

# PLANE SCAPE™

ACCESSORY

## IN THE CAGE♦

A Guide to Sigil

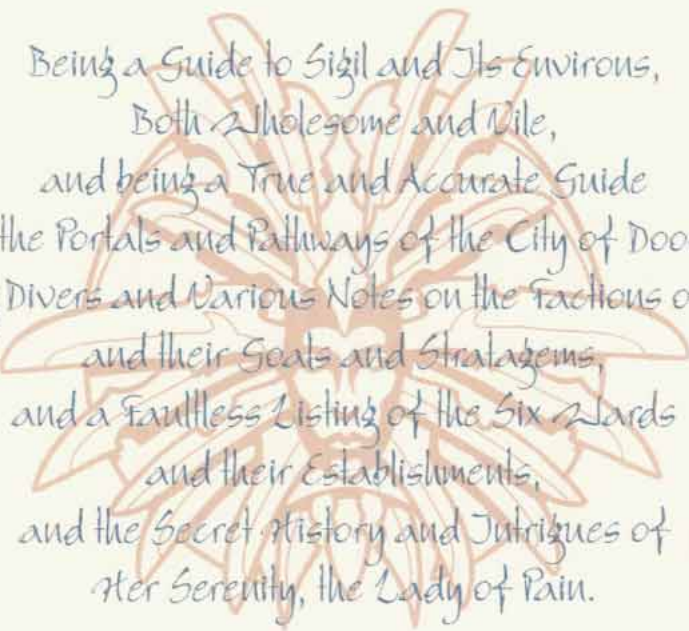






# IN ◆THE CAGE◆

BY  
WOLFGANG BAUR & RICK SWAN



*Being a Guide to Sigil and Its Environs,  
Both Wholesome and Vile,  
and being a True and Accurate Guide  
to the Portals and Pathways of the City of Doors.  
Including Divers and Various Notes on the Factions of the City,  
and their Goals and Stratagems,  
and a Faultless Listing of the Six Wards  
and their Establishments,  
and the Secret History and Intrigues of  
Her Serenity, the Lady of Pain.*

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A THOUSAND PORTALS,  
AND EACH A DOORWAY  
TO FAME  
OR DAMNATION.  
LET'S GO!  
— CLUELESS ON HIS WAY  
TO BAA+OR

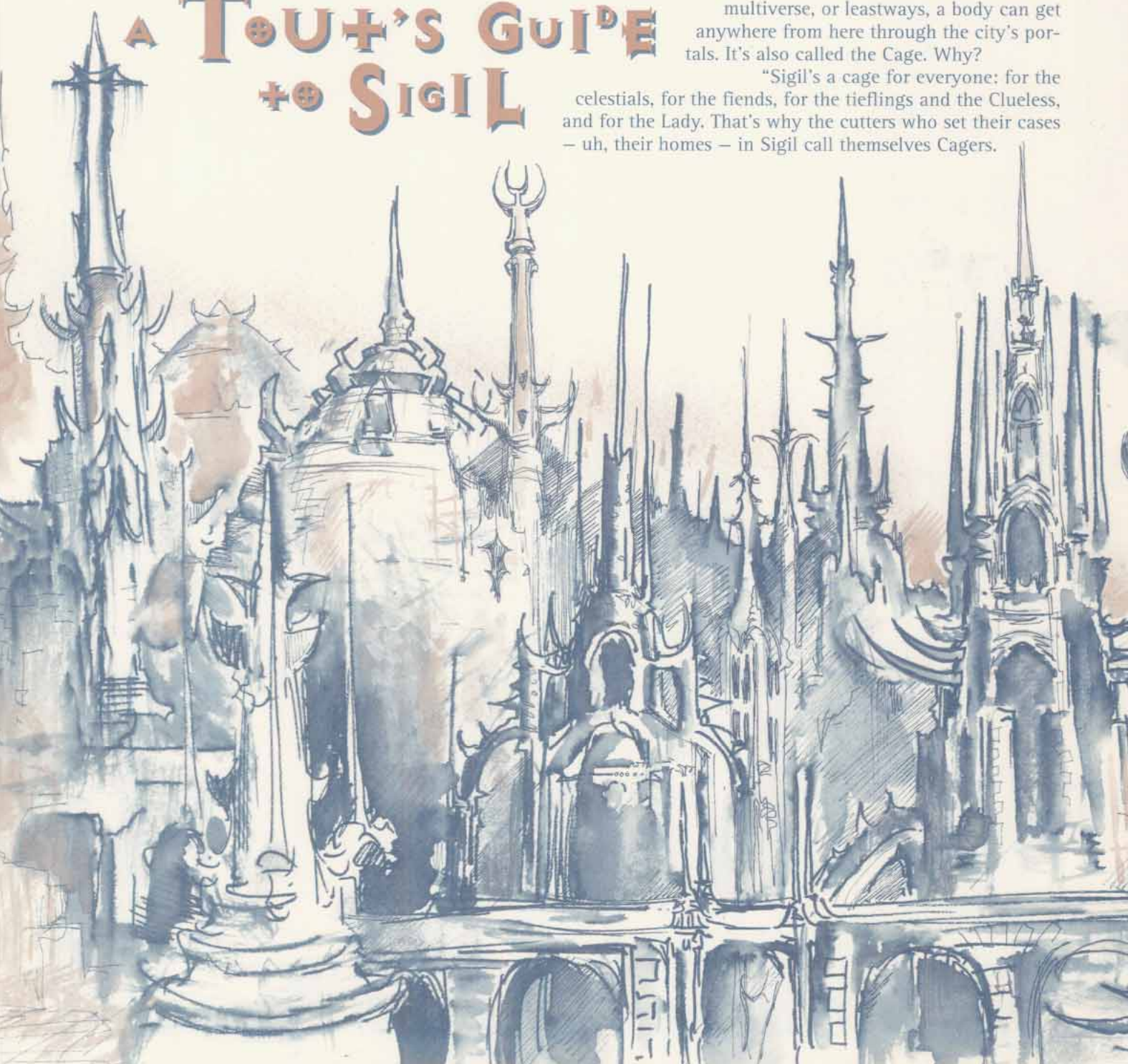
*The View from the Spire and the Streets.*

"You look lost, sirrah. Walk with me through the murky twilight for a moment and I'll teach you the dark of things — that'd be the secrets, for a clueless traveler like yourself. Mind you don't brush against the grime; there's lots of soot-stained walls here. Now, sir prime, look up. Makes you dizzy, don't it, seeing the city of Sigil above you? See, living in an impossible city ain't always simple. You need a guide. That'll be twelve silvers.

"Oh, those fellows? Dabus. They speak to each other with those illusions. They're servants of the Lady of Pain, who rules the City of Doors and keeps it safe. — No, I don't mind the questions. — It's called the City of Doors 'cause it's the center of the multiverse, or leastways, a body can get anywhere from here through the city's portals. It's also called the Cage. Why?

"Sigil's a cage for everyone: for the celestials, for the fiends, for the tieflings and the Clueless, and for the Lady. That's why the cutters who set their cases — uh, their homes — in Sigil call themselves Cagers.

# A TOURIST'S GUIDE TO SIGIL





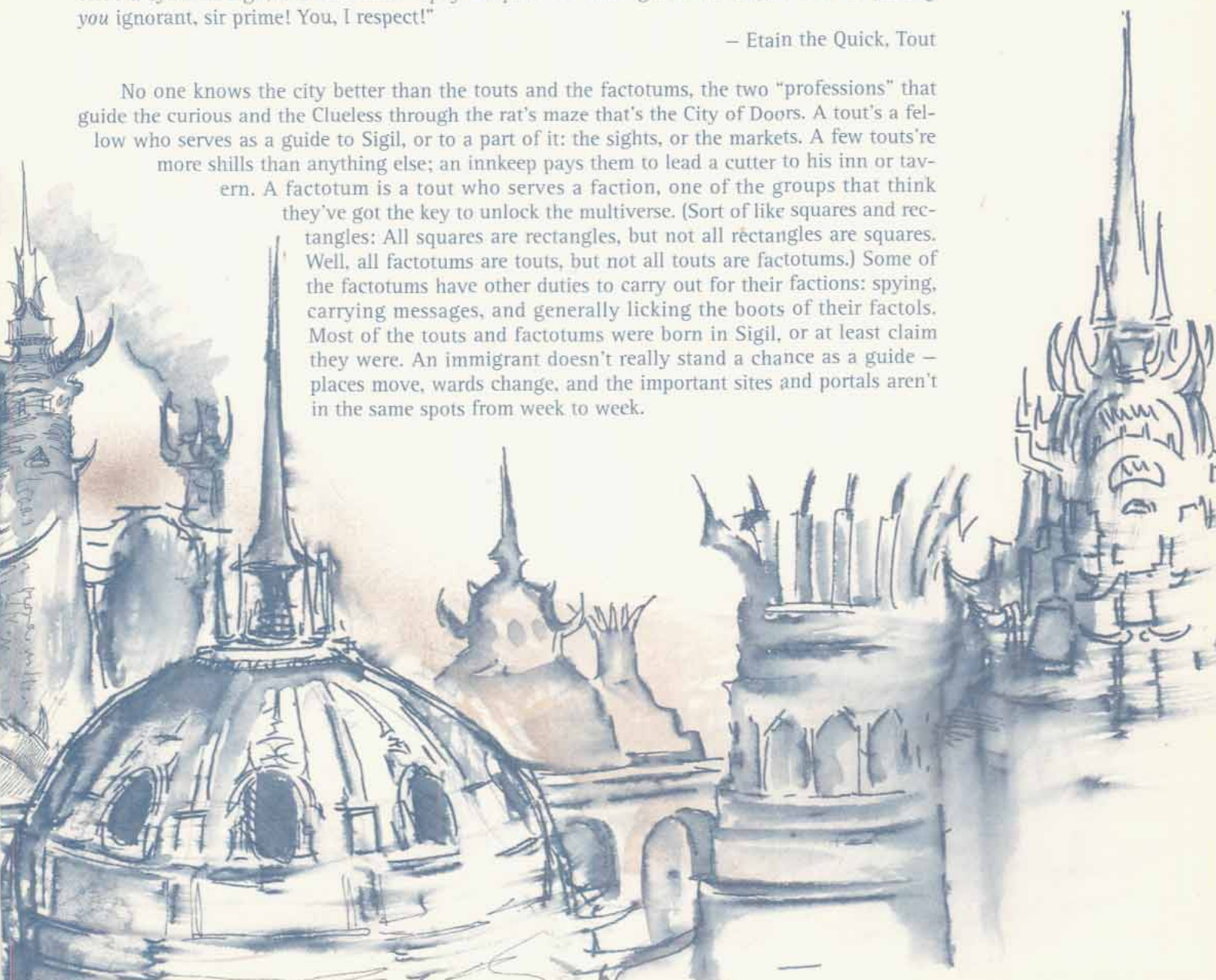
The Cagers who know the place best are us who teach; we're known as touts. My name's Etain the Quick, and I do my level best to tell a cutter everything he needs to know to survive in Sigil. Not everything there is to know, mind you: That'd cost extra.

"Sigil's the Crossroads, the great, shudderin' home to all the planewalkers of the Great Ring. Under the Lady's watchful and serene gaze, Sigil stays out of the politics and bloodshed of the conflicts raging throughout the planes, especially the lower ones where the Blood War never stops. No matter what a cutter hears, most of the planes ain't that friendly to strangers, whether they're planar or prime or something else. Whether they're living in wealth or squalor, smart cutters set up their cases in Sigil.

"The Lady creates portals that lead everywhere, and when she wills she closes them. Most of the simple portals look like doorways; they only take cutters elsewhere when they carry the right key, and a key could be anything — a silver blade, a secret word, or an elaborately illuminated deck of cards. Because the city's doors lead everywhere, everyone comes to Sigil sooner or later, even if they're just passing through. That's when a sharp tout latches onto them, whirls them through the sewers and the jink-shops, and takes his fee. Sure, it's not polite, but everyone's a cynic in Sigil, and the Clueless pay the price for their ignorance. Oh, no, I'm not calling you ignorant, sir prime! You, I respect!"

— Etain the Quick, Tout

No one knows the city better than the touts and the factotums, the two "professions" that guide the curious and the Clueless through the rat's maze that's the City of Doors. A tout's a fellow who serves as a guide to Sigil, or to a part of it: the sights, or the markets. A few touts're more shills than anything else; an innkeep pays them to lead a cutter to his inn or tavern. A factotum is a tout who serves a faction, one of the groups that think they've got the key to unlock the multiverse. (Sort of like squares and rectangles: All squares are rectangles, but not all rectangles are squares. Well, all factotums are touts, but not all touts are factotums.) Some of the factotums have other duties to carry out for their factions: spying, carrying messages, and generally licking the boots of their factols. Most of the touts and factotums were born in Sigil, or at least claim they were. An immigrant doesn't really stand a chance as a guide — places move, wards change, and the important sites and portals aren't in the same spots from week to week.





## LISTEN UP, YOU CLUELESS ◆ SCREWHEADS ◆

Sigil's no place for the ignorant, especially if they're arrogant. Sure, Cagers are arrogant past measure, but they're wise to the way of things. For anyone visiting from out of town, but especially for the Clueless, guides are recommended — and their prices are reasonable, considering what they know and the risks they run. Prices are much higher if a cutter wants a guide in the Hive, which'll cost him dear. Not having a guide in the Hive may cost him his life, though, so even the 30 or 40 gold coins he'll pay for a blood willing to guide him through the Hive is cheap.

Sigil ain't like other places. It's connected to everyplace, and it's impossible, and its peace is enforced by terror. A cutter — even a prime — who learns the city's customs can get by. A berk who ignores them gets put in the dead-book.

### The Dark: Sigil's Wildlife

*Information in sidebars like this, entitled "The Dark," is for the DM only. Any other berks who think they've got permission to read this stuff should think again.*

Though most any breed of animal appears in Sigil sooner or later, very few can snatch a living from canny bashers — the animals must compete with the collectors, ragmen, and other human scavengers. Cranium rats have their own niche, roaches and the like do well, and the night-stalking, two-headed Aoskian hounds are found nowhere else. Cranium rats still bring a 3-gp bounty from the Office of Vermin Control. Aoskian hounds cost from 20 gp (weaned) to 150 gp (grown and trained). They were first bred by the followers of the god Aoskar. The power's been destroyed and nearly forgotten, but the hounds are thriving.

Sigil's only two native birds are a gray-green pigeon and a type of gray-bodied raven with black wings and head. The latter's called the executioner's raven because of its fondness for the easy meals found at the block, gallows, and stake. Some say that feasting on the flesh of fiends and the blood of slaadi accounts for these ravens' enormous size. Certain of the largest birds are said to speak. Rumors of a flock of local wereravens have been neither confirmed nor denied.

**EXECUTIONER'S RAVEN:** AC 5; MV 3; FI 33 (C); HD 2; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ M (5' wingspan); ML elite (13); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 120. 10% of their attacks are directed at an opponent's eyes. Unless the opponent is wearing a great helm or equivalent protection, a successful eye attack blinds the target.

**AOSKIAN HOUND:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 22; THACO 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10/1d10; SA bark; SZ M (5' long); ML steady (12); Int semi (4); AL N (E); XP 120.

Notes: SA—The warning bark of an Aoskian hound is loud enough to stun opponents for 1–6 rounds unless they make a successful saving throw versus paralysis; when delivering its warning bark, the hound cannot attack with its bite. The blood of Aoskian hounds is used in creating Mordenkainen's faithful hound and hold portal scrolls and other magics relating to doorways.

## ◆ ARCHITECTURE ◆

Sigil's a city overwhelmed, barnacled, and encrusted with buildings. With a 5-mile diameter and 20-mile circumference (as officially measured by the Harmonium; in actuality, the Lady can enlarge or shrink the city as she wills, at any time), Sigil's huge, but it ain't infinite. Sure, it's big enough to hold new things for the oldest bloods, but the bizarre soon becomes mundane if a cutter sees it often enough. Even the view ain't the usual; almost anyplace a cutter stands, if he looks up, he sees buildings. 'Course, smoke and distance obscure the view across the hollow center, creating a gray arc with a few lights.

Despite the city's size, somehow it still always seems crowded. Tiny spaces that might become servants' rooms or pantries in another city are shops and homes in Sigil, where every square inch must house some of the infinite multitudes. Even the buildings crowd each other overhead, and some streets are cut off

from the sky entirely, its dim light pinched out by the towering walls.

Although Sigil is ancient and every available surface is already occupied, new streets, boulevards, and courtyards are constantly created by the dabus masons, and new buildings set on top of old ones create crypts and catacombs aplenty. Since it's impossible to know every street and keep up with every change, cutters need to learn the patterns of Sigil's buildings, especially for those bashers who live on the dark side of the law. Even a footpad who's been in and out of the Court and the Prison can make a mistake. One dead-end alley is all it takes to get a cross-trading knight scragged by the Harmonium — or worse, scragged and then killed by those he's double-crossed.

The traditional blades and spiked fences of Sigil define its architecture for planars everywhere on the Great Ring. The blades of Sigil are added for looks as much as for protection against intruders, as they are part of the city's rich tradition of ornamental iron and stone. Primes notice the faces and gargoyles built over doors and into other structural



features like pillars and rainspouts, the most common locations for such decoration. Iron and stone are more common building materials than imported wood; after all, iron and stone can be created by magic. The iron and stone of the high-ups' cases, though, are certainly not conjured but imported through one of the gates. Blackstone from Gehenna, limestone from Mount Celestia, and marble from Arborea are all popular.

Walls vary, but the strongest are up to 9 feet thick. Spiral stairs are the most popular form; the spiral winds up clockwise, to give the advantage to a right-handed defender and hamper the swordplay of anyone going up (-2 to attack rolls of any right-handed attacker). The roofs are generally made of dark gray slate tiles.

Most of the ironwork in Sigil isn't just ornamental; it protects the houses it decorates. Doors and windows are tightly sealed and protected with iron bands and locks, and fanciful iron grillwork covers most windows (at least among the houses of the high-ups). Spikes on the flat surfaces of windowsills and the like prevent Sigil's great gray-and-black executioner's ravens from roosting.

Sigil's indigenous watchdogs, called Aoskian hounds, are two-headed creatures with a nasty temper. Besides a double bite, these snow-white or pale tan death dogs boast a tremendous bark. (See "The Dark: Sigil's Wildlife.") Knights of the post never tangle with Aoskian hounds if they can avoid them. Most are muzzled during the day and only allowed to roam by night. Their ghostly pale appearance and deadly quick reflexes have caused many a second-story man's tumble into the street, and most have been thankful for the fall. After all, the Aoskian's bark can stun a knight long enough for the watch to arrive.

Below the streets themselves lies a web of catacombs and crypts (mostly of important dabus, though the Dustmen also maintain a few large necropoli throughout the city), but no sewers. The oldest crypts have been there a thousand years, though bubbers often claim that there're many deeper levels, which the dabus have sealed off.

In the better portions of town, public fountains bubble and burble, their carved stone and molded iron spouts working day and night. The water is always pure, though sometimes very metallic tasting; most Cagers prefer ale, wine, or anything else purified by fermentation. The fountains take many shapes, from drab pillars whose single spigots are decorated with

the seal of the carver or foundry, to the justly famous Singing Fountain whose pure tones come from the splash of water from higher metal basins into lower ones. A charismatic fortuneteller named Black Marian (P1/♀ human/P5/Believers of the Source/N) claims to hear the future of anyone who drinks from the fountain. Few take her up on it, though, for the Singing Fountain's steadiest customers are the city's gray-green pigeons and their feathers often float atop the waters.

In addition to the public fountains, the city's got a number of public wells. Where do the well waters come from? The chant is, most anywhere, from the Elemental Plane of Water to the Styx and Oceanus, to Ysgard's Gates of the Moon, to Limbo. The best waters are said to be those drawn from wells sunk into the seas of Arborea and Mount Celestia.

Streets're all cobblestones in the richer districts and mud in the poorer. In both rich and poor districts, houses surround open interior courtyards hidden from the streets and accessible only through

## The Dark: Razorvine

Razorvine is a curse and a plague for most

Cagers: A cutter trims it back, poisons it, burns it — and it just keeps growing. Its diabolical twists and knots make it impossible to tell how many vines a cutter needs to slice to finish a plant off. Some cutters use the stuff when they set up "toll-stations" in dark alleys or the back streets of the Hive — it can grow several feet a day, so these turn-spike tolls can spring up overnight. Touts just talk about the plant and point it out to tourists, who are sometimes fools enough to try hacking off a souvenir.

Fact is, what a berk does with razorvine gives a cutter a pretty good idea of what kind of man he is. It's useful as a sentry to keep unwanted intruders out of places they're not welcome. A few animals can eat the leaves; the vine can be grown as forage for these creatures. In the last of its peaceful uses, it can be dried and used as firewood. In a more evil vein, it can be used as a whip, a binding rope, or an effective garrote, adding 1d4 points of razorvine damage to the garrote's normal deadliness.

**RAZORVINE:** AC 5; MV 0; HD 5 hp per vine; THACO 20; #AT N/A; Dmg 1d3 on touch, 1d4 when cutting, 1d6 + special on falling into a patch; SZ M (12–20' long); ML none; Int non (0); AL N; XP 35 per vine.

Razorvine's a fact of life in Sigil. A single plant can have from 2–20 separate vines, all linked to a common root system. Its leaves are small, heart-shaped, and so dark as to be nearly black — they grow in dense clumps near the stem on wiry springs, but in fact the serrated leaves are completely harmless. The triangular stems are the danger: Handling them inflicts 1d3 points of damage unless the cutter makes a Dexterity check, cutting one inflicts 1d4 points plus the victim's base AC if the vine makes a normal attack roll, and — worst of all — falling into a patch of it inflicts 1d6 points of damage plus the sod's base AC, with no saving throw or attack roll required. Base AC is armor without Dexterity adjustments, shield, or magical adjustments that don't actually cover the whole body or that rely on misdirection. (Blur is ineffective, but an armor spell helps.)





narrow alleys or covered passages through the surrounding buildings. Often these buildings're protected against theft by large doors or portcullises that're shut each night, making them into tiny strongholds in the midst of the city. In times of danger or riots the courtyard gates are often magically warded as well. For high-ups of The Lady's Ward, the interior courtyard might serve as a garden, a family graveyard, or an open-air ballroom. In other places like the Farrier's Court, guildmembers and craftsmen conduct their business in the courtyards. For tanners and dyers, this gets messy quickly. Those who like their privacy keep Aorskian hounds and grow razor-vine in the courtyards; not everyone's open space is meant to be a refuge from the streets.

## ◆ WARDS AND MAZES ◆

Sigil's six wards are the Lower Ward where things're made; the Market Ward where they're sold; the Clerk's Ward where ownership is noted; the Guildhall Ward where the craftsmen gather and train apprentices; the Hive where the poor, the bubbers, and the barmies're kept out of everyone else's sight; and The Lady's Ward, the richest and most powerful of them all, where the city's rulers and criminals dwell. The quick Cager's summary of them is "smog, shoddy goods, accountants, apprentices, barmies, and politics."

The ward system's the easiest way to keep track of where things are, since houses and even streets disappear and reappear under the working hands of the dabus. The size of the city makes it impossible to describe all its wonders, but a sampling of the possibilities is enough to convince most cutters they'll never be done exploring the City of Doors.

Though their boundaries're shifting and unclear, the wards are defined by their inhabitants at least as much as by simple geography. If an area stops operating smithies and manufactories because barmies have moved in, then the area's said to have moved from the Lower Ward to the Hive.

The other reason the boundaries between the wards seem to shift over time, of course, is that the Lady of Pain creates mazes, sections of the city that're somehow spun off into the deep Ethereal to rid the city of those who refuse to keep the Lady's peace (for more information, see the *PLANESCAPE™ Campaign Setting* box). The city shifts and groans from the weight and stress of its portals and the contradictory directions that keep it always carefully balanced. Likewise, the dabus're constantly shifting buildings and streets by remaking them, painting them, and forcibly occupying some of the homes trying to shift from one ward to another. What defines a ward? Mostly, the cutters living in it, the jobs they hold, the houses they live in, and the streets they walk on – and the Lady's whims.

The City of Doors is lousy with portals to the planes; in fact, the portals make life on the planes possible, or at least much more interesting. They're shortcuts from one infinite space to another – traveling infinite planes would be futile without them, so mastering the types of portals and the keys that open them is important for any Cager. Like all important things, portals follow the Rule of Threes. The three forms are permanent portals, temporary portals, and shifting portals. Each form's got its own rules and habits, but all're under the Lady's power. Portals too disruptive to life in Sigil inevitably disappear. (There's a fourth type, in keeping with the "rules are made to be broken" rule: It appears *only* in the Hive, and it's a one-way portal from the Hive to the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. See "The Dark: Ooze Portals," in the chapter on the Hive.)

Permanent portals tend to cluster or concentrate around the faction headquarters. In fact, many headquarters are actually built around portals to the faction's plane of major influence; for instance, the Mortuary's a nexus of dozens of portals connecting the realms of the powers of death, the inner planes, and other major sites. More details on these portals are available in *The Factol's Manifesto*.

Known permanent portals include several portals in the Hall of Records in the taxation filing area, in the butcher shops and taverns (leading to the food stores of Arborea), public baths (leading to the River Oceanus), and in foundries (to the Dwarven Mountain in the Outlands). Other permanent portals lead to less pleasant places, to the nether planes. Those portals and their gate keys are well-hidden from berks who are better off not knowing about them, but though they are hidden they are not permanently closed. The only way to keep a portal from opening is through strong magic: planar wards (see *Well of Worlds*) or *surelock* spells.

Where do portals come from? The sages and gray-beards argue endlessly about the nature of astral conduits, mature portals, and the flux and nexus-points that underlie the creation of a permanent, shifting, or temporary portal. Some say that powers can, others say only powers of travel can open gates for themselves and their followers (and they are barred from Sigil). Only the Lady herself opens new portals in Sigil. The hard fact of it is, only priests with their *gate* spells can open portals anywhere else in the planes.

Temporary portals don't follow any pattern at all; they appear and disappear at whim. Often they seem created to serve some design or purpose. For instance, a portal might appear for a faction to use against the Lady's enemies, or a portal that's being misused to bring tainted food into the city might suddenly close temporarily. A few barmies in the Hive claim to be able to predict the appearance of temporary portals by pow-



erful divinations and the sacrifice of valuables; most of these are frauds, and the few who're apparently successful always quickly disappear. Whether they're silenced by the dabus or stolen away by a faction to serve in captivity is a mystery that a body'd best avoid trying to solve.

Shifting portals follow a few known configurations. Both ends of the portal shift location in a pattern. The Sigil end might cling to an arched, razorvine-covered trellis deep in The Lady's Ward for days, then shift to a sewer grate in the Lower Ward for a few hours before moving to the entrance of a storehouse in the Clerk's Ward for a month. The other end of the portal shifts as well, and the two sequences don't always match. (That is, while the Sigil end of the portal stays in the Lady's Ward, the other end of the portal may switch rapidly from Mount Celestia to the swamps of Durao in the Abyss to the Viper Wastes in the midst of the Blood War.)

The Guvners are said to keep a secret log of the shifting portals' secrets, and many's the forger who's lived fat and happy after he's sold a false Shifter's Logbook. None but the factotums of the Fraternity of Order are allowed to see the Shifter's Log, and even then, they say, many of the shifting portals have such long or

complicated patterns that no one has ever seen them repeat. Many others keep logs as well, especially priests of the powers that protect travelers, namers paid by their factions to watch for portals, and, of course, the most successful planewalkers. Some say that modrons are the best, because of their patience and consistency. But any fool who enters a portal he learned of from a bought logbook should mind he carries naked steel the first time through; not all the portals are investigated before they are recorded!

The forms portals take vary, and the Lady's twisted humor is apparent in the location and keys of some of them. For instance, a shifting portal to the Abyss has been known to appear in the Golden Bariaur, and the Ditch is said to lead to the dry wastes of Amun-Thys in the third layer of Arborea. The gate to orderly Mechanus shifts between a junkyard and the scrapheaps of the Lower Ward near the Great Foundry.

Only a few portals are truly well known; they are shown on the two-page map in this section. At the center of the map is the Inner Ring, containing the Elemental Planes. Surrounding it is the torus of Sigil, showing locations present on the streets of the Cage. Outside this are the Outer Planar locations. The whole is divided into the six wards of the Cage, labeled accordingly.

## Log of Portals

By Underscrivener Jbrim

*I have pursued the twisting portal through the use of divinations and auguries and discovered that its pattern in Sigil is the following:*

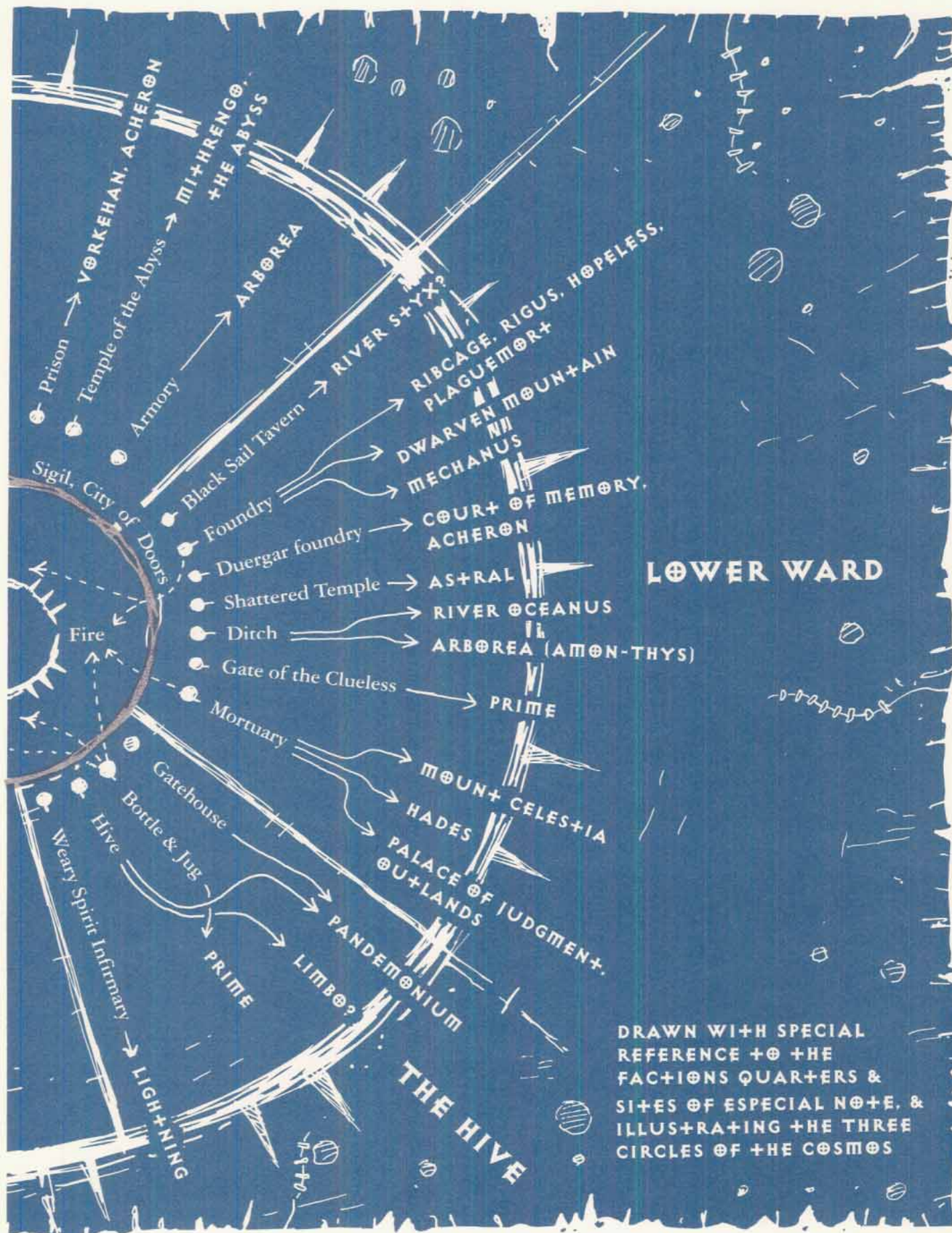
- ☞ *Twelve days within the arch of the Monument to the Memory of the Tragic Plague of the Year of the Deva, in The Lady's Ward. The key here is a blue diamond. Funds for investigation not yet authorized.*
- ☞ *Two days in our own Courts, in the stacks near the Fourth section of the Comprehensive Civil Codes. The key is a chip of lapis lazuli.*
- ☞ *Three days in the kitchen pantry of the Inn of the Blue Toad, in the Guildhall Ward, beneath the stairs. The key is a blue topaz.*

*The Laws governing this traveling portal seem to match the Spiral Sequence first noted by the Master Scrivener Jarval the Elder. Whether the same mirror pattern of the end-points of these portals matches the Spiral sequence is not conformed as of this writing, but the planes at the other end have undergone one investigation, using a gate key in the Courts for secrecy's sake. No volunteers were able to actually enter the opened portal, but the appearance of a hell hound in the stacks indicates a correspondence between the City and the plane of Baator. Cleanup costs of the resulting fires were in excess of 4,550 gold crowns, so caution is advised for further investigations.*











## TIME AND DIRECTION ◆ IN SIGIL ◆

The bashers in Sigil base their timekeeping on hours relative to the peak hour of light. *Peak* is roughly equivalent to noon on a prime world; the six brightest hours in the City of Doors are the three hours before peak (B.P.) and the three hours after peak (A.P.). For the primes, this means 2 B.P. matches 1000 hours in military time, and 2 A.P. corresponds to 1400 hours. "Midnight" in Sigil is called *antipeak*. The six darkest hours come just before and after antipeak. Cutters should be aware that hours don't have names or numbers, really (no Hour of the Weeping Crow, no terce or matins), just positions before and after peak and antipeak. This is clearest on the city's clocks, which all have twenty-four increments and are shaded from black at the bottom (antipeak, not that anyone can read the blessed clocks at that hour!) to white at the top (peak). The lack of numbers makes it easier for Sigil's many races to tell local time; trying to cram fiend, modron, and aasimon numerals together on the same clock face results in more confusion than sense.

The Cage is eternal, so much so that no one knows the date of its creation or founding. The Lady surely was present, but whether she and Sigil came into being simultaneously or she preceded the city will never be revealed. Years are measured, then, from beginnings of factols' rules, most often according to those of the Fraternity of Order. (The current date is the 127th year of Factol Hashkar's reign.) Clueless visitors often are confused by this timekeeping system, but those who stay long enough soon realize that with the constant changes in Sigil it doesn't matter too much precisely how long ago something happened.

In the City of Doors, there is no east and west, no north and south. Directions are given in terms of wards and direction relative to the spire. Spikeward is up (to the Civic Festhall or the Armory, for instance), and Downward is down (the direction of the Market Ward). The peculiar directions of Radial and Chordwise also exist among surveyors and mapmaking Guvners.

These are simply ways to indicate two points that are directly opposite each other on the city's circle (Radial) or nearly so (Chordwise) – like the Great Gymnasium and the Great Foundry.

## ◆ USURY AND MONEYLENDERS ◆

There's plenty of money for the taking in Sigil. Fact is, lots of bashers'll lend money to anyone who asks. Scads of jink, too, not just a few coppers here and there. Most of the customers are the Clueless, but desperate souls'll pawn anything for enough coin to buy bread, warmth, and shelter. The maximum legal rate of usury is 1 coin in 4 per week; that is, if a cutter takes a loan of 40 gold, he'll have to repay 50 a week later. The rates aren't good, but the consequences for not repaying are worse.

Never take money from a baatezu. Even if a cutter can pay it back, sometimes a baatezu won't accept the jink that's offered. See, the fiend isn't in it for the profit in cash. He'd rather have a basher in his debt, someone he can lean on, have arrested and sent to the debtor's prison. When a basher repays a loan, he should always get it in writing, even if he can't read.

## WEATHER, SMOKE, ◆ AND THIN AIR ◆

Foul rain, gloom, cold, and smoke – these are the reasons for the long, dark cloaks so many Cagers wear. The Lower Ward's smoke and steam keep it marginally warmer and fouler than the other wards, at the price of burns from airborne ashes and embers. Leather is popular in the Lower Ward because it won't burn; even sedan chair owners often keep a special set of curtains for trips through the Lower Ward, both to prevent burns and to keep the smell out of the regular drapes. 'Course, those dark cloaks help the knights fade into the shadows as well, and they don't show a stain from Sigil's brownish rainwater.

Most Cagers don't complain, 'cause the weather in most of the Great Ring is worse. Besides, the air's too foul for a body to waste words crabbin' about it. Cagers who work outside often develop a constant hacking cough, and many die in the streets from consumption. Horses die young from the strain of

### The Dark: Thin Air

Sure, the spire that Sigil's perched on is infinitely tall, but the air at the top of it ain't infinitely thin; hidden, well-defended portals to the Elemental Plane of Air (many of them below ground in the domain of the dabus) keep the atmosphere breathable, if barely. Tough cutters with Constitutions of 11 or better aren't affected by the thin air for long; they lose 1 point of Constitution for a week. New visitors with Constitutions of 10 or less lose 2 points of Constitution for 2 weeks.



breathing Sigil's smog — a beast of burden spitting its lungs onto one of Sigil's streets is a common sight. It's a mystery why anyone bothers to smoke pipeweed or black tarweed cigars when they can just go down to the Great Foundry and inhale.

A few barmies and primes claim that the weather reflects the mood of the Lady of Pain, that her dismay is rain, her joy is sun (rare indeed), and her fury is snow or sleet. For a copper, they'll scry the heavens and predict a cutter's omens for the day. While this forecasting is an amusing conceit with which to nick a few coppers from the Clueless, most Cagers just snort at the thought that the Lady would be this maudlin.

## ◆ CAGERS: ◆ CITIZENS OF SIGIL ◆

Most inhabitants of Sigil are carpetbaggers or transients, and few call themselves Cagers first and foremost. Most cutters, if asked who they are, respond with a name and a faction, or even a ward, rather than naming themselves as Cagers. Sure, sometimes a berk wants to impress the yokels from out of town (not Out-of-Town, just not from around Sigil), but most people in Sigil are from out of town themselves. Though the city has a population of more than a million, two-thirds of that are transient planars and primes. The core population of planars comprises humans, githzerai, bariaur, and tieflings, with a few prime elves, dwarves, and other obscure, Clueless races (one called gnomes, one called halflings — who can tell 'em apart, really?). Sigil's always ready for a fight, a bob, or a lark, and half its citizens are on their way to the wonders of the Great Ring, so adventurers are common as copper bits. Sigil is as close to home as a cutter gets on the planes.

In addition to the planars, most of the races native to the Great Ring come to Sigil for their own purposes, though few settle in the city. Fiends, aasimon, slaadi, and modrons are all present in large numbers, but few find Sigil pleasant enough to warrant staying for long. Its enforced neutrality makes them irritable; the fiends miss the bloodshed and can't bear the sight of their Blood War enemies walking freely down the street. (Drinkin' next to 'em's another matter entirely.) Aasimon and other celestials can't stomach the grime, the blood, the filth, the vulgar coarseness of it all. Kuriel, the deva of curiosity, is an exception, but there aren't many like him. Most of the sods get homesick, even though they're too proud to admit it.

The only people who call themselves Cagers with pride are the dabus, the faction members born and bred in the various headquarters, and a few families of pla-

nars who've settled in Sigil and made it their home. These hardcore Cagers look down on all other residents, though no one else seems to care. This lot views all other Cagers as intruders, and treats them accordingly. This attitude probably has much to do with the Cagers' reputation as arrogant snobs.

A few primes come to Sigil and want to stay, but many more are gate-orphans, those who've arrived but can't leave. They are sometimes called the *Keyless* or the *Marooned*. Their pathetic attempts to return to their sheltered lives on the Prime are a rich source of Cager humor, resulting in a long list of Keyless jokes such as "Why did the Harmonium scrag the Keyless? To protect him from the menace of the streets." The Harmonium ain't known for its sense of humor.

Precious few petitioners live in Sigil; most who do serve neutrality or powers of travel. A few petitioners from the Outlands come to the Cage as well. Sigil serves as a neutral zone that somehow belongs to all realms of the Land. This means that Outlands petitioners aren't permanently destroyed if slain while within Sigil.

Nevertheless, few petitioners care for the contrast between the paradise of their power's realm and the Cage, and they scurry home as soon as their orders permit.



## COLLECTORS

The Collectors are the untouchables of Sigil, those unclean outcasts who collect the bodies of the dead. A few Collectors are members of the Dustmen (and wear the dark, drab weeds of that faction), a few are Indeps or Bleakers, but most are just too poor to worry about the factions or the Truth of the Multiverse. All of them just barely eke out a living by looting dead bodies and taking them to the Mortuary. The Dustmen pay the Collectors a pittance for saving them the trouble of transporting the deceased (and Mhasha Zakk pays 'em more; see "Zakk's Corpse Curing" in the Clerk's Ward chapter). A few say that the Collectors are a little overeager in the pursuit of their duties, and who can blame them?

A typical prayer of the Collectors runs a bit like this: "O whatever power this poor sod worship'd, look kindly upon the departed spirit of — anyone know this sod's name? — oh, well, the departed spirit o' your servant. 'Ere now, is that a gold tooth he's got?"

The Collectors are also ragpickers, thieves, and rather dismal merchants, reselling anything that still has a shred of use in it. What they can't use themselves, they sell to others. To them, there's no such thing as garbage: only things that they haven't quite found the proper mark for yet.



## DABUS

The dabus are the servants of our Dread Lady, Her Serenity the Lady of Pain. Her will is their will. They are also Sigil's first settlers, more native than the planars who just happen to be born here. There are no records, no tales, not even rumors of a time in Sigil when the dabus were not present, silently watching over the City of Doors.

Some of the wise say that the dabus built Sigil, and that's why they serve it as no other Cagers do. Dabus seem to consider Sigil their master as much as the Lady, for they are forever patching and fixing it, laying cobblestones, digging for pipes, trimming back razorvine, roofing city buildings, whitewashing, and sweeping the streets. Likewise, they often tear down sections and build over streets that they find unworthy (for reasons known only to themselves). Oddly, when the dabus are questioned they claim that the city itself created them. No one's quite clear on what they mean by this, and they rarely elaborate. The few vague explanations they do offer are completely obscure.

The homes of the dabus are deep underground; some Cagers say that the entire torus is a warren of dabus, and the part of Sigil on its surface is only the face the city shows to the Ring, to travelers. The actual city is a maze of deep tunnels, storehouses, dungeons, and corridors that have remained entirely proof against invasion for eons upon eons. Others (perhaps less prone to exaggeration, perhaps less willing to see the truth) claim that the dabus' supposed warrens are no deeper than fox dens or slaad nests: shallow diggings that are simply refuges for the dabus. The darkest rumors claim that the dabus wish to restore the pristine state the city exhibited before other races traveled the planes, when the Cage was entirely under the dabus' control.

## FACTOLS AND FACTIONS ◆ HEADQUARTERS ◆

It's easy to lose track of where the factions' cases are, and easy to forget the names of those who run 'em. A body should know who runs the town, and — since those who meet the Lady don't live to tell the tale — knowing the factols should be enough for any reasonable cutter. Sure, some bodies just can't go on without meeting a high-up, more fools they.

The quick and dirty table below is the current listing. Note that the Free League and the Revolutionary League have no factols.

One defunct faction's also worth knowing about. Called the Expansionists, they were led by Vartus Timlin in an attempt (failed, obviously) to overthrow the Lady of Pain. Chant is, Vartus has been thrown into a maze, and his followers dispersed once their factol was gone. All written references to the Expansionists have been removed to the Rare and Dangerous Volumes Vault of the Hall of Records. And then there's the Communals, berks who thought everything in Sigil ought to be shared equally. The Lady "removed" them, too — personally.

Leaders of the sects rarely come to Sigil, but they are worth knowing regardless; a body never knows when they might decide to move into the big city. The Anarchs are the rulers and masters of the chaos-stuff of Limbo, able to bend raw matter to their will. The Children of the Vine are Dionysian revelers from Arborea: great at a festival, not much good for anything else. Limbo's Converts, also called the Chameleons, are dangerous because they always believe whatever they were last told, and they can assume the guise of any faction. The Dispossessed are a grumbling lot of exiles and whiners hiding in Pandemonium, unwilling to face the dan-

FACTION (NICKNAMES)	FACTOL	BUILDING	WARD
Athar (the Lost)	Terrance	Shattered Temple	Lower
Believers of the Source	Ambar	Great Foundry	Lower
Bleak Cabal	Lhar	the Gatehouse	Hive
Doomguard	Pentar	Armory	The Lady's
Dustmen (the Dead)	Skall	Mortuary	Hive
Fated	Rowan Darkwood	Hall of Records	Clerk's
Fraternity of Order (Guvners)	Hashkar	City Courts	The Lady's
Free League (Indeps)	None	Great Bazaar	Market
Harmonium	Sarin	City Barracks	The Lady's
Mercykillers	Mallin	Prison	The Lady's
Revolutionary League	None	None	None
Sign of One	Darius	Hall of Speakers	Clerk's
Society of Sensation	Erin	Civic Festhall	Clerk's
Transcendent Order	Rhys	Great Gymnasium	Guild
Xaositects	Karan	Hive	the Hive



gers that led to their exile in the first place. A bitter lot of talkers, really. The Order of the Planes-Militant is a powerful order of knights with a Cause, headquartered in an enormous monastery on Mount Celestia. Fortunately, their strict code keeps their numbers low, and they rarely show themselves in Sigil. The Ring-Givers are a strange pack of mendicants from Ysgard who believe that a cutter's worth isn't how much he owns, but how much he can give away. They're always poor and begging, and the chant's that any gift to them comes back to the giver tenfold. 'Course, any gifts Ring-Givers give come back to *them* tenfold as well, so watch out for Ring-Givers bearing gifts. (See the *Planes of Chaos* and *Planes of Law* boxed sets for more details on these sects.)

## FAC+Θ+UMS

Factotums are a step up from the lowest ranking (and most common) faction members, who are called namers. Factotums're more trusted and more useful to their faction than namers, so the factions actually pay them to carry out tasks for the factol. The factotums'd have a cutter believe this means lots of action, magecraft, and secret missions, but most of the time, it means lots of shepherding guests around Sigil. This don't mean their lives are dull: In fact, a factotum's half tout, half street preacher. Most touts can't abide this encroachment on their business, and wage a constant propaganda war against the factotums. (Well, some of 'em, anyway.) According to the touts, the factotums're slaves to the factions they represent, and can't give a body an unbiased view of Sigil for love or money. Their real duty is to spy on high-ups visiting the Cage, and all the factotums see that important visitors to their factions get what they need, stay out of trouble, and don't see what they shouldn't. Sure, factotums'll guide a body around, but what they're really good for is guiding a body through the ins and outs of Sigil's politics.

A cutter can't pay a factotum to guide him around Sigil (not that he'd want to); factotums're assigned to those visitors that the factol deems need one. A body should avoid these poor bastards unless he needs to get into a faction headquarters; then, there's no choice.

## ◆ HIRELINGS ◆

Sigil's full of helpful people: They help themselves to wallets, hats, neglected mounts, and anything else not nailed down or locked up. Entire gangs of thieves devote themselves to stealing rich garments from clotheslines, or fishing for lace through windows, or throwing cargo and baggage from moving vehicles, or plucking valuable wigs from pompous advocates. But there are sharpers *within* the best houses as well. A

blood won't let the cheerful smiles of servants fool him; they're taking home extra food and nipping at the bottles in the cellar. Everyone knows that servants and hirelings will take a little off the top for themselves, but no one objects.

Cagers hate a stingy berk. The poor are more than willing to be loyal, hardworking servants for anyone with a little jink. Any high-up who refuses to hire servants is considered an antisocial miser who's probably up to no good. Cutters who can afford it should boost their standing among others by hiring at least a small retinue: a tout, a light boy, and perhaps a sedan chair when required. Displaying poverty is not a virtue. Displaying wealth – and sharing it – will make any cutter well loved, or at least well liked, by servants and neighbors.

## CΘURIERS

Getting a simple message across town is no simple task in Sigil. A trip from one side to the other can take hours, even as much as a day in bad weather. Some have families, apprentices, servants, or namers (faction members who're low folk on the totem pole) to take the message, but those who don't – travelers, widows, slaadi – can always hire a courier. Professional couriers live by their reputations, so they're fairly reliable. The more powerful their customer, the more reliable they get. There's always the danger of cross-traders and impostors, but then, writing down anything truly important instead of delivering it face-to-face is dangerous, too.

All said, the best thing to do is not to go telling the dark of things to just anyone by writing it down and handing it to a stranger. That's why the so-called "silent couriers" are so highly regarded; they serve as receptacles for *magic mouth* spells that are triggered in the presence of the intended recipient. The sight of a courier suddenly sprouting a mouth on his chest, forehead, or elsewhere is enough to turn a weak stomach, but it ain't often seen in the inns and taverns – most of the ensorcelled messengers deliver their information in private. 'Course, all this magic and privacy costs a pile of jink, so silent couriers are an elite breed working for elite masters.

'Most all the silent couriers and the best of the rest answer to Autochon the Bellringer in The Lady's Ward, the so-called Minister of Messages (PI/♂ human/F12/Free League/NE). Autochon's a strange one: always in





full armor, with a hunched back and a thin, whispery voice and a crushing handshake. It ain't that the Bell-ringer does much for his servants except collect his fees from them, though he does look into anyone threatening or assaulting them (bad for his business). The real reason every courier makes at least token allegiance to Autochon is that he punishes those who "impersonate a courier" (that is, don't pay their dues to him) by hamstringing them and tearing out their tongues, ending a potentially profitable career.

