

INFERNO

BATTLES OF THE ABYSS



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TOME
INFERNO, Battles of the Abyss™
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The Gate

Through me the road to the city of desolation,
Through me the road to sorrows diuturnal,
Through me the road among the lost creation.

Justice moved my great maker; God Eternal
Wrought me: The Power, and the unsearchably
High Wisdom, and the Prime Love Supernal.

Nothing ere I was made was made to be
Save things eterne, and I eterne abide;
Lay down all hope, You that go in by me.

Don Dante -- Inferno III:1-9

The Prophecy of Shaitan

Liber LPP 1:8-18

How the evil shall rot, their sins shall drag them to
The Pit.

There, their torment just, shall be served by those
that first
did sin.

And Dis, that did unite them, would lie flame
frozen.

They shall all dwell in that
Abyss...Abyss.....Abyss!!!

But what good is a black orchid kept in a box.

As Brothers war yea, murder and bloodshed, but
always as
brothers.

The Rosy Star shall come and the Beast shall
awaken,

And Fire will course through his veins again,

And He shall rise from the blackness,

And He shall arise from his sleep,

And the Sinners will triumph.

Lord Dis

The Accounts of Magus Dephomet of the Geryon.

*Let this one day serve the purpose of keeping
account of what has, is, and will transpire, for time
is irrelevant to the eternal. All is always, but the
cycle is constant, the chaos divine. The Black
Brothers shall rule.*

Paradise and The Fall

I remember when once the light of Paradise did
shine upon my brow and no shadow did I cast.
This is the story of the our past. In times gone by a
bright star rose and we followed it, our sweet Prince
and Lord. But alas even the brightest stars
eventually fall, even though it is within them that
dreams are held.

We were all cast from the heavens for sins; sins of
belief, sins of the flesh, and sins of self. Our lord
was bound, his fire quenched for all eternity. We
were given the sacred task of keeping him and those
like him. Under the Garden, below the earth, lies
the Well. It was into this Abyss that we were cast.
A pit of pain and suffering, a pit of eternal denial, a
pit of sorrow and wallowing in poison.

The wars followed -- the Family Wars. The unity
was broken. All turned within and cast the blame.
The fit and the strong survived, and they continued
their bloodlines. The search for power became so
great, it took precedence even over the keeping of
souls. Even in the Pit did the Divine transgress.
Many perished - annihilated. There were quotas.
The law was to be followed, - even in the nether
realms. And so we were forced, to do the Will.
Even in the Abyss.

The task of holding Lord Dis, was taken on by his
most beloved, The Nephilim. They guard him and
welcome all those to the torments which lay in his
circle. They were indeed the strongest, the
greatest, the star-children, but they did not seek out
petty victories in this prison. They did not war
with their fellow and none dared war with them.
They watched and obeyed the Divine.

But wrath and rage would triumph again and again.
The Black Brothers war upon each other time and
time again. The maintenance of the damned would

The Souls Journey The Dark Forest & The Gate

become second in importance and The Divine would intercede. Through many cycles did the Divine enforce Its Will. With the Creator playing The Destroyer - Inferno would once again be brought firmly under control. The wars occurred over and over. The many became the few. The Lords that commanded the infernal legions conspired; and so came about The Council: each lord to take his realm, each lord to swear to keep his souls, each lord to hold sacred the Abyss, all under the guidance of the Nephilim - keepers of Black Heart, protectors of Dis. The Council gathered and the intervention of the Divine occurred no more.

Hell -- The Nether Realm.

*Our deep world of darkness,
So infinite and formless,
So far from paradise.
-Will*

The Nether Realm is a vast terrain spanning the entire core of Tera. It is said that the very centre of Inferno - the Abyss - is located exactly under Jerusalem. I myself cannot be sure of this. Unlike many Geryon I have never been on Tera. I have never been summoned; my name remains unknown to the sorcerers of humankind. I am glad for this, because I would never serve them, regardless of Lord Dis' wishes. Tera is of no import; the battles go on in the realm below.

