


1st Edition

The Underworld

The Fantasy Realms of Penn Fawn

A Companion Guide



The Underworld

The Fantasy Realms of Penn Fawn

The Fantasy Realms of Penn Fawn, 1st Edition, is a compilation of graphic art meant to introduce readers to the dark fantasy world and novels of the author. It is a work in progress that will continuously be updated after the publication of the rest of the books in his Underworld series.

All subsequent editions will build on the character depictions and exotic places featured within his novels.

*Penn
Fawn*
Books

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The Necromancer



The necromancer, aka the dark one, or the dark lord of lords, aka the undead, is the most powerful antagonist in both the Necropolis and the Underworld books. It was said he's not a person, but rather a spirit draped in black. Suspicions abound, but no one ever made a confirmation about this. Not even his understudies.

No one dared to, or had the courage to ask him about his status, although he was the only one who could answer that question. A solitary figure, he associated with only the undead, which is what the dark lords were. Tribesmen indigenous to the underworld that were restored to a life of immortality, aka the living dead.

The other living dead, and some of them had a closer acquaintance with him, are the emaciated and withered corpses of fallen men, those who were restored to life to become his lifetime servants. They were the ones responsible for the upkeep of his castle amongst other things.

If the necromancer came under any kind of threat, and any of these undead servants happened to be nearby, he used them to fight off and keep his enemies at bay.

Under the direction he assigned to a chief dark lord named Nyeusi, the necromancer encouraged the Shetani tribe to find or exterminate any men, aka the fallen, they encountered.

In the underworld, no creature was more despised than men, who the Shetani plus other indigenous tribes and beasts, called the scourge.

The Necromancer



The dark lord of lords within the cave at Sanctuary, once a place of refuge for men until he allegedly laid them all to waste.

Although the necromancer was often referred to as the dark one, or the dark lord of lords, he was not dark at all.

The necromancer . . . was a deathly pale fellow. A lifetime living in caves and lack of exposure to any light rendered his complexion into something diaphanous, although this was well concealed beneath the hooded garment he wore. It covered him from head to toe.

Necropolis
Chapter IV – The Forest Of Souls

Although the necromancer is first mentioned in book one of the Necropolis duology, as of this writing, he is featured most prominently in the first book of *The Underworld Series*. *The Fourth Tier* also features how two of his main understudies, the dark lords, Nyeusi and Hellgoth, came to acquire their power.

The necromancer's castle was where anyone who dared to try and get out of the fourth tier not only had to reach, but furthermore, they had to get past, if they intended to escape from that terrifying realm. The fourth tier was the deepest, darkest, most terrifying place in the afterlife where only the most unfortunate souls could be downcast. It was home to the necromancer's servants, the undead.



From the novel *The Fourth Tier*. The dreaded necromancer's castle.



Cryptic passageways within the depths of the necromancer's castle.

The castle was located at the tip of an isthmus jutting well out into the open sea. Having it built there was not by happenstance. The landbrige between the mainland and where the castle sat was a thin strip of rock. This created a scary prospect for anyone who had plans to approach the dark lord to do harm.





The necromancer within The Shadowy Forest.

The Shadowy Forest

The Shadowy Forest featured in Penn Fawn's third novel, *The Fourth Tier*, is the first book of *The Underworld* series. That series is a spin off from the Necropolis duology.

The forest was a vast stretch of woods close to an isthmus several miles further north, in a landscape whose geography the immortals, men who died and transitioned to the afterlife, knew very little about.



What they knew was, at the tip of the isthmus was the necromancer's castle, plus the only portal they were aware of that guaranteed a passageway out of the fourth tier.

The fourth tier being the deepest, darkest, most terrifying place in the afterlife where only the most unfortunate souls could be downcast. Aside from being home to the master of sorcery and dark arts, the necromancer, it was home to his alliance of beasts and the undead.

The Undead



The undead are the necromancer's slaves. Men unfortunate enough to have passed on then transitioned toward the fourth tier, where the dark lord, by means of sorcery, brought them back to life.



Caves

Caves are a big feature in the Necropolis and Underworld books. This is especially true for *Necropolis, Book One*, and *The Fourth Tier*.

Some caves, like the one featured in *Necropolis, Book One*, was an entrance or portal to another world. The afterlife, aka the underworld.