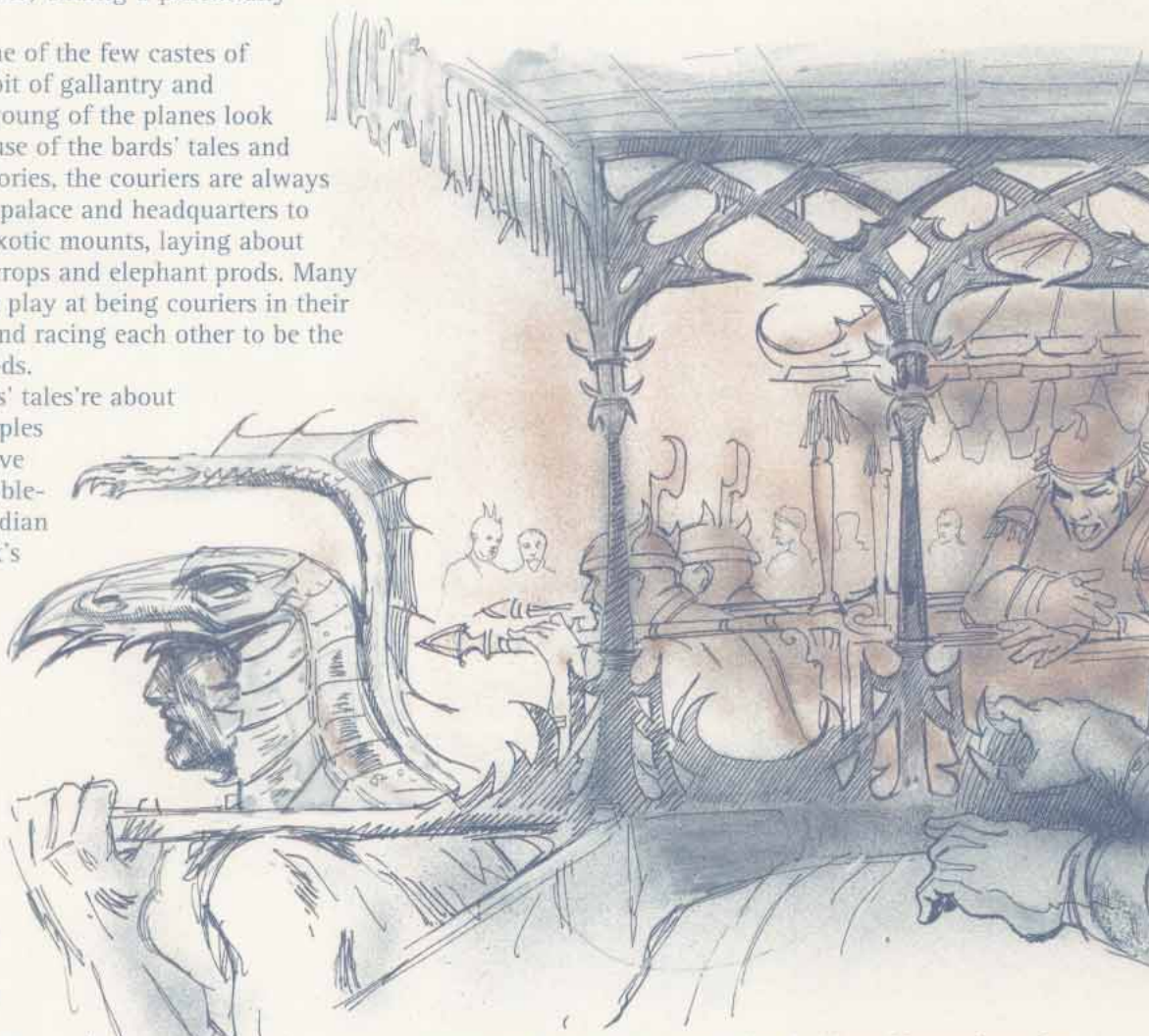
The couriers are one of the few castes of Sigil that shine with a bit of gallantry and glamour; many of the young of the planes look up to the couriers because of the bards' tales and songs about them. In stories, the couriers are always dashing from palace to palace and headquarters to headquarters on their exotic mounts, laying about them with their riding crops and elephant prods. Many of Sigil's filthy children play at being couriers in their street games, pushing and racing each other to be the first to deliver their goods.

Most of these bards' tales're about as useful as the road apples the Arcadian ponies leave behind them on the cobblestones. (What's an Arcadian pony? Look in the Clerk's Ward chapter, under "Tea Street Transit.") Sure, a few lucky berks get to bend the ears of some rich fops, but most drag themselves quickly and silently through Sigil's stinking streets. A real courier doesn't want a crowd: Someone might want to bargain for what he's delivering, or just plain nick it.

The most famous of the real couriers are magically bound to the goods placed in their care; if their messages and packages are taken from them, they wither and die until they recover the goods. For this reason, their precautions are extreme and their fees exorbitant. (Face it: How would you like it, knowing that if you lose a packet you'll become some kind of zombie, doomed to shuffle the streets of the Cage until you get it back?)

## LIGHT BOYS

With so many hours of darkness and gloom, and the dabus no longer maintaining the ancient city streetlights, light boys are more than a common service: They're a necessity. Mostly children (rarely girls, who are often kept at home by protective parents) under the age of 12 or so, the light boys stick together for protection outside inns and in the larger squares, where they wait for customers. Though they hire out to anyone with ready coin, the light boys're especially adept at



handling drunks. Though a few bubbers blame them for stealing their cash, the truth's more likely that the bubbers just forgot how many rounds they drank.

Most light boys're street urchins just barely out of the gutter; somehow they've begged or borrowed a *lantern staff*, that is, a staff or wand enchanted with a *continual light* spell. The color of the staves identifies the light boys, for each staff shines with a subtly different shade from cold purple to rich orange to sickly green. An old legend says the light boys were first formed when one of their number knocked out a



bubbed-up wizard in a dark alley and took the key to his tower, a tower full of prismatic magics. In the weeks thereafter, the light boys destroyed every magical light the dabus maintained (to create a demand for their services, the little scamps), using a *wand of negation* given to them by a lesser baatezu with a personal agenda.

These days, the light boys aren't nearly so united as they once were. The urchins fight among themselves for the staves, so light boys are hardened to brawling and can prove helpful in a scrape. They have no leader, though the older boys can often persuade the others to

(and a few dishonest souls among the regular light boys) are panderers, fences, or sneak-thieves willing to cut a purse, arrange an "accident," or recover stolen property for a reasonable finder's fee.

Such cons bring the wrath of the Harmonium down on the light boys, but it never lasts long. The light boys simply take their staves and go home to their hovels. After the city's been plunged into darkness for a few hours, the Harmonium relents — mostly because the cover of darkness creates more problems than a few deceptive light boys ever could.

## SEDAN CHAIRS

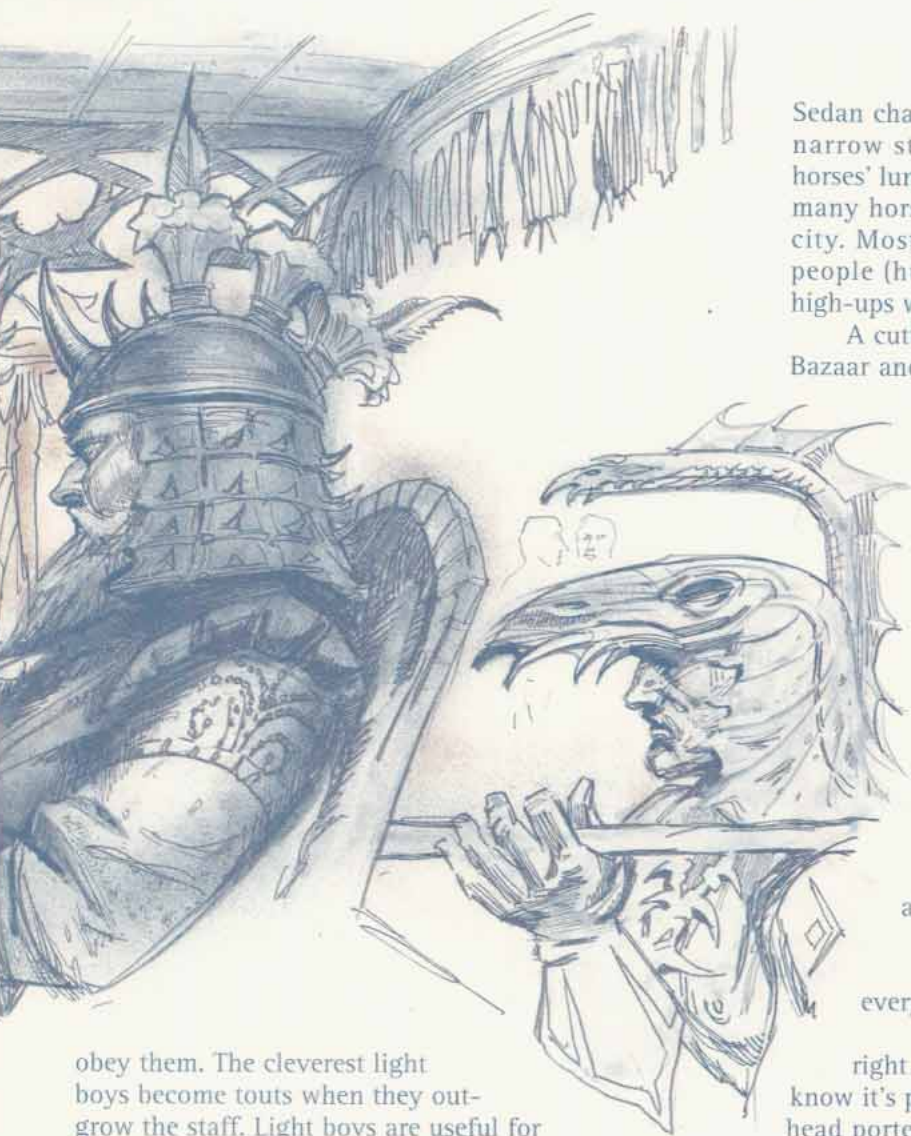
Sedan chairs are Sigil's taxi service. The city's bad air, narrow streets, and harsh cobblestones etch away horses' lungs and infect their hooves, so there aren't too many horses or other valuable mounts stabled in the city. Most things are carried on the backs of other people (human or otherwise), and this includes the high-ups who usually travel in carriages in other cities.

A cutter can arrange for a sedan chair at the Great Bazaar and most important buildings, like the Festhall.

Each chair can seat two human-sized creatures, and all are draped with satin or velvet curtains that are kept drawn for privacy or against the chill. A small grillwork window gives the occupants a view forward. Most chairs are carried by four strong bearers, from bariaur to fiend to githzerai, though a few single-seated chairs are carried by just two. Sedan carriers won't go to the Hive or to the most dangerous sections of the Lower Ward.

Chairs are the easy way to travel and to show off wealth for the high-ups of the city, but their bearers don't tell a basher where he should or shouldn't go. Chairs are also for those who can't or won't walk (which are often the same folk as high-ups — why become a high-up if you've got to live like everyone else?).

Hiring a chair's like anything else: There's a right way and a wrong way to go about it. Bloods know it's proper to pay the head porter, not others. The head porter always takes the position in front and on the left hand side of the sedan chair (where he can use his right shoulder and arm and has a clear view of the traffic ahead). It's an insult to pay any of the lesser ones — though not enough of an insult that they won't take a cutter's money. (They *will* give a cutter a swaying, bumpy ride, though.) A tip to the Clueless: Sedan chairs may be expensive, but they're a good way to escape pursuit when boxed in.



obey them. The cleverest light boys become touts when they outgrow the staff. Light boys are useful for more than just light, since most of them know a particular neighborhood pretty well and can act as unofficial guides or touts.

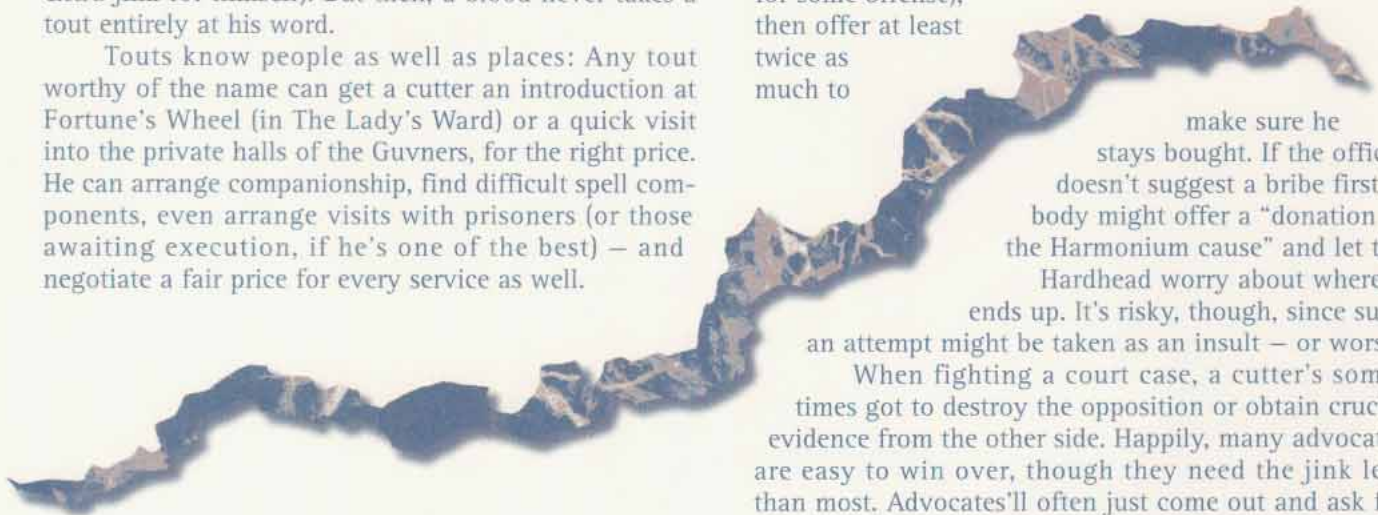
Most light boys are human, but there's a smattering of enterprising young tieflings or bariaur. Though the majority of the light boys are simply hirelings with lanterns, some are young thieves who only pose as light boys, to lure the unsuspecting into a trap. These frauds



## TOUTS

To listen to their claims, tous are the miracleworkers, the guides and loremasters of the city. Sure, they come up from the streets, from the smithies and the pubs, and they know their way through every ward and every major street and square. A tout worth his jink knows the password to every kip and case in town worth visiting, and knows how much garnish (see below) to give everyone, from the warehouse guard to the keeper of the keys of the Armory (though if a tout's been insulted by the body who hired him, a smart one'll skim a little extra jink for himself). But then, a blood never takes a tout entirely at his word.

Touts know people as well as places: Any tout worthy of the name can get a cutter an introduction at Fortune's Wheel (in The Lady's Ward) or a quick visit into the private halls of the Guvners, for the right price. He can arrange companionship, find difficult spell components, even arrange visits with prisoners (or those awaiting execution, if he's one of the best) — and negotiate a fair price for every service as well.



## A GUIDE + GARNISHES

Sigil's a paladin's nightmare; it runs on bribes (garnishes, the Cagers call 'em), graft, thievery, and violence. Everything's for sale, and only the threat of force keeps opposing factions and fiends in line. Riots break out when the breweries deliver late, when it's payday among the smithies of the Lower Ward, or even when the weather's just been miserable for too long (which is pretty often).

To avoid these troubles, it's best to smooth the waters with a little jink. This's a matter of much debate in the alehouses of the rich, and is largely a matter of personal taste. Some claim more than the minimum guarantees promptness, better service, and a certain loyalty. The opposing school of thought says a cutter shouldn't waste his money; anything more than the minimum guarantees nothing but (perhaps) a smug smile from the recipient. The only solid rule's that offering less than a basher feels he's worth is a sure insult, guaranteed to backfire. So, what's the minimum?

Officials of the factions won't all take a garnish. Those who will are the Athar, the Godsmen, the Ciphers, the Fated, the Sensates, the Dustmen, the Signers, the Mercykillers, and the Doomguard. Bleakers and Chaos-

men'll take it if they're in a receptive humor; otherwise they tend to ignore jink as meaningless or uninteresting. Guvners're split; only the evil ones will take a bribe. The Free Leaguers and Revolutionary League will not take such monies, and the Harmonium — well, bribing them is an exercise in diplomacy.

It's often crucial to offer the right sweetener to a Harmonium patrol, but, sadly, a body can't bribe 'em all. The ones who do take garnishes prefer to think of the jink as a fine or a penalty — just a bribe in disguise, really, but they don't see it that way. Wait for their officer to bring up the subject (often as "a fee" or "a fine" for some offense), then offer at least twice as much to

make sure he stays bought. If the officer doesn't suggest a bribe first, a body might offer a "donation to the Harmonium cause" and let the Hardhead worry about where it ends up. It's risky, though, since such an attempt might be taken as an insult — or worse.

When fighting a court case, a cutter's sometimes got to destroy the opposition or obtain crucial evidence from the other side. Happily, many advocates are easy to win over, though they need the jink less than most. Advocates'll often just come out and ask for it, but never give them more than a third of what they demand or they'll take you for fat, easy pickings. Usual requests are for at least 20 gp, and often more.

Priests are a trickier business; the power involved must be considered (priests of gods of wealth have very large appetites for garnishes). Best recommendation of most tous is to offer at least 4 or 5 silvers as a donation, just as with a faction.

Bribing servants is best done only when the servant is first hired or when special favors are needed. Never offer more than 20 gp, even to the most powerful valet or well-placed butler. They'll feel guilty enough to report it to their masters if they get more than they can quickly spend.

Clerks and scribes appreciate something "for their trouble," since they feel their attention is a privilege, not a right. Because of these cutters' small salaries, small garnishes gather big favors. Large amounts of gold make them feel guilty and nervous; avoid the temptation to slather on a garnish. However, gifts need not be cash — these folks appreciate luxury goods such as fine wines, books, and the like.

Guild artisans can be bribed to complete a project early, or to place it before other standing orders. The general rule is 10%, paid as a "token of esteem" (and then forgotten about when the goods are delivered and the full bill comes due).



## HARMONIUM ♦ PATROLS ♦

The ever-vigilant Harmonium keeps the peace — or the faction's idea of it — with foot patrols of two to four watchmen (Pl/var/F1-3/Harmonium/L). Now, a Harmonium guardsman's view of things is that everyone should obey orders, which are always lawful and generally good. Arguing or trying to explain one's self is a sign of defiance, which in itself is cause enough to get a berk arrested. It's no surprise that when the guardsmen see something they don't like, most all of the Cagers — not just the guilty — make themselves scarce.

This don't mean that the Harmonium is really respected: only feared. The Harmonium patrols're the strong arm of the Law, ever willing to enforce order on the unruly city. Most citizens think they're either self-important buffoons, always looking out for everyone else's business but their own, or dangerous meddlers, upsetting the carefully laid plans of their betters. The Harmonium guardsmen ain't fools, though, as anyone with eyes to see can tell. After all, even the bravest of them never ventures into the Hive.

These patrols use *planar mancatchers*, which look much like a prime version of the weapon but are engraved with mystic runes that prevent a githyanki, githzerai, or other planesifter from escaping. There's always at least one in any patrol.



### The Dark: Planar Mancatchers

The *planar mancatcher* looks like the prime version of the weapon: a long pole with a set of spring-loaded, sharpened jaws at one end. 'Course, the *planar mancatcher* is a +2 weapon made entirely of steel or harder metal and engraved with mystic runes. It was made to catch githyanki, githzerai, and other creatures that can *plane shift*, *teleport*, or otherwise give 'em the laugh at will. While spell- or item-based plane shifting doesn't work in the Cage, creatures with innate/natural shifting ability are still "slippery" there. Since it's nearly impossible to hold one of these nasties when the critter can simply shift away to a more hospitable part of Sigil (not to another plane, just to another place in the Cage), planar mages plagued by plane-shifters finally devised the *planar mancatcher* — makes giving the law the laugh a little bit tougher for the garden-variety githyanki. The mancatchers are very popular with the Harmonium, whose patrols carry them around Sigil, just in case they catch a shifter in the cross-trade.

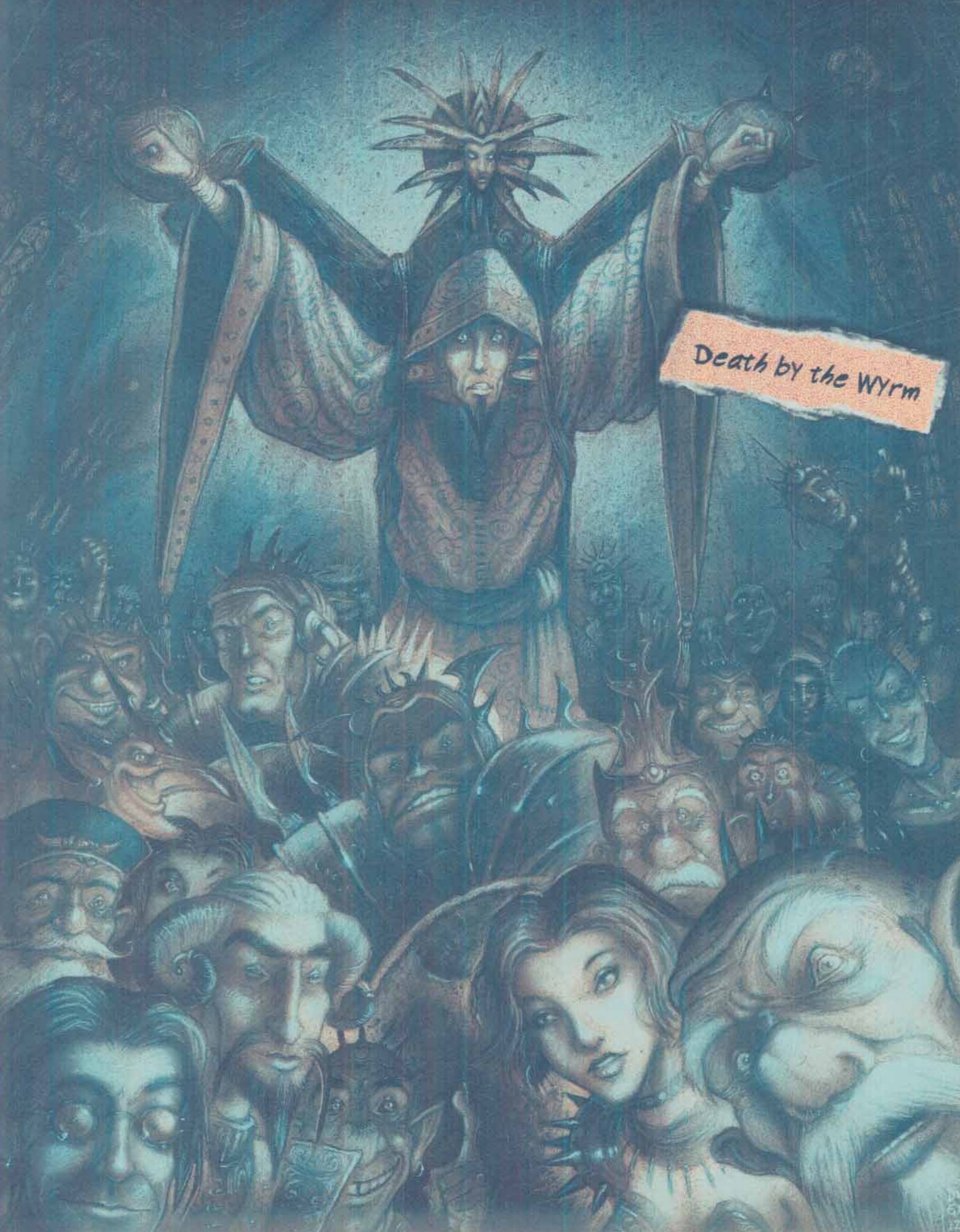
To use the mancatcher, all a body needs to do is hit the target (L-, M-, or S-size creatures only; bigger ones are too big to enter the jaws, and smaller ones can slip right through). Treat the target as AC 10, though Dexterity bonuses apply. Magical bonuses, armor, and various other magics (excepting displacement, which makes a body awful hard to catch) have no effect on *Armor Class*.

Once the target's caught, the jaws of the mancatcher snap tight around it, and the victim loses all shield and Dexterity bonuses to *Armor Class*. The target also suffers 1d2 points of damage each round it struggles, has a 25% chance of falling to the ground, and — if the attacker is larger or has leverage — can be pushed or pulled around at the controller's fancy. The victim can break free with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll, but suffers 1d2 points of additional damage in the attempt.

An attempt by the victim to use a plane shift of any sort (innate, magical, or item-based) activates another feature of the mancatcher: It sends a dose of painful magic coursing through the shifter's body. Every attempt to shift inflicts 1d10 points of damage to the victim. For each point of this damage, the sod has a 1% chance of being knocked unconscious by the magical resonance. This chance is cumulative during a single entrapment.









## WRITING THE DEAD-BOOK: ♦ EXECUTIONS IN SIGIL ♦

Sometimes when a body's written into the dead-book in Sigil the entire town turns out to watch, 'cause when the Mercykillers decide it's time for an execution, the Cagers prepare to be entertained. The condemned are led out of the Prison into a tumbrel (a simple, two-wheeled cart) and

WE HAVE THREE WAYS  
OF DEALING WITH  
TROUBLESOME PRIMES  
LIKE YOU:  
HANGING,  
BEHEADING,  
AND THE WYRM.

### — RULE-OF-THREE

Once the prisoners have been carted into the Square, the road out of town takes one of three main forms: by the noose, by the sword, or by the Wyrms (see page 44–45).

Before the criminals are brought before the gallows or the block, they are always allowed a short speech, either to repent their crimes or to brag of them, or to curse their accusers or their executioner (ensuring a painful, lingering end). Provided the condemned's speeches are entertaining and relatively short, the crowd is generally indulgent at this point. The festive atmosphere is highlighted by sales of meat pies and cheaply printed "life stories" of the accused (many of which are simply cobbled together from previous executions' unsold pamphlets).

Death on the gallows has a hundred names: the Leafless Tree, the Rope, the Last Dance. . . . By and large, hanging is reserved for deserters, embezzlers, murderers, and escaped slaves. The noose is considered both quick and quite entertaining, for unless the neck snaps immediately the victim always struggles. 'Course, the prisoner's expected to offer a garnish to the hangman to ensure a properly set rope: Setting the knot at the side of the neck

taken to the place of execution, called the Petitioners' Square. All along the way the crowds jeer the prisoners, pelt them with stones and offal, and mock their crimes (and their stupidity for getting caught).

THERE'S ONLY THREE WAYS  
OUT OF THE LADY'S PRISON:  
BY THE MIRACLE OF JUSTICE,  
BY THE CERTAINLY OF DEATH,  
OR BY THE MAGIC OF MONEY.

### — RULE-OF-THREE

improves the chances of snapping the spine cleanly, whereas a knot at the back of the neck ensures that the hanged man will suffocate slowly, dancing all the while.

Execution by the blade is generally reserved for nobles and powerful faction members — high-ups guilty of crimes such as seeking to close a portal to the Outlands, failing to provide taxes to the city treasury, libeling the Lady, or such like. The executioner's swords are specially suited for the task: They have terrible balance and no point, only two sharp edges — a bit like an elongated cleaver. The two executioner's blades of Sigil are nicknamed Scythe and Raven, and endless debates rage among the Mercykillers as to which of the two cuts cleaner. Both are engraved with the same motto: "Justice reigns."

Death by the Wyrms is an extremely rare, lingering, spectacular demise. The occasion is almost always declared a public holiday, so that the entire town can turn out to watch. The roar of the Wyrms, the terror of the victim (usually bound to a post, blindfolded if the executioner is given a bit of garnish), the impassiveness of the Guvners — all these things make for a spectacle few Cagers want to miss.

Enormous crowds turn out, and brawls over seats can turn into small riots. Since only traitors to the city (those who betray the trust placed in them, such as those who

slay dabus, those who reveal secret gates, or those who charge tolls and tariffs on the Lady's portals) are sentenced to death by the Wyrms, the square is rarely treated to this show.

As with any entertainment, the crowds demand satisfaction from the executions rather quickly, and so after the prisoners' speeches, the whole matter is usually settled in 15 minutes or less. The law also demands that the sentence be carried out promptly; for death by the blade, if an executioner fails to put the deader in the book after three tries the criminal is pardoned and set free.

Most prisoners don't get this sort of pardon; their bodies are put on display in the square. Most are simply put on pikes, but a few of the worst offenders are always displayed in iron cages where the city's ravens peck at them until nothing is left.

IF SOMEONE DON'T SHUT  
THAT FIEND'S YAP  
I'LL SHUT IT FOR HIM.  
AND WHAT'S THE WYRM?

### — LAST WORDS OF RAGMAN KREN



***The True, Complete, and Secret History  
of the Lady of Pain,  
from her first days in Sigil  
(and the creation thereof), to the Present Day.***



THE CONTENTS OF THIS GREAT WORK were Revealed in a Dream to the Notorious and Infallible Seer Holledamnis and further confirmed by a translated Slaadi elemental horoscope of the Lady cast by Zigkrat, the Grey Slaad of Eternal Wisdom.

Setting forth also the Habits and Likings of this Patron Protectress of the City of Doors, and her Origin among (and Escape From) the Tanar'ri of the realm called the Sulfanorum, where she was hatched from a Dabus Egg by Io, lord of Dragonkind.

By Arcane and Exacting Calculation, A Complete and Detailed Listing of Things to Come for the Lady and all Cagers has been Compiled, fully Explained in all Particulars.

Lastly, An Appendix detailing the Secret Ceremonies of the Cult of Aoskar is included at no extra Charge.

All Facts Guaranteed.

Those Wishing to Dispute the Truth of this Great, True, and Secret Work are directed to Her Serenity, Our Lady of Pain.



## ◆ THE LADY OF PAIN ◆

The Lady, Her Serenity, the most high-up of all of Sigil's bloods, is a mystery wrapped in an enigma. She never speaks, yet her will is plain to the dabus without a sound. What is the meaning of Our Lady's dread silence? No one knows. Her servitors, the dabus, don't utter a sound either, but their images speak for them. The strange symbiosis between the dabus and the Lady has been commented on by more than one graybeard, but few are willing to go the next step and suggest that perhaps the Lady is one of the dabus, perhaps their queen, or even their (whisper it) goddess. There's no evidence for it, yet it seems plausible.

The Lady of Pain has been the ruler of Sigil as long as living and written memory tells us. Tales of only a few events of her long life have survived the passing of years, and those events are all tied to the city that cages her. The full details of the secret history and intrigues of the Lady are best left unexplored; her compassion for her chroniclers has never been very profound. Her destruction of her enemies has always been swift and merciless.

The Lady has a very long history of defending herself and her city, using the mazes as the ultimate defense. But Our Lady has not always had access to the mazes, for she once cast pretenders to the Throne of Blades into Agathion, the third layer of Pandemonium. As recounted in the oldest known legend of the Lady, 10,000 years ago Shekelor — then the greatest mage in the city of Sigil — sought to increase his already formidable power. The tale tells that like many others, he wanted to seize the Lady's throne, but unlike others, he was cautious and wary, for many had failed before him. He sought an almost-successful usurper entrapped in Pandemonium, but in the end the plane's dangers destroyed him, and he died burning from within before a crowd in the City Courts. What's most interesting about the tale is how it hints that the Lady hasn't always had the power to create Mazes, which in turn implies that the power

could be taken away from her. How that might be done, though, is darker than the bottom of the Abyss.

The most recent troublemakers in Sigil were members of the faction called the Expansionists, who were destroyed when their leader was cast out into one of the Lady's Mazes. Vartus Timlin was the factol of the Expansionists, and his great influence was made even more so by a powerful sword named *Lightbringer*. However, when he began speaking openly of seizing power, deposing the Lady of Pain, and making himself the Cage's center of control, both he and his blade were cast into one of the Mazes.

Chant also has it that the Lady's hand is behind the destruction of the Shattered Temple (which now serves as the headquarters of the Athar, also called the Lost), because its worshipers began offering sacrifices to her as an aspect of Aoskar. Since none of those present at the destruction of the Temple survived, the story's pure conjecture at best, but it matches her present behavior.

Little else is known about the Lady's origins or history, but a few of her behaviors follow a pattern. The Lady never speaks. Some say that she just doesn't waste her time talking to those who aren't her equals — and any equals would be cast into a Maze.

The statistical indexes and compilations of the Guvners have also established the fact that when the dabus are disturbed, the Lady's mind is troubled. How the dabus know, however, is a question that brings no useful answer from the mute dabus.

### ✧ Warrant for Arrest ✧

*To Our Faithful Gervant Garin of the Harmonium, Factol and Publick Servant,  
in whose hands rests the Care of Our City.*

*Seek out Your Peer, Vartus Timlin, factol of the Expansionists, also known  
as the Imperialists, and Take Him Speedily into Custody that He may Cause  
no more Harm to the Body Politic and Imbalance our Fair City of Doors.*

*Once he is Rendered Bound and Harmless, you are to take this Miscreant to  
the Courts with All Due Haste, that he may be Judged by Hoshkar of the  
Guvners and Sentenced According to the Law.*

*Let him then be taken to Mallin of the Mercykillers, Gaoler of the Tower of  
the Wyrm, there to suffer such Justice as may await him.*

*By Our Hand with All Affection,*



*the Lady of Pain*





## ◆ SIX TOURS OF SIGIL ◆

The Sensates claim the only way to know anything is to experience it, and that's as true of Sigil as it is of any great city. Here, then, are six quick ways to get lost in Sigil. Choose a path, and watch your back.

### THE QUICK TOUR FOR THE CLUELESS

Some of the Clueless show up in Sigil expecting to see it all in a day, then go and see the Great Ring in another week at most. The touts do their best to accommodate these berks, and the Quick Tour is one way to make 'em beg for more.

The Quick Tour depends on the rare portals that lead from one part of the city to another, such as from the Ubiquitous Wayfarer (see page 57) to the Clerk's Ward or The Lady's Ward. It covers the city's major temples, its main squares, and all the faction headquarters that are open to the public (all but the Prison and the Mortuary, that is). Touts don't stop in any location longer than 15 or 20 minutes, and the tour still lasts all

day. The effect, especially when combined with a few strong Cager ales and the thin air, can be quite dizzying — a few poor sods have passed out before the halfway point.

### THE SNOB'S TOUR

The tour that gives arrogant or elitist visitors a taste and leaves 'em happy but unfulfilled is called the "Six New and Superior Wards," invented by Armaud the Honey-Tongued, the creator of many of the true tout's best tricks. It's a tour to give snobs more than they bargained for, and works best on those bashers who think they've seen it all. In fact, those are the marks who really just need good food, lots of drink, and some

friendly company.

It goes like this:

Starting in the Market and Guildhall wards, snobs visit Risvold Street and Imel's Happy Tongue (see its entry in

SORRY, FRIEND.

— GEENA MIRRA+HAR,  
+OU+.

RESPONDING +@  
REQUEST+ FOR AN ESCORT+  
+@ +HE HIVE WARD





the Market Ward chapter), then move on to Nittmin's Aerial Tours for a quick overview of Sigil. In the Clerk's Ward they tour the Civic Festhall, where they are treated to a concert by the planes' finest artists. After the final curtain, the visitors move along to the Hive Ward and the B&J — where, if their tout's been clever, they're entertained with one of Hoxun's boxing matches. (See the B&J entry in the Hive Ward chapter.) Following this rousing spectacle, the tour continues on to the Styx Oarsman in the Lower Ward, in which the marks mingle with fiends the likes of which they'd normally pay to be kept away from. When the atmosphere becomes too uncomfortable, it's time to move on to the final stop: the Park of the Infernal and Divine, in The Lady's Ward. The rants of the barmies and Anarchists are like heavenly choirs compared to the previous two stops on this tour. Armaud's made certain that anyone paying for the Snob's Tour won't be disappointed.

## THE PUB CRAWL, OR A TOUR FOR THE CLUELESS

Every sod worth a copper knows that half of Sigil's in its cups from peak to antipeak (or later). That's no surprise; there's a thousand stinking alehouses in the Cage, and the Clueless always want to see them all, as if they were that different from the ones "back home." Why? Who knows? Who can fathom the Clueless, mystery of the multiverse that they are? Well, maybe the poor berks have never seen a slaad or a baatezu drinking, but the smoke and smog make every Cager thirsty. Besides, fiends and aasimon got problems, too.

The drinking tour for the Clueless begins in The Lady's Ward at the Speckled Rat, goes to the Golden Bariaur for what may be the multiverse's most expensive flagon of water, moves on to the Styx Oarsman in



the Lower Ward, and ends at the Green Mill (sweet sanctuary after the poor primes' trials and troubles, plus the owner pays a bounty to touts who bring him new business). Basically, even the mildest (to a Cager) exotic atmosphere and least unusual (ditto) patrons are enough to get the marks shuddering in terror and whispering to one another. The poor bashers act like they've never seen a deva in a tavern before, and tip outrageously if a tout "arranges" to protect them from a hostile fiend — even the most pox-ridden rutterkin's enough to make the Clueless quake. A true tout works out arrangements in advance, and never cuts a deal with a tanar'ri. True touts stick to baatezu; they'll ask for more jink, but they'll honor the setup if it profits them.

### THE MERCHANT'S TOUR

Some bashers don't care about nothing but things. They don't care where the sods, barmies, or bloods are; they're looking to unload their wares and pick up some trinkets on the cheap, to sell to the Outlanders and most innocent of the Clueless. In other words, they're looking for berks with a pile of jink, and they care more about the jink than the berks. Good touts'll give the customers what they want.

This tour starts with the Great Bazaar, passes by the Guildhalls and the Great Foundry that are of interest to the body who pays for it all, and ends where it began at the Great Bazaar. Truly greedy bashers have been known to have food and drink brought to them while they haggle with a

merchant, for their negotiating



I HAVE SEEN +HE  
HORDLINGS @F BAA+@R,  
+HE MEPHI+@F CARCERI,  
+HE YUG@L@+HS @F GEHENNA.  
NONE ARE AS VILE,

AS UNCLEAN  
AS +HE SLUM DWELLERS  
@F +HE HIVE WARD.

— TARS+IX,  
INDEP EXPLORER



can stretch for hours or even days when major purchases are involved. For a tout, it's boring but gainful work. Longtime pros bring a chessboard, cards, or dice to while away the time between business deals.

### THE GENTLEMAN'S TOUR

"Step this way, sirrah, I can show you the wonders of the planes in an hour's time! What d'you fancy, sir: the embrace of a succubus, the fiery song of the asuras, and the truth of your future foretold by the lillend or the modrons? Step this way, good planars, and I'll tell you how I bearded a cambion in its lair and spun a web of magics from the hands of bubbling mages who should've seen it coming. Trust me, gents, I can show you anything you like."

"Gentleman" adventurers want flash, dazzle, and a little magic. They like it best wrapped up in the arms of new companions with winning smiles. They'll go slumming long enough to laugh at the poor and spit on the weak, but they don't really want to take chances; looking at the Hive through a spyglass is enough to send a chill down their spines. A tout who gives 'em the illusion of danger'll be rewarded with insults — and fat garnish, once they're in deep and need a smooth talker to get back out.

### THE BLOOD'S TOUR

It don't happen often, but once in a while, one of the high-ups from the Out-of-Town or Out-of-Touch realms asks to see where the power is. (That means from the Outlands or from beyond the Great Ring, you clueless sod!) These high-ups ain't marks: They're steps up the ladder to riches, joy, and a fat, slothful retirement full of companions (hired or otherwise) and ale. Bloods are big tippers, so good touts don't screw it up. They give the high-ups what they want, are polite, and don't tell jokes. The main centers for these visitors are inner chambers of the faction headquarters (whichever ones a tout can arrange for the price agreed), Fortune's Wheel (a gambling hall and tavern in The Lady's Ward), and the Palace of the Jester, also called the Court of Pain, where many of the bloods of The Lady's Ward meet.





## The Alchemy of Age

The Old Man Young Again, or Age Rejuvenescence  
in the Power of Material Things.  
Being an Excursus on the Uses of  
Physical Magics and Potions and  
of the Means of Augmenting  
Vigor of both Genders and of Pre-  
serving and Giving Greater Force  
to the Same.



Also clarifying the uses of the Apples of Immortality  
Lately brought to Our Fair City by the Noble Hero  
Wei Minh Lee, who risked both Life and Mind in their  
Recovery.



*Wherein is told the Tale of the Riches and Corruption of the city's High-ups.*

# THE LADY'S WARD

"The Lady's Ward is as silent and watchful as a chessboard. No move goes unnoticed or unchallenged here, so pawns and bit players die in droves — that's pawns like you and me, cutter.

Watch who you cross, and beware of who you're seen with; it don't pay to have the wrong enemies (or the wrong friends) here."

— Etain the Quick

The ward's as open and spacious as the hearts of its rulers're closed and cramped. Every main street's cold, broad, and echoing, and a cutter can see huge swathes of the sky, more than anywhere else in the city. Most Cagers don't care for the view, 'cause the view's a bit too big.

From the edge, some say a cutter can see right into that endless Void, and a smart cutter knows that *that* fall is infinite. Truth is, you just see black. And you never hit the bottom, you just die along the way. It's a convenient way to get rid of bodies "quietly" in this part of town. Most cutters spend as little time as possible on the ward's streets, under what passes in the Cage for open sky.

Off the main streets, the ward is a little more like the rest of town. The alleys are full of sharp corners, with lights shining from recessed windows. There're a good half-dozen public clock towers in the squares, all of which run forward and then backward, from peak to antipeak. Drives the modrons half-mad, it does, but attempts to make these clocks run forward always fail.

It's called The Lady's Ward (a Cager can hear the capital T) after the Lady of Pain. Not that she lives here more than anywhere else, it's just that she keeps her tools here: the City Barracks, the Court, the Prison, and the Armory — all the things that define her power and enforce her will. Since power attracts power, bloods set their cases in The Lady's Ward.

'Course, power also attracts those who feed on clout, money, and influence. The knights of the Ward are the hidden government, the shadow lords of the city. They are organized and keep a relative peace among themselves, to better their profits. The knights of The Lady's Ward live in the High Houses, as the palaces of the ward are known (see details below). The majority of these cases are set in what's called the Noble District, bounded by Portal Close, Harmonium Street, and Lords' Row. Most of the High Houses are private and extremely well guarded; nighttime deliveries are common, and even rich garnishes yield little valuable information. Few know what goes on behind their doors, or what treasures are larded away in their cellars. What the knights of the Lady want kept dark, stays dark.

Perhaps as a way of balancing the grasping, shameless greed of the High Houses, the ward is also home to over half the city's temples. These ain't just for the provincial powers from the Prime or some upstart Lords of the Abyss; no, The Lady's Ward is home to temples for the bloods







among the powers, including Ptah, Opener of the Ways, Io the Dragon King, and Brahman the Creator. (Don't forget, though; no powers are allowed into Sigil, by order of the Lady. Temples? Fine. Proxies? Fine. Powers? Not a chance.) As might be expected of the finest ward of the crossroads of the planes, most powers of travelers and wandering have their proxies and temples here, such as Muamman Duathal the dwarf wanderer, Baravar Cloakshadow of the gnomes, Koriel of the ki-rin, Diancastra of the giants and titans, Zivlyn of Krynn, and Daragor the shape-shifter. Their temples are all elaborate, sprawling buildings, richly decorated and well staffed with wide-eyed acolytes and hardened priests. Naturally, every temple in The Lady's Ward is designed to display the might and glory of its high-up. It's as if the multiverse itself had been mined of its monuments, and all of them were placed here.

The great creators and the traveling gods aren't the only ones who set their proxies' cases in this ward; there're also proxies of many powerful pantheons' leaders, including those of Shang-ti, Corellon Larethian, Gruumsh, the Lords of the Nine (the high-ups among the baatezu, rulers of the layers of Baator), Odin, Moradin Dwarffather, Garl Glittergold, Primus, Maglubiyet, and Zeus. Sure, the houses of the powers are great, and their proxies and servants are powerful, but in the end they too are drawn into the mad whirl of the *kriegstanz* that obsesses factols, fiends, and crime lords alike. In The Lady's Ward, even the powers' representatives are seen as merely more powerful pieces on the chessboard. Rooks, maybe, or bishops, I'd say.

## ◆ THE HIGH HOUSES ◆

Not surprisingly, the buildings in this ward reflect the power and wealth of their owners. The greatest of the palaces are called the High Houses, and each of them has a name and history longer than that of any of the lords who ever dwelt within. A few of the High Houses are known to every Cager: the grim, dominating Prison, the dour and humorless Barracks, and the regal and imposing City Court. Most other palaces, held privately, lie in the Noble District.

For all its majesty, The Lady's Ward is still cold and lifeless. It's the quietest and most orderly place in the city, because only a leatherhead'd make trouble in an area that's home to both the Harmonium and the Mercykillers. The regular hurly-burly of street life is missing, as too many folks're afraid of the Hardheads and the Red Death (and with good reason). That suits the residents just fine, because the rich haven't ever been fond of the poor camping on their doorstep. The

tapestry of life in the ward is actually much more vibrant than it seems, but it's carefully hidden behind iron-gated walls and discreet facades.

Most of the bloods who come here merely seek diversions: gambling, intrigue, a distracting but passionate affair with an inappropriate someone – the rebellions of the rich. Beneath that, the true players struggle for every advantage in their treachery: blackmail, forgery, necromancy, even forbidden and arcane rituals for the benefit of dark powers. If a cutter finds his way inside, there're great costume balls where rivals circle each other, where grand plots are hatched over lavish dinners, and where secret affairs are hidden far from sight; but the price of knowing the dark of the high-ups is that one can always learn too much and be cast from the spire to fall forever. . . .

## KNIGHTS AND SERVANTS ◆ OF THE WARD ◆

Power ain't the same as security, berk! The Lady's Ward is far from honest, although a rogue who's nipping purses on the street is sure to be scragged in an instant. Just like their prey, the criminals of this ward think on a grand scale: They nip entire treasuries, plunder kingdoms, and pillage realms and layers. The bloods are plunderers who fear nothing and hide their true business well; they always claim to be import/export merchants, or sages of fields no one understands, or protectors of the weak. Their careers are as bright and brief as meteors, for in Sigil there's always a body ready to take down the giants of the planes.

Those giants are currently led by the physically imposing but disarmingly charming King of the Cross-trade, Shemeshka the Marauder (Pl?/♀ yugoloth [arcanaloth]/LE). Shemeshka is involved in a number of tolerated businesses, from the sale of potions of Styx-water in the Great Bazaar to usury, to slave-trade, to the ownership of a string of festhalls featuring denizens of Baator. The operations that bring her true wealth are her net of spies among the factions, who allow her to sell secrets to the highest bidder, and her extortion over passage through new portals through her protegee, Ramander the Wise, the Master of Portals (see page 31). She also gains a share of the profits of Autochon the Bellringer, her Minister of Messages. The chant is he owes her his life because he was once a thrall of the Temple of the Abyss who escaped from the Demon of the Bells only with her assistance. No one really knows the dark of it but them and the Abyssal Lords, and the Lords certainly aren't admitting that one got away. Shemeshka hasn't been destroyed by the factions because,

BEND YOUR BACK  
AND LABOR  
FOR YOUR JOY.  
— DEVA ISAB  
OF THE BENT WING



though they find her despicable, they also find her extremely useful.

Until recently, Shemeshka was aided by her hatchetman and suspected consort, Mantello the Jeweler (PI/♂ githzerai/F9,W11/Fated/N). He

has long been suspected of stealing magical items and somehow changing their form while keeping their enchantments intact, but not even the peeriest cutters've been able to catch him at it. Ever since his conversion to the Fated, Mantello has held off the attacks and insinuations of his former partner. Truth be told, even Shemeshka dares not risk the wrath of the Fated — and the Lady would surely intervene if the fiend were foolish enough to try a direct attack on that faction. Shemeshka has managed to convince herself that losing Mantello from her ranks merely means netting more swag for herself.

The most neutral but ruthless of the Knights of the Lady is Duprak Jarneesh (PI/♂ human/P10/NG), who calls himself the Lord of Wealth, a priest of Puchan, a great and powerful god of relationships, wealth, and travelers. Duprak has taken the wealth aspect of his power's teachings to an extreme, exacting large tithes from his followers and claiming the monies'll be used for the greater good; he's also made several correct predictions about changes in the relationships between the various High Houses and knights of The Lady's Ward. Chant's that he plans to lay the foundation stone for the first temple to Puchan ever built in Sigil. All his followers believe in it and merely await the signal to begin building, but more skeptical Cagers are just waiting for the day Duprak skips town. In fact, Duprak *does* hope to build a temple to Puchan, but his more immediate goal is to ferret out and defeat the knights who oppress the people of Sigil. To do so, he is posing as one of them.

Finally, there are the overnight golden lords, such as Wei Minh Lee (PI/♂ human/T14/N), who claims to be a proxy of Shou-Hsing, lord of longevity. In fact, he claims to have been given an apple from the tree of youth, and his followers sell vials of the elixir of youth, water supposedly steeped in a vessel containing the golden apple. Here's the dark of it: Wei Minh *stole* the apple, and only his wealth and the protection of the Lady of Pain keep the avatars of the Norse gods at bay. One day, a true proxy may reclaim the apple (and take Lee's life as interest on the loan), and then the other knights of the ward will forget they ever knew him.

LIFT A PURSE  
AND LET SOMEONE ELSE  
LABOR.

— SLICK SARGON,  
A SHARPER ON NEWMARKE+

Until that day comes, though, sales will remain brisk; the charlatan's potion *does* work as a half-strength *potion of longevity*.

All the wealth of The Lady's Ward attracts burglars and

second-story men the way blood draws flies. The risks are great, but so are the rewards, and only the finest burglars can worm through the magical protections and alarms that safeguard the ward's treasures. A few of the lucky have been immortalized, but for each name enshrined in glory, a hundred berks wound up scragged or lying in pools of their own blood while the crowds hurried over them to market. The lucky ones include Hargin "the Brawler" Silverhoof (who galloped off into the Ring, some say to live out his days on Yggdrasil), Rule-of-Three (though he lost an eye, which he replaced with a *gem of seeing*), and Bright Nussy, who was captured but escaped. Her loot was never recovered,



## The Dark: Portals in Sigil

Sigil is the only place on the Great Ring where a basher can reach the Inner Planes directly; for the City of Doors, bypassing the Prime is not a problem. Through some unknown method, direct connections to the demiplanes and the Elemental, Ethereal, and Positive and Negative Energy Planes have been established from time to time. Though not as common as gates to the Outer Planes, these connections are quickly seized by whatever local lords can gather up enough swords to hold them, and tolls are common for such portals. Those who refuse to allow access to others, however, may find themselves the stars of an audience with the Lady — with some explaining to do.

In charge of all the portals of Sigil — save those in faction headquarters — is the Master of Portals, a semi-official position belonging to Ramander the Wise, a powerful wizard (PI/♂ human/W18/Fated/NE). In fact, his job is pure extortion; he maintains a network of hundreds of planars who scour the city searching for new portals (each is paid a handsome bonus on finding one). Then, the Master of Portals seeks to strike a bargain: If he's paid a lump sum immediately by the owner of the portal site, the Master allows the portal's owner to retain the site, subject to a small monthly fee. Otherwise, the Master simply casts a variant of the *surelock* priest spell called *gate ward*, which seals the portal. Most canny cutters take the Master's bargain, for even those who refuse and lose the use of the portal often wind up in the dead-book, their land wrested from their grieving widows' wringing hands by the Master's agents. The chant is, the Master owns dozens of portals that he keeps dark, for later use when other portals elsewhere disappear. This helps him keep his stranglehold, and helps keep tolls up to the most useful (and thus most important) portals.



and that's enough to count as a victory in the eyes of most Cagers.

Even those who made it didn't always last. The sad fate of Setross the Short should suffice to remind a smart cutter that only the wisest of thieves can avoid the revenge sure to follow such a job. Some fences won't touch anything they suspect of coming from The Lady's Ward, for there are many tales of terrible curses laid on valuables by the rich, who don't mind losing a bit of jink here and there (after all, they can afford it), but who are enraged at the thought that anyone else should profit from the theft. Curses known to have struck down knights of the post in the past include aging, blindness, clumsiness, forgetfulness, impotence, leprosy and other wasting diseases, and youth. Setross became a child and lost all the skills he knew — when last seen the former guildmaster was begging with all the other urchins on the street. Robbing the high-ups takes nerve and luck in equal measure.

'Course, housebreakers are small fish compared to the real criminals. The corruption and graft in The Lady's Ward make a jewel robbery look petty: The Master of Portals takes an "inspector's fee" on all goods entering and leaving the city, the Head Trustee of the Prison charges those in his care for food and for each servant they bring into the Prison, and the Master Scrivener charges a tiny tax for each piece of paper in the city as well as a stiff fee for each bit of knowledge released from the Guvner's library. These are just the best-known peels of the high-ups; dozens more are better hidden and twice as profitable. See, the high-ups who live here know the way of things: who to squeeze just when and for how much.

## ◆ THE ARMORY ◆

Home to the Doomguard, this headquarters is in the seediest part of the ward. In fact, some folks argue it's really part of the grimy Lower Ward. Like most of the other buildings in The Lady's Ward, it's huge and dominating. All the windows are covered with stone grates, and razorvine covers the lower walls. The single entrance over which looms a gigantic sculpture of the faction symbol makes it clear that the Doomguard's got the weapons and intends to keep them. However, some of the shops in the neighborhood specialize in custom-made weaponry that a blood can drop a lot of jink on, if she knows the right words to get her into the back room.

