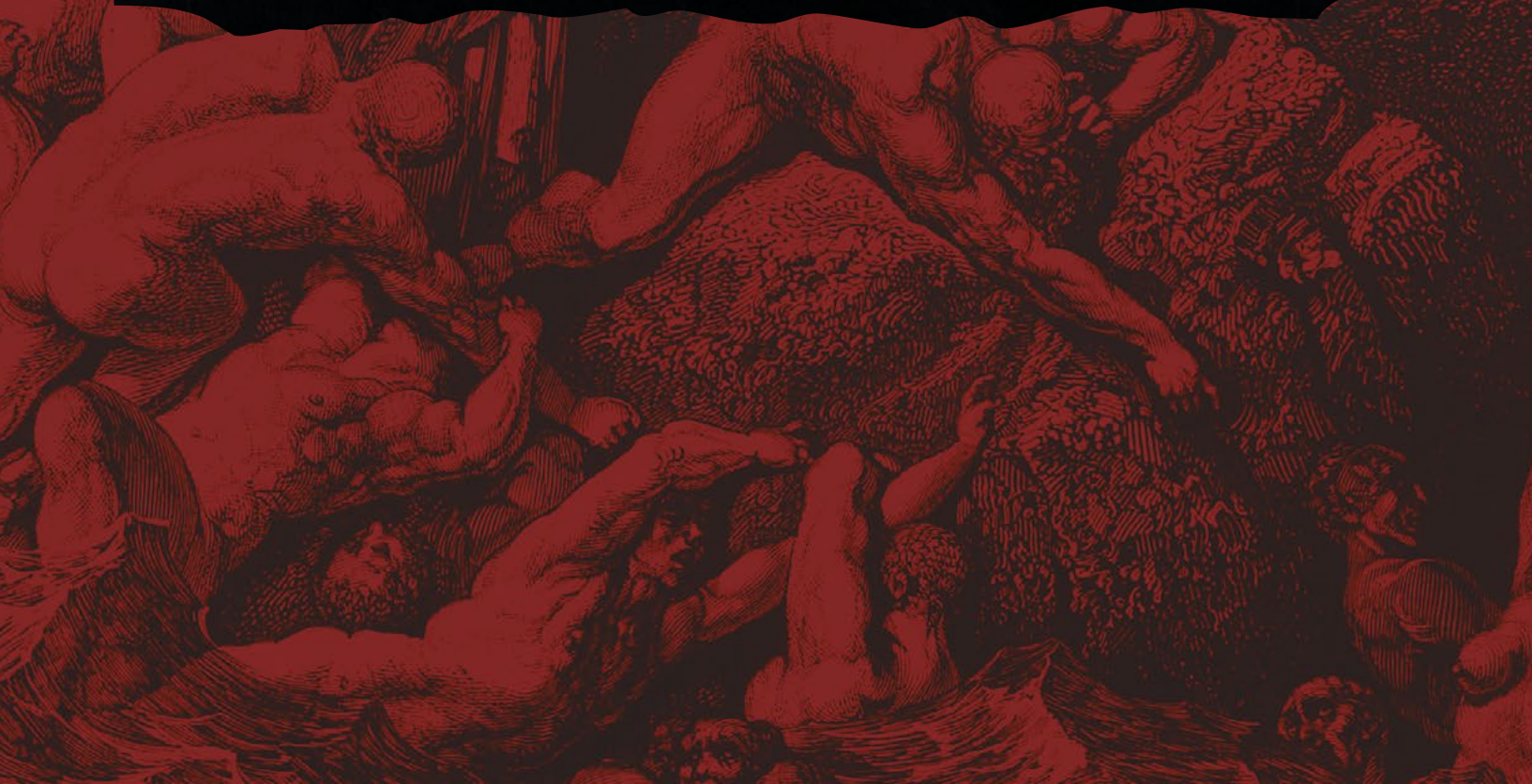
HOLY WORD

In spite of your hypocrisy, you were a person of faith and strictness, and your orations and prayers could stir even the most cynical soul. You haven't lost your touch in Hell. You wear a necklace with a token symbolizing the Lord. You can use that token as a holy symbol. In addition, you can use an action to cast the *command* spell (spell save DC 14). You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all expended uses when you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *compulsion* spell (spell save DC 15). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to cast the *irresistible dance* spell (spell save DC 16). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can use an action to cast the *power word stun* spell (spell save DC 17). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Cleric Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** guidance, light, mending, resistance, sacred flame, spare the dying, thaumaturgy.
- ◆ **1st Level:** bane, bless, command, cure wounds, guiding bolt, detect evil and good, detect magic, inflict wounds, healing word, protection from evil and good, sanctuary, shield of faith.
- ◆ **2nd Level:** aid, augury, blindness/deafness, calm emotions, continual flame, enhance ability, find traps, gentle repose, hold person, lesser restoration, locate object, prayer of healing, protection from poison, silence, spiritual weapon, warding bond, zone of truth.
- ◆ **3rd Level:** beacon of hope, bestow curse, clairvoyance, daylight, dispel magic, glyph of warding, magic circle, mass healing word, meld into stone, protection from energy, remove curse, spirit guardians, water walk.
- ◆ **4th Level:** death ward, divination, freedom of movement, guardian of faith, locate creature, stone shape.
- ◆ **5th Level:** commune, contagion, dispel evil and good, flame strike, geas, greater restoration, hallow, insect plague, legend lore, mass cure wounds, scrying.
- ◆ **6th Level:** blade barrier, find the path, forbiddance, harm, heal, true seeing, word of recall.
- ◆ **7th Level:** divine word, fire storm, regenerate, symbol.
- ◆ **8th Level:** antimagic field, control weather, earthquake, holy aura.
- ◆ **9th Level:** mass heal.



Vicar Domain

A vicar's life was a life of hypocrisy, falseness, vanity, and pride. A facade of strictness and devotion used to hide fear, doubts, bad habits, and deceptions. This led the vicar to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a vicar's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

VICAR DOMAIN SPELLS

Cleric Level	Spells
1 st	<i>charm person, silent image</i>
3 rd	<i>enthral, suggestion</i>
5 th	<i>fear, hypnotic pattern</i>
7 th	<i>compulsion, phantasmal killer</i>
9 th	<i>hold monster, mislead</i>

LIGHT OF THE LORD

When you choose this domain at 1st level, you gain the *light* cantrip if you don't already know it.

PERSONIFIED DOGMA

Starting at 1st level you gain proficiency in the Deception and Persuasion skills. Your proficiency bonus is doubled for any ability check you make that uses either of those skills.

SERMON

Starting at 2nd level, you can use Channel Divinity to enflame the hearts of those who listen to your words.

With an action, you hold your holy symbol and invoke the name of the Lord. Every humanoid within 30 feet of you who can see and hear you must make a Wisdom saving throw. If a creature fails its saving throw, it is charmed by you for 1 minute or until it takes damage. While it is charmed by you, it is friendly to you and other creatures you designate.

UNIVERSAL WORD

Starting at 6th level, when you use your Sermon, it affects any type of creature.

DIVINE POWER

Starting at 8th level, you add your Wisdom modifier to damage rolls you make with your Torch of Vanity or with any cantrip.

FERVENT WORDS

At 17th level, you gain the ability to use your words to control the actions of those who hear them. When a creature is charmed by your Sermon feature, you can take a bonus action on your turn to verbally command each one of those creatures, deciding what they will do in their next turn.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you are hit by a melee attack, you can spend 2 Hope Points to deflect the attack onto a creature of your choice. That creature must be a creature within reach of the attack that you can see, but it cannot be the original attacker.



The Pagan

LOST DRUID ARCHETYPE

*To me the Master good: "Thou dost not ask
what spirits these, which thou beholdest, are?
now will I have thee know, ere thou go farther,*

*that they sinned not; and if they merit had,
't is not enough, because they had not baptism,
which is the portal of the Faith thou holdest;*

*and if they were before Christianity,
in the right manner they adored not God;
and among such as these am I myself.*

*For such defects, and not for other guilt,
lost are we, and are only so far punished,
that without hope we live on in desire."*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO IV, 31-42



Hell is not just the dwelling of sinners and the Lord's enemies. All those who served False and Lying Deities, those who meant well but believed in their lies are also doomed to the kingdom of pain.

Those who served erroneous beliefs or worshipped other ideals, whether by their own will or through deception, conscious choices or naïve delusion, will end up in Hell after their death. The First Circle, where the unbaptized lie, awaits them. Even in life, they will appear there as Pagans, forever marked by their own indelible mistakes.

Maybe you were just born in a country or in a family where they worshipped another deity. Maybe you ignored the Lord's creed to stick to other principles and theories, such a different cult, a philosophy, scientific rationalism, or agnosticism. Maybe you just lived in the wrong place or time.

Your creed, your ideals, or your errors, whatever they might have been, cannot be justified, not

even by ascribing them to ignorance. After your death, you will be sentenced to spend endless millennia in Limbo, lost in the mists of reason and the emptiness of flawed philosophies. No devils and no pain await you in Limbo, but you will find no love or solace, either. Only an eternity of restlessness.

And yet, you and those like you might still find a place among the Spiriti Magni, behind the seven walls of the High Castle, at the trembling light of the Divine Flame shining in its halls.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed. As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance displays the emblems of the ancient and fallacious myths, but only when you disavow them will you find redemption in the glory of Divine Love.

Fear the First Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Pagan Emblems

MYTHIC AMPHORA

Just like the notorious Pandora's Box, you always carry with you a jar filled with the myths and beliefs that burden your faith and which you still can't get rid of.

You can use an action to summon the ancient spirits bound to the jar. One or more spirits drawn from the epic lore of your culture answer your call and appear within 60 feet of you. The spirits disappear after 1 hour, or when they drop to 0 hit points. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

At every new emblem level, more spirits answer your call. For example, if the Mythic Amphora is of Tormented level, every time you use it, you can choose to use *Amazonomachia* to summon two scouts, or *Tauromachia* to summon a minotaur. *Amazonomachia*. You summon two amazons (or two warrior women from your culture), who use the scout stat block. The summoned creatures are friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the Amazons, who have their own turns. They obey any verbal commands that you issue to them (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to the Amazons, they defend themselves from hostile creatures but otherwise take no actions.

- ◆ **Tormented.** *Tauromachia*. You summon a minotaur, who is friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the minotaur, which has its own turns. It obeys any verbal commands that you issue to it (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to the minotaur, it defends itself from hostile creatures but otherwise takes no actions.
- ◆ **Burned.** *Centauromachia*. You summon an infernal centaur, who is friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the centaur, which has its own turns. It obeys any

verbal commands that you issue to it (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to the centaur, it defends itself from hostile creatures but otherwise takes no actions.

- ◆ **Damned.** *Song of the Hero*. You can use an action to summon the spirit of a hero of old who uses the gladiator stat block and is equipped with magic weapons. The summoned creature is friendly to you and your companions. Roll initiative for the creature, which has its own turns. It obeys any verbal commands that you issue to it (no action required by you). If you don't issue any commands to the hero, it defends itself from hostile creatures but otherwise takes no actions.

CROSIER

This pastoral staff is a symbol of the holy traditions observed by the pagan's culture, the system of cults and hieratic elements in which the pagan has always believed. The Crosier is a magic quarterstaff. You can use it as a spell focus for your druid spells.

In addition, your attacks in beast shape count as magical for the purpose of overcoming resistance and immunity to nonmagical attacks and damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Crosier, and while you are in beast shape.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Crosier, and while you are in beast shape increases to +2.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Crosier, and while you are in beast shape increases to +3.

SILVERED ROBE

Although you have always lived in error, you have always behaved according to your personal

values, a trait symbolized by the silvered robe enshrouding your semblance.

While you are wearing no armor and not wielding a shield, your AC equals 10 + your Dexterity modifier + your Wisdom modifier.

- ◆ **Tormented.** When a monstrosity attacks you, that creature must make a Wisdom saving throw against your spell save DC. On a failed save, it must choose a different target, otherwise, the attack automatically misses. On a success, the creature is immune to this effect for the next 24 hours. The creature is aware of this effect before making its attack against you.
- ◆ **Burned.** When you fail an attack roll, an ability check, or a saving throw, you can use your reaction to invoke divine help. You can add your Wisdom modifier to your roll. You

can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain any expended uses when you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Damned.** You gain resistance to one of the following types of damage: acid, cold, lightning, fire, necrotic, radiant, or thunder. *Absorption.* When you take damage of your chosen type, you can use your reaction to gain immunity to that specific source of damage until the start of your next turn. In addition, you regain a number of hit points equal to half the amount of damage of that type you would have suffered. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.



Druid Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** druidcraft, guidance, mending, poison spray, produce flame, resistance, shillelagh.
- ◆ **1st Level:** charm person, detect magic, entangle, faerie fire, fog cloud, goodberry, healing word, jump, longstrider, thunderwave.
- ◆ **2nd Level:** barkskin, darkvision, enhance ability, find traps, flame blade, flaming sphere, gust of wind, heat metal, hold person, lesser restoration, locate object, moonbeam, pass without trace, protection from poison, spike growth.
- ◆ **3rd Level:** call lightning, daylight, dispel magic, meld into stone, plant growth, protection from energy, sleet storm, water walk, wind wall.
- ◆ **4th Level:** blight, confusion, freedom of movement, giant insect, hallucinatory terrain, ice storm, locate creature, stone shape, stoneskin, wall of fire.
- ◆ **5th Level:** antilife shell, awaken, commune with nature, contagion, geas, greater restoration, insect plague, mass cure wounds, scrying, wall of stone.
- ◆ **6th Level:** find the path, heal, move earth, sunbeam, wall of thorns.
- ◆ **7th Level:** fire storm, mirage arcane, regenerate, reverse gravity.
- ◆ **8th Level:** animal shapes, antipathy/sympathy, control weather, earthquake, feeblemind, sunburst.
- ◆ **9th Level:** foresight, shapechange, storm of vengeance.

Circle of the Pagan

A pagan has always known wrong cults, hollow religions, and lying gods. Instead of saints and martyrs, they worshipped mythic beings, monsters, and demons. This led the pagan to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a pagan's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

WILD REACTION

You grew up as a feral beast and you react to any attack or aggression as a wild beast would. Starting at 2nd level, when you take damage against your will, you can use your reaction to use Wild Shape.

GUARDIAN SHAPE

The rites of your circle grant you the ability to transform into more dangerous animal shapes, embodying the mythic forces who inhabit Hell. Starting at 2nd level, you gain additional beast shapes as listed in the following table.

Druid Level	Guardian Shape
2 nd	Dark Forest Panther
6 th	Minotaur
10 th	Fury
14 th	Medusa

STRENGTH OF THE INFERNAL GUARDIAN

Starting at 6th level, you are infused with grim visions of the kingdom of pain and you gain strength from those visions. All of your Wild Shapes gain the following benefits:

- ◆ Your shape has more hit points than normal: you gain extra hit points equal to $5 + 2$ hit points per pagan level.
- ◆ You can use your spell DC instead of the special features and Actions DC listed in any of your beast shape's stat blocks.

RETRIBUTION

Starting at 10th level, while you are in Wild Shape, if you hit a creature with a melee weapon attack, you can expend a spell slot to cause the attack to deal extra damage of the same type dealt by the weapon to the target. The extra damage is 1d8 for a 1st-level spell slot, plus 1d8 for each spell level higher than 1st, to a maximum of 5d8.

FURY OF THE WILD SHAPE

At 14th level, when you take damage that would reduce you to 0 hit points against your will, you can use your reaction to transform yourself into one of your beast shapes, which will take the highest possible amount of triggering damage without expending a use of your Wild Shape feature. In addition, you select a type of damage among those dealt by the spells in your list of prepared spells. When you transform yourself, any creatures of your choice within 30 feet of you take damage of that type equal to $2d8 +$ your Wisdom modifier.

Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you use your Wild Shape feature, you can spend 2 Hope Points to transform yourself without expending a use.



The Tyrant

LOST FIGHTER ARCHETYPE

*That was an arrogant person in the world;
goodness is none, that decks his memory;
so likewise here his shade is furious.*

*How many are esteemed great kings up there,
who here shall be like unto swine in mire,
leaving behind them horrible dispraises!"*

Dante Alighieri

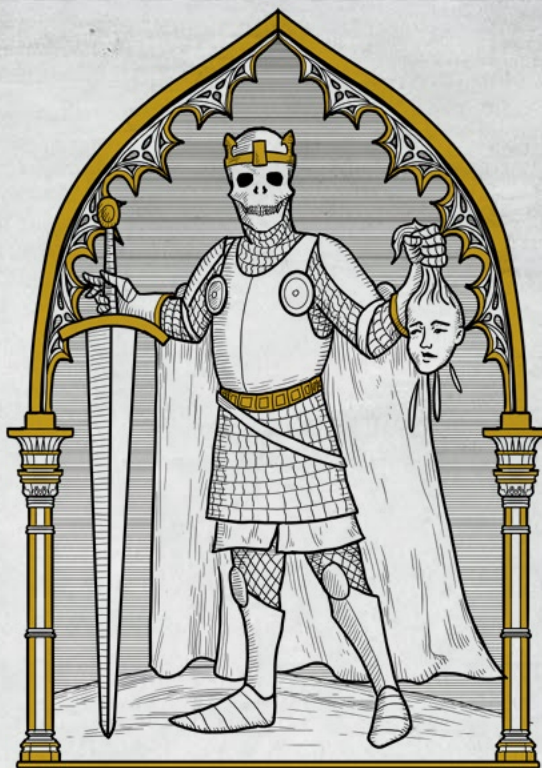
INFERNO, CANTO VIII, 46-51

Those who ruled with violence in the earthly world are doomed to the Seventh Circle of Hell, the circle of the violent, after their death. And even in life they will appear there as savage Tyrants.

Maybe you ruled over a vast land, inflicting oppression and abuse on your people. Maybe you led an army which brought ruin and slaughter to an entire region. Or maybe you were just a shop owner who bullied their apprentices, or a father who liked to use his hands and vent on his family his own frustrations.

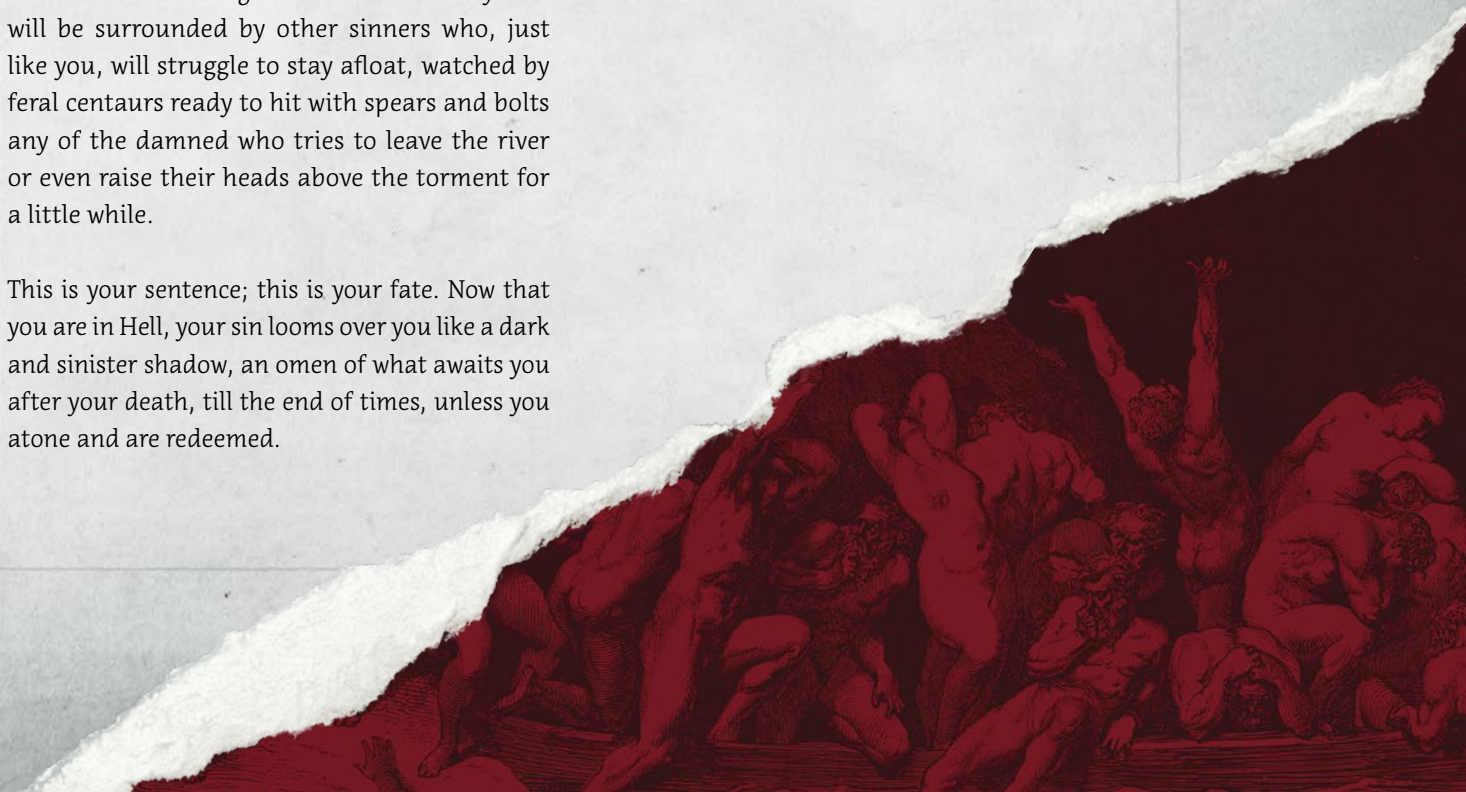
Whatever your sins might have been in the earthly world, after your death you will be plunged into a river of boiling blood for all eternity. You will be surrounded by other sinners who, just like you, will struggle to stay afloat, watched by feral centaurs ready to hit with spears and bolts any of the damned who tries to leave the river or even raise their heads above the torment for a little while.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.



As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance grows crueler and more savage. Your eyes are bloodshot, and your hands are drenched in blood as well.

Fear the First Round of the Seventh Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!



Tyrant Emblems

CROWNED SKULL

All tyrants bear a helmet, a tiara, or a crown depicting a Crowned Skull, symbolizing the fleeting nature of earthly power, violence, and subjugation before the ineluctability of death and eternal justice.

Every creature within 30 feet of you has disadvantage on saving throws against being frightened.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *fear* spell (spell save DC 15). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to cast the *hold monster* spell (spell save DC 16). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can use an action to cast the *dominate monster* spell (spell save DC 17). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

BLOOD-RED CLOAK

A tyrant wears a long red cloak drenched in blood. The coat is so heavy that it falls straight from the tyrant's shoulders and constantly leaves a trail of crimson drops that cannot be concealed. The cloak foreshadows the blood into which the tyrant will eternally sink after their death, in Flegetonte.

The Blood-Red Cloak acts as a suit of magic armor. Its wearer has AC 16 and disadvantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks. The cloak doesn't let you add your Dexterity modifier to your Armor Class, but it also doesn't penalize you if your Dexterity modifier is negative.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You no longer have disadvantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks when you wear the Blood-Red Cloak. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus to saving throws.

- ◆ **Burned.** You gain resistance to fire damage. If you already have fire damage resistance from another source, you gain immunity to fire damage instead.
- ◆ **Damned.** When you take damage from a creature within 5 feet of you, you can use your reaction to make a melee weapon attack against that creature.

BURDEN

A tyrant always carries a sword or another gigantic weapon symbolizing the weight of their acts of violence, but also allowing them to draw their enemies' blood. The very same boiling blood they will have to endure for all eternity. You always hold your Burden, and you can never drop it.

The Burden is a magic melee weapon with the two-handed property. At the start of your turn, you can choose to use it for defence or for offence.

Defence: the Burden deals 1d8 slashing damage and grants a +2 bonus to AC. In addition, you are considered as if you were wielding a shield.

Offence: the Burden deals 2d6 slashing damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Burden.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Burden increases to +2. In addition, you gain the following powers:
 - Defence.* When you use an action to attack defensively with your Burden, you can transfer some or all of the weapon's bonus to your Armor Class, instead of using the bonus on any attacks that turn. For example, you could reduce the bonus to your attack and damage rolls to +1 and gain a +1 bonus to AC. The adjusted bonuses remain

in effect until the start of your next turn. *Offence.* When you hit a creature with your Burden in offence mode, that creature cannot restore hit points for 1 minute. At the end of each of its turns, an affected target can make a DC 16 Constitution saving throw. If it succeeds, this effect ends for that target.

- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Burden increases to +3.

Tyrant

In life, the tyrant always relied on gratuitous violence, sudden aggression, and bloodthirsty reactions, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a tyrant's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

BLOOD CALLS BLOOD

When you gain this Archetype at 3rd level, you learn the ability to empower your attacks with special dice called Blood Dice.

Blood Dice. When you hit a creature with an attack using your Burden, you gain a Blood Die until the end of your turn, which is a d8. A Blood Die is expended when you use it. When you hit a creature with an attack using your

Burden, you can spend a number of Blood Dice equal to half your proficiency bonus (rounded down) and add them to your damage roll. You can accrue a number of Blood Dice equal to your proficiency bonus. When you complete a short or long rest, the blood flowing from your red cloak dries in a foul crust of sin and you lose all your accrued Blood Dice. **Heavily Burdened.** While the tyrant has at least one Blood Die, all attack rolls made against them have advantage.

BLOOD CRITICAL

Starting at 7th level, when you score a critical hit with your Burden, you gain an additional blood die.

IMPROVED BLOOD DICE

At 10th level, your Blood Dice become d10s. At 18th level, they become d12s.

BLOODIED WIND

Starting at 15th level, when you use your Second Wind feature, you can spend one or more blood dice. You roll your Blood Dice and restore a number of additional hit points equal to the rolled total.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

If you spend 2 Hope Points, you can make one attack using your Burden as a bonus action.



The Serpent

LOST ROGUE ARCHETYPE

*The one transfixed looked at it, but said naught;
nay, rather with feet motionless he yawned,
just as if sleep or fever had assailed him.*

*He at the serpent gazed, and it at him;
one through the wound, the other through the mouth
smoked violently, and the smoke commingled.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXV, 88-93

Those on earth who have robbed others of their sustenance, those who have stolen another's ideas, goods, or rights, and those who reaped without ever sowing, are all going to Hell when they die: They will be cast among the thieves of the Eighth Circle, and they will also appear there while they are still alive, taking the semblance of a Serpent, a devious and malicious form with greedy eyes and grasping hands.

Maybe you were just a pick-pocket, a thief, or a highwayman. Maybe you were an official or a merchant, a shopkeeper or a trader who just stole and cheated for your entire life. Maybe you were a corrupt politician, a parasite, or an impostor, a swindler who spent their entire life snatching what didn't belong to them.

Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to be bitten, poisoned, or swallowed by snakes. Then you will be split, changed, or transformed into a snake yourself, and it will be your turn to bite and torment other thieves. There will be no end and no difference between the tormenters and the tormented.



This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of this fateful sin, you will face your journey blindfolded, just like the lepers who are shunned by all decent people. In addition, two warring snakes are coiled around your wrists and hands, symbolizing your foul thefts in life and foreshadowing your hideous punishment in the pit of thieves.

Fear the Seventh Bolgia of the Eighth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Serpent Emblems

GOLDEN ASPS

Two golden snakes are coiled around your arms. These jewels are actually two sentient beings, symbolizing all the stealth and deception you have relied on in your life.

The Golden Asps are magic melee weapon. They deal 1d4 piercing damage and they have the finesse, reach, and light properties. In addition, when you hit with an attack using your asps, the target takes 1d6 extra poison damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Golden Asps.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to your attack and damage rolls you make with your Golden Asps increases to +2. In addition, your extra poison damage increases to 2d6.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to your attack and damage rolls you make with your Golden Asps increases to +3. If the d20 result for your attack roll with this weapon is a 20, the target takes 14 poison damage and must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the target becomes poisoned for 1 minute.

HYPNOTIC GAZE

Your eyes are always looking for the next opportunity for deception, weak points to exploit, and faltering moments, so that you may turn them against those who stand in your way. This relentless alertness turns your gaze into that of a manipulating reptile.

You can use an action to cast the *suggestion* spell (spell save DC 14). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *dominate person* spell (spell save DC 15). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to cast the *mass suggestion* spell (spell save DC 16). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can use an action to cast the *hold monster* spell (spell save DC 17) at will. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again on the same creature until you finish a long rest.

SLITHERING FORM

Your movement also becomes smooth and devious. Your gestures are sinuous, you feint, advancing with sudden sprints and unpredictable moves. Yet, this is not enough, as a Lost One, your afterlife punishment becomes a special power that you can master, although at a cost in Hope.