Within the Devil's Mouth, featured in *The Fourth Tier*, there was another portal. That one led to the place which bears the novel of the same name.

In both book series, caves were homes to indigenous tribes and/or beasts, all who aimed to live to as much as they could in harmony with nature, although not necessarily with one another. But again, or to repeat, living in a cave, provided the opportunity to harmoniously exist naturally.

The Shetani, colonies of bats, gargoyles, and more, many of them all made homes for themselves within caves.



The Devil's Mouth,. From the novel *The Fourth Tier*.



Crypto. From the upcoming novel, *Gargoyles and the Goatlord*.

Lucirion

Lucirion's first mention is in the *Necropolis*, the first of the two book duology about the afterlife. It was the location of the City of the Damned, a mountainous region located on The Island of the Maimed.

The island was just a few miles off a main body of land men who died and transitioned to the afterlife, aka the immortals, knew very little about. Even those who were stationed within the underworld for hundreds of years knew precious little about its geography. What they did know, however, is it was a penal colony and slave camp. A place of confinement where men who lost a limb, or limbs, after attempting to escape, combat, or harm the Shetani, malevolent spirits personified as a tribe of men, were taken to spend a lifetime of contemplation.

Nyeusi intended to take the most direct path toward Lucirion, which is where the City of the Damned or home of the dark lords, Shetani condemned to a life of immortality, was located.

He loathed that place, more so than he did Yagan or the Valley of Death. Their landscape was similar, and the darkest of clouds seldom ever left the area.

In view facing those who approached was a volcano yonder that appeared hell-bent on erupting but never did. The ash it spewed was chiefly why the sky often appeared dark.

The air always had a smoky smell yet somehow, the Shetani chose this location above all else on the island to have the main base.

They were hardly ever out in the elements to *enjoy* it, for the City of the Damned was principally below ground, carved out of the bedrock. At times, above ground, the color of its skies was orange/red.

The silhouette of flying kilmans was a common sight on the horizon. The isle was one of their mating and breeding grounds.

It was home to a sizeable population from which the Shetani aimed to select the least ill-tempered to tame, or to domesticate, to as much a degree as that was possible.

Lucirion was a hilly and mountainous region. There were no buildings within the city, but several caves, which were entrances to that underground world.

Its area spanned several square miles wide and deep beneath the surface. Exactly how much was anyone's guess.

Necropolis

Chapter VIII – Isle of the Maimed





Lucirion. Home of the dark lords on the Isle of the Maimed.

Hespatia

Hespatia, aka the Witch Queen, or the good witch, is the main character of *The Underworld Series*. She is the one who used magic to forge the Necropolis. She did so within the depths of the mountains within Sanctuary.

The Necropolis

The Necropolis has a couple of meanings. It is an enormous burial ground within Sanctuary, which once was a place of refuge for men. Sanctuary was supposedly later laid to waste by the necromancer. The caves within the mountain ranges there were once home to a thriving population of goblins. They were all either exterminated or driven out by men, who then laid claim to the space.

The Necropolis' second meaning. As was mentioned earlier, it is also the name of the magical jewel Hespatia forged. Its magical property is, anyone with a pure heart—one that isn't corrupted by the whims and fancies of men—who has it in his possession, via supplication, can appeal to the residents of the fifth tier for aid. But only in his most urgent time of need.

Whereas the fourth tier is the realm of the necromancer and the undead, the fifth tier is the heavenly realm. That said, it's worth mentioning again, the Necropolis' magical property is, only someone with a pure heart, one whose heart isn't corrupted by the whims and fancies of men, can wield its power.

Therein is the catch. Unless one is talking about children, to find such person is practically impossible. Notwithstanding, the Necropolis was the most coveted thing in all of the Underworld.



History and Perspective

The adventures chronicled within the Necropolis duology takes place hundreds of years after the stories within *The Underworld Series*.

The men and women featured in the former two books would have had little to no hope against the many dark forces they're to face there had Hespatia not poured her heart and soul into the creation of the jewel.

The rest, as the saying goes, is history.

The beginning of that long history is chronicled in Hespatia's auto-biographical novel, *Burning The Witches*.





Woof

Woof was Hespacia's second dog, another German Shepherd.