The streets around the Armory are quiet, but that stillness hides a lot of sinister activity. So close to the Lower Ward, this area's a toehold for thieves and rogues seeking entrance to The Lady's Ward. It's also a popular area for the wealthy who wish to mingle with the lower classes, and for mercenaries and assassins to meet their employers.

## THE CATACOMBS AND THE ◆ TWELVE FACTOLS ◆

Persistent rumors claim that the door into the realm of the dabus exists somewhere within the catacombs, what the dwarves from the Outlands call the Doorway into the Mountain. The rumor is a popular topic of conversation at the Twelve Factols, a restaurant and tavern underneath the city streets, near Dossy Street. The entrance leads down 88 steps from a dirty, swine-infested courtyard into an arched and vaulted chamber called Storm Hall, after the loud and blustery singing, yelling, and boasting of the einheriar, bariaur, and other Ysgardians who often drink and wrestle there. A few stairs lead up from there to the kitchen, but most patrons go deeper into the catacombs, past the Foundation Stone that marks where the Twelve Factols met to beg the Lady for her support against the Expansionists almost a thousand years ago. (The messenger they chose by lot must've done the job, 'cause Timlin's Maze came soon thereafter.) The very deepest and largest of the Twelve Factols' chambers is the echoing field of benches called the Deep Hall.

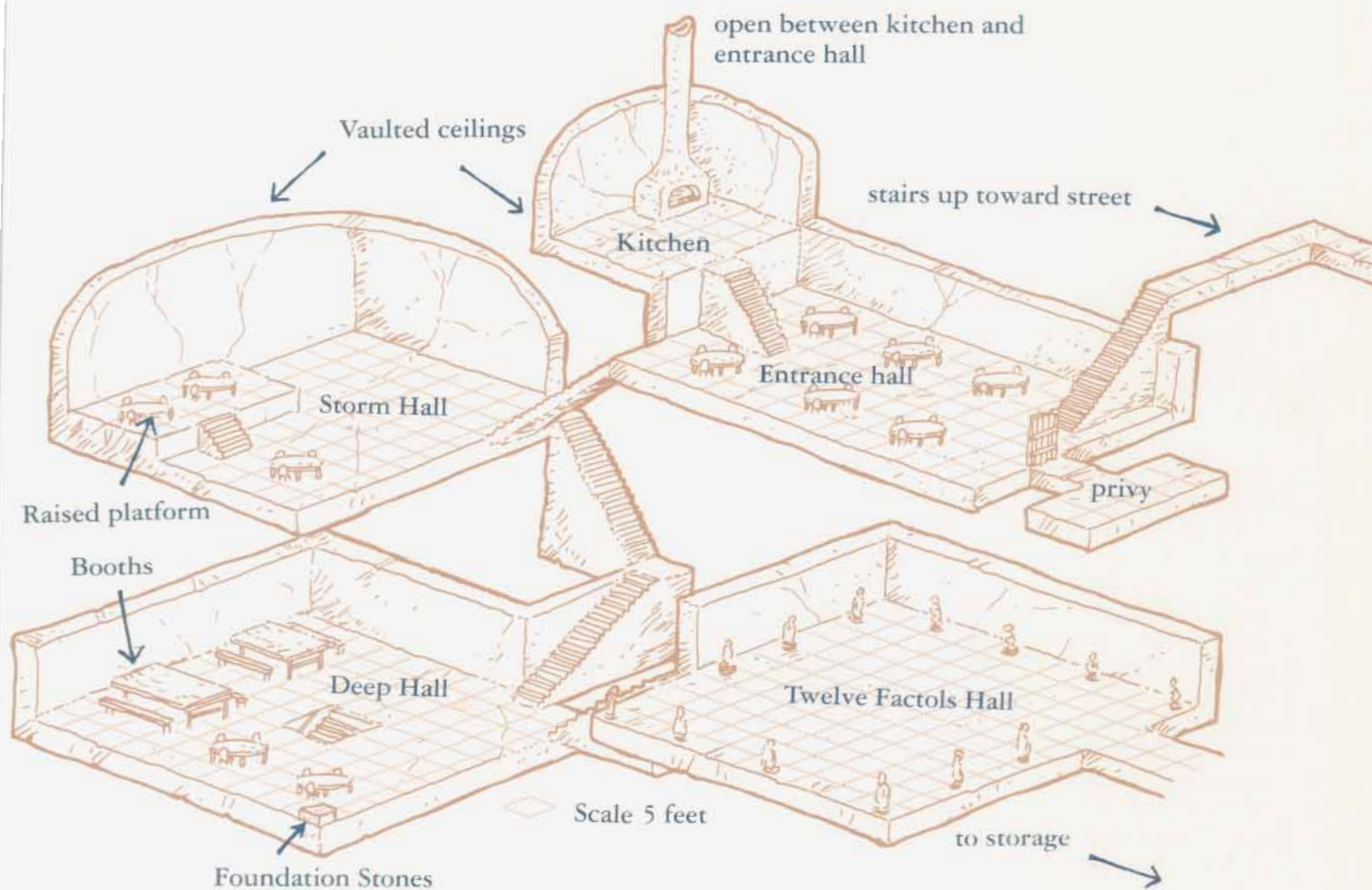
Beyond that lies the Twelve Factols' Hall, where the factols of the time are preserved in twelve small stone statues, each no more than 2 feet high. Many storerooms lead out from the Deep Hall and the Twelve Factols' Hall, and other passages are said to lie beyond the warded doorways of the storerooms. Once in a while, a mob of drunken revelers will insist on seizing torches and going exploring — when the argument is made at knifepoint, the barkeeps and serving wenches always agree that it is a good idea. Most of these groups are eventually rescued when their torches burn out and they begin screaming in panic, but a few are said to have vanished without a trace into the deep passage-ways.

## ◆ THE CITY BARRACKS ◆

Located at the opposite end of the ward from the Armory, the City Barracks with its surrounding quarter is a restful place, much quieter than the seething chaos of the other Wards. It's easy to know when a body's getting closer to the Barracks; compared to the teeming chaos of most of Sigil, the streets near the Barracks are serene, even empty. Lone passers-by stride steadily toward their goals, and only polite noise wafts from the doorways of the sparsely placed taverns and inns. There's a peaceful air in this section that's found nowhere else in the city.

That peace is punctuated by the imposing presence of crushing granite: the City Barracks. Outside, the rec-





## THE TWELVE FAC+OLS

Y+U, SIRRAH. L+OK IN  
NEED +F A S+ROLL. F+LL+V  
ME ++HE +UNNELS.

— FEMALE +IEFLING  
A+ THE TWELVE FAC+OLS



WHY N+??

— THE GENT+LEMAN'S RESP+NSE,  
AND LAS+ WORDS  
UT+ERED BEFORE HIS FRIENDS



tangular building looks dull, heavy, and impenetrable, with a single, guarded entrance opening onto the street. Four sentries stand before the arched doorway at all times, ready to challenge visitors. There's not all that much to see in the Barracks, but the guards are members of the Harmonium, and the City Barracks is their headquarters, so not just any berk can walk up, enlist, and take the tour. The Hardheads like to keep street traffic minimal; they don't trust crowds. After all, crowds always go to extremes, and what looks like an orderly mass one minute may be a seething mob the next. Nothing annoys a Hardhead more than having to put down a riot.

From the street, the Barracks is just an immensely long, low two-story building with a roof of gray slate. Built in four identical sections, the Barracks forms a quadrangle around an immense parade ground. Its sheer size gives an impression of strength, but the lack of spikes, gargoyles, and other ornamentation keeps it faceless, unable to inspire deep terror. The Harmonium considers that a good thing (Hardheads want to make converts and want to be well liked), but they don't give their patrols the same appearance. Most watchmen will use force to make people like them and foster belief in the struggle against chaos and crime. In fact, pressing members into the faction isn't unheard of – that is, literally taking bashers off the streets and into the barracks, where they're broken, trained, and reformed into members of the Harmonium machine. Sure, impressment's a desperate tactic, but if the Harmonium numbers drop too low or when riots or fiends threaten order in the city, the faction does what it must to restore that order. Given the Hardheads' attitude, it's no surprise the streets are empty, even compared to the rest of the empty Lady's Ward.

Very few businesses thrive in the nearby district, mainly because any merchant who doesn't conform to Harmonium standards gets scragged fast. Sure, the Guvners release the poor berk after a while, but who wants to go through that all the time? The taverns and inns in the area all closely follow the Harmonium official line: Every barkeep gives full measure, menus don't lie, customers always leave a tip, and all businesses obey the 10 A.P. curfew. The doormen keep out obvious minions of chaos, and entertainment in a Harmonium bar will put a berk to sleep right quick – only certain songs, plays, and jokes that have the approval of Harmonium censors are allowed, and they're stale before a berk's heard them even once.

Oddly enough, despite all the armor the Harmonium patrols wear (and wear out), the only armorer is at the other end of the quarter, near the Armory. Rumors say a Harmonium dwarf's being recruited and even paid to set up shop closer to the Barracks. The Harmonium district around the Barracks is home to a chartered Harmonium butcher, a greengrocer, a tinker (who sharpens

larger blades more often than smaller ones), a farrier, a tailor, and a blacksmith. All are good workers, who deliver on time and at the cost agreed on. There's many cutters who'll put up with a horde of regulations if they can get the Harmonium's consistently solid work.

## ◆ THE CITY COURT ◆

The Headquarters of the Fraternity of Order (more commonly called the Guvners), the City Court and the surrounding quarter are the liveliest places in The Lady's Ward, perhaps because the people in it are so close to death. Every crooked cutter, it seems, comes here sooner or later, scragged by the Harmonium. Whether he gets out of it again depends on the judges in the private halls of the Court. Because it has a public function, the Guvner's headquarters is divided into public and private halls. In the public halls, a cutter can find knights, Cagers, witnesses, advocates, clerks, accusers, and Mercykiller and Harmonium guards. The crowds and bickering seem like disorganized chaos (unlike the organized chaos of most of the city), but the Guvners have a plan for everything. In the Court's private halls, a body doesn't find anyone but Guvners and their guests. There, the judges meet to discuss cases and reach their decisions, often referring to the immense library of laws the faction's assembled.

Outside the Court, a number of taverns and inns serve those attending trials. In comparison to other places in The Lady's Ward, they're pretty lively. In comparison to places elsewhere in the city, they can seem damned quiet, especially after a number of harsh sentences have been handed down. The taverns serve anybody from thief to Hardhead, and there can't help but be a little life in 'em. Most of the alehouses do extra business selling meals to prisoners or running wine and beer to the back rooms of the Court.

The private halls of the Guvners are best left to those who have a reason for going there; describing them to others might only invite disaster. The more important portions of the Court don't belong to the Fraternity of Order at all: The public halls, the outer courtyards, and the arched porticos where advocates hawk their skills are where much of the business of the Court is decided. With large, distracted crowds all over the Court, cross-trading knights are cheeky enough to pick pockets, snatch purses, and strongarm the weak. The Court itself has little protection to spare; a peery cutter with friends is better off than a lone fool with a fat purse. The Guvners' guards are too busy corraling prisoners and maintaining order in the courtrooms to make time for every barmy who upsets a baatezu in the alleys nearby.

Outside the halls entirely are the thriving businesses that feed on the rule of Law: scribes, turnkeys,



servants, undertakers, mourners, and smugglers willing to provide services to the living and the soon-to-die as they are transferred from the City Court to the Prison. The best of the turnkeys will get all the others in, so there's no need to make all arrangements during the trip.

The law library of the Guvners is useful for many things, the least of which is codifying all the laws of the City of Doors. A mage with any sense at all knows that the laws that govern the multiverse must also contain the laws that govern magic. In the Library of the Guvners, that's literally true. Every spell known to man or mage exists somewhere in the library, though it requires a mage of great learning to find the strands that reveal a spell's secrets. A wizard or bard in the library can research any spell in a number of hours equal to the spell's level; the chance of success is 5% per level of the wizard or 1% per level of the bard.

## JUDGES AND ADVOCATES

Finding an advocate isn't a problem — dozens of them strut like roosters outside the Court, resplendent in their robes, brocades, and wigs. Getting a *good* advocate is as tough as finding an embezzler on Mount Celestia; the best way to get one is to fling about great piles of jink while standing amidst a squad of hired guards. For berks without that sort of jink, the best way is through a faction they favor. Guvner advocates are assigned *pro bono* cases by the faction headquarters.

Even if a basher gets a proper advocate, he also needs to avoid the worst of the judges. The worst of these was Aratik Melber the Mad, a barmy githzerai whose rulings are almost completely unpredictable; the Guvners plotted against him for years, but as a member of the Revolutionary League he always evaded them—until Hashkar got Aratik thrown into a maze. Almost as bad is Black Ogustus, a nearsighted human priest of Ptah whose rulings are so meticulous and so slow that he has been nicknamed “the Snail.” Advocates often try to push their rich but foolish clients to seek justice in his court; many cases brought by the Clueless are heard in Ogustus's chambers.

## The Dark: The Law and Punishment in Sigil

Though the Lady is the ultimate Law in Sigil, in fact her concerns seem directed outward more often than inward. In the city, the Guvners and Harmonium enforce the Law, and advocates are crucial to obtaining a favorable ruling from the judges and the tribunes of Sigil. Most cases are decided before a single judge: usually a Guvner, sometimes a modron or a dabus with a translator. Frivolous or trifling complaints result in incarceration or even branding for the fool who brought the case before The Lady's Court.

Advocates are frequently tieflings or baatezu, most of whom have a natural instinct for the nuances and the possible perversions of the spirit of the law. Cost of justice (or at least of Law) is high: Most advocates won't even begin work for a client without a minimum retainer of 200 gp, and each session before a judge costs from 100 gp to 1,000 gp, depending on the time required to prepare. Some cases can drag on for dozens of sessions as judges request additional information or grant “stays of sentence” — basically, a delay to give them time to think the case over.

Punishments under the Lady's law vary with the crime, but serious crimes are treated very harshly. Deserters from the civil service, embezzlers, and murderers are hanged. Thieves are whipped, with the number of lashes determined by the value of what was stolen and who it was lifted from. Blasphemers (those who openly worship the Lady, for example) have their tongues pierced with a red-hot poker. Strap-pado is reserved for those who tamper with portals.

For lesser crimes, the judges levy stiff fines, and they are inventive enough to dream up a crime to fit any fine (or vice versa). “Fraud through magecraft,” “impersonating an officer of the Harmonium,” “giving short measure in the Great Bazaar,” and hundreds of other crimes against the balance and serenity of Sigil are routinely fined, based on the defendant's apparent wealth (that is, how much the judge thinks he can exact without protest).

Garnishes and blackmail for judges and members of the courts are arts best left to the advocates; after all, that's part of what a basher pays them for. A basher who must suffer the mercies of the Court should expect to pay at least twice the advocate's fee in court costs, donations, gifts, and special expenses.



The third of the disastrous debaters, as expected from the Rule of Threes, is Ylvirron the Cloven, a cornugon baatezu with an eye for his own profits and little else. Assisted by an erinyes clerk of the court named Kartina (whose cross-examinations are often agonizingly thorough), he bleeds advocates and plaintiffs dry with fees, fines, and none-too-subtle demands for garnishes. Since he was once an advocate himself Ylvirron knows most of their tricks, and winning a case is a breeze for him. Despite his incredible corruption (and notorious frenzies when advocates push him too far), Ylvirron's rulings are almost always perfect (if often harsh) examples of logical legal reasoning. His true purpose in serving in the Court is a mystery to everyone — even the Fraternity to which he belongs — and is the source of much speculation.

### FORTUNE'S ◆ WHEEL ◆

The tavern/inn called Fortune's Wheel is where the high and mighty come to engage in the *kriegstanz* that makes their lives interesting — and to eat and drink the very finest while they do it. The Wheel also attracts a large proportion of fakes and sharpers, so a basher with a heavy purse would do well to consider bringing along a few bloods as guards to keep his money out of the hands of the Fated or the fiends who also make their fortune — in the streets just outside the Wheel.

The common room is called the Dragon Bar, a chamber that as much resembles most homey taverns as a factol's audience chamber resembles most bashers' parlors. The size of a great hall and twice as opulent, the Dragon Bar is named after an enormous carved dragon's head that arches over the bar's mirror and descends to the corner of the bar itself, where the head entertains the Wheel's patrons with tales of its life on the Prime. Most bashers who care guess that some

necromantic spell controls the thing. Rumor claims that the dragon enforces peace in the Wheel whenever guests get too

I DØN'T CARE  
WHØ YOU ARE.  
YOU SPEND  
ENOUGH TIME THINKING.  
YOU'RE GØNNA BE  
MISERABLE,  
CØNFUSED,  
ØR LEFT BEHIND.  
— FACTØL RHYS  
ØF THE CIPHERS

boisterous. Those guests are generally invited to leave and never return; if that threat fails, they're enveloped in a cloud of blackness — the dragon's breath. Other rumors claim that the dragon is in fact the owner, and its serpent-form is an illusion; in fact, so the story goes, the entire beast perches just below the balcony, for it enjoys the company of powerful creatures. Where its hoard lies, the rumors do not say.

The other, less-exclusive public chambers of the Wheel are the Dicing Cup, the Bear-Baiting Room, and Fortune's Wheel itself. The Wheel began as the iron rim of an enormous cartwheel, decorated with nails and gilded with payoffs right on the weathered iron. The whole wheel is mounted vertically and spun until a clicking strip of boiled leather brings it to a stop, indicating a square between two of the nails; bets placed on the wooden table before it are then paid off. The odds are terrible, but a unique golden square pays 1000 to 1, so there's always a bubber or a prime at the table, desperately trying for the long shot.

The Wheel made the tavern's reputation and gave it a name, and the room has a certain quaint nostalgia, but now only the Clueless and those with more money than sense try to win the golden square; the gambler's wheel takes far more than it returns to the crowd, and only the promise of a magical item payoff (set on a tiny half-space between extra clickers) keeps the





# Fortune's Wheel

## Bill of fare

### Abyssal Beef

*Roasted Long and Slow over Our finest Coals*

5 gp

### Divine Dogmeat

*Quick-Seared in the fires of Baator to a Raw and Bloody Flavor*

3 gp

### Hangman's Ham

*Served with Spiced Arborean apples and Arcadian eggs*

2 gp

### Final Supper

*Horse flank, seared and served with a chicken broth, green tea dumplings, and a vegetable medley from the Outlands, lightly seasoned with arsenic for our tiefling customers (by request)*

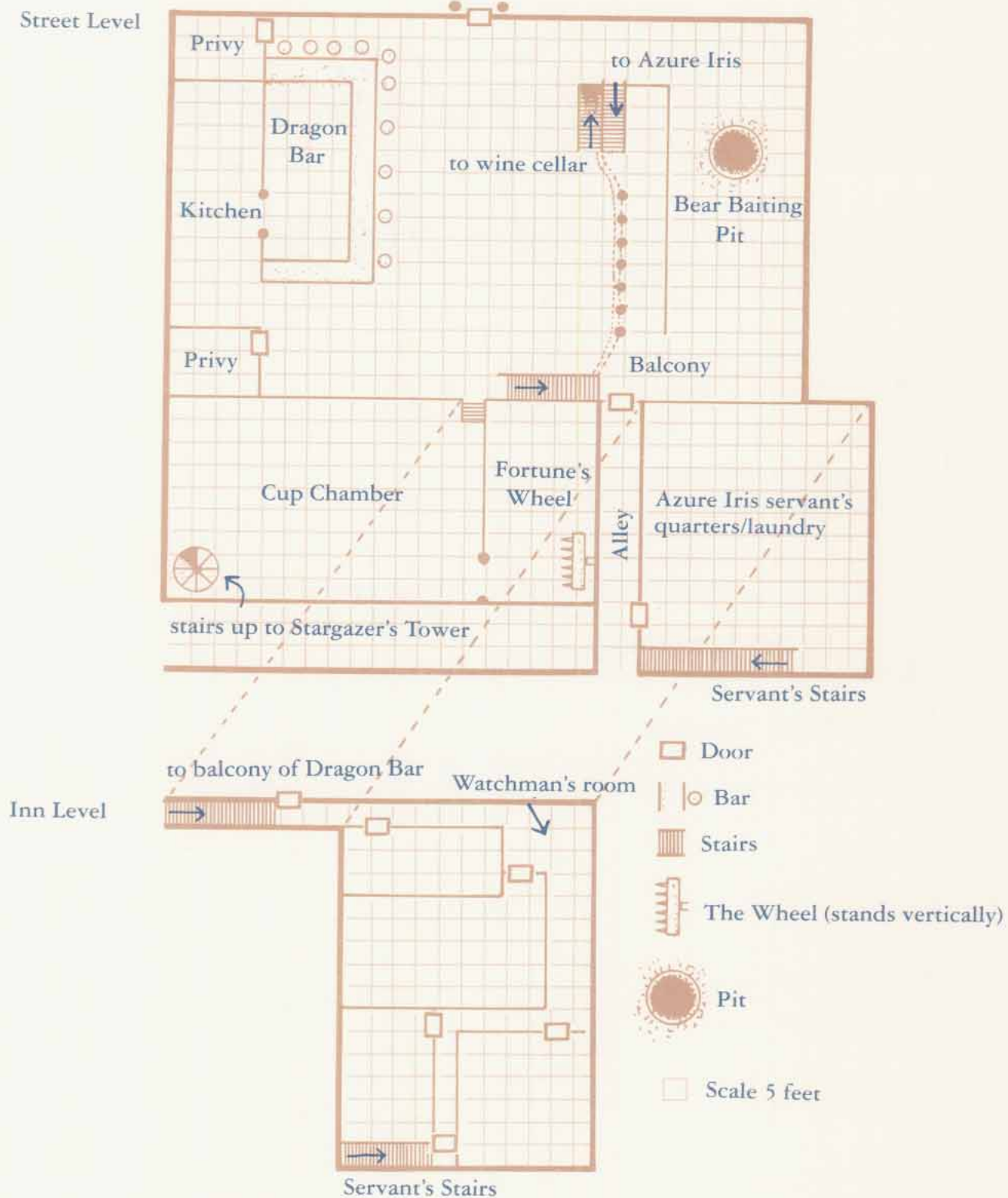
6 gp

## Potables

Ale	1 sp
Lager	1 sp
Bitters	2 sp
Mead	4 sp
Firewine	6 gp
Pure Water	Market Value



# FORTUNE'S WHEEL





regulars coming back. The prize is changed each fortnight, and a few past winners have walked off with the Mage's Prize: magical rings, wands, or potions. Despite this exception, the Wheel rarely pays off — just often enough to keep the credulous coming back for more. A minimum 10-gp bet is required to try for the Mage's Prize.

The Dicing Cup is the most dangerous of the tavern's entertainments, for some of the rich and powerful are very poor losers, and the patrons of the Dicing Cup play as much against one another as against the house. Losing huge sums gives the high-up gambler as much status as winning huge sums

— perhaps even more.

After all, anyone can win big, but few can afford to lose big.

Though the money is not very important to the players except as a way of keeping score, any riff-raff who try to take their cut from the bloods are in for a big surprise: An invisible mage and two

gargoyles lurk in the shadows, always watching for such attempts to bob the customers.

The house favorite is the albino musician Estrella (Pl/♀ half-elf/B10/Fated/CN), a stunning, pale-skinned bard with lustrous silver hair who claims to hail from Ysgard. In fact, Estrella's claims are true, though she was exiled from Ysgard, and she spies for the Fated while here.

Plots are always thick at Fortune's Wheel, but currently all the major players are searching for the *chronosphere of Lagos*, a device that makes its owner immortal without making him undead. The other dark that every high-up wants to illuminate is the identity of Li'kore, a githyanki princess searching for her exiled mother who escaped death at the hands of the githyanki lich-goddess. This ain't a tale of family piety; the princess seeks her mother's head to prove her loyalty to the lich-goddess and gain command of an astral fortress.

The Wheel's an old building that leans on its neighbors, and its creaking floors are layered with thick carpets to muffle their creaks and groans. A second-floor passageway connects the Wheel to the Azure Iris, a tiny inn run for those high-ups who have drunk a bit more than they should and decide to retire for the night in safety. Others use the Iris as a discreet locale for their assignations and even for business dealings; the chambers are magically warded so tightly that even an unwanted roach can't find its way in. Costs are 40 gp a night and up, when a room is available.

## ◆ THE GOLDEN BARIAUR INN ◆

Three streets beyond the enormous statue of some prime named Bigby, just a short walk from the Armory, the Golden Bariaur serves a clientele from the Upper Planes, from Arborea to Mount Celestia. Soothing music, subdued lights, and heavenly dishes make the Golden Bariaur popular with the richest and most refined citizens of The Lady's Ward. Prices are set accordingly, though an evening in the Bariaur is always money well spent.

The tension between the lawful and chaotic aasimon is always present, though both sides are usually polite about it; outright violence is rare. Disputes that can't be settled any other way are resolved by duels conducted at dawn in the skies over the city, when shining champions of Law and Chaos fight to first earth — that is, until one celestial combatant is forced from the sky.

The more obvious sources of tension are the sniggering fiends who occasionally stop in briefly to tease, harass, and heckle the Bariaur's patrons, smearing them with filth or spoiling the inn's soothing atmosphere with foul language, fouler stench, and even sulphurous magic. Despite the temptation to attack, actual fights are very rare for both fiends and aasimon fear the Lady's wrath. In fact, most fiends can't stand the place and fidget as soon as they step inside the door; few stay for very long, so the aasimon can afford to simply be patient and wait for the problem to go away.

The doorman gives the place its name: Goldenmane (Pl/♂ bariaur/F12/Believers of the Source/NG) is a lustrous, tawny bariaur who appears to have leonine blood.

More polite and even-tempered than most of his kind, he's still blunt enough to tell a deva to its face that it's had too much bub and is insulting other patrons. Luckily for Goldenmane, a strong word from him is usually enough to encourage better behavior from the inn's clientele.



## THE PALACE ♦ OF THE JESTER ♦ OR, THE COURT OF PAIN

Covering as much ground as the Great Bazaar, the Foundry, and the Hive put together, the Palace of the Jester is a neutral gathering ground for the rich and powerful. Too bad there aren't enough of them to fill its empty halls — a quick and daring berk could nick enough jink from these high-ups to live a lifetime of comfort and ease. In fact, the Palace is a ghostly place, all echoing corridors and dead-end staircases — no easy way to approach a mark and make off with the goods. Only the dabus seem completely at home in it, and even they have been seen throwing nervous glances over their shoulders from time to time.

Though the courtiers, factols, and other visitors might not agree, the real power in the Palace is the Lady's Jester, Jeremo the Natterer. Unlike his silent mistress, Jeremo never shuts his babbling bonebox —

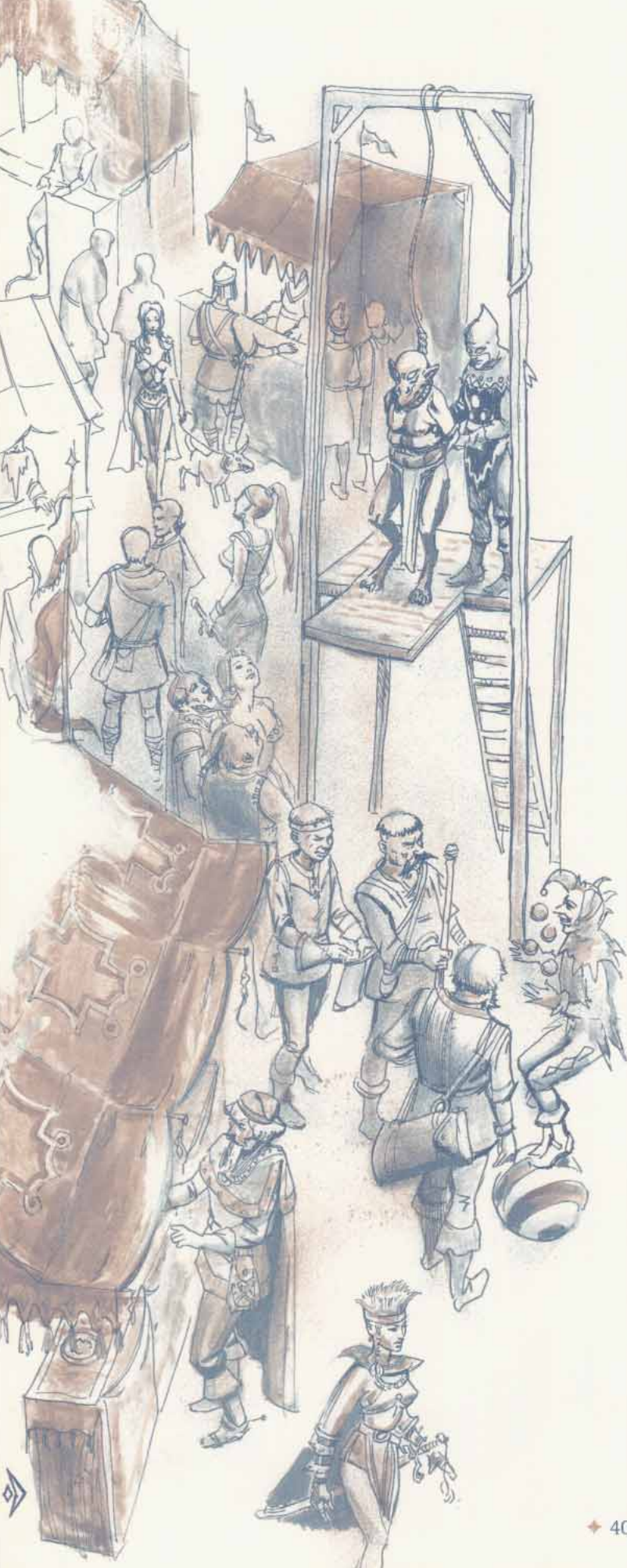
he'll collar primes, eladrin, anyone who'll listen. Despite his jabbering, the Natterer is very much a power in Sig-

il's government. Jeremo's real strength comes from his control of the puppet strings of the city: its civil service and its bureaucracy. He

also has an uncanny ability to predict where portals will appear, a knack that has never been explained.

The dark of it will probably follow him to his grave.

In fact, Jeremo is a member of the





## The Dark: Helm of the Dabus

This ancient and corroded bronze helm allows the wearer to communicate as the dabus do, using signs and symbols. Most dabus react very favorably to anyone who can speak their language; such a cutter becomes a sort of honorary dabus. Though they do not obey his requests without question, they do respect him and often help with small requests, so long as such requests do not contradict the wishes of the Lady. The wearer of the *helm of the dabus* gains a +3 bonus to all reaction rolls with dabus. Only a single such helm (Jeremo's) is known to exist.

Ring-Givers, a sect of Ysgard that has slowly gathered power. Jeremo hopes to become the factol of the Ring-Givers when the sect finally moves into Sigil to begin its part in the *kriegstanz*, the undeclared war for control of Sigil, in earnest. When that happens, Jeremo plans to displace Ingwe, the current leader of the sect — and Ingwe is unaware of the danger he is in. At the heart of his palace, Jeremo keeps a great secret: a permanent portal to Ysgard that he hopes to make the centerpiece of the sect's headquarters in Sigil. So far, traffic through the portal is minimal, but that may change.

Jeremo's retinue comprises 60 humans, 24 bariaur, 7 glabrezu, and 1 lillend, all of them members of the Ring-Givers. In addition, hundreds of sympathizers throughout the city help his retinue create diversions, sell stolen goods, and play lookout to keep the watch away from his operations.

### JEREMO THE NATTERER (PL/3 HUMAN/F9,T15):

AC -4, hp 98, AL CN

S 18/78, D 18, C 15, I 14, W 10, Ch 16

*Special Equipment:* *helm of the dabus*, *bracers of defense AC 4*, *ring of protection +4*, *sword of darkness +3*, *cloak of arachnida*, *ring of shooting stars*, and a *dagger of venom*.

All of Jeremo's magical items were forged in Sigil itself. The *sword of darkness* is a unique magical item that temporarily extinguishes all magical and nonmagical light within 60 feet of the drawn blade — the lights return when the sword leaves the area.

Recent rumors claim that the Palace is currently suffering from a huge infestation of cranium rats, which has driven away the cross-trade that usually flourishes there like razorvine in a refuse-heap. Forgers, fixers, and fences have all removed themselves, and sworn not to return until the rats are destroyed utterly. So far, no one has seen the dabus preparing for a life as exterminators, so perhaps the Jester has someone else in mind for the job.

## ◆ THE PRISON ◆

The Mercykiller's headquarters looks like everything a berk fears: a mass of grim stone and spikes, surrounded by broad avenues. Sometimes a cutter'll hear a faint wail from within, and when he does he doesn't stop walking. There's some things a sod just don't want to know about.

The one good thing about the nearby quarter is that street crimes are virtually nonexistent. There's not a cross-trading body around who's going to ply his skills under the very noses of the Mercykillers. There's too many rumors of them deciding they can arrest, try, and punish a berk themselves, especially if their headquarters is close and convenient. Rigidly honest folk who've got the money and no vices at all set their cases in the blocks around the Prison.

The businesses around the Prison seem as gray and humorless as the Cage itself. The taverns are quiet, well-ordered places where nobody makes trouble, as only a barmy'd attract the attention of the Mercykiller squad drinking at the next table. The inns are spartan, with no hint of the temptations that some of the other establishments in Sigil offer. The markets are scrupulously honest, so the prices here are lower (and the quality better) than just about anywhere else.

## The Dark: Shifter's Manacles

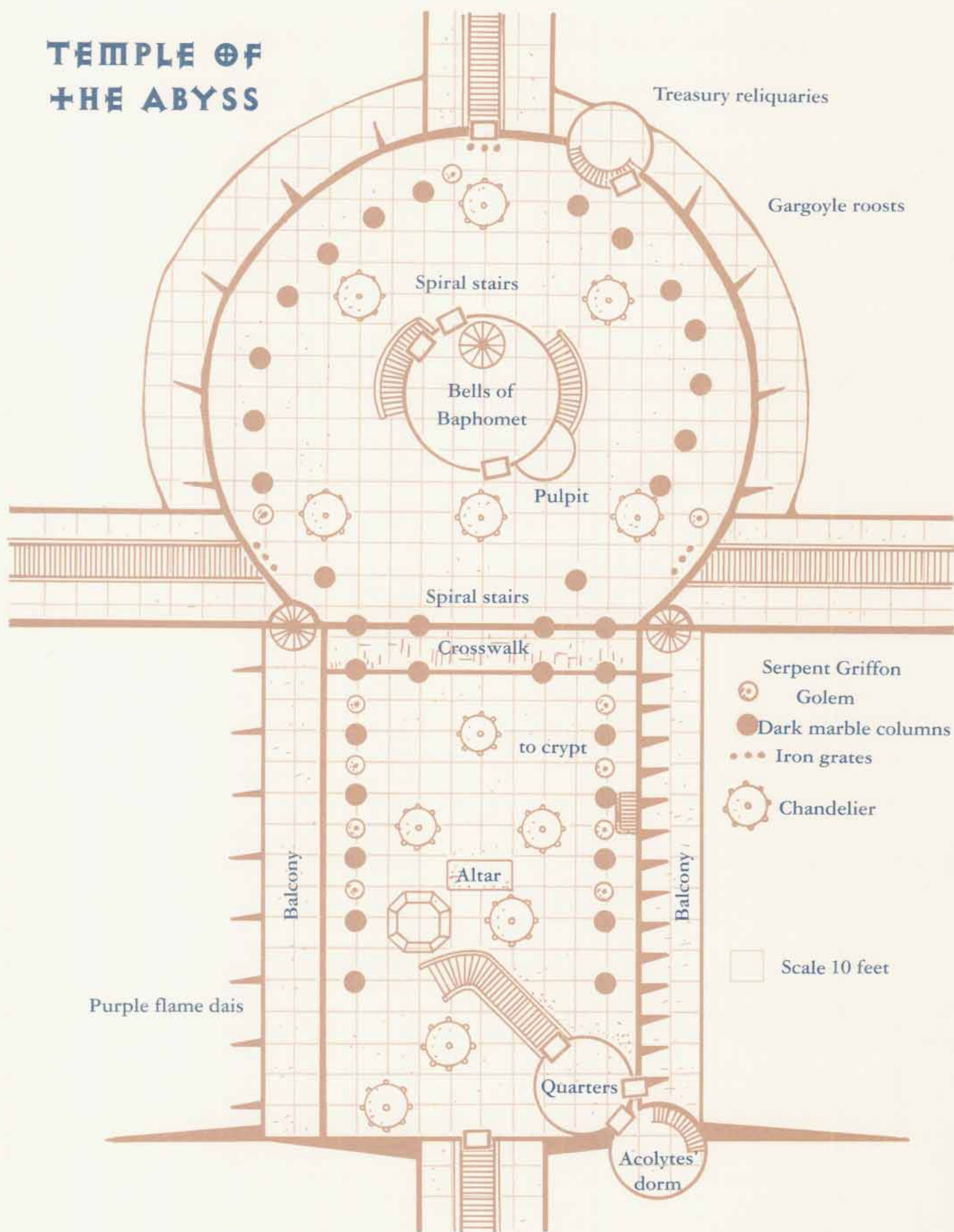
Designed along the same lines as the *planar mancatcher*, *shifter's manacles* prevent whoever's wearing them from *plane shifting* away from their troubles. These cuffs were designed by the Mercykillers long ago, when they got tired of seeing berks who could shift at will fly out of their birdcage. Members of the faction vowed to lose no more prisoners and set their mages to work on devising manacles that could hold against any type of *plane-shifting* or *teleporting* magic.

The thing is, the mages had to produce the manacles quickly and in bulk, so they didn't have the time to throw in all the small details. Therefore, the manacles are big and heavy and do not shrink or expand to fit the being wearing them. Fortunately, the Mercykillers have a lot of them lying around the Prison in Sigil, to fit creatures of almost any size. The metal of the manacles is resistant to rust and magic, preventing a captive from bursting its bonds by either means. The metal is also specially enchanted to resist psionics.

Whenever a body tries to use a *shifting* power while wearing the manacles, not only does the power fail to operate, but the prisoner also suffers 1d10 points of damage as fiery pain races up and down its nerves. The would-be shifter might even pass out from the pain (a 2% chance for each point of damage). Unconsciousness lasts 1d3 turns or, if the creature regenerates hit points, as long as it takes to regain those it lost.



# TEMPLE OF THE ABYSS





## ◆ TEMPLE OF THE ABYSS ◆

A cross between a portal to and a celebration of the plane of the same name, the Temple of the Abyss soars menacingly into the sky in the heart of The Lady's Ward. It is governed by the High Priest Noshteroth and a legion of his followers, who function as both priests and tax-collectors. Services are held each night at antipeak; all the Lords of the Abyss are venerated, one each night until the entire list is exhausted, when the sequence begins anew.

The temple's exterior is simple black stone embellished by the tarnished silver blades with which Cagers enjoy decorating nearly every building. What's more, in the gray morning light those blades are sometimes festooned with sacrifices from the previous antipeak's rituals. These are usually cleared away by the Collectors before peak, though by the law of the city they must leave the living to hang there. The executioner ravens usually finish these victims off when lack of water weakens them. A few sacrifices have been known to remain on the Temple for as long as two days, though they invariably die from loss of blood (from the ravens' wounds) or lack of water by the third morning. Those who volunteer to remove these surviving sacrifices from the Temple's blades are often instead found hanging among them the next morning.

The interior of the Temple is a gloomy sanctuary of evil, with dark marble columns and 12 stone golems in the shape of terrifying, semi-reptilian griffons with deep emerald eyes. Iron chandeliers encrusted with the drippings of a thousand thousand black candles hang from the temple's ceiling, and a purple flame burns in the heart of the sanctuary, on the seventh (topmost) step of the central dais that stands before the altar. A grand, sweeping staircase leads up to the quarters of the priests and acolytes. The faces of the Lords of the Abyss are carved over each entrance and exit to the temple, watching all those who fall prey to its barbed promises.

The Temple of the Abyss has a reputation for getting things done, and many factols have been known to turn to it when all other means fail. The price is always blood and spirits, preferably those of the supplicants. The Temple of the Abyss is remarkably

FOR THE CREATOR  
OF THE MULTIVERSE,  
HUMILITY DOESN'T COME EASY  
— BUT I DO THE  
BEST I CAN.

— FACTOL DARIUS  
OF THE SIGNERS



## The Dark: Serpent Griffon Golems

The terrible golems of the Temple of the Abyss have slain hundreds of intruders, and the priests never clean the guard beasts' claws, the better to warn off others. Unlike most golems, the serpent griffons actually devour their screaming victims whole, according to shaken (but reliable) witnesses.

The secret of the serpent griffons' construction is known only to the high priest and the temple's patrons, the Abyssal Lords. Most bashers figure it's too gruesome to put into practice for any but the most depraved mages, so the dark of it isn't sought after, despite the golems' obvious powers.

**SERPENT GRIFFONS:** AC -1; MV 12, FI 18 (C); HD 15; THACO 5; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8/1d8/2d20; SA mesmerize, shatter blades; SD immune to mental attacks; SZ H (19' tall); ML fearless (20); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 12,000.

Because their minds are purely magical constructs, the griffons are immune to mental attacks. In addition, their shimmering, scaly skin can destroy edged or pointed weapons: When any such weapon strikes a serpent griffon, it shatters unless it passes an item saving throw versus crushing blow (7 or better for metal). Blunt weapons are immune to this effect.

In addition to their great daggerlike claws and ripping razor-beaks, the serpent griffons can mesmerize their prey with their deep, hypnotic stare. Any creature looking into the griffons' eyes must survive a saving throw versus death magic or be completely paralyzed for a number of rounds equal to the number the saving throw missed by. During this time, the victim is totally immobile and is automatically hit by the serpent griffons' attacks. (Thankfully, the beasts are too stupid to alter their attacks into automatically lethal blows against mesmerized targets.)

Some say that the priests of the Temple of the Abyss created the serpent griffons with this enchantment to encourage the Temple's visitors to be respectful; it certainly does keep all but the Clueless from staring and poking around in the corners of the temple.





discreet on the part of those who come to it for help; even the most righteous and holy of priests or paladins are never unmasked before all their peers and followers. (Of course, extortion is always an option if those whom the Temple favors cause trouble.) After all, when desperate berks sign the Temple's contracts, the priests can afford to take the long view; they already own the sods, lock, stock, and barrel.

The high priest of the temple is Noshteroth of the Umber Scales (PI/♂ tiefling/P10,T12/Bleak Cabal/CE), a member of the Indeps or the Bleakers depending on who you ask. He commands a mass of rutterkin, three nabassu who serve as messengers and who also guard the temple's blades, a hezrou adviser named Urgrek who also serves as master of rituals, and a squad of four armanites who carry his sedan chair. He also commands a set of cambion twins who constantly maneuver to take Noshteroth's post for themselves (and whose schemes are transparent enough for even the rutterkin to see through — the chant is the brain intended for one was split between the two when they became twins). His consort and only confidante is Noxana the Unwilling (PI/♀ tiefling/HD 4+3/hp 22/Free League/CE), who some say is also his daughter. Noxana is responsible for the Temple's contracts, and thus for its bell tower, the Temple's most fearsome but best-hidden feature.

The Bells of Baphomet hang far above the ground in the temple's central tower, from where they're rung at antipeak. Those who have struck bargains with the fiends of the Temple are the only ones who can hear its bells tolling. Berks who have heard them and turned stag (that is, renounced an agreement with the fiends) hear the ringing constantly in their heads no matter where they flee, in Sigil or beyond. The harsh clanging of the bells keeps these oathbreakers from sleep and drives them to madness. Each night, such a victim must make a Wisdom check with a cumulative -1 penalty on each consecutive check. If the check ever fails, the oathbreaker is driven into a killing rage and bloodlust. The madness passes after a single night but returns at the next nightfall.

The madness of the Bells of Baphomet is only a warning of worse to come. In time, the poor stag-turners who hear the constant tolling of Baphomet's Bells are always hunted down, captured, and killed by the Demon of the Bells, a shimmering spirit that appears and slays oathbreakers. Each time it is struck by spell or sword the Demon rings with an incredibly loud and dissonant tone, a sound foul enough, apparently, to kill anyone or anything near it. Since very few who survive can speak of the Demon of the Bells without trembling and whispering, details are sketchy.

## ◆ OF HERMES ◆

Most planars don't concern themselves too much with any single power, 'less they're priests, but Hermes has a wide and varied following among Sigil's travelers and sojourners. Never mind that his temple's said to be a portal connected to Mount Olympus; no one knows how the portal opens, but carts and wheelbarrows of succulent Arborean fruits and vegetables rumble over the cobbles near the temple early each morning.

The assistant underpriestess is Mad Moll, an erinyes posing as a mural painter while seeking the secret of traveling through Mount Olympus.



## ◆ OF THE WYRM ◆

Filled with inhuman cries and droves of well-armed, crisply-saluting guards, the Tower of the Wurm is the holding pen for troublemakers and petty thieves who have caught the attention of Our Lady by peeling or bobbing other Cagers. The Tower stands not far from the Prison (some say the two were once part of the same structure, before a terrible explosion destroyed their link), and it is run by the Mercykillers. Those that're smart never even mention the place by name — it's unlucky. Those berks who do are jinxed, and the only way to shed the hex is to cross a Harmonium palm with silver and gold, something that pains even the richest knights of the post.

The Tower is named for the faction symbol of the Mercykillers who constantly stand watch on its walls. The Tower always holds the Red Death mascot, a sort of winged snake that Cagers (sensibly enough) call "the Wurm" or "the Dragon." Prissy primes say it's really called a "wyvern," as if anyone cares.

The mascot serves more than just a decorative function; the Wurm's venom induces delirium, making it





## The Dark: The Wyrms

Over the countless generations that the strain of wyvern known as the Mercykiller Wyrms has been out on the Great Ring, it has been bred for ferocity and for the exquisite functionality of its venom, not for intelligence or hunting skills. Its wings are well-nigh vestigial stubs, able to flap and carry the beast aloft for a mere minute or two before its weight brings it back to the ground.

Wyrms venom is a valued commodity, since it is the primary ingredient in the Cager version of a potion of truth, which functions just like a ring of truth. Berks forced to drink the potion (a simple matter of pinching their nostrils shut while pouring it into their maw — anyone who doesn't swallow drowns) will be affected for 1–6 turns. The Mercykillers consider this much more humane than the alternatives. (Shudder.)

**THE GREAT GREEN WYRM OF THE MERCYKILLERS:** AC 0; MV 9, FI 18 (E); HD 9+9; hp 80; THACO 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2d10/1d10 plus poison; SZ G (40' long); ML elite (14); Int low (5); AL NE; XP 10,000.

Anyone attacking or even molesting the Wyrms will suffer the full wrath of the Mercykillers and will be hounded out of the city by their constant attempts to exact justice for the crime. This includes disturbing the Wyrms to gather its valuable venom, which the Mercykillers (not unreasonably) consider their exclusive property.



easier for Mercykiller inquisitors to extract confessions from their charges, which in turn makes the duty of the Guvners' judges easier, and guarantees that the poor sods return to the Mercykillers' hands. It's just another way to ensure that Justice is carried out. And, of course, some death sentences consist of simply feeding the offender to the Wyrms. Justice certainly cuts down on the cost of Wyrms chow.

### ◆ TRABAN'S FØRGE ◆

Located in a side street near the City Court, downward from the Noble District, this smoke-spewing smithy produces fine nonmagical armor. The ancient Traban

(Pr/♂ dwarf/F1/LG) specializes in highly ornamental plate mail, suitable for triumphs, parades, and battle. All work is done to order and costs between five times and one thousand times the normal price, depending on the workmanship. Many of his customers are members of the Harmonium, though orders also come in from the paladins of Mount Celestia, especially the Order of the Planes-Militant. Traban is fully 471 years old, but he has never refused an order. He knows without a doubt that he'll die before he finishes the work he has already agreed to, but he also knows his middle son'll carry on the family work. This comforts him, and he looks forward, in his dour dwarf's way, to dying at the forge he carried with him from Krynn. He'll tell all his customers about this personal death wish; his sons find this embarrassing.

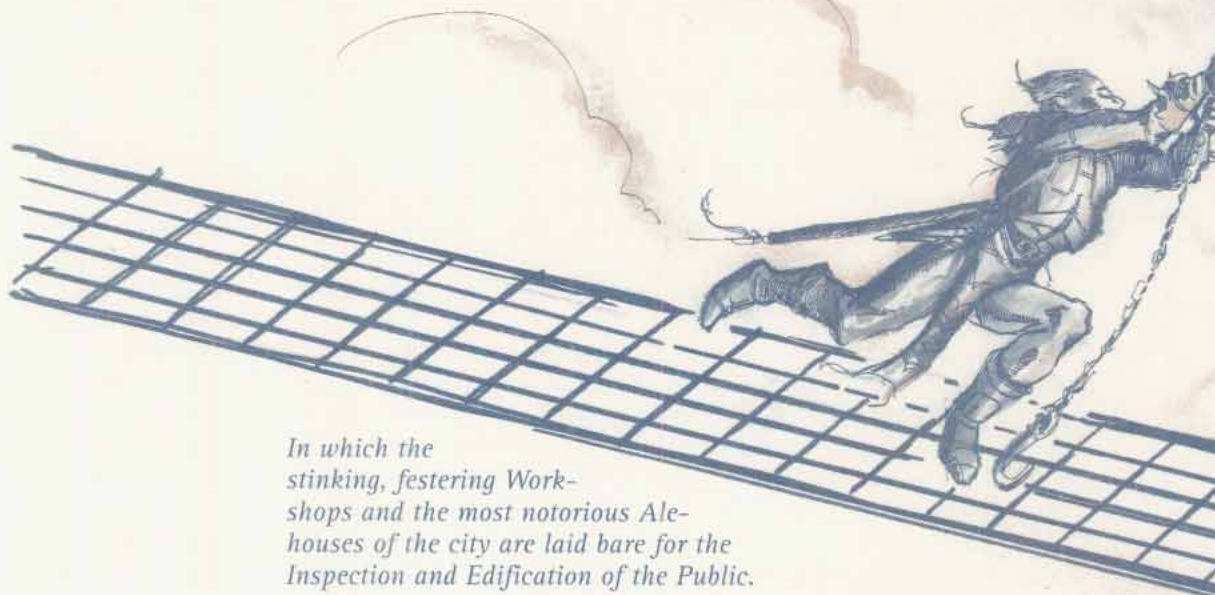
Traban's assisted in his work by his middle son Trabanson (312 years old), great-grandson Tarholtson (138), and a young, adopted ogre named Coal-chewer. Coal-chewer works the bellows tirelessly

and sings (or more precisely, bellows) along to the dwarven work-chants in rather good dwarvish — one might say he bellows at the bellows. (Heh.) Tiedling and fiend customers frighten Coal-chewer, and when they come into the smithy he tends to hide in the back until they leave. The dwarves find this oddly endearing and amusing.

Traban's grandson Tarholt (343 years old) no longer works the forge; instead, he wanders between Sigil and the Dwarven Mountain on the Outlands, seeking customers, taking orders, and secretly searching for a place where his grandfather might retire quietly. The ogre, with the family since he was orphaned at two, is the subject of an experiment of Tarholt's: the hypothesis is that an ogre raised in proper dwarf fashion can be reformed. So far, Coal-chewer hasn't killed anyone.

The Traban clan, carrying the clan anvil, came to Sigil from Krynn about 120 years ago as part of a small exodus of dwarves to the Outer Planes. Traban's got no plans to ever go back, although his children are all curious to see the homeland again. Traban keeps telling them an earthquake destroyed their family diggings, but none of them believe him.