Your base AC is equal to $12 +$ your Dexterity modifier. In addition, you can use your action to cast the *polymorph* spell on yourself to turn into a giant poisonous snake. In this form, you retain your Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma scores. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use your action to cast the *polymorph* spell on yourself, to transform into a swarm of poisonous snakes. In snake form, you retain your Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma scores. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.
- ◆ **Burned.** Your base AC is equal to $13 +$ your Dexterity modifier. In addition, when you use Slithering Form to turn into a giant poisonous snake or into a swarm of poisonous snakes, your form has more hit points than usual: $5 + 1$ extra hit point per your serpent level.

- ◆ **Damned.** You can use your action to split into two separate beings. You lose half your current hit points and your maximum hit points are equal to half your original hit points, rounded down. The latter reduction remains until the duplicate is destroyed. The duplicate is a creature, partially real and formed from entangled snakes, and it can take actions and otherwise be affected as a normal creature. It appears to be the same as you, but it has half your current hit point and only the Golden Asps Infernal Emblem. Otherwise, it uses all your statistics. The duplicate is friendly to you and creatures you designate. It obeys your spoken commands, moving and acting in accordance with your wishes and acting on your turn in combat. The simulacrum lacks the ability to learn or become more powerful, so it never increases its level or other abilities. The duplicate lasts until it drops to 0 hit points, at which point it crumbles to ash and is instantly destroyed. If you create another duplicate, the currently active duplicate is instantly destroyed. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Serpent

In life, the serpent was a devious, deadly, and poisonous person who betrayed everybody, stole everything they could seize, and used those around them without ever giving anything back. This led the serpent to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a serpent's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

SERPENT COMPANION

At 3rd level, you learn the *find familiar* spell and you can cast it as a ritual, without using any components. When you cast this spell, you can only choose the poisonous snake form for your familiar. If your familiar is within 100 feet of you and disappears because it drops to 0 hit points, you can use a bonus action in your turn to cause it to reappear in your space without having to cast the spell again. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

ULTIMATE THEFT

Starting at 3rd level, when you attack with a weapon that benefits from your Sneak Attack, you can use your reaction to gain a number of hit points equal to the damage you deal. Unfortunately, in doing so you are tainted by your asps' venom and you become poisoned until the end of your next turn.

FOREVER ALERT

Thanks to your Golden Asps, which are always alert, starting at 9th level, you cannot be surprised while you are conscious. In addition, your asps allow you to make an opportunity attack against a creature even when that creature takes the Disengage action to leave your reach.

REACTIVE

Starting at 13th level, you gain an extra reaction you can only use to make an opportunity attack. In addition, while you hold your Golden Asps, any creature entering your asps' reach provoke an opportunity attack from you.

LIFE STEALING

Starting at 17th level, when a creature you can see within 30 feet of you dies, you can use your reaction to drain part of its essence. You roll a number of dice equal to the extra damage dealt by your Sneak Attack, as listed in the "Sneak Attack" column of the "Rogue" Table. You restore a number of hit points equal to the total rolled. You can use this feature a number of times equal to half your proficiency bonus (rounded down). You regain all expended uses when you finish a long rest.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you make your first attack on your turn, you can spend 2 Hope Points to intensify your asps' poison. In that turn, every time you deal poison damage to a creature, that creature is poisoned until the end of your next turn.



Jubi Lo

The Illuminatus

LOST WIZARD ARCHETYPE

*And he to me: "Vain thought thou entertainest;
the undiscerning life which made them sordid
now makes them unto all discernment dim.*

*Forever shall they come to these two buttings;
these from the sepulchre shall rise again
with the fist closed, and these with tresses shorn.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VII, 52-57

Those who hoarded riches, treasures, secrets, knowledge, favor, fiefdoms, gifts, artefacts, and relics in life will be sent to the Fourth Circle of Hell, among the Avaricious, and will also appear there in life, as Illuminati.

Maybe you were a bishop or a prioress who hoarded offices, relics, and occult secrets. Or maybe you were an alchemist, a scholar, or an academic eager to investigate the secrets of the world and the Lord to the point of forsaking everything else. Maybe you were a heretic, a charlatan, or a necromancer who called forth powers and secret forces that should have been left alone in order to gain power and riches.

Whatever your sins in the earthly world, after your death you will be sentenced to push huge boulders for all the eternity, surrounded by other sinners like you, wasting ages after ages pushing a futile burden.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms heavy over you, as a layer of precious gems, jewels, and trinkets that you carry on your person and that grows larger and heavier as you proceed on your Jour-



ney, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

To symbolize this fatal flaw, your semblance shows traits of greed and avarice, your gaze becomes ravenous and mean, and your garb is studded with heavy and encumbering trinkets.

Fear the Fourth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!



Illuminatus Emblems

UNRECOGNIZABLE

The illuminatus looks unrecognizable, disfigured or wizened. Their sins have corrupted the holy physical vessel of their divine spark, turning it into a foul and hideous body, devoured by greed. You have advantage on your Charisma (Deception) and Wisdom (Insight) checks. In addition, you have disadvantage on your Dexterity (Acrobatics) and Strength (Athletics) checks.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *disguise self* spell at will.
- ◆ **Burned.** You gain proficiency with Constitution saving throws.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can become invisible using an action. Anything you are wearing or carrying is invisible as long as it is on your person. Your invisibility ends when you attack, cast a spell, or use a bonus action to become visible again.

GEMS OF KNOWLEDGE

You are covered with gems which empower your magic spells. The more powers you have, the more numerous, larger, and heavier the gems will be. These very gems that look so invaluable to you now will turn into a dark and primeval substance after your death. They will meld into one large boulder which you will be sentenced to push for all eternity.

When you cast a spell with a casting time equal to 1 action, you can turn that casting time into 1 bonus action for that casting. You will not be able to cast any other spell during that turn, except a cantrip with a casting time of 1 action. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can choose an additional spell (of any class) among those featured in this book and freely add it to your spellbook

(the chosen spell must be of a level you can cast, as per the "Wizard" table). In addition, you can cast that spell at its lowest level without expending a spell slot, without having to prepare it, and without using any material component. Once you have done so, you cannot do it again until you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Burned.** Your spell save DC and your spell attack bonus both increase by 2.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can choose an additional spell (of any class) among those featured in this book and freely add it to your spellbook (the chosen spell must be of a level you can cast, as per the "Wizard" table). In addition, you can cast that spell at its lowest level without expending a spell slot, without having to prepare it and without using any material component. Once you have done so, you cannot do it again until you finish a long rest.

CLENCHED FIST

You must always hold your staff and your book and never drop them, as a symbol of your greed and your inability to let go of power, knowledge, and worldly things.

The book is considered your spellbook, the staff is considered a magic quarterstaff which you can use as spellcasting focus for your wizard spells. You don't need to provide somatic components for your wizard spell. In addition, you can use the Arcane Recovery feature whenever you finish a short rest.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your staff. In addition, when you gain a new level, you can freely add a wizard spell of your choice to your spellbook.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your staff increases to +2. In addition, you can cast the *telekinesis*

spell a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your staff increases to +3. In addition, when you hit a creature with a melee attack using your staff, you can expend a spell slot to deal force damage to the target in addition to the weapon damage. The extra damage is 1d6 for a 1st-level spell slot, plus 1d6 for each spell level higher than 1st, to a maximum of 9d6.

Wizard Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** acid splash, chill touch, dancing lights, fire bolt, light, mage hand, mending, message, minor illusion, poison spray, prestidigitation, ray of frost, shocking grasp, true strike.
- ◆ **1st Level:** alarm, burning hands, charm person, color spray, comprehend languages, detect magic, disguise self, expeditious retreat, false life, feather fall, find familiar, floating disk, fog cloud, grease, hideous laugh, identify, jump, longstrider, mage armor, magic missile, protection from evil and good, shield, silent image, sleep, thunderwave, unseen servant.
- ◆ **2nd Level:** acid arrow, alter self, arcane lock, blindness/deafness, blur, continual flame, darkness, darkvision, detect thoughts, enlarge/reduce, flaming sphere, gentle repose, gust of wind, hold person, invisibility, levitate, locate object, magic mouth, magic weapon, mirror image, misty step, ray of enfeeblement, rope trick, scorching ray, see invisibility, shatter, spider climb, suggestion, web.
- ◆ **3rd Level:** bestow curse, blink, clairvoyance, counterspell, dispel magic, fear, fireball, gaseous form, glyph of warding, haste, hypnotic pattern, lightning bolt, magic circle, major im-
- age, nondetection, phantom steed, protection from energy, remove curse, sleet storm, slow, stinking cloud.
- ◆ **4th Level:** arcane eye, black tentacles, blight, confusion, fabricate, faithful hound, fire shield, greater invisibility, hallucinatory terrain, ice storm, locate creature, phantasmal killer, private sanctuary, resilient sphere, secret chest, stone shape, stoneskin, wall of fire.
- ◆ **5th Level:** animate objects, arcane hand, cloudkill, cone of cold, dominate person, geas, hold monster, legend lore, mislead, modify memory, passwall, scrying, seeming, telekinesis, telepathic bond, wall of force, wall of stone.
- ◆ **6th Level:** chain lightning, circle of death, contingency, disintegrate, eyebite, flesh to stone, freezing sphere, globe of invulnerability, guards and wards, instant summons, irresistible dance, magic jar, mass suggestion, move earth, programmed illusion, sunbeam, true seeing, wall of ice.
- ◆ **7th Level:** arcane sword, delayed blast fireball, finger of death, forcecage, magnificent mansion, mirage arcane, prismatic spray, project image, reverse gravity, sequester, simulacrum, symbol.
- ◆ **8th Level:** antimagic field, antipathy/sympathy, clone, control weather, dominate monster, feeblemind, incendiary cloud, maze, mind blank, power word stun, sunburst.
- ◆ **9th Level:** foresight, imprisonment, meteor swarm, power word kill, prismatic wall, shapechange, time stop, weird.

School of the Illuminati

The illuminatus spent their entire life lost in the darkness of greed, pursuing knowledge at all costs without realizing that knowledge has no meaning without the true light of the Lord! It is indeed a foul conundrum which entrapped them! This led the illuminatus to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and an illuminatus' Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

ROBE OF GREED

Starting at 2nd level, your magic power enhances your defense. Your base AC is equal to 12 + your proficiency bonus.

GEMS OF KNOWLEDGE

Starting at 2nd level, when you cast a wizard spell, you can add the level of your highest available spell slot to the damage roll of one spell you cast.

VERSATILE PREPARATION

Starting at 6th level, you can use your action to switch one or more spells on your list of prepared spells list. Once you have used this feature to switch a number of prepared spells equal to your proficiency bonus, you cannot do it again until you finish a long rest.

UNQUENCHABLE THIRST

Starting at 10th level, when you are hit by a spell of 5th level or lower that targets only you (not an area of effect), you can use your reaction to greedily syphon that magic and restore part of your magic energy. The total level of spell slots you restore is equal to the level of the syphoned spell. Once you have used this feature, you cannot do it again until you finish a long rest.

CANNY DEFENSE

Starting at 14th level, you gain a bonus to all saving throws equal to one third of your highest spell slot available, rounded down. In addition, if you are targeted by a spell, you have advantage on the saving throws against that spell and resistance to that spell's damage, if you have an available spell slot of equal or higher level than the spell that is targeting you.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you cast a spell using a spell slot of 1st level or higher, you can spend 2 Hope Points to cast it without expending a spell slot.



The Slave

LOST MONK ARCHETYPE

*While we were running through the dead canal,
uprose in front of me one full of mire,
and said, "Who 'rt thou that comest ere the hour?"*

*And I to him: "Although I come, I stay not;
but who art thou that hast become so squalid?"
"Thou seest that I am one who weeps," he answered.*

*And I to him: "With weeping and with wailing,
thou spirit maledict, do thou remain;
for thee I know, though thou art all defiled."*

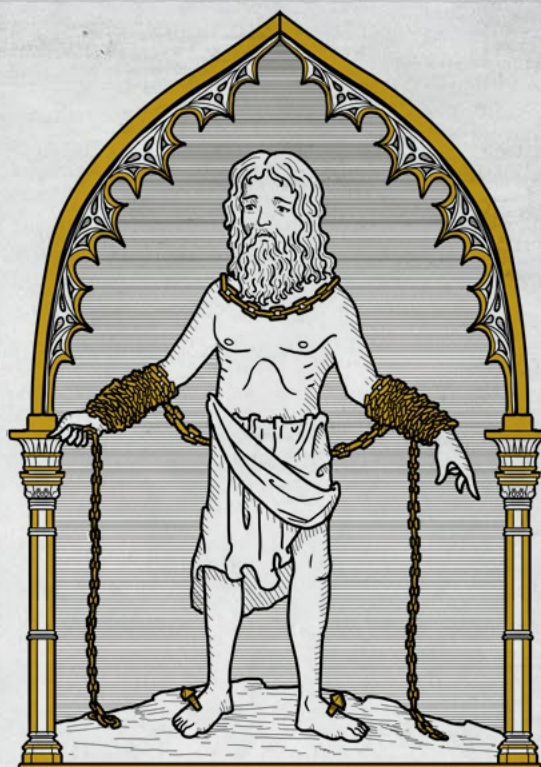
*Then stretched he both his hands unto the boat;
whereat my wary Master thrust him back,
saying, "Away there with the other dogs!"*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VIII, 31-42

There are other sinners in addition to those who act in the name of evil. Those who stand and watch without intervening, those who let the weak suffer, and those who do not take sides out of fear or sloth are also sinners. Those who turned their back to every request and chose not to choose will be sentenced to the Border Land at the Gates of Hell, among the Indifferent, and will also appear there in life as dirty Slaves.

Maybe you were a soldier who obeyed every order without thinking, even the most heinous and merciless ones, as it wasn't your responsibility anyway. Maybe you served the powerful without ever considering the consequences, certain that you had the right of not having an opinion. Maybe you were just a righteous, middle-class citizen who only cared about enjoying life and taking care of yourself.

Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to spend eternity among the endless hosts of the Indifferent, men and angels

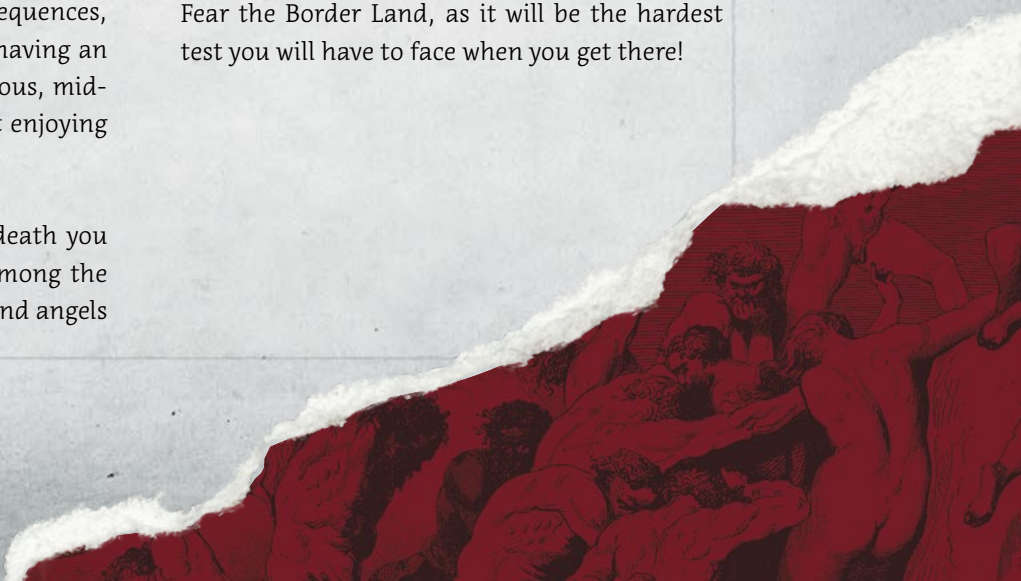


eternally tormented by foul swarms, not entirely in Hell, and not entirely out of it, despised by all.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

To symbolize this fatal flaw, your semblance is bound by chains and battered by swarms of insects. This Journey is your last opportunity to pick a side and fight in the name of the Lord.

Fear the Border Land, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!



Slave Emblems

CHAINS

The chains that bind a slave's wrists are an obvious and tangible symbol of their abjection and their future punishment. A slave never fought to get rid of their chains in life, and now they will be bound by those chains forever.

You gain a new attack option which you can use with your Attack action. This special attack is a melee spell attack with reach. You are proficient in this attack and you can add your Constitution modifier to your attack and damage rolls. The Chains' damage die for this attack is a d4, and it deals bludgeoning damage. This die changes when you reach certain levels in the monk class, as listed in the Martial Arts column of the "Monk" table.

When you gain the Extra Attack feature, you can use this special attack for any attack you make as part of the Attack action.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Chains.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus you gain to attack and damage rolls you make with your Chains increases to +2.
Swipe. You can use an action to swipe your Chains. Every creature within 10 feet of you must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a target takes 2d8 bludgeoning damage. On a successful save, the creature takes half damage.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus you gain to attack and damage rolls you make with your Chains increases to +3. In addition, the damage dealt by your Swipe increase to 3d8 and the save DC increases to 17.

SLOTH

Your indifference and cynicism manifest as an actual emblem, the mark of sloth, which affects your semblance and your attitude. You have disadvantage on initiative rolls and on any actions you make during the first round of every combat. *Lined Up Strike.* Once per turn, you can deal 4

extra bludgeoning damage to a creature you hit with an attack, if since your last turn one of your allies has hit that creature with an attack.

- ◆ **Tormented.** The damage dealt by your Lined Up Strike increase to 8.
- ◆ **Burned.** The damage dealt by your Lined Up Strike increase to 12.
- ◆ **Damned.** The damage dealt by your Lined Up Strike increase to 16.

HAUNTING INSECTS

Hell is a vexing place full of torments, and a Slave's fate in life foreshadows the punishment they will be subjected to if they do not find redemption: swarms of hideous tiny beasts will torture them and crawl over their body for eternity...

You can use an action to call forth the insects crawling over your body and force them to attack your foes. The insects that answer your call appear within 20 feet of you. The insects disappear after 1 hour or when they drop to 0 hit points. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

You call forth a wasp swarm, which is friendly to you and your companions. It obeys any verbal commands you issue to it (no action required by you). Roll initiative for the summoned swarm, which has its own turns. If you don't issue any commands to the swarm, it defends itself from hostile creatures, but otherwise takes no actions.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You have advantage on your Constitution saving throws.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to cast the *insect plague* spell (spell save DC 16). Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** The insects buzzing around you make you more difficult to hit. Thus, every time a creature makes an attack roll against you, they must roll 1d4 and subtract that roll from the attack roll. If you take any damage, this effect is interrupted until the start of your next turn, as the insects are drawn to your wounds before they begin buzzing again.



The Saint

LOST PALADIN ARCHETYPE

*Well I perceived one sent from Heaven was he,
and to the Master turned; and he made sign
that I should quiet stand, and bow before him.*

*Ah! how disdainful he appeared to me!
He reached the gate, and with a little rod
he opened it, for there was no resistance.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO IX, 85-90

Those who served as the armed forces of the Lord in life, proclaiming their good faith and acting for the Greater Glory of God while inflicting pain and cruelty, will be sentenced to the Seventh Circle of Hell, among the violent and the blasphemers who spoke in the name of the Omnipotent while shedding their blood and that of their victims, and will appear there even while they are still alive, as sinner Saints.

Maybe you were a crusader, and your hubris led you to vent your arrogance on the “infidels”. Maybe you were a zealot who persecuted the apostates and the heretics well beyond the duties a pious man should have shown. Maybe you were a preacher, but you used your charisma to sow confusion in your community rather than to bring comfort.

In doing so, you always followed your theological virtues (Faith, Hope, and Charity), and in front of the believers you never appeared as a sinner called out by the community. Indeed, they believe you served the Lord in many great works. And yet, in spite of this aura of Holiness, your heart did not remain pure, and you broke the law of the Lord while pretending to enforce it.



Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to lie on the Sand Waste, under an eternal rain of fire.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin is displayed in front of you, and you are forced to wield it in front of the travelers. The banners you held in life will lead you to damnation, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance exudes zeal and utter dedication, but your veiled gaze is restless and your attention is constantly drawn to an unearthly call.

Fear the Third Round of the Seventh Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Saint Emblems

SHIELD AND BANNER

A saint always wields two sacred insignia: a banner and a shield, which they use in their fights. A saint owns the following items:

A *Banner* which is considered a magic spear.

You and every friendly creature within 30 feet of you are always under the effect of the *bless* spell. If you hit a creature with an attack using your Banner, the Banner is sullied with the creature's blood and the spell's effect ends. You can purify your banner by performing a 1-hour ritual. This ritual can be performed during a long rest; when the ritual is completed, the *bless* effect activates again.

A Saint can use the Banner as a spellcasting focus for their paladin spells.

A *Magic Shield*.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Banner.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Banner increases to +2. In addition, when you hit an undead or a fiend with your Banner, that creature takes 1d10 extra radiant damage.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Banner increases to +3, and the extra radiant damage you deal to a fiend or an undead when you hit them with your Banner increase to 2d10. In addition, when you are subjected to an effect that allows you to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, you instead take no damage if you succeed on the saving throw, and only half damage if you fail.

SILVER HALO

A saint does not wear a helmet, but they display a Silver Halo attached to a short staff fixed to their armor's back. The halo protects you as if it were a helmet, and it symbolizes both your

closeness to the Lord and the false earthly holiness which you pursued, favoring material and fleeting pleasures rather than unearthly principles.

The Silver Halo acts as a suit of magic armor granting AC 16. The halo doesn't let you add your Dexterity modifier to your Armor Class, but it also doesn't penalize you if your Dexterity modifier is negative.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your Silver Halo grants you AC 17. You gain a +1 bonus to your spell attack rolls.
- ◆ **Burned.** You have advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects. In addition, the bonus to your spell attack rolls increases to +2.
- ◆ **Damned.** Your Silver Halo grants you AC 18. In addition, you radiate an aura. You and all friendly creatures within 20 feet of you have advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

VEILED GAZE

A saint's eyes are covered with a light gauze, as their gaze filled with the Lord's Hope would bring relief to the damned, and this is not allowed. The gauze does not hinder their sight, but it suffices to hide their eyes.

You have blindsight in a 30-foot radius and you are blind beyond that distance. In that radius you can effectively see everything that is not behind total cover, even if you are blinded or in darkness. In addition, you can see an invisible creature in that radius, unless that creature is successfully hidden.

In addition, you gain the *guidance* cantrip, if you don't already know it.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *clairvoyance* spell. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Burned.** You have advantage on your initiative rolls and on Wisdom (Perception) checks.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can use an action to demand obedience from every creature of your choice you can see within 30 feet. Every target must make a Wisdom saving throw with a DC equal to your spell save DC, otherwise it becomes charmed by you for 1 hour. While it is charmed by you, it regards you as a trusted leader. If you or one of your companions harms the creature, or if it is ordered to act against its nature, it is no longer charmed by you in this way. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

Paladin Spells

- ◆ **1st Level:** *alarm, bless, command, cure wounds, detect evil and good, detect magic, divine favor, heroism, protection from evil and good, shield of faith.*
- ◆ **2nd Level:** *aid, branding smite, lesser restoration, locate object, magic weapon, protection from poison, zone of truth.*
- ◆ **3rd Level:** *daylight, dispel magic, magic circle, remove curse.*
- ◆ **4th Level:** *death ward, locate creature.*
- ◆ **5th Level:** *dispel evil and good, geas.*

Oath of the Saint

The Oath of the Saint binds a paladin to their errors: The violence they dealt in the name of the Lord, the hubris of acting in His name, the arrogance of believing that the end justifies the means. This led the saint to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a saint's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

TENETS OF THE SAINT

In spite of a saint's errors and sins, the three theological virtues they adhere to are worthy and just:

Faith. Love and trust in the Lord.

Hope. Aspiring to eternal life rather than earthly life.

Charity. Love for your kin.

OATH SPELLS

You gain oath spells at the paladin levels listed.

OATH OF THE SAINT SPELLS

Paladin Level	Spells
3 rd	<i>bane, healing word</i>
5 th	<i>blindness/deafness, scorching ray</i>
9 th	<i>fear, protection from energy</i>
13 th	<i>fire shield, guardian of faith</i>
17 th	<i>flame strike, mass cure wounds</i>

CHANNEL DIVINITY

When you take this oath at 3rd level, you gain the following two Channel Divinity options.

My Will Be Done. Using Channel Divinity as a bonus action, you can force a creature you can see within 30 feet of you to bow before the glory of the Lord. That creature must make a Wisdom saving throw, unless it is immune to being frightened. Fiends and undead have disadvantage on this saving throw. On a failed save, the creature is frightened by you for 1 minute, or until it takes any damage. While frightened, the creature's speed is 0, and it can't benefit from any bonus to its speed, and the attack rolls made against it have advantage.

Smite the Wicked and Relieve the Righteous. Immediately after dealing any damage to a creature with the Divine Smite feature, you can use Channel Divinity as a bonus action and choose any number of creatures within 30 feet of you. Each of those creatures gains a number of temporary hit points equal to the extra radiant damage you dealt with Divine Smite.

PEACEFUL SMILE

Starting at 7th level, each time you use a spell of 1st level or higher to restore a creature's hit points, you or another creature within 30 feet of you regain a number of hit points equal to 1d8 + your Charisma modifier.

DIVINE PROTECTION

Starting at 15th level, you are always under the effect of a *sanctuary* spell. The spell save DC is equal to 8 + your proficiency bonus + your Charisma modifier. You cannot use this feature if your Banner is sullied with blood.

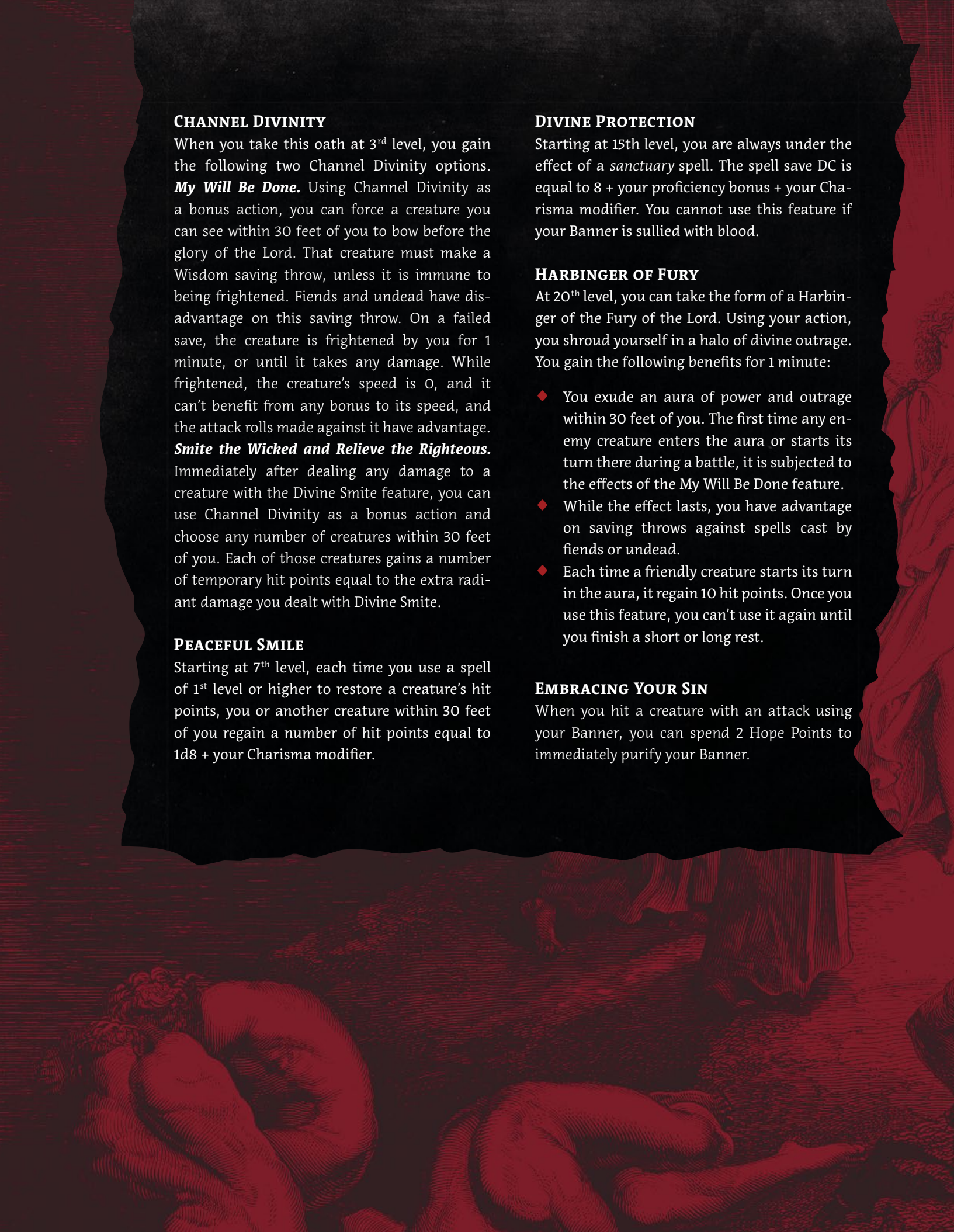
HARBINGER OF FURY

At 20th level, you can take the form of a Harbinger of the Fury of the Lord. Using your action, you shroud yourself in a halo of divine outrage. You gain the following benefits for 1 minute:

- ◆ You exude an aura of power and outrage within 30 feet of you. The first time any enemy creature enters the aura or starts its turn there during a battle, it is subjected to the effects of the My Will Be Done feature.
- ◆ While the effect lasts, you have advantage on saving throws against spells cast by fiends or undead.
- ◆ Each time a friendly creature starts its turn in the aura, it regains 10 hit points. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you hit a creature with an attack using your Banner, you can spend 2 Hope Points to immediately purify your Banner.