In the *Burning The Witches* novel, she had one called Fido.

Hespacia was a dog lover. She had a special relationship with them. That relationship is partly what got her into trouble with the authorities and inquisitive neighbors and villagers.

Dogs were her eyes and ears where she could not see and hear. She could have communicated with them like no one else can.



"Woof did well," Nokreitin said.

"How do you know?" Hespacia replied. "We're not there yet."

"We should be soon. Yes, there's no sign of where we hope to get to yet, but one more push, and we should see something on the horizon. Give the dog some credit. He helped us get this far. I suspect he will lead us all the way."

"I know he will," she said with conviction.

She looked down at him.

"Go on, Woof," she urged. "Lead the way."

Once again, Woof took off.

He continued to head north.

The Fourth Tier

Chapter XXIII – Of Grace And Courage



Front page art from the pennfawn.com website. The archangel within the fifth tier, the heavenly realm.



Nyeusi

As terrifying as the necromancer was, once the immortals, aka the fallen, stayed clear of him, they soon learned he is the least of their concerns. He was not ubiquitous. He did not chase and/or hunt them down. For that matter, most of those who found themselves within the hellish realm of the underworld never saw the necromancer.

Despite acknowledging what they didn't formerly believe, namely, that there is an afterlife, and it is far worse than they could have imagined, they could not bring themselves around to accept there was a sorcerer with such tremendous power there. What they readily believed was, despite having another shot at life, it was a frightening and precarious existence. Whether they are truly immortal or not, or in other words, whether they were cast down into the hell that the underworld is forever, was to them of far more immediate concern.

As far as most or the greater portion of them knew, that did indeed appear to be true. They lived for so long without getting sick—for hundreds of years and counting, or from aging, or from suffering from the progressive deterioration that comes with aging—that it appeared like they could only die if mortally wounded.

The man hating tribes that were indigenous to the underworld, appeared to be as knowledgeable about this as they were. Consequently, it was tribes like the Shetani and the Jeniyan, that the men soon learned they needed to be most wary of.

Nyeusi was a dark lord, a Shetani, who like the fallen, was an immortal. He was also the leader of the regional Shetani tribe. He was one of the few who had access to the necromancer, but the difference was, he was best acquainted with him. The following excerpt from *Necropolis* explains how come.

“Who goes there? Who dares enter here?” a voice echoed through the hallway.

Their hearts raced, and they stood frozen.

They looked about them but could not see from whom the voice came.

“Answer, lest I strike you down where you stand!”

Cold sweat appeared on Nyeusi's forehead.

“It is Nyeusi. The dark one, sworn to you by the mark of an innocent's blood. By blood did my father deliver me unto you, and by blood do I seek deliverance.”

An unnerving period of silence followed.

A figure wrapped in a hooded black garment made out of burlap appeared from around a corner and walked slowly toward them.

(continued on the next page)

The garment covered him from head to toe. The length of it dragged on the ground, and his hood was pulled so far in front of his face that neither man could get a glimpse of his features.

There was a double edge battleax in his right hand sharpened to lethal perfection.

He held it firmly and close to his side, and it glistened in the light their torches provided.

He stopped when he was a few feet away.

“My time here has been long. My experiences? Too many to commit to memory. How can I be assured I know thee?” he asked.

“If not by name or sight, by taste surely. My infant twin sibling’s blood and body were offered to you as nourishment so that in my hour of need you may know me. Our taste is the same, and by that, it matters not if you recall my name,” Nyeusi replied.

“And what proof have you of this?” the necromancer asked.

“The supplicant asks whether he may present an offering?” Nyeusi replied.

“He may,” the necromancer said.

Nyeusi retrieved a small earthen vessel from his person. He sliced the inside of his left hand with his knife, let his blood collect into it, then he stepped forward and held the dia before him.

The necromancer took it, brought it to his pale lips, and the second after he sampled the content, Nyeusi’s self-inflicted wound healed instantaneously.

His blood, some of which had dripped onto the floor, immediately vanished.

Necropolis

Chapter IV – The Forest of Souls



Hellgoth

Hellgoth, (pictured on the right) who was also a Shetani and a dark lord, was one of Nyeusi’s chief acquaintances. She also features in *Necropolis*, *The Jeniyan* and *The Fourth Tier*. In East African mythology a shetani is an evil spirit. The Shetani, as portrayed in the Underworld books are said to not be men, but evil spirits in human form. Although their appearance is indistinguishable from men, they loathed being called that.