*In which the  
stinking, festering Work-  
shops and the most notorious Ale-  
houses of the city are laid bare for the  
Inspection and Edification of the Public.*

## THE LOWER WARD

This ward got its name from the many portals to the Lower Planes that're found here. These doorways have changed the place, so there're more smoke, steam, and cinders in the air than there should be. The Lower Ward's the source of most of the foul industrial smogs that sometimes choke the city, brownish-yellow blankets of stinging sulphurous gas that cling to the air and linger as a stench in clothes for days afterward. Too long outside in the Lower Ward and cutters' throats get raw and their eyes teary. After a while, the quantity of foul miasma absorbed by their skin gives it a sickly pallor, often accented by boils or pustules. Their eyes grow hollowed and dark, their hair pale. The Lower Ward's the only one that scars a berk's face.

'Course, it ain't just people that suffer from the bite of the ward's industry. The thick smogs are so common that some Cagers name them the way some primes distinguish different types of weather: woodsmoke, meatsmoke (smoke from the curing houses), eyesting (alchemists' fumes), coffinsmoke (or "coughin' smoke," the stench of cheap pipe-weed), ironfumes (smoke from the smelters and smithies), and cooking fires. The smoke and ash of the Lower Ward are easiest of all to identify, for their acid bite is unmistakable. Grime and sulphur from the Lower Ward's fires coat every available surface, their soot and acid slowly etching black paths into the stone and rusting iron. Most statues and roof tiles are entirely eaten away within 40 or 50 years, and statues must be enchanted against corrosion.

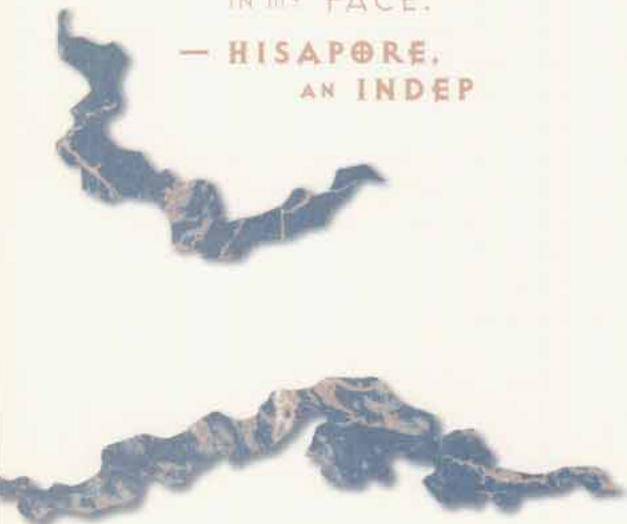
The Great Foundry is the center of the ward. All around it huddle lightless warehouses, smoky mills, ringing forges, and a host of other small workshops. Most of the city's craftsmen are concentrated in this district. Despite the constant creation going on in the ward's forges, ever since the destruction of the Temple of Aoskar (a power now presumed dead and drifting on the Astral) the Lower Ward has been on the wane. 'Course, Aoskar's ousting was to the Athar's benefit. The Athar — who say all gods are frauds — set up their headquarters in Aoskar's ruined house of worship, now called the Shattered Temple.

Though the Lower Ward has clearly shrunk over the past decades, it is still larger than the Market and Guildhall Wards. It once included the City Armory and Mortuary, now considered part of The Lady's Ward and the Hive, respectively.

Folks in the Lower Ward are secretive and stubborn. Most of the craftsmen feel like they've got trade secrets, and they're always peery of

HERE'S A SHORT LIST  
OF THINGS I  
DON'T NEED FROM YOU:  
YOUR IDEAS,  
YOUR HELP,  
AND YOUR BREATH  
IN MY FACE.

— HISAPØRE,  
AN INDEP







strangers, even customers. Their moods aren't helped by the number of fiends that haunt the dives and flophouses tucked in back alleys, or by the barmies who slip out of the Hive by night to prowl. The Harmonium patrols aren't strong here, and most folks expect they've got to take care of themselves.

### The Dark: Lower Ward Smog

The sickening vapors of the Lower Ward often cripple or at least slow those who breathe the ward's air. Any PC exposed to it must make a Constitution ability check, with the usual bonuses for poison saving throws for dwarves and halflings. Tieflings are also entitled to a similar bonus against smog. Those who succeed lose nothing and suffer nothing but the stench. Those who fail suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Dexterity for the duration of the smog; any strenuous effort requires an additional successful Constitution check or it brings on a coughing fit that prevents spellcasting and increases the ability score penalties to -3 and -5 for 1-6 rounds — long enough make the difference between life and death in the City of Doors.

Most smogs last only a day or two before a wind rushes through the spire; however, old-timers can remember hot, calm summers when the smog grew and grew until it became nigh unbearable.



## ◆ THE BLACK SAILS ◆

The Black Sails tavern stands in the shadow of the Armory, the Doomguard headquarters, at the end of a dark alley between a pair of armorworks. The blackened bowsprit of an ancient galleon juts out over the figurehead. Soot has stained the sails' canvas black. Inside, dark rafters loom over about a dozen curtained alcoves that conceal the furnishings of the tavern's dim common room. Several stained and notched tables stand in the room's center, where groups of sullen crafters gather to drink quietly.

## ◆ THE BONES OF THE NIGHT ◆

The Guvners have reams of knowledge, of laws and regulations in their carefully organized archives and repositories of dead wood and papyrus. The Bones of the Night is also a font of knowledge, but one far less organized and less regulated – this is where thieves, wizards, and knights of the cross-trade come to learn from the dead.

The Bones of the Night is a cavern complex among the catacombs near the Ditch in the foulest-smelling region of the prodigiously odorous Lower Ward.

The entrance is a gaping hole that fills an entire fire-gutted building; a ladder with rungs of bone leads down into the obsidian darkness.

The chittering of rats can always be heard from the top of the ladder, though it fades whenever someone climbs down to the entrance salon.

The salon is richly decorated with the grave goods of a hundred thousand wealthy deaders: plush chairs, thick layers of tapestries, and burial shrouds. Officially, every tout who's asked the Master of the Bones for permission to lead the curious on a brief tour has been turned down, but in fact the wererat servants often look the other way for a little garnish, or help the tout for a little more. In return, they lead the lucky visitors on a quick, chittering walk through the catacombs to the Chamber of the Reaper, where the bones of the dead decorate the walls and ceiling in elaborate patterns. The Master of the Bones usually animates one of the skulls to scare off the trespassers.

The Master of the Bones is Lothar the Old (Pl/♂ human/P25/Free League/N), a feeble-looking bearded man with a face full of wrinkles and a mind full

of secrets. Called simply "Master" by his servants and many of his visitors, stories say that he is too wise for death to come near him, though others say that he has already foretold his own death, which will come through a gift given to him by a loved one.

When a supplicant comes to him with a question, Lothar negotiates his fee, then goes to gather the answer by consulting his "library" of skulls. After all, the dead are experienced, knowledgeable, and unable to lie. Factols, master thieves, mummies, and the master of the stonemasons' guild compose but a fraction of his collection; the king of the rag-pickers, a sane slaad, and a true tanar'i are also prizes on his shelves. What most cutters don't realize is that the Master of the Bones is a necromancer-priest who uses the nature of the questions asked as a source of information for himself.

When he's presented with a skull by one of the resurrection men who sometimes bring him their most important finds, Master Lothar offers what he considers a fair price – after all, few others have the skill to use the skulls as anything but paperweights. Prices vary from 1 gp for a wise servant with a single valuable story to tell to 10,000 gp for a factol's skull taken from the mausoleums and crypts beneath the faction headquarters. Chant is, the Master of Bones is currently looking for the skulls of Shekelor, who defied the Lady of Pain, and Imendor, the last priest of Aoskar, who knew the plans of his god (and died for them).

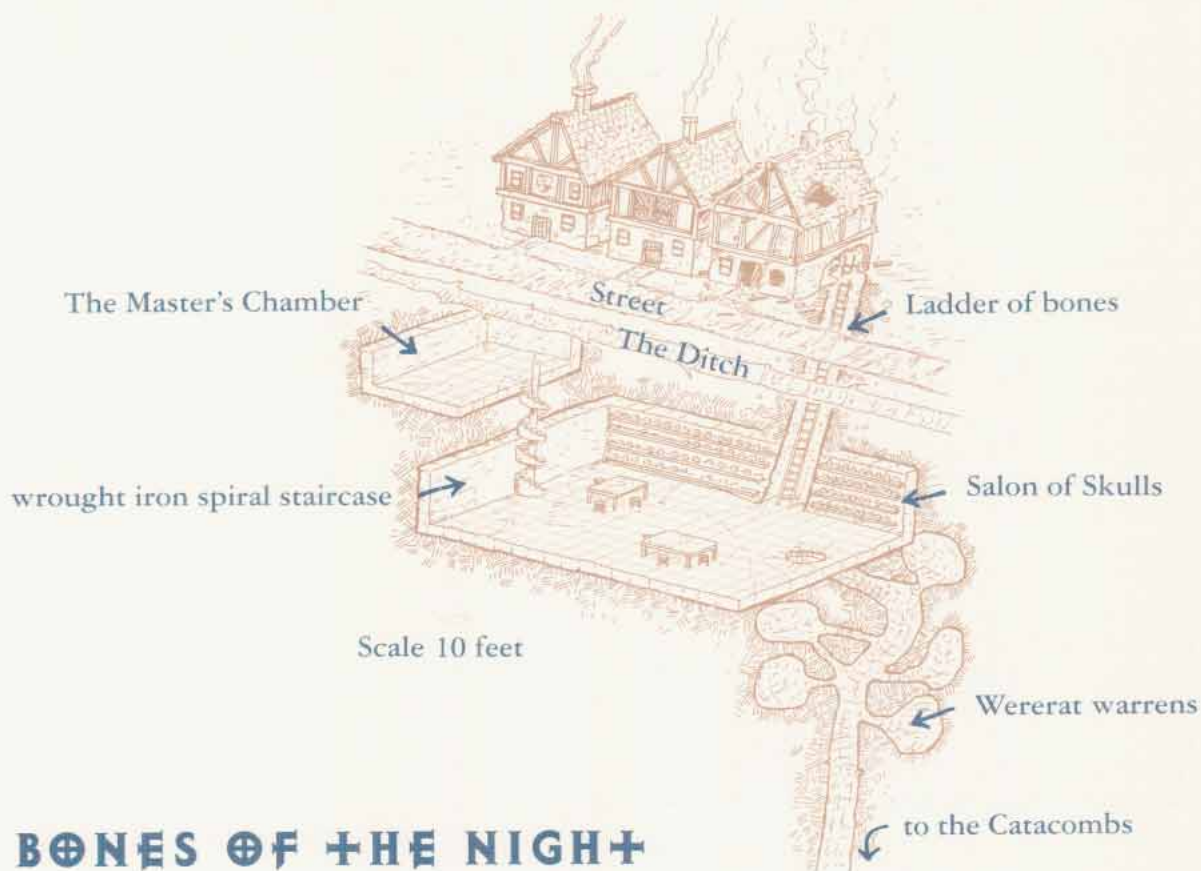
The Master is hardly alone in his catacombs. His best assistants are wererats, on loan from Tattersshade, the King of the Rats, who gains valuable information in exchange for the loan of his servants. The rats scurry off into the catacombs in search of particular bones when a question requires more specific information than his library can provide.

The entire complex is guarded by a powerful stone golem shaped into the form of an enormous ghoul, complete with sharp claws and flickering black tongue. This golem stands constant guard over the Master's library of skulls and his new acquisitions. An eldritch fire in its heart animates it; some say that when the Master dies, the fire will go out as well. Until then, the golem is justly famous for stopping thieves and expelling rude guests. No one has given it the laugh, at least not yet.

**STONE GOLEM:** AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 50; THACO 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SD hit only by +2 or better weapons; SZ L (9' tall); ML fearless (20); Int non (0); AL N; XP 8,000.

Master Lothar is trying a new experiment: creating a magical spigot that he hopes to install in corpses to drain a knowledge potion from each. By imbibing these draughts, he hopes to gain even greater wisdom.





## BONES OF THE NIGHT

### ◆ THE DITCH ◆

Sometimes said to define one edge of the Hive, the Ditch is Sigil's only large body of water: a foul and reeking morass where corpses (partial and otherwise) seem to sprout overnight. Its waters are corrosive, and most bodies become unrecognizable within hours of being dumped – a virtue as far as most Cagers are concerned, but a devilish problem when the locals call for the Harmonium to sort out who's been put in the dead-book. Rumor has it that the Ditch is a backwater of the Styx; though few bashers'll actually admit to seeing a marraenoloth sailing on it, everyone seems to know the friend of a friend who has. Don't believe 'em.

In some ways, the Ditch resembles more the *idea* of a river than an actual river: It ices over, sometimes it runs green and quick, but usually it is still, brown, and sluggish. The River Oceanus cleans out the Ditch from time to time; these rare occasions are cause for celebration among the poor folk of the Lower Ward, who spend the day bathing in the silvery sweet water. This scouring is all too infrequent.

The banks of the Ditch are a gathering ground of the Xaositects and the Guild of Teamsters, who use the waters as a quick way to get material from the Foundry to the portals of the gate towns Ribcage, Plaguemort, Rigus, and Hopeless, which lead respectively to Baator, the Abyss, Acheron, and the Gray Waste. At night, even these stubborn souls refuse to work there for fear of the Ditch Beast, an almost certainly mythical animal that they claim devours those who linger near the festering waters during the gloomy night hours.

In fact, the Ditch Beast doesn't exist, except as a result of the illusions of the dabus, who use the Ditch themselves during the hours near antipeak as a dumping ground for all sorts of refuse in addition to bodies, from nightsoil to kitchen offal to splinters of furniture swept from the taverns and alehouses. Few Cagers know about this nightly gathering of dabus, for the dabus tell no one and work quietly. The only exceptions are the Collectors, who wait patiently each night for the dabus to leave, then swarm over the abandoned refuse searching for anything the least bit salable or usable.



Wererats also gather along the Ditch, where they receive the orders of their king through his lieutenants. The King of the Rats, Tattersshade, lives underground in a section of the Realm Below taken from the dabus and never reclaimed. These tunnels are arranged entirely for defense, for Tattersshade lives in constant fear of . . . *something*, something he will not reveal even to his trusted lieutenants. Speculation is rampant among the wererats; some say that he fears the Master of the Bones, or a baatezu he crossed, or the Lady. A few claim that he fears the ghosts of his offspring, whom he drowned in the Ditch. Others claim he fears his followers, and those who know the dark of the shadow fiends say that Tattersshade once sold a captured mind that later escaped and that haunts him still (a certain Abyssal Lord is often mentioned). In any case, Tattersshade has turned the tunnels into a series of storerooms, poisoned traps, deep pits, and secret passages that even the rats can't always navigate. Visitors (usually priests or mages hired to cast magical traps and wards) are allowed only under the strictest precautions and supervision. In addition to the main, wererat-sized passages, the entire region is honeycombed with small passages, just big enough for rats and shifting shadows.

**TATTERSHADE, KING OF THE RATS (A SHADOW FIEND):** AC 9, 5, or 1; MV 12; HD 7+3; hp 44; THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d8; SZ M (6' tall); ML champion (15); Int very (12); AL CE; XP 2,000.

Tattersshade resembles a thin veil of gossamer black, a slightly darker corner of the room, with a shape that hints at shifting horns, claws, and teeth. His shape never stays in the same area long — his distrust runs too deep for him to sit still on a throne. He spends long, lonely hours counting his various treasures, making sure that his money is still there. Like all shadow fiends, Tattersshade doesn't speak, so his messages to his followers always take written form: a thin, wispy lettering that seethes and burns off the page within a day or two.

**LIEUTENANTS TRICK AND TRACK** (wererats): AC 6; MV 12; HD 3+1; hp 25, 20; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SZ M; ML steady (12); Int very (12); AL LE; XP 270.

Trick and Track are twins, with pale beige skin and black muzzles. The twins aren't terribly bright, but they're smart enough to play on Tattersshade's fears — when they dare — to extract more cash for themselves. (However, they claim it's for "defenses and wardings.") One day they'll go too far, and then Tattersshade will simply find himself new lieutenants.

## ◆ THE GOLDEN BELL ◆

Standing hard by the Temple of the Abyss, the Golden Bell is a pawnshop for the poor and the desperate. The Bell carries weapons, armor, kitchen goods, tack and harness, jewelry, supposed spell keys, holy and unholy symbols, maps, and more. A few are magical or at least of superior workmanship. All goods are available for half the usual price, with no returns or promises of quality.

The Bell is also famous as the home of a fence named Marisha the Fox, an alu-fiend whose left leg was crippled years ago, forcing her into semi-retirement. Many believe she is a spy for the tanar'ri in Sigil, but in fact the spy is her human husband, Pincher the Exile (Pl/♂ human/P4/Athar/CE), a servant of the Abyssal Lord Baphomet. Pincher isn't much in a fight, but he has powerful friends among the Temple of the Abyss and the tanar'ri in the city; his store has been robbed often, but the robbers almost always wind up floating face-down in the Ditch. The store's bouncer is an enormous prime minotaur named Crookshank (Pr/♂ minotaur/F6/Athar/CN). His cloven hooves are shod in spiked iron, and he always carries a *shield* +2 and a powerful *mace* +3 named Thunderflash. Crookshank is actually a draw for the store: He's bold, smart, rude, and barmy in an amusing combination. He makes people laugh, even as Marisha and Pincher swindle them.

## ◆ THE GREAT FOUNDRY ◆

This is the headquarters of the Godsmen. The foundry's a dirty, sprawling complex of workshops, warehouses, storage yards, and furnaces. The Godsmen work it non-stop. By day it belches smoke and steam, and by night the district's lit by its fires. The products of the foundry, petty metal goods needed by everyone throughout Sigil and beyond, are the Godsmen's major source of jink. They make tools, hinges, pots, nails, and anything else that can be fashioned out of iron. Their skills aren't very great; very few of their wares are fancy work, but they're all strong and serviceable.

The streets around the foundry are a jumbled weave of workshops and worker's taverns. They're not luxurious or particularly clean; when a cutter's been at the forge all day, he tracks in a lot of grime. Drinking and dealing are both serious business. There's always somebody haggling over the price of goods. Other deals get cut here, too, for this's the neighborhood where men and fiends meet. Their dark talk doesn't get whispered outside these doors.



## ◆ THE GREEN MILL ◆

This leafy sanctuary is half tavern, half safe house; it caters to the most powerful prime elves, those who seek the glories of Arborea, Alfheim, and the Beastlands. Humans, half-elves, bariaur, and primes are tolerated, but fully sylvan customers are given preference. Githzerai and tieflings are not permitted on the premises. Many weary Clueless have been cheered by the Green Mill — they claim it's like going home to their crystal spheres. (Puling nostalgic weaklings, really.)

A body can't miss the building itself: The mill is painted a bright yellow-green in contrast to the soot-darkened walls of the buildings all around it, and it's scrubbed each week to keep it that way. In its large central courtyard grow the largest trees — perhaps the only trees — of Sigil. The chant is the elves have planted a small World Ash (and the thousand years they'll need to spend growing it doesn't bother them). The rumor is amusing but unlikely, since most Arborean and Alfheim elves know that the Yggdrasil's seeds are sterile.

Inside, the Green Mill is opulent, with fragrant pillars and beams of cedar, richly gilded and carved to resemble vines and leaves. The walls are hung with thick, sound-deadening tapestries in repeating leaf patterns of light and dark, like the sun in a forest. The light is dim at all hours, and the air hangs heavy with the scents of flowers and moss.

The house bards play elven airs, and the lack of an echo makes the acoustics seem like those of a real forest. The most famous of the Green Mill's epic sagas is "Sketches of Sigil," a lay that has enjoyed a wide popularity outside the inn's walls; even yugoloths have been heard humming its tune to themselves. The dabus sometimes visit, and those nights are unforgettable. Their response always adds to the fireworks, flashing throughout the hall as a rapid series of images, rather like musical notation and visual interpretation. Even some of the bloods from The Lady's Ward have come to see the dabus, and rumors of the Lady herself appearing are as common as soot.

The mill still operates as a mill, the rotting swill of the Ditch turning its great wheel, said swill generating power to make elven breads and wayfarers' cakes. For slow periods, the Mill's equipped with a small windmill, sails, and gears, but these are cumbersome and less powerful than the waterwheel.

A few of the youngest elves insist that the Mill lies within The Lady's Ward, but most agree that it is part of the Lower Ward. However, its charm and warmth have won it a following from the rich and powerful of The Lady's Ward; whether that is merely a pleasant, but soon forgotten, diversion for the high-ups or something more remains to be seen. The work of its fletchers, weavers, and millers keeps it within the Lower Ward, but even there it's a rare oasis of elegance in a wasteland of smoke, sweat, and steel.

T ⊕ Y ⊕ U,

I + IS GREED.

T ⊕ ME,

I + IS NEED.

— MARIBACH

OF THE FATED

## ◆ THE HANDS OF TIME ◆

This amazing shop is a little piece of Mechanus, brought somehow complete to the heart of Sigil. Entire sections of it rotate and move and gyrate, with sliding floor sections, crude (and open) elevating platforms, and doors that open and shut by invisible hands. It even has its own clocktower and eternal lamppost.

The Hands of Time is a collaboration of like-minded aasimon, modrons, and prime gnomes and dwarves, all devoted to making better compasses, steam toys, music boxes, humanoid automata, timekeeping devices, arcano-mechanical songbirds, mechanical hammers and bellows, spell-driven engines for drills and orecarts, and other obscure but durable technologies. The members of the association call themselves Timekeepers, though only a few actually work on clocks of any kind. They will pay handsomely for any interesting mechanical apparatus brought to them.

Though it specializes in mechanical devices of every description, from pendulum clocks to armillary spheres, modron holy symbols to driving gears, sextants and padlocks to magical looms, the shop presents different faces to different races — in a way, the Hands of Time is more a club of like-minded individuals than a craftsmen's guild. Modrons view the shop as a peculiar sort of temple, and are accordingly respectful, leaving offerings and appearing en masse during the Great Modron Parade to make the proper prayers/finetuning on ritual days. The craftsmen are unwilling to sell any of their constructs, though they will give them away willingly to other Lawful creatures that express an interest in the modrons' view of the multiverse. A cutter should know, though, that accepting one of the modrons' creations puts a body in their debt. They may come back to ask for help or simply to ask for their



# SKETCHES

## "CARE CHARMING SLEEP"



are charming Sleep, thou Easer of all woes,  
Brother to death, sweetly thyself dispose.  
On this afflicted berk, fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers; give nothing to it loud,  
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.  
Into thy self gently, oh gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride✠





# OF SIGIL

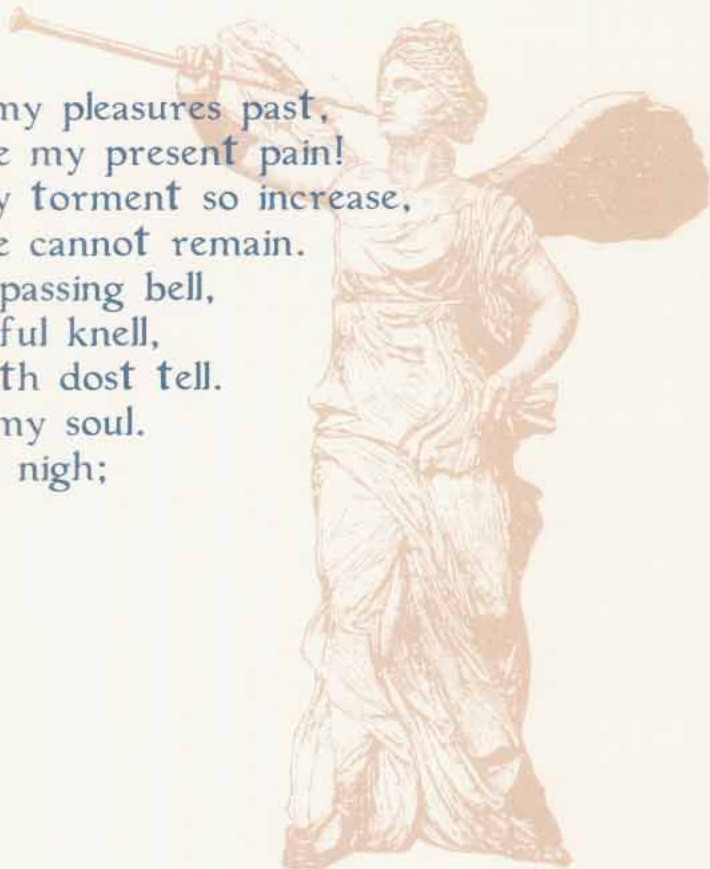
## "THE BELLS OF THE TEMPLE"



Deathe, rock me asleep,  
Bring me to quiet rest,  
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost,  
Out of my careful breast,  
Toll on thou passing bell,  
Ring out my doleful knell,  
Let thy sound my death tell,  
For I must die,  
There is no remedy,  
For now I die.



Farewell my pleasures past,  
Welcome my present pain!  
I feel my torment so increase,  
That life cannot remain.  
Cease now then, passing bell,  
Ring out my doleful knell,  
For thou my death dost tell.  
Lady, pity thou my soul.  
Death doth draw nigh;  
Sound dolefully,  
For now I die✠





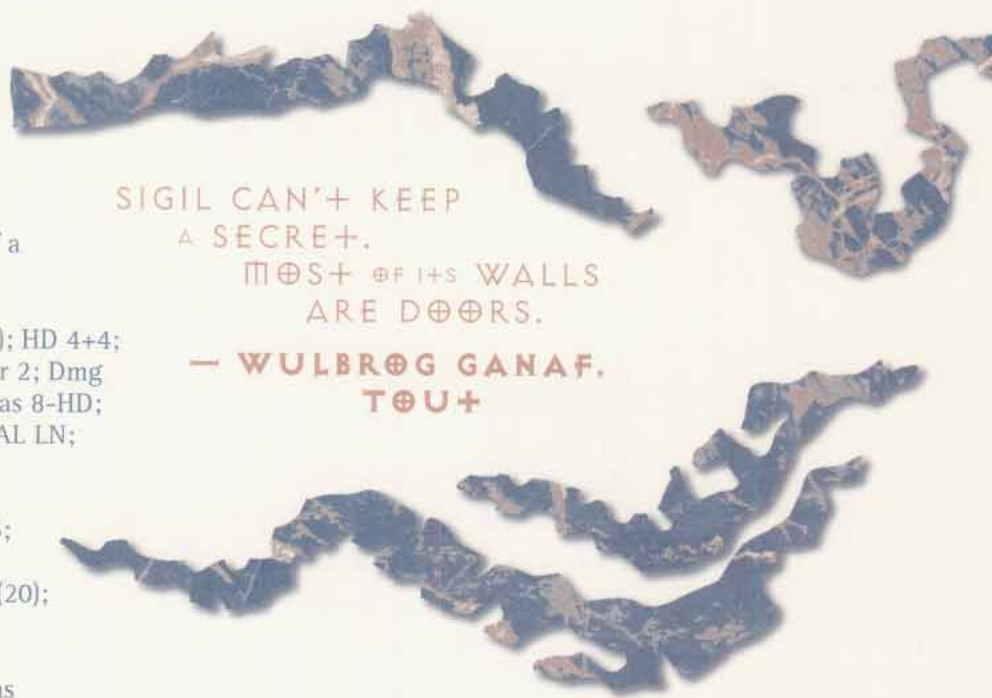
item's return. Refusal earns the freeloader the undying enmity of the modron race. Since modron craftsmen are utterly, fanatically devoted to the shop, a cutter shouldn't accept anything unless he's willing to return the favor or fight off a squadron of angry modrons.

**QUADRONES (4):** AC 4; MV 15, FI 15 (D); HD 4+4; hp 23, 22, 20, 18; THACO 17; #AT 4 or 2; Dmg 1d4+3 (×4) or 1d5+5 (×2); SA attacks as 8-HD; SZ M; ML fearless (20); Int very (11); AL LN; XP 650.

**PENTADRONE (1):** AC 3; MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 48; THACO 15; #AT 5; Dmg 1d4+4 (×5); SA paralysis; SZ M; ML fearless (20); Int very (11); AL LN; XP 2,000.

Aasimon see the Hands of Time as a reflection of the harmony of the multiverse, and consider the mechanical constructs expressions of the greater harmony found outside Sigil. They find the shop comforting, but rarely do more than purchase curios from it. The gnome and dwarf apprentices are most willing to part with their constructions, though only after thorough testing to ensure their durability and proper functioning. Nothing leaves that doesn't work — which means an awful lot of dangerous half-completed or failed projects are lying around the shop to be scavenged for parts.

Oddly enough, the guildmaster of the shop is Saddam Hasan Ibn Arvalas (Pr/♂ human/W14/Fraternity of Order/LG), a master mechanician from Toril. Though his specialty is infusing mechanical items with magical motive forces, his skills have been sharpened by the exchange of ideas with other engine-builders and the theories of the modrons. He can construct a skeleton framework for any mage or priest seeking to build a clay, stone, or iron golem (cutting the building time in half), and often more obscure forms of automata as well. In any conversation, Saddam often refers to his mentor, Trobriand, the previous master of the shop and another prime from Toril (responsible for Trobriand's automata, which now infest a region of Undermountain).



## The Dark: Aoskar, the Keeper of Gateways

Aoskar was a wily god, the power of portals, doorways, and opportunity. Every creature passing through a doorway could utter his name as a prayer, and each use of a gate key became enmeshed with his rituals. Travel to and from the City of Doors became inseparable from Aoskar worship.

In short, Aoskar wanted Sigil, but knew better than to try to take it himself. He simply encouraged his followers to spread the faith, slowly and quietly, from the Great Temple of Doors in the Lower Ward. The god of doors eventually became the unofficial patron of the City of Doors. Eventually, even the dabus began to worship Aoskar, and in time one of their number assumed the portal-god's priestly robes.

The extent of the Lady's displeasure is best not discussed in any detail: Suffice it to say the Great Temple is now the Shattered Temple of the Lower Ward, and the dabus no longer worship Aoskar. Many other followers also abandoned the god, and the dabus calmly, steadily removed his image everywhere it appeared in Sigil.

Aoskar's withered husk lies on the Astral, where it has drifted for long years. His followers are very few and very peery, for they are hunted ruthlessly and often sentenced to a gruesome death by the Wyrms for their beliefs. Nevertheless, they do seem to know some of the secrets of the gates and portals, for they know both keys and locations to portals that not even the Guvners suspect. A few barmies claim that Aoskarians can even somehow create gates, but such rot is deeply blasphemous and never whispered within the hearing of the dabus or the Harmonium.

Alchemists still seek the blood of Aoskar, a substance said to resemble wine. More importantly, it is said to function as a universal portal key, opening all gates. Like many rumors of the Gate-God, this is likely to be an outright lie. The truth of the cult of Aoskar is dark, and best kept that way.



## ◆ HARBINGER HOUSE ◆

Not well known, even to the touts, Harbinger House is a madhouse overseen by the Godsmen. Certainly Sigil has more than its share of barmies, driven mad by the powers, fiends, and contradictions of the planes. Most of them are allowed to wander the streets without interference, but the dabus and sometimes the Harmonium bring the real troublemakers here to be gently confined. The Godsmen themselves do not go out and search for barmies; they only care for those that are brought to them. Their most infamous charge is Sougad Lawshredder, the dreaded mass murderer.

Some berks will say Harbinger House is in The Lady's Ward. Within lie nexus upon nexus, portal on portal, all behind many locked doors. Strangely enough, even berks who have walked past it a thousand times seem to forget that they've seen it.

The head of Harbinger House is Housemaster Bereth, appointed by Ambar, factol of the Godsmen. A new Housemaster is appointed only on the death of the previous officeholder.



## ◆ THE SHATTERED TEMPLE ◆

Once a temple to Aoskar, the Shattered Temple is now the faction headquarters of the Athar. The Shattered Temple stands at the heart of a zone of destruction several blocks across. The Athar only repaired what little they had to in order to make the temple useable, preferring the broken look of the place. (They *are* the Lost, after all.) The area's been a ruin for a long time, as anyone who knows anything about Sigil can testify, but there's no clear hint as to what caused it. The best guess is that it involved the Lady of Pain and a conflict with a rival power. That would explain the broken temple, once belonging to the power Aoskar, which is now the Athar's home. Whatever the cause, the area's considered ill-omened by most, and nobody has built there since. Only a bunch like the Lost would ignore these superstitions.

Still, even they can't overcome other folk's fears. The few Athar merchants who've tried rebuilding in the blasted zone have all gone out of business for lack of customers — only other Athar'd even consider dealing with the berks. Wagoners stop at the very edge of the ruins, sedan chair porters won't enter, and moneylenders refuse to give out loans to those foolish enough to

ignore the tradition. While all this makes good security for the Athar, it's lousy for business.

Yet there's always a way to turn trouble into profit, folks figure. Packed at the outer edges of the ruin are a whole host of shops and inns catering to the Lost and their visitors. These form a ring of gaudy nightlife around the ruin. Over the years, the reputation of the area's grown enough to attract even wealthy lords looking for a little low-life fun.

## ◆ SOCIETY OF THE LUMINIFEROUS AETHER ◆

A gentleman's club for working mages, the Society was once in The Lady's Ward, but has drifted into the Lower Ward with the passing of years. The drift may be because the Society's members have accepted more and more commissions from the smithies and fewer and fewer from the high-ups of the city, who want too much privacy. (Soft whispers claim that knights of The Lady's Ward kill the mages they hire, to ensure their silence.) Besides, the

high-ups offer too little latitude for experimentation.


The sign over the single entrance — a basement-level door — reads

simply "Lumen." Only members of the club and their guests are allowed in; others are turned away by Gamnesto the Vile, the senior doorman (Pl/♂ fiend [gehreleth]/Free League/NE). Stories say that Gam was summoned by the Society's founder and is bound to defend the society as long as it exists. Gam's violent reaction to these stories makes most cutters believe that they're true. Any provocation brings a furious storm of violence from the doorman, who has no other outlet for his rage at being confined to the same duty for decades.

Once within the cellars of the Society, visitors are amazed by the floor-to-ceiling books, scrolls, logbooks, charts, globes, and tablets, all pertaining to the planes, fiends, and powers. Most importantly, it maintains a long list of spell keys and spell effects on the various locations of the Great Ring. Of course, on infinite and shifting planes, the list is unreliable even though it is constantly updated. However, every arcane, valuable work is enchanted with wizard marks that the doorman can clearly see, as well as deeper runes that he can sense whenever works are removed from the library. Any removal of a volume from the Society brings his wrath and that of every mage present down on the offender. *Teleportation* and similar spells do not function within the Society's quarters, either coming or going. Everyone must pass the doorman.

Bright magical lights shine warmly in every room,





and the entire complex is decorated in rich (though worn) fabrics and swathed in layers of sound-dampening carpets and tapestries. Private rooms are available in the deeper cellars or outlying buildings for security while summoning major fiends or potent (and unmused) creatures of good. The society also keeps a well-stocked wine cellar and runs an excellent kitchen (most prices are double or even triple those listed in the *Player's Handbook*).

Membership in the Society is not cheap; the entrance fee is currently a pile of jink most cutters won't see in a lifetime (10,000 gp or more, some say), and Society mages must donate either 10% of their annual earnings or 1,000 gp per level each year (whichever is greater) to remain in good standing. However, since use of the Society library for guests costs 1,000 gp a day, joining is sometimes worthwhile. Exceptions are sometimes made for those who donate new and valuable works to the Society's library.

## ◆ THE S+YX OARSMAN ◆

If the name doesn't give a cutter a clue about this kip's ambiance, the tiefling guarding the door will. Nobody gets inside without knowing the password, which tends to change from day to day. ('Course the one password that never changes is "jink," as in garnish the bouncer's palm, berk.) Once inside, a body knows for sure this's a fiendish watering hole. The common room's dark – not just romantically dim, but outright dark. The glimmer of a single candle illuminates the taps. Voices whisper to each other in the blackness. Cold, dry, snake-like skin brushes a cutter's side. Eyes flash with their own light.

THA+ AIN'+  
+HE CHAN+,  
I+ 'S IUS+ +HE  
RΘ+GU+ +ALKING.  
— BUBBER  
A+  
RAGPICKERS'  
SQUARE

The tavern's run by Zegonz Vlaric (Pl/♂ githzerai/F4,W6/Bleak Cabal/CE), an emaciated and scarred githzerai with one arm frozen into a claw. He was permanently maimed – beyond even the means of magical repair – during a run-in with a band of good-aligned adventurers. This tavern is his revenge on all those he blames for his sorrows. Zegonz openly courts tanar'ri clientele, giving them a place to discreetly meet and do their business. The fiends know it, too, and they protect him from the wrath of the Harmonium or any band of self-styled do-gooders who might try to close the place down.

The Oarsman's a bolt-hole for many a cross-trader giving the Law the laugh who's willing to trade some of his swag (and maybe a bit of blood) for a place safe from the Harmonium and less dangerous than the Hive. After all, sometimes even the peeriest sharper will pluck a pigeon that turns out to be a hawk. Once his bob's fallen apart, he needs to hide but he can't risk the Outlands or, like some Cagers, he just fears life outside the city. So, he comes to the Oarsman.

Rule-of-Three, the tanar'ri wise man (or beggar, depending on who you ask), occasionally comes to the Oarsman for a laugh; his very presence scares newbies into quivering silence. He enjoys taking the form of a gap-toothed old githzerai sage, because this leads most bashers to underestimate him. He's always got three answers to any question, and his triplicate patter drives some listeners barmy. Rule-of-Three loves watching them squirm.

**RULE-OF-THREE (MARQUIS CAMBION):** AC -2; MV 15; HD 6; hp 42; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; MR 30%; SZ M; ML elite (14); AL NE; XP 6,000.  
S 19, D 17, C 15, I 15, W 13, Ch 20.

**Special Equipment:** eye of seeing, dagger of venom +3, javelin of lightning ×2, hat of disguise, leather armor +3, ring of protection +4, ring of shooting stars.

In addition to acting the part of the old wise man, Rule-of-Three has a few more serious plots brewing. With his *eye of seeing*, he can pierce the layers of illusion and disguise surrounding many factions' and cross-traders' plans, and pass on information in any way that amuses him. He enjoys chaos for its own sake, beyond its challenge and trickery – some say he worshiped Loki for a time, before that too grew stale. Recently he has been seen in the company of Muspelheimer fire giants down near the Great Foundry; not a body in the city will admit to knowing his plans, so there's sure to be something afoot.



## THE UBIQUITOUS ◆ WAYFARER ◆

Some say the Ubiquitous Wayfarer is in The Lady's Ward, some say it's in the Clerk's Ward, but all agree that it contains many, many portals to other planes. Its portals lead to the planes of the Great Ring, not to the gate-towns of the Outlands.

Unlike all other taverns of the Cage (except the World Serpent, which caters to primes in someplace called Arabel on Toril — and there are those who claim it's actually *in* Arabel), the Ubiquitous Wayfarer has permanent portals for some of its entrances, so as not to inconvenience anyone in another part of the city. 'Course, some of those Clueless berks in the Clerk's Ward don't even know they're passing through a portal when they go in, so they think the place is part of their ward. Pathetic.

## ◆ OTHER ◆ BELOVED ALEHOUSES ◆ OF THE LOWER WARD

The Lower Ward breeds dives and pubs, taverns and public houses, places where the air is thick and the floor is sticky with spilled blood and lager. Here's a quick guide to the best and the worst. (You won't find these on the poster map, but a good tout can point the way.)

## THE DIRK & FIRKIN

A well-heated, well-kept greenhouse that has attracted large crowds of upper planar customers ever since it opened, the Dirk & Firkin's whitewashed glass skylights and smoked glass windows hide a fragrant refuge full of eladrin, palms, aasimon, tulani, flowering plants, einheriar, ferns, and bariaur — even occasional lillends or devas. The warm, humid air isn't to everyone's taste, but a few cutters weary of the Lower Ward's stench make pilgrimages here “to breathe the vapors” (good for the lungs). The food is simple but wholesome, and the drinks are strong, clear, and sweet.

LIVING  
IS A HARD  
HABI+ +@ BREAK.  
— DUST+MEN  
MAXIM

## THE FACE OF GITH

As expected, this establishment's frequented by githzerai, all being alone together, drinking silently and sullenly. They enjoy no company but their own, and they enforce the policy with drawn steel. The githzerai who've been there claim that the bar has installed a sealed blob of Limbo's primal chaos-stuff, which the Anarchs and other chaos-masters shape into images, creatures, and shifting colors for the amusement of the patrons. Some conversations are held entirely by telepathy, lending the place a further subdued atmosphere.





A volume from the reading library of  
the Society of the Luminiferous Æther:

***On the Wings of the Lords of the Pit***

A treatise with a Description of their foul Appetites,  
their cruel Lusts, and their Magics

Translated from the Malbaogni, the language of  
Baator, by Crookshank, a tiefling and a scholar

**This material has not been approved or revealed to the  
Censors of the Fraternity of Order. No Guarantees are  
made by the Society as to its Accuracy or Efficacy.**

Donated By Crookshank,  
Junior Doorman to the Right Noble Mages of the Lumen



## THE HOODED LANTERN

This informal thieves' guild is a place where sharpers and knights of the cross-trade meet, share trade secrets, and plan jobs and scams together. They only one they don't dare peel is Old Larsmith, the barkeep, whom they call the Great Old Wyrn behind his back (on account of the hoard of gold he's said to keep buried in the basement).

## THE MERMAID'S CUPS

Famous for its sign, which shows a mermaid (a sort of semi-aquatic female from the Prime) with two shell-like cups covering her breasts, this place is a local favorite. A teasing smile — cruder berks would call it a leer — lingers on the painted female's lips. It's equally famous for its dancers and for Larissa the Fence, a sharp cutter who'll steal a berk blind and leave him aching for a repeat performance.

## THE RED PONY

Working men, loud and boisterous, always ready and willing for a laugh or a brawl: These are the regulars at this corner tap. Fights are more than a way to blow off steam; they're entertainment for everyone, a chance to bet and settle scores. Food and drink are of average quality but cheap.

## THE SPECKLED RAT

The Speckled Rat is a dive for those with barely enough jink to buy watered wine and weak ale. Dustmen linger in the corners, waiting for the patrons to approach them for The Contract. In exchange for a legally binding, witnessed contract — drawn up by the Guvners' best advocates — that guarantees the Dustmen full use of a sod's body after death and into undeath, the poor berk gets a paltry negotiated sum, varying between 6 silvers and 3 or 4 gold crowns. Once in a while, the patrons get indignant about the whole sordid exchange and chase the Dustmen out, but they always show up at the Mortuary a few days later, apologetic and asking for "one more contract, for a friend." Sigil makes pulp out of the hardest cases.

## THE SWORD AND BUCKLER

Its place at the edge of The Lady's Ward makes this bar almost respectable. Many of the principals of the *kriegstanz* come here to hire members of their corps de

WHEN YOU'RE  
UP TO YOUR  
EYEBALLS  
IN BUB,  
ONE KIP'S  
AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.

— ANONYMOUS  
HIVER

ballet: thugs and bodyguards for the dirty work among the clean streets of the Court and the Prison. The Sword and Buckler's a good place both to get hired and to get put in the dead-book.

## THE TENTH PIT

As its name implies, the Tenth Pit is the home of tieflings, succubi, and other fiends. Their tastes run to blood and suffering, and few visitors are left unscarred by a visit to the Pit. Oddly enough, it has become the Sensates' current favorite: Many members of this faction view suffering as a valuable experience. The fiends are more than willing to oblige, if a bit puzzled about the whole thing.

## THE WHITE CASKET

This is a faction gathering ground for the Dustmen, who often line up for a drink beside the undead, mostly zombie servants and the occasional enslaved ghoul. The entire place is decorated with morbid trinkets: skulls of unusual species, mosaics made of bone, twitching homunculi sealed in glass, skull-rattles, and thigh-bone flutes. Most drinks at the White Casket are made with brandy or mead, though razorvine wine is also available. A grinning, pickled osyluth in an enormous glass amphora full of yellowish brine dominates the space over the bar; the Dustmen can ignore it, but it puts most visitors off for obvious reasons.



*A Meticulous Accounting of all that Transpires within the Ward's Volumes – and all that is left out of its Records.*

# THE CLERK'S WARD

"The Clerk's Ward, the embodiment of Sigil's bureaucracy and a beacon of cultural harmony, nestles between the Market and Guildhall Wards and the Hive Ward. It couldn't be more different from its neighbors. Where the Hive Ward's chaotic, the Clerk's Ward's orderly. Where the Market Ward's competitive, the Clerk's Ward's cooperative. Where the Hive Ward's filthy, the Clerk's Ward's pristine – for the most part.

"The streets're diligently patrolled, dutifully maintained. Conflict's discouraged. The Fated consider the Hall of Records the hub of the ward; after all, it's their headquarters. It's a financial center and a repository of secrets, and also it's where work proceeds on *The Secret History of Sigil*, the definitive story of the Fated. The Civic Festhall, the headquarters of the Society of Sensation, is a huge draw thanks to the Sensates' popularity and devotion to the arts. The Hall of Speakers, the headquarters of the Sign of One, embodies the Signers' devotion to the exchange of ideas.

"In many circles, it's still fashionable to disparage the public servants of the Clerk's Ward. True, they encourage conformity, but they're not narrow-minded. True, they insist on individual responsibility, but they don't lack compassion. And true, they concern themselves with facts and figures, but they aren't insensitive to folks' needs.

"Simply put, without the hard work of these dedicated professionals, Sigil'd fall to anarchy. Who'd protect property owners' rights? Who'd ensure that the voices of all qualified speakers would be heard? Who'd collect the taxes to build monuments to our heroes?"

– Konnor the Arrogant, a member of the Escorts

If a body was to pick just one word to describe the ethos of the Clerk's Ward, it'd be *order*. Order manifests itself not only in the attitude of the citizens – for example, custom dictates most workers acknowledge their superiors with a bow – but in the appearance of the ward itself. Streets of the Administrator's District're swept every day. Statues of dignitaries're scrubbed with soap and dried with sponges. Sewers're kept razorvine-free.

Order, of course, is also a consequence of law. And nowhere in Sigil're laws more rigidly enforced – except at Harmonium headquarters. Harmonium patrols make as many as a hundred arrests per night, mostly for unruliness, loitering, and conspiracy. Private guards have the authority to detain and physically reprimand those suspected of threatening the ward's elite.

The Clerk's Ward takes pride in its progressive policies regarding capital punishment (in most cases, an execution's got to be preceded by a fair trial) and free enterprise (merchants may engage in trade without government interference – within reason). While these are strictly speaking a function of the Court in The Lady's Ward, the Clerk's Ward prides itself on having been instrumental in their implementation.

Other proposals, currently under discussion at the Hall of Speakers, include:

- ◆ The Architectural Uniformity Act, establishing official color schemes for all structures in the ward.
- ◆ The Indigent Relocation Act, collecting funds to purchase wagons for moving impoverished citizens to the Hive Ward, where it's felt they'll be more comfortable.
- ◆ The Apparel Regulation Act, establishing dress standards for workers and making violations punishable offenses.

None of these proposals've become law. But debate'll continue, perhaps for years, perhaps for decades. A thorough discussion's always preferable to a hasty decision.





# Welcome to the Whole Note Inn

*We cater to special tastes!*



Fast and complete breakfasts, dinners, and suppers

Banquet facilities

Reservations welcome

## Today's Specials

Carceri Snails (fried in goat butter)	7 sp
Poached Stirge Eggs	5 sp
Glorium Ox (roasted with onions)	8 sp
Goat Filet in Strawberry Sauce	6 sp
Pickled Eel and Mustard Pie	6 sp
Boiled Shank of Bebelith	5 sp

*All meals include almond bread, sherry cheese,  
beverage (house ale, peach wine, or lemon mead), and dessert.  
Choose from Pelion cake, starflower ice, or  
honeyed enderpine nuts.*

## Now in our Third Century of Service



Visiting berks, then, shouldn't judge the Clerk's Ward too harshly. They're advised to consider the words attributed to an associate of Duke Rowan Darkwood, Factol of the Fated:

*He who wields a sword serves his community with courage. But he who wields a pen serves with elegance.*

## ◆ GETTING AROUND ◆

Cutters should have little trouble navigating the ward, assuming they stay on the main streets. While a body should always keep a peery eye open for thieves and hoodlums, the number of light boys available in this ward makes it tough to mug anyone on Crystal Dew Lane, the ward's principal thoroughfare. Hull Road and Tea Street, while not as well lit as the main drag, bustle with friendly cutters more than willing to steer a body in the right direction.

Folks willing to invest a little jink may wish to hire a tout. The most dependable ones're found on Rook Street; the bariaur touts aren't as likely to be knights of the post as the human ones. Outside the Civic Festhall, sedan chairs're for rent for only a few copper pieces an hour. Factotums'll serve as guides for important faction members, as assigned by their factols; a silver piece or two guarantees attentive service. For a leisurely tour of the ward, a body can rent a pony cab at Tea Street Transit (see page 74).

By law, Cagers're free to buy property and build their cases anywhere they like. By tradition, however, cutters of similar background and financial status tend to congregate in the same area. The Administrator's District, for instance, is home to the ward's elite. Government officials, affluent professionals, and respected scholars live here, maintaining lavish homes on grand estates. Domestic servants cook meals in woodburning stoves, pump water from private wells, and draw baths in copper tubs.

Craftsmen, clerks, and other commoners gravitate to the Workers' District, a neighborhood of boxy cottages and austere tenements. Furnishings're sparse, yards nonexistent (just as well, as the residents have neither the time nor jink to take proper care of 'em). Families prepare food over open fires, fetch water from street corner wells, and wash themselves from buckets. Instead of the indoor lavatories common in the Administrator's District, outdoor cesspits are the norm.

Many of the ward's tieflings've settled in a small strip of land near the Hive Ward border called the Sandstone District, named for the grainy red stone of its streets. The humble living conditions resemble those in the Workers' District. (Strange as it may seem, a few high-minded tieflings embrace poverty as a matter of principle, considering the trappings of luxury decadent and corrupting.) Because the tieflings covet privacy, the

Sandstone District remains relatively isolated, making it an ideal refuge for bobbbers, bubbers, and knights of the cross-trade.

With the possible exception of the Sandstone District and a few neglected areas in the Workers' District, the Clerk's Ward boasts some of Sigil's cleanest, quietest thoroughfares. With its debris-free white granite pavement, Rook Street, the snaky avenue linking the Hall of Records and the Hall of Speakers, is the ward's most attractive roadway. The ward's finest cases stand along the broad Crystal Dew Lane, leading from the Civic Festhall to the Hall of Records. Residents of the Workers' District painted the granite surface of Hull Road in bright greens and blues to cheer up the otherwise gloomy area. In contrast, crumbling slums line Sandstone Row, notable for its dull red cobblestone. Near the Administrator's District, Tea Street's packed with inexpensive taverns, stables, and pawnbrokers. Touts and scribes sell their services along Thistlewind Way. A recent quake (or, the chant is, a wizard's experiment gone awry) left Pride Street with cracks big enough to swallow a sedan chair; until the dabus complete their repairs, this street's best avoided.

A visitor to the Clerk's Ward seeking some thirst-quenching bub or a comfortable kip has myriad choices. (While weaponsmiths and armorers may be in short supply, the streets're packed with luxury inns and taverns.) The Tear of the Barghest, a tavern favored by moneylenders and landlords, features candlelit tables, curtained booths, and expensive drinks (a glass of Elysium red wine costs 4 sp); the high prices attract bodies interested more in thoughtful conversation than bub. The Iron Heart, with its metal chairs and almond brandy, is popular with the Fated, while the Sullen Moon, replete with abstract sculptures and dogskin rugs, caters to tieflings. Tucked away in a corner of the Administrator's District, the Eyes of Elysium serves nothing but water imported from Thalasia (1 gp per pitcher, tasting faintly of limes). The Black Wind Tavern, tastefully decorated with violet tapestries and enderpine paneling (showing off the fine grain of this smooth, hard, black wood from Krigala), enforces a strict policy of silence; a berk who speaks is shown the door.

