

The Graveyard of the Gods

Where do Gods go when they die?

Outline: This plane is an endless grass covered plane. It is perfectly flat, perfectly smooth, without a single geographical feature. If there is an edge, no one has ever found it, the region just stretching on forever. The sky above is always thick with storm clouds, purple-blue lightning always crackling, though whenever it rains it is always just a soft, hours long patter instead of a fearsome storm. It is always dusk, never fully day or night as well.

Only one thing breaks up the scenery: the mausoleums.

Each is made of dark gray stone, and range in size from small hut sized structures, all the way up to multi-story affairs with an imprint of over a square mile or more. Each of these are the resting place of god or pantheon.

Each pantheon is contained within its own mausoleum, which steadily, magically, grows as more of its members die. There is also a theory that the more worshipers a pantheon had in life, the larger the tomb will be, though that has never been confirmed.

Locations: There is only one location in the entire plane, Grimhold. This city is built within one of the largest mausoleums yet discovered, the tomb of a pantheon of animalistic gods from a long dead people. Five stories high, and roughly pyramidal in shape it is composed of a several hundred rooms centered around a large central chamber.

Most of the rooms have been taken by folks who have made the plane their home. Many are scholars researching the dead gods. Others are treasure hunters, chasing legends of legendary items that have been found on the plane. Others are those who make their living supplying the other inhabitants.

There is also one set of rooms that have been converted into a bar/inn for those only passing through. Run by Clovis Anghorn, it caters the few visitors the plane gets, turning a tidy profit by being the only game in town.

There are a couple of other shops, one specializing in general goods called Dent's. The other acts as a sort of pawn shop/emporium of rare goods and is called The Wanderie of Travesty. As the visitors to the Graveyard come from all over the multiverse, there are many very odd and wonderful items within this shop.

Inhabitants:

Soul Miners: The 4th floor of Grimhold is taken over by one single group, the Soul Miners. They have made the place their headquarters, partly due to its close proximity to an entrance to the Endless Stair, partly because it fits their esthetic. The Soul Miners travel the multiverse seeking to track down un-claimed souls. Souls that have gotten lost, gotten stuck in the cracks, been sent to hells that no longer exist. They travel around scooping these up like an anteater does ants, bringing them back to Grimhold. What it is exactly that they do with the souls is unclear. Do they eat them? Use them to extend their lives? Are they trying to fuel the resurrection of the Graveyards gods? No one knows, and the Miners certainly aren't telling.

Whispers: Never fully seen, Whispers are thought to be the natural inhabitants of the plane. They seemingly are the ones who care for the tombs, and perhaps are even responsible, somehow, for expanding them. To the naked eye they appear as a tiny wisp of smoke, only ever spotted from the corner of your eye. It is said however that to see one fully is an omen of death. They get their name from the faint sound of whispers that seems to surround them, though what exactly is being said has never been determined.