They could do many things men couldn't. A female, like Hellgoth, could have changed the texture and length of her hair near instantaneously by will, and also perform other feats the males of their tribe couldn't.

"The Shetani? Again, I'd like to hear from you who they are, versus all of the stories I've been told about them," Ali said.

"They are Nyeusi's people, those who reside beyond the mountain. It is said that there are women there, sturdily built as the best of men, who cast their hair down the mountainside, and their men make use of this to climb down then back up to the liar's entrance."

"Madness," Ali remarked.

"That is their means of clearing the precipice, what we call the wall," Nabii added.

A moment of silence followed.

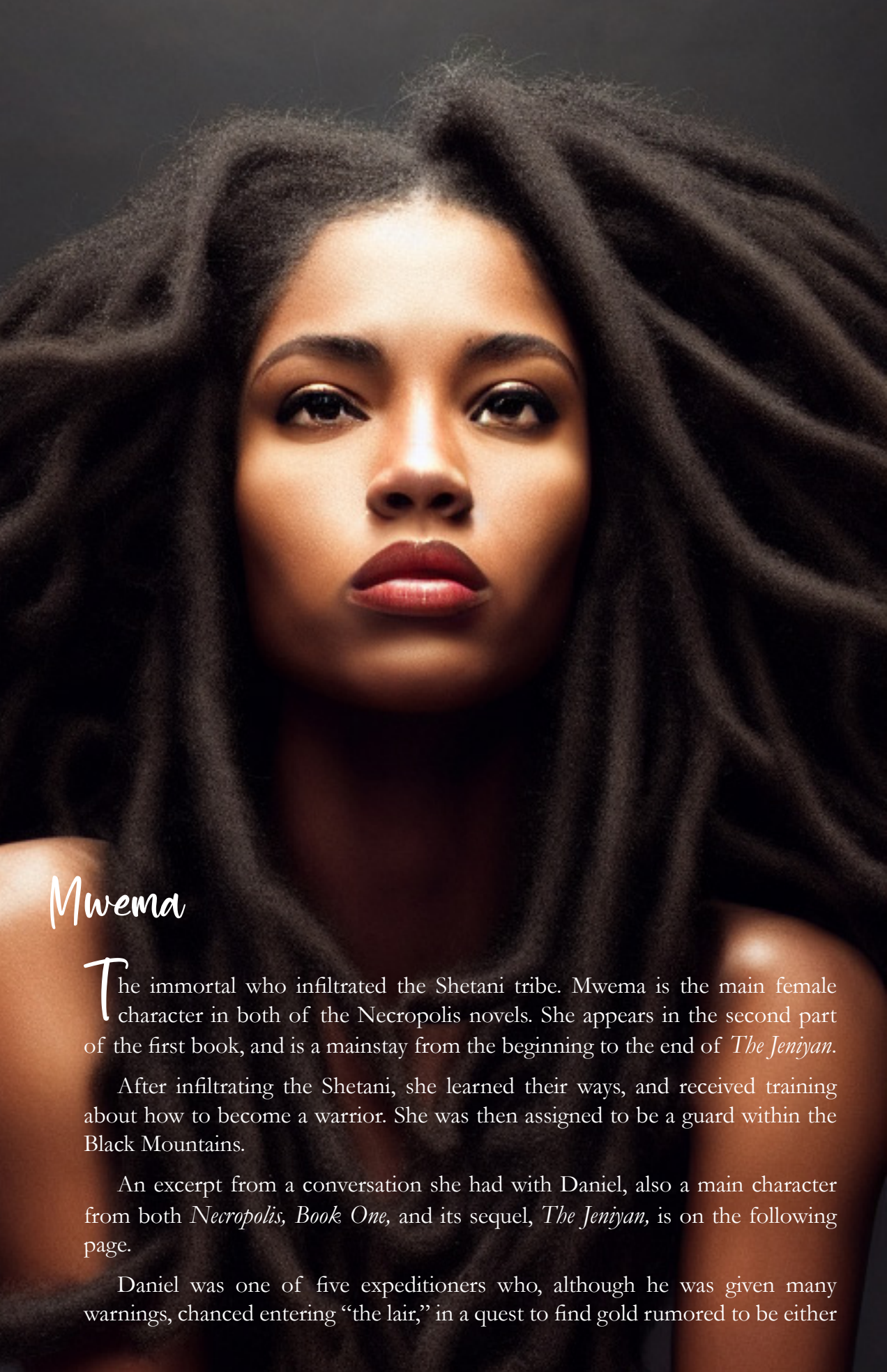
Necropolis

Chapter III – Nabii



Dalia

There was no such thing as a hair salon in the underworld. As such, the women there seldom bothered to cut their hair. This one, Dalia, from Kimbilio, the village of men south of the Forest of Souls is a case in point.



Mwema

The immortal who infiltrated the Shetani tribe. Mwema is the main female character in both of the Necropolis novels. She appears in the second part of the first book, and is a mainstay from the beginning to the end of *The Jeniyan*.

After infiltrating the Shetani, she learned their ways, and received training about how to become a warrior. She was then assigned to be a guard within the Black Mountains.

An excerpt from a conversation she had with Daniel, also a main character from both *Necropolis, Book One*, and its sequel, *The Jeniyan*, is on the following page.

Daniel was one of five expeditioners who, although he was given many warnings, chanced entering “the lair,” in a quest to find gold rumored to be either

there or in the lands on the other side of it. The lair was an opening at the side of the Black Mountains. What Daniel and his peers found there wasn’t gold, but rather, a passage toward the land of no return, also known as the underworld.

Taken from *Necropolis*

“Try to relax if you can,” Mwema said.

Daniel did not reply.

“You’ll have to trust I mean you no harm.”

“I have to? Why do I have to?”

“I’m asking you to,” she replied.

He was slow to respond. “I guess you’ll understand if I find that very hard to do.”

“I do,” she said.

“I mean, you haven’t exactly given me much reason to believe I can trust you,” he added.

“I have not,” she said.