A blazing fire in an immense copper dish welcomes guests to Heshter's Arms, a rambling, friendly inn named after the proprietor, Eman Heshter; because of its central location, the inn's nearly always booked to capacity, and Heshter recommends making reservations at least a month in advance. Travelers on a budget might consider the Slumbering Lamb, an unpretentious boarding house where rooms cost a paltry 5 cp per night (including free bowls of cucumber soup). Bariaur'll appreciate the Velvet Harness; each room includes a grain trough, floor mattress, and sunken bathtub. The Whole Note Inn features singing maids, perfumed sheets, and a menu of exotic dishes guaranteed to please the most demanding gourmet.



## ◆ THE CIVIC FESTHALL ◆

Headquarters of the Society of Sensation, the Civic Festhall's noted throughout the multiverse for its concerts and art exhibitions, as well as its wine shops, taverns, and jewelers, all catering to the most discriminating customers. While tickets for many of the Civic Festhall's concerts're sold only to Sensates, citizens can gather behind the Festhall and listen to the music through the walls (providing they behave in an orderly manner and disperse as soon as the concert ends). On occasion, the administrators open their personal galleries and museums to the public. And because the Sensates encourage artistic expression in all forms, they tolerate, even encourage, informal performances in the streets. Those skilled at juggling, singing, or dancing can make a surprisingly good living collecting the coins tossed by appreciative spectators.

## ◆ THE GREENGAGE ◆

The Greengage, across the street from the Civic Festhall, sells glasses of cider cutters sip while sitting on the curb. This is the establishment of Marda Farambler (Pr/♀ halfling/CG). Marda followed her adventurous husband out to the planes, and after he got himself killed, she decided to stay. Scraping up what little jink she had, she bought this place. Over the years it's earned a fine reputation, although it's not wildly popular with big folks. Marda, it seems, refused to bow to common sense and build the place to a proper scale. Or rather, she built it to a *perfectly* proper scale — for anyone shorter than 4 feet 6 inches. The commons are both spacious and cozy to little people, but the seating is cramped for anyone of small human size or taller. (They're the ones who drink their cider while sitting on the curb.)

A cutter might think this shortcoming would be the end of Marda's business, but the Greengage is a second home to the members of Sigil's gnome and halfling communities. Marda specializes in cider, both unfermented and hard, from the orchards of the goddess Sheela Peryroyl. The latter cider is such a potent brew that Marda normally allows only two tankards per customer — it's a sure sign of her trust when a basher gets more than this in a single night. Nobody knows how she manages to get this rare brew, but most guess it's a repayment for a debt owed to her late husband.

### The Dark: Greengage Cider

*Most guess correctly. The supply of Sheela's Gold comes directly from that power's realm, in permanent repayment for the debt owed to Rangell Farambler for his role in diverting a flank of the Great Modron Parade that was about to wipe out large areas of Sheela Peryroyl's blessed orchards.*

TO WRENCH THE  
ARCANE DREAM /  
THE TALE OF CINDERS' SOUL /  
CAN NAME  
THE RAGING CLOUDS /  
AND TIP THE  
MASTER'S BOWL  
— FROM A POEM  
BY  
LINN SMESTER



## ◆ GRUNDLETHUM'S AUTOMATIC SCRIBE ◆

This small shop's the only officially sanctioned one of its kind in all the Cage. Anyone with the jink to cover the fees can pay the Automatic Scribe to write a document of any kind: statements of intent to purchase, promises of payments due, exclamations of passion, whatever a body needs (or wants) set down in writing.

The Automatic Scribe is a contraption of Grundlethum Blackdagger's (Pl/♂ human/W15/Free League/LN) own creation. It appears to be nothing more than a

metal wall, with five small grilles at roughly mouth-level (about 5 feet off the floor) and a horizontal slot below each grille. To the right of each grille is another slot, this one vertical; a body puts jink (coins only!) in this little opening, speaks into the grille, and waits for the written docu-

ment to appear in the slot below.

There's only one problem: In his zeal to create the Automatic Scribe, Grundlethum accidentally enchanted a flaw into the Lady's defenses of the Cage. He *intended* to bind some erudite elemental into the machine. Instead, a lesser power from the Abyss is pretending to be the Automatic Scribe, and already nasty (but minor) things have started happening in and around the shop. Chant in the Hive claims that the Blood War's coming, led by whatever lesser power this is who's slipped past the defenses; other rattling bone-boxes say the War's not coming in, but berks and sods'll be going out to fight in it, courtesy of the baatezu. In any case, before long, the chant's certain to escalate into far worse (and far more tangle) incidents.



Dustman in the Mortuary





## The Dark: The Scratcher

The Scratcher (Pl/♂ human/W14/Sign of One/CN), a remorseless killer whose real name remains unknown, has taken the Sign of One philosophy to its logical and deadly conclusion. While Signers tend to view themselves as the center of the multiverse, the Scratcher believes he is the multiverse; buildings, people, even the planes themselves're as much a part of his body as his arms and legs. As others trim their hair and wash their faces, he "grooms" himself by destroying buildings with lightning bolts and dispatching animals with magic missiles. He tolerates people — he considers them his fingers and toes, his eyes and ears — except berks who strike him as confrontational and uncooperative; they're incinerated with fireballs, slashed with his poisoned fingernails, or sent to another plane.

This latter ability makes him particularly dangerous. Sages speculate that he's an unusual "lightning rod" for brand new shifting portals to Outer Planes, able to draw them to his own location by unknown, dark means. (How he knows the proper keys is dark, too.) By inscribing a circle in the air with his long fingernail, the Scratcher pulls the Sigil end of a new shifting portal to himself, and opens it. Any poor sods in the vicinity of the portal're sucked away to whatever Outer Plane it's connected to. (As for the Scratcher's addled conception of himself and the multiverse, chant's that he volunteered for surgery at the Weary Spirit Infirmary in the Hive Ward to correct his chronic headaches; the treatment destroyed his mind.) Once he becomes enough of a nuisance to annoy the Lady, he'll find himself in a maze. Until then, cutters beware.

The Scratcher spends his days wandering the streets of the Clerk's Ward, looking for imperfect buildings and creatures to eradicate. His definition of imperfection remains a mystery; new buildings're as likely to be destroyed as slums, finely-dressed merchants are as likely to be targeted as sodden bubbers. (He does, however, seem especially averse to bright colors.) Thanks to his teleport and invisibility spells, efforts to capture him have been futile. The Hall of Speakers, which abhors the Scratcher for perverting the Signers' philosophy, has a standing offer of 10,000 gp for his corpse.

The Scratcher's demeanor's anything but threatening. Wearing a flowing white robe and a golden necklace bearing the Signers' symbol, he walks with calm assurance and a gentle smile for all. He speaks in soothing tones, even to those he's considering whisking away to an Outer Plane. He enjoys philosophical debates and frequently appears at the public debating hall (detailed later in this chapter), the Trianym — Sura's afraid to turn him away — teleporting if the crowd becomes hostile.

**THE SCRATCHER:** AC 10; MV 12; hp 40; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA: poison-coated fingernails; create temporary conduit to any Outer Plane of his choice. I 17.

Notes: SA Poison coated fingernails—Make normal attack; victim must save vs. poison or suffer 3–12 points of poison damage; onset time 1–6 rounds; no modifier to save. Create conduit—Once per day. Conjuring the conduit takes 3 rounds, after which it appears as a hazy disk 5 feet in diameter, hovering 5 feet off the ground, 10 feet away from the Scratcher. The Scratcher speaks the name of the desired Outer Plane as he conjures the conduit. All characters other than himself within 10 feet of the conduit are automatically sucked inside unless they make a successful saving throw vs. death magic; the conduit vanishes in 1–4 rounds.

Spells: 1st—magic missile x3, shield, wall of fog; 2nd—invisibility x3, darkness 15' radius, fog cloud; 3rd—fireball x2, lightning bolt x2, flame arrow; 4th—fear, phantasmal killer, wall of fire, wall of ice; 5th—passwall, teleport, stone shape, wall of stone; 6th—chain lightning, death fog; 7th—teleport without error.

LIFE  
MAY BE  
SHORT,  
BUT  
ART IS  
FOREVER.  
— ANONYMOUS  
SENSATE



## ◆ THE HALL OF INFORMATION ◆

An adjunct to the Hall of Records, the Hall of Information may be Sigil's most valuable resource. It provides general information about government operations, cultural affairs, and private sector services; Cagers and visitors with routine questions are directed here. Among the services the Hall may be able to provide are:

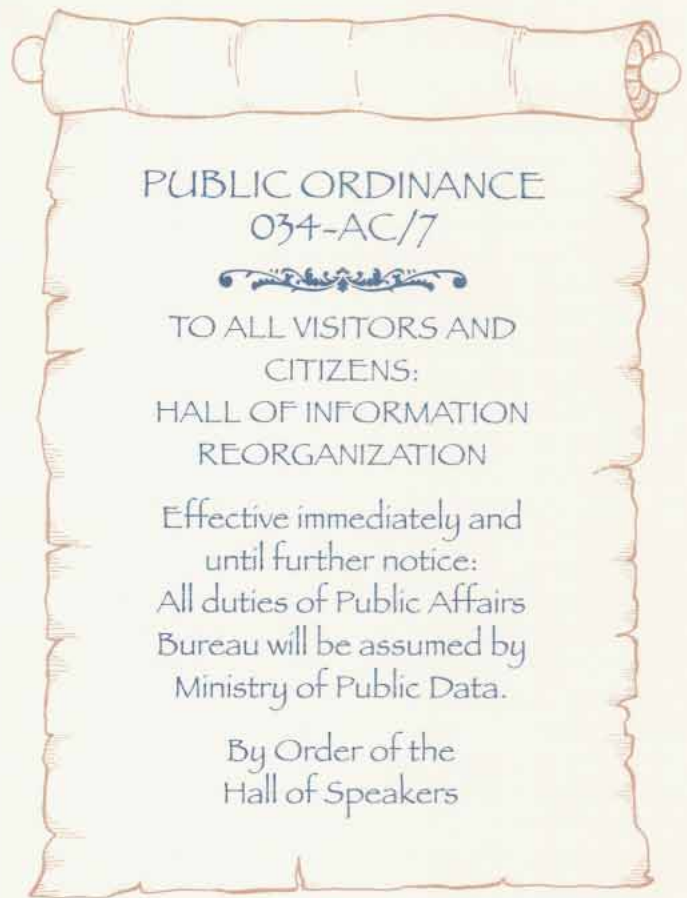
- ◆ Locating a missing relative.
- ◆ Giving directions to a Lower Ward inn.
- ◆ Recommending a reputable pawnbroker in the Market Ward.
- ◆ Mediating a dispute with a merchant.
- ◆ Petitioning for government employment.
- ◆ Rectifying a mistaken tax assessment.
- ◆ Explaining the status of a civil war in Acheron.
- ◆ Arranging a meeting with a wealthy landowner.

Located midway between the Hall of Speakers and the Hall of Records, the Hall of Information's a stately edifice of blue marble edged in onyx, its sparkling crystal windows framed in turquoise. A pair of marble ramps leading inside runs between three marble columns. The words on each column (one per capital) taken together summarize the Hall's credo: COOPERATION, COMPLIANCE, and CONTROL. (Take care not to lean too hard on the COOPERATION column; it's been weakened by structural flaws and is about ready to collapse. The Bureau of City Services has issued a statement that repair is imminent.)

Inside, a steward'll arrange an appointment with the appropriate official and collect the fee, when applicable. After cutters make an appointment, they may look around a bit, so long as they speak in hushed tones, avoid disturbing any of the officers, keep their hands off the clean walls, and stay away from the chief, Bordon Mok (Pl/♀ bariaur/F12/Fated/LN). A force of Mercykiller guards keeps an eye out for troublemakers.

In Bordon's defense, let it be noted that hers is a difficult job, demanding a firm hand and unwavering focus. And she performs her duties well. During her three decades as chief, the Hall of Information's been a model of efficiency.

But as a person — more precisely, as a bariaur — she's foul-tempered and frightening. If she has affection for any living creature, she's kept it to herself. In the rigidity of her beliefs, Bordon isn't so different from other Takers. She contends that society's outcasts are victims of their own laziness, that the strong're meant to dominate the weak. But Bordon takes the philosophy of the Fated to an extreme. She believes fear breeds loyalty and compassion's a character flaw. She intimidates her Hall officers with vicious insults — she refers to the Portal Registrar as “my little cranium rat,” his



children as “ratlings” — and lashes ‘em with a silver whip if they fail to bow when she walks by. (If Bordon hadn't arranged for the Hall officers to receive handsome salaries, it's unlikely that any'd remain in her employ for more than a few weeks.) She despises the Harmonium, and considers primes an especially repugnant species of vermin. She trusts no one, colleagues included, and is rumored to have evidence of immoral acts conducted by several of Sigil's most respected Cagers, which she intends to use as blackmail.

Make no mistake — Bordon's neither dishonest nor deceptive: She's consumed by hatred. The reason? It may be a consequence of her appearance. A small pair of ram's horns grow from her head — almost unheard of in female bariaur — making her the target of ridicule since childhood. All efforts to eradicate the horns have failed; they always grow back.

## TOURING THE HALL

All interior walls and floors're made of polished blue marble, illuminated by aquamarine chandeliers. Every surface is spotless. Footsteps and muttered conversations echo in the otherwise silent hallways. A faint aroma of apples hangs in the air.



## The Dark: Red Tape

The directory to the Hall of Offices is a complete listing (see page 69), but the DM may expand the roster as desired. The type and quality of information available in each office is up to the DM. While the officers strive for accuracy, information is often outdated or incomplete. Additionally, the government reserves the right to withhold sensitive data.

The Hall of Information is open around the clock, every day. A character who wishes to use the Hall must follow these steps:

**1. OBTAIN A LIST OF OFFICES FROM THE STEWARD.** The steward's sole function is to aid cutters in making appointments; he won't answer any questions, nor will he recommend which office to visit. He will, however, provide a directory of offices for berks who don't know where they want to go.

The character must choose an office from the directory that seems best suited to the particular situation. For instance, someone interested in hiring on as a necromancer's apprentice might try the Wizard's Registry. A body who wants to complain about a mugging by a dwarf might try the Nonplanar Races Commission. There is no guarantee, however, that the office chosen will be of any help at all.

**2. MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.** After the character chooses an office, the steward makes an appointment. Appointments can usually be made within a day or two; same-day appointments are uncommon, except in emergencies. A character may make only one appointment at a time, and may discuss only one problem per appointment.

**3. PAY THE PROCESSING FEE.** For most appointments, a character must pay a processing fee to cover administrative overhead. Fees are listed in the directory (the Health Commission appointment fee is 1 sp). The steward collects the fee as soon as the character makes the appointment. No fee, no appointment. Missed appointments result in forfeited fees.

**4. MEET THE OFFICER.** On the designated day, the character goes to the appropriate office in the Hall of Information and meets the officer. Most officers are low-level fighters, lawfully-aligned (either lawful good or lawful neutral). Both sexes are equally represented. The DM determines their level, race, and faction, or rolls randomly:

- ◆ Level; roll 1d6: 1-3 = 1st, 4-5 = 2nd, 6 = 3rd.
- ◆ Race; roll 1d6: 1-5 = human, 6 = bariaur.
- ◆ Faction; roll 1d6: 1-3 = Fraternity of Order, 4-5 = Harmonium, 6 = Fated (an officer of this faction can't be lawful good).

The officers work 12-hour shifts, five days per week. It's entirely possible that characters may have to deal with different officers on return visits.

Once the character explains the situation to the officer, two outcomes are possible; the DM chooses whichever one seems more appropriate.

- ◆ The officer informs the character this is the wrong office. Consequently, the officer can't help out. The character may return to the steward and make another appointment with a different office. (At the DM's discretion, the officer may suggest which office the character should visit.)
- ◆ The officer agrees to try to help the character.

**5. LEARN THE RESULTS.** The officer provides the character with whatever information or service the DM feels is appropriate. The officers provide better general information than specific details. Furthermore, an officer won't provide any information the DM doesn't want the character to have.



RETURN IN  
THREE DAYS' TIME  
FOR VERIFICATION  
OF YOUR  
PREVIOUS  
APPOINTMENT.  
— RECEPTIONIST  
AT  
HALL OF  
INFORMATION



I HAVE NO POWER.  
MY CLERKS  
HAVE POWER.  
— BORDON MOK

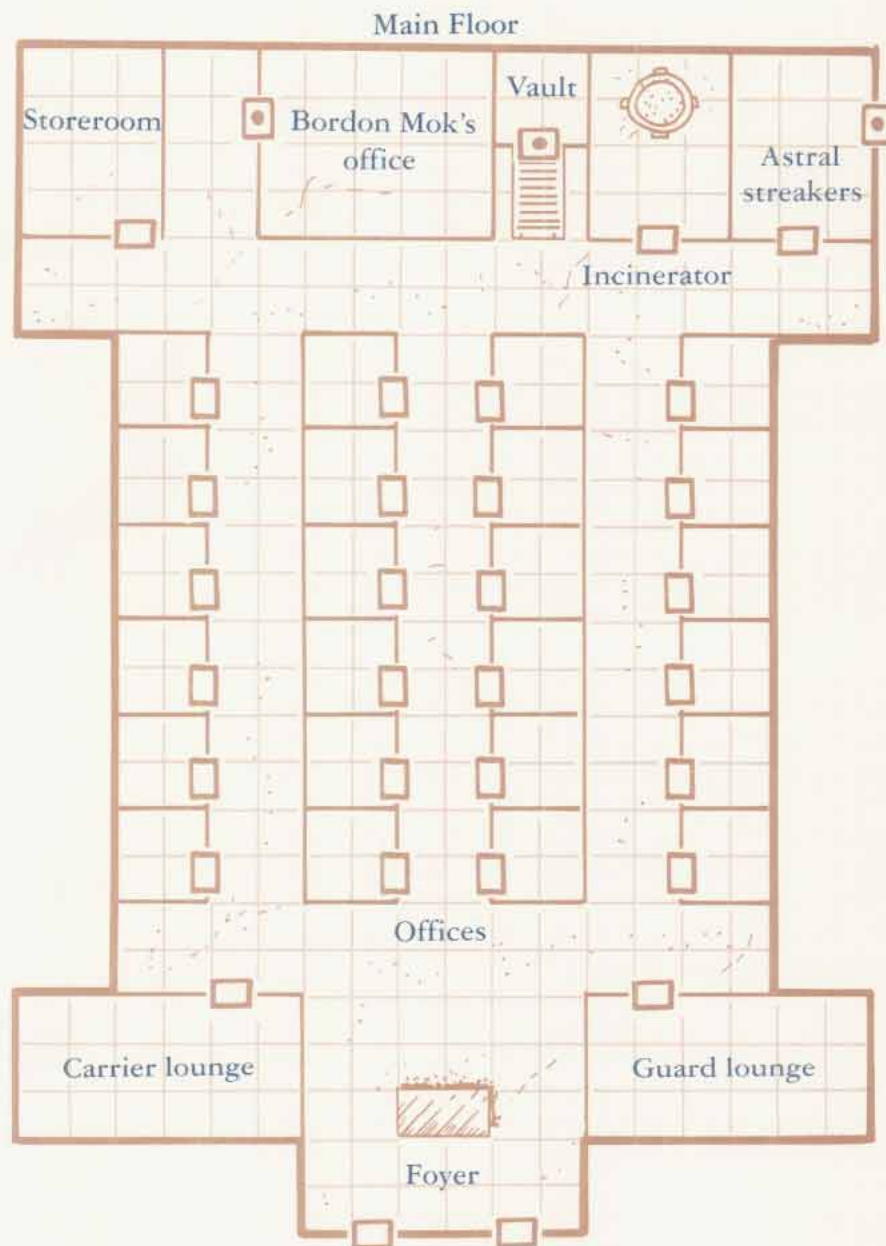


WHAT'D YOU SAY  
ABOUT  
BORDON?  
— MERCYKILLER  
GUARD  
TO CHATTY VISITOR  
IN  
HALL OF  
INFORMATION





# HALL OF INFORMATION



Reception Desk



Door



Locked Door



Tunnel



Mirror



Scale 10 feet



## HALL OF INFORMATION: DIRECTORY

**ASSOCIATION OF HERALDS AND CRIERS.** Disseminates material from the Hall of Records and Hall of Speakers intended for public consumption. *Processing Fee:* None.

### BUREAU OF CITY SERVICES.

Explains duties of government offices, including law enforcement, tax collection, social services, construction projects, and housing. Tells where

to find officials. *Processing Fee:* None.

**BUREAU OF COMMERCE.** Oversees merchants, traders, and craftsmen. Provides information regarding availability of goods and services. *Processing Fee:* None.

**BUREAU OF CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS.** Provides information to visitors regarding Sigil customs and traditions. *Processing Fee:* None.

**BUREAU OF LEARNING.** Referral service for mentors, sages, and teachers. Oversees libraries. *Processing Fee:* 3 sp.

**CHARITY COMMISSION.** Responsible for registration of all charities. Monitors resource distribution. Site inspection. Investigates misconduct and mismanagement. *Processing Fee:* None.

**DEPARTMENT OF ARBITRATION.** Encourages fair trading, product safety, and quality assurance. Sets trade standards. Locates professional arbitrators to mediate between buyers and sellers. *Processing Fee:* 1 gp.

**DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT.** Registers employment agencies. Interviews applicants (by arrangement with employer). Some hiring for city positions. *Processing Fee:* 1 sp.

**HEALTH COMMISSION.** Maintains registry of hospices and healers. Certifies treatments. *Processing Fee:* None.

**INNER PLANES RELATIONS.** Oversees affairs on Inner Planes pertaining to Sigil, including trade regulations, diplomatic arrangements, and treaties. Tourist information also available. *Processing Fee:* 8 sp.

**LAND REGISTRY.** Provides names of Sigil landowners, along with lists of their properties. (Information may not be distributed without landowner's written permission.) *Processing Fee:* 5 sp.

**MINISTRY OF PUBLIC ROLLS AND RECORDS.** Distributes selected government records, most of a statistical nature. Provides reading rooms (1 cp/hour, limit of 8 hours/day unless reader receives special approval). *Processing Fee:* 1 sp.

**MINISTRY OF WAR.** Provides information regarding status of known conflicts in all planes. Receives inquiries of mercenaries and weapon dealers. Queries regarding Sigil defense policies also answered. *Processing Fee:* 5 sp.

**NONPLANAR RACES COMMISSION.** Registry of services for all nonplanar races (those other than bariaur, githzerai, human, half-elf, and tiefling), including such pertaining to health, housing, and food. Provides information regarding nonplanar racial organizations, societies, and social groups. *Processing Fee:* 1 gp.

**OUTER PLANES RELATIONS.** Services similar to Inner Planes Relations, as pertaining to Outer Planes. *Processing Fee:* 8 sp.

**OUTLANDS RELATIONS.** Services similar to Inner Planes Relations, as pertaining to Outlands. *Processing Fee:* 8 sp.

**PORTAL REGISTRY.** Distributes information regarding location and accessibility of known portals in Sigil available to general public. Limited information regarding portals outside of Sigil also available. *Processing Fee:* 5 gp.

**PRIEST'S REGISTRY.** Voluntary registry of priests, including specialties and services. Monitors current location of all registrants. *Processing Fee:* 5 sp.

**PRIME MATERIAL PLANE RELATIONS.** Services similar to Inner Planes Relations, as pertaining to Prime Material Plane. *Processing Fee:* 8 sp.

**TAXATION BUREAU.** Reviews tax problems. Assesses special fees. Arbitrates taxation disputes. *Processing Fee:* 5 sp.

**WIZARD'S REGISTRY.** Services similar to the Priest's Registry, as pertaining to wizards. *Processing Fee:* 5 sp.



In the foyer, a friendly but distant steward (Pl/♂ bariaur/F1/Fraternity of Order/LN) sits behind a high desk made of black marble. Giant silver hands rise on either side of the steward's desk, cupping in their palms the pink incense whence comes the apple scent that fills the Hall. To discourage loitering, there're no chairs or benches. Six Mercykiller guards roam the corridors at all times, watching for signs of violence from impatient visitors or dissatisfied clients. The guards won't speak with anyone other than the officers, the steward, and the staff. (Use the following statistics for the guards; the DM is free to vary the weaponry and hit points.)

Pl/♂ OR ♀ HUMAN/F3/MERCYKILLER (6): AC 4; MV 12; hp 18×6; THACO 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword) SZ M; ML elite (13); Int avg (11); AL LN.

Three administrative aides (Pl/♂ or ♀ human or bariaur/F1/Harmonium or Fraternity of Order/LN or LG) called *carriers*, identifiable by red shoulder sashes, are always on duty in the Hall. Once per hour, the carriers make the office rounds, picking up messages and notes, then delivering them to other offices, the steward, or the astral streaker room (see "The Dark: Astral Streakers"). They also pick up waste bins and dispose of refuse in the incinerator. (A 6-foot-diameter oval mirror hanging on the wall of the incineration room is actually a portal to the Elemental Plane of Fire. The word "incinerate" acts as

a key to open the portal; all carriers and guards know this key, as does Bordon Mok. The portal is used for the disposal of waste material and sensitive documents.) When they complete their rounds, the carriers return to the lounge.

All the offices are identical. Each contains a black marble desk for the officer, three smaller desks for the staff (an officer has 1–4 staff members on duty at any given time, usually 0- or 1st-level fighters of the same race and faction as the officer), shelves stacked with reference materials, and two chairs for clients.

When an officer's got a message to deliver to another office or another building elsewhere in Sigil, he places it inside a hinged wooden box beside the door. Refuse goes into a waste bin next to the message box. Carriers in the corridor retrieve the messages and refuse by reaching through slots in the wall. A wall panel opens in the corridor, allowing a carrier to remove the waste bin. (See the map for the location of specific offices.)

Bordon Mok's spacious office doubles as her living quarters. The furnishings are similar to those in the other offices — enderpine desk, reference shelves, message box, waste bin — but the room also includes a feather mattress, a clothes cabinet, a ceramic wash basin, and a crystal fish tank (filled with Automata guppies: tiny metal-finned, silver-scaled, goggle-eyed swimmers). In the corner is a barrel of mistberry wine, her favorite drink (fetched by her carriers from Benni's Tap Room in the Hive Ward).

An arched iron tunnel, about 20 feet long, leads to the doorway of a huge iron vault.

DO NOT  
UNDERESTIMATE  
THE VALUE  
OF DELEGATING  
AUTHORITY  
AND POSTPONING  
DECISIONS.  
— SIGN ON WALL  
OF  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
BUREAU

## The Dark: Astral Streakers

Astral streakers are friendly, intelligent avians indigenous to the Astral Plane. The birds are used to deliver messages throughout Sigil. A carrier attaches a message to the streaker's leg, then whispers the destination in its ear. The streaker delivers the message, then returns to the Hall. When a baby streaker hatches (a celebrated but rare event, as the life cycle runs about 100 Prime years), it accompanies a parent for a few weeks to learn the layout of the city. Harming a streaker or interfering with its flight in any way is a criminal offense, punishable by imprisonment.

ASTRAL STREAKER: AC 8; MV 1, FI 48 (B); HD 1; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ T (2' long); ML average (9); Int low (5); AL LN; XP 15.



## ◆ THE HALL OF RECORDS ◆

As the headquarters of the Fated, the Hall of Records provides a number of services to all Cagers and visitors, regardless of their faction affiliation. The Hall, a former college, has been subdivided into a variety of record-keeping and administrative offices. With appropriate administrative approval, anyone may peruse the public document library in the Hall of Records to check tax assessments or examine exchange rates. A body with historical information about the Fated may request an audience with the compilers of *The Secret History of Sigil*; visitors selected for an interview are compensated with gold (1 gp per interview session), considered for temporary employment with the City Mint, or admitted to an immediate consultation with a Hall administrator (useful for circumventing tax audits or securing government-subsidized housing). Additionally, the public may consult the Announcement Board in the Hall lobby, where ordi-

### RECEIPT FOR SALE OF GOODS OR SERVICES

Place of Business: \_\_\_\_\_

Location: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Seller: \_\_\_\_\_

Buyer: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Quantity	Item	Amount
----------	------	--------

Total Cost: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Dark: Entering the Vault

The tunnel in the Hall of Information is actually a portal to the Negative Energy Plane. On the doorway are nine iron levers, each marked with a nonsense syllable: RUR, XAX, MEM, LYL, CIC, QOQ, HOH, LUL, and JAJ. Pulling three of the nine levers in the proper sequence (XAX, MEM, HOH) opens the vault. Pulling an incorrect sequence of levers, attempting to damage the vault, or disturbing the vault in any other way activates the portal; all characters and objects in the tunnel are instantly transported to the Negative Energy Plane.

The vault contains the fees received by the steward and officers (which Bordon collects every day, counts in her office, then deposits here) and a contingency fund (which varies from 100–400 gp) in a locked iron box. A second locked iron box contains a bundle of documents that implicate various Sigil officials in crimes ranging from embezzlement to murder. (Bordon has accumulated this material to protect her job and coax favors from reluctant bureaucrats; it's up to the DM to determine the material's nature, authenticity, and authorship [person or persons responsible].)

**NOTE:** A few months ago, a carrier was on his way to the Ministry of Public Data when he noticed Bordon opening the vault. He watched as she pulled the XAX lever; she chased him away before he could see anything else. The carrier told his friends; now, all the Hall carriers know that XAX is the first part of the three-lever combination. Any carrier will share this information — for a 25-gp garnish.

nances, regulations, and statistical findings are posted on a daily basis. Visitors may also wish to patronize the businesses on the adjacent streets; copyists, tax mediators, bodyguard services, parchment dealers, and pawnbrokers thrive in this area.

PERHAPS  
A+ ONE +IME  
+HE D+OCUMENT+ WAS Y+OURS.  
BU+  
WHEN I+ ARRIVED HERE,  
I+ BECAME +OURS.  
— SERCESH LYS,  
ADMINIS+RA+OR  
A+ +HE  
HALL OF RECORDS



## ◆ THE HALL OF SPEAKERS ◆

The glistening spire atop the Hall of Speakers symbolizes the glory of the individual, a cornerstone of the Sign of One's philosophy. A massive statue before the building underscores the point; it depicts a woman holding an entire world. Within the walls of this stately edifice, factols and plebians engage in lengthy, detailed discussions about the precepts, statutes, and decrees affecting all Cagers.

Any cutter with a silver piece to spend can rent a meeting room in the Hall of Speakers for an hour; the administrators guarantee privacy. Cagers may also listen to – and occasionally participate in – the Speaker's Podium debates.

Scribes-for-hire can be found by the dozens outside the Hall; because of the intense competition, a scribe can be rented for an entire day for as little as 2 sp. But avoid those who claim to represent Grundlethum's Automatic Scribe (see page 63), an invention of Grundlethum Blackdagger that allegedly operates as an invisible wordsmith; a berk speaks the words, and the writing magically appears. Only Grundlethum Blackdagger himself has the Signers' permission to solicit work in this area. Dealing with a knight of the cross-trade can result in swift retribution from the Hall's security force.

ALL WILL BE HEARD —  
+ TIME PERMITTING.

— BIRM PILDSRE+,  
ADMINISTRATOR

AT THE  
HALL OF SPEAKERS

A SOCIETY  
UNABLE  
+ TO ATTEND  
+ TO THE POOR  
EVENTUALLY WILL BECOME  
UNABLE TO ATTEND  
+ TO THE RICH.

— JEENA EALY

## ◆ JEENA EALY'S ◆ COMPOUND ◆

A fenced compound not far from the Civic Festhall is home to Jeena Ealy (Pl/♀ human/F9/Society of Sensation/CG). Her bodyguards and scribes live in dormitories, also in the compound. With rich black hair, twinkling amber eyes, and a taut warrior's body, Jeena appears much younger than her 60 years. She favors Baatorian green steel armor (available from Severed Head Weapons in the Market Ward), fruit-scented perfumes, and black diamond bracelets, making her hard to miss.

Jeena's true-life adventure books've not only brought her legions of fans, but have made her arguably the ward's most famous citizen. Twenty years ago, Jeena was known only as the wife of Forddin Ealy, an importer of rare gems. (It was he who established a trust fund to pay for the

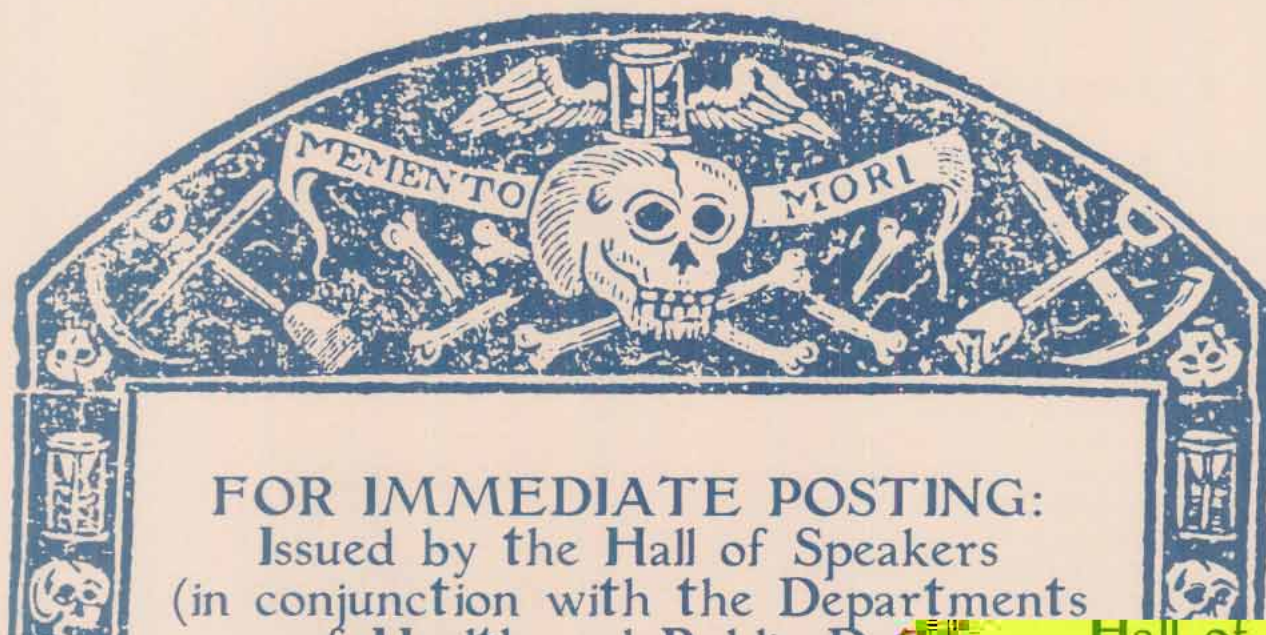
Doomguards who guard the Trioptic Nic'Epona — see below.) Following Forddin's tragic death attempting to rescue a child from a wild dog, Jeena turned to writing for consolation.

Jeena's initial effort, a tome about fashion trends in The Lady's Ward called *Hats, Hoops, and Hairpins*, went unnoticed but now fetches upwards of 1,000 gp from collectors. She hit her stride with her second publication, *Death in the Norns*, a first-person account of that savage Outland realm. In *Darkest Sigil*, which chronicled the horrid conditions of the Hive Ward, secured her reputation as a riveting storyteller. Subsequent books recorded an excursion into the Dwarven Mountains, a history of the Blood War, and a study of the lesser yugoloth (the latter work costing her two fingers of her right hand when an angry mezzoloth took issue with her conclusions). Drawing on her considerable fortune, Jeena employs a staff of scribes to make copies of her books.

Resourceful and courageous, Jeena controls all her own research, having spent a month exploring the Lower Planes for her yugoloth book and having lived in the Hive for an entire year prior to writing *In Darkest Sigil*.

Though she has worked alone for most of her career, Jeena's advancing age has forced her to change her approach. She now hires freelance adventurers to do most of the legwork, including conducting interviews and verifying rumors, while she stays home writing. Currently, Jeena's outlining two books: one about the River Styx, the other about the creatures of the Beastlands. She anticipates hiring a team of skilled professionals to work with her on these projects.





FOR IMMEDIATE POSTING:  
 Issued by the Hall of Speakers  
 (in conjunction with the Departments

on)

CURRENT YEAR)  
 n (estimates)

ORIES

4	5
9	85
11	108
10	129
12	120
13	139
21	196

es

m natural  
 n 1 year)

Hall of Inform

## SUMMARY OF DEATH RATE

Figures given per 1,000 pop

WARD CAT

	1	2
Lady's Ward	12	7
Clerk's Ward	19	12
Guildhall Ward	20	10
Market Ward	20	11
Lower Ward	23	13
Hive Ward	34	20

### Categories:

- 1 - Diseases and other natural
- 2 - Accident and war
- 3 - Murder
- 4 - Disappearance
- 5 - Childbirth (includes death  
causes of children aged les



## LAZZ SCHOOL OF VIVID ◆ UNPLEASANTNESS ◆

Just down the street from Jeena's compound is the Lazz School of Vivid Unpleasantness, impossible to ignore thanks to the brilliant hues of its stuccoed walls, walls set at impossible angles to form indescribable shapes, shapes ending in improbable spikes and blades (more improbable than any others in the Cage). Artists studying here tend toward controversial expressionism. Black-garbed buskers perform 'round the clock in the School's public courtyard; pungent clove smoke rises from the scented pipeweed favored by the crowds who gather to absorb the atmosphere. The street musicians and avant garde theatrical performances create a cacophony that lends a festive feel to the immediate area surrounding this island of creativity. The School's not just for any berk. Most fans are young Indeps and Bleakers. Guvners despise the place.

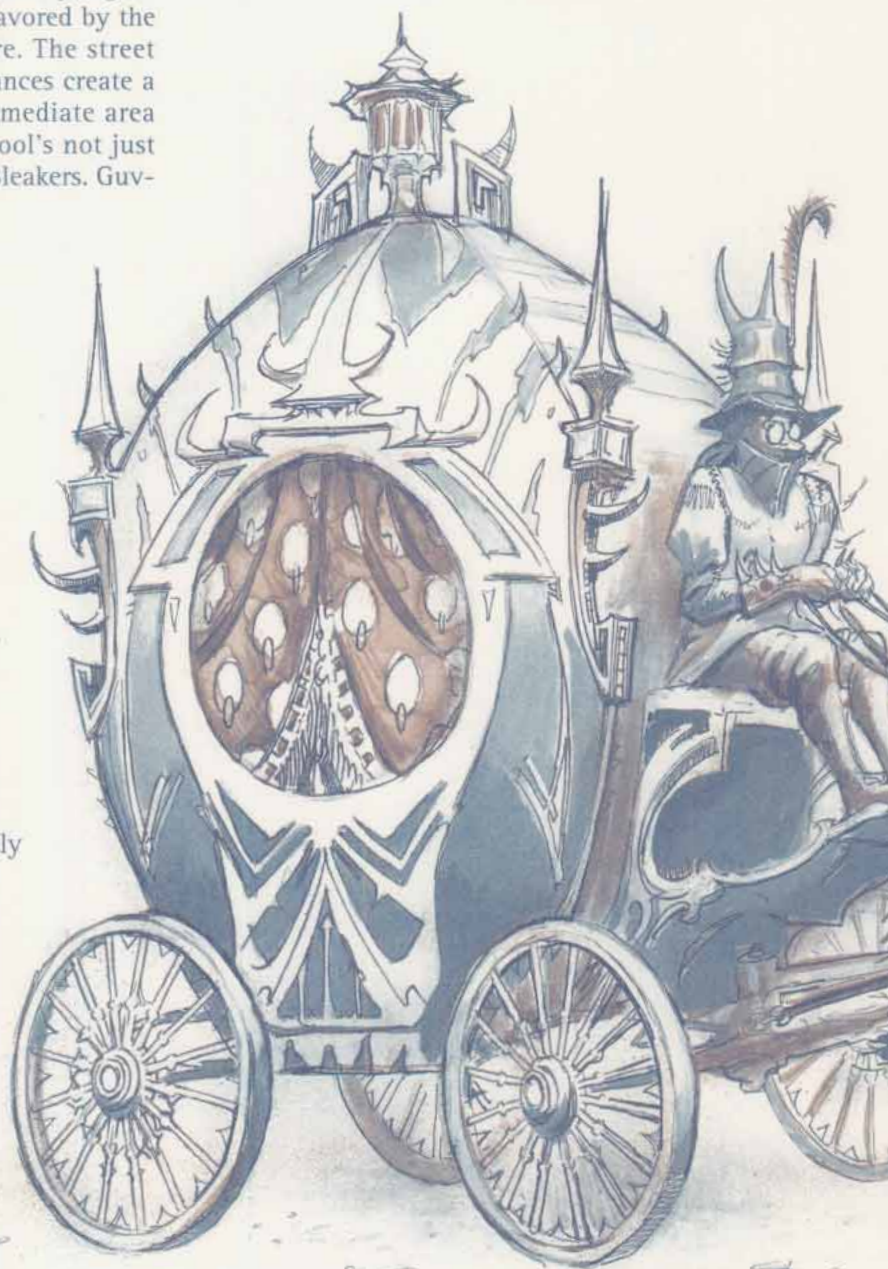
I WILL NOT LIE  
FOR MY CLIENTS.  
NOT AT MY BASIC RATES.

— HARYS HATCHIS

## TEA STREET ◆ TRANSIT ◆

Located between the Hall of Speakers and the Hall of Records, Tea Street Transit provides pony-drawn cabs that'll carry cutters to virtually any destination. The proprietor, Kyl Silkfoot (Pl/♂ half-elf/F3/Free League/LG), guarantees satisfaction. Customers shouldn't be deterred by his gruff exterior or the foul smoke from his tarweed cigars; Kyl's ponies're dependable, his cabs as comfortable as a mother's lap.

The most popular and least expensive cab is the two-wheeler, an enclosed wagon pulled by a single pony. The driver sits on the roof, shifting his weight as necessary to prevent the vehicle from tipping. The cab seats up to three passengers, who can view the passing scenery through small openings in the sides and





back. More relaxing and better suited for long journeys is the four-wheeler, a larger wagon pulled by two ponies. As many as six passengers can sit inside, lounging on velvet cushions and enjoying free glasses of peach cider. Silk curtains may be drawn over the windows for privacy. The driver sits on a plank attached to the front of the cab.

A driver is included in the rental price for each type of cab. Sweeper boys (also called "apple pickers") are optional but recommended if a cutter wants to avoid confrontations with Harmonium patrols.

## PONY CABS

A two-wheel pony cab rents for 5 cp per hour and a four-wheeler for 1 sp per hour, payable at the end of the trip. As previously stated, the rental price includes a driver (who carries a whistle to attract the attention of a Harmonium patrol if a berk refuses to pay). The number of passengers has no bearing on the fare. In general, fares are non-negotiable, though on a slow day Kyl might allow his drivers to cut the prices by as much as 50%.

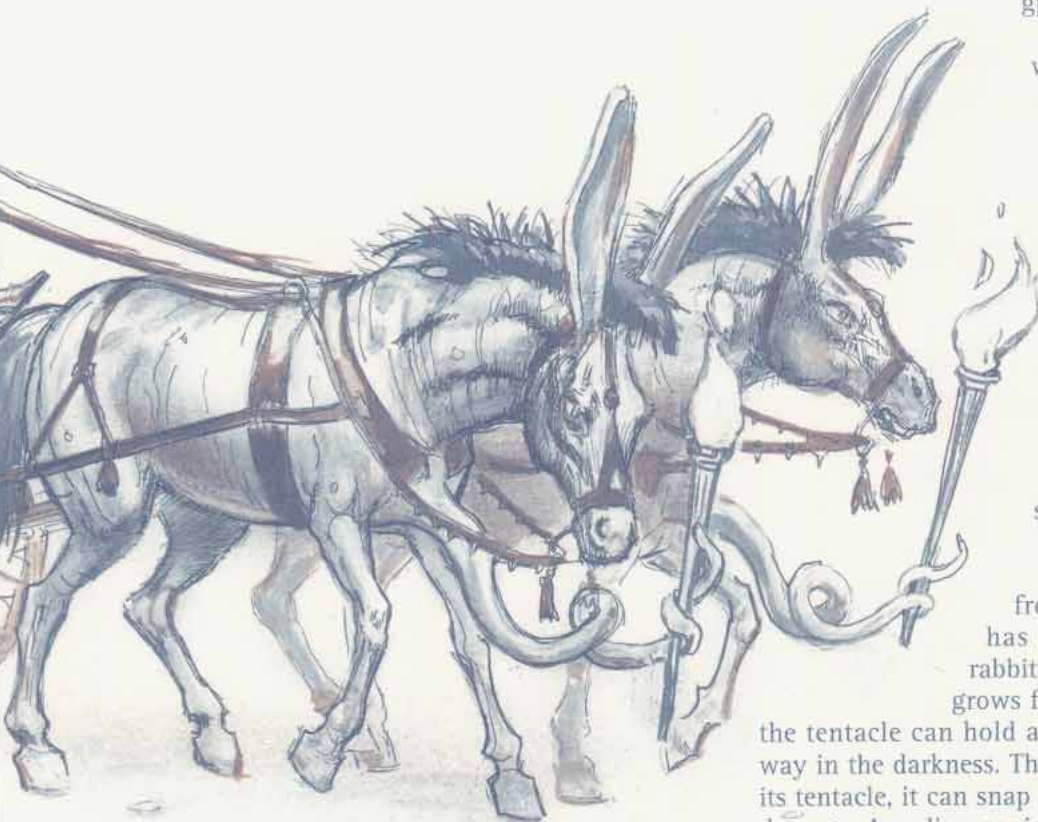
At an extra cost of 2 cp per hour, a sweeper boy may be hired to follow the cab and clean up after the ponies. Without a sweeper boy, there's a 20% chance per hour (noncumulative) that a Harmonium patrol intercepts the cab and charges the passengers with allowing their animals to soil the streets, an offense punishable by a 10-gp fine.

Cabs will carry passengers anywhere in Sigil, except the Hive Ward. The driver also reserves the right to refuse to take passengers into areas perceived as dangerous (such as slums and high crime business districts) and to abandon the cab in case of attack.

Both types of cabs have a base movement rate of 15 and are pulled by Arcadian ponies.

**ARCADIAN PONY:** AC 6; MV 15; HD 4; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d2 (tentacle); SZ L; ML steady (12); Int semi (3); AL N; XP 120.

A strong, thick-bodied pony from the plane of Arcadia, this beast has a light green hide and ears like a rabbit. A single tentacle, about 5 feet long, grows from its chest, just at the breastbone; the tentacle can hold a torch, helping the pony to find its way in the darkness. Though a pony can't wield weapons in its tentacle, it can snap it like a whip to inflict 1-2 points of damage. Arcadian ponies will not carry riders.





## TENSAR'S EMPLOYMENT SERVICE CONDITION OF EMPLOYMENT PLEDGE



IN CONSIDERATION OF THE TERMS OF EMPLOYMENT DESCRIBED BY UTADAS TENSAR, I HEREBY DECLARE:

1. I WILL FULFILL ALL ORAL, WRITTEN, AND IMPLIED INSTRUCTIONS OF THE EMPLOYER.
2. I ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL PERSONAL EXPENSES, INCLUDING CLOTHING, MEDICINE, HOUSING, AND FOOD.
3. I WILL NOT SHARE DETAILS OF THE EMPLOYER'S AFFAIRS WITHOUT THE EMPLOYER'S EXPRESS PERMISSION.
4. I WILL NOT USE SPELLS OR MAGICAL ITEMS WITHOUT THE EMPLOYER'S PERMISSION, UNLESS NECESSARY FOR PERSONAL SAFETY OR TO ENHANCE THE EXECUTION OF MY DUTIES.
5. TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE, THE PHILOSOPHIES AND GOALS OF MY FACTION DO NOT CONFLICT WITH THOSE OF THE EMPLOYER.
6. I WILL COOPERATE WITH JOB PERFORMANCE EVALUATIONS, AS DETERMINED BY THE EMPLOYER AND UTADAS TENSAR.

APPLICANT'S NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

PLANE OF ORIGIN: \_\_\_\_\_

POSITION: \_\_\_\_\_

EMPLOYER: \_\_\_\_\_

DURATION OF  
EMPLOYMENT: \_\_\_\_\_

SALARY: \_\_\_\_\_



## ◆ TENSAR'S EMPLOYMENT+ SERVICE ◆

The bronze plaque over the doorway of Tensar's Employment Service captures the essence of the man within, for no one in all of Sigil is more trustworthy than Utadas Tensar (Pl/♂ human/P10/Fraternity of Order/LG).

### TENSAR'S EMPLOYMENT+ SERVICE

*To rid oneself of avarice, to shun temptation,  
and to resist corruption  
is to attain the most enviable of all titles:  
An Honest Man.*

A portly human with a curly red beard and easy grin, Tensar's held the same job for most of his 70 years. Why he chose to spend his life operating an employment agency, albeit Sigil's best known and most successful one, is dark to everyone. A man with his leadership skills and command of magic could've been an explorer, an inventor, even a great ruler. But if asked about his avocation, Tensar'll sit back in his patched leather chair, fold his arms on his weathered desk, and say the words he must've repeated a thousand times: "I provide the greatest of all gifts: the gift of work. A life without work, my friend, is worse than no life at all."

Tensar operates from a nondescript red brick building in Hull Road. Employers from all corners of the city pay him a fee of 1–10 gp per month to screen and interview applicants, knowing that he'll find them capable employees. A black slate in the shop's front window lists some of the available positions.

#### HELP WANTED — INQUIRE WITHIN

**RESPONSIBLE PERSONS** of intelligence and stamina wanted for Arborea expedition. Includes ruin excavation in Pelion, underwater mapping in Ossa. Must supply own weapons. Additional gear furnished by employer. Preference given to elves. Wage: 70 gp/month.

It is NOT  
ENOUGH  
+ BE BUSY.  
ONE MUST  
ALSO BE

PRODUCTIVE.

— UTADAS TENSAR

**LIKE TO TRAVEL?** Exterminators needed in Limbo to hunt red slaadi. At employer's request, no Bleakers, Anarchists, or Chaosmen. Wage: 100 gp/month.

**JOIN THE ELITE: SIGIL'S RICHEST MESSENGERS.** Carriers needed at Hall of Information. Planars preferred but all qualified applicants considered. Wage: 20 gp/month.

While anyone can engage Tensar in light conversation — a compulsive talker, he'll chatter for hours on subjects as diverse as githzerai poetry, vegetarian recipes, and mathematical theory — he only considers job applicants who've been referred to him by an officer of the Education Bureau in the Hall of Information, or who have letters of recommendation from reputable dignitaries. Tensar interviews qualified applicants (asking questions about their background, training, and previous employment), making liberal use of *detect lie* and *know alignment* spells as necessary. Applicants who convince Tensar of their integrity are asked to sign a Condition of Employment Pledge, then sent to the employers. Within a few days, Tensar contacts each employer to evaluate the applicant's performance.

Anyone whom Tensar successfully places in a job becomes a trusted friend, privy to Tensar's remarkable fount of information about life in Sigil. 'Course, Tensar can make that life difficult for those who disappoint him. An applicant who dishonors an employer and is fired will be a long time finding any more honest work. Tensar'll make sure of it.

**UTADAS TENSAR:** AC 7; MV 12; hp 56; THACO 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (club); SZ M; ML steady (12).

I 14.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds, detect evil, detect magic, locate animals or plants*; 2nd—*augury, detect charm, know alignment, speak with animals*; 3rd—*locate object, dispel magic, prayer*; 4th—*detect lie, divination, protection from evil 10' radius*; 5th—*flame strike, true seeing*.