The Nether Realm is a vast expanse of twisting tunnels, caves, caverns and grand hollows. At the Inferno's centre is the Abyss - the Well of the Damned - a vast conical pit that leads to the very centre of the planet. The Abyss is layered, rimmed with ten descending circles. At its top the circles are so expansive that the opposite sides of the pit lie beyond the horizon. At its lowest level lies the single point, wherein, Lord Dis is kept. Each circle is different. Some are many layered with smaller levels within. Each is specific to a bracket of sin which The Divine has laid punishments for. Each is a different infernal terrain and each is ruled by different lords. Beyond the wheel, the pit, the centre, are the portals which lead through the vast labyrinth of the underworld. It is here that the skirmishes are fought. It is here where the Hollows are found.

The souls of the damned find themselves locked on the earth after their deaths. They meander aimlessly until they have encountered the Dark Forest -- the beginning of the Nether Realm. They cannot escape this forest, and soon they will come upon the Gate. If they do not enter it, running from it, in denial of their fate, they will soon find that they will come to it again. This is perpetual, until the soul succumbs and enters the Gate. Down into what seems like an infinite darkness they will descend until they finally arrive on the Vestibule.

The Vestibule -- The Realm of Futility

What seems to be an endless staircase descending from the realm of light will eventually land the soul in the Vestibule. It is a vast, dark cavern whose ceiling is so lofty that none have ever flown high up enough to see it. This realm is ruled by none. It is simply the great barrier that prevents the dead from returning to the world of the living. After roaming for what may seem to be an eternity the soul will eventually come upon the Abyss. At first it will appear as a light in the distance. As one comes closer, one will begin to make out the lights. They are torches set upon stakes that illuminate the shores of the first infernal body of water -- The River Acheron.

I was once commissioned a patrol in The Vestibule. In my foolish arrogance I attempted to fly to the point where I could see the ceiling. As I climbed, the ground below me disappeared and it became colder and colder until I could no longer move. The fatigue and disorientation in that vast frosty darkness was inconceivable. I fell from a great height almost destroying myself upon impact with the ground.

This realm spans the entire world. An immense pocket with no visible light source, it is the exterior of the Nether Realms. Once a soul has descended to this dry caked soil, they will never again find the means to ascend to the realms above. In this darkness there are horribly cold windstorms that arise and subside continually. Within these storms the souls of the futile can be heard roaring in torment. They are those who have accomplished

nothing in life, neither good nor evil - in death they fear to go on any further into the realm of the damned.