“So how can I? I mean, despite what you said to me that day. And no, I have not forgotten. How could I?”

“Again, I understand,” she replied.

“You’ve been nothing but mean,” he continued, “and frankly, I don’t see how if you claim to be one of us you’d be so cruel.”

“I have a part to play,” she replied.

“And you play it very well,” he returned.

“I have to,” she said. “I have to, or else I could be found out.”

He listened.

“And if they found out, it shouldn’t be too difficult for you to understand what that would mean for me.”

He said nothing.

“It would mean they’d treat me precisely as they do to you if I’m lucky,” she said.

“As property?” he asked.

“That would be merciful,” she replied.

“Merciful?” he asked.

“That’s what I said,” she replied.

He appeared perplexed.

“You think you have it so hard here,” she said.

“I don’t?” he asked.

“You don’t know half the story,” she said.

“Is that so?” he asked.

“It is,” she replied. “What you think is so bad, let me tell you, in this place, there is a whole lot worse. Not here within the mountain in particular. Outside of it.”

(continued on the next page)

“On the outside, it’s worse? Like where?”

“Well, for one, by now, you must have heard about the Isle of the Maimed?”

“I have,” he replied.

“Anything in particular?”

“I heard it’s another place of confinement. That it’s where they take those who dared desire freedom to reflect on their transgressions after maiming them,” he replied. “As if you don’t spend pretty much all or most of the day here in reflection already.”

“What you heard is about the good part of the Isle of the Maimed,” she said.

“The good part?”

“That’s what I said,” she replied.

“I’m afraid to ask,” he began. “So tell me, what is the bad part?”

Necropolis

Chapter XIV – Mwema

Another excerpt from a conversation Mwema had with Daniel, a main character from both *Necropolis, Book One*, and its sequel, *The Jeniyan*.

“Imagine a lake not of water, but of lava, one in which you can see fires pop up here, there, and just about everywhere along the surface, and you’ll get the picture,” she replied.

“It’s atop a volcano then?” he asked.

“It is located near one, yes,” she replied. “In and around the mountains there, but it is not at the summit of any volcano. It is exactly as the name says, an area far and wide of reddish and yellow burning rock, uncommonly loose. I mean hardly anything viscous but more the consistency of water.”