## ◆ TRIANYM ◆

In theory, any citizen or visitor with the proper credentials may offer an opinion in the Hall of Speakers. In practice, however, the average person is often frustrated in these efforts, as the administrators restrict both the number and type of speakers to ensure decorum.

Those unable to gain access to the Hall of Speakers might consider the Trianym, a public forum where just about anyone can speak his mind on the issues of the day. Located about a block from the Hall of Speakers, the Trianym comprises three cylindrical, black brick platforms. Sura Ekness (P1/♂ human/P5/Fraternity of Order/LN), an amiable Guvner resplendent in a silver cloak and polished copper arm bands, selects the topics and participants and supervises the debates.

At dawn, Sura posts the topic for the day's debate, then spends an hour interviewing those wishing to participate. Potential debaters must declare their faction affiliation and convince Sura of their eloquence. (The ability to speak in complete sentences usually suffices.) Sura assigns the debaters to groups of three, and schedules a time for each group.

Each group speaks for an hour. The debates have no formal structure; participants may speak as much as they like, so long as they remain on their platforms, refrain from using magic or props, and don't stray from

the  
topic.  
Sura  
removes  
any debater who  
violates these  
rules.

IF WE DEMANDED  
INTELLIGENCE  
AT THE TRIANYM,  
WHO WOULD BE  
LEFT TO SPEAK?

— SURA EKNESS

During the debate, spectators show their approval by tossing coins at their favorite speakers, and pelting unimpressive participants with pebbles and garbage. Exceptionally articulate debaters may be invited to the Hall of Speakers at a later date.

Three scribes write down all memorable exchanges. Excerpts from the debates may be posted the following day for public perusal, with the participants identified by their factions instead of their names.

HARMONIUM: We're sick of leatherheads callin' the Great Bazaar the *Grand* Bazaar. The Rule of Three demands the former. Great Foundry, Great Gymnasium, Great Bazaar. Got it, sod?

FREE LEAGUE: Call it what you will. To us, it's home, and it's simply *grand*. I gotta go.

XAOSITECT: *Berk's* sounds me to good Bazaar!

## THE TRIANYM



Basket



Chained Shield



Raised Platform



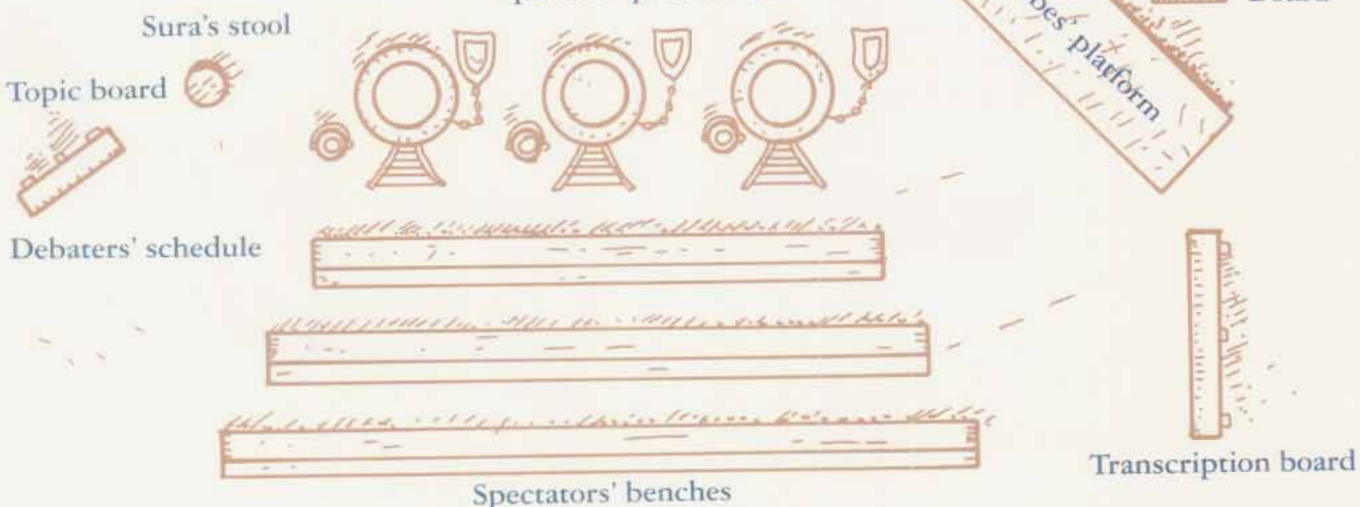
Stool



Seats



Board





## INSIDE THE TRIANYM

Debaters stand atop three identical brick platforms about 10 feet in diameter and 4 feet high, which they ascend by narrow wooden stairways. Speakers face not each other, but the spectators, who are seated on long wooden benches. A wicker basket sits beside each platform. When appreciative spectators toss coins, the debaters collect them in the baskets. When unappreciative spectators lob refuse, debaters protect themselves with small, transparent crystal shields attached to their podiums with chains. (The shield improves the user's AC by 1. For convenience, the DM may assume that the shield protects the speaker from pebbles, garbage, and similar small objects on a successful Dexterity check.)

Sura Ekness supervises the debates from a velvet-cushioned wooden stool. She posts the day's debate topic, along with names of scheduled debaters, on a wooden board near her seat.

Another wooden board next to the scribes' platform displays excerpts from the previous day's debate. Three scribes sit here on stools; Sura signals them with a nod when she feels a debate is interesting enough to transcribe. Each scribe records the words of one debater.

## TRIOP+IC ◆ NIC'EPONA ◆

Perhaps the most breathtaking monument in all of Sigil, the Trioptic Nic'Epona — known affectionately as Triona — resembles a gigantic rearing nic'Epona, her front legs curved defiantly, her long mane billowing in the wind. A short walk from the Hall of Speakers, fashioned from fist-sized chunks of azurite and onyx, the statue stands nearly 200 feet tall. Three oval eyes — one ruby, one emerald, one amber — are spaced on her forehead like the points of a triangle. Each cabochon-cut gem functions as a portal; the ruby leads to the Prime Material Plane, the emerald to Elysium, the amber to Mount Celestia. To activate a portal, a cutter must hold a small gem identical in shape and cut (but not size) to the corresponding eye, and step onto the base of the statue.

There, three square platforms — one each of ruby, emerald, and amber — function as portals. A traveler holding a gem as previously described stands on the appropriate base, speaks a command word to activate the base's permanent *teleport without error* spell, and embarks on the planar journey. The command words, however, are known only by a handful of dignitaries. A circle of Doomguards, armed with swords and throwing axes, surrounds Triona night and day to prevent unauthorized access.





*In the City of Doors, great Profits are won  
and Fortunes lost on the scales of Commerce.  
Herein are the Halls of the Guildmasters and  
the secrets of their cunning Labours revealed!*

# THE GUILDHALL AND MARKET WARDS

The Guildhall and Market Wards mean business: nonstop, round-the-clock trade conducted by the multiverse's premiere merchants, craftsmen, and jink jugglers. Sandwiched between The Lady's Ward and the Clerk's Ward, this is Sigil's most cosmopolitan area – if it walks, crawls, or flies, and has jink to spend, it's welcome here.

The Market's where a basher finds the basics: food, medicine, clothing, tools, transport, weapons. Here are players for a dice game or recruits for an excursion to Mount Celestia. And for a body in search of exotic merchandise – wood for a magic wand, polish for an Arcadian emerald, healing syrup for a tiefling with an upset tummy – well, if it ain't here, it ain't anywhere, period. The area is also

home to the Great Bazaar, the Free League's headquarters, a plaza where a body can shop for a month and not visit the same merchant's stall twice. Noted for its open-air cafes, the Great Bazaar's a perfect place to creature-watch. Another

important site's the Great Gymnasium, headquarters of the Transcendent Order, the bloods who train body and mind to work as one so they don't have to be bothered with a lot of ponderous thinking. Looking for a food shop or bathhouse? The streets around the Great Gymnasium have Sigil's finest.

The merchants of the Market Ward define freedom as the unrestricted right to get rich. People are instruments of commerce to be exploited at the least possible cost. It's war, pure and simple, and bashers who want to survive better know the rules.

They better remember the story of Imel's Happy Tongue.

SEAF⊕⊕D?  
SURE,  
WE HAVE SEAF⊕⊕D.

— IMEL BRU⊕UR,  
PROPRIET⊕R OF  
IMEL'S  
HAPPY T⊕NGUE





## IMEL'S ◆ HAPPY TONGUE ◆

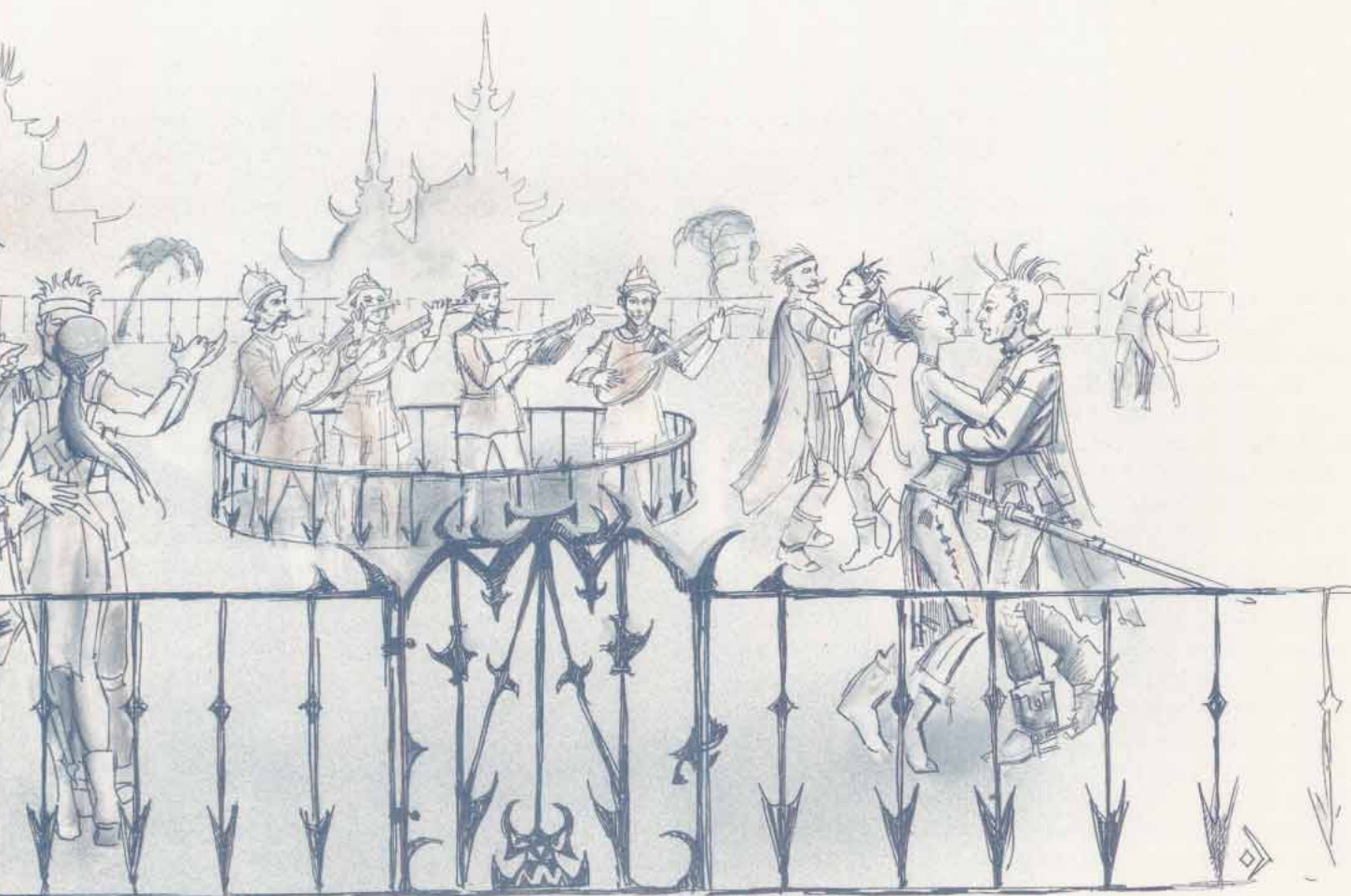
Forty years ago, Imel Brustur, a toady at the Great Gymnasium, was summoned by the factol of the Ciphers. Seems an ambassador from Ysgard was due to arrive later in the week, and the factol wanted to throw a party in his honor. The ambassador had a taste for squid – the ink sac, to be specific. Imel's mission: Hustle over to the Great Bazaar and pick some up. He gave Imel 100 gp. "Spend whatever is necessary," he said, and told him not to return without squid in hand. "But come back soon," he warned.

"How soon?" asked Imel.

"Within 48 hours," said the factol, hinting that if Imel failed to deliver, he'd consider a substitute of roast toady.

Imel got the message. But where to begin? Hundreds of food sellers worked in the Great Bazaar, each with his own speciality. The odds of stumbling on a squid peddler were remote.

So, Imel began with a stop at the Hall of Information in the Clerk's Ward. Because of his connection with the factol, Imel was granted an immediate audience with the officer of the Bureau of Commerce. "I need a squid," said Imel. "What size?" asked the officer. Imel was stumped. They came in different sizes? "A big one," he said.





The officer flipped through a stack of documents. "S&J Transport," he said, and gave Imel the address. Imel thought S&J Transport sounded like an odd place to buy food. But the clock was ticking, and he had no time to argue.

Rule Number One: *Sometimes, it's better to know nothing at all than to half-know a lot.*

Four hours later, after a ride in a two-wheeler with an Arcadian pony more interested in swatting flies with its tentacle than finding the shortest distance between two points, Imel arrived at S&J Transport. It wasn't what he expected. There were no shelves, no merchandise, no shoppers. There wasn't even much of an office. There was only a desk, a chair, and a snoozing bariaur with a pencil tucked behind his ear. Imel nudged the bariaur, who groped for the pencil without opening his eyes. "Whaddaya need?" he mumbled. Imel felt the muscles in his neck begin to knot. He sputtered that he must've come to the wrong place, he didn't see anything for sale, he was sorry he woke him up. But the bariaur, stretching and yawning, explained that S&J were importers. They had access to goods anywhere in the planes and guaranteed delivery within 48 hours.

Imel smiled. The tension in his neck disappeared.

"So whaddaya need?" asked the bariaur.

"A squid," said Imel.

"What size?" asked the bariaur.

That question again. "A big one."

"Right." The bariaur made a few scribbles. "Illithid model okay?"

"Fine," said Imel. He had no idea what the bariaur was talking about.

The bariaur made a few more scribbles. "That comes to 80,000 gold — ah, let's call it 75,000 — with 15,000 down today, and a payment schedule that we'll work out later. We'll have it here tomorrow."

Imel's jaw dropped. "75,000! Are you barmy?"

The bariaur looked disgusted. "You think these things come cheap? You want it or not?"

Imel's mind raced. A squid couldn't possibly cost that much, could it? But what choice did he have? Besides, he wasn't paying for it. Imel agreed to the deal but said he could only offer 100 gold as a down payment. The rest he'd get from his factol after the squid was delivered. The bariaur balked at first, but changed his mind when he found out who Imel represented. "You're a Cipher? As am I!" He accepted the 100 gp.

After a sleepless night in the Feathernest Inn, wondering if his factol would cough up another 74,900 gp,

Imel returned to S&J. The bariaur greeted him like an old friend. Imel looked on the table, under the table, behind the table.

"Where's the squid?" Imel asked.

"Are you blind, berk?" laughed the bariaur.

"Whaddaya think *that* is?"

The bariaur gestured to a loading platform near the main plaza of the Great Bazaar. There, like some great bird, perched a gleaming skycraft at least 150 feet long. Three piercing rams that looked like tentacles with spear points sprouted from the bow. A towering mainmast rose from the stern.

"Whatsamatter?" asked the bariaur. "Ain't you never seen a squid-ship before? Don't you wanna get a look at it?"

Rule Number Two: *You order it, you own it.*

Two events occurred in quick succession:

First, Imel was dismissed from his position at the Great Gymnasium. In no uncertain terms, his factol made it clear that Imel was responsible for settling the account with S&J.

Second, the bariaur informed Imel that S&J wanted either 74,900 gp or Imel's head on a plate. Imel had 24 hours to make his choice.

Imel considered retiring to the Abyss, but changed his mind and went to Chirper's, the ward's biggest tavern, instead. There, he overheard a table of drunken Doomguards whining about the lack of opportunities in Sigil. They had plenty of jink — they'd made a killing in a two-day game of nymphs and satyrs — but nothing to spend it on.

Rule Number Three: *The easiest way to make a fortune is through the gullibility of others.*

Imel invited himself to join the Doomguards. He began babbling about the opportunity of a lifetime, which took the form of a magnificent "pirate's craft" in the plaza of the Great Bazaar. Within an hour, Imel had them spellbound with tales of a pirate's life. Within two hours, the Doomguards were convinced they were destined to become pirates themselves. Within three hours, Imel had negotiated a price for the craft: a sum of 81,534 gp, which was, coincidentally, exactly the amount the Doomguards had won at the gaming table.

Imel paid off the bariaur, sent the Doomguards on their way, then invested the rest of the jink in a small building on Risvold Street. He dubbed his new enterprise Imel's Happy Tongue, which quickly gained a reputation as one of Sigil's premier eateries.

Today, Imel's prosperous, respected, and content. His restaurant continues to thrive. Hungry cutters wanting a good meal and friendly service can do no better than the Happy Tongue.

But they should skip the squid. Imel serves only the cheap stuff.





# IMEL'S HAPPY TONGUE

*Casual and Family Dining  
Eat In or Take Out*

## THIS WEEK'S FEATURE

*Cheeses of the Planes*

### Krigalan Black

*A full-bodied cheddar from the Beastlands.*

8 sp

### Warrior's Cheese

*Sharp, hearty, delicacy, flavored with Baatorian smoke.*

2 gp

### Bytopian Red

*Made from milk of Dothion goats; a nice breakfast cheese.*

1 gp

### Tiefling's Delight

*Special for our tiefling friends, a blend of Bytopian Red and mint.*

2 gp

### Death Cheese

*Prime Material treat, made from catoblepas milk.*

10 gp

**All Prices per Pound**

*Being this to Imel. Tell him it's your lucky day! - H.H.*





## ◆ A LOOK AROUND ◆

The Market Ward's wealthiest merchants live along Copperman Way, while the Guildhall Ward's elite make their homes on Dancer's Court. Well-patrolled and brightly lit, Redwind Road's a favorite haunt of street peddlers, particularly clothiers and weapons dealers. Turtle Lane's noted for its baths and spas, while Risvold Street claims the Market Ward's finest food shops. Knights of the post and other bobbbers tend to nest along Newt Street, making it a good place to play high stakes dice games, sell stolen property, or get beaten up.

Don't care for the pricey bub at Chirper's? Then pull up a seat at the Yawning Rat, where they serve nothing but cheap wheat ale; it's barely better than puddle water, but at 2 sp for a whole barrel, who's complaining? Masty's, selling fine wines at 1 sp per glass, attracts a better class of bubber, mostly rich Indeps. Ciphers prefer the boisterous Singing Vortex, with its friendly crowds and pricey fruit drinks. Those desiring a bit more privacy might consider the Fat Candle, aptly named since a candle the size of a tree trunk in the center of the room is the only source of light. The place's so dark it's hard to tell what's in your cup, let alone who's sitting next to you. Members of the Escort Guild retire to Woodman's Retreat after a long day of guiding tourists; because everything's made of wood — floors, chairs, even the cups — the owners enforce a strict no smoking policy. Tiefling bidders flock to Dark Sigh, which serves a noxious brew of oil, sulphur, and firewater, along with bowls of roasted crickets. Thugs favor Deadfinger's.

Travelers needing a cheap but clean place to spend the night should head for the Feathernest Inn; 5 sp buys a hammock, wash bowl, and a locked door. For longer stays, Airion's Boarding House provides room and board (breakfast and lunch, no dinner), hot water (10 gallons per day), and all the pumpkin tea a cutter can drink for 3 gp per week. The Flame Pits

has a well-deserved reputation

as a bathhouse, but

owner Laril Zasskos also

rents her

back

rooms

for 3

sp per

night (providing the renters don't mind the stench of ooze tubs). The Turby Inn rents so-so rooms for 2 sp per night, but it's worth putting up with dirty blankets and creaking beds for the special breakfast Turby serves to all his guests. Turby's brother imports larvae from the Gray Waste, then sells them wholesale to Turby who carves them into steaks. If he's asked nicely, Turby might share the recipe. Yum!

THIS  
GLASS HAS A  
BONE IN IT.

— CUSTOMER A++ THE  
YAWNING RAT TAVERN

## Turby's Baked Larva Breakfast Steaks

6 larva steaks, sliced 2" thick

1 bowl of sunflower wine

4 tablespoons of sheep butter

Juice of one lemon

1 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon pepper

1 tablespoon Bytopian mustard weed

Pinch garlic powder

8 green tomatoes

*Marinate steaks overnight in wine. Combine melted butter, lemon juice, mustard weed, and garlic powder, add to wine. Marinate for 2 more hours. Put steaks in shallow baking pan and bake 10 minutes. Turn steaks, baste with marinade, then bake 10 additional minutes. Garnish with tomato slices. Salt and pepper to taste.*

## ◆ PORTALS AND MANTAS ◆

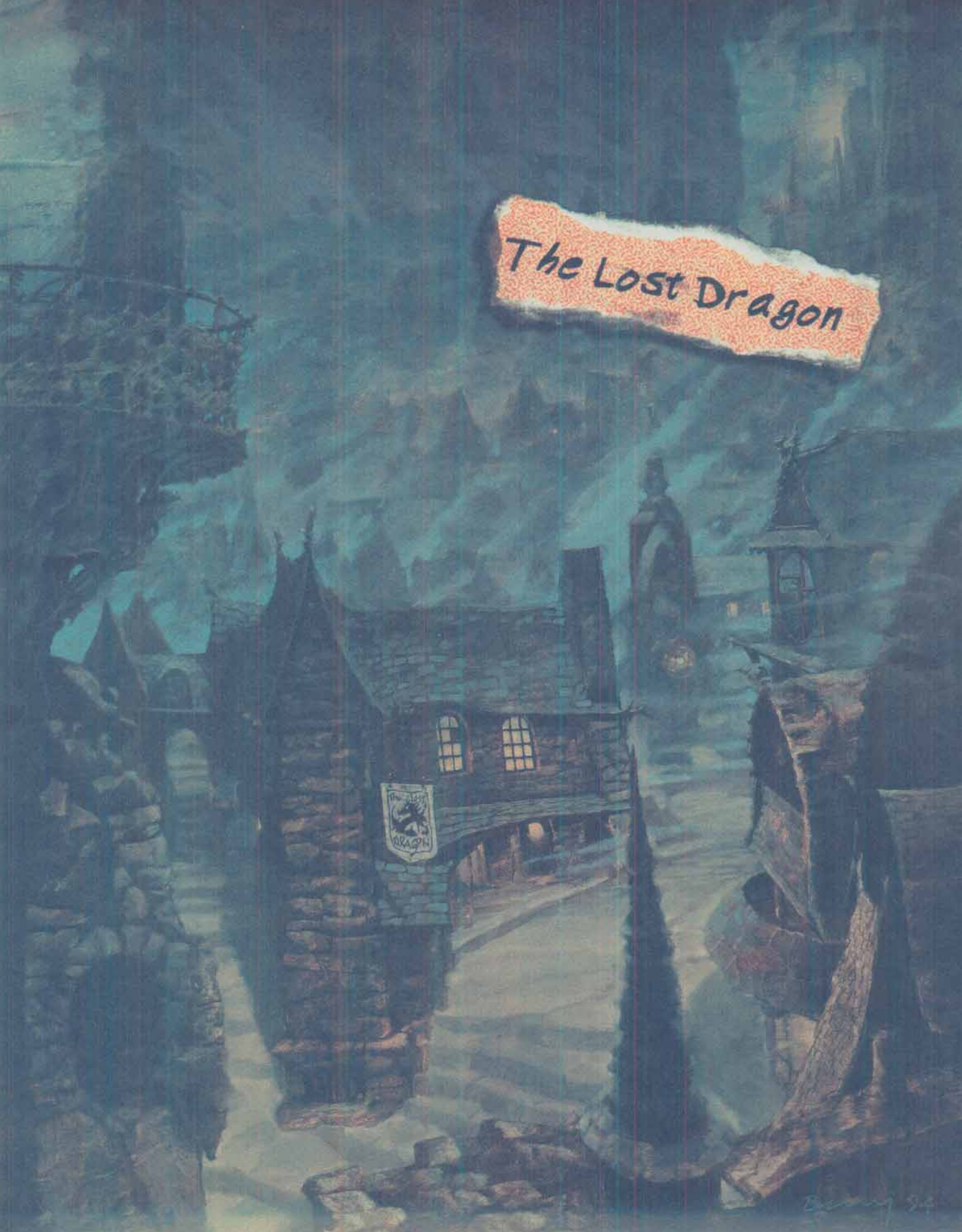
It's not as easy getting around as it used to be, not since the Harmonium patrols began to enforce the Pedestrian Protection Act in the Guildhall and Market Wards. Though the act has always been on the books, nobody used to care much if somebody knocked down an old tiefling or if a coach crushed a bubber. But as soon as the merchants started to get nailed, well, suddenly everybody decided that bodies in the streets were bad for business. Nowadays, running down a pedestrian earns a reprimand at best, a fine at worst. And if the pedestrian dies, especially if he's a big shot, a cutter may find himself in The Prison, polishing Mercykiller boots with his tongue.

A cutter who's too lazy to walk has other options. He can, for instance, hire a sedan chair (3 sp per hour in most places). Not only do sedan bearers know how to cut through a crowd, they're surprisingly adept at eluding Harmonium patrols. Cutters with the patience to dodge pedestrians and navigate mud holes can rent mounts. (Try Hynighter's Horses on Redwind Road; 1 gp rents a quality mount for an entire day.)

For an unforgettable ride, a basher should visit Nittmin's Aerial Tours over on Turtle Lane. Nittman rents what he calls "flying mantas," actually *carpets of flying* made from sheets of thin brass cut into the shape of manta rays; the edges of the sheets are rolled to prevent the carpets from slicing anything — or anyone — they happen to brush against. Each 6' × 9' manta has the same properties of a *carpet of flying* of the same size. A ride costs 10 gp per half hour, tout included (for an extra 3 gp, Nittman will guide the manta himself). The tout'll take passengers anywhere in Sigil, the Hive Ward included. Officially, mantas aren't for sale, but word has it that Nittman'll part with one for 10,000 gp if the buy-



# The Lost Dragon

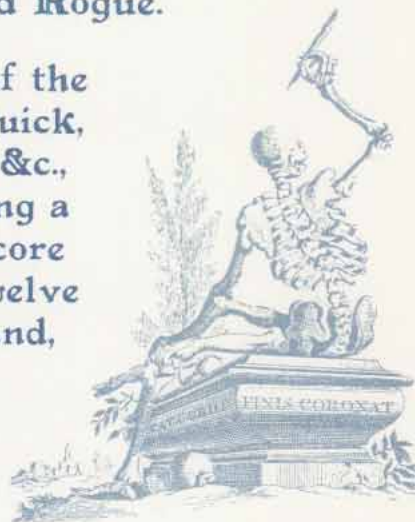




## Written into the Dead-Book

The Annals of a Knight of the Post, being a True and Full Account of the Life of Limping Graster, Master Sharper, Cutpurse, and Rogue.

**T**he Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Graster the Fox, the Quick, the Sly, the Dark, Devilspawn, &c., Who Was Born in Rewgate, and During a Life of Continued Variety, For Threescore Years, Besides his Childhood, Was Twelve Years a Prentice, Five Times a Husband, Twelve Years a Thief, Eight Years a Transported Felon in Achéron, At Last Grew Rich, lived Honest, and Died a Penitent‡



er's a Guvner like himself. (Oh, and forget trying to fly off with one of these beauties: Something about the magics used causes them to stop working as soon as they leave Sigil proper. Pity the berk who's planned a getaway, only to have the manta take a dive into that bottomless space outside the ring. . . .)

Of course, a cutter doesn't have to rent a manta to get himself a tout. Touts are everywhere, particularly in the Great Bazaar, where they're thick as hungry cranium rats on a juicy bubber. Finding a tout poses no problem; a confused-looking cutter who stands in one place long enough is bound to be approached sooner or later. Of course, just because somebody *claims* to be a tout don't mean he *is* one, and a cutter who ain't careful might be led around in circles all day, paying as much as 2 sp per hour for the privilege. The most dependable touts in the Guildhall and Market Wards belong to the Escort Guild, a loose organization of freelancers. An Escorter'll take a cutter wherever he wants to go, charging a reasonable 1 sp per hour. A particularly enterprising Escorter might insist on a "rest stop" at Severed Head Weapons or Imel's Happy Tongue; merchants often make side deals with the Escorters to steer potential customers to their shops.

A cutter who wants to get to a trade city in another plane should head for the Great Bazaar, which has more planar trade portals than anywhere else in Sigil. First,

though, a body's got to *find* a portal, no easy feat considering that the majority of portals are of the shifting and temporary varieties. A cutter who hears a rumor about such a portal had better move fast; today's temporary portal may be tomorrow's brick wall.

Finding permanent portals isn't quite as difficult. The Portal Registry at the Hall of the Information keeps track of the best-known portals. Others can be located by asking the right folk. (Old merchants tend to know more than young bashers. Indeps seem better informed than other factions.)

Locating a portal may be easier than using it. Many are guarded, others require a user's fee. The Transcendent Order, for instance, owns a turquoise arch behind the Great Gymnasium that leads to Elysium. They'll let a basher go through *if* they approve of his purpose, *if* he's not a Hardhead, and *if* he coughs up 2,000 gp.

### ◆ SIGH+SEEING ◆

So where does the Market Ward begin and the Guildhall Ward end?

Good question.

In the old days, it was easy to tell 'em apart. The Market Ward mainly consisted of shops, inns, and more shops. The Guildhall Ward was noted for its craft guilds:



organizations that worked to promote the economic interests of their members. But in time, most of the guilds fell apart. As a consequence, the Market and Guildhall Wards essentially became two parts of the same whole.

What caused the guilds' decline? Simple. They lacked the factions' support. According to the factions, craft guilds fostered divided loyalties; bashers preoccupied with guild business couldn't devote themselves to their factions. Under pressure from the factions, the guilds gradually lost their autonomy. Some relocated, some went underground, many just withered away.

Nowadays, the differences between the Guildhall Ward and the Market Ward are incidental. The Guildhall Ward has a few more Ciphers, the Market Ward a few more Indeps. The Guildhall Ward is more residential, the Market Ward more commercial. For convenience, residents consider Duskgate Road an informal boundary; those living on one side are Guildhalls, those on the other are Marketers.

The Guildhall Ward still has a fair number of guilds, but only a handful wield any significant influence. Most concern themselves with monitoring prices and wages, discussing trends, and finding work for their members. Some offer training seminars. A few provide modest pensions for old-timers. All of them charge annual membership dues, part of which pays the rent on their headquarters, often a warehouse basement or the top floor of a tenement. Each has a symbol, worn by members as identification, and a contact person, who serves as a liaison with the public.

Here's a sampling:

**THE COUNCIL OF INNKEEPERS.** This group establishes wages (for waiters, cooks, and other personnel), negotiates prices with wholesalers, and shares information about knights of the cross-trade, brawlers, and chronic bubbers. As a professional courtesy, members're allowed to stay at each other's inns at no charge. **Monthly dues:** 1 gp. **Symbol:** Crimson waist sash edged with golden lace. **Contact:** Bryn Ohme (PI/♂ bariaur/F2/Fated/LG).

**BUILDERS' FELLOWSHIP.** With more than 300 carpenters, roofers, and stonecutters, this is arguably the ward's largest guild. The Fellowship works closely with the city to secure construction and maintenance contracts for public buildings. **Monthly dues:** 3 gp. **Symbol:** Three copper bands, worn on the left wrist. **Contact:** Ustisha Cambris (PI/♂ human/F2/Fated/LG).

**ESCORT GUILD.** This organization of able, trustworthy touts focuses on training and education. (The guild requires members to memorize all the major streets in Sigil.) Members are kept informed of obstacles (such as

IS IT NOT  
ENOUGH THAT  
WE FEED  
OUR WAITERS?  
THEY NEED  
TO BE PAID  
AS WELL?  
— BRYN OHME,  
COUNCIL  
OF INNKEEPERS

a dead giant blocking Bellwhistle Lane) and optimum routes (Avoid Deadfinger Way; too many muggers). **Monthly dues:** 1 sp. **Symbol:** Three concentric blue circles tattooed on the forehead.

**Contact:** Geena Mirrathar (PI/♀ human/F1/Free League/LN).

**GUILD OF TEAMSTERS.** This guild numbers among its membership those who navigate the waters of the Ditch, moving goods from Sigil to the various gate town portals. **Monthly dues:** 5 sp.

**Symbol:** Leather epaulet on right shoulder, small length of rope depending from epaulet looping under right arm. **Contact:** Duritz Crow (PI/♂ human/Bleak Cabal/CN).

**THE ORDER OF MASTER CLERKS AND SCRIBES.** Membership in this group is restricted to the city's finest copyists, record keepers, and accountants. The Hall of Information and Hall of Records, both in the Clerk's Ward, recruit many of their workers from this guild. **Monthly dues:** 1 gp. **Symbol:** Fingernail of right-hand pinky painted silver. **Contact:** Elahassa Merem (PI/♀ human/Fraternity of Order/LN).

As for the Market Ward, a basher'd have a tough time finding a square yard of ground without a merchant standing on it. It's shoulder to shoulder shopping, night and day, with everything from Tvashti crossbows to bariaur hoof cleaners hawked from caravan tents and rickety stalls. To prevent customers from bumping into each other, pans of burning oil set out by merchants who care about their patrons dot the streets with light (and fill the air with noxious smoke). To keep customers dry, there're canopies and umbrellas (an Escorter'll hold one overhead for an extra 2 cp per hour). And to keep 'em broke, there're ale stands, games of chance, and a multitude of Sigil's slickest pickpockets.

## SHOPPING ◆ IN THE MARKET WARD ◆

In general, all items in the *Player's Handbook* equipment lists are available somewhere in the Market Ward. The DM is encouraged to supplement these lists with items described in other AD&D® supplements; *Aurora's Whole Realms Catalog* is an especially good resource.

Most Market Ward merchants specialize in a particular type of item. For example, one merchant may sell nothing but armor, another nothing but cheese. To find a particular item, a cutter'll have to wander around the Market Ward, ask a resident for help, or make an appointment at the Hall of Information in the Clerk's Ward. (The Bureau of Commerce officer has a general idea of the merchandise available in Sigil. But he won't always know where it's sold or who sells it. He's espe-



cially vague on the availability of magical items and similarly exotic merchandise.)

**PRICES.** Use the prices given in the *Player's Handbook* equipment lists. A variant imported from an Outer or Inner Plane may be double or triple the normal price. A normal loaf of bread, for example, costs 5 cp, while a loaf of bread made from Elysium green wheat might sell for 15 cp.

Occasionally, the Sigil government imposes a temporary surcharge on sales made in the city, boosting prices anywhere from 10–50%. A surcharge may be imposed on a general category of merchandise (food, weapons, livestock) or on a specific item (eggs, daggers, horses). Announcements of surcharges are posted outside the Hall of Records in the Clerk's Ward, in the entryway of the Hall of Information in the Clerk's Ward, and on a display board in the Great Bazaar. So as not to depress the economy (and risk a revolt by the merchants), surcharges rarely last for more than a week or so.

**PAYMENT.** Merchants accept any standard form of currency, though some may balk at metal coins other than silver or gold. If a merchant sells salt for 1 sp per pound and refuses to accept copper, a buyer wishing to purchase only a half-pound may have to buy more than he needs or forfeit his change.

Some merchants'll trade for merchandise of equivalent value. For example, a clothing dealer might accept a pound of pepper nuts (worth 2 gp) in payment for a pair of linen gloves (also worth 2 gp). A livestock dealer might trade a calf (worth 5 gp) for a pig (3 gp) and a sheep (2 gp). If the values aren't equivalent, and the buyer still wants to make a trade, values favor the merchant (a signal whistle valued at 8 sp will cost the buyer two knives worth 5 sp each). Values might favor a buyer who intimidates or impresses the merchant (as determined by the DM), or if the merchant needs to make a sale.

**EARNST MONEY.** If a buyer places an order for a hard-to-get item – a galleon, a ton of rocks from Baator, a black dragon corpse – the merchant'll probably insist on earnest money up front, ranging from 10–40% of the total cost.

A merchant who makes a good faith effort to obtain the merchandise but fails is allowed by law to retain 50% of the prepayment. If the buyer believes the merchant cheated him, he may appeal to the Department of Arbitration in the Hall of Information. When high amounts of money are involved – say, a prepayment in excess of 1,000 gp – a panel of three judges selected by the Hall of Speakers may be asked to settle the dispute.

If the merchant delivers the merchandise but the buyer fails to pay the balance due, the buyer not only

forfeits the entire prepayment, but may also be subject to any or all of the following penalties:

- ◆ Posting the buyer's name on the Debtor's Pole in the Great Bazaar for at least 90 days. Most legitimate merchants will refuse to deal with the buyer during this period.
- ◆ Banning the buyer from the Hall of Information and all faction headquarters other than his own.
- ◆ Scragging the buyer (courtesy of the Harmonium), who will be imprisoned for at least 30 days and fined as much as 50 gp. The patrol may also confiscate as much of the buyer's personal property as is necessary to reimburse the merchant.

**CREDIT.** Some merchants may allow characters to make purchases on credit, particularly if the merchant and buyer belong to the same faction, or if business is slow. In such cases, the merchant typically increases the cost of the item by 25% (rounded up), then divides this total into four approximately equal payments. The first payment is due immediately, the next three payments are due on the first day of each of the following three months. (Example: A cutter wants to buy a 20-gp bull on credit. The merchant boosts the price to 25 gp, then divides the total into three payments of 6 gp and a final payment of 7 gp. The buyer pays 6 gp immediately, then makes the final three payments over the next three months.)

If a buyer's more than a week late with a scheduled payment, Sigil law allows the merchant to confiscate the merchandise and keep all payments the buyer has already made. Additionally, any of the penalties listed at the end of the Prepayment section above may also be imposed.

## PROMOTIONAL FLIERS

Some merchants publicize their businesses on fliers which they distribute throughout the city. Examples can be found elsewhere in this chapter.

Many of these fliers were designed by a crier of commerce named Harys Hatchis (PI/♂ human/W8/Free League/NG). As a promotional gimmick (and with his clients' permission), Harys has signed his name and scrawled a few words on the fliers, promising discounts and specials for customers who present the fliers to the merchants. Not every merchant honors the fliers in the same way, however, and some may not honor them at all (even though they approved Harys's scribbles). Cutters who bring signed fliers to a business risk the merchant crumpling up the paper and tossing it into a dustbin, but they might get a small (10%) discount or a mostly worthless trinket – inch-long toy nic'Eponas have been pretty common of late.



**HARYS HATCHIS.** In his mid-forties, Harys has a bald head, a straw-thin body, and a bubbler's crooked grin (although he never indulges). He lives and works in a cavernous brick building, formerly his parents' tailoring shop, where he employs a small staff of scribes and artists to execute his ideas. For frugal clients, he designs colorful posters, displaying them in a few key locations; for an extra fee, he'll cast fly on a staff member who'll shower the city with handbills. His staff hand-delivers announcements of new merchandise to a client's best customers, or stands on street corners and sings songs about upcoming sales. His folding puzzles, strips of paper that reveal hidden pictures when folded a certain way, remain one of his most popular creations.

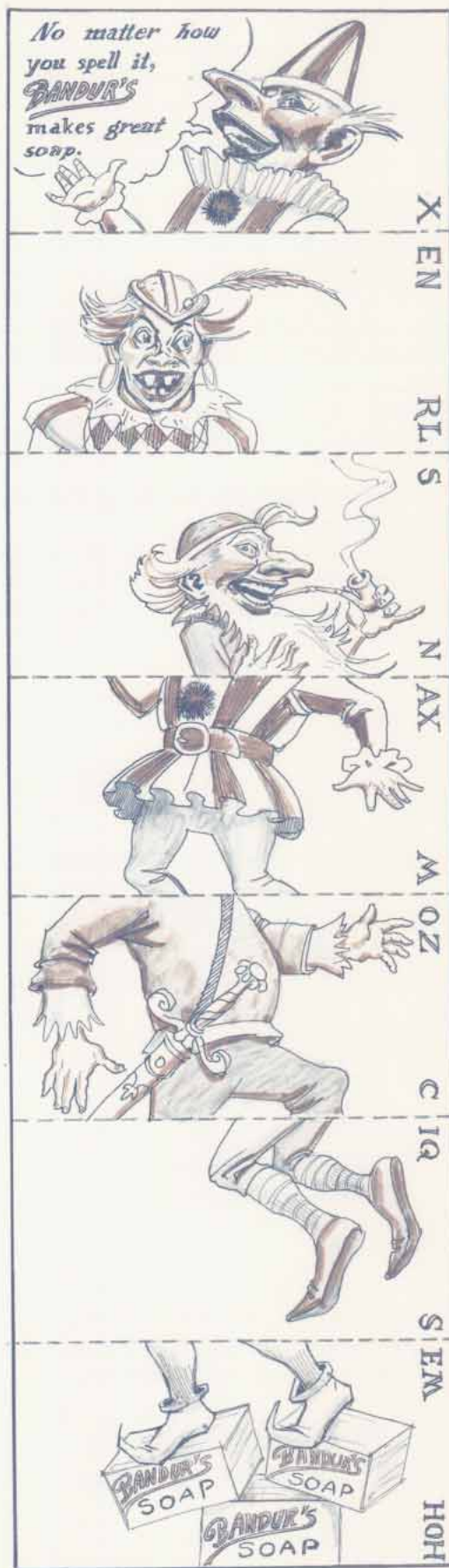
For clients willing to part with the jink, Harys happily devises one-of-a-kind promotions. To announce the expansion of Hiland Pastries, he used *spectral force* to cause a giant cinnamon tart to hover over the Great Gymnasium. To publicize Tressym's Tours' "Tour of the Beastlands," he used *hallucinatory terrain* and panthers made from enderpine to turn a section of the Great Bazaar into a replica of Karasuthra.

He's got jink aplenty, success to spare, and respect throughout the Cage. So how come he's miserable? Simple — Harys carries a grudge the size of Mount Celestia, not against a person or group, but against an entire ward. The seeds were sown when Harys was an adolescent, working as a carrier in the Hall of Information. He wanted to be an officer in the Bureau of Commerce, and after six years of service, was sure he was next in line. Instead, Bordon Mok fired him — mistakenly, claims Harys — for incinerating the Land Registry officer's message box notes instead of his waste bin refuse.

Harys then went to work in his father's tailoring shop. Harys solicited an order for military uniforms from the Hall of Speakers. The administrators gave Harys the go-ahead, then abruptly canceled the order, citing budget shortages. Harys and his family were forced to absorb the cost of the material.

A year later, the Hall of Records mistakenly assessed a tax on the clothing factory in the amount of 50,000 gp. When Harys's family was unable to pay, the Takers confiscated the manufactory and shut it down. The error was discovered a month later — the tax was supposed to be 50 gp, not 50,000 — and the factory was returned. But it was too late. The business went bankrupt, and Harys's parents died in poverty.

Any wonder why Harys hates the Clerk's Ward? Since he's not the vicious type, he's foregone violence in favor of harassment. Recently, for instance, he hired some street urchins to slop bright paint on the finer cases in the Administrator's District of the Clerk's Ward, hoping to attract the attention of the Scratcher. He's paid bubbers to use the lobby of the Hall of Records as





a latrine, and coated the Trianym platforms with *sovereign glue*. He's also learned the combination to Bordon Mok's vault, and printed it on one of his folding puzzles. He's too cagey – or maybe too cowardly? – to use the combination himself; he hopes someone will solve the puzzle, then break into the vault and steal Mok's treasures.

**HARYS:** AC 10; MV 12; hp 30; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M; ML steady (12).

I 15.

Spells: 1st—*charm person, hypnotism, message, unseen servant*; 2nd—*invisibility, misdirection, pyrotechnics*; 3rd—*haste, fly, spectral force*; 4th—*hallucinatory terrain, polymorph other*.

## The Dark: Harys's Folding Puzzle

When Harys's puzzle (located on page 89) is folded to reveal the clown standing on a pile of soap boxes, the combination to Bordon Mok's vault can be read along the right side. (See the Clerk's Ward chapter for details.)

## Loans at Affordable Rates

Let us use our 35 years  
of service to Sigil  
to help you meet your  
financial goals.

If you need funds for . . .

- Medical bills
- Weapon upgrades
- Commercial ventures
- Spell components
- Home improvements

. . . we are here to help.  
Our terms are competitive,  
our reputation second to none.  
We welcome your business.

**Bronze Bezants**  
F. Moskin Faz, Prop.



THE  
DIFFERENCE  
BE+WEEN +HE  
RICH MAN  
AND +HE P⊕⊕R?  
A HANDFUL ⊕F G⊕LD.  
N⊕+HING M⊕RE.

— F. M⊕SKIN FAZ.  
⊕OWNER ⊕F +HE  
BR⊕NZE BEZAN+S



## ◆ THE BRONZE BEZANTS ◆

For cutters who need to make big purchases but have little more than cold winds and moths in their pocket-books, there's the Bronze Bezants. Located in the Market Ward, it's a favored stop for Cagers and out-of-townners alike who're in the market (heh) for major buys.

Before he'll make a loan, F. Moskin Faz (PI/♂ human/F3/Fraternity of Order/LG) requires borrowers to provide a letter of recommendation from any reputable Cager and a statement of purpose explaining how the applicant intends to use the money. Faz prefers to make loans for business ventures and family emergencies; he frowns on berks who borrow jink for luxury items.

If Faz agrees to make the loan, he spells out the terms:

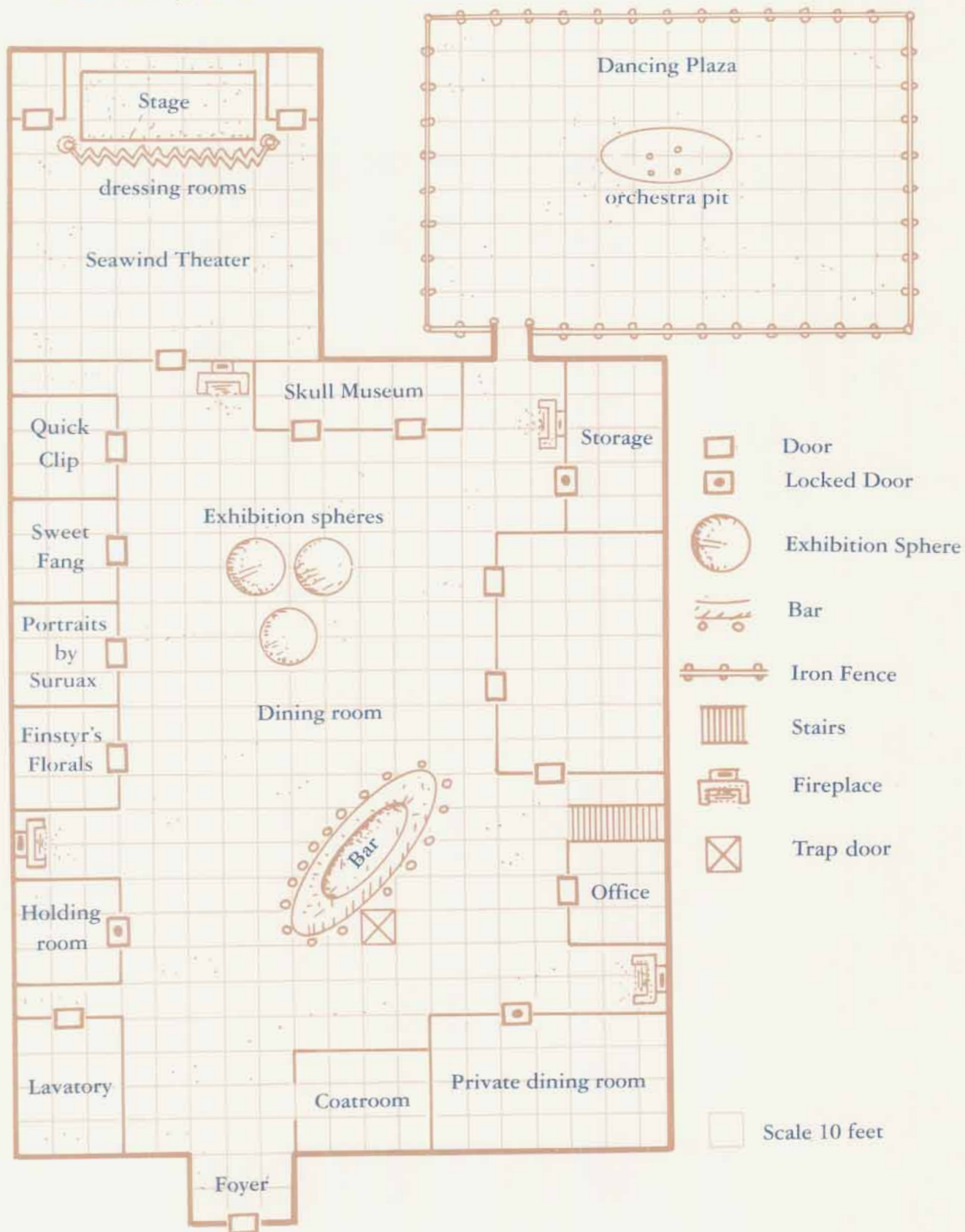
1. A borrower must provide collateral in the form of merchandise or property with a value of at least 100% of the loan amount. (If the borrower wants 50 gp, Faz requires collateral valued at 50 gp or more.)

2. The loan fee is 25% of the amount requested (rounded up to the nearest gp).

3. A borrower must repay the loan in four monthly installments of approximately equal sums, beginning one month after the loan is made. When the borrower makes the final payment, Faz returns the collateral. If a borrower misses a payment, even by a day, the agreement is cancelled. Faz keeps all payments made to date, along with the collateral. Additionally, the borrower may be subject to any or all of the penalties discussed in the Earnest Money guidelines in the Shopping in the Market Ward section elsewhere in this chapter.