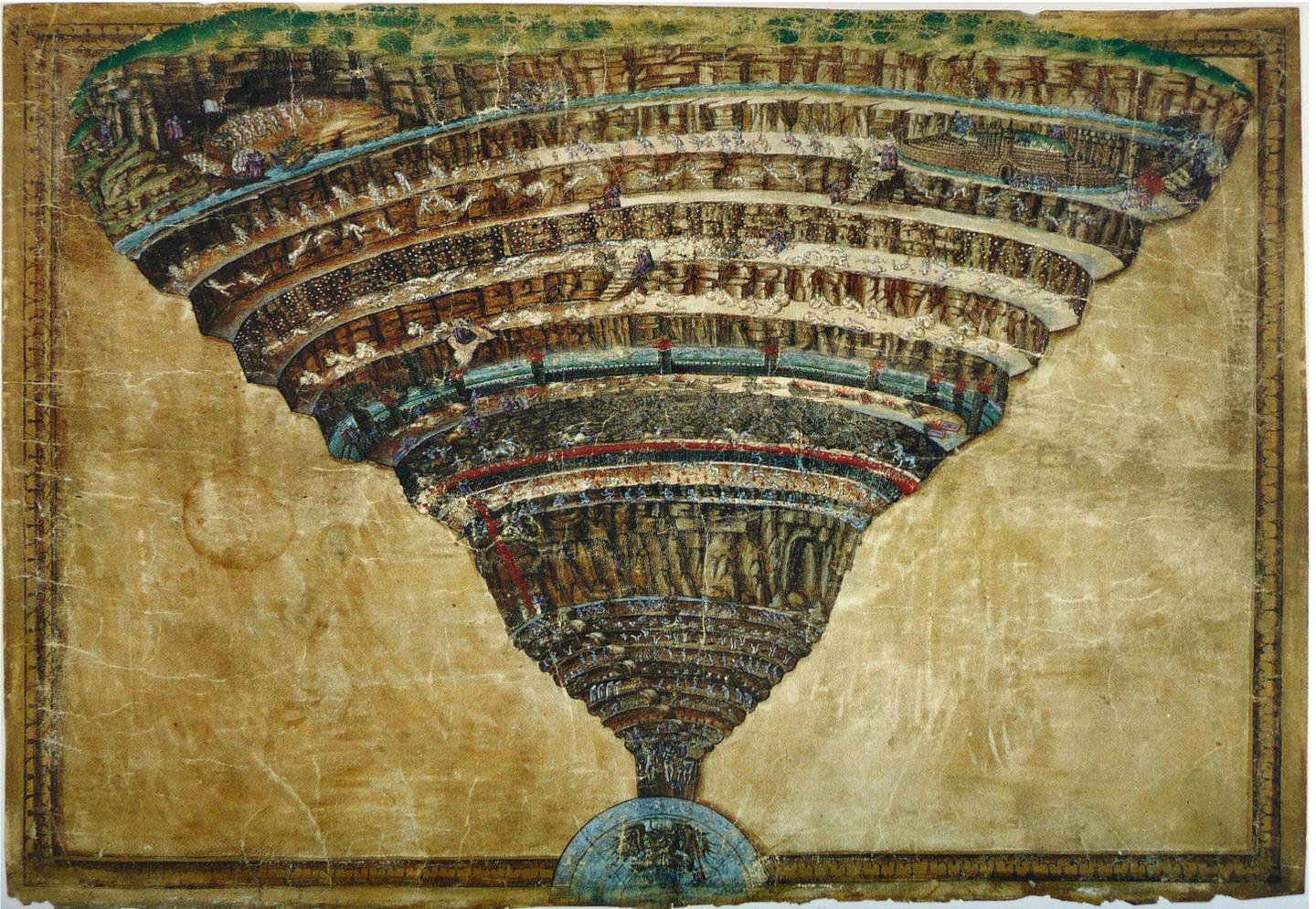
The River Acheron

This fathomless body of inky frigid water surrounds the Abyss. Every so often one will come upon a sole torch lighting a small dock. These ceaseless torches are decorated with the signs of death and a single bell. The ringing of this bell will summon the ferryman -- Lord Charon. From out of the shadowy distance a boat will emerge with its lone helmsmen. Very little is known of Charon. It is not known if he is one or many; he services the hundreds of souls that are constantly arriving at the shores of this river. Charon's appearance varies, but most often he emerges as a thin old man with flaming eyes dressed in a black hooded robe. The ferry ride is not long. The voyage will land the souls on the ridge above the first descent into the Abyss; the steps that lead to Limbo.

The First Circle -- Limbo

Limbo is by far the most beautiful and pleasant of the circles of the Inferno. It is the land of the virtuous pagans ~ those whose only sin lies in not knowing The Divine's plan. There are no real torments within this realm. The belief being that the absence of the Divine is torment enough for pagan souls - pity.

Limbo is lush with earthly terrain. Across its expanse are tropical jungles, tall pine forests, beautiful mountainous wilds, and vast dry deserts. Here, the pagans hunt and frolic in the feral lands, a world of savage beauties. It is said that the mortal myths of the fairy realm are based on Limbo. This land is indeed out of place in the Nether Realm. At its centre, on the cliff edge that leads to the next level of the Inferno lays the Palace of Babel - the Heathen Palace. It is a huge metropolis wherein resides the Saladin - lord of this realm.



The Palace is more like a city-state than a castle per se. Within it are luxuriant parks, grand halls encrusted with icons of many cultures, libraries rumoured to hold all the knowledge of the known universe, and temples wherein priests and concubines service the souls of this domain. Many temples and colleges of magic exist here. The sorcerers of Limbo are renowned throughout all of Inferno. It is believed that they were the first to teach mortal men the art of summoning. The streets are patrolled by the Malikh - the elite magical guardsmen of the realm. It is their task to usher all the souls of those that belong in the lower circles of Inferno to the Hall of Minos. It is there that judgment is passed. It is there that a sinful soul's journey continues.