Arjun

The Exile

LOST RANGER ARCHETYPE

*Then I beheld a thousand faces, made
purple with cold; whence o'er me comes a shudder,
and evermore will come, at frozen ponds.*

*And while we were advancing tow'rd's the middle,
where everything of weight unites together,
and I was shivering in the eternal shade,*

*Whether 't were will, or destiny, or chance,
I know not; but in walking 'mong the heads
I struck my foot hard in the face of one.*

Dante Alighieri

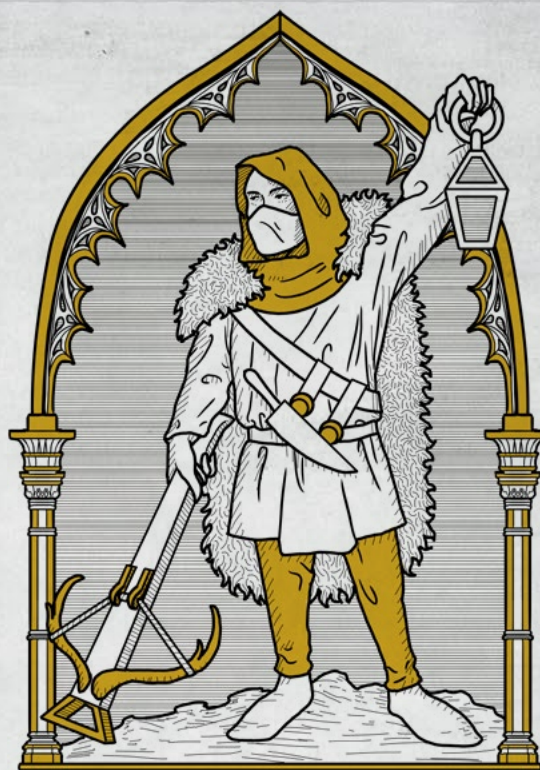
INFERNO, CANTO XXXII, 70-78

Those who gave up fighting for their ideals, betrayed their banner and country, broke vows, oaths, and duties, will be sentenced to the Second Zone of the Ninth Circle of Hell after their death, and will appear there, even in life, as an ominous Exile.

Maybe you willingly became an outcast and fled the battlefield while your comrades were dying. Maybe you broke a promise or an oath, gaining the benefits of a deal or a mutual favor and then disappearing in the moment of need. Maybe you ran before a commitment, your family's needs, or the love of your children.

Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to spend all eternity in a frozen river, surrounded by other sinners like you and primeval giants, under the shadow of Lucifero himself.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin freezes your breath, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.



As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance grows dim and pale, as the corpse of a man who died by frostbite. No flame can warm you, as you lack the "fire" of the ideals you cast away. You always carry with you a lantern that sheds no light, a symbol of the way you lost, and you wield weapons made from animal bones, symbolizing your affinity to the wilder aspects of life, as your lack of ideals makes you similar to a beast.

Fear the Second Zone of the Ninth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Exile Emblems

FROZEN

An exile always feels cold and their bluish skin has the hue of a frostbite victim. When an exile speaks, a puff of mist rises from their mouth. Your walking speed is reduced by 5 feet. Your AC is equal to 12 + your Dexterity modifier. You gain resistance to cold damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your base AC is equal to 13 + your Dexterity modifier.
- ◆ **Burned.** *Absorption.* When you take cold damage, you can use your reaction to gain immunity to that specific source of damage until the start of your next turn. In addition, you regain a number of hit points equal to half the amount of cold damage you would have suffered. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** Your base AC is equal to 14 + your Dexterity modifier. In addition, any hit you score against a creature that is surprised is a critical hit.

EMPTY LANTERN

Every exile carries a lantern which produces no light, to symbolize that they have lost their way and now wander along a dark and desolate path.

You gain darkvision within a radius of 60 feet. If you already have darkvision because of your Lost One traits, the radius of your darkvision increases by 30 feet. You gain proficiency in the Stealth skill, if you don't already have it, and your proficiency bonus is doubled for any ability check you make that uses that skill. You can use your Empty Lantern as a spellcasting focus for your ranger spells.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You can use an action to cast the *darkness* spell, and you must choose your lantern as the spell's point of origin. You can see normally in the darkness cre-

ated by the spell. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Burned.** You have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight. In addition, you can see invisible creatures within the radius of your darkvision.
- ◆ **Damned.** You gain truesight within the radius of your darkvision.

BONE WEAPONS

An exile wears furs and animal hides, and wields weapons made from golden bones; their utter lack of ideals almost casts them out of civilization, forcing them to hide in the wilderness, like the foulest beast. You have the following weapons:

Black Horns. Magic ranged weapon, with the following properties: 1d8 piercing damage, two-handed, ammunition, (range 100/400), heavy. This weapon produces its own ammunition, automatically creating a projectile when you make a ranged weapon attack. The ammunition created by this weapon vanishes after hitting or missing the target.

Horn Daggers. A pair of magic daggers.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Bone Weapons.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Bone Weapons increases to +2. In addition, your Black Horns attacks ignore half cover and three-quarters cover.
- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Bone Weapons increases to +3. In addition, the exile can infuse a projectile with the resentment of all the exiles in Cocito. If a creature takes any damage from the special ammunition, it must make a DC 17 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 5d10 extra piercing damage. On a successful

save, the creature takes half as much damage. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Ranger Spells

- ◆ **1st Level:** *alarm, cure wounds, detect magic, fog cloud, goodberry, hunter's mark, jump, longstrider.*
- ◆ **2nd Level:** *barkskin, darkvision, find traps, lesser restoration, locate object, pass without trace, protection from poison, silence, spike growth.*
- ◆ **3rd Level:** *daylight, nondetection, plant growth, protection from energy, water walk, wind wall.*
- ◆ **4th Level:** *freedom of movement, locate creature, stoneskin.*
- ◆ **5th Level:** *commune with nature.*

Exile

In life, an exile turned their back on their own beliefs, betraying friends, family, and companions, and recoiling from their duties and ideals. The exile they chose is a coward's escape, a renegade's desertion, a craven's survival. This led the exile to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and an exile's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

ANTENORA'S BREATH

At 3rd level, you can use a bonus action and expend a spell slot to enshroud yourself in a freezing aura. The aura has a radius of 20 feet.

For 1 minute or until the exile moves or loses their concentration (as if they were casting a spell requiring concentration), every other creature starting its turn within this aura halves its speed and takes 1d8 cold damage. In addition, until the freezing aura ends, when the exile hits a creature with a weapon attack, they deal 1d8 extra cold damage and can reduce that creature's speed by 10 feet until the start of their next turn. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all spent uses when you finish a short or long rest.

ANTENORA'S BREEZE

Starting at 7th level, the radius of your freezing aura increases to 30 feet.

ANTENORA'S SCOURING WIND

Starting at 11th level, you can use your Antenor's Breath feature without expending a spell slot. In addition, when you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can expend one spell slot to deal cold damage to the target, in addition to the weapon's damage. The extra damage is 2d8 for a 1st level spell slot, plus 1d8 for each spell level higher than 1st, to a maximum of 5d8.

ANTENORA'S BLIZZARD

Starting at 15th level, the radius of your freezing aura increases to 40 feet. In addition, each time a creature within your freezing aura makes an attack roll against you and does not have advantage on that roll, you can use your reaction to impose disadvantage on that roll.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can spend 2 Hope Points to entrap that creature in a frozen grasp. The target is restrained until the end of your next turn.



The Heresiarch

LOST SORCERER ARCHETYPE

And I: "My Master, what are all those people who, having sepulture within those tombs, make themselves audible by doleful sighs?"

And he to me: "Here are the Heresiarchs, with their disciples of all sects, and much more than thou thinkest laden are the tombs.

Here like together with its like is buried; and more and less the monuments are heated." And when he to the right had turned, we passed between the torments and high parapets."

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO IX, 124-133

The fires of passion burn with the same intensity in all men who follow a great ideal. Some burn with the fervor of the righteous, a boon from Divine Love. Other less worthy men burn with the dark and fierce flame of heresy, which quickly consumes their principles and turns them to ashes. Those who willingly proclaimed false truths and flawed ideals in life will be sentenced to the Sixth Circle of Hell after their death, and will appear there, even in life, as a lying Heresiarch.

Maybe you believed the lies of apostates, disbelievers and blasphemers eager to turn the minds and the hearts of the righteous away from the truth. Maybe you were a blasphemer yourself, and you came up with, spread, or sustained wicked theories, foul ideals, or unreliable cults. Maybe you are just one among the hosts who rejected common beliefs, healings and ideals to follow a foolish and reckless ideology of some type.

Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to spend all eternity in the



open graves of the city of Dite, where Hell has more than enough flames to ensure you an eternal torment.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of your fateful sin, your semblance is enshrouded and infused with flames, your skin is burned and cracked, and you will never be rid of the mark of heresy.

Fear the Sixth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!

Heresiarch Emblems

FLAMES

A curtain of ethereal flames flickers around your body, eerily foreshadowing the eternal torment that awaits you after your death.

You emit bright light in a 30-foot radius and dim light 30 feet beyond that.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your spells ignore resistance to fire damage. In addition, immunity to fire damage is considered resistance to fire damage for the purpose of overcoming resistance and immunity to nonmagical attacks and damage.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can add your Charisma modifier to the damage roll of any sorcerer spell you cast.
- ◆ **Damned.** If a creature hits you with a melee attack, it takes 1d8 fire damage.

BURNED SKIN

Under the ethereal flames flickering around your body, your skin looks dark and singed by burns. Heed this vital warning...

You gain resistance to all types of damage.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your base AC is equal to 13 + your Constitution modifier. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus to saving throws.
- ◆ **Burned.** *Absorption.* When you take fire damage, you can use your reaction to gain immunity to that specific source of damage until the start of your next turn. In addition, you regain a number of hit points equal to

half the amount of fire damage you would have suffered. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

- ◆ **Damned.** Your base AC is equal to 14 + your Constitution modifier. In addition, your bonus to saving throws increases to +2.

HERETICAL SYMBOL

Your false and mendacious beliefs, whatever they might be, cling onto you as a symbol, a mark that denounces your infamy and your future punishment. You gain the *shield* spell. That spell counts as a sorcerer spell for you but doesn't count against the number of sorcerer spells you know. You can use your Heretical Symbol as a spellcasting focus for your sorcerer spells.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to your spell attack rolls and to the spell save DCs of your sorcerer spells.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to your spell attack rolls and to the spell save DCs of your sorcerer spells increases to +2.
- ◆ **Damned.** If you fail a saving throw, you can use your reaction to turn your failed save into a success. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.

Sorcerer Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** acid splash, chill touch, dancing lights, fire bolt, light, mage hand, mending, message, minor illusion, poison spray, prestidigitation, ray of frost, shocking grasp, true strike.
- ◆ **1st Level:** burning hands, charm person, color spray, comprehend languages, detect magic, disguise self, expeditious retreat, false life, feather fall, fog cloud, jump, mage armor, magic missile, shield, silent image, sleep, thunderwave.
- ◆ **2nd Level:** alter self, blindness/deafness, blur, darkness, darkvision, detect thoughts, enhance ability, enlarge/reduce, gust of wind, hold person, invisibility, levitate, mirror image, misty step, scorching ray, see invisibility, shatter, spider climb, suggestion, web.
- ◆ **3rd Level:** blink, clairvoyance, counterspell, daylight, dispel magic, fear, fireball, gaseous form, haste, hypnotic pattern, lightning bolt, major image, protection from energy, sleet storm, slow, stinking cloud, water walk.
- ◆ **4th Level:** blight, confusion, greater invisibility, ice storm, stoneskin, wall of fire.
- ◆ **5th Level:** animate objects, cloudkill, cone of cold, dominate person, hold monster, insect plague, seeming, telekinesis, wall of stone.
- ◆ **6th Level:** chain lightning, circle of death, disintegrate, eyebite, globe of invulnerability, mass suggestion, move earth, sunbeam, true seeing.
- ◆ **7th Level:** delayed blast fireball, finger of death, fire storm, prismatic spray, reverse gravity.
- ◆ **8th Level:** dominate monster, earthquake, incendiary cloud, power word stun, sunburst.
- ◆ **9th Level:** meteor swarm, power word kill, time stop.

Magic of the Heresiarch

A Heresiarch's Magic flows from their blasphemy and errors, from their flawed and empty beliefs, teetering on the verge of infernal lore. This led the heresiarch to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a heresiarch's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

PURIFYING FIRE

Starting at 1st level, when you cast a spell that deals damage, the type of damage dealt by the spell changes to fire damage. At the same time, you can spend 1 sorcery point to turn half the damage you deal into necrotic damage, rounded down.

Each time you cast a spell of 1st level or higher, you take 1 necrotic damage per level of that spell. This damage cannot be reduced or prevented in any way.

OF EMBERS AND TORMENT

Starting at 6th level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can choose to take 1d4 necrotic damage to gain 1 sorcery point. This damage cannot be reduced or prevented in any way. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

ROAD TO DITE

Starting at 14th level, as a bonus action on your turn, you can spend one sorcery point to gain immunity to fire damage for 1 hour.

In addition, when another creature deals any damage to you, you can use your reaction to cast a spell on that creature. The spell must have a casting time of 1 action and it must target only that creature. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

INFERNAL RISE

Starting at 18th level, when you use an action to cast a spell of 1st level or higher, you can use a bonus action to spread a wave of fire in a 30-foot radius, until the end of your next turn. Every other creature that enters the aura or starts its turn there during a battle takes an amount of fire damage equal to twice the spell's level.

In the following rounds, as a bonus action, you can spend 2 sorcery points to maintain this effect, extending its duration until the end of your next turn.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you roll to deal fire damage, you can spend 2 Hope Points to deal maximum damage instead of rolling.



Subaru

The False Prophet

LOST WARLOCK ARCHETYPE

*And all the others whom thou here beholdest,
disseminators of scandal and of schism
while living were, and therefore are cleft thus.*

*A devil is behind here, who doth cleave us
thus cruelly, unto the falchion's edge
putting again each one of all this ream,*

Dante Alighieri

INFERNO, CANTO XXVIII, 34-39

The laws of the Lord encourage union and love among people. Thus, the most cowardly sinners are those who sow discord and instigate conflicts and schisms among their followers. Those who incited strife and revolts in the earthly world will be sentenced to the Eighth Circle of Hell after their death, among the Schismatics, and will appear there, even in life, as False Prophets.

Maybe you stirred a rioting crowd from within, pretending to sustain their cause for your own benefit or just for the love of chaos. Maybe you instigated or led a rebellion or a restoration, always keeping one step behind those who you sent to die for a futile reason. Maybe you threw your community in disarray and turmoil just for the pleasure of seeing your kin jumping at each other's throats.

Whatever you did in life, after your death you will be sentenced to be eternally torn apart by the devils of Malebolge, ripped apart just as you used to rip and separate peoples and races.

This is your sentence; this is your fate. Now that you are in Hell, your sin looms over you



like a dark and sinister shadow, an omen of what awaits you after your death, till the end of times, unless you atone and are redeemed.

As a symbol of this fateful sin, your semblance displays the emblems of your worldly and flawed idols. Your face is covered with a mask that you cannot remove, and your hands hold a sword and a scepter, the symbolic tools of your undoing.

Fear the Ninth Bolgia of the Eighth Circle, as it will be the hardest test you will have to face when you get there!



False Prophet Emblems

GOLDEN SKULL

A false prophet always wears a crowned helmet and mask shaped like a skull, symbolizing the false beliefs and ideals they pretended to proclaim. The Golden Skull acts as a suit of magic armor that grants you an AC equal to 12 + your Dexterity modifier.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to saving throws.
- ◆ **Burned.** Your AC is equal to 13 + your Dexterity modifier. In addition, you gain resistance to one damage type of your choice: acid, cold, lightning, fire, necrotic, radiant, or thunder.
- ◆ **Damned.** You gain a +1 bonus to your spell attack rolls and to the save DCs of your warlock spells. In addition, your bonus to saving throws increases to +2.

OBSIDIAN WEAPON

A false prophet's great obsidian sword is another symbol of their worldly and flawed heresies, representing the schisms between faith and belief they caused in life. The Obsidian Weapon is a magic longsword. When you attack with this weapon, you can use your Charisma modifier instead of your Strength modifier for your attack and damage rolls. When you hit a creature with this weapon, you take 1d4 necrotic damage. This damage cannot be reduced or prevented in any way.

- ◆ **Tormented.** You gain a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Obsidian Weapon.
- ◆ **Burned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Obsidian Weapon increases to +2. When you damage a creature that is concentrating on a spell, that creature has disadvantage on the saving throw it makes to maintain its concentration.

- ◆ **Damned.** The bonus to attack and damage rolls you make with your Obsidian Weapon increases to +3. In addition, you can make an attack with this weapon as a bonus action on each of your turns.

SCEPTER

Along with the obsidian longsword, the false prophet's scepter symbolizes the flawed teachings they proclaimed in life.

You add the *bane* spell to your known spells. That spell counts as a warlock spell for you but doesn't count against the number of warlock spells you know. You can cast it at its lowest level a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus, without expending a spell slot. Once you cast *bane* in this way that number of times, you can still cast it normally using an available spell slot. You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

You can use the Scepter as a spellcasting focus for your warlock spells.

- ◆ **Tormented.** Your Charisma bonus increases by 2, along with the maximum you can increase that score to.
- ◆ **Burned.** You can use an action to summon the fire of strife, which uses the fire elemental stats, as if you had cast the *conjure elemental* spell. Once you use this feature, you can't use it again until you finish a long rest.
- ◆ **Damned.** You can use a bonus action to invade the mind of a creature you can see, flooding it with visions of betrayal and strife. The creature must make a DC 17 Intelligence saving throw. The creature automatically succeeds on this saving throw if it is immune to the frightened condition. On a failed save, the creature cannot discern friend from foe and considers all creatures it can see as enemies until the start of your next turn. Each time the affected creature chooses another creature as target, it must

randomly choose from among all creatures it can see within range of the attack, spell, or ability it is using. If an enemy provokes an attack of opportunity from the affected creature, the creature must make that attack if it can. You can use this feature a number of times equal to half your proficiency bonus (rounded down). You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

Warlock Spells

- ◆ **Cantrips (Level 0):** *chill touch, eldritch blast, mage hand, minor illusion, poison spray, prestidigitation, true strike.*
- ◆ **1st Level:** *charm person, expeditious retreat, hellish rebuke, protection from evil and good, unseen servant.*
- ◆ **2nd Level:** *darkness, enthrall, hold person, invisibility, mirror image, misty step, ray of enfeeblement, shatter, spider climb, suggestion.*
- ◆ **3rd Level:** *counterspell, dispel magic, fear, gaseous form, hypnotic pattern, magic circle, major image, remove curse.*
- ◆ **4th Level:** *blight, hallucinatory terrain.*
- ◆ **5th Level:** *hold monster, scrying.*
- ◆ **6th Level:** *circle of death, eyebite, flesh to stone, mass suggestion, true seeing.*
- ◆ **7th Level:** *finger of death, forcecage.*
- ◆ **8th Level:** *dominate monster, feeblemind, glibness, power word stun.*
- ◆ **9th Level:** *foresight, imprisonment, power word kill.*

The False Prophet

A false prophet has always put himself before and above any other ideal or religious yearning. Anything they have ever said, done, or proclaimed is false, a fiction concealing their hubris, selfishness, and pleasure as they remained untouched among malcontent, error, and strife. This led the false prophet to Hell, and this is what sustains them in the Blind World... yet, it is a poisoned, hollow sustenance, and a false prophet's Journey has only one purpose: to get rid of this sin.

EXPANDED SPELL LIST

A false prophet's stubborn selfishness and their penchant for sowing strife around them become a special privilege in Hell. When you learn a warlock spell, you can access an expanded spell list. The following spells are added to the warlock spell list for you.

FALSE PROPHET EXPANDED SPELLS

Spell Level	Spells
1 st	<i>command, heroism</i>
2 nd	<i>branding smite, calm emotions</i>
3 rd	<i>bestow curse, spirit guardians</i>
4 th	<i>compulsion, confusion</i>
5 th	<i>dominate person, insect plague</i>

KNIGHT OF DISCORD

At 1st level, you learn the *minor illusion* cantrip, if you don't already know it.

MASTER OF BLACK ARTS

Starting at 1st level, you learn to manipulate the mind and the matter of those who dwell in Hell. When you hit a creature with a weapon attack, you can call forth the effects of this wicked self-veneration to deal necrotic damage to the target, in addition to the weapon's damage. The extra damage is equal to your Charisma modifier (with a minimum of 1). In addition, you can expend one warlock spell slot to deal necrotic damage to the target, in addition to the weapon's damage. The extra damage is 1d8 for a 1st-level spell slot, plus 1d8 for each spell level higher than 1st, to a maximum of 5d8. You can use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus. You regain all spent uses when you finish a long rest.

PACT BOON

At 3rd level, the false prophet must choose the Pact of the Chain. This feature is modified as follows: You can only choose for your familiar the form of a least devil, which uses the imp stats.

EXTRA ATTACK

Starting at 6th level, you can attack twice, instead of once, whenever you take the Attack action on your turn.

AURA OF SUPREMACY

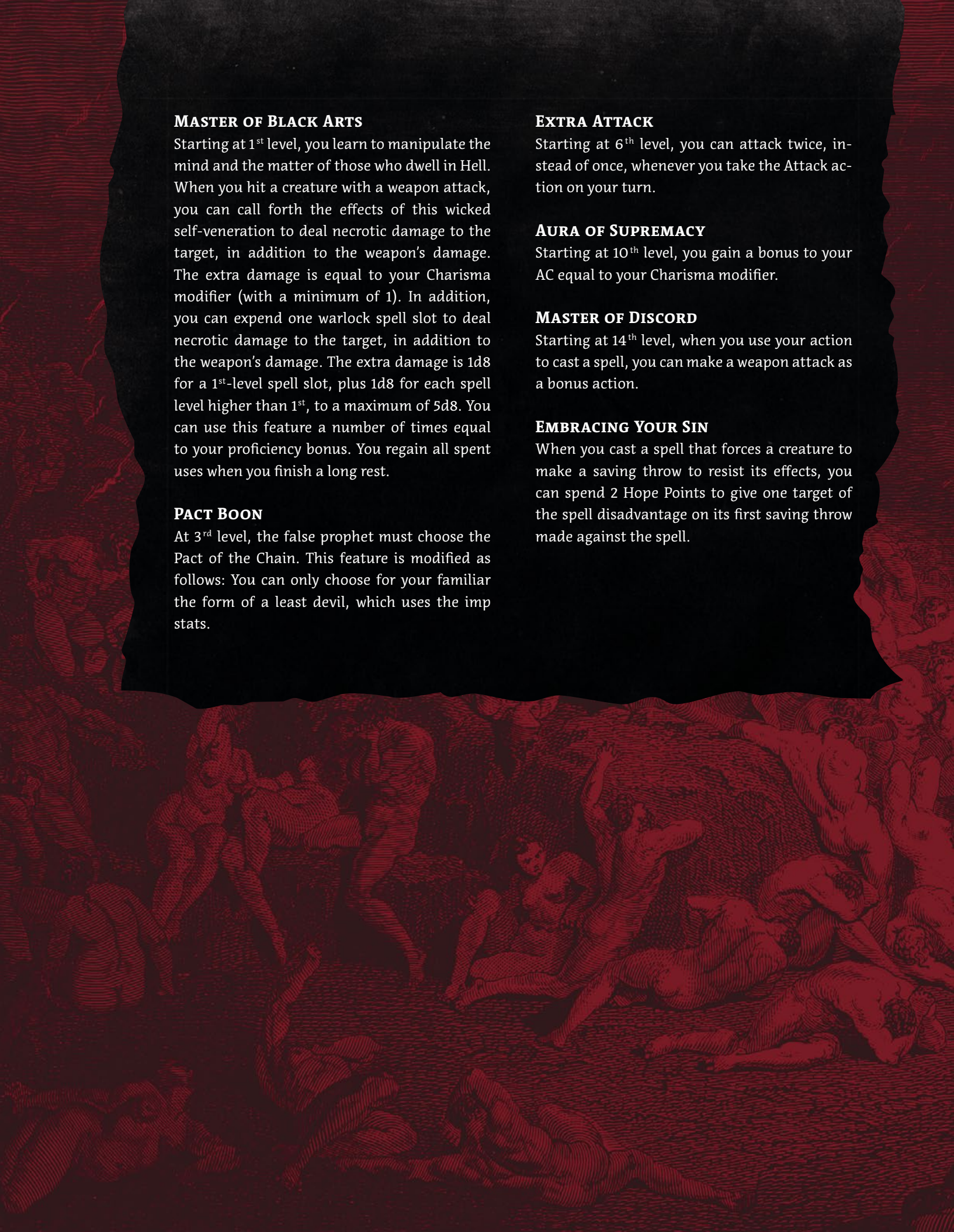
Starting at 10th level, you gain a bonus to your AC equal to your Charisma modifier.

MASTER OF DISCORD

Starting at 14th level, when you use your action to cast a spell, you can make a weapon attack as a bonus action.

EMBRACING YOUR SIN

When you cast a spell that forces a creature to make a saving throw to resist its effects, you can spend 2 Hope Points to give one target of the spell disadvantage on its first saving throw made against the spell.



Chapter II

Hell





PER ME SI VA DE LA CITTA' DOLENTE
PER ME SI VA DE L'ETTERNO DOLORE
PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE

GIUSTIZIA MOSSE IL M
FECCE LA DIVIN
LA SOMMA SAPIENZA



UNO ALTRO FATTORE,
LA POTESTATE,
E L'PRIMO AMORE.

DINANZI A ME NON FUOR COSE CREATE
SE NON ETERNE, E IO ETERNA DURO.
LASCIATE OGNE SPERANZA, VOI CH'INTRATE.



IX

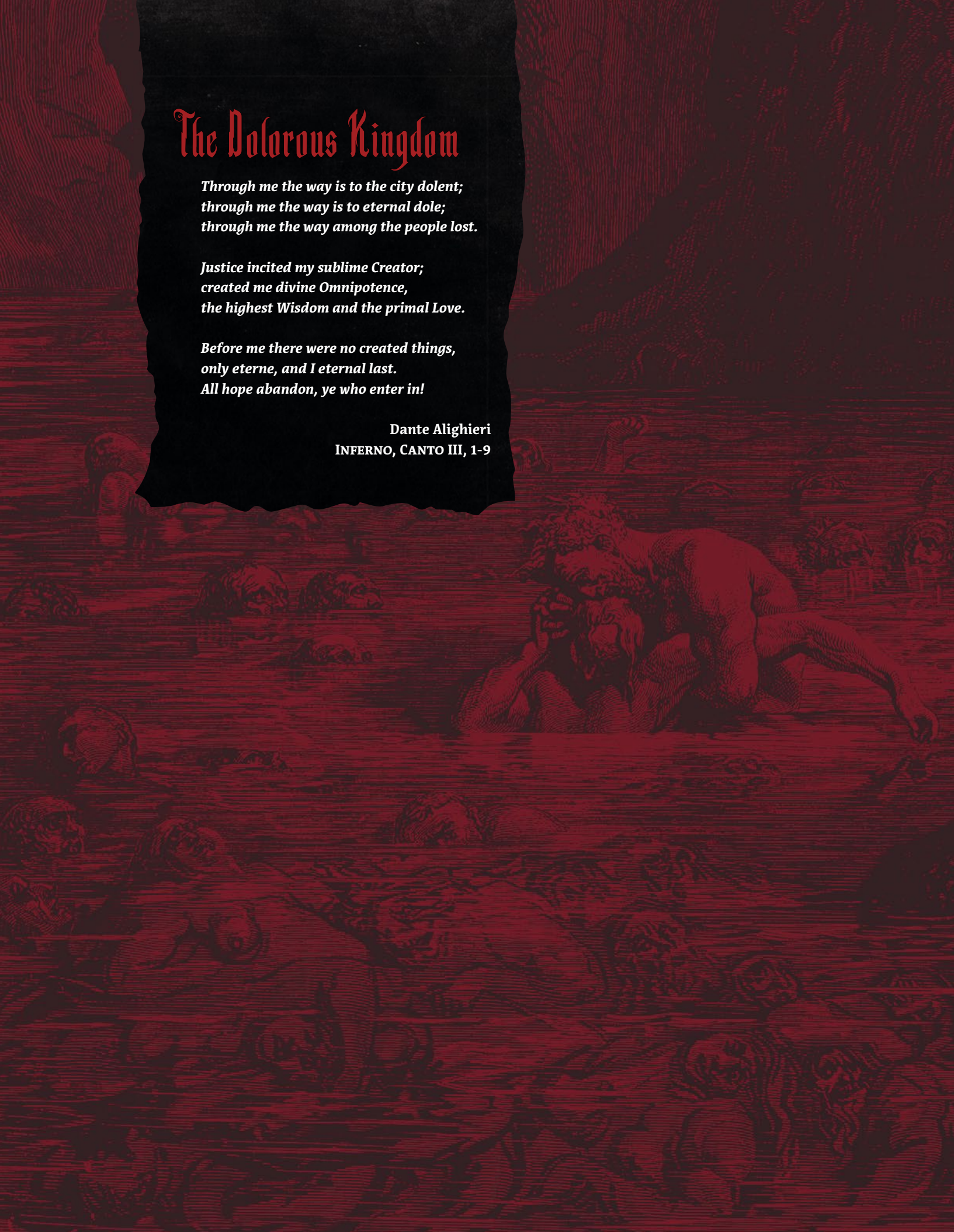
The Dolorous Kingdom

*Through me the way is to the city dolent;
through me the way is to eternal dole;
through me the way among the people lost.*

*Justice incited my sublime Creator;
created me divine Omnipotence,
the highest Wisdom and the primal Love.*

*Before me there were no created things,
only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO III, 1-9



Hell is a dark and terrible chasm at the center of the Earth. You may picture it as a funnel-shaped ravine, which burrows into the world's pit, or as the decaying and annihilating void at the heart of all matter, of our soul, of all things.