“Impossible!” he returned. “I can’t believe it. How can molten rock hardly be viscous?”

“So you can sink into it nicely, I guess, and pop back up when you feel the heat tear at your flesh. I mean over and over again like you’re treading water.”

“That doesn’t make any sense, and besides, no man would be able to get near such a place. Far less, have a chance to cast himself into it.

“I’d imagine the heat from such an area would radiate for probably as much as a quarter of a mile around, making it unapproachable. I’d imagine the ground one may care to walk on over there would melt the very soles of your sandals in short order.”

“From where you’re from, yes,” she said, “but don’t lose sight of the fact you’re no longer there. Here in the underworld, the temperature near the lake is quite accommodating.”

“That must be impossible!” he said. “Yet the temperature of the lake itself isn’t?”

“It’s only hot enough to burn a man’s soul,” she replied.

Necropolis

Chapter XIV – Mwema

The Lake of Fire



There were several lakes of fire in the underworld. What Mwema told Daniel was the truth. Being cast into any of them did not guarantee instantaneous death. Although the torment lasted for several minutes longer than was possible, compared to if one was cast into a comparable place on this plane, before their bones and flesh were consumed, this torture, as one can imagine, could only have felt like something that would last forever. The unfortunate souls must have thought their end could not come soon enough. It did eventually come, but again, it was not instantaneous. Nor, relatively speaking, did it come soon.

So, like in the Bible, a major source of inspiration for the creation of this dark fantasy series, burning in hell forever in the underworld was not something literal.

The Lake of Fire



Immortals cast into the lake of fire at the Isle of the Maimed.

Daniel

To the right. A picture of Daniel, who once again, is one of five expeditioners who, although he was given many warnings, chanced entering “the lair,” in a quest to find gold rumored to be either there, or in the lands on the other side of it. The lair was an opening at the side of the Black Mountains, a range several miles south of the land from which he came.

Below is more of the hair-raising conversation he had with Mwema.

“Interesting, but tell me more about here, since this is what we have to deal with,” he said.

“The more fortunate of us,” she continued, “are cast into the lake, but most are captured and brought here to work. Only after, however, they are shown the lake with countless of their brethren in its death grip, wailing and writhing in a manner so frightful to see that the sight and sound of it is something I am sure will forever haunt whoever has been a witness.”

“I have never heard anything quite so terrible,” he remarked.

Necropolis

Chapter XIV – Mwema



Peril At Sea

. . . the ship continued to rock and roll to the point where many began to feel light headed and sick.

Nokreitin acknowledged staying at the forecandle was folly, but just as he tried to get down from there, the ship shot upward again, and at so frightful an angle that he went barreling toward the back of the vessel and nearly fell over.

Then, after barely a second to consider the near misfortune, the front of the vessel dipped so perilously, that one could have thought it meant to have him throw up what was in his belly, if not his very insides.

“Get down!” Plainfellow barked. “Down below the deck!”

“If we could reach to get down there!” Shae returned.

“Crawl, you all!” Plainfellow returned. “Crawl on your stomach!”

But just as they were about to try it Hespacia cried, “Look!”

They did as she said and could hardly believe their eyes.

No painter with an appetite or fancy for the macabre could have produced a better piece of horror art.

The clouds commenced to arrange themselves into discernible but changing shapes. Not shapes that come to mind when you think about clouds, mind you.

They were faces of demons and devils, and of those who appeared long deceased.

Gargoyles and the Goatlord
Chapter XXXVII – The Haunting

G*argoyles and the Goatlord*, when released, will be the second book of *The Underworld Series*. At the time this book was published, it was still in the editing phase.

If you’ve read any of *The Underworld* and *Necropolis* books, in particular, *The Fourth Tier* and *Necropolis*, you know gargoyles are featured in both. More so in the latter book, towards its end. Although they play a major part in *The Fourth Tier* also.

In the underworld, men were not the apex predator. Nor were they top of the food chain. Or king of the hill, so to speak. They were the despised and the hunted, what tribes indigenous to the underworld, plus other creatures and mythical beasts, including gargoyles, called the scourge.

G&G features life from the perspective of those other creatures. Especially gargoyles, plus the goatlord, a half-man, half-goat, mythological creature.



Available Works

The following titles from which the places and characters in this book are derived, can be found by visiting pennfawn.com/books. Ebook and paperback versions are available.