The Second Circle -- Nocturne

The Hall of Minos is an enormous tower, the base of which begins in the second circle, the top of which juts out over into Limbo. It is here that the damned souls are judged by the council of Minos. Their task is to administrate the flow of souls into the Nether Realms. Minos answers only to the Nephilim. A large Geryon armoury is also located here. Many tours have I spent patrolling its palisades. With Geryon guides the souls are led down further into the respective circles that suit their sins. Beyond the steps of Minos lies the second circle, Nocturne.

Nocturne is a dark warm wet cavernous expanse cloaked in shadows. This is the land of those who followed their fleshy lusts in life. In death their souls are thrust about in torment, never able to satisfy the fervent lust within them. It is a land thick with shadowy mirages. Many Geryon have fallen victim to its charms following a passion whose image is nothing but a natural delusion within this realm. These shadow clouds are Nocturne's prime defense in the Hollows that surround the Abyss. Infernal armies have often been lost for years, pursuing an enemy that never existed.

Surrounding the rim that leads to the next lower circle is Gamos, the hilly realm of passionate dreams. It is her that the Queen of this realm resides. None know her truly. She has been called The Queen of Woe, and legends hold that she was once the lover of Lord Dis. Some say that she is

Lilith, other say that she is Hecate. Her servants refer to her simply as the Queen. Very few have ever had council with her, and even those that have cannot be sure of her true appearance. She is the mistress of the veil of illusion.

The Queen's legions are the Cubi - both succubi and incubi - female and male. They are the masters of illusion and invisibility. They are the keepers of the lustful souls. Each keeps a drove of these lustful souls; these they set loose upon their enemies who become possessed and overcome with passions.

The Third Circle - Glout

After one has passed through Gamos, which is no easy task, the descent to Glout will be eminent. It cannot be missed. The contrast between these two realms is severe. The first thing that will herald one's arrival in this realm is the stench. There are very few that can stand it. Glout is a disgusting mire of putrefaction, defecation and all things spoiled or rotten. The Gluttonous souls of mankind are found here, wallowing in the slime, perpetually tormented by foul rains, eternally hunted by the fiends of this realm.

Cerberus - the All-Devourer - is lord of this realm. There is no sense in parlance with this beast. His only desire is to consume all in his path. His control over this realm is maintained by his ability to summon Vorar - The Multitude of Mouths - The City of Flesh. So horrible is this beast that none have ever defeated it. It is a roving mountain of decaying animate flesh, covered in mouths and groping appendages. Once it has emerged from the mire, its hunger must be satiated and all that it consumes lends to its mass. Even infernal flame does little but slow this monster. It is said that Vorar and Cerberus are one, the latter being the driving force or intelligence of the former.

Cerberus' minions are the Fage. These savage beasts do nothing but torment the souls of this circle by hunting them down, devouring them and then defecating their still conscious bodies into the swamp. These fiends are said to be the most resilient of Inferno's minions. They are able to fight whilst whole parts of their bodies are destroyed. Their flesh collects and regenerates even after being torn to pieces.

The Fourth Circle ~ Hades

At the edge of Glout is a steep incline of rock. From the top of this cliff edge, Hades is visible. Huge stone staircases lead down into this vast alpine land that is abundant with mines and huge monoliths of construction, all made in tribute to the Lord who has given this realm its name. The skies are always gray - a state of perpetual dusk. From its soil the greatest metals, and jewels are mined by the souls of the greedy. They may keep nothing of their own though, not even a stone. They are whipped and forced into the laborious tasks of building and mining for their masters. The slave armies of Egypt pale when compared to the hordes of Hades.

In the heart of this realm, surrounded by black tar rivers, is Tartarus, the fortress of Lord Hades. This massive city-state is a continuously growing stone citadel. It is composed of labyrinthine streets and towers topped with obelisks that reach so high into the sky, they can be seen from every lower circle in the Abyss. As much as this city extends into the sky, so does it descend into the ground. It is rumoured that there are treasuries below its surface miles wide, and miles high, filled with gems, and precious metals. The whole is surrounded by a mile high wall of rock.