It was created when Lucifero was cast out of the eternal Heavens by the Lord's hand, because of his arrogance and the rebellion of the angels that he instigated.

Disgusted by the Fall of he who had been the most radiant of archangels, now the most horrible and unjust, the matter of creation retracted to let him fall farther, resulting in the creation of the chasm which lies beneath the world and points to the center of all things.

Lucifero is still here, at the heart of the world, and the abyss caused by his Fall has become the eternal one which houses his followers, the fallen angels, and all the damned souls that have since been sentenced to that horrifying place. The titanic overhauls that followed reshaped land and sea, bringing about a global flood and causing the rise of Mount Purgatory on the other side of the world.

The war between faithful and rebellious angels swiftly ended, with the latter side vanquished, and all of the evil one's followers were cast into the chasm, sealed forever by the Eternal Gate. The latter can be found somewhere at the center of the known world, the city of Jerusalem, hidden just out of normal sight. The infernal influence that runs through it has borne, over the centuries, the first vanguard to Hell itself: the Dark Forest, a threshold between worlds, the final border between the material and the infernal world, in which dark, twisted plants have grown like thorns, and through which terrifying beasts prowl, allegories of the evils contained within the abyss itself. Not everyone can find their way to the Dark Forest, but it is even harder to leave – impossi-

ble without a Guide or divine intervention.

Once the Eternal Gate, seal to the dark world, is crossed, you will find yourselves upon a vast ring of gray and barren ground, devoid of any beauty. This is the Antiferno, the vestibule of Hell, a decaying twilight dimension which hosts and keeps captive the Indifferent spirits and angels, those who never chose a side in the war between good and evil.

Beyond the Antinferno is another border to cross: the Acheronte's black waters, the first of the infernal rivers, which separates the Antinferno from Limbo, the widest of the Circles of Hell, leading directly into the ravine below.

The abyssal chasm runs from Limbo all the way down to the tall walls of the City of Dis, and further, among Rounds and Bolgias, farther from the Lord of Heaven, the Nine Spheres, and Paradise itself.

Playing Inferno

What brings Travelers to Hell? What are they doing here, why have they come this far, and what are their chances beyond those of ending their days among eternal dole?

As Dante, or Saint Paul, Orpheus, and Aeneas before him, even those who are still alive can enter Hell, and somehow expect to return. Reasons can vary: a soul to question, a message to convey, a prophecy to ask of a seer, an unearthly task to fulfill.

There are also more trivial reasons: travelers might be damned souls, great spirits, or even fallen angels, who – for some reason – have seen the Hope of Heaven alight within them and a chance at redemption, no matter how remote. After all, Hell on Earth is a transient state, and there is always a chance of the Lord's Grace at the end of time.

Then, of course, there are the Lost Ones. Whoever has lost their right way, and finds themselves a saint in Heaven, can still end up alive

in the Dark Forest, and from there attempt the journey back out.

It is the worst possible journey of course. There are endless perils and distances, dangers and evils that await along the path.

But what is your alternative?

Traveling in a Place without Time and Space

In *Inferno – Dante's Guide to Hell*, all places are impossible to define in terms of size, by their very nature. Lucifero's kingdom is a place without space and time, or better, an abstract, eternal, unreal condition where space and time are intangible, relative concepts, immutable, and yet ever-changing. Much like spirit and matter, both these elements can expand, shrink, or merge, appearing senseless and unfathomable to a small and limited mind such as those of the Lost Ones. And yet, the apparently random manifestations of space and time around the infernal chasm is just that: apparent. Dante even had the audacity to try to measure some areas of this abyss, but I can assure you that those were his measurements, unmatched by any others that subsequent travelers have made or will want to do.

The Lost Ones' Journey is guided by the Divine Flame, which allows them to react to certain infernal laws, including those which define the aforementioned dimensions.

For instance, when the Lost Ones learn how to get to a place, or willingly act to pass through a circle, the Divine Flame shapes space and time around their path so that they may finally reach their destination. This can also happen when the Lost Ones are looking for a specific character or creature in the nearby area, or when they are close to one of their Family Spirits.

This does not mean that the Journey will be short, or devoid of dangers, but only that the

Lost Ones can avoid wandering aimlessly in the circles, rounds, and bolge of Hell without spotting the exit, and that the Guide has a storytelling means to handle the complexities of traveling in a land where every step is a step among endless fractal fragments.

Certain time-based effects, such as a spell's duration, are necessarily arbitrary and subjective: in a timeless condition, where the concept of "minutes" has no meaning, everything lasts until it has served its purpose, the current scene changes, or the Guide decides that it has ended.

Endless Souls on a Pinhead

It has already been said that Hell is a place where concepts like space and time have little sense. Although billions of souls are gathered here, they all live in the Grim Realm in synchronous and dimensionless conditions. Even when thousands and thousands of souls seem to gather in one place, such as Caronte's boat, in the tunnel between the First and the Second Circle, or in the Ravine of False and Lying Gods, they do not fill that place. Indeed, they seem to constantly linger in the background. Only those who decide to interact with the Lost Ones, either assaulting them or speaking with them, grow a mass and occupy an actual space.

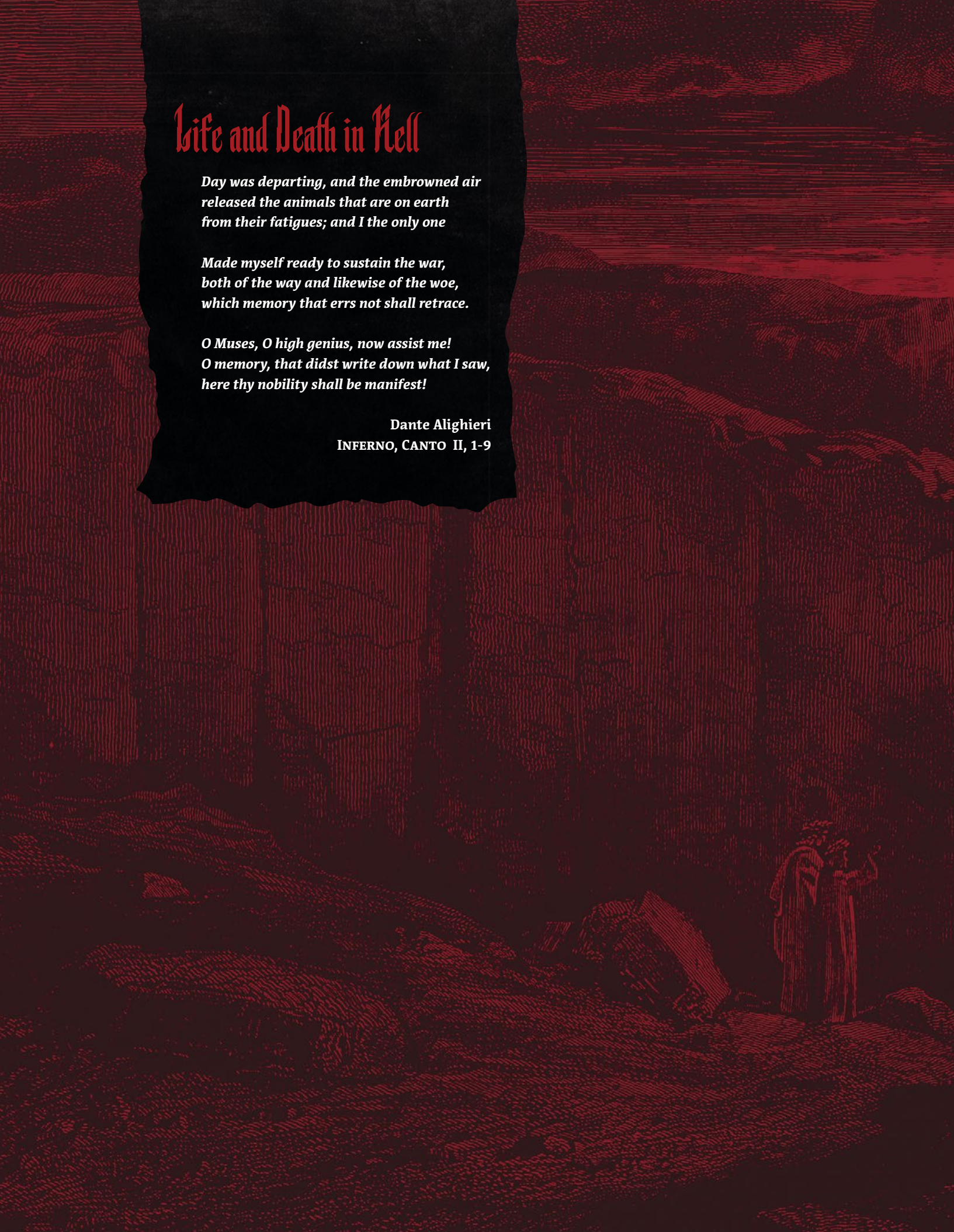
Life and Death in Hell

*Day was departing, and the embrowed air
released the animals that are on earth
from their fatigues; and I the only one*

*Made myself ready to sustain the war,
both of the way and likewise of the woe,
which memory that errs not shall retrace.*

*O Muses, O high genius, now assist me!
O memory, that didst write down what I saw,
here thy nobility shall be manifest!*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO II, 1-9



As mentioned previously, dying in Hell is not allowed. The damned and the indifferent who find themselves here as spirits are already dead, the devils and monsters which torment them were never really alive, and those who enter alive cannot really be killed.

Battles, encounters, assaults, and infernal tortures can mutilate, strike down, and pulverize anyone, from the basest Indifferent to one of the Infernal Judges, but they will all reform, ready to revert back to their task, losing interest and hostility toward the travelers.

For this reason, fighting in Hell is a distraction or a way to buy time: do not rely on violence to proceed!

As for the Lost Ones, being skewered by blades, talons, and claws, or rendered by the circles' dangers, even losing one's emblems, causes only a fleeting pain.

Their bodies may crumble, turn to ash, blown apart by the empty winds of the airless abyss, only to then reform from the ground upon which they fell.

You're made from ashes and you'll return to ashes.

The Dolorous People

The damned, the sinners, the dead souls serving their eternal sentence in the dark circles of Hell are known by many names, but the most common and correct is Dolorous People.

There are infinite punishments that Hell and its jailers mete out upon the Dolorous People, each in its relevant circle, round, or bolgia, within or outside the City of Dite, between the Eternal Gate and Cocito.

There is, however, a simple fact which is clear to all: the lower you find yourself in Hell, the worse your punishment.

During your Journey, most of the Dolorous People you will encounter will be hostile toward you, as they envy, in their eternal despair, the Hope you carry.

They cannot lethally harm you, or at least not for too long, as they are also afflicted by torture, pain, torment and constraints.

Still, better to avoid getting too close...

Admittedly, some may even want to converse with you, answer questions, or assign you brief tasks or make demands. You are the only one, after all, who can freely move between circles, and who can use your Hope, Divine Inspiration, and free will to become a messenger for them, for the devils, the Indifferent, and other infernal creatures. Others may only wish for you to listen to their tale, or ask you for yours. They may even appear to recognize you...

In truth? They do! Hell is infinite and everlasting, yet travelers instinctively call to themselves those with whom they share a connection, whom they may have known in life, or of whom they may have heard.

These are your Family Spirits, and they can help you in many ways: they can reveal to you secrets or useful information for your Journey, request something of you, recall memories, help you vanquish your vices, strengthen your virtues, give you Divine Inspiration, or even restore a little Hope. They are the milestones marking your personal path of redemption through the great chasm.

Your guide will introduce them to you, and will let you speak and interact with them, but it will be up to you to exploit these connections to your advantage!

You will find a complete description of Dolorous People and their characteristics in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*, including the differences between the several circles.



The Dark Forest

*Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
for the straightforward pathway had been lost.*

*Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say
what was this forest savage, rough, and stern,
which in the very thought renews the fear.*

*So bitter is it, death is little more;
but of the good to treat, which there I found,
speak will I of the other things I saw there.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO I, 1-9

From this point forward, this manual will offer a detailed description of the Nine Circles of Hell, of the Antinferno, and of the Dark Forest. This section contains a lot of information which Lost Ones can, in theory, access throughout their Journey and which is therefore included below. However, this information is also encountered or made clear by playing, and reading everything in advance can lessen the experience of gradual discovery, exploration, and descent into Hell. The players can decide that this information resides with the Guide only, to be revealed at the latter's discretion.

The Forest Beyond the World_____

The Dark Forest can be found in our world, though no one is certain of its location. No cartographer, no academic nor explorer has ever been able to find it through traditional methods. Only those who stray from the path of divine love can find themselves among its twisted trees.

Only a Lost One, like you, like me before you.

The darkness of the Forest is more than the simple shadow cast by the twining skeletal branches: the darkness will seep beneath your skin, Traveler. One first step on the barren soil, one first breath of acrid air, and you will no longer know how you came to be in the Forest and your semblance shall become that of your Archetype.

This is when you shall become truly Lost.

The thicket of withered trees, thorny bushes, and dying underbrush extends as far as the eye can see, a wall of vegetation devoid of paths and any sign of living creature. Birds do not sing among the branches, there are no burrows nor tracks. Not even insects make the Dark Forest their home.

This is not, however, a quiet place: a cold breeze continuously caresses the plants, intoning a melody of groans and creaks. Sometimes you might even hear a voice, or a low rumble of laughter, echoing through the empty tree trunks. Other times it is barely a whisper, a cry for help, or maybe for mercy. It could be a trick of the mind, but how can you be certain, Traveler? After all, this vegetation is nothing but the unfortunate progeny of the poison seeping from under the Eternal Gate.

Not the prime hatred and envy of Lucifero, mind you.

The bitterness I speak of is the filth of the human soul, the fetid tide of uncountable sins and suppurating consciences. You can feel it in

the wind, taste it with each breath. Ash on the tongue. Rotting blood stuck to your palate.

Do not be distracted by the gloom of the woods lest you never find your way out. Lift your gaze from the way, aim it at the few rays of sun that pierce the trees. The star moved by the Prime Love will guide you among thorn-filled valleys, along the edge of chasms, beyond streams of bitter water, into the heart of the Forest itself.

Here the trees are thicker and the light becomes grayer. Ruins appear among the vegetation, here and there, engulfed by the Forest. Their nature? Their origins? We can no longer know.

Along a Silent Shore_____

Some Travelers speak of the presence, in the heart of the woods, of a clearing with a pool at its center, lit by a strange glow beneath the surface. It appears to attract lost wanderers and souls, becoming the sole gathering point for those who end up here.

Do not fear its shores, as they may very well be your only refuge in the Forest; do not, however, attempt to catch the glimmer which shines beneath it, as it is beyond your reach.

You may wait here for other Lost Ones, who will eventually reach the pool, and perhaps decide to Journey together.

Some even say that this is the only place where those rejected from Hell, indifferent angels, the damned, and noble spirits, can at times arrive after avoiding the Eternal Gate, and appear before Lost Ones as companions and guides.

The Forest Keepers

Though it becomes harder with each step, try to avoid the plants: roots here slither like snakes and branches reach to grasp you. Thorns and wooden talons have already tried to spill my blood as I passed through, perhaps thirsting for the only truly living thing among them. One last effort and after a final barrier of underbrush, you will reach a stone arch. Beyond it, the Dark Forest parts as the land rises up to a hillock. The arch, though, is guarded. Be alert, Traveler.

Three figures emerge from the woods, one by one. First is the spotted Panther, light and swift. Second the Lion, radiant with boastful pride. Finally, the She-Wolf, consumed with everlasting hunger.

The Three Beasts are tasked with barring the way to Lost Ones and breaking their Hope of the Height. This is the first true test you will face, but fear not: all Lost Ones have a Guide

Then he Moved on, and I behind Him Followed

As Virgilio showed himself to Dante Alighieri as the Three Beasts appeared, so will your Guide, should you be so fortunate as to deserve one, appear beside you in the Forest.

Not to help you pass this place and lead you to the radiant slope, no. No Guide is granted such a privilege. After all, this is but a test to see if you are worthy of traveling to the Dolent City. The Guide is here for something much more important: to remind you of the Hope of the Height and exhort you to overcome all fear. Your most powerful weapon in the sunless kingdom will be a sharp mind, and your strongest armor a soul reforged through penance.

Once the Three Beasts are defeated or otherwise overcome, the Dark Forest loosens its grasp. The plants thin out and the sun makes its way through the trees. Your Guide is already moving on, follow them. They will lead you away from the radiant slope, into the densest thicket, where Hell breathes, the threshold of the Blind World.

Before you now is a gate, carved into a rock as black as a rotting tooth. It appears to have no support, and to open upon nothing, but as you move closer you see it is fixed into a black wall, extending infinitely both left and right, into the trees. The door is made of eroded, dark metal, as old as the gates of earthly heaven.

Upon it are words etched like a shadow in the midnight sky, black upon black.

*Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.*

If you are following the campaign found in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*, the Dark Forest is the first place in which Travelers meet; here they understand their current predicament and situation, as well as their new nature, and they prepare for their Journey. This First Canto and all relevant information regarding its perils and its Keepers, the Three Beasts, can all be found in the Guide's manual.

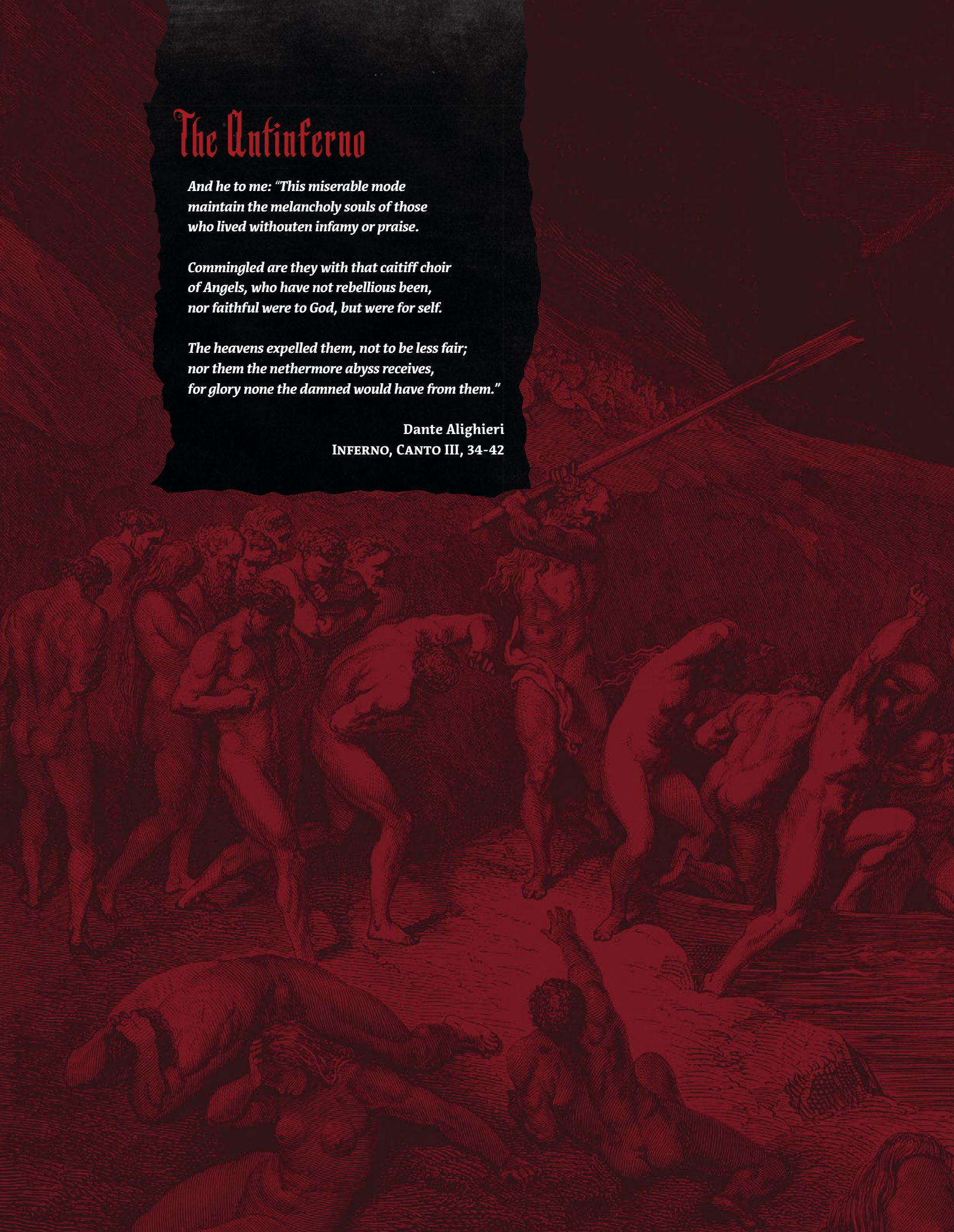
The Antinferno

*And he to me: "This miserable mode
maintain the melancholy souls of those
who lived withouten infamy or praise.*

*Commingled are they with that caitiff choir
of Angels, who have not rebellious been,
nor faithful were to God, but were for self.*

*The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;
nor them the nethermore abyss receives,
for glory none the damned would have from them."*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO III, 34-42



Beyond the Eternal Gate

*Before me there were no created things,
only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in.*

These are the words carved in divine fire on the Eternal Gate, fearsome enough to shake the most hardened heart.

Do not, however, misunderstand their warning: the Hope you have nurtured until now does not dissolve as you step through. It remains with you until you personally and intentionally spend it, through the free will which distinguishes human from beast. Only then, only when you use it to push forward and save yourself from infernal torment, will you have really lost it – and it will be incredibly hard, if not impossible, to recover even a fraction of it, not where you have now arrived. Keep it close, then, and spend it with care: this is the only way to leave the Blind World.

A push, and the door yawns open. The world of the living vanishes in a flash, an imperceptible change such as the moment when waking slips into slumber. There is no need for a single step to enter eternal damnation, as you have always been here, since the moment of your very first sin.

Welcome to Hell, Traveler. Or rather, to its vestibule: the Antinferno. Real torment is farther ahead, this is the place for the unhappy souls to whom the light of the Omnipotent is forbidden but who do not deserve eternal dole.

The Vestibule of the Blind World

Screaming, crying, and beating of hands echo in the dark and blind vastness, asphyxiated by malodorous vapors. The muddy ground declines slightly among ancient temple ruins, abandoned aqueducts and razed amphitheatres. Half-buried towers are slowly crumbling into the mud, as the bubbling of stagnant pools

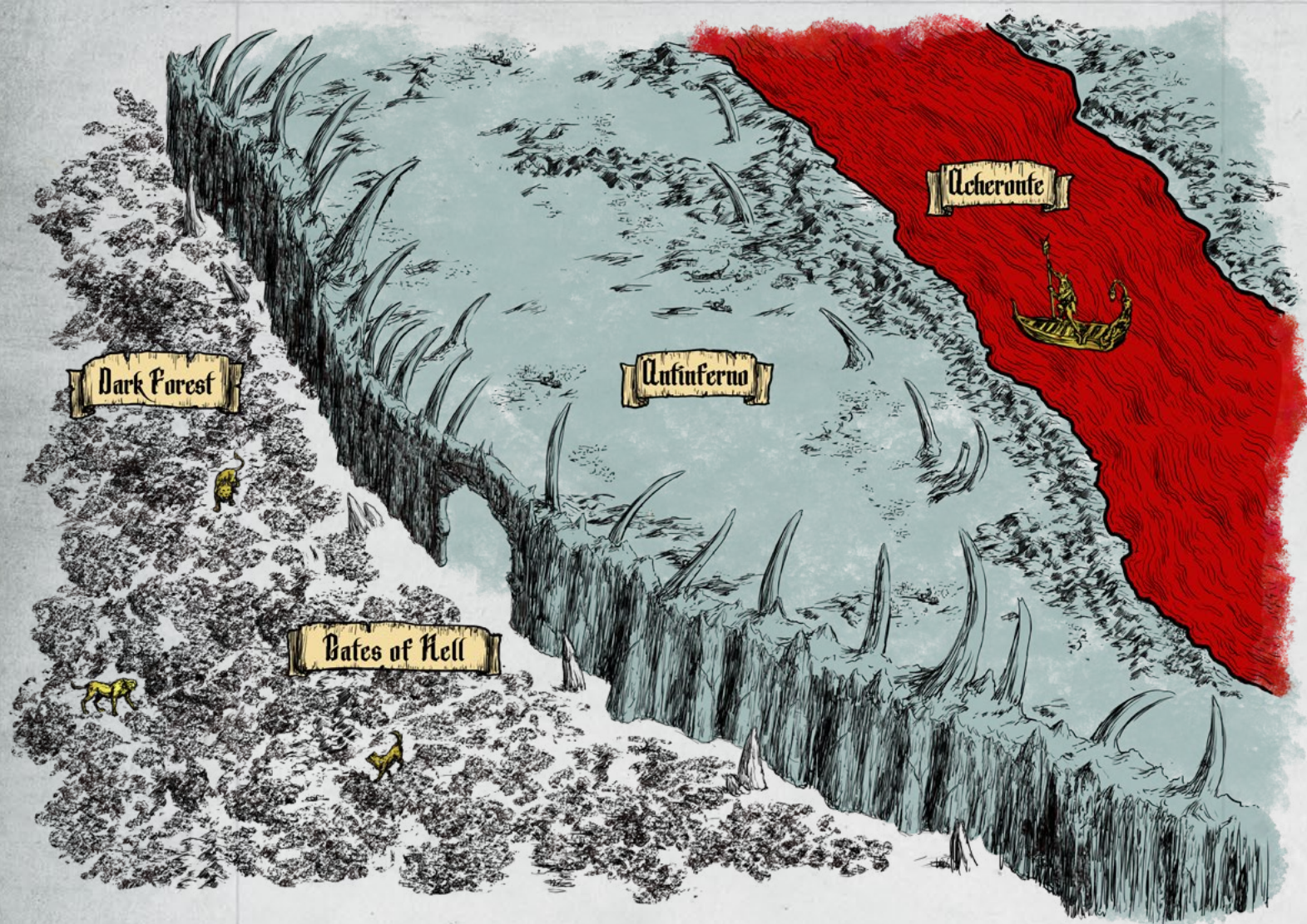
betrays the horrors hiding beneath their surface. What water did such structures carry, what craftsmen built these roads, what audiences filled those seats? No one truly knows, and there is but one hypothesis: they are not remnants of a time when Hell was truly inhabited, nor do they belong to the time of false and lying gods, nor ever – they are fragments of the world of men which have also ended up in Hell, slipping through the cracks in the world. They remain here, eternally in ruin, just like the souls of the people who wander around them...