# CHIRPER'S





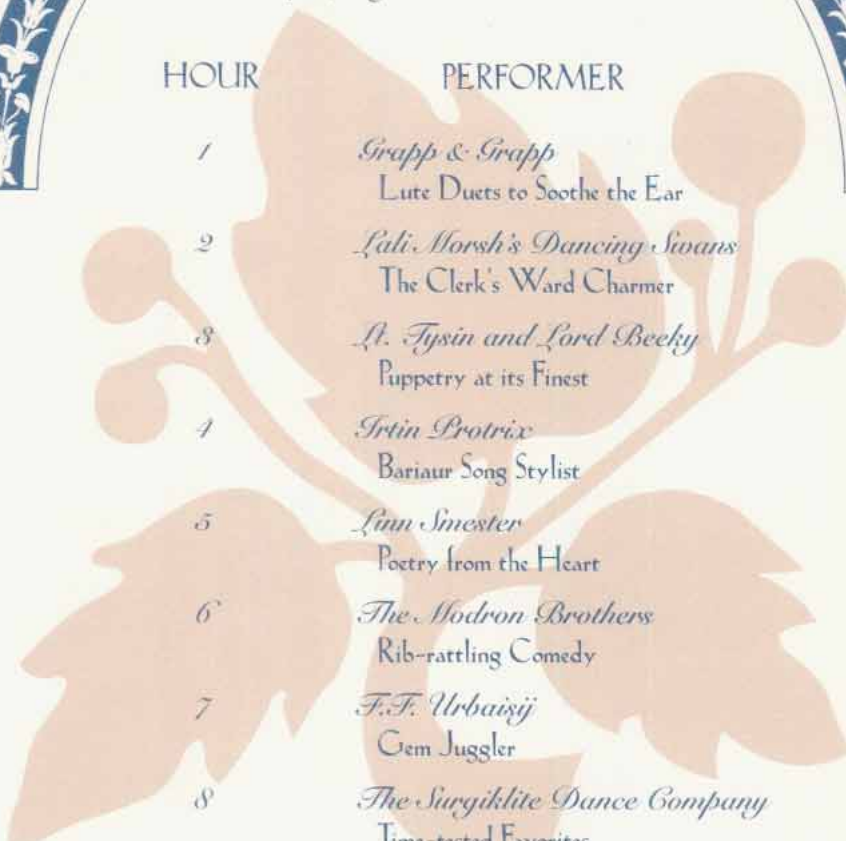


## *Chirper's*

Now playing at the Seawind Theater

HOUR

PERFORMER

- 
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | <i>Grapp &amp; Grapp</i><br>Lute Duets to Soothe the Ear      |
| 2 | <i>Lali Morsh's Dancing Swans</i><br>The Clerk's Ward Charmer |
| 3 | <i>A. Tysin and Lord Beeky</i><br>Puppetry at its Finest      |
| 4 | <i>Irtin Protrix</i><br>Bariaur Song Stylist                  |
| 5 | <i>Linn Sinester</i><br>Poetry from the Heart                 |
| 6 | <i>The Modron Brothers</i><br>Rib-rattling Comedy             |
| 7 | <i>F.F. Urbaisij</i><br>Gem Juggler                           |
| 8 | <i>The Surgiklite Dance Company</i><br>Time-tested Favorites  |

Free Admission with Meal Purchase





## ◆ CHIRPER'S ◆

To lure wealthy tourists to the Market Ward and keep them there, ten affluent merchants (whose names remain dark) pooled their funds to build Chirper's, a sprawling inn located near the Great Bazaar. Now in its second century of operation, Chirper's is known throughout the multiverse for its tasty meals, spacious rooms, and dazzling entertainment. And regardless of faction, race, or profession, everybody's welcome — *especially* clueless primes and provincial planars with heavy purses. Guests who don't care for water in their bathtubs may opt for lava, ice crystals, or molten copper. Rooms may be cooled, heated, or gassed, per the occupant's request.

It's this open-door policy that's made Chirper's so popular. Street sweepers rub shoulders with money-lenders, bariaur toss dice with tieflings. The bubber passed out in the corner may be a millionaire or a murderer. Or both.

Cutters who tire of drinking can sample the inn's superb cuisine while gazing on the exotic creatures in the exhibition spheres. They can visit the shops or peruse the Skull Museum (and wonder, as thousands have before, if the Carceri monkey skull is the real thing or a clever counterfeit). They might invite guests to join them in the Dance Plaza or enjoy a performance in the Seawind Theater. And at the end of a long evening, they can rent an upstairs room for 8 sp and catch some sleep.

Some guidelines for the first-timer:

Like all inns, Chirper's expects a few fights. If a brawl gets out of hand, the Mercy-killer bouncers toss the scrappers into the street, and that's the end of it. But a berk who pulls a weapon'll be restrained in a holding room by the bouncers, who'll summon a Harmonium patrol to scrag the rowdy. To avoid such embarrassment, patrons are encouraged to check their weapons in the cloak room.

Don't annoy the creatures in the exhibition spheres. Last month, a bubber teased the Maladomini tiger with a chunk of raw goat; the tiger broke the sphere, had the goat for an appetizer, then dined on the drunk.

Guests who wish to meet a Seawind Theater performer should leave a note on the stage, asking the performer to meet them at the bar for a drink. It's considered a breach of etiquette to disturb performers in their dressing rooms.

DON'T

+ EASE

THE EYEWING.

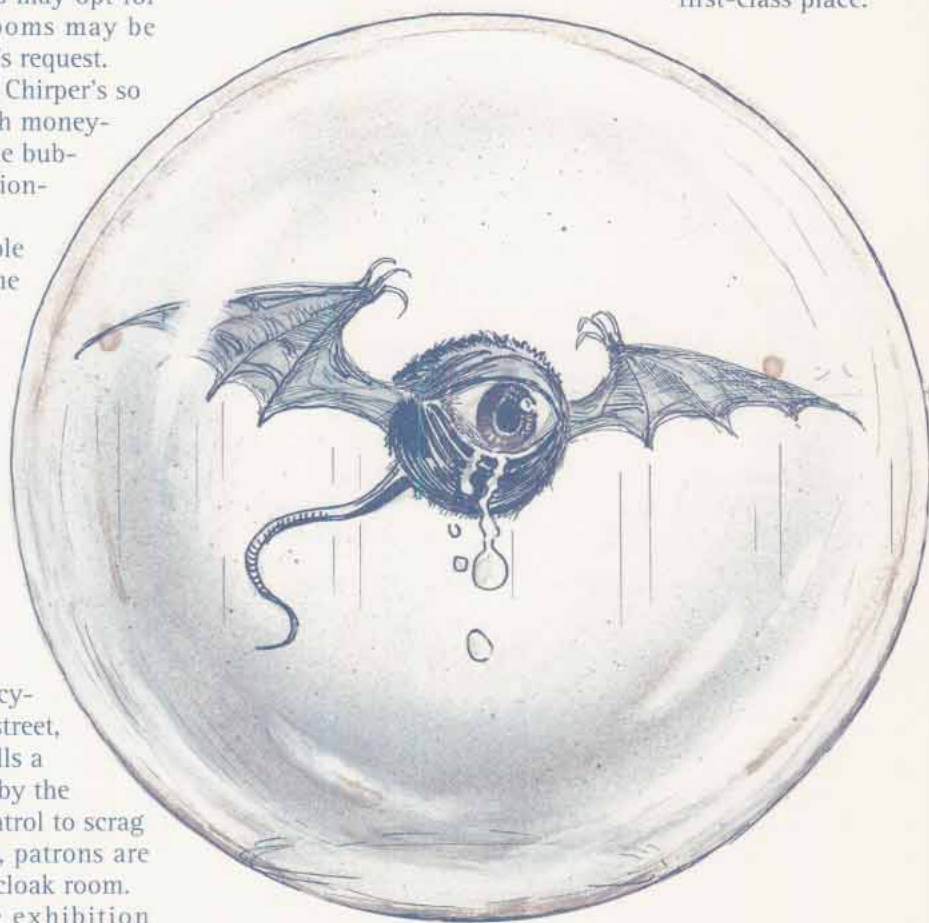
— SIGN ON

EXHIBITION SPHERE

AT CHIRPER'S

## INSIDE CHIRPER'S

An immense brass eagle mounted just inside the foyer, above the oaken front doors, glares down at entering customers. A handsome bariaur doorman in a velvet weskit greets regular patrons by name. Immediately inside the doors, a check room awaits guests' cloaks, coats, hats, and weapons. Those who wish to freshen up after their pony cab ride (or almost certainly eventful walk) can do so in the rose-scented lavatory. The buckets and troughs are emptied hourly; after all, this is a first-class place.



### The Dark: Dem Bones

Unfortunately for the owners of Chirper's, their Skull Museum has met with understandable interest from a far quarter: The Master of Bones has dispatched his favored wererats to steal the skulls on display here, and replace them with fakes. So far only three of the valuable bone-heads have been switched (one being the Carceri monkey). Mhasha Zakk of Zakk's Corpse Curing (see the entry at the end of this chapter) is rumored to be in cahoots with the Master, providing him with museum-quality display skulls. Chant's also that she's something of a consort of his, or at least a go-between; he seems to enjoy her company more than that of "normal" bashers.



Amber lamps hanging from the ceiling bathe the chestnut-paneled dining room in soft light. Fireplaces flicker in the corners, oval mirrors dot the walls. Customers sit at round oaken tables covered with linen tablecloths, each embroidered with a different species of songbird. A body may have a seat at the oblong bar, made of chestnut with brass inlays, or be served in the dining room. Specialties include Gzemnid beer, githzerian altar mead, and 200 varieties of wine (stored in a cellar, accessible through a trapdoor behind the bar). Those preferring nonalcoholic beverages may choose between coconut cider and Thuinn sheep's milk (sweetened with vanilla).

Centered in the dining room are three 20-foot-diameter spheres made of transparent crystal (AC 3; 25 points of damage shatters a sphere). Each sphere contains a different species of rare creature, along with whatever foliage, minerals, and scenery are necessary to simulate its native habitat. Small holes in the top of the spheres provide ventilation. The proprietors change the exhibits every few months, since new creatures guarantee a surge in business. The current exhibits include a Maladomini tiger (from Baator, it resembles a cheetah made of black granite; its sphere is filled with jagged rocks and a pool of mud), a batfly (from Chamada in the plane of Gehenna, it resembles a butterfly with bat wings, made of solid iron; molten lava lines the bottom of its sphere), and an eyewing (from the Abyss; it hovers silently in the otherwise empty sphere).

**MALADOMINI TIGER:** AC 2; MV 9; HD 4; THACO 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d10; SA claw rake; SD surprised only on a 1; SZ M (4' long); ML 10 (average); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 420.

Notes: SA claw rake—if attack hits with both forepaws, rakes with rear claws for 1d6+1 points of damage each.

**BATFLY:** AC 0; MV 1, Fl 24 (B); HD 1–2 hp; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1 point; SZ T (1' long); ML 2 (unreliable); Int non; AL N; XP 15.

**EYEWING:** AC 4; MV Fl 24 (B); HD 3; THACO 17; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d4 or tears; SA tears; SD perfect vision up to 25 miles, infravision out to 120 feet; SZ L (15' wingspan); ML steady (12); Int low (5); AL LE; XP 650.

Notes: SA—releases tears while hovering or diving at targets within 100 feet (must make a normal attack roll); failed saving throw vs. poison causes victim to suffer 2d6 points of damage, success causes 1d6 points.

Patrons who prefer to take their meals in seclusion may reserve the private dining room for 3 gp per night. The price includes the services of two waiters and a Mercykiller guard who stands outside to ensure the diners aren't disturbed.

Anyone who threatens an employee or another customer with a weapon is locked in the iron-walled holding room. Pulling the copper chain hanging over the door

activates a flare on the roof of the inn, shooting streamers of color into the air (similar to the effects of a *color spray* spell) and alerting the nearest Harmonium patrol.

Chirper's employs a staff of 40 chefs (working 8-hour shifts in groups of 10) capable of preparing anything from light snacks to multi-course feasts. The kitchen's equipped with two iron ovens (each big enough to roast a whole pig), two huge wood burning stoves, and an herb garden. The standard menu features creamed fish sandwiches, mulberry salad, Shurrock mushrooms, roast rack of Niflheim stag, pepper nut casserole, and broiled slaad legs; a typical dinner costs 6 sp (beverages extra). Chirper's sugar biscuits — delicate pastries made of chestnut dough and Bytopian honey — come with all meals.

A unique feature of Chirper's is the row of specialty shops along the left wall of the dining area. Quick Clip, operated by a Prime half-elf barber, offers hair, beard, tail, and mane trims. Sweet Fang carries a selection of fine candies from across the multiverse. The biggest seller: chunks of honey fudge shaped like wrens, each bearing the word "Chirper's." At Portraits by Suruax, a tiefling artist creates a pastel caricature of anyone who wishes to pose. A typical portrait takes about 20 minutes to complete and costs 2 gp. Finstyr's Florals is a full-service florist, specializing in exotic plants from the Inner Planes. Delivery's available to anywhere in Sigil except the Hive Ward.

Patrons of Chirper's are admitted free of charge to the Skull Museum, which features a variety of skulls from across the multiverse. Included are the skulls of a gargantua magman, a bozak draconian, a cat lord, and what's reputed to be a Carceri monkey (three pyramid-shaped skulls attached to the same bronze spine).

The Dancing Plaza, an outdoor dance floor made of polished oak and enclosed by a cast iron fence, provides entertainment for patrons. A mandolin quartet (sometimes augmented with a balalaika player) performs in a shallow pit in the center of the floor.

Clouds of incense fill the 100-seat Seawind Theater with the salty aroma of ocean-blown air. Velvet curtains hang from the proscenium, which frames a raised stage about 50 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Beneath the stage are docks for scenery storage. On either side of the stage is a small dressing room. Wrens nest in the rafters, fluttering over the heads of the audience and occasionally chirping along with the performers (giving the inn its name). A program distributed to customers in the dining room and posted outside the inn announces the current lineup of performers; a new act performs each hour, 8 hours per day, with a ten-minute break between acts.

The second floor has 62 guest rooms, each with an oversized feather bed, a bowl of cut flowers (fresh daily), and a marble bathtub. Unless the guest requests otherwise, a waiter delivers a complimentary breakfast at dawn: a plate of fresh grapes, a half-loaf of fruitbread, a container of lime jam, and a flask of Thuinn sheep's milk.



## ◆ ENSIN'S DISCOUN+ ELIXIRS ◆

Ensin (Pl/♂ human/W7/Free League/LG) brews his potions with cheap components — obtained mostly from the Outer Planes — and shortcut techniques. Consequently, while the potions are relatively inexpensive, their effects aren't particularly dramatic.

*Potion of small animal control:* Similar to *potion of animal control*. The user can control 1–4 nonmagical animals no larger than normal rats, with an intelligence rating no higher than 1 (animal).

*Potion of limited invisibility:* Similar to *potion of invisibility*. It only works at night (or in nighttime conditions, such as a dark room or an underground cavern), and then only for 1–3 turns.

*Potion of limited healing:* Similar to *potion of healing*. The user recovers only 1d6 points of damage.

*Potion of blue hue:* Similar to *potion of rainbow hues*. The user can become only one color: light blue.

*Potion of drowning resistance:* Similar to *potion of water breathing*. The user can breathe water for only 10 rounds.

Ensin will sell only the indicated number of doses to any given customer. Also, Ensin tends to sell out quickly and may not have every potion available at all times.



I HAVE NO USE FOR  
+HE WEALTHY.  
ONLY FOR  
+THEIR MONEY.

— ENSIN,  
PROPRIETOR OF  
ENSIN'S  
DISCOUN+ ELIXIRS

## Ensin's Discount Elixirs

for the frugal adventurer

### Now in Stock

Potion of Small Animal Control  
(Limit: 3 doses)

Potion of Limited Invisibility  
(Limit: 2 doses)

Potion of Limited Healing  
(Limit: 1 dose)

Potion of Blue Hue  
(No limit)

Potion of Drowning Resistance  
(Limit: 1 dose)

### While Supplies Last

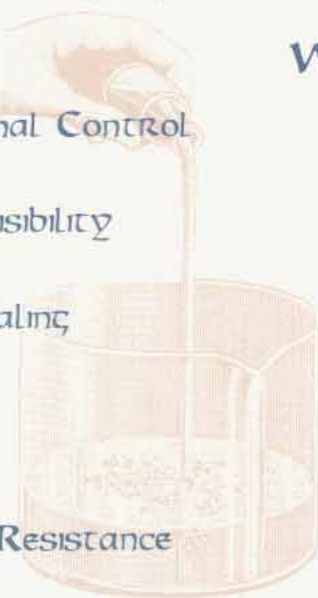
50 gp/dose

50 gp/dose

30 gp/dose

WAS: 25 gp/dose  
NOW: 10 gp/dose

75 gp/dose



Effects not guaranteed.

**NO REFUNDS.**

Tell 'em Harys sent you! — H.H.



## ◆ THE GREAT BAZAAR ◆

The Free League considers all visitors to the Great Bazaar – the Indep headquarters – as potential customers, which means everyone gets treated more or less the same. So long as bashers don't tease the two-headed pigs in the livestock pavilion or blow their noses in the silk cart, they're free to shop as long as they like. A basher in need of jink might check the Debtor's Pole. Merchants from all over Sigil use the pole to post the names of sods who haven't paid their bills. Some names have rewards attached. A basher who returns a wanted sod to the creditor named on the pole pockets the reward.

Unlike most other faction headquarters, the Great Bazaar isn't contained in a single building. Rather, it's spread out over a magnificent open-air plaza, a huge square of tents, shops, and stalls. The Bazaar is a cacophony of sounds – shouts, clanks, shrieks, barks, whistles – and a sea of smells – hot bread, peach perfume, fresh paint. Though generally confined to the plaza, the Bazaar has no formal borders; a merchant who can't find room to set up shop on the plaza is squeezed onto a side street. On any given day, then, the Great Bazaar might not only be Sigil's busiest faction headquarters, but also the largest.

## ◆ THE GREAT GYMNASIUM ◆

With its gold-flecked marble walls, plush velvet carpets, and onyx chandeliers, the Great Gymnasium is perhaps the most luxurious of all the faction headquarters. The Ciphers take their relaxation as seriously as their physical training. Here, more berks have their backs in hammocks than their noses in books. Sounds louder than whispers are considered unnecessary noise – unless a berk's in the workout rooms.

It's almost worth becoming a member of the Transcendent Order just to take advantage of the Great Gymnasium. In one of its rosemary-scented steam baths, an hour's like a week in the Pearly Heaven. Oranges and lemons bob in the ivory-tiled pool for the convenience of hungry swimmers. And this is where the powers come for rubdowns (well, not really – but they *would*, if the Lady'd let 'em in).

Though bashers of all persuasions're supposedly welcome at the Great Gymnasium, only Ciphers have free access. Everybody else has to follow a strict set of rules or, unless they know how to move really fast, face the wrath of beefy security guards. For starters, the Gymnasium's only open to the public when the Ciphers say it is, usually for a couple of hours either side of

**FOR DEBTOR'S POLE.  
DISPLAY UNTIL FURTHER  
NOTICE:**

### KNOW THEM BY THEIR CRIMES:

**Genrerip Ismor:**

Default of 25 gp in payment for medical services rendered. Weary Spirit Infirmary (Hive Ward).

**REWARD: 5 GP FOR INFORMATION.**

**Yuna Zyss:**

Default on payment of back rent  
in amount of 12 gp.

Airion's Boarding House (Guildhall Ward).

**Merris Fenn:**

Default of two months' guild dues, totalling 6 gp.  
Builder's Fellowship (Guildhall Ward).

Unknown human male, 50 years old, bald,  
scar under right eye, missing front tooth:

Failure to return rented sand cow.  
Green Stone Stables (Hive Ward).

**REWARD: 3 GP FOR RETURN OF COW OR CORPSE OF THIEF.**

**Gurt and Huros Drish:**

Failure to pay 50 gp for mother's treatments  
and burial expenses. Weary Spirit Infirmary  
(Hive Ward).

**REWARD: 10 GP FOR INFORMATION.**

**Shanna Krystyn:**

Default on bar account totalling 35 gp.  
Tear of the Barghest (Clerk's Ward).

**REWARD: 1 GP FOR INFORMATION.**

Unknown male bariaur,  
gray horns, pelt dyed red,  
wears copper amulet in shape of an apple:  
Default on final payment for one dose of  
*potion of limited invisibility* in amount of 12 gp.  
Ensin's Discount Elixirs (Market Ward).

**Macayta Isbury:**

Default of 100 gp in payment for  
arm amputation and eye replacement.  
Weary Spirit Infirmary (Hive Ward).

**REWARD: 20 GP FOR INFORMATION.**



antipeak. Check the sign outside; admission times change faster than a Convert changes alliances. Weapons are forbidden, as are magical items and snacks. (Guests are supposed to buy the stuff the Ciphers sell.) A basher wanting a rubdown or time in a specialty room (workouts, artistic pursuits, musical training, etc.) has got to make an appointment a week in advance, which may be cancelled at a moment's notice if a Cipher decides to go first. And for anyone but a Cipher, the pool fruit costs 3 cp per piece. Of course, all these conditions may be waived if a visitor's here on business; the Ciphers take pride in all the treaties, pacts, and deals that've been made in these steam baths, and they're intent on maintaining a good reputation.

## XANIST'S ◆ SHOP ◆

Another useful shop is but a block away from the Great Gymnasium. As its owner says, "Success is an inevitable consequence of perception, diligence, and perseverance." So what if she's got an ego the size of The Lady's Ward? Xanist (Pl/♀ human/W6/Free League/LN) has the talent to back it up. At the tender age of four years, she built a sentient rat trap to catch the vermin in her parents' basement. At twelve, she designed the city's first four-wheeled Arcadian pony cab. At eighteen, she went into business for herself, setting up shop a block from the Great Gymnasium where she works to this day, designing inventions for anyone with a bag of jink to spend. (Make that *two* bags — Xanist doesn't work cheap.)

Xanist's skill is matched only by her arrogance. Asked to explain how an invention works, she's apt to roll her eyes and sneer, "Why explain the donkey cart to the donkey?" Obsessed with her appearance, she has an aide whose only job is attending to her curly brown locks. Xanist buys floor-length linen coats by the wagonload; she wears a new coat every day, disposing of the old in an incinerator.

Xanist prefers mechanical devices to spells, considering magic a crutch. "Anyone can lift a brick with a *levitation* spell," she says. "But lifting it with gears and pulleys requires a special genius." She shuns the company of humans, instead relying on a trio of trained

## The Dark: Baatorian Green Steel

The weapons and armor sold at Severed Head are made from green steel imported from the wastelands of Avernus in the plane of Baator. The metal is lighter than normal steel, and can be processed into razor-fine edges, making Baatorian weapons easier to carry and more damaging than their standard counterparts (see table below).

Green steel plate armor is lighter than normal plate armor, but stronger, giving it a weight of 30 pounds and a base Armor Class of 1. This merchandise is otherwise identical to the weapons and armor described in the *Player's Handbook*. (At the DM's option, other dealers in Sigil may also sell green steel weapons. The statistics of green steel weapons purchased elsewhere may vary from the table below.)

### Severed Head Green Steel Weapons

Item	Weight (lb.)	Damage	
		S-M	L
Dagger	1/2	1d4+1	1d4
Knife	1/4	1d4	1d3
Javelin	1	1d8	1d8
Spear	3	1d8	1d10
Bastard sword			
One-handed	5	1d10	1d12+1
Two-handed	5	2d6	2d10
Long sword	2	1d10	1d12+1
Scimitar	2	1d10	1d10
Short sword	2	1d8	1d10
Two-handed sword	8	1d12	2d10

DØN'+ PULL.

+WIS+,

RUB. SHAKE, UP.

CRANK.

+AP, ØR

NUDGE IT.

— XANIST+. +Ø VISI+ØR  
EXAMINING A NEW  
INVENTIØN



monkeys – shaggy, doll-faced simians from Elysium – as aides. Xanist sharpened the monkeys' teeth to fine points, enabling them to double as bodyguards.

Currently, Xanist is tinkering with a device she calls the "batfly harness." It consists of a pair of batlike metallic wings that fasten to a basher's back, with a hand crank protruding from a panel on his chest, all held in place with leather straps. Turning the crank makes the wings flap, allowing the basher to fly. Xanist believes the device will make her a fortune, and she's probably right. The only problem: It doesn't work. Xanist thinks she could iron out the bugs if she had a real batfly to study, but the only one in Sigil is on display in Chirper's, and the owners ain't selling. Xanist is

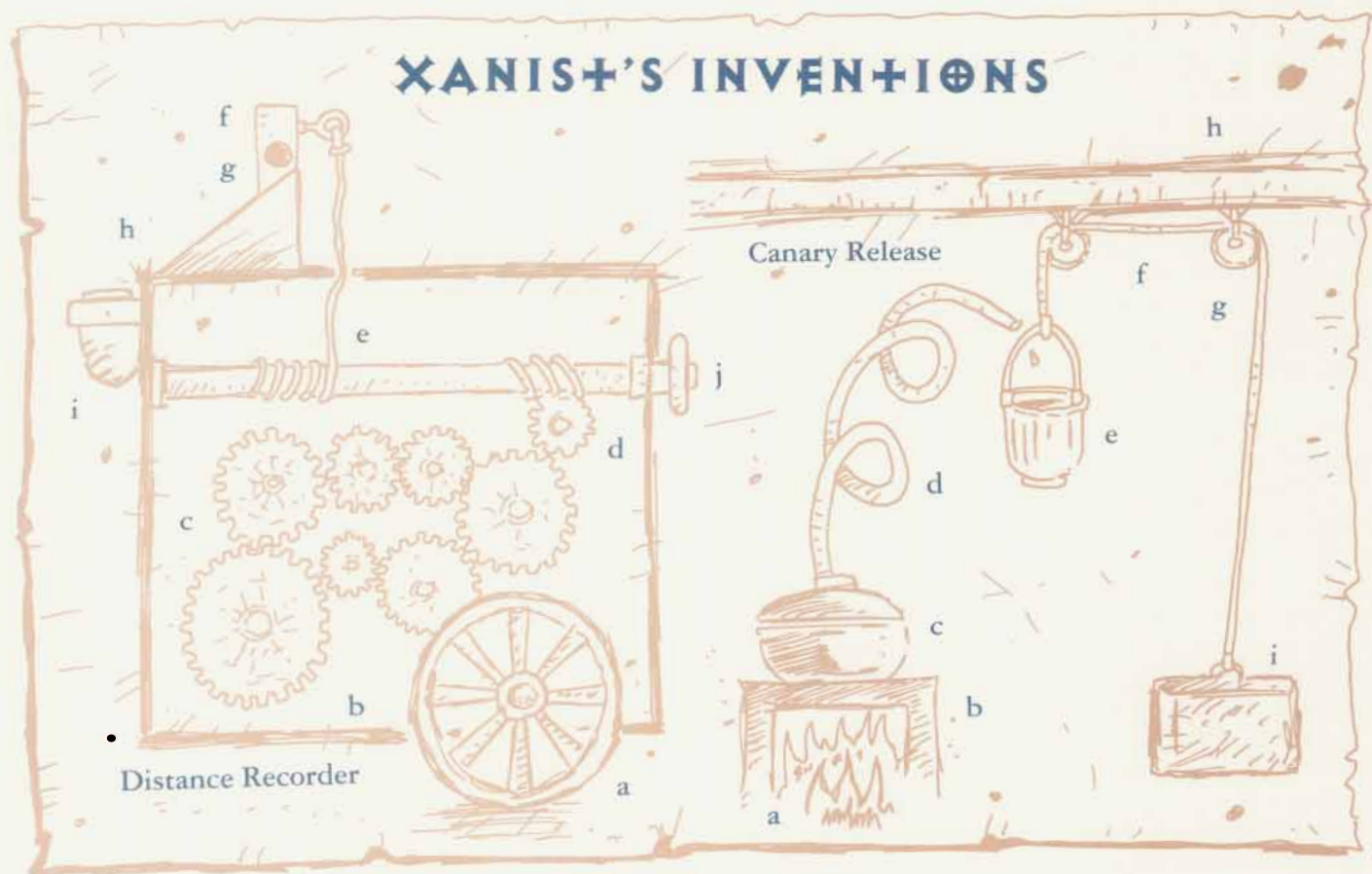
willing to finance an expedition to Gehenna to catch a batfly. But so far, she hasn't found anyone brave enough – stupid enough? – to take her up on her offer.

**XANIST:** AC 10; MV 12; hp 23; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SZ M; ML steady (12).

I 16.

Spells: 1st—*identify, sleep, magic missile, unseen servant*; 2nd—*continual light, ESP*; 3rd—*fireball, wraith-form*.

**XANIST'S MONKEYS:** AC 8; MV 9; HD 1+1; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SZ T (2' long); ML avg (8); Int low (6); AL LN; XP 15.





## ZAKK'S ◆ CORPSE CURING ◆

Near the Great Gymnasium, a small building houses one of the more useful (if disturbing) businesses in this ward. If bashers find the message inscribed on the iron door of Zakk's Corpse Curing depressing . . .

*Mourn not for death, but for birth.*

. . . just wait'll they step inside. As dark as a tomb, reeking of quicklime and rotten meat, the place is packed with taxidermy specimens — horses, lizards, giant rats, and just about everything else that walks, crawls, or slithers. And in the corner, half-hidden in the shadows, stand a githzerai warrior holding a brass sword, a tiefling maiden draped in silken robes, and a plump elf waiter carrying a serving tray. They're stuffed, too.

A self-taught taxidermist — Sigil's best, for what it's worth — Mhasha Zakk (PI/♀ human/F4/Dustmen/CN) will stuff anything for anyone for any reason. Trophies, souvenirs, conversation pieces: Zakk doesn't care. She loves her work so much, she's cut her prices to the — er — bone. Prices range from 2 gp for a cat or dog to 20 gp for a man-sized creature. (Or a man.)

Unlike most Dustmen, the 80-year-old Zakk's surprisingly cheerful, probably because she's surrounded by her favorite companions. Always dressed in a clean black robe, her silver hair tied in long braids, she greets visitors with a crinkled smile and cups of steaming orange tea. She may ask permission of especially striking visitors to stuff them after their demise.

A cutter wanting to pick up some quick jink would do well to stop at Zakk's, as she always needs someone to do odd jobs. She pays 1 sp per day for making deliveries and disposing of skinned carcasses. (Since Zakk doesn't care what happens to the carcasses, an enterprising cutter's free to sell them to a butcher.)

Collectors tend to bring her their more interesting finds, as she pays better than the Mortuary; besides, one never knows when one might need to call in a favor from a taxidermist. ("Proof of that cambion you killed in the Abyss? Right here, sir.") She's also in the market for unusual corpses to add to her collection; a cutter who brought her an intact ooze mephit corpse, for instance, could probably name the price.

## The Dark: Xanist's Inventions

Refer to diagram.

**DISTANCE RECORDER.** This device enables sedan chair bearers and pony cab drivers to measure distances for more accurate rate charges. When the vehicle's wheel (a) rotates, the axle turns inside an enclosed box (b), moving a set of gears (c). The final gear turns a notched rod (d), which winds a string (e). When the string becomes taut, it opens a hinged container (f), releasing an iron ball (g), which rolls down a ramp (h) and lands in a brass cup (i). The sound of the ball landing in the cup alerts the carrier or driver that a fixed distance has been traveled. (Longer and shorter strings may be used to register various distances.) Twisting the "new customer" knob (j) rewinds the string.

**CANARY RELEASE.** This device was commissioned by the owners of Chirper's, who put it in a corner of the dining room to entertain customers. A fire (a) is lit in a stove (b), heating water in a sealed pot (c). Steam travels through a coiled tube (d), where it condenses back into water and collects in a bucket (e). When the bucket becomes heavy with water, it drops, pulling a cord (f) that runs across two wheels (g) suspended from a wooden crossbar (h). The cord lifts a silver cage (i), releasing the canary inside. The canary then flutters around the room to the diners' delight.

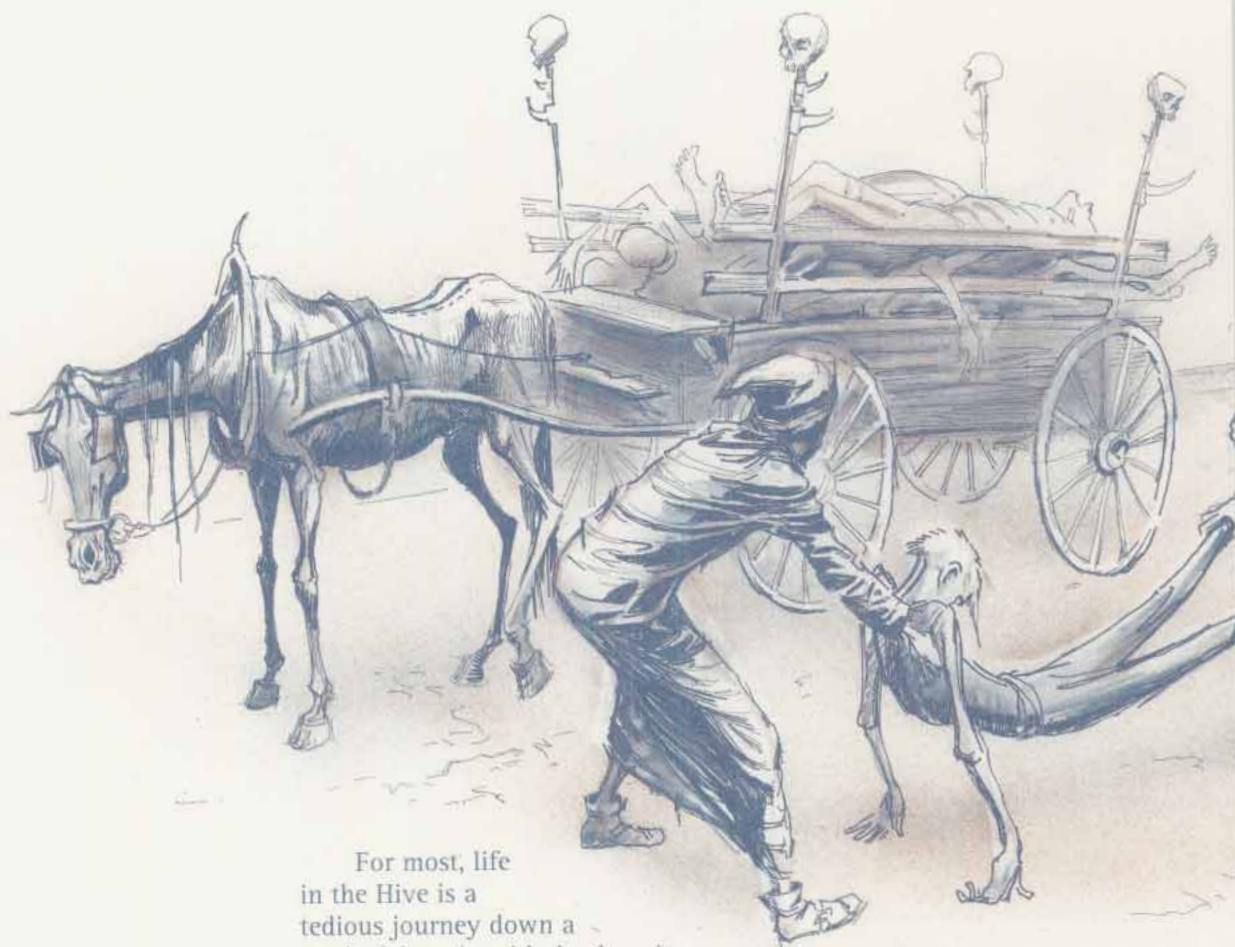


*A journey into the Heart of Madness, and an Introduction to those Unfortunate Souls who must Dwell in Sigil's Darkest, Vilest Slums.*

## THE HIVE WARD

Life's cheap, berk, but nowhere's it cheaper than in the Hive Ward, a dismal collection of dirt-caked slums and battered tenements more fit for vermin than humanoids. Looking for honest work? Keep looking. The Hive's a good place for cutpurses and gamblers, not so good for jewelers and art dealers. But it's a fine place to be a Dustman — the faction's headquarters, the

Mortuary, is here, with corpses enough to keep its crematory blazing for the next couple of eons. And it's a perfect spot for the Xaositect headquarters, also called the Hive (the Chaosmen ain't known for clever names; why bother?). A tangle of safehouses and hideaways, it squats in the middle of the ward like a wart — make that a bunch of warts. The Gatehouse's here, too, the headquarters of the Bleak Cabal; to prove that existence is a cruel joke, a Bleaker just points out the window.



For most, life in the Hive is a tedious journey down a road of despair, with death waiting at the end. And not just any old death. Death in the Hive wears a variety of disguises.

Take, for instance, the tale of old Neevie Sheevis. When they finally found old Neevie, even Allesha, her own sister, didn't recognize the body. All that was left were her feet.

Now one might say that was downright ironic. Neevie meant well. Somebody had to get rid of Squinty Mak, and Neevie nominated herself.



There were barmies aplenty more dangerous than Squinty — he got the name when a brawl at the Snapped Finger left him with one eye fewer than he came in with — but none more annoying.

Squinty was a boot puller, and his victims were children. A kid'd be walking down the street, minding her own business, when Squinty'd yank her into an alley, jerk the boots off her feet, then scuttle away with 'em like a cockroach, leaving the bare-foot kid screaming for her mama. Squinty'd sell the boots to some poor sod for a few coppers, then buy himself a gutful of bub.

So when Neevie's daughter, an almond-haired 8-year-old named Cynda, came home sobbing about a one-eyed geezer who knocked her down and took her boots, that was it for Neevie. Armed with a club as big as her leg, Neevie stormed off to the Slags.

Neevie found Squinty snoozing away on a pile of bricks that used to be somebody's front porch. She landed a good one, right above where his left eye used to be. That's when Kadyx — a monster few've seen; a monster even fewer ever *want* to see — showed up. Kadyx gobbled up every bit of Squinty. He gobbled up every bit of Neevie, too. Except her feet.

That Kadyx. What a joker.

Now one might think that the locals would be grateful to Neevie. After all, she showed some gumption — if it weren't for her, Squinty'd probably still be pulling boots. And one might think they'd miss old Neevie. After all, she lived here her whole life, knew everybody, and never caused any trouble.

But the locals couldn't've cared less. So there's one less boot puller, they yawned. Big deal. There's plenty more to take his place. As for Neevie, she was too dumb to live. She knew where she was going. She got what she deserved.

Sound heartless? Not really.

This is the Hive, berk.

### ◆ A LOOK AROUND ◆

Imagine that the powers scooped up a thousand buildings in a burlap sack, shook 'em around a bit, dumped 'em out, then stomped on 'em. That's the Hive. There's a saying that the Hive has Sigil's stupidest murderers; if they had any brains, they'd move to a safer ward. Or at least one that's easier on the nose.

Compared to the Hive, an Arcadian swine barn smells like an apple orchard. It's not just the filthy kips that cause the stink. And it's not the lack of hygiene, though the only time a lot of these sods get a bath is when they fall in a mud puddle. It's mostly because of the rainwater, dirt-colored and thick as syrup, that oozes along the streets like sludge from a sewer pipe.

Ever seen the rain gutters in The Lady's Ward? Nice, wide, and unobstructed. And the dabus in the Clerk's Ward? The minute the rain stops, they're out with their mops to wipe up the mess. The gutters in the Hive, on the other hand, are clogged with garbage, and the first street cleaners should arrive about the same time the Fated start passing out gold pieces. There, the rain collects in brackish pools, some swelling to the size of small lakes. A lot of Hivers use the pools for trash pails. If Sil Orsmonder over at Orsmonder's Meats has a carcass too rancid to sell, he heaves it out the back door into a rain pool. As for the pool behind the Weary Spirit Infirmary, it ain't called Boneyard Pond for nothing.



Whoever planned the ward didn't know the definition of a straight line, as the streets wind in every direction: Some end abruptly in blind alleys, others circle back on themselves like snakes swallowing their tails. With space at a premium, new structures're built on top of old ones, giving a typical building the appearance of a stack of boxes about to collapse. It's a mess, all right, though a basher flying high overhead might make some sense of it. The cluster of marble buildings spikeward from the Gatehouse — called, appropriately enough, the Marble District — marks the best section of the ward, where it's possible to find a few quality shops, the government centers, and a handful of bloods with serious jink. On the opposite end lies the smoky rubble of the Slags, all darkness and death. Residential areas are everywhere else, row after row of slant-roofed slums and belching smokestacks.

To the sod on the street, it all looks pretty much the same. Narrow alleys, many narrower than a human is tall, separate crumbling tenements. Filthy rags cover

shattered windows. Sunshine is as scarce as kind words; what the thick fog fails to conceal, the tottering buildings drench in shadows.

Newcomers might think they've wandered into a nightmare. A toothless old woman peddles boiled rat's feet from a rusted kettle; a starving sod offers her a sip of homemade bub in trade. A group of grizzled bashers pores over the details of a recent murder, arguing about what the killer wanted with the victim's head. A young woman clutching a limp baby pleads with an innkeeper for a leaky roof, a lice-infested mat, and some rotten meat; the innkeep threatens her with a cleaver.

Wonder what the rest of Sigil thinks of the Hive? Some folks shrug their shoulders. Some wring their hands. Most everyone, however, keeps a fair distance. What little they know about the Hive they either overhear in the Great Bazaar or read in books like Jeena Ealy's *In Darkest Sigil*.

A basher who needs to be told not to travel the Hive streets alone, especially at night, deserves to be robbed. But if there's no choice, the best bet's to stick close to Whisper Way, the Hive's biggest and most heavily traveled thoroughfare. The best lit street's got to be Black Boot Walk, thanks to the sods' tendency to set abandoned buildings on fire. Lot's Lane handles the spillage from the Night Market, making it a good place to find cutthroats and fences. Looking for a cheap alehouse? Go to Stump Street and follow the bubbers. The big lump in the middle of Laughing Cat Alley? Supposedly, it's a fallen archway that used to be a portal to Baator. Seems that the city fathers got tired of hell hounds popping through, so they knocked it down and paved over it. (Does it still work? Dig it up and find out.) Also take note of Shatterbone Street (the worst slums this side of the Slags), Two-Lamp Lane (where a cutter can find the Hive's best food, mostly sold by street peddlers; try the mint bread), and Darkwell Court (home to testy githzerai who don't like primes).

Most Hive taverns are rat holes, distinguishable only by their names, with the same wretched customers tossing back the same watery bub. A few, however, stand out. The Snapped Finger is known for its nightly fights; there's no furniture (the patrons kept smashing it up), so everybody stands while swilling ale. Benni's Tap Room, a haunt of Marble District big shots, features mistberry wine (3 sp per glass, 10 gp per gallon), the favorite potable of Bordon Mok. Criminals of all persuasions favor the Butcher's Block, an alehouse operated by an aged ogre named Trunfeld Three-teeth who collects information as a hobby and sells it to anyone with jink to spend.

Shrinker's has a sweating skinrat chained to the wall, a creature imported from Oinos in the Gray Waste. (A skinrat's like a cranium rat, except it's hair-

helpless shrieks of a hundred goats on their way to slaughter, herded up a narrow plank into a grim stone building called Orsmonder's Meats where they would be processed into gristle to feed the masses of the Hive. A snarling dog—or was it a wolf?—nipped at their feet. The brutish proprietor, perched on a rotting window sill, smacked them with a rake, eliciting more tormented bleats.

But worse than the cries of the doomed creatures were the reactions of the gathering crowd, a motley collection of drunks, hoodlums, and urchins who saw the animals' agony as great entertainment. Some clambered to the rooftops for a better look. Some pelted the goats with garbage. Some urged the proprietor to do the butchering right there in the street, so the wagers could be placed.

But enough. I will not defile the page with

— an excerpt from  
*In Darkest Sigil*, by Jeena Ealy



less and lacks telepathic abilities.) A sod who gets drunk enough is encouraged to sample the sweat, which acts as a *potion of diminution*. The shrunken bubbler's tossed into a glass tank with a hungry lizard, and everybody stands back to watch the fun.

Then there's Zero, a Bleaker's tavern of choice for seeing and being seen. To symbolize the meaningful meaninglessness of existence, some customers get full pitchers with glasses that won't hold a drop; others receive empty pitchers and glasses filled with drink; and still others get full pitchers and glasses that have no flaws at all. The truly unlucky ones find themselves hoisting empty – but perfect – glasses, while looking at the empty pitcher set before them on the table. (If you're a thirsty berk, don't go here. Find a kip that don't cater to Bleakers.)

### ◆ HERE +⊕ THERE ◆

Say Rhiannon Blackcloak, who needs to see to personal business in the Clerk's Ward, has to check her tax assessment in the Hall of Records but doesn't know the best way to get there. No problem. She can flag down a tout to show her a short cut. Or say she's in the Market Ward and wants to check out a few food shops. Again, no problem. She can rent a sedan chair to haul her wherever she wants to go.

But suppose she's stuck in the Hive and needs to get around? *Now* she's got a problem. Sure, the Hive has its own factotums, but they're not known for their helpfulness or their speed. Most Bleaker factotums don't see the point in hurrying *anywhere*. Chaosmen factotums are notorious for wandering around in circles. (Dustmen factotums, now – there's a chance for a ride on a cartload of deaders!)

And forget about sedan chairs. Some of the big shots in the Marble District have their own private chairs, but they aren't about to rent to an outsider like Rhiannon unless she's willing to part with a bag full of jink. Touts? In most areas of the Hive, touts've got different names, like "purse snatchers" and "throat slicers." Get the picture, berk?

A basher can rent a mount at Green Stone Stables, but considering the quality of the animals, it's a risky proposition. Even with a good mount, getting around after dark can be tough. At night, the ward looks like it's been soaked in tar. When the fog's settled in, sods could walk past their own kip and not recognize it. 'Course, barrels of burning trash and the glow from the Dustmen's crematory provide a bit of illumination, but not much.

Because of the scarcity of *lantern staves*, the Hive probably has fewer light boys than anywhere else in Sigil. They tend to congregate outside places like the Snapped Finger and Shrinker's – that is, any tavern that sells bub by the barrel and has plenty of drunks needing

are quick to blame the residents themselves for the atrocious conditions of the Hive, a more reasonable person would conclude that they are largely the victims of geography. Broad avenues of crumbling tenements divide the Hive from the Lower Ward. The impenetrable ruins known as the Slags, along with the remains of the Founder's Fence – an ill-advised attempt at erecting a barrier to protect the refined families of Sigil bureaucrats from corrupting influences – serve to separate the Hive from the Clerks' Ward. Isolated both culturally and economically, the Hive was forced to rely on its own meager resources. Thus, while the rest of Sigil prospered, the Hive stagnated.

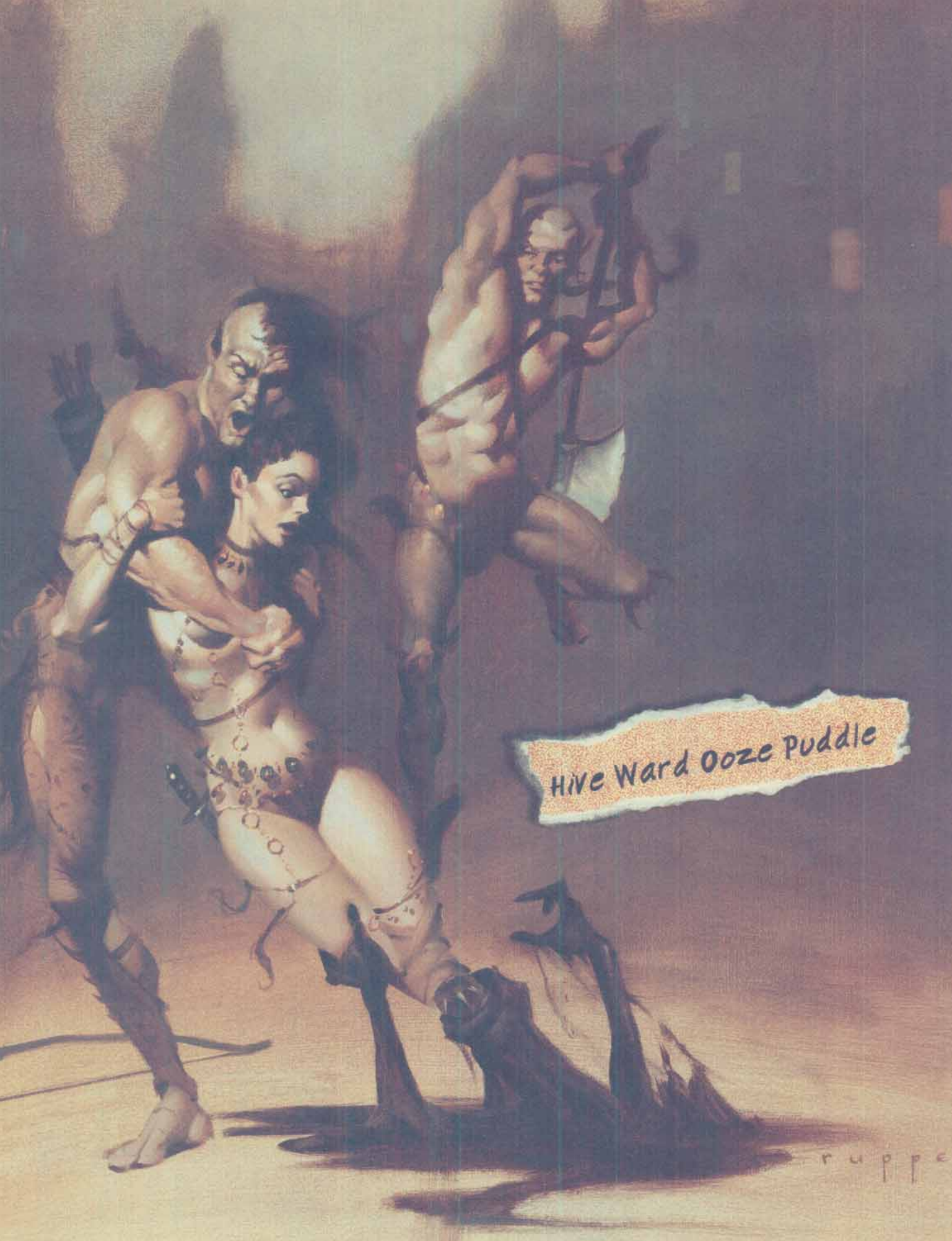
Isolation bred poverty, poverty bred crime, and crime bred a prevailing despair that lingers today, despite the efforts of good-hearted

to be steered home. The cost? A few coppers, or as much jink as a light boy can peel from a drunk's pockets. Bashers with their wits about 'em, however, can rent a light boy for the whole night for a loaf of bread or a bottle of goat's milk; these wretches go for days without eating and aren't in a position to turn down food.

Pointing out the location of a corpse earns not only the Collectors' gratitude, but also a ride in the back of their wagon. They'll haul an informant practically anywhere in the Hive, providing they're able to get back the Mortuary by morning. A copper or two might also buy a ride up front. But because the Dustmen discourage this practice and the Collectors aren't anxious to lose their jobs, a passenger's usually got to lie in the wagon with the corpses and pretend to be dead. It's not the most pleasant way to travel, especially if the Collectors forget there's a live one in the back and flop a few corpses on top of him.

In short, a basher in the Hive's got only a handful of options for getting around, none of them good. So what's the best bet? Easy – a body who's got the time and enough common sense to stay out of trouble might as well walk. It's relatively safe, since walking doesn't





Hive Ward ooze puddle

ruppe



## The Dark: Ooze Portals

The Hive's ooze portals resemble puddles of brown water, averaging 2 feet in diameter. They emit a faint amber glow, visible only a few feet away. *Detect magic* and similar spells reveal their true nature.

The portals are temporary, lasting about a week before disappearing, and link the Hive with the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. These are one-way portals; that is, matter can pass through the Hive-side of the portal to the Plane of Ooze, but not vice versa (with the exception of the ooze mephits, detailed below). There are rarely more than a dozen ooze puddles in the entire Hive at any given moment. A puddle can affect only one victim at a time.

If nonliving matter such as a stone or a raindrop touches a puddle, it instantly vanishes and reappears in a random location in the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. A character or creature that touches a puddle must make a saving throw vs. spell. If the throw succeeds, the puddle doesn't affect the potential victim. If the throw fails, the poor sod's body elongates and softens, and is sucked into the portal. A victim can't climb out, cast spells, or take any other action; the helpless sod's companions must come to the rescue. Each rescuer must make a successful Dexterity check at -2, the penalty assessed because they must all take care not to touch the puddle themselves. Victims without companions, or those whose companions' efforts fail, vanish in 2-5 (1d4+1) rounds. (They reappear in a random location in the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze; unless the DM decides otherwise, they'll never be seen again.)

*Dispel magic* or a similar spell cast by a companion instantly frees a victim, and restores the misshapen body to normal. Otherwise, the victim can be pulled from the portal by a companion with a minimum Strength of 15 who makes a successful Strength check. Two or more companions working together whose Strength scores total at least 25 pull a victim free automatically (no checks are necessary). The body of a freed victim returns to normal in 1-4 rounds; all actions are impossible during recovery.