Hades is renowned for its Works. The Pluton - Hades' elite warrior-masons are the greatest smiths, engineers and craftsmen of all of the Inferno. They are able to shape stone and metal without the need of a forge. They can conjure up walls, weapons, and equipment from the stone that surrounds them. It is they who have furnished the armies of Hades with all sorts of war machines of the finest quality.

The Fifth Circle - The Marsh of Styx

Beyond the cliffs of Hades lie the waterfalls that descend into the realm below - The Marsh of Styx. This circle is a sea of smoke and fumes wherein the souls of the wrathful are immersed wholly in virulent acidic poisons. They struggle there, tearing and biting at one another always reaching but never breaking the surface of the marsh. Styx is quite inhospitable, and so it should be; it serves as the barrier between the upper reaches of

the Abyss and the City of Dis.

Upon the waves of Styx sail the Fleets of Wrath. These naval legions are composed of infernal mariners known as The Efreet - minions of Lord Phlegyas - a being composed of nothing but hate. These demons are skilled in the use of all manners of poisonous vapours, acids, and explosive fluids. They are the guardians of the shores of the city of Dis and the ferrymen as well. As ferrymen they are never very obliging, almost always requiring stern warning from the Geryon sentry men posted in the towers that encircle the outer shore of Styx, before they will reluctantly carry someone across.

Lord Phlegyas is himself intolerable. He destroys his commanding officers unceasingly, for the smallest of infractions. He travels aboard The Mallar, flag ship of the wrathful fleets. This vessel is of colossal proportions, propelled by sails of smoke and legions of slave rowers drawn from the Styx itself.



The Sixth Circle - The City of Dis

On the inner shores of the Styx lay the fiery walls of the city named after our supreme Lord Dis. This city-circle of flaming buildings is the seat of the Great Council of The Abyss. A story is told, that this was once the original realm of Lord Hades, which he lost in subsequent battles. It was later claimed by the Giants of the ninth circle. It has since become the governing capital of the Abyss. It is the prime necropolis. Within it the souls of earthly heretics lie in burning graves and tombs, unable to escape their fate. Even Tartarus does not compare to the magnitude of this city, with its bridged mountainous towers, and labyrinthine streets.

The City of Dis has no true lord. The realm is maintained by the Erinyes - an elite female caste of Geryon warrior. Their task is to uphold the neutrality of this city, by expelling any lord or fiend who defies the peace and attacks his brother here.

The cities' centre is the Great Council Hall. It is here that the Lords meet to discuss. Here all the ongoing battles are put aside. Here all are brothers, with the single purpose of keeping the Divine from interfering with the administration of the Inferno. Not far from the Great Hall, rests the Fortress of Theus, the training school of my own illustrious order, The Geryon. The Palace of Titans lies nearby as well. It is the lodge of the Giants while they stay in the city. The remainder of the city is littered with temples and embassies from every circle and realm in the Inferno, and all the churches of the world. Beyond this lies the barrier which descends via monumental stone steps to seventh circle.

The Seventh Circle - Viss

The seventh circle is the domain of the violent. Viss has three inner circles of terrain: the River Phlegethon, Caeder Wood and the Abominable Sand. Together they make Viss one of the most treacherous circles to inhabit.

Phlegethon is a deep expanse of boiling blood and bodies. Its repulsiveness bears testament to every war that has ever been fought. Crossing over can only be done at one of the few fords, but this is

almost impossible without the authority of the lord of this realm. His legions of archers and canons stand ready on the opposite sides of every crossing. On the opposing shore lies Eris, the camp of Lord Chiron and his centaur warlords. Eris is the eternal army encampment. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but tents, many soaked in the red ichor of enemies. The ground is perpetually muddy. The air is filled with sounds of weapon smiths clanging on anvils, giant war machines moving about, and monstrous war beasts bellowing as their riders prepare them for the ongoing conflict. It is said that all of the greatest warriors of Inferno were forged here. Lord Chiron separates his force into two corps: The Deimos - the archers and other projectile specialists, and the Phobos - the heavy infantry. These two divisions work in unison to become an unmatched fighting force. Beyond these bloody shores and this infernal ruckus lies the tree line of the Wood of Suicides.