Indifferent Souls

Here is where all those who chose neither good nor evil, the Indifferent, wander in perpetual grayness. They drag themselves behind gray banners devoid of any meaning, rags animated by demonic wills who slither between crooked rocks and malodorous rivulets. Hornets, gadflies, and other harmful insects sting their naked bodies. Several stumble in the putrid soil or are thrown to the ground by the frequent earth tremors. What awaits them are worms, maggots, and centipedes, crawling all over them to keep them on the ground. The Indifferent, however, always get back on their feet and resume their pointless march. Beneath the tears and blood that stain their faces there is a plain desire, consuming them as much as the tediousness. Not a specific need, but rather the terrible, mortifying desire to feel something beyond this toilsome and bothersome existence. Anything. As you will see later, some Indifferent even wish for the tortures awaiting the damned beyond Acheronte, preferring even the infernal fires to this eternal itching of the soul. A fate, however, which they will never be granted. The mass of pale and shimmering damned at times merges with the mist, but some of them stand out: angels. In the primordial war between



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the angelic legions of Our Lord and those who joined the Adversary, these creatures declared themselves neutral. Majestic and regal despite their punishment, Indifferent Angels are almost twice as tall as a human, their wings clipped by golden rings or chains. Their features are almost never visible: a mask, a hood, a shroud prevents the other Indifferent from seeing the portentous beauty of the angels, which would bring them relief in the midst of their desolation.

The Acheronte

Following the droves of Indifferent, both humans and angels, one can reach an immense river, whose opposite shore is beyond sight due to the incredible distance and to banks of red-dish fog. This is the Acheronte, whose dark ripples corrode and annihilate those who can still draw breath.

There is but one way to cross to the other side: upon the ferry piloted by Caronte, the giant with ember eyes. Caronte appears at regular in-

tervals, ready to ferry the souls awaiting their eternal punishment. His figure is gargantuan, his eyes shine like beacons in the fog, but you will hear him long before catching sight of him. The oar plunges into the waters with terrifying thuds, and out of his mouth comes a constant stream of insults towards the damned. When he appears, his semblance terrifies those in his presence, pinning them to the ground. Immense, with snow-white beard and hair, Caron Dimonio appears as a titan whose veins are filled with the same tumultuous poison as the Acheronte.

The demonic helmsmen populating the ferry push away with pitchforks and oars the mob of Indifferent who try climbing on board, letting through only those souls who are destined for the Acheronte's other shore. Except for a direct order from Caronte, they will never let a living being upon the ferry. You will therefore need to ingratiate yourself with the captain of this vessel, somehow. Caronte is often encumbered by one too many errands, and an offer to help may grant you passage.

Once upon the ferry, the journey is brief. A strong wind rustles the hair of the great demon and a vermillion glow fends the fog before

him. With each stroke of the oar, Caronte glides through eternity and pulls the opposite shore closer to him, making short work of a journey which would otherwise last longer than the distance between the deepest ocean and the tallest peak.

As you approach the shore, Caronte plunges his oar into the Acheronte and a roar of thunder snaps reality back into solid space. You have reached the other side, Traveler.

If you are following the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*, the Antiferno is the first step in your Journey. From this point forward, Travelers may encounter lost souls and Familiar Spirits, but most of all, they will start losing their Hope, with very little chance to regain it. The crossing of the Acheronte also features a possible, optional Canto included in the campaign. All relevant information regarding these perils and the Second Keeper, Caronte, can be found in the Guide's manual.



First Circle

- Limbo

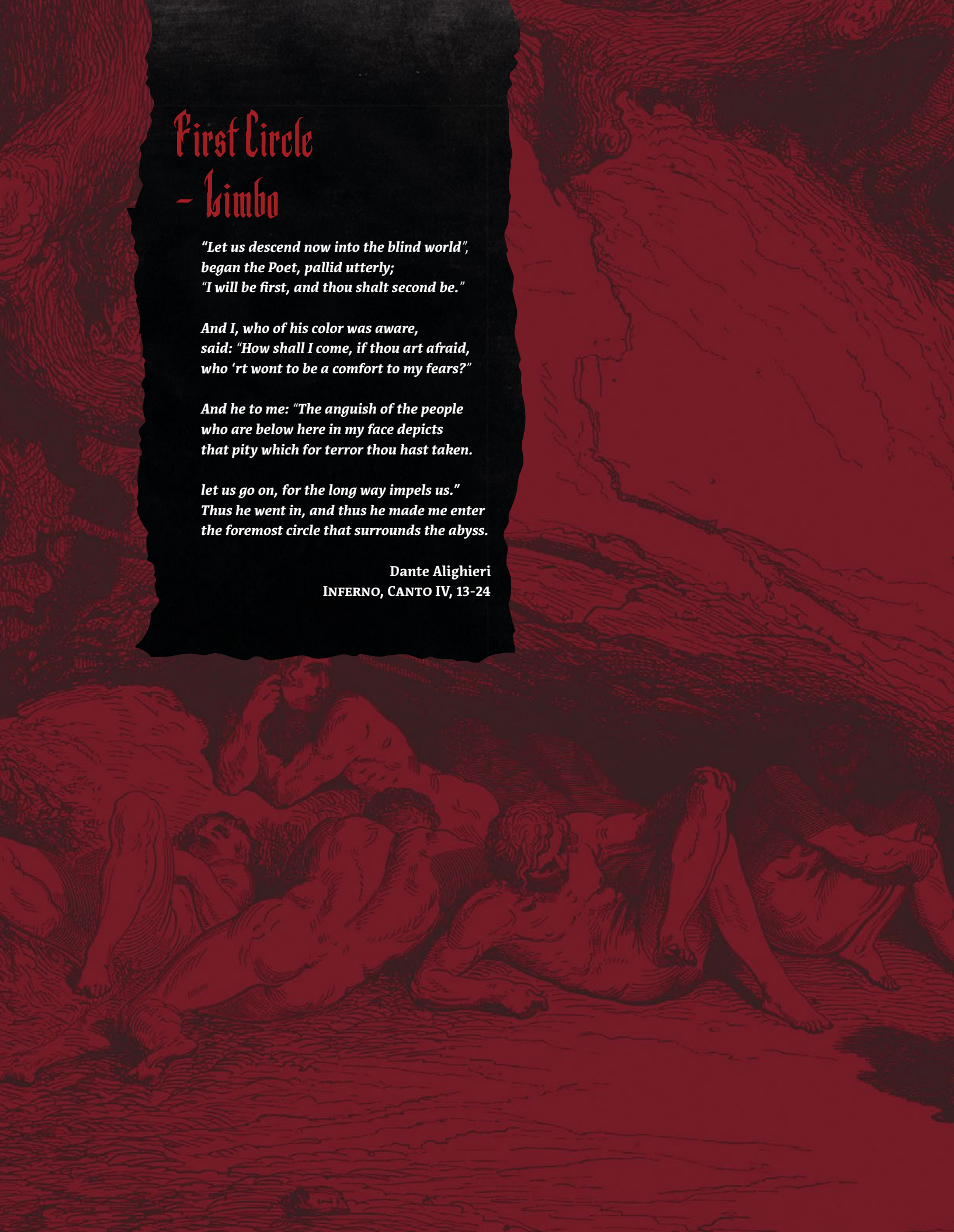
*"Let us descend now into the blind world",
began the Poet, pallid utterly;
"I will be first, and thou shalt second be."*

*And I, who of his color was aware,
said: "How shall I come, if thou art afraid,
who 'rt wont to be a comfort to my fears?"*

*And he to me: "The anguish of the people
who are below here in my face depicts
that pity which for terror thou hast taken.*

*let us go on, for the long way impels us."
Thus he went in, and thus he made me enter
the foremost circle that surrounds the abyss.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO IV, 13-24



The Border of Hell

Compared to the swamp where the Indifferent roam, this shore is rocky and solid. There is but a single path: to the left and the right is a forest of imposing monoliths, so dense that traveling between them is impossible. Fog covers and blurs everything, and even those who might be able to pierce through the darkness would be blinded by the eternal glare washing over all things. Only in the light of the Divine Flame can the most perceptive of onlookers notice that each monolith bears a carving: heroes, false gods, monsters ranging from a variety of beliefs and cultures. Beyond this initial path is an abyss so dark and deep that the end is nowhere in sight, and along its walls are several inclined circles, upon which the damned swarm.

The first of these circles, the one where you find yourself now, is Limbo, the “border land”, the home of men, women, children who – though they have committed no sin – have not been baptized. Even the souls devoid of sin born before the arrival of Our Lord are found in this haze. There is no wailing, only sighs which betray a deep yearning. Unlike the other damned, however, the dwellers of the First Circle still hold a spark of Divine Flame: it is even said that Divine Mercy has taken some of the most illustrious souls from this Blind World, raising them in beatitude.

The Spirits in the Noble Castle

It is the Divine Flame itself that fuels an enormous bonfire – the only beacon of light in these lands, despite the curtain of fog – which appears atop a hill, home to an imposing castle. Fueled by the same fire that lights the torch carried by your own Guide, the bonfire dispels some of the darkness, licking the air with brushes of light.

This is the Castle of the Noble Spirits. This miraculous citadel encircles the entirety of the hilltop,

rising from the fog-ridden lands, in a fortified belt from the lowest point upward to the very top. The bastions are a merging of disparate architectures, as if someone had demolished hundreds of fortifications from around the world, and rebuilt them with no rhyme nor reason into a single fort. Seven walls run around the hill, and towers, and portals. Obelisks with hieroglyphs, sloping roofs, minarets, ziggurats, bell-towers, all emerge along the walls and within them.

A river of crystal-clear water acts as a moat, one that seems impossible to cross. Do not be fooled: if you carry the Divine Flame within you, you will be able to walk over it as if on solid ground and reach the Noble Spirits, the learned and pious sages of old, spared the infernal fires and awaiting final judgment.

Minosse's Court

If, instead, you descend to the Second Circle, you will find yourself among a crowd of the damned. The road narrows and the monoliths frame it once more. Soon the rocks arch over and seal, forming a tunnel with no crack nor break, before which the endless legions of the dead from across the world crowd together, heading for Minosse's sentence. Remember that souls are diaphanous, Traveler, but that pushing your way through may draw the attention, and ire, of the demon wardens.

The end of the tunnel opens into a theater of sorts, crowded with an uncountable number of souls. You are in the Second Circle, now, after crossing the divide between the two hellish rings through the horrid tunnel filled with spirits.

The infinite leap of black rock which ascends to Limbo looms over the outer border of the Second Circle, not unlike an endless cliff. Before you now are cracks, everywhere, the steps of that colossal theater crumbling beneath your feet, and dying

torches meant to cast their light upon all reduced to barely lit embers. Someone, you now see, is upon the stage.

Before you towers the infernal judge, Minosse, Third Keeper of Hell. His face a feral mask: visible from his lower lip are boar fangs and as he growls, his long, furry ears shiver like reeds in the wind. His scaly snake-like tail flicking in the dust.

One by one, the souls kneel and vomit their sins in a river of words and tears. Minosse does not respond, but wraps his tail as many times as the circle he wishes they should be sent to. Then, with a swift gesture, thrusts the soul to the place where punishment awaits.

It will not be easy to pass by him, Traveler. The Third Keeper is inflexible, his judgment without appeal. You can, however, make use of the weakness which he carries since the time he ruled over Crete: Minosse appreciates that which is beautiful. The same weakness that bore the creation of the Minotaur might grant you safe passage. Of course, it is no easy task to find beauty in Hell, you will need creativity and improvisation.

Once Minosse is pleased, the way to the abyss is clear.

If you can, first, find respite and comfort among the Noble Spirits, ask to partake of their bonfire to light your way and listen to their advice: this is the last welcoming shelter you will encounter on your Journey, as transient and meager as it might be. Here you will find the respite of the high flame and will learn much from sages and heroes past. You will need all the help you can find to face the journey awaiting you farther down, where the wind howls and tears fall like hail.

The travels across Limbo and down towards Minosse's seat include several Cantos and Stanzas in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road*, which you can find in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All relevant information regarding the perils of these underground areas and the Third Keeper can be found in the Guide's manual.





The Castle of the Noble Spirits

A Shelter in Darkness

If you are traveling with a fragment of the Divine Flame, you may step without fear upon the river surrounding the Castle of the Noble Spirits walls. At your touch, the water will become as solid as rock, allowing you safe passage across it.

Within the walls is a fully developed citadel, the only truly inhabited place in the entirety of Hell. Buildings from across all places and times rise entwined in a chaos which holds its own elegant design. Towers and palaces rise here and there, crowded together around and along the hill where the bonfire burns, visible from every corner of the Castle. You must cross several porticoes, each sporting frescoes and mosaics; among canals traversed by all sorts of vessel; above bridges, between market lanes, alleys, footpaths, and marble staircases. Spices from faraway lands tickle your nose, flowers and fruits from yet unnamed islands spread their aroma from balconies and terraces. Between the houses are emerald-green gardens, growing in the echoes of the Flame, upon which glides a melody unlike any other: harps, sitars, steppe drums, horns and throat singing, uniting in surprising harmony. The Noble Spirits gather both in the green oases and in the streets: women and men who gained fame and distinction during their lives. From Caesar to Cicero, from Aristotle to Plato. Sages from the lands where the sun rises, mathematicians at the courts of sultans, poets of unknown lands wearing colorful feathers. All of them meet in this place and, by divine grace, understand each other when they speak their own tongue. Do not waste this opportunity, Traveler: they will be more than happy to aid you with knowledge and artifacts, should you pique their interest. They are unable to leave Limbo, so a relic or piece of knowledge from beyond their small world can be an excellent bargaining chip. And – this is worth repeating – it is not impossible for one of them to join you in your Journey, as Virgilio did with Dante Alighieri.

The Bonfire of Eternal Return

Once your negotiations are over, it is time to join the fire which is never extinguished. At the top of the hill, within the ascending seven walls, is a large and welcoming court – and at its center, the divine fire, refracted through the thousand translucent souls gathered here. In its presence, a fraction of eternal beatitude touches your heart, warming it with the Hope of the Height and strengthening your spirit. Should you be slain away from your Guide's flame, you will be reborn in the ashes of this bonfire, ready to face the perils of Hell once more.

The same square is worthy of notice: a circular expanse, surrounded by buildings with sharp roofs, reminiscent of a giant crown. The stones on the ground form the image of a serpent, pierced by rays of a giant golden sun. The fire itself burns in a brazier at the center of the sun, and maybe, by a trick of its white flame, the reptile seems at times to thrash and flicker.

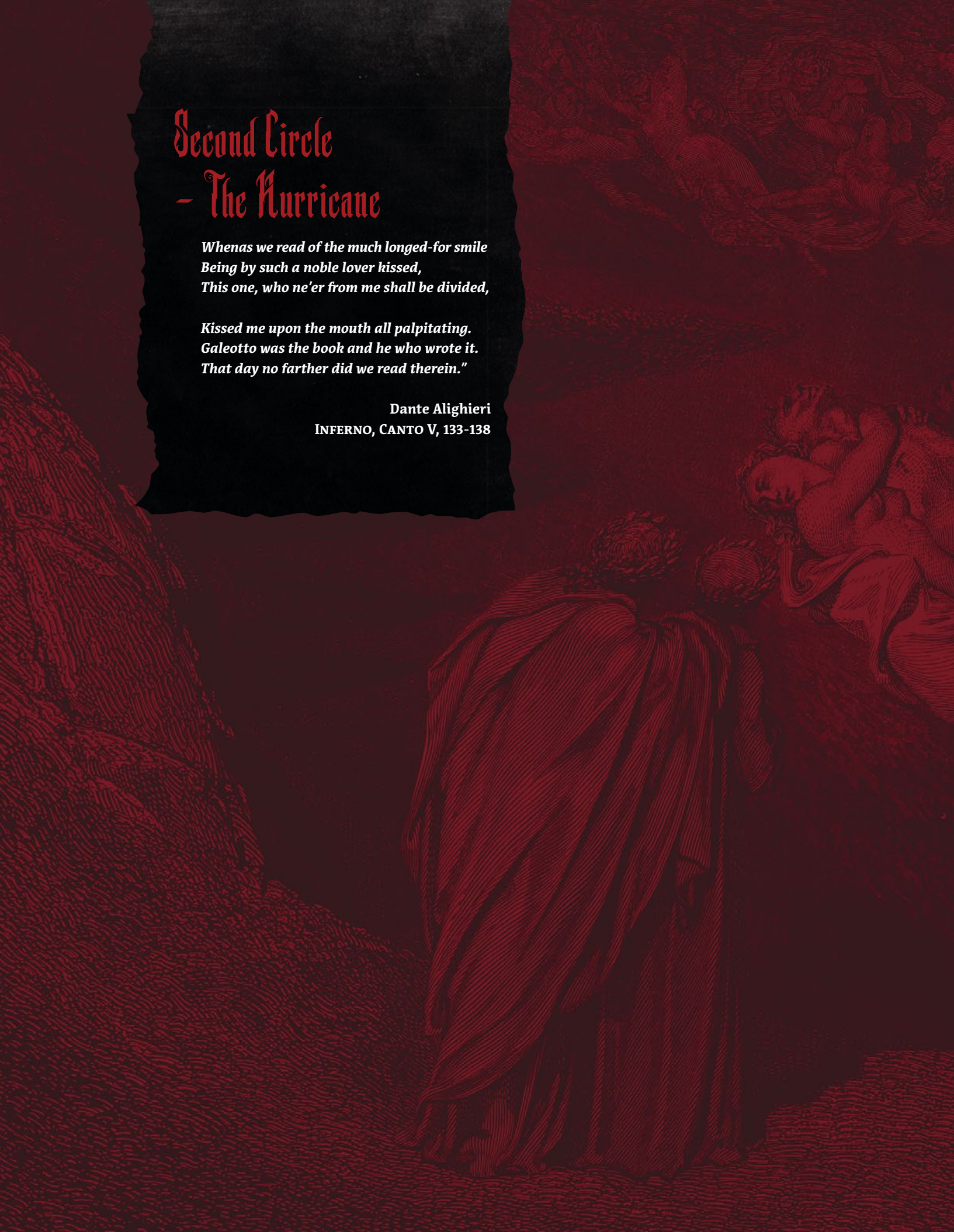
The Castle of the Noble Spirits and the path to reach it have two dedicated Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of these stages of the Journey can be found in the Guide's manual.

Second Circle - The Hurricane

*Whenas we read of the much longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,*

*Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein."*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO V, 133-138



The Circle of Lovers

With the hope that you are able to pass Minosse, you will find an entrance waiting for you beyond his seat: a tight passage amid the rubble and ruins chaotically clumped together, amid sharp edges, jutting rocks, and serrated flagstones emerging from the ground. Above it is a stone arch, with a relief of a man and a woman carved into it, their fingertips tending towards each other, never fully able to touch.

These are the Lovers, the most famous symbol of the Second Circle – a symbol, however, not of love and affection, but rather sin, torment, and eternal punishment.

Beyond it roars the Hurricane, which lends its name to the entire Second Circle.

The darkest night is surrounded by a wind which bellows as the sea does in a tempest, so loud it is almost impossible to hear the crying and blaspheming of the damned.

How such a storm is possible in such a small place is easily explained: Tempestarii devils prod and tease and provoke titanic primordial birds, called ziz, who keep flapping their wings to keep afloat, and blow their black breath towards the center of their circle; the result is plain to see in the clouds and storm winds of the Hurricane, and all its consequences.

Lightning strikes red, caused by the metallic feathers of the ziz, and it flashes upon the dark clouds, allowing everything around them to be fully visible. The rocks jutting out of the chasm are smooth and sharp as glass, eroded by the elements. The only zone of calm, the eye of this gargantuan hurricane, is that which is lit by the Divine Flame – if you hold it – which is untouchable and untouched by the black abyssal winds. In the reverb of this weak glow, or in the flashes of crimson light, you catch glimpses of the Wanton.

The Hurricane pulls and thrashes myriad diaphanous souls, all tainted by lust. In life they followed their instincts to a violent end, and now

the infernal winds drag them forevermore. They are slammed against the walls, bouncing off the rocks that roll and are also thrown by the storm, trying to hold onto each other, in search of any touch, any contact at all. Everyone, however, is alone in Hell. The embers of carnal love are nothing compared to the splendor of the Primal Love from which they are removed.

The Hurricane

This circle would be nothing more than a sharp downward slope of black rock, leading from the walls of Limbo to the mire of the Pit, were it not for the giant storm which rages at its center, and which lends it shape and meaning. The Dolorous People sentenced here by Minosse are never allowed to lie upon the ground, but eternally float in the empty air at the center of the chasm, forever thrashed and pulled by its winds.

With them in the storm are sharp rocks, clusters of stones, flagstones the size of a person, even giant boulders, ripped out of the ground and lifted by the cursed tornadoes and infinite parabolas.

To cross this tempestuous well you must trust in the Divine Flame and your corporeal nature, which sets you apart from the dead souls around you. Around your light, the winds suddenly drop, the howling storm ceases and you are able to even converse with the damned.

And yet, some of the perils of this circle can still breach through such defenses.

Beneath a Dark and Stormy Air

First of all is the hail: the tears of the Wanton become shards of ice which, as sharp as daggers, fly at high speeds like pointed “flocks” and strike like arrows. Even the Divine Flame, despite its ability to quell the infernal storms, cannot fully deflect the hail’s path, which can fall at any point around it.

As soon as a glint appears in the darkness, therefore, you must seek shelter.

Another peril comes in the form of the Tempestarii, the devil keepers of the Second Circle, who provoke, fuel, and command the Hurricane by lashing the ziz with whips and pitchforks, or abusing them with hornpipes, buccines, and other piercing instruments. Standing upon the larger rocks, atop ruinous towers or cliffs, even in mid-air themselves, this legion of fallen angels are tasked with provoking those primordial titanic birds, directing winds and tangling gusts, creating the very same storm which carries everything and all with it.

They are not immediately hostile to you, and they are mostly preoccupied with their duties, the ziz and the damned assigned to them – unless you choose to intentionally oppose them or draw their attention. If so, they will direct the Hurricane at you, launching a strike of rocks, hail, and even the Wanton themselves. And though the storm itself cannot harm you as long as you remain within the halo of the Divine Flame, the Tempestarii can still shake and move the boulders and rocks, smashing them and spinning them so that they may hit you after all. The final and perhaps biggest obstacle are the Wanton themselves. Some who have met you in life, the Familiar Spirits, might appear beside you, attacking you out of jealousy or uncontrollable desires. Some may try taking the Divine Flame from you, to gain some respite from the Hurricane (this is impossible, but their attempts can still be a threat to you). Some still

wish only for you to listen to what they claim has sentenced them to this punishment. Listen, Traveler, but do not allow yourself to be moved by pity. The winds here are also fueled by earthly passions and they can gain so much strength from your compassion as to break through your defenses and pull you away.

Once inside the Hurricane, you will need to rely upon your promptness and agility. Grab onto the first possible hold, find shelter beneath mounds of rocks, in all and every niche and nook, or you will be thrashed around like a rag doll, joining the damned.

Once you have left the Hurricane far above you, certain in your belief of leaving such torment behind, you will find yourself in the Third Circle.

The circle of the Eternal Hurricane has a dedicated optional Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this additional destination can be found in the Guide's manual.



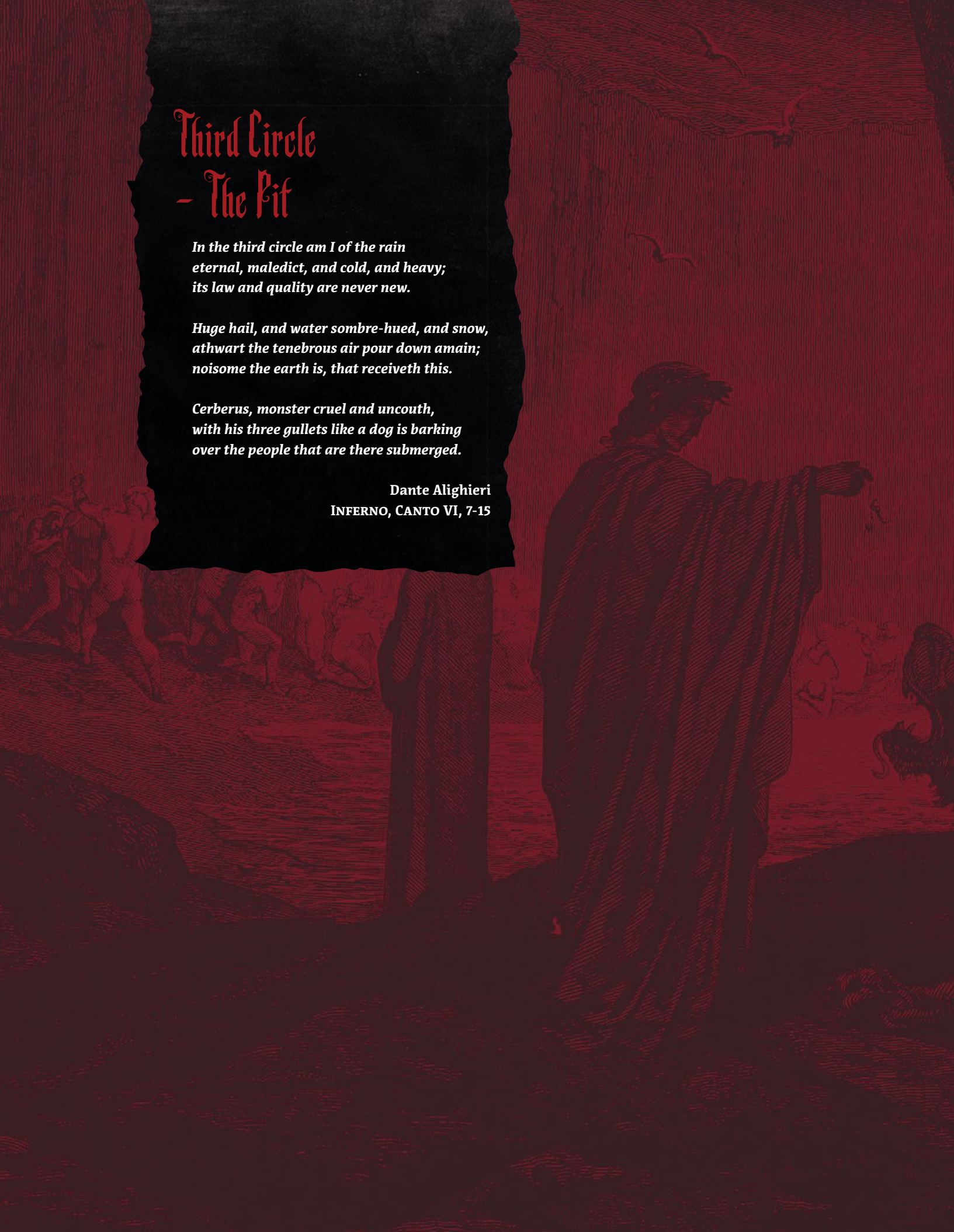
Third Circle - The Pit

*In the third circle am I of the rain
eternal, maledict, and cold, and heavy;
its law and quality are never new.*

*Huge hail, and water sombre-hued, and snow,
athwart the tenebrous air pour down amain;
noisome the earth is, that receiveth this.*

*Cerberus, monster cruel and uncouth,
with his three gullets like a dog is barking
over the people that are there submerged.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VI, 7-15



The Pit of Hunger and Torment

A constant, roaring downpour, badly lit by the flashes of lightning in the storm above you. The Third Circle reveals itself as a vast basin of mire, an unstable, sloping crag traversed by constant landslides and avalanches, beaten upon by rain and hailstorms reaching down from the Hurricane, swarming with crawling souls beneath the merciless rain.

Incessant rain, sleet, and hail hammer the ground with such force as to push the damned into the mud and keep them in the filth in which they are covered. The rain itself reeks and pierces the skin, cold and corrosive. Dental cavities, tears, and blood of the Wanton, excrement and half-digested food all rain down with the filthy water, creating an ankle-high layer of revolting poultice. The eternal tempest blowing above the Third Circle carries everything, and from below it looks like a bizarre storm with no thunder, no lightning, twisting and turning like a living being.