Visiting the website will grant you a host of options where you can purchase any title(s) of interest. You can do anything from acquiring them directly from the author, to buying them from Amazon, Barnes and Noble, or whatever your favorite place for acquiring books online is.

The Necropolis Series



Notes

As of August 1st, 2022, roughly two years after its publication, the first book of the series was updated to include a glossary. This was done because some readers who left book reviews reported at times finding it challenging to keep up with who is who.

Necropolis is an epic fantasy series. There are a lot of characters in the first book, and the second one too, hence the reason why the glossary was included.

The point behind it is it should provide for a better, more comprehensive reading experience.

The hope is this companion guide, should be an aid to those who are new to learning about the series.

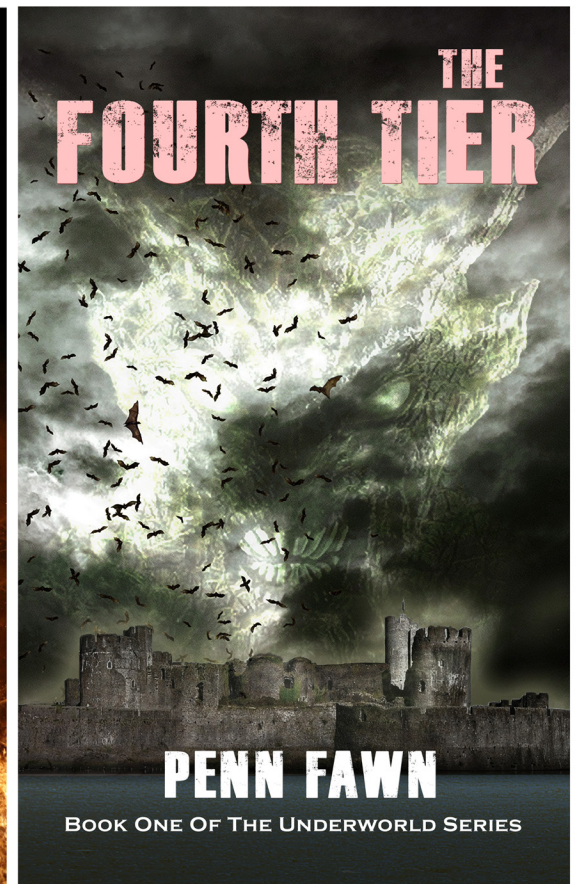
The Underworld Series

The *Underworld series* is a spin off from the *Necropolis* duology.

It goes back to the time before the necropolis era, beginning with a semi-autobiographical account of the series' main character, the witch Hespacia.

Principally, her life and times is what's featured in the *Burning The Witches* novel. If you're new to learning about the author, you might want to start reading *Burning The Witches* first.

But if you prefer to delve right into the other scenes and adventures illustrated in this book, then afterward go back and read about how it all came to be, start off by reading *Necropolis*, the first book of the two part series.



Upcoming Works



Gargoyles and The Goatlord

At the time of this publication, *Gargoyles and the Goatlord* was still being edited. It is scheduled for release in early 2023. Please visit pennfawn.com for more information. Also visit for any news you may care to know about its author or any of his other books.

The website features everything from an autobiographical write-up to his blog, to where you can acquire his books, plus much more. Contact him then join his newsletter to keep up to date with the goings-on.

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Surefooted, from *Gargoyles and the Goatlord*.



Hoof, from *Gargoyles and the Goatlord*.



Cloven, from *Gargoyles and the Goatlord*.



Jumping far ahead. Lilith, the pale witch, from *The Golden Mirage*, the next book to come after *Gargoyles and the Goatlord*.

The End

If you enjoyed this book, please share it with your friends, or direct them to where they can download their own copy.

Do get into contact with the author via social media if you have any more questions about this dark fantasy series. If you're reading the PDF version of this, click on any of the links, they're hyperactive. If you'd like a PDF version, so you can get a bigger and better view and appreciation of the graphics on your tablet or computer, again, use one of the social media links below and reach out to the author.



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Thank you.

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All subsequent editions will build on the character depictions and exotic places featured within his novels.

Expect to find images of gargoyles, angels, plus other mythological figures and dark and exotic locales on the pages inside.

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