The misty Caeder Wood is rumoured to be the oldest part of the Abyss. It is said that it is older than the Abyss itself. The trees of this forest seem dead. They are black, scraggy, leafless shadows of their earthly counterparts. Within each tree is the soul of a suicide. If one strikes at them, they bleed and begin to moan. The lamenting of one tree will spark others and soon the traveler will be surrounded by the sounds of endless grief and loneliness.

In the trees the Harpies perch. These avian half-woman, half-vulture beings attack from the treetops, tearing their opponents with steel claws. Then there are the Profligates. I know very little about this group. I have heard that they dress in black hooded robes, never exposing their faces. The Harpies will not harm them, but the hounds are their sworn enemies. It is said that the Profligates are a lost unit of the ninth bowge of Malbowges. It is also said that they have been here as long as the forest has, serving as wardens. Regardless, I have never encountered them and know no one who has.

There are others which reside in these woods as well. The Caeder Hounds travel in packs, can often be heard howling in concert with the trees. Beware though, they howl only before commencing a hunt. Some say that they are a lost group of Fage from the third circle, others say that Lord Cerberus himself

was born here and that these monsters are his original family. The most dangerous aspect of the Caeder Woods though is not its inhabitants, but the Mists. The wood is constantly covered in a dense hot mist which causes drowsiness and prevents vision beyond a few yards. Many have lost themselves, and subsequently fallen prey to the dangers within. If the mists begin to clear, then one can be certain that one is approaching the threshold of the Abominable Sand is near.

None can cross the Abominable Sands save the Geryon. Only we have learnt that secret. As the mists of the Caeder Wood dissipate the horizon will begin to glow, and the air will become warm. This glow and heat increases until one has reached the brink of this burning desert. Simply standing at its threshold will burn the flesh and blind the eye. From above, a continual downpour of flames and sparks incinerate everything on this wasteland. The ground is nothing but sand, glass, and dust. This, too, is so hot that merely stepping on it will cause one to ignite instantly. It is this impossible barrier which first prevented the Lords of the seventh and eight circles from warring on each other in the Abyss. Their battles would take place in the Hollows well before the establishment of the Council and the Geryon.

If all this wasn't enough, the seventh circle is also home to more unbound Arch-fiends than any other circle. These incredible warriors travel either solitaire or in small tribal groups. The largest of these groups are The Tauros. They scavenge about on Phlegethon occasionally starting skirmishes with Lord Chiron's fiends.

The Eight Circle - The Malbowges

The descent from the seventh to the eight is known as the Great Barrier. It is called such because this drop has a depth equal to all the circles above it combined. It is as if flying through a void - so deep that from its middle one can see neither the bottom nor the top. Every so often a spur juts out from the cavern wall providing a perching spot for any fiend making the long descent. As one reaches the bottom the smell of burning flesh becomes more and more prevalent, and the flames below become visible. Looking down from above, the Malbowges resembles an enormous wheel of light.

This circle is made up of ten descending levels - each specifically catering to a type of malicious fraud, wherein souls are burned, spiked, and torn apart with hot instruments. Other than the Abominable Sand, this is the hottest region of The Inferno. The levels or bowges as we call them, are made of a grey iron-like stone called gian - it is the envy of the Pluton, because it is the hardest substance known. None have been able to forge it save the Divine. Bridges made of this same stone stretch over each bowge.

Barrat - the fifth bowge is the residence of Lord Belzecue. He can be found plotting within the Tower of Bel. This is a huge palace formed in the shapes of spikes, and thorns. None can pass through without injuring themselves. Lord Belzecue has the largest army in The Inferno - the Hellrakers. It is composed of the best that every other circle of The Inferno has to offer. These include the Calcabine who hail from the first circle and are masters of charms and enchantments; the Graffiacane who are a unit of master scouts and have been known to kidnap the general of an opposing army from his own camp. The Scaramallion are the knights of decay and disease; all that they touch putrefies and rots away. These are just a few of Lord Belzecue's units. His army is the largest and most versatile fighting force in The Inferno. He is also cursed with more plotting, back-stabbing, and lack of unit co-operation than any other Lord. If it were not for these factors - the eight circle of Inferno would control everything. Belzecue has called on The Council to proclaim him the new Prince of Darkness. He fancies' himself as the most powerful individual in The Inferno and indeed, he may just very well be. He dislikes the conservative nature of the Council and is the only lord who sends an advisor instead of being present himself at council meetings. He claims that he will not show up simply for security reasons and is both the single least trusting and least trusted of all the Lords. His hatred for Lord Chiron and his men is unmatched. Belzecue's forces have at times not co-operated with Geryon units, but Lord Belzecue claims no responsibility for their actions.