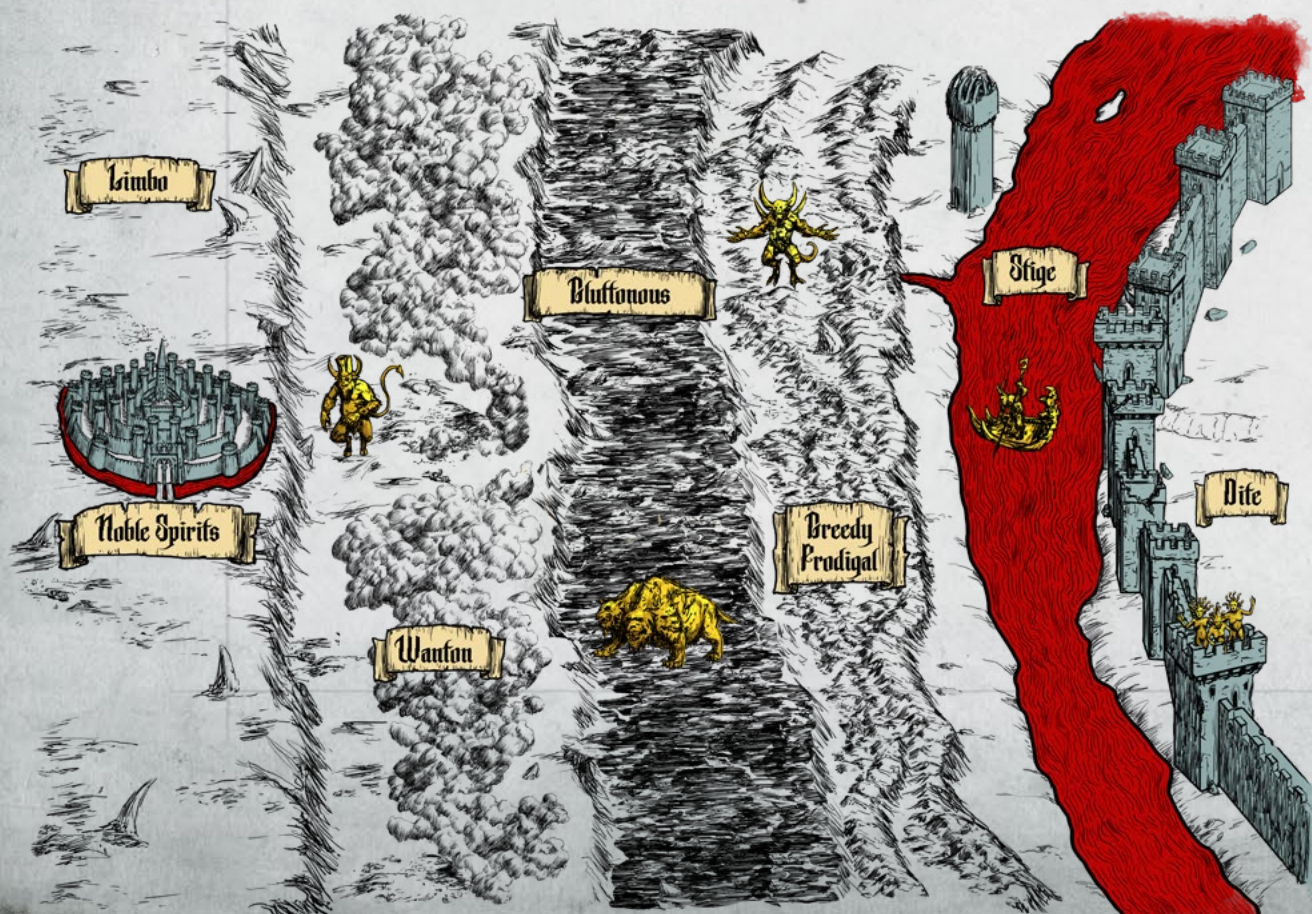
Once more you can feel the effects of the Divine Flame, as it protects Travelers from the

most pressing torments: its light shed upon the ground shows the way, allowing you to avoid the most dangerous pits and currents, as rain and hail seem to evaporate as it reaches the torch's glow. It is, nonetheless, almost unbearable and your semblance's clothing will be soaked and drenched throughout – though you will, at least, remain standing.

Red Eyes, Unctuous and Black Beard

Suddenly, in the liquid curtain of darkness and filth, six eyes light up. Cerbero, the horrid three-headed canine beast, howls and bares its teeth. The Fourth Keeper of Hell continuously rends the spirits, flays and quarters them, pouncing from side to side as a curious pup in a courtyard.

And the damned, forced to the ground, have no strength left to escape it. Such is the terrible fate of the Gluttonous, those who had no control over their guts and mouths, who in life indulged in infinite excesses to satisfy their own disgusting greed.





Bargoyles and Behemoths

If you are able to pass Cerbero, you can proceed farther into the circle, moving lower toward the center of the pit and therefore the Chasm beneath you. Before you can reach it, however, you come across filth and waste gathered into a moat of sorts, right on the ledge, from which growths comprising teeth, hardened feed, and Cerbero fur jut out. These formations rise like stalagmites, columns and cliffs, gangrenes of the ground and bezoars of pellets and glutinous materials. Some might even appear as bizarre statues with humanoid or beastly shapes. Stay away from the latter, Traveler: they can spring to life at any moment, I have seen so myself.

These are gargoyles, creatures of rock and hunger, gullet and belly. Their task, it appears, is to punish the Gluttonous should Cerbero leave them be for too long, or when the Dolorous People seek respite on higher, more solid ground. On the other hand, those attempting to keep their distance from them by remaining in the more liquid land and mud slides will find themselves facing other monsters of the Pit: the behemoths, colossal primordial beasts, forgotten

by time, which lie at the bottom of the liquid filth and grab the damned which cross their path, gobbling them in a single gulp.

Their bodies immense, their fangs disproportionate, their skin gray, shiny, and forever covered in mud so far as to be indistinguishable from it. The Behemoths have four limbs and can pull themselves above the mud too, but prefer to remain in the dampest pools and ponds, where they can lie in wait, devouring the Gluttonous they catch with smacks and gusto. After all, the infernal mastiff is but one, and the damned are so many...

Traversing these pits or moving from one growth to another, you will finally reach an embankment of teeth and bone, which acts as dam to the Pit's landslides and border to the valley below, the Fourth Circle.

The Third Circle and Cerbero have a dedicated optional Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this additional destination and of the Fourth Keeper can be found in the Guide's manual.

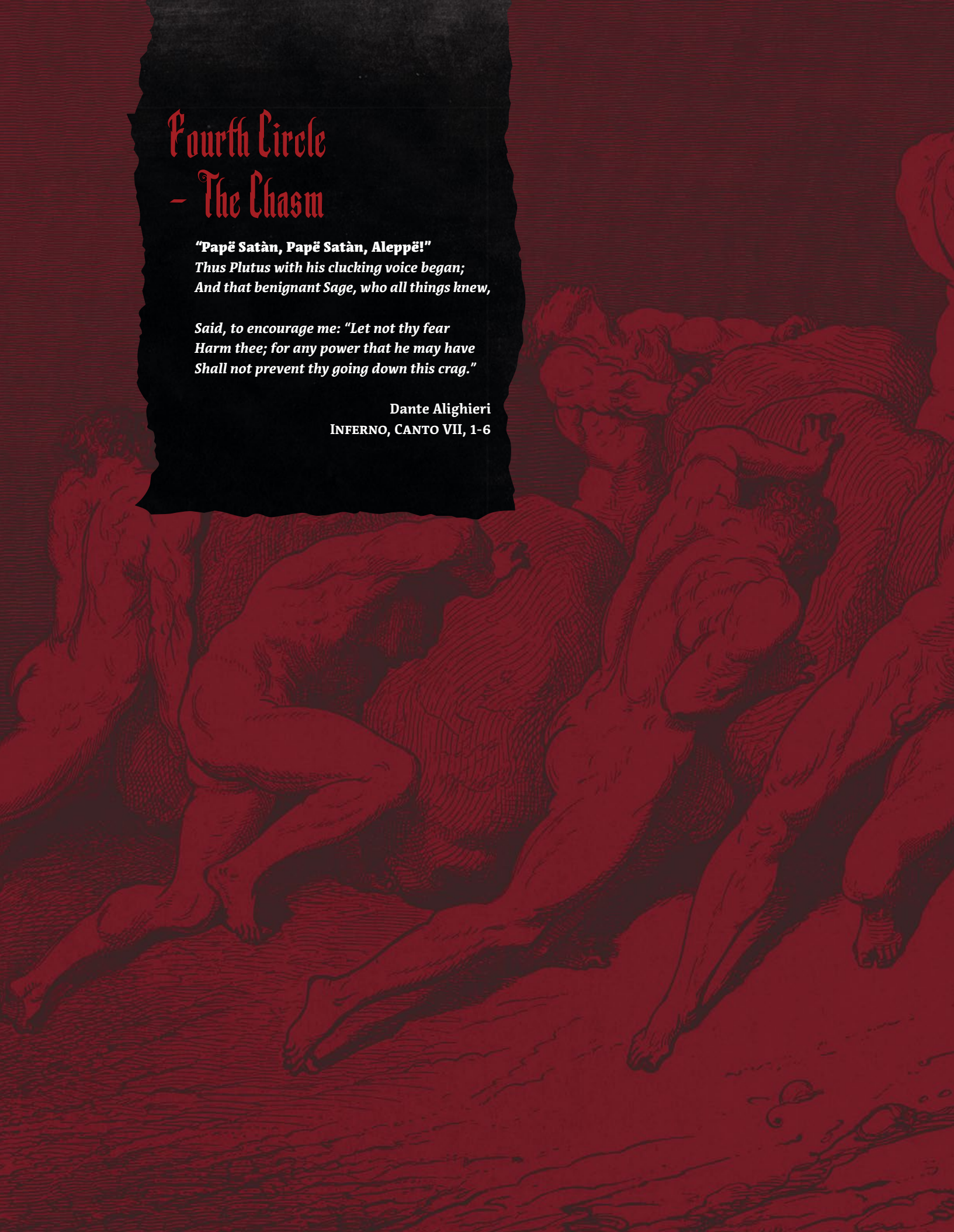
Fourth Circle - The Chasm

"Papē Satàn, Papē Satàn, Aleppë!"

*Thus Plutus with his clucking voice began;
And that benignant Sage, who all things knew,*

*Said, to encourage me: "Let not thy fear
Harm thee; for any power that he may have
Shall not prevent thy going down this crag."*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VII, 1-6



The Valley of Wailing and Unashing of Teeth

Down, down, into the depths of Hell, another circle, another punishment.

The landslides and mudslides of the Pit, barely held back by the embankment and the moat that mark the boundary between this and the Third Circle, flow into and flood an infernal basin, the Chasm.

This gray district is dotted with springs and lined with streams of putrid water: these are the tears and the fluids descending from the Hurricane and the Pit, soaking this circle's ground. Soon enough the spurts and darkened ditches merge, overcoming ridges and banks, and one after the other flow down the incline, joining a shore of the same muted color as its mud.

The borders of this almost flat land are known as the Fourth Circle, while a turbid circular swamp occupies its center: this is the Stige, the Fifth Circle. Already from here, beyond the Stige, sharp eyes might be able to spot the tall, coruscating walls of Dite, the Dolent City, which forms the entirety of the Sixth Circle.

You will come to understand later that Higher Hell ends there, at Dite's walls, while the center of the devils' capital hosts the continuing chasm, diving farther towards the center of the world, to Lower Hell.

Perils of the Fourth Circle

But first you must pay attention to the Fourth Circle, dimly lit by the distant flashes of the Hurricane, far, far above, and the vermillion wisps blazing upon the Stige's surface.

A constant sound is heard above all others: the rolling of boulders and landslides coming from above, flooding the basin, as the gray mud slowly dries and becomes a hard and cracked soil, rising now in tall columns of dust as the damned walk across it. The crowd is enormous, split into two wailing groups: one rotating clockwise, the other anti-clockwise, both around the Stige.

The former are the Greedy, those who in life loved wealth so much that they never spent any of it, on others or themselves. The latter are the Prodigal, who instead spent astronomical amounts of gold to satisfy each and every whim. Both droves push against the heavy boulders forming the landscape with their chests. Each group accuses the other of obstructing their path and violent fights regularly break out – until they are reminded of their inexplicable duty and return to pushing. Many bear the monastic tonsure, but every single one's features are defaced: their eyes are as round as coins, their mouths always open in an agonizing scream, their noses flattened by continuous impact against their rolling burden.



The Accursed Wolf

Two skeletal hands grab onto the ledge, each finger the size of a person. Then a wolf head, mounted upon a long, snake-like neck: this is Pluto, keeper of this circle. Dozens of rings, glittering with jewels, adorn his fingers. His mane is encrusted with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, and long golden chains coil around his arms. Glinting between his wolfish fangs are coins of all mint, and even his reptilian eyes flash with flecks of precious metals.

Pluto is chained to the Chasm's wall, and so studies the damned by twisting his serpentine neck all around the Circle. When Greedy and Prodigal clash he laughs, and joins the fights, stoking each group into anger and mocking them. If someone slips and falls, or stops pushing their boulder, Pluto takes them between his fangs and painfully pushes them back up.

The Fourth Circle and Pluto have a dedicated optional Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this additional destination can be found in the Guide's manual.



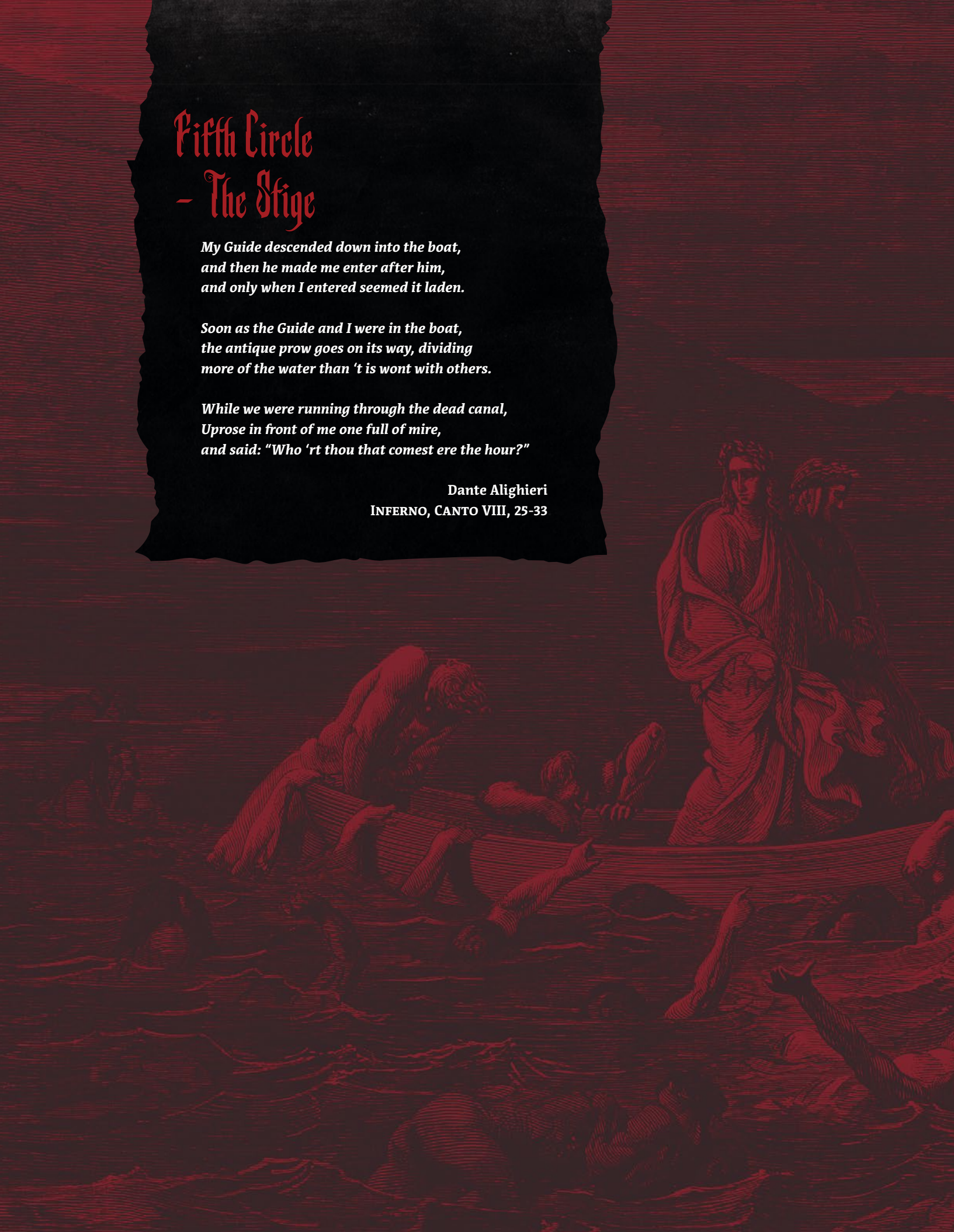
Fifth Circle - The Stige

*My Guide descended down into the boat,
and then he made me enter after him,
and only when I entered seemed it laden.*

*Soon as the Guide and I were in the boat,
the antique prow goes on its way, dividing
more of the water than 't is wont with others.*

*While we were running through the dead canal,
Uprose in front of me one full of mire,
and said: "Who 'rt thou that comest ere the hour?"*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO VIII, 25-33





The Canal of Eternal Fury

Following the dark waters will lead to a marsh of black tar. This is the Stige, a putrid swamp, stagnant and deep, dotted with Dolorous People in different degrees of immersion into the fluid. The masses of pale bodies sown into the desolate landscape are the Irascible. They fight with each other, biting and kicking to breach the surface again, more beast than human by now. Some are literally rending themselves, tearing flesh with their teeth, but the horrific wounds heal almost immediately. Others are so deep in the swamp you only can see the bubbles of their breath coming up.

Here and there are reddish will-o-the-wisps, casting their light over the dark surface. Plants like enormous coiling tentacles emerge from the marsh, but all appear to have been long dead.

It is impossible to cross the swamp on foot: it is so deep that some parts seem to have no end, and the Irascible are always ready to drag you down along with them.



The Towers and the Watch

Skirt around the Stige, Traveler, keeping to its muddy banks. You will reach one of the many towers that surround the swamp, entirely covered in red vines. Atop each tower you might encounter the Watch, the keeper devils who supervise each watch post and the constant torment of the Irascible – though it is also possible that the tower you choose has been deserted or abandoned, its keeper elsewhere. It will be up to you, Traveler, to climb the tower and activate the signal that will allow you to cross the swamp. At the top of each tower are a handful of buds, each the size of a small child, their red petals safeguarding the same ethereal flames as the wisps scattered over the marshlands below.

Inside the tower is a dark red tangle: sinister, fleshy plants which delve their roots into the blood of the damned, and slither through the cracks to produce buds similar to those which grow up top. The stone staircases have crumbled in multiple places and you will need to rely upon the plants to make your way up. Try avoiding the small flowers peering out of the vines: they open like greedy, teeth-filled mouths, and will latch onto you like leeches.

Once you reach the top, you will finally find the large buds, usually a couple, as they pulsate like hearts still beating in blackened chests. Rousing these horrific flowers will cause them to open, creating a tall wisp of fire, as red as the divine one is white, as malign as the one you carry is benign.

The Devil Ferryman

When those intangible flames have blazed high, another light will rise across the Stige: Flegias, the swamp's ferryman, signaling his departure. Swift and light as a falcon, Flegias glides over the surface of the dark swamp, his boat never seeming to touch the water.

He is not, however, like Caronte who ferries souls to Hell from the latter's black and indifferent vestibules. All Dolorous People sentenced to Dite and Lower Hell have been sent specifically by Minosse.

Flegias is here for the flightless devils, the Lost Ones, and other Travelers who do not have the gift of flight and must still reach the Dolent City. He owes you nothing, he obeys no one other than the Queen of Everlasting Lamentation, Pluto, or the Lord.

When he reaches your shore, the lights die out and a wind filled with ash and fury blows over the swamp. Here is Flegias, tall and muscle-bound, his eyes so sunken they almost disappear in shadow. He leans onto the oar and disembarks, his curved horns piercing through his bald skull, his filthy clothing shivering as if possessed with life of its own. He whips his tail, snarls through his sharp teeth and spits onto

the ground. This means he has challenged you, so you should move closer, face him, and win free passage.

Flegias' mood is as fiery as that of the Irascible wailing in the mire, and he is itching for a fight. Words will unlikely soothe or sway him, even those of the Guide will have little effect. The only available option is to give him the fight he craves. Once defeated, Flegias is much more accommodating, maybe out of a perverse sense of honor. Whatever the case may be, he will not oppose you in any way as he ferries you across the Stige, Traveler.

It will not be as swift as with Caronte: Flegias can only move fast when his ferry is filled with weightless souls – you will feel it sink into the mire as soon as you set foot on it.

The Fifth Circle and Flegias have a dedicated section in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this optional destination and the Fifth Keeper can be found in the Guide's manual.

Sixth Circle

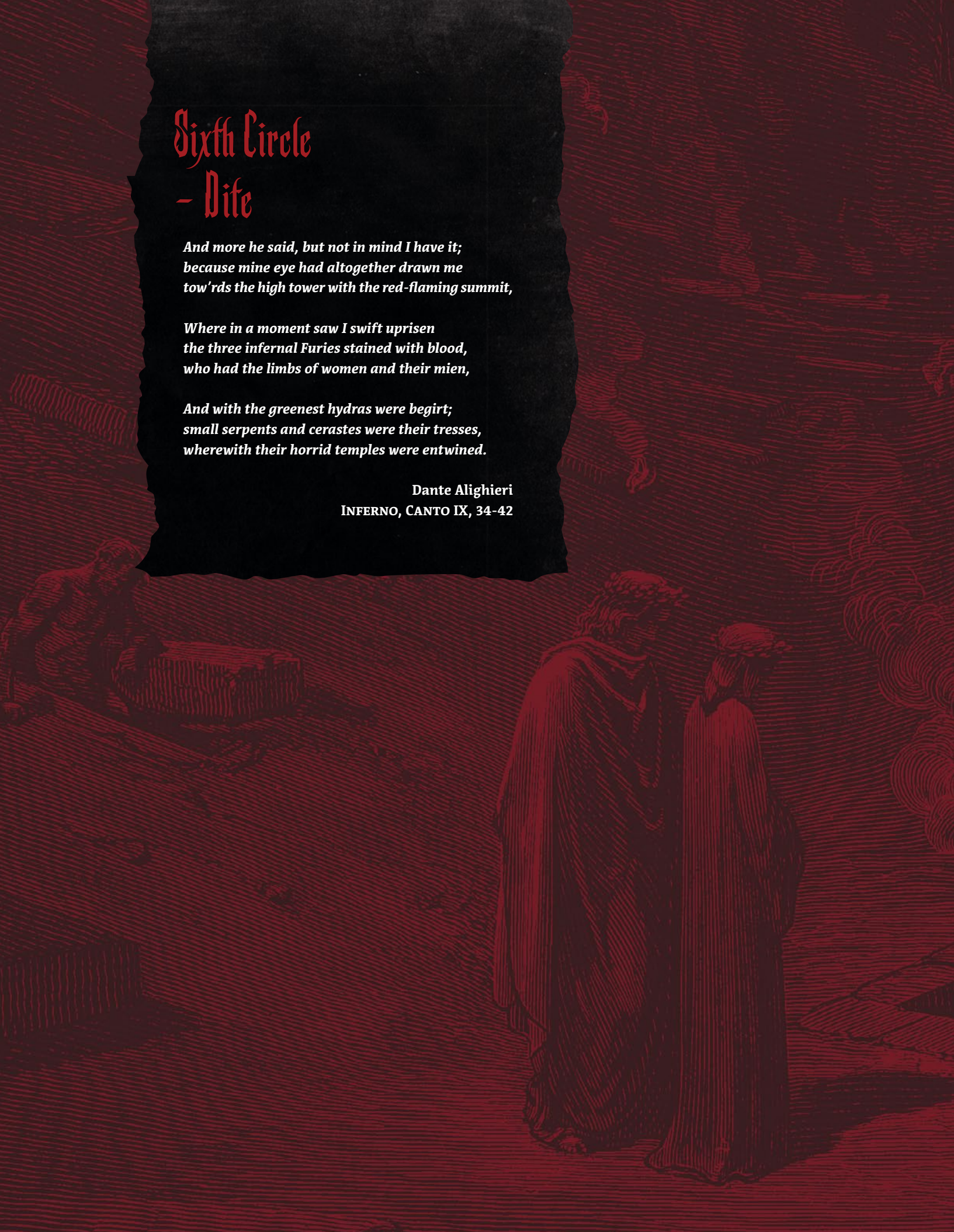
- Dite

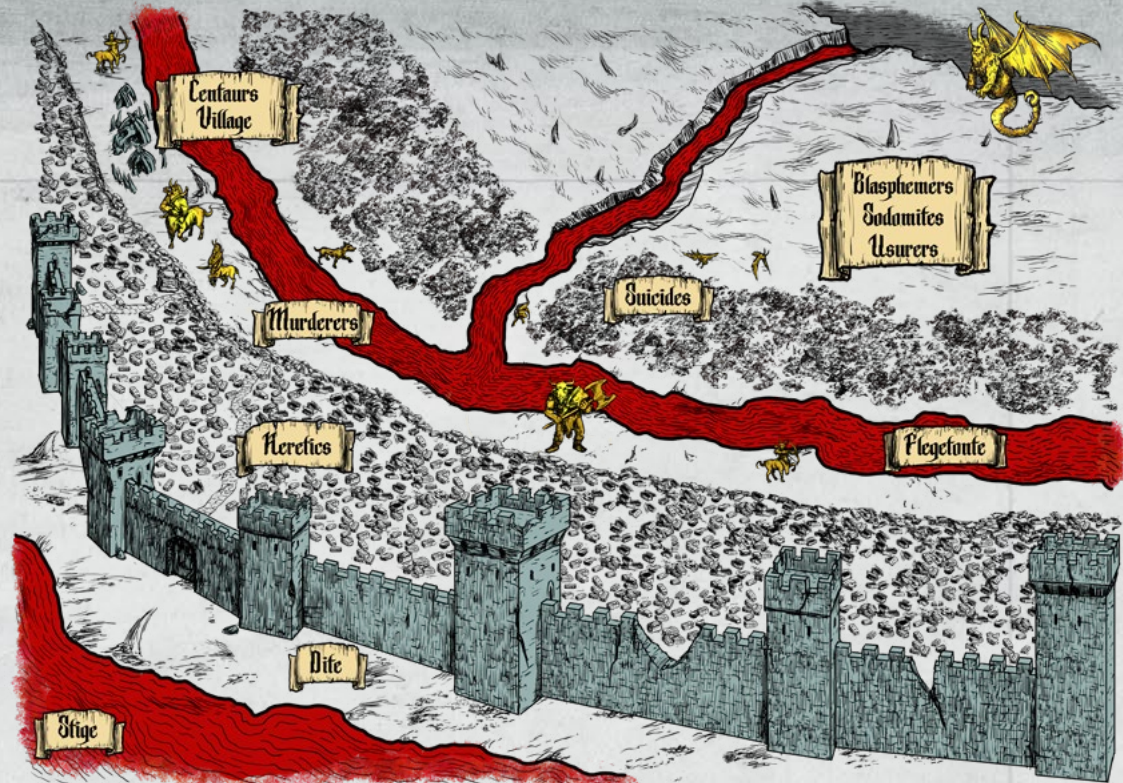
*And more he said, but not in mind I have it;
because mine eye had altogether drawn me
tow'rd the high tower with the red-flaming summit,*

*Where in a moment saw I swift uprisen
the three infernal Furies stained with blood,
who had the limbs of women and their mien,*

*And with the greenest hydras were begirt;
small serpents and cerastes were their tresses,
wherewith their horrid temples were entwined.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO IX, 34-42





The Dolent City

Gaining access to the city of Dite is already a difficult task, for any Lost One. The devils crowded onto the walls mock all Travelers below, hurling insults, pitchforks, fire, and excrement to send them back where they came from. If you are not afraid of heights and know how to climb a sheer surface of scalding black iron, you can attempt to make your way up the wall, making use of openings and avoiding the devils' barrage. Once you have reached the top, it is not hard to climb back down again and open the doors for your traveling companions, as long as you can still keep the angry devils at bay.

Alternatively, you could challenge one of the devils to a contest of your choosing, and should you defeat them, obtain a pass for the High Gate, the main entrance to the city. The miserable infernal mob suffers from incredible tedium, and might be prone to accept any such challenge. Make sure, though, that the Lord of the High Gate is not present as you do so: the Archduke Agares, the city's second in command after Ecate, is an old, greedy demon who will ensure your challenge is unjust and rigged against you.

Or you could follow my example, Traveler, and use the side entrance in the walls, on the oppo-

site side from the High Gate. This door is barely visible: a sliver of an entrance among the twisted angles of the iron walls, exhaling fetid air. My nose noticed it long before my eyes did.

The princes, ministers, and vassals of Dite use this entrance when they need to exit or enter the city without Ecate and her Furies noticing; as you venture farther in, a long tunnel leads to another secret door, which opens onto a dead end in the Salamander Arc. I strongly recommend keeping a source of light close, as the secret tunnel is crawling with venomous iron snakes. Watch your step, Traveler.

The Kingdom of Everlasting Lamentation

Once inside, no matter how you entered, you will find yourself in an unsettling, menacing environment. The City of Dite is, in some ways, incredibly similar to a fortified citadel, if not for the fact that its walls are endless and it encircles the entirety of Lower Hell. Inside, all buildings and palaces are made of molten or bolted down iron, the metal black and filthy, always burning to the touch. All the

buildings are tall, looming, and sinister, all of military appearance and function, as if the city were expecting to fall under siege at any moment. The narrow, labyrinthine alleys converge into a central parade square, over which an enormous barracks rises, and sharp roofs and spires of embrasures and barbicans.

On the roofs, bastions, and watch towers, armored devils and demon soldiers keep guard, as the dark sky is filled with the murmurations of infernal beasts and iron bats. The alleys are lit by skulls with blazing sockets, nailed to the walls. And the abyss at the center of the city is an ever-ominous presence...