The Ninth Circle -- Cocytos

Now we have come to the final realm - the bottom of the Abyss. Beyond the tenth bowge of Belzecue's realm is the final drop before one reaches the Frozen Lake of Cocytos. This barrier is known as the Well and is the common name for the ninth circle. Surrounding the rim of the Well is the largest walled barricade in The Inferno. It is a structure of cyclopean proportions, being specifically designed by the Nephilim army within. It is known as the Keep. Its sole purpose - the protection of the Lord Dis - The Prince of Darkness. The Keep also serves as the stronghold of Lord Nimrod - Master of the Nephilim. From the exterior it is a black stone monstrosity which stretches far into the sky. At its top, one can see the wary eyes of giant soldiers in full armour with ornate clan helms. In the skies above an elite Geryon legion of flying serpents constantly hovers like vultures awaiting the arrival of their next prey. On its opposite side are the households and clan halls of the Nephilim families. Very few demons other than elite Geryon officers have been allowed beyond this point. To members of the Brotherhood of The Serpent it is Mecca - the Holy of Hollies, wherein the spark of the first dark brother is protected.

Below the Keep lies the Frozen lake. It is divided into four regions, each dedicated to the souls of Tera's traitors. Caina - for those who have betrayed their kindred - are plunged up to the neck in eternal ice. Antennary - where betrayers of country are frozen together with opposing rebels, gnawing at each other forever. Ptolomea - where those who have betrayed their guests are frozen solid and denied all sentient contact. And lastly Judecca - where traitors to their lords are immersed wholly in the ice. At the very centre of this lake frozen to the waist lies Lord Dis - the archetypal rebel. He is senseless and unable to communicate. Although conscious, his passions have been silenced by the workings of the Divine. His protectors - The Nephilim, under the guidance of Nimrod are the establishers of the Council - the only order within The Inferno.

The Nephilim

"There were giants in the earth in those days; and

also after

that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bore children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

- Genesis 6:4.

After the fall from Paradise, the Divine had stationed a group of angels to watch over humanity. They were called the Watchers. They stood vigil over mankind as they grew into many tribes and began to spread over Tera. Their vision was so focused on humanity that they became enamoured by the beauty of the daughters of mankind. They lusted after them and consummated these lusts by coming down to them. They lay in union and from this union were born the giants - The Nephilim - part god, part man. These children were the heros of old - the foundations of humanity's myths and legends. The power was so great that many cultures worshipped them as gods, referring to them as the Star-Children. This did not sit well with the Divine, and he punished all with a flood that wiped the surface clean. The Watchers along with their new children were condemned to the Inferno.

In their new home they stood out. They banded together. Combined, none could defeat them, not even the fiends of The Malbowges. They settled themselves in the ninth circle of the Abyss. They swore to protect the Dark Lord in his bound state. They believed that the Divine was wrong in his doing - they believed that free will should be just that - free. They took up the cause and secretly began the Brotherhood. They formed treaties with other Lords which lead to the formation of the Great Council. They established order in the Inferno that had been chaotic, war torn, and unstable; such a place would never break free from the powers of the Divine. Now they lurk at the bottom of the Pit. They wait for the time of retribution.

The Great Council & The Geryon

The Great Council is essentially the only governing body in the Inferno. It was initially founded by the Nephilim, and its essential purpose is to prevent the intrusions of the Divine in the Nether Realm. Only an ordered purpose would allow them to escape their prison, and reclaim their rightful home. Only

the Lords themselves know this is the true purpose behind the eternal wars. Many fiends outside of the council suspect the existence of this agenda, but it has never been openly proclaimed, and never written for fear that the Divine would intercede.

The council is composed of eight Circle Lords: The Saladin - the mysterious heathen master of Limbo, The Queen of Nocturne - the mistress of nightmares and lusts. Lord Cereberus - the all-devouring Lord of Glout, Lord Hades - the master of matter. Lord Phlegyas - Admiral of the infernal fleets of the Styx, Lord Chiron - the Warlord of Viss. The infamous Lord Belzecue - tamer of the Malbowges, and lastly Lord Nimrod - Emperor of the Star-Children. The Medusa, High Priestess of the Erinyes, protector of the city of Dis, sits as moderator to ensure order at gatherings, but she lacks the power of vote.

At its first gathering, the Council declared itself official and it established the Code of the Abyss. This set of laws govern The Inferno. All that did not respect these laws would suffer attack from the combined force of all the other Lords. Although he was invited, Lord Belzecue did not participate in this agreement, and to this day he has not signed the Code.

The Code of the Abyss.

- 1. The souls of the damned must be maintained - the Divine's Will.*
- 2. Sinners shall be divided. Each realm shall be specific and each realm shall serve sentence on the damned.*
- 3. To this end; there will be no wars on any Circle of the Abyss.*
- 4. All feuds between one Lord and another shall occur only in the Hollows.*
- 5. An order of fiends shall be created to protect this code. They shall be known as the Geryon.*
- 6. All warriors from any circle shall have the free will to leave their master's service in exchange for pledging allegiance to the Geryon.*
- 7. The sixth circle of The Abyss shall be named after the true Dark Lord who sleeps in the bottom of the pit. It shall forever be the gathering point of this council. It shall have no rulers. It shall be protected by the Geryon.*
- 8. None shall oppose the Divine's Will.*
- 9. If this Code be broken, then the offender shall suffer the retribution of the remainder of the Council.*

And so the illustrious Order of the Geryon was formed. It immediately received an influx of warriors - even from the Malbowges. The Order grew strong. It established a school of training in the city of Dis -- The Fortress of Theus, named after the Nephilim warlord who first taught the Geryon. Now the Geryon are a large, well respected order of watchmen who police the Abyss. The Order has become an organization with many branches, each with specific duties. We act as guides and entourages during the times of cease fires and treaties. We travel with newly arrived souls, until they have reached their place in the Abyss. The Wyrmm are an order of flying serpent lords whose sacred duty is to protect the heights of the Abyss. The Erinyes protect the sacred walled city of Dis. There are even secret departments who act as spies within the realms of each lord. Only the greatest fiends are trained, for although all have the right to apply, only by invitation can one become Geryon.



The Wars, The Hollows and The Hoards

The wars continue despite the Council. The battles are carried out in the Hollows -- the almost limitless tunnels and caverns which stem out from the circles of the Abyss. These are the last battle grounds on which the Lords settle their disputes. The terrain within the Hollows varies, invariably each realm spills over into the Hollows which surround it, thus the Hollows around Glout are disgusting murky caverns filled with the elements of rot. The Hollows surrounding Limbo are palatial pathways with gardens, statuettes and sacred temples. In all these battles, it is not the generals and lieutenants who suffer. Predominately it is the Hordes that do.

The Hordes are composed of human souls who have pledged allegiance with the Lord to which they have been entrusted to. These poor spirits are then moulded into soldiers and sent into the front lines of battle. The generals and Archfiends in charge of these units often consume or absorb these hordelings, using the essence of their souls to revitalize their own power.

The Brotherhood of the Serpent and The Rosy Star

Apart from all this is Lord Dis. It was in his honour that the secret Brotherhood began. We believe in the unification of The Inferno. We despise the Divine and are committed to its overthrow. We believe in the freedom of will. The time of retribution is at hand. From all these disputes a leader will arise. He shall unite The Inferno and then conquer Heaven. He is the Rosy Star - the manifest consciousness of the Dark Lord Himself, who will come and free himself from the frozen wastes of Cocytos. Until this end we shall remain vigilant.

The Brotherhood does not gather. The Brotherhood does not worship nor practice any ritual. Those that believe in the coming of the Rosy Star are brothers of the serpent. This legend is never spoken. It is told in whispers for fear that the Divine should become aware of such a plot. There are stories told of a secret priesthood dedicated to finding the Rosy Star, but alas this I know nothing more about.