The Living Hell

Dite is a city, a city consisting of concentric rings, sprawling between the walls and the central ravine overlooking Lower Hell. Ecate and her ministers, her furies and vassals, all love to peer over that ledge, taking in the spectacle of that Blind World which spans infinitely below them, all the way to Cocito, swarming with devils and infested by the damned. The ring of walls, twisting streets, dead ends, and sudden chasms is divided into four Arcs, named after their shape and what would be called districts in a less uncommon city.

Each Arc is the origin point of a long, arching iron-wrought bridge, narrow and devoid of any guarding rails, which joins the others at the center of the abyss, directly above the entrance to Lower Hell. These bridges, unnaturally smooth and constantly burning, stretch for miles and fill the empty distance between each district of the city's ring.

Where they join is a large black iron platform, upon which is the Palace of the Subterranean Fire, Ecate's seat of power along with her inner court; rising above the Palace is the Queen's High Tower. Beware these places, Traveler, find the safest way to Lower Hell and leave Dite behind without ever looking back, shake off the iron filings from your footwear. Your Journey is still long and full of perils, there is no need to risk losing any Hope here.

The Sixth Circle and the entire demonic hierarchy have a dedicated Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this optional destination can be found in the Guide's manual.





Seventh Circle - The Rounds

*"O blind cupidity, O wrath insane,
that spurs us onward so in our short life,
and in the eternal then so badly steeps us!*

*I saw an ample moat bent like a bow,
as one which all the plain encompasses,
conformable to what my Guide had said.*

*And between this and the embankment's foot
centaurs in file were running, armed with arrows,
as in the world they used the chase to follow."*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XII, 49-57



The Threshold of Lower Hell

At the center of Dite, beneath the Palace, the abyssal chasm continues, becoming steeper. The walls and gates inside the Dolent City act as a border with the Seventh Circle, where the Violent are punished in a variety of ways; devils and infernal princes keep watch here too.

Whether you move through the Low Gate or any of the secret passages that lead away from the city ring, you will find yourself in a completely dark tunnel. You will then reappear over a rocky crag, a terrace over the vast ravine, overlooking a wide valley, declining yet again toward the center of the world.

An unbearable stench, enough to reduce anyone to tears, will assault your senses: rancid blood, purulent wounds, and the smell of an entire dead, putrefied forest.

There is nothing else to do but get used to it, as it becomes worse the farther you move forward. When you are ready, Traveler, follow the rocky crag beneath the reddish light dimly cast from Dite, and be wary of the frequent landslides. From this point forward, follow your Guide's steps and do not stray from the path: it is easy to lose yourself among the Violent. After all, how many times have you chosen violence already, before this point? Keep the Hope of the Height in mind, along with your Journey's goal. May they be your North Star in this empty sky.

The rocky climb that leads down to the heart of the Seventh Circle is as perilous and steep as the Pit of the Gluttonous, except this time dry and barren.

The descent along the cliff is hard, and the rocks often give way under your feet, to roll and plunge into the abyss below. Move with care, and do not look down, Traveler. There is a much closer threat you should be paying attention to.

The Infamy of Crete

Further down, upon a spur of granite, rests a monster, the most violent among the Violent. Half bull, half man, a creature of myth and nightmare. The Minotaur bellows, a sound which shakes the entire valley and causes yet another landslide.

You cannot continue your descent unless you pass the Minotaur, the Infamy of Crete, the Keeper of the Seventh Circle. Its lust for human flesh fits perfectly with the circle below. It perfectly embodies all forms of violence, having exercised it against all kinds of victims who can suffer it, a division according to which the Seventh Circle is divided into three rounds.

The first is the round of the Violent against others, who have caused harm to things and people out of greed. Here find their punishment tyrants, assassins, and mercenaries. The Minotaur used to devour young Athenians offered as tribute, so he has experienced such violence before. The second is the round of the Violent against oneself, both physically and against their own belongings. Here are punished suicides and squanderers. The Minotaur bites himself in anger, slamming his horns against the rocks and keeps attempting to escape his torment, in vain. He hates his own monstrous nature with incredible intensity, and therefore also embodies this form of violence.

The third is the round of the Violent against God. This violence is brought about by those acts that deeply insult the will of the Omnipotent. The offense may be directed at His name, nature, or human industriousness. Here are punished blasphemers and usurers.

The very existence of the Minotaur is an injury unto God, a violation of all the laws of nature. I do not know what terrible ritual or curse caused the Minotaur to come into hybrid being, but it is undoubtedly violence against the Lord. In all truth, I am unsure as to whether the Minotaur should be counted among the Infernal Ke-

epers or the damned in this circle. The Minotaur has lived all his life within Dedalus' creation, making his preferred tactic that of catching his prey by surprise, attacking them suddenly. It is impossible to reason with him, the only language he understands is violence. Should you be able to best him, however, he will flee, tail between his legs, looking for a nook where he can lick his wounds. There are no labyrinths here, however, and the Minotaur survives in constant terror of these open spaces.

Along the River of Blood

After you have bested the Keeper, you will reach a deep moat containing the Flegetonte, whose splashing waters create the nauseating stench you have become familiar with.

The reason is plain to see: the river is made up of boiling blood, its banks are living flesh held up by ribs, and calcified trees rise from the ground, akin to twisted spines, with branches of skeletal bone... all para-organic matter created by the constant and endless torture and grinding of the damned in the higher circles, percolating down to this point, fueling this abominable river and its banks.

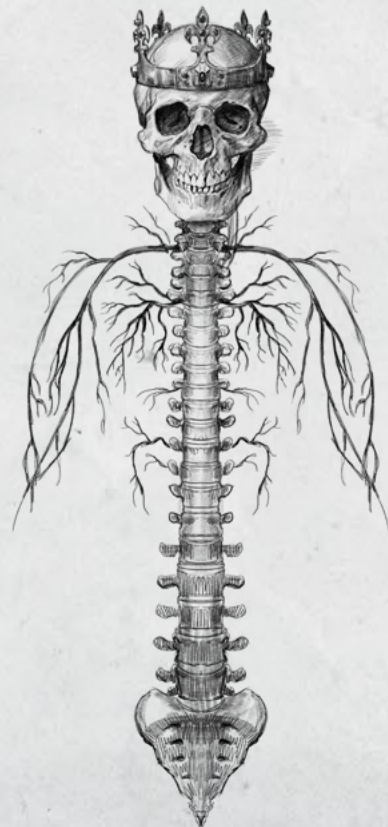
The Flegetonte is the threshold of Seventh Circle, and at the same time, its bed is the first of the three rounds. Half horse and half human, both parts equally monstrous, the Centaurs are its keepers. Unfortunately for you, Traveler, they consider any intruder a valid target.

Their arrows, made out of the valley's bone trees, fly swift and lethal. Their hooves are ready to trample, and their minds are devoted to war. Beyond them is the murky and mournful Wood of Suicides, which I exhort you to traverse swiftly, and finally, beyond that, is a waste of burning sand, yellow and ash in color. The River of Blood ends here its third and final loop, and dries out as it progresses across the burning soil, after watering with boiling blood the roots of the Wood extending all around you.

Try to avoid these perils and the final streams of the Flegetonte will lead you to a chasm, in which the blood forms an impressive waterfall. Beneath you is the next destination, the Eighth Circle. Fear not, you need not fling yourself into the abyss.

However, do fear what will help you in the descent – this is Gerione's lair.

The Seventh Circle, the Minotaur, and the perils of the rounds have a dedicated section in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this optional destination and the Sixth Keeper can be found in the Guide's manual.





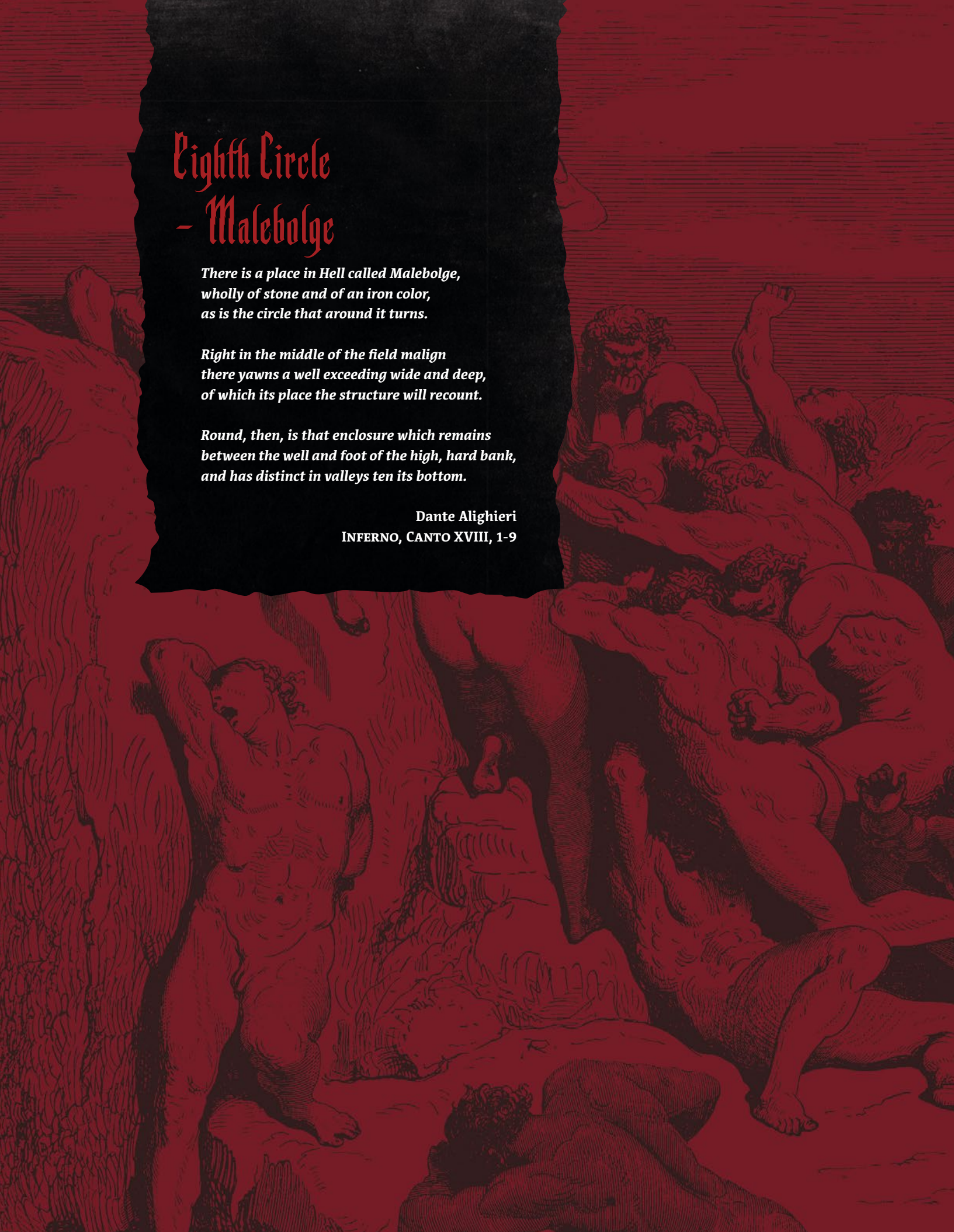
Eighth Circle - Malebolge

*There is a place in Hell called Malebolge,
wholly of stone and of an iron color,
as is the circle that around it turns.*

*Right in the middle of the field malign
there yawns a well exceeding wide and deep,
of which its place the structure will recount.*

*Round, then, is that enclosure which remains
between the well and foot of the high, hard bank,
and has distinct in valleys ten its bottom.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XVIII, 1-9



Here is the crashing of foul warm blood, the fetid, dense, dark air, here is where the Flegetonte ends its three Rounds and plunges into the abyss anew.

Looking down you see only darkness, an inky nothingness that swallows the River of Blood. The light cast from the fiery snow draws the sharp outlines of vertiginous peaks, also swallowed by the black ravine. Throw a pebble down the drop and you will not hear it reach the bottom.

Something, however, down there bellows. Something stretches, and growls, and swims. Swims through the air, talons clawing and catching on nothing, the sinuous body slithering between gusts of wind. Out of the night appears the giant face of a man, then clawed, hairy limbs. The snaking coils of its body follow, scales rotating and spiraling, iridescent. The Flegetonte's blood pouring down its back seems to never end, and continues beyond the stinger on the tip of its tail.

Gerione the great, Gerione the many-shaped, Seventh Keeper of Hell, will be your transport to the Eighth Circle, but also the hardest test you have faced so far.

If there are words which tame and bridle this beast, alas I do not know them. And unless you have contacts among the souls of Heaven, it is impossible for us to find them. All that is left is to leap unto Gerione and try not to plummet into the abyss. You must tame it, break its will as with a horse. Once bested it will be as docile as a loyal steed, and will happily carry you deeper into the ravine that separates the Seventh and Eighth Circles.

Into the Heart of Evil

The descent is long and you will be as blind as Gerione, Traveler. Here is darkness absolute. Your Guide's torch will be the only source of light, and barely functional at that – almost as



if the darkness were devouring its splendor.

The stench you have made yourself get used to becomes more intense the farther Gerione moves. Around the midway point, you get the feeling of being watched: there are things lurking in the dark, remnants of ancestral times when Earth was shapeless and deserted. Eyes filled with pure evil and senseless horror look upon your descent. It is truly hard to remember here that Hell is part of the divine design.

Do not think of these creatures as devils, monsters, or even living beings. I find it hard to define them in any way, let alone describe them, but I shall try nonetheless: these are what remains of the primordial chaos. Stories in which they feature call them "Genies", but their nature is far from that told in those Arabian nights. They are barely visible as a fluttering in the void, as the light of Hope falls upon them.

Yet again Traveler, as I have often recommended, let us not speak of them, but look and pass.

Malebolge

After what feels like an eternity, distant dots of light start to appear below. As you keep descending, you realize that they are fires, hundreds of them, lighting a gargantuan structure stretching from the cliff's side and an even deeper ravine. This immense underground labyrinth is comprised of ten concentric moats, sloping slightly towards the center, divided by tall walls of iron-colored stone. These are the Malebolge, the Eighth Circle's prison of the damned. Natural crowned bridges in gray rock connect the walkways around the moats and allow one to cross them by walking over the walls instead.

You must know that each moat, or bolgia, provides punishment for different sorts of damned, but also houses very specific demons, known as Malebranche. You can catch glimpses of their golden glint from up here: winged demons with a

translucent bodies, allowing you to see the golden skeletons within. They sport long horns on their heads and fiercely grip horrific torture instruments, whips and hooks. Their duty is to torment the dwellers of the Bolge, and they revel in it.

All of this you are able to see while still flying upon Gerione, but you will have to move closer to find out more. Dismount from your transport and head toward the First Bolgia.

Beware, Traveler! If you do not have a divine leader or a Guide accustomed to their tricks, the first step toward the Malebolge will cause them to shift and change. Shaking, the central part of the rocky bridges vanishes into gray smoke. The two remaining parts curve to the ground, creating a slide into the bolge and a ramp back out. The rock will then start glowing faintly and the damned are finally revealed.

You will undoubtedly encounter the Malebranche, trying to stop you from moving forward and patrolling bridges and walkways. This is their territory, Traveler, their hunting grounds. Malebranche almost always travel in packs, usually five or six at a time. Lost Ones are prized game: make use of this information, as it is not a rare occurrence for them to start squabbling over who will have the privilege of extinguishing the Hope of the Height first.

If you know how, it is even possible to talk to the Malebranche. You need to aim for their basest instincts, and avoid appearing intimidated by them, no matter what. The lowliest humor and a friendly demeanor can also help in negotiations. If the latter should fail, however, all you have left is to fight. Once you defeat this first patrol, you can enter the First Bolgia.

The Eighth Circle does not have any particular additional information to what is offered in this manual. Gerione, the Malebranche, and other perils of the Malebolge however, are all described in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*.



The Bolgia of Panderers and Seducers

*This side and that, along the livid stone
beheld I hornéd demons with great scourges,
who cruelly were beating them behind.*

*Ah me! how they did make them lift their legs
at the first blows! and sooth not any one
the second waited for, nor for the third.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XVIII, 34-39

The First Bolgia is a wide track of clay, upon whose perimeter walk two armies of the damned. The first are the Panderers, those who have taken advantage of men and women and forced them to satisfy the whims of others. They walk at a swift pace rather than a full run, their joints seizing up. Moving at a swift march, the pace of which is enough to keep up with the second group, come the Seducers, those who have satisfied their base instincts without any care toward the object of their desires. They are in a full run, often tripping up and falling to the ground, to the point that there are tracts in which they scramble on four limbs like animals – all to keep moving and not draw the ire of their jailers. Indeed, both groups are liberally whipped by the Malebranche, who mock and flail the bare backs of the damned. Careful not to slow the march of Panderers and Seducers, lest the lashings be directed at you too.

The Malebranche whip the damned in a circle, following the bolgia's perimeter. To move ahead without drawing their attention, the best plan is to blend in with the crowd and keep turning for some time yourself, then switch direction when the other group passes you by.

You must run alongside the damned and, once you reach the bridge, finally make your way out of the bolgia and up the incline of rock.

Which is easy enough to say, but the Malebranche will be upon you for the entire run and the ground is not as easy to walk over as it may seem. Potholes and stones dot the desolate landscape, and there are columns, obstacles, and bottlenecks which will force you to stay alert. You cannot simply run: keep your eyes on the path and react to any movements in the infernal air. Should you fall too far behind, you will have to face the Malebranche – and if they also overtake you, you will have the other damned horde upon you.

Run, do not look back. Once you reach the ramp you might be chased by devils, but fear not: entering the bolgia that follows will keep the Keepers of the Eighth Circle away from you.



The Bolgia of Flatterers

*The margins were encrusted with a mould
by exhalation from below, that sticks there,
and with the eyes and nostrils wages war.*

*The bottom is so deep, no place suffices
to give us sight of it, without ascending
the arch's back, where most the crag impends.*

*Thither we came, and thence down in the moat
I saw a people smothered in a filth
that out of human privies seemed to flow;*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XVIII, 106-114

On the ledge of the Second Bolgia, the stench assaults you like a hammer to the pit of your stomach. Take a moment and gather your strength, you will need all of your focus to not be overwhelmed by the foul vapors. The descent into this moat is covered by an ankle-height greenish down: mold. The same horrid growth covers the bolgia's walls, off which also dangle long see-through stems holding black spheres the size of a grown man's head.

It is not just the mold, however, that causes the unbearable stench: the entire moat is a pool of excrement, a vast open-air latrine pit. The damned march through the filth, covered in it from head to toe. Some swipe at themselves with their hands, others claw with their soiled nails or crouch down in the pit. These are the Flatterers, those who in life knelt and flattered to obtain power, gilding with words that which was worth less than muck. Their dignity, already sold away in the world above, is drowned in filth down here.

These despicable souls are not a threat to you, though your passage will not be easy. The mold also stretches across the latrine, expanding into a furry, nauseating net which braids itself into

floating walkways of sorts. Try not to fall into the filth, Traveler, as it is as dangerous as it is disgusting: you will find out the reason later. Walk along the mold ropes, then, with delicate balance as the entire structure sways beneath you, and you will eventually reach one of the many islands of fiber and dried excrement. There are many such as this one, lined with white, gray, and green, and all smaller fibers twist into these larger sargassoes. The entire isle will dip and rise with every step you take, but it will never give. The stringy secretions forming it will lead you to a clearing, at the center of which you will find one of those stems hanging from the walls. This one, however, is the size of a tree, from whose top dangle clusters of spore-carrying spheres, which burst with the vibration of your movements and release a dark cloud as they fall. The way in which the spores grow is something quite incredible: they very swiftly cover everything in a multicolored mantle, spinning threads that pin to the ground whomever awoke them. If you are covered in muck, the fibers grow even faster; the mold will try devouring you as it starts to crawl over you, while the spores will cause your lungs to seize up and make you cough. Try getting rid of them as soon as you can, or all that will be left of you is a putrid pile of rot on the island. The Malebranche of this moat will attack anyone covered in excrement, while studying anyone else to understand the challenge. You cannot reason with them, as even the glow of Hope is dimmed by the layers of human fluids, so you can either fight or flee. Avoid the muck as well as you can and swiftly make your way out of the bolgia.

Once outside the nightmare, your nose will regain its regular abilities and the Malebranche of the Second Bolgia can no longer chase you. Onward, to the Third Bolgia!

The Bolgia of Simoniacs

*Simon Magus, O forlorn disciples,
ye who the things of God, which ought to be
the brides of holiness, rapaciously*

*for silver and for gold do prostitute,
now it behoves for you the trumpet sound,
because in this third Bolgia ye abide.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XIX, 1-6

Before your eyes is a foul moat, out of which you hear a sound not unlike that of sizzling meat in oil. Thousands and thousands of circular holes fill the ground, making it hard to walk through without falling into one, once you descend into the bolgia. Out of each small pit appear the legs of a damned one, kicking and flailing as blazing hellfire sears the soles of their feet. These are the Simoniacs, those who traded that which is sacred for profit.

Traversing this bolgia is a constant dribbling between these pits, as the kicking of the damned can strike you and make you lose your balance, especially if your words provoke them, so beware! Beware of them and of the flames upon their feet: these are not unlike the will-o-the-wisps you met in the Fifth Circle, and their heat is strong enough to leave a burn mark. Their minds, however, are simple and empty, so if you are able to fend them off, they will head back to their original targets.

Should you fall into one of the pits, you would find yourself in a seemingly bottomless black well – which is actually home to an endless column of Simoniacs, piled onto each other like a great tower. Only the damned whose legs stick out are affected by the flames, the ones below are destined to a different fate: droves of Malebranche swim up and down the human columns,

branding them with blazing crosses at the end of long poles.

Each time a new Simoniac arrives in Hell, they push down the column as they take the place of the topmost one. The bottom of each pit houses cracks through which red light and sulfurous smoke seep. Here is where Simoniacs slip into once they reach the end of the human column, and also where the Malebranche heat their brands.

Even if you fall into a pit and survive, I strongly recommend you do not move close to those calderas: the temperatures are truly unbearable to Lost Ones.

There is only one thing worthy of notice outside of the pits: the golden blazing cage which holds Simon Mago himself, who gives his name to the bolgia. He wished to buy with gold the ability to confer the sacrament of baptism and so now endures an eternal baptism of fire, as flocks of Malebranche brand his body with the mark of the Lord.

If you have the opportunity to do so, I recommend you pick up at least one of the weapons the Malebranche use: crosses are rare here, and the mark of the Lord causes fear in the heart of many infernal dwellers.





The Bolgia of Soothsayers

*As lower down my sight descended on them,
wondrously each one seemed to be distorted
from chin to the beginning of the chest;*

*for tow'rds the reins the countenance was turned,
and backward it behoved them to advance,
as to look forward had been taken from them.*

*Perchance indeed by violence of palsy
some one has been thus wholly turned awry;
but I ne'er saw it, nor believe it can be.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XX, 10-18

Sobs and wailing welcome you to the Fourth Bolgia. The air tastes of salt and a strange vibration shakes your limbs, like a sob trying to escape.

If you choose to move into the gray basin, you will immediately notice that the bottom of your feet get wet: a layer of salty water collects on the hard ground, reaching your ankles, as often happens in the Venetian lagoon. There are salt growths rising from the swamp, some taller than a person, grasping around piles of different objects. Among the whiteness you can see telescopes, tarot cards, tea cups, bronze liver models, dice, and other tools you cannot place. The cause of the tide is the damned wandering this Bolgia, taken by an unspeakable sadness. Their heads are twisted on their necks so that they are forced to walk backward. Their tears fall upon their backs, filling the lake through which you now wade. These are the Soothsayers, those who in life claimed to have the ability to look forward in time and now are forced to always face backward.

Walking through tears and breathing in this sad air may bring the past to your mind, at first in the form of a slight melancholy, followed by true flashes and images and sounds. If your idea is to ask the damned here about fragments of your future, let go of that now, for the Lord has re-

moved even the slightest glimpse of prophetic abilities they might have had. A Lost One, however, can here rediscover aspects of their life which they forgot in the Dark Forest, and gain access to their Infernal Chronicles as if in the presence of a Familiar Spirit (as described in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*).

There is, of course, a price to pay. The more time passes, the stronger the melancholy becomes, until your neck will start twisting, your back arching and hunching, your head start turning. Leave the Fourth Bolgia as soon as you can, or your head will turn toward your back until, with a resounding crack, your spine will snap and you will die and fall into the pit along with them.

It is not easy to leave the bolgia of Soothsayers, especially if you have ventured too far. There are salt barriers to climb and areas where the tears are so deep that you have to swim your way through. Exploring these labyrinthine obstacles will be even harder if your head has started rotating a few degrees. Do not lose hope, the exit is at hand! Rely on Providence, focus on redemption instead of your past, and you will not lose your way. Remember that your Guide is always by your side.

Once you reach the exit, you will find a ramp covered in saline crystals and you will be able to leave the tears. Your skull will soon shift back to its regular position and you will be able to enter the Fifth Bolgia.

The Bolgia of Peculators

*Then I turned round, as one who is impatient
to see what it behoves him to escape,
and whom a sudden terror doth unman.*

*Who, while he looks, delays not his departure;
and I beheld behind us a black devil,
running along upon the crag, approach.*

*Ah, how ferocious was he in his aspect!
and how he seemed to me in action ruthless,
with open wings and light upon his feet!*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXI, 25-33

The Fifth Bolgia will initially look like an expanse of pure darkness. Once your eyes get used to it, you will realize that the blackest black is actually a sea of boiling tar in which the damned are plunged. Flocks of Malebranche fly over them and torment with hooked poles those who attempt to raise their heads. The devils have darkened skin from the tar vapors and their golden skeletons are barely visible through it. They perch upon ancient ruins that rise out of the dark mass, dilapidated walls and fronts of buildings that might remind you of the seats of civic power. At regular intervals, bubbles as large as wagons form and erupt into black fountains several feet tall.

Many of the rock bridges across this moat have fallen, so you will have climb down the walls and ruins, if you are to avoid walking the dividing wall for thousands of miles. The leap is not insignificant, Traveler, be careful. Once you reach the moat, you will almost certainly be approached by the Malebranche who infest this place – a particularly cruel and mocking kind, who torment the damned with words as much as hooks. Unlike the other devils, they even have permission to leave Hell in order to seize the souls of the Peculators and personally drag them kicking and screaming into the Fifth Bolgia.

The Peculators who are punished here are corrupted functionaries and politicians, those who

have taken advantage of their public office to get rich, selling permits and privileges to the highest bidder. Their number is uncountable, and they are dragged here from every place, every time, in the thousands.

The Peculators have a relative freedom compared to other damned, in that they can decide whether to remain in the boiling tar or try getting out of it, and be flayed by devils. However, unlike the Centaurs in the Seventh Circle, the Malebranche can be swindled and it is therefore possible to find relief for a short while. This constant back and forth between Malebranche and Peculators gives the Fifth Bolgia a farcical appearance, like a dark comedy played on repeat.

The Malebranche here are more curious than aggressive, and will attempt to trick you and mock you. Do not heed their words, Traveler, but play their game, fake it if needed: as long as they believe themselves to be in control of the situation, they will not strike you.

It will be easier to cross the tar with their guidance, but you will still need to climb upon ruins and take running leaps across the boiling ditches. The Malebranche will actively lead you into a trap, eventually: some will be lying in wait, or the building will collapse beneath your feet, the tar will erupt in a black geyser, or one of them will push you into it. Be ready for their tricks, Traveler, as they are inevitable – keep an eye on the devils and you will notice their glances and smirks when they are ready to spring their trap.

Falling into the tar is not the end for you: though it is extremely painful, death is not swift. You may even choose to dive into it in order to avoid the Malebranche, just like the Peculators do. Remember though that the viscosity makes your movement much more difficult and that you are nevertheless being slowly baked. Pull yourself out, fend off the Malebranche, and reach the pile of rocks that marks your exit. The bridge remains are difficult to climb and the Malebranche can fly, so be as swift as you can lest you be hooked and killed. Once you reach the top, lower yourself quickly down the bank of the next bolgia, and you will be safe from their pursuit.





The Bolgia of Hypocrites

*A painted people there below we found,
Who went about with footsteps very slow,
Weeping and in their semblance tired and vanquished.*

*They had on mantles with the hoods low down
Before their eyes, and fashioned of the cut
That in Cologne they for the monks are made.*

*Without, they gilded are so that it dazzles;
But inwardly all leaden and so heavy
That Frederick used to put them on of straw.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXIII, 58-66

The Sixth Bolgia presents itself as dry and barren, with white calcareous growths and twisting little streets seemingly carved out by millennia of waterways. It is no common river, however, which has eroded the rock, but the flood of damned which marches towards you. A painfully slow line of dolorous people, wearing golden capes with hoods pulled down far over their eyes, trudges through the landscape before you. Their clothing is similar to that of some monastic orders, except golden on the outside – and made of lead on the inside, so heavy that each step requires incredible and painful effort. Under their hoods, the faces of the damned are tired, gaunt from the effort, and yet they cannot stop: these are the Hypocrites, those who behaved very differently from how they professed. Unlike other damned, the capes here are tangible, and it is not possible to wade through them as if they were merely impalpable and uncountable.

Though exhausted, the Hypocrites are happy to speak to whomever may ask them a question, though the speed of their tongue is as slow as that of their feet. To move through the bolgia, walk ahead of the procession and leave it behind you in the twisting rocky ways.

You will also encounter clusters of unfortunate souls crucified to the ground, feet secured to a nail and each hand to another. These are the worst Hypocrites of all, whose added punishment is to be trampled and walked upon by the others in their endless wandering.

All around you, the rocks become as smooth as glass and curve into peaks akin to waves frozen in time, impossible to climb. The paths within this area turn back on themselves and slither between rocky walls which grow narrower as you proceed.

You will be forced to move sideways at times, and duck beneath spikes. If you reach the internal ledge of the bolgia, you may even notice natural recesses burrowing into the walls until they become no more than small cracks. The Hypocrites who try to make their way into these, weighed down by their capes, inevitably tumble down to the bottom, but you can climb down with much more caution and avoid the thicket of black spikes that awaits below. Nonetheless, beware of the slippery rock beneath your feet, as slipping is easy.

If you are lucky, you may carry on along these dark, silent caves until you feel the ground around you rise again, as it forms actual steps so tall that the Hypocrites are unable to use them.

From here, you can make it into the Seventh Bolgia without moving across the bank, upon a terrace overlooking that pit of snakes.

The Bolgia of Thieves

*Among this cruel and most dismal throng
people were running naked and affrighted,
without the hope of hole or heliotrope.*

*They had their hands with serpents bound behind them;
these riveted upon their reins the tail
and head, and were in front of them entwined.*

*And lo! at one who was upon our side
there darted forth a serpent, which transfixed him
there where the neck is knotted to the shoulders.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXIV, 91-99

Devoid of flames, calderas, or fires, the Seventh Bolgia is instead enveloped in the darkness of a night devoid of moon or stars. You can, however, hear crying, wailing, and the sound of scales slithering upon scales, akin to demonic rattles. You may lower yourself down the jagged bank, with caution. Below you is one of the most horrifying places in all of Hell.

The ground of this bolgia cannot be seen for the throng of reptiles of all kinds: asps, rattlesnakes, vipers, tarrasques, dragons, iguanas, and horned vipers, hissing and spitting as they coil over and around each other. Stay close to your Guide, so that the light of Hope may be cast upon the pathway between the black rocks and keep the less ambitious snakes at bay. You will still need to defend yourself from some of them, who by size or power of their venom think they have a chance to steal the flame from you. Among the spires are also other unfortunate souls, naked and with their hands tied behind their backs by a knotted serpent. Often it is a bite to the neck or slow acting poison which kills them, and they fall to the ground, buried by other reptiles and other damned, becoming ash and dust – only to reincarnate shortly after and once again start their futile run. This does not always happen, and it depends on the type of reptile and severity of the sin. Some lethal bites may cause metamorphoses, fusions, schisms, duplication, both among the serpents and the dolorous people: in this bolgia, all the snakes are the damned, and all the damned are Thieves. For their

thievery in life, their humanity has been taken from them. Thieves are dangerous both in their serpentine form and for obvious reasons their human shape: some still have a desperate need to steal from their neighbor and will not miss the chance to steal all the items you have accumulated throughout your Journey thus far.

This pit of snakes also includes monsters, creatures stuck halfway through their transformation for some mysterious reason, and so are now part human and part reptile; some are knots of multiple damned joined together, so absurd and picturesque that the most chimeric and bizarre among them are taken to the Palace of the Subterranean Fire to entertain and amuse Ecate's court: pythons with male heads, women with cobra heads, knots of rattlesnakes from which human limbs appear...

Hold Hope tight and make your way through this horrid chaos in eternal becoming. Farther ahead you can already see lights in the darkness: Caco, once a Centaur like those in the Seventh Circle, now an unnameable monstrosity, an experiment in wickedness and torment created on a whim in the prisons of Dite. Dozens of grass snakes grow out of his horse back, and from the human torso emerges a fire-breathing dragon head, with useless bat wings wide open on either side. The monster's face is split in two: human on the right, scaly with a yellow slit for an eye on the left. His fury is blind, so keeping at a distance is a good way to avoid provoking an attack. Should you incur his wrath, Traveler, I suggest you flee, as he will soon forget about you – his memory is as fleeting as the shape of the Thieves.

I must admit, however, that there is one thing worth noting in Caco's proximity. His flame pulverizes snakes in such a wide radius that you can see what lies beneath. And it clear that it is not ground, but large green and brown scales. If you are able to stop for a while, Traveler, you might even feel a light breathing beneath your feet. I firmly believe that the entire basin is occupied by a colossal snake coiling around the rocks; maybe a Giant, turned by the bolgia's curse, maybe the World Serpent of Norse legends and myth.

I have not had the misfortune of seeing it awake, but there is always the possibility of something even more terrifying in this kingdom of horrors.





The Bolgia of Evil Counselors

"O brothers, who amid a hundred thousand perils", I said, "have come unto the West, to this so inconsiderable vigil

which is remaining of your senses still, be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge, following the sun, of the unpeopled world.

Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang; ye were not made to live like unto brutes, but for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge."

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXVI, 112-120

Dark and gloomy is the deep pit of the Eighth Bolgia, which yawns open before you, despite being lit by living beings and other flames which whisper like those taken by fever. The narrow bridges which lead to the next wall are once again rickety and crumbling, leaving only truncated ledges of rock. The descent to this basin is difficult, and the climb on the other side harder still. Yet there is no other option than to climb with hands and feet. The rock is rough and flesh-rending shards of quartz jut out of it. Use the natural nooks and crannies to make your way, and lower yourself with caution. There are some ledges and platforms upon which to find relief, so take your time and study the best way to the ground. The closer you move to the flames burning in the bolgia, the louder their voices get, almost to the point that you can understand a few words here and there. Each flame, you see, hosts one or more damned, you can discern their number from the points into which the flames split. These are the Evil Counselors, those who abused their sharp minds as weapons, despite knowing that their lies would lead to terrible consequenc-

es. They earned their honors and victories not by valor but by cowardice and subterfuge. They will happily speak with whomever approaches them, and the flame will sway as a tongue as it speaks. Death has taken away their ability to lie, so all that you will hear from them is unadulterated truth. Cling to the rocks and ask, Traveler, as I am certain you will find precious information in this place. Your descent, however, is far from over. I cannot tell how long it took me to reach the ground, but I am sure it was longer than an hour before I even saw it. I was exhausted and my arms in pain by the end. What I found below left me breathless, even more than the effort taken to get there.

Here is a tall ziggurat of stained glass, akin to windows you might find in a church. The dancing flames above do not cast their light upon it, but instead reflect upon it with dark shapes. Along its side is a majestic flame, blazing in all the hues of the glass below and pushing up the steps a boulder of the same matter. The flame stumbles and the boulder threatens to fall, but the damned turned flame does not let up. The light it emits is weak so that only moving closer will reveal it in full. Almost a mirage, as if it were not truly here. The moment in which the flame pushes the boulder to the top of the steps, it falls out of its grasp and rolls back to the ground. And so the flame is forced to move back and start its task anew.

Studying the pyramid will show that the glass shards can be easily removed. Should you do so, glass will form again to fill the gap. The tip of these shards can pierce steel, and its nature is peculiar: if a lie is told, it loses all of its colors. It is now time to head upward again: the wall is sheer and there are no real holds. You will be exhausted once you reach the top, I imagine. But this is not the time to stop, Traveler!

The Bolgia of Schismatics

*Who ever could, e'en with untrammelled words,
tell of the blood and of the wounds in full
which now I saw, by many times narrating?*

*Each tongue would for a certainty fall short
by reason of our speech and memory,
that have small room to comprehend so much.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXVIII, 1-6

Oh, the horror that awaits at the entrance to the Ninth Bolgia! This is a butchering, a desecration of the human form, and yet, for so much horror, it is part of the Divine plan. Do not look away, Traveler: witness the enacting of Eternal Justice!

A field of red grass from which emerge threadbare banners and rusted weapons, upon which Malebranche carry out a massacre: they wield broadswords, scythes, and axes, weapons which they use to hack the souls gathered here. The blades shine from within, casting their light upon the apocalyptic scene, as they cut into soul after soul. The damned of this bolgia, however, are not reduced to ash, as oblivion is not granted them, not even for a moment. They wander, guts in hand, chests cracked open, missing limbs or head entirely, bleeding onto the field. They hold themselves against the tombstones rising from the ground, collapsing upon a hillock or into a ditch filled with blood. Their wounds then heal and the devils start their battle again with joy, mocking the weakness of the unfortunate damned.

And beware, for the love of God: the same fate may befall you here...

In this bolgia are punished those who sowed discord, started wars and violent feuds. Despite the impairing wounds, they are still able to speak

and tell their tale – even those carrying their heads like lanterns. Their behavior is bizarrely affable and most of them regret their sins, though repentance after death holds no value before the Lord. In any case, you do not need to fear them, though their appearance is fearsome. Pay heed instead to the warrior devils, who wear iron armor and helmets which allow space for their horns. The Malebranche of the Ninth Bolgia are even more violent than all the others, and revel in causing the most horrific wounds. They will waste no time moving their attention toward you, even if you are still among the living.

It will not be enough to fend them off, you need to make an example of them. Slaughter the bravest devils and the others will be wary of attacking you: there is much easier prey in the bolgia, after all.

As you make your way through the massacre, make sure to note the crimson trees growing close to the banners. There are golden apples growing among their branches, which will scream in a female voice when plucked. These are plants born of Discord, sowed by the damned of this place. Their sight alone will fill you with the urge to pick one and your companions will want precisely the same one as you, even though there are dozens on any tree. A fight among you is almost inevitable. You will need to resist this urge many times as you let loose, until one of two things will happen: one of you will be able to throw away the apple, which will turn into a horrid slush and you will all regain your senses; or, one of you will take a bite. In that case, the apple will also turn to slush, and whoever bit into it will become a fountain of blood. I wish the first upon you, Traveler.

Swiftly leave this place of pain and reach the slope towards the Tenth, and final, Bolgia.





Art by [Signature]

The Bolgia of Alchemists and Forgers

*This on the belly, that upon the back
one of the other lay, and others crawling
shifted themselves along the dismal road.*

*We step by step went onward without speech,
gazing upon and listening to the sick
who had not strength enough to lift their bodies*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXIX, 67-72

The Tenth Bolgia appears to you as a stretch of dunes made of golden nuggets, at the center of which is a plain basin. The metal glints in the light of fires burning beneath alembic stills as large as caskets, whose long necks emit a vapor seeping into the moats. On closer inspection, however, the gold is but simple pyrite – fool's gold.

The first thing you notice in this valley are the damned, covered in purulent wounds and scabs, afflicted by some mysterious illness. They wail while they scratch themselves into bleeding, pushing one against the other, with no more strength left in their limbs due to the illness. The vapor from the alembics, colorless and reeking of rotten eggs, is the cause of their suffering. Fear not, Traveler, the illness only infects the souls sent here for punishment and it is not contagious.

These damned are the Alchemists, or Forgers of Metals, those who boasted about their ability to turn metals into gold to swindle their neighbor. Some of them are filled with resentment and hatred, while others have come to accept their fate. Listen to what they have to tell you and make your way through them without hesitation, Traveler.

Farther in, among the Alchemists, are souls whose bellies are so swollen with water that they

are unable to move. And even though the liquid fills their bodies, their lips are dry and cracked. These are the Forgers of Coins, false-coiners, those who made fake currency in order to accumulate wealth. They have no intention nor desire to harm you, so you may speak to them in all safety.

Close by are also several souls emitting smoke from their skin, as if they were burning from inside. Their fever is so high that it boils their guts and keeps them in a constant delirious state. Though they seem static, a single word or gesture can set them running at great speed. Their touch is as hot as a poker left in the fire all day. These are the Forgers of Words, perjurers, those who spread false rumors for their own advantage.

There are much more dangerous characters in the bolgia, Traveler, so keep your ear peeled for any kind of roaring, and hide should you hear one.

The Forgers of Persons are the source of such roaring. They passed themselves as someone else to obtain that which they desired. The sulfurous mixture has a very different effect on them, charging them with inhuman rage and strength. They pounce upon other damned with their teeth and drag them away to lay waste to their body, drooling like rabid dogs. This, however, also causes them immense pain, which makes them weep as they devour their prey. They will attack you too if you are not careful, and their power is such that they can bite through granite and crush bare-handed a metal helm.

Pass by the sick and avoid the rage-filled to reach the pyrite ramp that leads out of the bolgia. Pebbles may crumble beneath your feet, but determination will take you to the top.

The Malebolge are over. The shiver you feel now announces the entrance to icy Cocito, where the Adversary lies and where your Journey ends.

But first, Traveler, another descent awaits you.



Ninth Circle

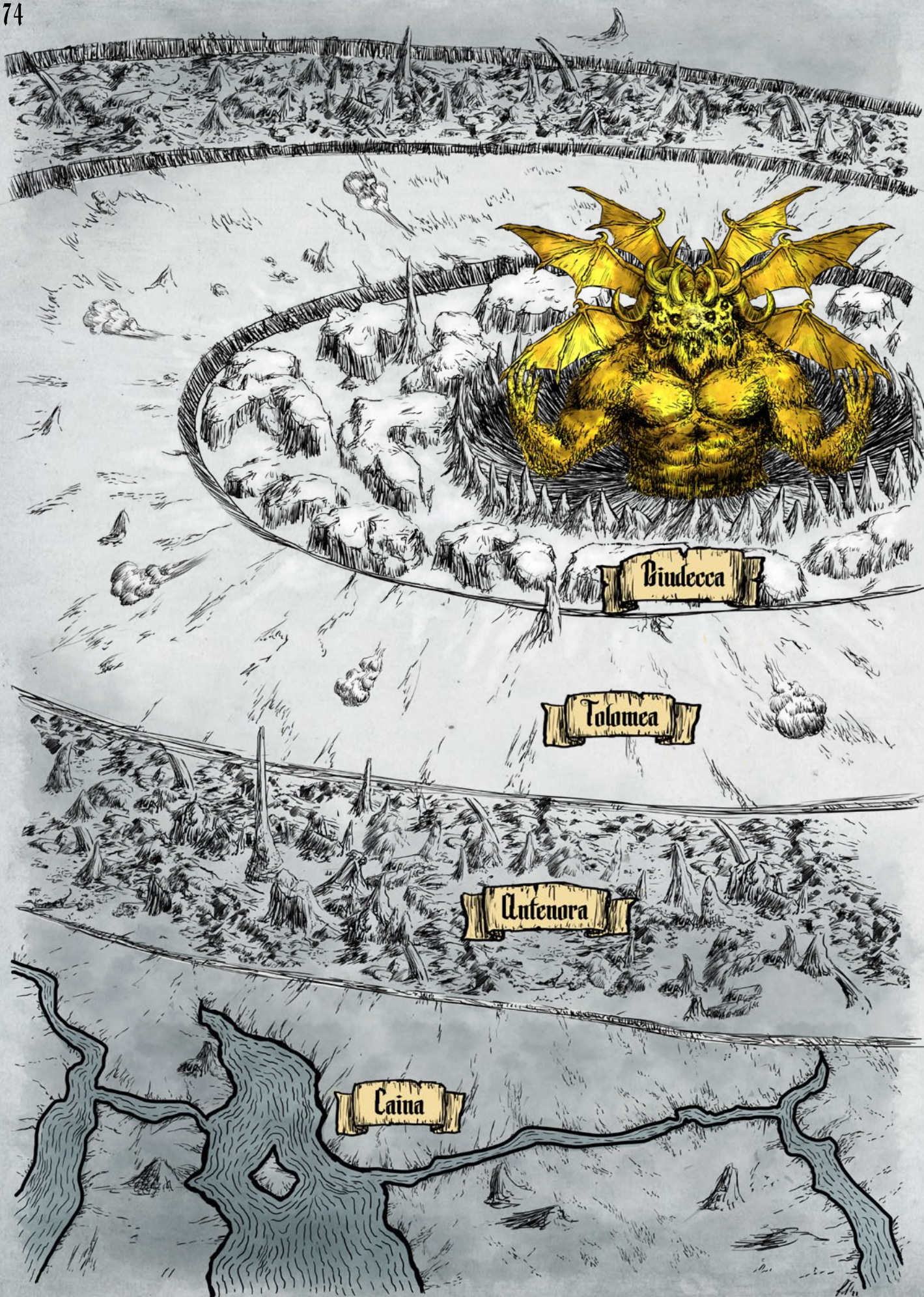
- Cocito

*The Emperor of the kingdom dolorous
from his mid-breast forth issued from the ice;
and better with a giant I compare*

*than do the giants with those arms of his;
consider now how great must be that whole,
which unto such a part conforms itself.*

*Were he as fair once, as he now is foul,
and lifted up his brow against his Maker,
well may proceed from him all tribulation.*

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXXIV, 28-36



Many have been the brinks and uncountable the ledges of Hell, over which your gaze has fallen upon the abyss below, and with it the entire Gloomy Kingdom – which you well know by now – made of this narrowing ravine plunging toward the center of the world.

And yet, even now, your mind must understand and imagine another abyss, more sheer, more terrifying, deeper than what came before.

A well.

A well within which the giants of the world are imprisoned.

You are almost at the heart of the Blind World and the well's circumference is barely a few dozen miles.

As you approach the ledge, you feel the pull of the void calling to you. A cold wind turns your breath to vapor. There is an evil presence calling from the bowels of Hell, an icy hand strangling your soul, a tri-forked tongue whispering obscenities. Farther down the black majesty of the Adversary, the worst of all monsters and devils of creation, will become stronger still, so be prepared. For now, Traveler, focus on what is before you.

The Well of Giants

The well which leads down to Cocito is filled with dusky light, which seems to originate in the ice below. The dimness hides imposing shapes, which at this distance appear as towers carved into the walls. But they are living things, just like you – but unlike the Lost Ones, these beings have been imprisoned in Hell and have no chance of escaping it. You might recall the Leviathan, I suppose. Indeed, the giants in the well are also children of the world that preceded the Great Flood.

Known by the names of titans, hecatoncheires, or nephilim, they are humanoid in shape and monstrous in size, inconceivable to human minds. They were born of the heinous union be-

tween human women and angels who had fallen for mortal beauty, a wickedness which had to be washed out of creation. And so it was. Heaven's waters however did not kill them all, but rather pushed the worst among them down into this prison of rock. Now they are trapped within the walls of the Well that leads to the navel, some even restrained with chains of ice.

As you peer into the darkness to try and understand the features of these enormous creatures of myth, a sound shakes the entire Well. As if a hunting horn, but as loud as one hundred elephants, so much so it shakes your very bones. This is the call of Nembrot, the giant who built the Tower of Babel and, having lost the ability to be understood, expresses his rage by blowing the horn.

The sounds starts dissipating the darkness, or maybe the rocks refract the intensity of the light, so that you can better see within the Well. And lo, clearly, the six remaining giants.

There are only two options. The first is to convince one of them to take you into their hand and lower you to Cocito. The second is to leap onto them, climb down their body, and avoid being squashed. I hope you are successful in the former, Traveler, as the latter is a nightmare, truly.

Once at the bottom, you will find yourself upon a frozen lake with the semblance of glass. The Well is now above you, an opening into a frozen vault, and before your eyes is the largest cave of this world. Cold seizes you and evil grasps your heart.

Welcome to Cocito, the lowest part of Hell.

Caina – The First Bone

The descent is over. There are no more ravines to climb down. The center of Hell is a vast plain of ice.

Icy is the wind which blows over this land, ice is the blood in your veins, ice is the spirit of those who approach the place of the Fall.

This is Cocito, the frozen lake where Traitors are punished, including the First and Foremost. Cocito is divided into four concentric zones, leading to the center where the Adversary awaits. The zone in which the giants are imprisoned is the outermost, Caina, and it is not entirely covered by ice. There is still flowing water, a pool of tears and sweat akin to arctic spurs. Immense blocks of ice slowly float, crashing into each other with a great clamor, while clear frozen mountains imprison the legs of the giants above. Toward the Second Zone is a more solid bank, into which deep coves and cracks open.

Entering the waters of Caina can freeze you within seconds, so keep to the floating blocks. Also, beware the damned, immersed into the ice or in the freezing liquid below. These shivering souls only appear from the chin up, and the clattering of their teeth echoes between the cerulean rocks. Their neck is bent downward, so that tears may freeze into clear columns as they fall. The cold has devoured their ears, their noses, the lips even on those who have been here the longest. Do not feel pity for them, Traveler, as here lie the Traitors of their Kindred, and whom-ever betrays their own blood deserves nothing else. They will undoubtedly try talking to you, to keep their tongue moving so that it may not also freeze. If you stand still, however, your warmth will be sucked away, and they yearn for that more even than Hope, so once again let us not speak of them, but look and pass.

Antenora - The Second Zone

Antenora is a forest of glacial stalagmites. Whirlwinds of hail plummet from these colossal spikes as the wind blows through them. The heads of the damned, the Traitors to their Country, punished here emerge from the ice. Those whose greed or cowardice brought them to stand against their own people. Those who conspired together or are linked by some common fate are buried in the same spot and it is not rare for them to strike or bite each other.

Ignore them, and watch instead for what lies in white among the ice. The stalagmites provide perfect cover for the monsters of Antenora, creatures akin to white-furred bears, with horns of ice, long furry trunks, and claws as sharp as daggers; they move on four or two feet, sometimes on six. Their task is to maul the faces of the Traitors to their Country, but they will not say no to a Lost One either. Their breath freezes all, turning flesh and bone as fragile as ceramic, though their horns, fangs, and claws are also no minor threat.

There are not, however, many of them, and they tend to keep their distance from each other, so you should not encounter more than a couple. Move across this area as swiftly as you can and shake the frost off your footwear as you leave: may nothing of this place stay with you...

Tolomea - The Third Zone

That you have come this far on your Journey, Traveler, is a divine miracle. Of the dozens of Lost Ones since the dawn of time who have become lost in the Dark Forest, only a handful of desperate souls have made it this far.

Beyond the stalagmites and the shelter of Antenora is a wind-battered waste: hurricane swept Tolomea. Walking takes incredible effort as you are blown backward and snow and ice strike you with incredible speed. The damned here are placed with their faces upward, and their tears have accumulated and frozen so that they are unable to see, provoking unbearable pain. These are the Traitors to their Guests, whose who broke the most basic of civil rules, harming those under the protection of their roof. Unlike all other sinners, Traitors to their Guests can end in Hell even while still alive. Their soul is taken from their body, which is filled by a demon, piloting it until the moment of their death. Such is the severity of their sin.

The way to reach the final destination of your Journey is straightforward, though you will need

to fight against the wind and try not to stumble over the limbs and claws of the damned. Onward still. To the End of All Things.

Giudecca - The Fourth Zone

At last, Giudecca, the end of your Journey. Here are enormous ice walls which offer partial cover from the wind, which would otherwise be stronger than in Tolomea. The entire landscape is a gorge filled with ice blocks, in which you can barely make out the damned contained within. Other traitors are far beneath your feet, and no one's features are visible. Some are frozen in a fetal position, others are erect or flipped head down. These are the Traitors to their Lords and it is fair that they should not be able to recount their lives to you, as their sins would horrify anyone.

There is a figure visible from any point in Giudecca, as an immense windmill at the center of Cocito, but the dim light makes it hard for you to see it truly at this distance.

It is Lucifero himself. Pray and be strong in your beliefs, as the farther you move into Giudecca, the stronger Evil will be, and attempt to make its way into your heart. Not to corrupt, but to destroy, slowly stripping away Hope. It is a constant corrosion, which you can only beat through faith and willpower. You can resist it, Traveler. Follow the path, trust your Guide, and venture between the mute prisoners of Giudecca.

The path is winding and the sudden gusts of wind can cast you away easily, so calculate the timing of these gusts and move between them. Careful now: visions of the Devil and all the perils you have overcome so far grapple within your mind; you have died one last time, you have lost all Hope, and you now find yourself in the circle which punishes the sin linked to your Archetype. Forever.

This is but an illusion, a trick of Evil. Hold onto the ice, grit your teeth, and carry on. You are almost done, Traveler. A basin opens up before you, and at its center, the Devil himself.

Passing of the Glory of the World

Lucifero, the Father of Lies, the First Traitor, Deceiver of the whole World and Root of all Evil. The fallen angel is a colossus with no end, buried navel down into Cocito. To gain an idea of his size, consider that one of his arms is larger than the entirety of the Giant Tifone.

The six wings of black leather beat to create the hurricane which has opposed you thus far.

His horned head bears three horrifying faces. The one at the center is scarlet red, the one to the left is ebony black, the one to the right is sulfur yellow. Satan cries and the tears mix with the bloodied drool which pours from his fanged mouths. The central mouth chews upon Giuda, whose legs dangle out of his lips, as Lucifero rends his back with claws. Bruto is in the black mouth, and Cassio in the yellow. They both betrayed Caesar and both are tormented from the legs up, heads left to dangle below.

Sweet Beatrice is not here to protect you from the tide of pure evil which will overwhelm you, Traveler. There are no more Familiar Spirits. There is no Hope or Inspiration Divine.

You will be tempted at first to kill your companions, then yourself. You will witness Genesis and Revelations and you will be offered a seat next to the Antichrist. Reject all flattery, all offers, all of the Devil's tricks. Power, glory, wealth, even the redemption you seek.

Hold to your faith and look Lucifero in the eye.

Deny his control.

Fight.

The Ninth Circle, the Giants, and Lucifero have a dedicated additional Canto in the campaign *Through a long way, and a difficult road* included in *Virgilio's Untold Tales*. All the secrets of this optional destination and the final Keepers can be found in the Guide's manual.

Beyond Hell

Are you ready for your final descent, Traveler? The exit is through Satan. You will need to climb him, grasping onto his fur, delve into his stench, and head downward, towards the heart of creation.

The Devil will not let you escape so easily, of course. Combat is inevitable. You are but a bug to him, a roach, but I believe that your Journey until now has conferred on you all of the abilities you need to defeat Evil, and that your Hope will not fail under his attacks.

Run along his arms, pierce his wings, blind him, deal as much damage as you can while you dodge his grasping hands. Hold on with all your might when he beats his wings and you will not be cast away. It may seem impossible, but you can make it. You can defeat the ruler of Hell and leave him so wounded and aghast that he will no longer be able to stop you.

Climb down his belly into the crag around his waist, move along his furry thigh, to the center of the Earth. Here gravity is upended, and you will need to reposition yourself, "ascending" to his feet. What was above is now below, and vice versa.

You will exit around Satan's knees, into an area as vast as Giudecca but entirely flat: you are now walking upon what was once the bottom of the glacier. The Devil's legs remain erected towards the vault of the cave and the talons claw at the ceiling above you – but you no longer need to pay heed to him.

You are almost at the end of your Journey. You are almost out of Hell.

Above his feet, suspended mid-air, you will find a natural tunnel in the stone, curving upward and narrowing as it continues. This is the Burella, created when Earth moved away in disgust at Lucifero's Fall.

Take it.





To Rebehold the Stars

The climb is long and winding, the only sounds are your ragged breath and the gurgling of an unseen stream. You will have to continue by touch, in the dark, the Divine Flame your only point of reference. All you know is that you need to head up, always up, farther up, and so you push upward. Rocks crumble beneath you, the tunnel splits and leads you to dead ends. Do not lose faith. The harder the path, the closer you are to the surface.

Suddenly, when you least expect it, fresh air. Not wind created by the wings of Satan, but natural, benign wind. You had almost forgotten this feeling, had you not, Traveler?

One final effort: move aside the boulders that seal the exit and you are out. Finally outside.

The starry sky welcomes your tired gaze. It is over, Traveler. You have traveled through Hell, defeated Lucifero, and achieved your redemption. Your Infernal Emblems vanish like nightmares on waking and you are once again yourself, all your memories intact. Ready for new journeys, your heart ablaze with Hope.

*My guide and I came on that hidden road
to make our way back into the bright world;
and with no care for any rest, we climbed—*

*he first, I following—until I saw,
through a round opening, some of those things
of beauty Heaven bears. It was from there*

that we emerged, to see—once more—the stars.

Dante Alighieri
INFERNO, CANTO XXXIV, 133-139





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INFERNO is the first original 5th edition Campaign Setting adapting Dante Alighieri's "The Divine Comedy" into a tabletop roleplaying game.

INFERNO - DANTE'S GUIDE TO HELL is the game's "Player's Handbook", and it focuses on the Lost Ones, living beings forced to enter Hell, including 12 brand-new Archetypes with a 1-20 level progression, setting specific rules, and a deep description of the INFERNO itself.

ALL HOPE ABANDON, YE WHO ENTER IN!



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