Twice per day (the exact times decided by the DM), a 20-foot-diameter cloud of noxious gas spews from each ooze puddle, affecting anyone who happens to be in the area. The brownish gas, which smells like rotten eggs, acts as a stinking cloud and dissipates in 3 rounds.

Ooze mephits occasionally reach through the puddles and attempt to snag passers-by. (Mephits can pass their arms through these particular portals, but not their entire bodies.) A mephit gropes only for a few minutes; if it doesn't snag anything, it gives up and withdraws. A mephit that grabs a victim attempts to drag its prey toward the puddle; a victim that touches the puddle is affected as described above. An unresisting victim (one that's unconscious, for example) is dragged into the puddle in 1-2 rounds. Otherwise, a victim who makes a Strength check can pull free from the mephit's grasp; the arm immediately withdraws, vanishing into the portal. Likewise, any successful attack against the arm that inflicts 1 or more points of damage (assume the arm has an AC of 6) causes the mephit to release a victim and withdraw. (Note, however, the mephit's immunity to certain types of damage, described below.)

**OOZE MEPHIT:** AC 6; MV 12, FI 24 (B); HD 3; THACO 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d3/1d3; SA stinking cloud; SD gate, immunities, regenerate; SW destroyed instantly by transmute rock to mud; SZ M (5' tall); ML unsteady (6); Int average (10); AL N; XP 420.

*Notes:* SA—stinking cloud every other round without limit, 10' radius, cast at third level of spell ability; SD—can gate in another ooze mephit once per hour; immune to cutting and impaling damage; immune to fire and water attacks of all types; regenerates 1 hp per round in stagnant water.

attract as much attention as riding in a sedan chair. (A sod's gotta have jink to afford a sedan chair; any berk with lint in his pockets can walk.) And if things get rough — say, a drunken ogre decides to see how many skulls he can crush before he passes out — it's easy to squeeze under a porch and hide until all's clear.

In addition to avoiding routine nuisances like bubbers and muggers, a peery cutter should also keep an eye out for killer puddles. Puddles're everywhere — in the Hive, the only sound more common than a scream is a splash — but only a few of 'em glow, and those are the killers. Unfortunately, the glow's so faint that it's hard to see from more than a few feet away. Better to check the size; a killer puddle's rarely bigger than a dinner plate. And check the surface by poking it with a stick — a *long* stick. It may look like water, but a killer puddle's actually as sticky as glue.

The dark of it is, these aren't puddles at all, see, but temporary portals leading to the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. (Bashers who think all portals look like arches or doors ain't spent much time in the Hive. Things're different here.) Sometimes, ooze portals spew poison gas, noxious enough to bring bloods to their knees. Other times, bony little hands covered in brown muck poke through, groping for passers-by. If a hand happens to latch onto a leg, it tries to drag the victim in. Anyone unlucky enough to step in an ooze portal — or be snagged by a bony hand — has probably seen the last of Sigil. No sooner does his foot hit the surface than his body begins to soften and stretch, turning into something resembling dirty bread dough. The killer puddle sucks him down like a snake swallowing a rat. He screams, he gurgles, and then he's gone.

Every neighborhood of the Hive pretty much resembles the next. Ramshackle homes of cracked brick and rotting wood line the muddy streets. On one corner stands a butcher shop, slabs of bloody flesh impaled on rusty hooks. On another sits a shabby tavern, the door hanging from its hinges, a



half dozen bubbers collapsed on the sidewalk. A poster advertising a boxing match held six months earlier sags from a stone wall, both poster and wall splattered with dried blood. A cold wind carries the stench of scorched roasted onions, burning fat, and stale beer.

Few buildings in the Hive have names or street numbers. The locals tell them apart by their features. A red shirt hanging over a window might identify a breadmaker's home to a Hiver; a boot on a stick might indicate a popular tavern.

Some buildings have a series of Xs and Os etched in the doors. These symbols, called house marks, usually indicate that the occupants are engaged in some kind of cross-trade, like gambling or slave trading. Locals tend keep the meaning of house marks to themselves; there's no point in attracting the attention of nosy do-gooders or Harmonium patrols, not that the Hardheads show up around here all that often in the first place.

Where a basher hangs his hat depends on his lot in life. The high-ups and bloods, maybe 2% of the Hive population at most, live in the Marble District. The homes don't look like much from the outside – black marble walls, chipped and dingy, often crawling with razorvine – but inside, they're lavishly furnished with velvet drapes, brass-plated tables, and Dothion pottery. The shabby exteriors keep the sods away.

The 10%-20% of the populace who have steady jobs as shopkeepers and craftsmen live in lodging houses near the perimeter of the Marble District, as well as in multiple family homes scattered throughout the Hive. A typical dwelling comprises two or three storeys divided into a half-dozen rooms crammed with iron cots and wooden bedsteads. As many as five people share the same room. Though miserably cramped, the lodging houses are generally free of insects and murderers.

The remaining Hivers live in slums so decrepit that most outsiders would consider them unacceptable as animal pens. Jink-crazed landlords – some from The Lady's Ward, a few from the Clerk's Ward – buy up Hive property for a song and pack it full of shacks. Sod's pay dearly for the privilege of living there, with rents as high as 1 sp a week. No wonder so many prefer the street.

A typical slum kip consists of a single dingy room, home to ten or more poor sods. The meager furnishings might include wool rugs for sleeping (poorly woven rectangles that double as towels), a wooden basin for washing (filled with brown rainwater), and a crude brick fireplace. A hole in the ceiling, covered with a burlap flap, is the only ventilation. Walls ripple with roaches. Garbage is tossed out the window or stuffed under the floorboards. A pit in the alley serves as a lavatory for a half-dozen families.

## ◆ ALLESHA'S PANTRY ◆

In a rare moment of compassion, some high-ups from the Hall of Speakers in the Clerk's Ward decided to extend a helping hand to the Hivers and send in food, the funds supplied by a modest tax on merchants and land-owners. The plan had been in effect less than a month when the protests began. "Corrupting!" yelled the Takers. "Free food makes the Hivers lazy!" "Immoral!" roared the Guvners. "It makes the Hivers dependent!" This all happened about 50 years ago. The program lasted fewer than six months.

Freed from the corrupting influence of regular meals, the Hivers resumed starving. Thankfully, the charity kitchens picked up some of the slack. If it weren't for them, who knows how many sods'd be dying in the streets?

The best known kitchen is Allesha's Pantry, operated by Allesha Sheevis (Planar/♀ human/F5/Free League/LG) in an abandoned workhouse not more than a hundred yards from the Slags. While most kitchens pick and choose who they

**WHO ARE THE LEECHES?  
THE DOWNTRODDEN  
WHO WISH ONLY BREAD FOR  
THEIR CHILDREN?  
OR THOSE WHO WOULD  
FORCE A PARENT TO CHOOSE  
WHICH CHILD WILL GO  
HUNGRY?**

**Allesha Sheevis**

let through the door – some refuse kids, others turn away tieflings or githzerai – everyone's welcome at the Pantry. A sign in the window tells what to expect.

Despite the depressing neighborhood surrounding the Pantry, its interior's surprisingly cheery. Colorful posters cover the brick walls, bearing slogans like "A full stomach lifts the spirit" and "Tomorrow is a new day." Clusters of paper strips, arranged to resemble flower bouquets, decorate spotless wooden tables filled with steaming pots of tomato soup and pigeon stew. Long lines of down-and-outers wait patiently for their helpings, amusing themselves with songs that poke fun at the quality of the food. Allesha herself has been known to join in, bringing smiles to sods who don't have much to be happy about.

*Sand in the tea;  
Good enough for me.  
Dirt in the bread  
Keeps the bashers fed.  
Tell me, Allesha,  
What's in the stew?  
Don't ask, berk –  
It's good enough for you!*



Though Allesha doesn't charge for food, she asks her guests to contribute an hour or two's worth of work, baking bread, stirring tea, and washing floors. Bashers who help out earn the right to spend the night. They can sleep on the floor, or for a copper, they can rent a clean bed, complete with sheepskin sheet and feather mattress; Allesha bakes the sheets and mattresses in the kitchen's huge brick ovens to keep them free of vermin.

The do-gooder's do-gooder, Allesha was born an oddball. She entered the world with a head of scarlet hair and a nose as long as a man's little finger. When she became an adolescent, she shaved her head bald, then put a golden ring in her nose. She's still got the ring and the shiny scalp, and the attitude that goes with 'em.

Born in the Clerk's Ward to a wealthy official of the Fated, Allesha had no idea what her father did for a living while she was growing up. It wasn't until she became an adult that she learned the source of her family's wealth — her father had made a fortune renting slums in the Hive Ward. Appalled, she vowed to undo the damage he'd caused.

Within weeks of her father's death, Allesha renounced the Fated and joined the Free League. She took her inheritance and her younger sister, Neevie, and left for the Hive. Within days of her arrival, she announced the opening of Allesha's Pantry, a charity kitchen that would provide free food to anyone who asked.

The reaction from local merchants was immediate and bitter. They couldn't compete with giveaways and were convinced that the charity kitchen would devastate their businesses. They denounced Allesha for catering to "leeches" and revealed plans to drive her out of the ward.

Allesha wasted no time in making her case, plastering painstakingly hand-colored posters on virtually every wall in the ward.

Any wonder she became a hero of the sods? The merchants backed down, realizing, perhaps, that their objections were ill-founded, since the patrons of the charity kitchen couldn't afford their services anyway. While a few of them still grumble about the kitchen, most realize that Allesha's providing a necessary service.

Allesha spent the last of her inheritance a long time ago and now has to scramble for funds to keep the kitchen open. She earns money as a tout, bounty hunter, and troubleshooter, hiring herself out to anyone who shares her idealism. Though resourceful and courageous, her outspoken contempt for all factions other than the Free League can try the patience of the most tolerant cutter. And no matter what the cause or the size of the fee, she refuses to work with Takers. Her sister's death at the hands (or teeth, or claws) of Kadyx has taken its toll on her usually perky personality, but those who are closest to her say she'll pull through.

## Allesha's Pantry

### Welcome, Friend!

**Breakfast:** 1/4 loaf bread  
3 spoons butter  
1 pint tea

**Dinner:** 1 slice meat (boiled)  
2 potatoes (boiled)  
1 pint water

**Supper:** 1/4 loaf bread  
3 spoons butter  
1 pint tea

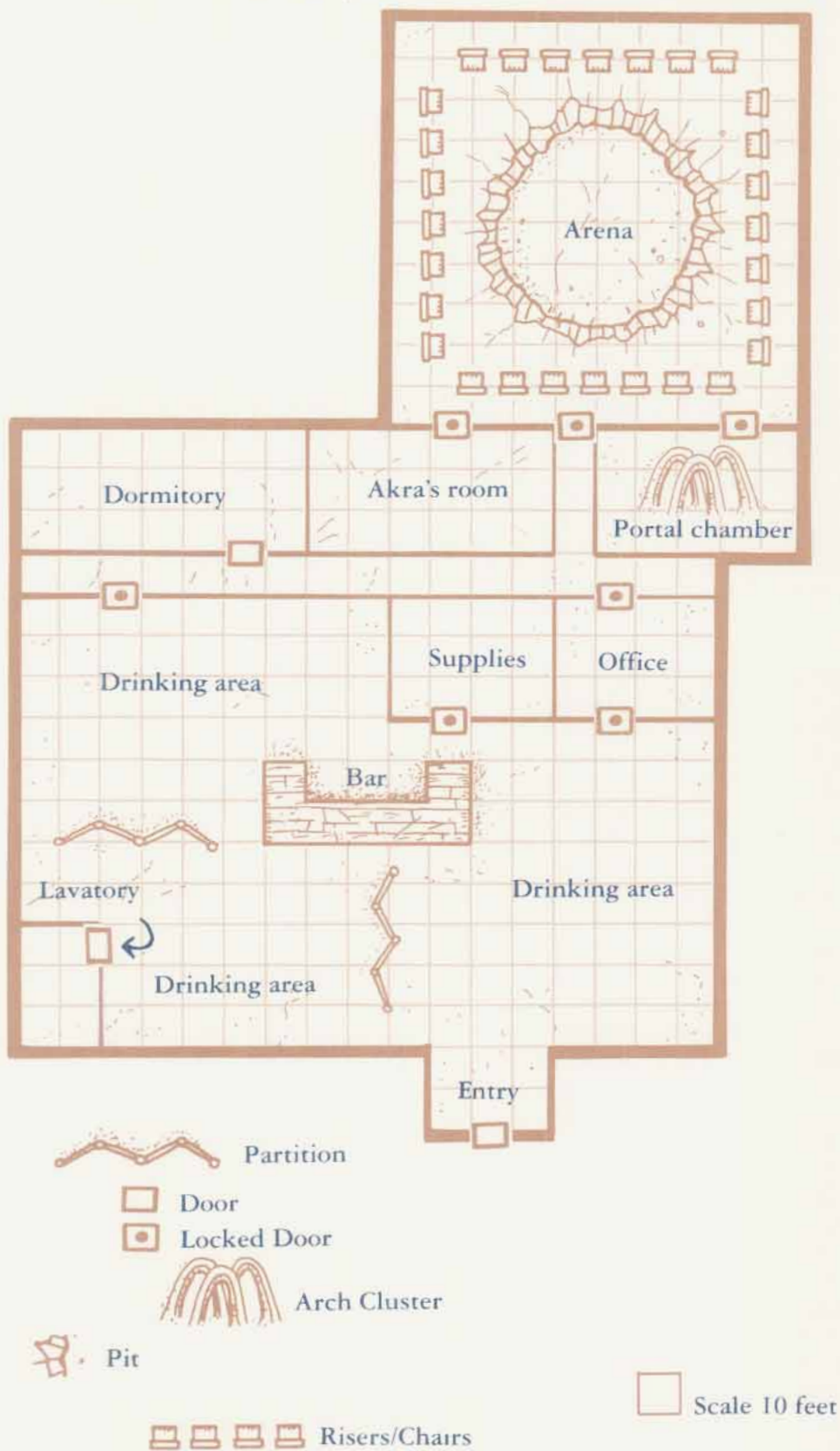
- \* Half-portion for children under 10 \*
- \* Sugar, milk, and salt available periodically \*
- \* Food may not be taken from the premises \*

## ◆ BOTTLE & JUG ◆

With its black granite walls, barred windows, and steel spires, the Bottle & Jug looks more like a fortress than a tavern. But it's not only one of the Hive's most popular watering holes, it's easily the most notorious. Those with jink to spend and who aren't averse to a little blood . . . well, let's just say there's no place in Sigil like the B&J. Barl Hoxun (Pl/♂ human/F5/Free League/LN), a sour-faced cutter as big as a bull, runs the place and tolerates no nonsense, an attitude evidenced by the two snarling female fensir (Ysgardian trolls) that greet customers in the entryway. Inside, soiled red carpets cover the floor, while flickering oil lamps suspended from the ceiling keep the rooms as dark as Baatorian caves. Wooden partitions, painted with garish scenes of the Blood War, divide the main room into sections, segregating the bloods from the sods, the chest-rippers from the skull crushers. A dozen more fensir, wearing black cloaks emblazoned with the B&J emblem, work as brewers, waiters and bouncers; Hoxun hires them on the basis of their innate skills with brewing and fighting.



# THE BOTTLE & JUG





## The Dark: The Boxing Arena

Though the B&J has its share of brawls, the real action takes place in the back room. A secret door leads to a huge chamber reeking of blood and sweat. That's where Hoxun stages his boxing matches, pitting his boy (a loose term indeed, for a cyclopskin) Akra against any challenger who can cough up the entry fee. Betting is heavy and unrestricted. Attendance is by ticket only; Hoxun hands out passes he prints himself to bashers he thinks would make good opponents, and sells 'em to the rest for 5 gp a pop.

Gambling's not exactly uncommon in the Hive, nor are boxing matches. So what makes Hoxun's setup so special? First, Akra's not a typical fighter. He's a vicious brute who glories in ripping his opponents to shreds. Second, these aren't really "boxing" matches, but free-for-alls that usually end in a bloody death (guess whose?). And finally, an opponent who manages to go the distance earns a special prize — a trip through one of Hoxun's personal portals, either alone or with friends.

The nonhumans' lavatory is the secret entrance to the boxing arena. Nobody gets past the guard without a ticket. A dark passage leads to an iron door, guarded by an orc who checks spectators' tickets a second time. The wood-paneled arena has a 20-foot ceiling and rows of wooden chairs on risers, about 6 feet from the floor, providing seats for just over 100. In the center of the room is a circular pit, 50 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep, where the fights take place.

Akra stays in a straw-covered chamber with a pile of goat bones in one corner and a water trough in another. A native of the Beastlands, he weighs 400 pounds, wears a loincloth made of rhinoceros hide, and has three arms, the third (a nonfunctional limb) protruding from his chest.

**AKRA (CYCLOPSKIN):** AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; hp 39; THACO 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1d4+4/1d4+4 (studded gloves); SZ L (8' tall); ML elite (13); Int low (5); AL CE; XP 270.

Any challenger may face Akra in the pit, so long as Hoxun approves (only humans and demihumans may participate) and the challenger pays an entry fee of 50 gp. The following rules apply:

- ✦ Neither the challenger nor Akra may wear armor of any kind, nor may either wield weapons or magic.

The combatants must fight with their fists, wearing leather gloves with metal studs on both hands; Hoxun provides the gloves. (When wearing the gloves, a basher inflicts 1–4 points of damage per punch that connects. Because of his excessive Strength, Akra inflicts 1d4+4 points of damage per successful hit.) Opponents may also employ any other form of physical attack, such as biting and kicking. The challenger may make his normal number of attacks per round; Akra makes two attacks per round with his fists.

- ✦ A match lasts 15 combat rounds or until an opponent dies.

If neither opponent is dead at the end of 15 rounds, whoever has suffered the least amount of damage is declared the winner. Hoxun will call off the match if it looks like Akra is about to die, declaring the challenger the winner.

- ✦ If the challenger surrenders, leaves the pit, or uses magic (that is, magic that Hoxun notices), he automatically loses the match.

If the challenger loses, he forfeits his entry fee and is not allowed a rematch for at least a month.

- ✦ If the challenger wins (woe to him), Hoxun escorts him and up to five companions to the portal chamber.

**PORTAL CHAMBER.** Centered in this room is a cluster of five red granite arches. Each arch rises about 6 feet from the floor. (Hoxun discovered the arch cluster under a pile of rubble about 50 years ago and built the B&J around it.) When Hoxun whispers the appropriate words, which act as gate keys, the arches become portals leading to the Prime Material Plane, the Elemental Plane of Earth, the Elemental Plane of Air, the Elemental Plane of Fire, and the Elemental Plane of Water. The DM determines the exact point of arrival.

DIR+ @N DIR+.  
+HA+'S +HE HIVE.  
AND +HA+'S SIGIL.  
+HE @UTER PLANES.  
+HE INNER PLANES . . .  
— FAC+@L L HAR  
@F +HE  
BLEAK CABAL

SAY WHA+  
YOU WILL  
AB@U+ +HE HIVERS.  
THEY'VE ELEVATED  
DR@@LING  
+@ A FINE AR+.  
— BARL H@XUN



**FENSIR (2 DOOR GUARDS):** AC 7 (4); MV 15; HD 4; hp 25, 20; THACO 17; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d4/1d4 (fists) or by weapon; SZ M; ML elite (14); Int avg (10); AL CN; XP 175 females, 250 males.

### INSIDE THE BOTTLE & JUG

A thick wooden door bears the symbols "B&J." A hand-painted sign announces that the tavern's hours are from 8 A.P. to 8 B.P., every day. Two fensir stand guard, refusing entry to obvious or known peddlers, vagrants, and drunks.

Movable wooden partitions divide the main room into three areas; one for first-timers and penny pinchers, one for regular customers and serious drinkers, and the third for Hoxun's friends and special guests. Two orc bartenders serve a variety of beverages, ranging from corn ale (2 cp per pitcher) to cherry wine (1 sp per glass).

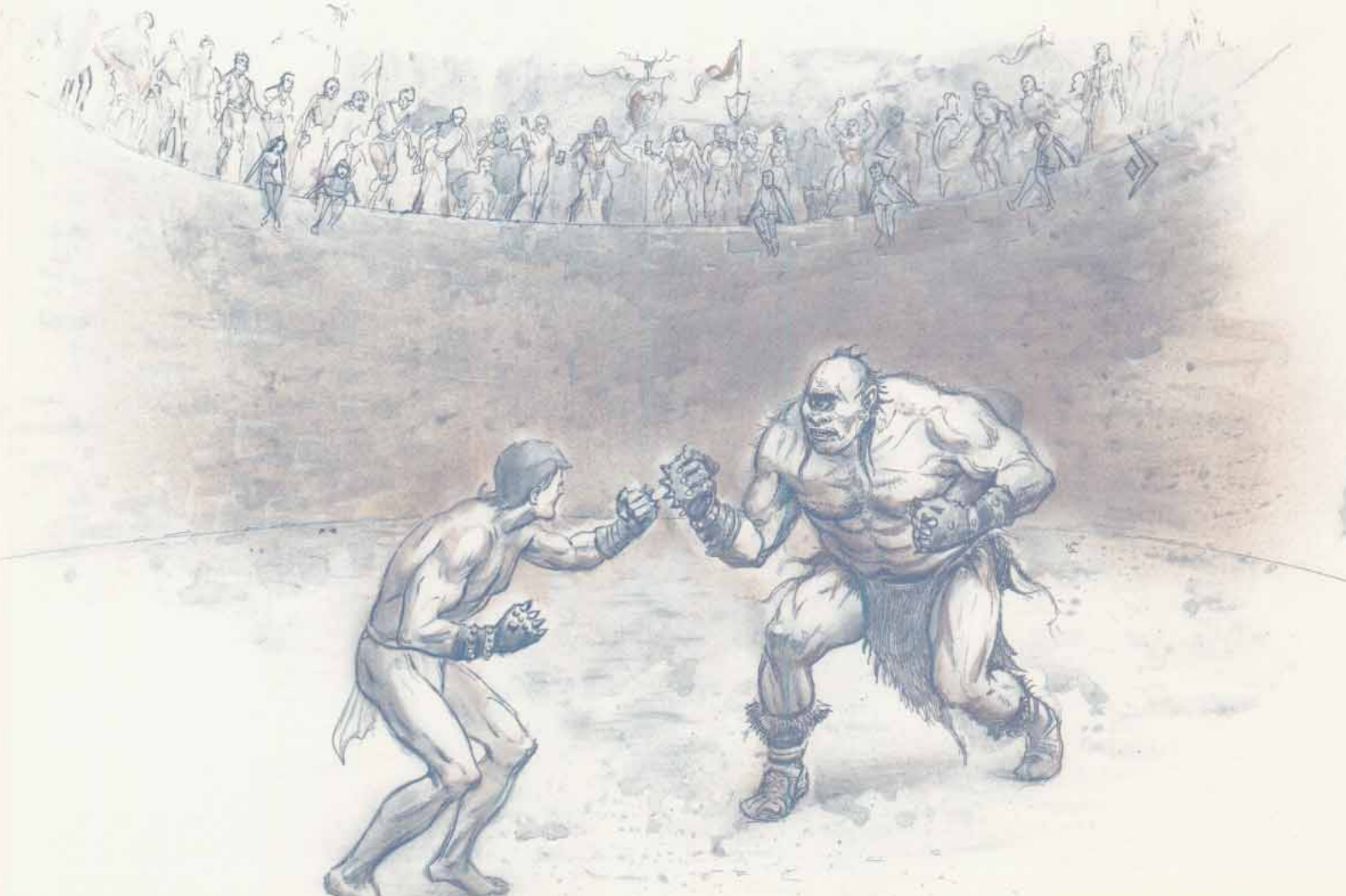
Hoxun's office doubles as his personal quarters, with a brass bed, a wooden night stand, a wooden desk, and an iron lock box. He's usually here.

Two lavatories, one for patrons and the other for fensir and orcs, contain an assortment of buckets and troughs (emptied hourly — more or less — by the orcs). The nonhumans' lavatory's guarded by a sleeping fensir, his head leaning against a crudely lettered sign reading "Out of Order."

### ◆ THE GATEHOUSE ◆

The average Hiver doesn't know a whole lot about the faction headquarters, but he knows where to find them and knows enough to stay away. The Gatehouse, so close to the Slags that the Bleakers can smell the rot, looks like an arched tower that's sprouted bat wings. Some swear they've seen the wings flap, but maybe that's just the rotgut talking.

The sods wandering around outside are mostly madmen and addle-coves, dead from the neck up. Some are victims of the Mazes, which, chant has it, grow like weeds in the vicinity of the Gatehouse. Others have severed their ties with the real world, having accepted the Bleakers' creed — that all there is is the madness that comes with inner self-understanding, that nothing makes sense nor is it supposed to — and now roam the streets spewing Bleaker babble. There's a hospital wing inside, and surprisingly it's open to any and all comers. The Madmen don't care what faction a berk names: If a berk needs help they're ready to give it, with a minimum of harassment. Likewise, a berk should think twice before patronizing the Gatehouse street peddlers; their flimsy daggers are about as durable as toothpicks, and the cheap booze ain't good for much aside from removing rust.





## GA+EH0USE NIGH+ MARKET+

A cutter wanting quality merchandise at reasonable prices from honest dealers – make that *reasonably* honest dealers – should go to the Market Ward. If a cutter wants to buy spider venom, hire a burglar, or sell a stolen necklace, though, then the Night Market's the place to be. Three tips:

- ◆ Don't ask for names.
- ◆ Don't ask for guarantees.
- ◆ Don't ask for change.

Say a cutter requires a service that's not, strictly speaking, on the up-and-up. No problem. He just needs to know where to go. If he wants to buy a sapphire ring, and isn't concerned where it came from, he can go to the Night Market. If he has the urge to gamble, he can visit a dice house.

But if he needs a document – a *special* document – there's really only one option, and that's Retzz (PI/♂ tiefling/T5/Free League/CN), a thin-lipped tiefling barely 4 feet tall who's elevated forgery to a high art. There's no hand-writing or imprint that he can't duplicate. In Retzz's scrawny hand, a pen's more formidable than a tanar'ri death sword.

Though a cutter'll find Retzz to be as honest as a forger could reasonably expect to be, just *finding* him can be a problem. He has no permanent residence, no favorite tavern, no family or friends to keep track of his whereabouts. If a cutter makes it known on the streets that he's in the market for a little "pen work," Retzz may run him down. Otherwise, the best bet is to look for him in the Seawind Theater in the Market Ward. Retzz fancies himself a performer and often gives dramatic poetry readings under the name of "Linn Smester." He disguises himself when he performs, usually wearing a flowing black wig and dark velvet cape. A cutter slipping him a note about needing some pen work is likely to hear word within a day or two.

The tanar'ri death sword? It's a 6-foot-long blade of red steel that inflicts a *finger of death* spell on anyone it touches. Since only a few show up in Sigil in any given decade, they're nearly impossible to find. (But Retzz can supply a receipt for one.)

## The Dark: Retzz's Documents

The table below lists the cost of various documents forged by Retzz. His documents are indistinguishable from the genuine articles. (Where necessary, the DM may fill in the blanks to complete the documents.) Retzz demands half the price up front, the rest payable on delivery, at a time and location determined by himself. It takes Retzz one or two days to complete a job, depending on the complexity. Because he has more business than he can handle, his terms are non-negotiable; in fact, if a customer balks at the arrangement, Retzz may double his price. (Other documents are also available, including invitations, diary excerpts, and I.O.U.s. The DM should set appropriate prices based on the list below.)

### Forged Document Prices

Document	Price
Ticket to Bottle & Jug boxing match	1 gp
Receipt of payment	5% of cost of goods *
Letter of recommendation for employment	5 gp
Dismissal of Charges	25 gp

\* Example: If a client wants a forged receipt for 100 gp worth of goods, the price is 5 gp.

ME?  
I AC+ A LI++LE,  
I WRITE A LI++LE.  
— RE+ZZ



## GREEN S+ONE ◆ S+ABLES ◆

Mounts in general are both very rare and very short-lived in Sigil, circumstances that make this business practically unique. At Green Stone Stables, a rickety warehouse with peeling green paint on Black Boot Walk, Bismen Yscoppel (PI/♂ human/F3/Fated/LN) rents mounts of all kinds, from riding horses (of which he has only four or five at any time) to spittle boars. Yscoppel charges bargain prices, but his animals aren't exactly top of the line. Some wobble along so slowly, they might as well have boulders in their guts. Some have spines that sag like lintels in the Slags. And some tend to drop dead in mid-stride, which ain't necessarily a bad thing if they happen to drop near Orsmonder's Meats.

RE+ZZ WH0?  
— LINN SMES+ER



## MOUNTS

The table to the right lists the mounts that Bismen Yscoppel has for rent or purchase. The table also indicates the maximum weight each mount can carry. Yscoppel accepts payment in coins or goods of equivalent value. (For example, he'll accept three glass bottles, valued at 10 gp each, for a horse.) In most cases, prices aren't negotiable.

If a rented mount isn't returned on time, the renter is charged the full purchase price. Likewise, if a rented mount dies, the renter must also pay the full price. Yscoppel employs three ogres to track down deadbeats and make sure they pay what they owe.

Sil Orsmonder of Orsmonder's Meats will buy a mount corpse for half the listed purchase price (a dead mule, for example, goes for 8 gp). At the DM's option, street peddlers will offer to buy corpses for one-third of the purchase price.

### The Dark: Caveat Emptor

Regardless of their species, all of Yscoppel's mounts have the following features in common:

- ♦ They have only 1–4 hit points per die.
- ♦ They can't be trained with the animal training proficiency, nor do they respond to any of the special commands associated with the land-based riding proficiency.
- ♦ They can't make attacks.
- ♦ They can't canter or gallop; they move no faster than their normal movement rates.
- ♦ In good terrain, they can only travel a number of miles equal to their normal movement rates.

**IMPAIRMENTS.** When a character obtains a mount from Bismen, the DM should roll 1d10 on the following table to determine if the mount has an impairment. The DM notes the impairment in secret; the impairment manifests itself whenever the DM sees fit. The impairment will not be immediately obvious to the character who buys or rents the mount. If the character makes an animal lore proficiency check, the DM may describe the mount's impairment in general terms. ("This horse looks sick." "That sand cow doesn't look like it can move very fast.")

D10 Roll	Impairment
1–5	No impairment.
6	The mount constantly makes loud noises (snort, moo, whinny, belch, whistle), drawing attention to itself and its rider.
7	The mount periodically wanders off in a random direction, ignoring the rider's commands. (It wanders up to 100 feet before it again begins to respond to its rider.)
8	Every hour or so, the mount lies down on the ground to rest for 1–10 rounds.
9	The mount moves at only half its normal movement rate.
10	The mount abruptly drops dead

## Yscoppel's Mounts

Mount	Rental Price*	Purchase Price	Max. weight**
Riding horse	5 sp	30 gp	200
Mule	3 sp	16 gp	250
Pony	2 sp	12 gp	170
Sand cow	1 sp	6 gp	100
Spittle boar	5 cp	3 gp	300

\* Rental price is per day, payable in advance.

\*\* In pounds. (Note that the maximum weights Bismen's horses, mules, and ponies can carry are less than those of their normal counterparts.)

### Orsmonder's Meats Today's Specials

Chicken: 1 lb / 6 cp  
Horse: 1 lb / 5 cp  
Goat: 1 lb / 3 cp  
Cat: 1 lb / 1 cp  
Street meat: 3 lb / 1 cp

**RIDING HORSE:** AC 7; MV 24; HD 3; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ L; ML unsteady (6); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 65.

**MULE:** AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ M; ML unsteady (5); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 65.

**PONY:** AC 7; MV 12; HD 1 + 1; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ M; ML unsteady (5); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 35.

**SPITTLE BOAR:** AC 5; MV 9; HD 5; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ L; ML unreliable (3); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 175. Spittle boars are amiable, piglike creatures from the Beastlands, with bulging pink eyes and dull gray hide. They continuously drool thick, yellow spittle.

**SAND COW:** AC 8; MV 15; HD 3; THACO 20; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SZ M; ML champion (16); Int animal (1); AL N; XP 65. Sand cows are six-legged crosses between a bull and a camel, native to Arcadia; their hide is white, and they whistle softly as they walk.



## ◆ THE HIVE ◆

Parts of the Hive – the Xaositect headquarters, not the ward – can be found within a few blocks of the Gatehouse. The headquarters itself is all over the place, a sprawl of empty tenements, abandoned warehouses, and decaying shanties. So where does the faction actually get together? Good question. Cutters should look for violet torches – the color comes from a special oil imported from Gith in the plane of Limbo – that the Chaosmen occasionally burn to alert other faction members to their presence. The interiors of headquarters units're rarely as ugly as the outsides; they tend to be grime-free and comfortable (though a Chaosman's definition of comfort might be different from the typical cutter's). Usually, each unit's got a specialty; one may be stocked with food, another with medicine, another with weapons. One holds a portal to Limbo; some say it occasionally sprouts legs and wanders the streets, 'porting away anyone in its path. (Then again, these are the same sods who say the Gatehouse wings flap.)

## ◆ THE MORTUARY ◆

Headquarters of the Dustmen, the Mortuary sits in one of the ward's dreariest sections, a neighborhood of empty streets and abandoned shops. The building's a cluster of windowless vaults arranged around a black dome. Now and then, the Dustmen mount skulls on sticks and post them around the Mortuary to make a fence. Where do they get the skulls? From trespassers, of course. The adjacent streets are crowded with decaying taverns and gloomy boarding houses; the long

LIFE IS GRAND IN  
THE HIVE.  
IT IS LIKE A  
FUNERAL  
THAT NEVER  
ENDS.

— URE OF THE  
DUSTMEN

## DISMISSAL OF CHARGES HIVE WARD JURISDICTION

The Notice of Criminal Indictment  
registered against

\_\_\_\_\_ on the offense of \_\_\_\_\_  
said offense allegedly

occurring on \_\_\_\_\_  
at the location of \_\_\_\_\_

is hereby declared null and void.

All charges associated with said offense  
are immediately dismissed. Appearance  
in the courtroom of the Honorable  
Kluppin Livesay regarding this charge is  
no longer required.

Signed: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Deputy of the Court)

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

shadows of the Mortuary provide plenty of cover for sods who don't want to be noticed.

Black spines radiate from the center of the Mortuary, giving the building the appearance of an immense insect. Inside its walls are interment chambers paved with black flagstones, a memorial hall where bodies of notables lie in state, and a vast network of catacombs containing countless portals. How to get inside the Mortuary? Garnishes or bluffs might work. Resourceful berk might try to sneak in or play dead. The best bet, of course, is to be dead.



HE WHΘ DWELLS  
IN A +ENEMEN+  
LIVES +HE LIFE ΘF A KING  
CΘMPARED +Θ HIM  
WHΘ DWELLS IN +HE  
S+REET+.

— JEENA EALY

I had never been inside one of these pitiful dwellings until I accepted the invitation of a friendly beggar woman named Ennis. A rickety stairway, the bannister having long ago been used for firewood, led to a gloomy chamber the air of which was heavy with the odor of cooked carrots and a meat I could not identify. At least a dozen persons stood shoulder to shoulder in the tiny room, bowls in hand, too weak to speak. A shivering girl huddled in the corner, ribs protruding from her ragged gown. A boy curled near her feet, gnawing on a bone like a dog.

Ennis eased her way toward the soup kettle, then tossed in a handful of cabbage she'd found in the street. The boy with the bone pawed at her feet. She kicked at him, and he scuttled back to the corner, whimpering at

— an excerpt from  
*In Darkest Sigil*, by Jeena Ealy

## The Dark: Scratch Wall House Marks

The symbols on the Scratch Wall are house marks, similar to those found on various buildings throughout the Hive. A character who knows what a particular house mark means has an idea of who — or what — waits inside. Note that these marks aren't universal; other groups in the Hive may use a different set of house marks, or may interpret a particular set of marks in a different way.

Astute characters may be able to deduce the meaning of the house marks from the phrases on the wall. For instance, a PC who knows that "to turn stag" means "to betray" might correctly conclude that the "no stag-turners" symbol identifies some kind of safe house. Characters may also be able to learn a house mark's meaning by bribing a passer-by or eavesdropping on a conversation.

### DEFINITIONS.

**XXO (no stag-turners!):** A safe house where fugitives from justice and others wishing to keep a low profile are protected from prying eyes. A modest payment, usually 1-2 sp per day, ensures that the property owner'll keep a closed bone-box.

**OXO (blood with muscle):** The home of a freelance thug who'll intimidate, beat up, or even murder a mark for jink. Prices depend on risk; threatening a low-level street vendor might cost only 1 sp, while assassinating a well-known faction administrator could cost hundreds of gp. The thugs generally insist on payment in advance and give no guarantees of success.

**OXOXO (no peelers):** A shady gambling den, with no restrictions on the size or type of bets; wagers include gems, magical items, and slaves. Dice games are common. Cheaters, genuine or suspected, are killed on the spot.

**OOXX (cool jink for hot junk):** A fence; if an item's too hot for the Night Market, this is the place to sell it. Payment typically ranges from 5% to 10% of an item's actual value.

**XOOX (if you ain't ready for the dead-book):** Home of a healer, usually a 3rd-level or higher priest with the healing proficiency who uses magical and herbal means to cure the ailing. So long as payment's prompt, the healer asks no questions about the patient's identity or circumstances.

**XXOO (bye-bye, berk!):** An abandoned building containing a portal to another plane. The type of portal (permanent, temporary, or shifting) is up to the DM.



## ◆ SCRA+CH WALL ◆

On the border of the Slags, not far from Allesha's Pantry, stands a stone wall nearly a block long and as tall as a storm giant. It's all that's left of a protective bulwark, smashed to pieces when the Blood War threatened to spill over from the Slags into the rest of the Hive. (See "The Slags," below.) The wall, made of a soft black stone from Gehenna, has proven to be an irresistible lure for every berk with a chisel or a piece of chalk and something to say. Embarrassing poetry ("When I get to Elysium/ I'll bring peace to 'em"), questionable boasts ("Mighty Queten killed him ten barghests before he could walk") and inane declarations of love ("H.F. would follow M.C. into the Abyss just to see her smile") cover just about every square inch of the wall.

For a basher with a few hours to kill, it makes for interesting reading. And the basher who looks close enough might pick up some useful information. For instance, near the bottom left corner of the wall, some sod has carved several sets of Xs and Os. A comment accompanies each set. This isn't the carver's idea of art; it's a list of house marks provided as sort of a courtesy to newcomers. What do the marks mean? Apparently, whoever put 'em up there figured that a basher who wants to know badly enough'll find a way to figure 'em out.

## ◆ THE SLAGS ◆

The most miserable section of the Hive Ward — after the Hive itself, that is — is the Slags, an endless expanse of gray ash, raw sewage, and smoldering debris. Streets strewn with bones wind past mountains of bricks and rubble. Rats nest in tangles of razorvine. Spiders scurry in crevasses so immense that a basher might think a power had hacked up the ground with a meat cleaver.

Hard to believe that the Slags used to be like everywhere else in the Hive, a jumble of shacks, shops, and shoulder-to-shoulder sods. That was before that one little intrusion, one little aberration in which the Blood War seemed to spill into Sigil. In a matter of weeks, the place was crushed like a roach under a boot. Leastways, that's the chant. It explains lots of strange things in the Slags, like Scratch Wall, Kadyx, and the Prime Material vortices. Anyhow, the chant goes like this. . . .

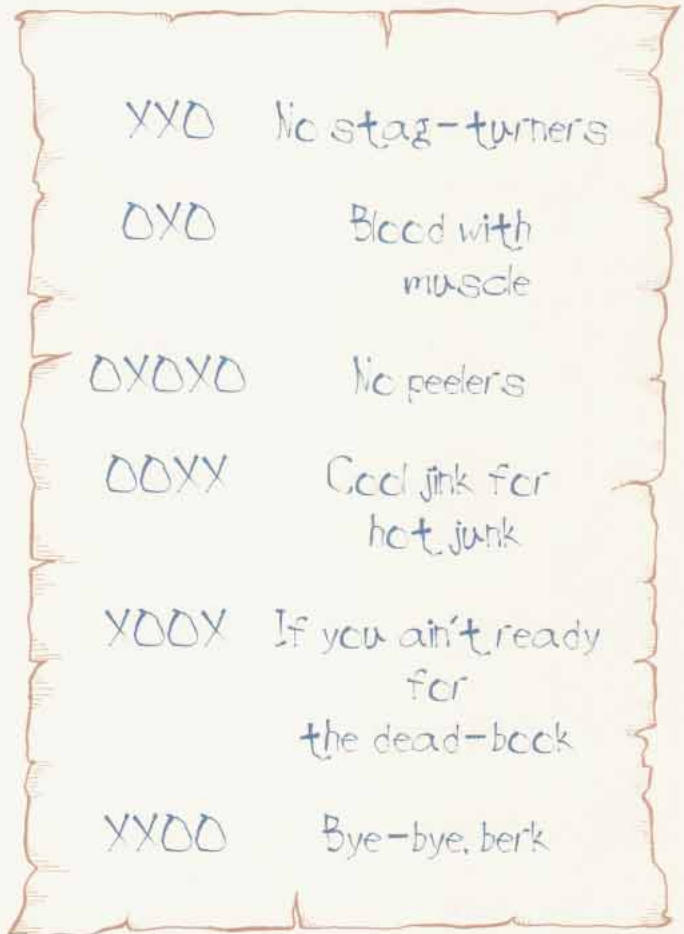
A few millennia ago, a portal the size of a tenement opened up smack in the middle of the Slags. Within days, a horde of abominations began pouring through — leathery skeletons with horns sprouting from their skulls, dog-faced monstrosities with pincers and bat wings, flame-enshrouded titans, humanoid insects, slime-spewing frog creatures. The skeletons attacked the insects, the dog-faces slaughtered the frogs, and the

neighborhoods of the Slags became their battlefield. And woe to anyone who got in their way — for every insect and dog-face that bit the dust, a dozen Hivers went with them.

So what was all the fighting about? The portal linked the Hive with a Blood War battleground, where the tanar'ri and baatezu have been at each other's throats since time began. The tanar'ri leaders got it into their heads that the portal was a gift from one of their two-bit powers. The portal allegedly led to some fantastic magical weapon in the Hive, so off went the tanar'ri in hot pursuit. When the baatezu leaders got wind of this, they rallied their armies and followed the tanar'ri into the Hive; they wanted the weapon, too.

The tanar'ri and baatezu spent the next six weeks tearing each other to pieces while looking for a weapon that, of course, didn't exist. By the time they figured this out, broken stone and dead bodies were all that remained of the Slags. The portal began to recede about the same time both armies decided they'd had enough. They abandoned the Hive as fast as they'd arrived.

The portal's gone now, and except for a few stragglers, the armies're gone, too. Left behind were hundreds of casualties and a community reduced to a junkyard. The magical forces employed by the invaders





## NOTICE OF CRIMINAL INDICTMENT HIVE WARD JURISDICTION

By the Power Invested in Me by the Citizenry of Sigil,  
Endorsed by the Judiciary Council of The Lady's Ward, This  
Notice of Criminal Indictment Is hereby Registered Against

---

On the Charge of

---

Willfully and Maliciously Instigated by the Accused on the  
Following Date at the Indicated Location:

TIME OF CRIME: \_\_\_\_\_  
PLACE OF CRIME: \_\_\_\_\_

The Accused Is Required to Appear in the Courtroom of The  
Honorable Kluppin Livesay within \_\_\_\_\_ Day(s) of  
Receiving This Notice.



Signed: \_\_\_\_\_

(Deputy of the Court)

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



permanently disrupted the landscape; continual earthquakes make rebuilding an exercise in futility. Left-behinds include gangs of flesh-eating vargouilles and slobbering dretches.

And then there's Kadyx, a creature developed by tanar'ri wizards to drive out the baatezu. But after dragging him all the way to the Hive, turns out they couldn't use him — too uncontrollable. And they couldn't take him back to Carceri — too dangerous. So they left him in the Slags, where he remains today.

The tanar'ri (or whoever) didn't name him Kadyx. That's what the sods call him, for lack of anything better. Aside from the glimpse of a claw and the flash of a scale, nobody's ever gotten a look at him, so nobody knows exactly what Kadyx is.

What they *do* know, however, is that Kadyx's got a big appetite (he apparently eats anything that breathes) and a sense of humor. Not long ago, for instance, a flock of migrating aarakocra made a wrong turn and wound up in the Slags; Kadyx collected their heads and arranged them like eggs in a nest of weeds. A paladin in a full suit of armor decided he'd do the Hivers a favor and put an end to Kadyx; a basher found the suit of armor, all nice and shiny, with the paladin's skeleton inside.

Fugitives and barmies who fear Kadyx less than they do the law sometimes hide out in the Slags. Wizards scavenge the ruins for spell components. Dustmen scrounge for corpses. But is there any reason why ordinary cutters'd risk their necks in the Slags?

Yep. Two reasons, in fact.

HEY,  
I GOT AN IDEA!  
LET'S HEAD OVER  
TO THE SLAGS AND  
LOOK FOR KADYX!  
— SOON-TO-BE-  
DECEASED BUBBER



First, as another consequence of the Blood War's disruption, the Slags occasionally give rise to vortices that serve as openings to the Prime Material Plane. Though they don't last long, maybe a day or two at most, they're easy to spot, appearing as swirling spirals of red mist.

Second, the tanar'ri troops hid dozens of emergency supply caches in the Slags. Some hold worthless

tanar'ri rations, but others contain weapons, treasure, and magical items.

Supply caches resemble black sandstone cubes, about 6 feet per side. Observant cutters might notice the corner of a cache protruding from the ground or a pile of rubble. Otherwise, they might learn the location of a cache from a friendly sod or a map discovered on a corpse. Cutters lucky enough to find the right caches could be set for life — assuming, of course, they avoid the booby traps.

## The Dark: Kadyx

Kadyx is a deadly carnivore of magical origin. His identity and species remain a mystery, though the following facts are known about him:

- ◆ He is highly intelligent and has a sense of humor, which he demonstrates by displaying the remains of his victims in unusual ways.
- ◆ He has claws that look like scythes and dull black scales on at least a portion of his body.
- ◆ He has a strong resistance to magic, evidenced by his apparent immunity to magical scrying.
- ◆ He emits a strong odor of cinnamon. The odor lingers in the area 24 hours after his departure.
- ◆ Motivated solely by hunger, he has no interest in treasure or material possessions of any kind. He eats all types of living creatures.
- ◆ He has no known natural enemies.
- ◆ He is probably a burrowing creature, using his hind legs (or some other method) to fill up the tunnels behind him so he can't be followed.
- ◆ He never leaves the Slags.

In most cases, a party will have no direct contact with Kadyx. Instead, an encounter will take one of the following forms (the DM may add others, based on these examples):

- ◆ A glimpse of a black scale or claw protruding from the ground, then disappearing.
- ◆ A strong aroma of cinnamon lingering in the air.
- ◆ An unusual display of remains (the corpses of two lovers arranged in an embrace; human bones arranged to form a smiling face).
- ◆ An NPC companion mysteriously vanishing during the night, never to be seen again.



## The Dark: Encounters in the Slags

Danger abounds in the Slags, and the DM should ensure that visitors encounter a variety of life-threatening obstacles. Typical encounters include bloodthirsty cranium rats, vengeful cross-trading knights, wind-blown balls of razorvine, and slavering packs of wild dogs. Every two days a party spends in the Slags, members should also experience at least one of the following special encounters (they may also encounter Kadyx; see the entry elsewhere in this chapter).

**EARTHQUAKE.** A Slags earthquake lasts 1d4 rounds and is preceded by 1–2 rounds of light tremors. Roll 1d4 to determine the severity of the earthquake and the damage suffered by characters and creatures (from falling debris and being thrown to the ground): 1–3 = moderate, 1d4 points of damage; 4 = heavy, 2d4 points of damage. Characters or creatures that move to protect themselves during the 1–2 rounds of preliminary tremors (for instance, by flattening themselves on the ground) suffer no damage from a moderate earthquake and half damage from a heavy one. The DM may increase the damage if a PC is in a precarious situation, such as standing beside a collapsing building or perching on the edge of crevasse.

**VARGOUILLES.** A group of 2–5 (1d4+1) vargouilles rises from behind a debris pile and flaps toward the party as fast as their wings will carry them. The vargouilles were ordered to defend this territory against all intruders and will fight to the death to protect it. (Assume their territory extends in a 200-foot radius from the party's initial position.) The vargouilles intend to paralyze and kiss as many intruders as possible. They will pursue if necessary, though they won't leave their territory.

A vargouille resembles a human head with batlike wings, long fangs, and a fringe of writhing tentacles around its neck. It can't speak but shrieks when it attacks.

**Vargouille:** AC 8; MV Fl 12 (B); HD 1 + 1; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA paralysis, kiss; SD infravision to 120'; SW blinded by continual light and daylight; SZ S (head-sized with 3' wingspan); ML average (9); Int low (7); AL NE; XP 650.

Notes: SA—Victims who see and hear it must successfully save vs. spell or become paralyzed with fear until the creature attacks; initial attack on paralyzed victim always hits; if bitten victim fails to save vs. poison, bite damage is permanent (heal spell restores 1d8 hp, regenerate restores 3d8 hp at 1 hp per round, wish restores all lost hp); can kiss a paralyzed victim, transforming him into a vargouille (in 1d6 hours, victim loses all hair;

in another 1d6 hours, tentacles sprout from head and chin, and victim loses 1d6 points each from Intelligence and Charisma; in another 1d6 hours, transformation is complete)

**DRETCHES.** A band of 2d4 dretches lumbers toward the party, claws outstretched, gibbering and drooling. The starving dretches intend to eat the party members. Any dretch losing half or more its hit points, however, flees in panic.

A dretch (tanar'ri) is a squat humanoid with a rubbery, hairless body. It communicates telepathically.

**Dretch:** AC 4; MV 9; HD 2; THACO 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/1d4 + 1; SA darkness 15' radius, infravision, teleport without error, scare, stinking cloud (once per day); telepathy (with any intelligent creature), telekinesis; SD gate in 1–4 dretches once per day (50% chance of success); immune to electricity, nonmagical fire, and poison; half-damage from cold, magical fire, and gas; SZ S (3–4' tall); ML steady (11); Int low (5); AL CE; XP 1,400.

**PRIME MATERIAL PLANE VORTEX.** A vortex appears as a flat spiral of spinning red mist, 10–20 feet in diameter, hovering about 3 feet above the ground. The vortex lasts 3d6 turns before vanishing.

There are actually two types of Slags vortices, both identical in appearance. When the party spots a vortex, the DM should secretly roll 1d4. On a roll of 1–3, the vortex acts as a portal to the Prime Material Plane. Any character or object touching the edge of the vortex is instantly teleported to a Prime Material Plane location of the DM's choosing; all characters and objects are teleported to the same place.

On a roll of 4, the vortex is capable of teleporting inanimate objects only. A character or creature that touches the edge of the vortex is immediately hurled straight into the air a distance of 10–60 (1d6x10) feet; falling damage (1d6 points per 10 feet fallen) applies.



## The Dark: Tanar'ri Supply Caches

Most of the tanar'ri supply caches are magically booby trapped. Any touch or disturbance of a cache, however slight, sets off the trap. The DM may choose a trap from the following list or roll 1d6.

A cache without a trap — or a cache whose trap has been deactivated — can be broken apart if it suffers 12 points of damage (assume the cache has an AC of 3). The DM may choose the contents from the list or roll 1d12.

### Tanar'ri Cache Traps

#### D6 Trap

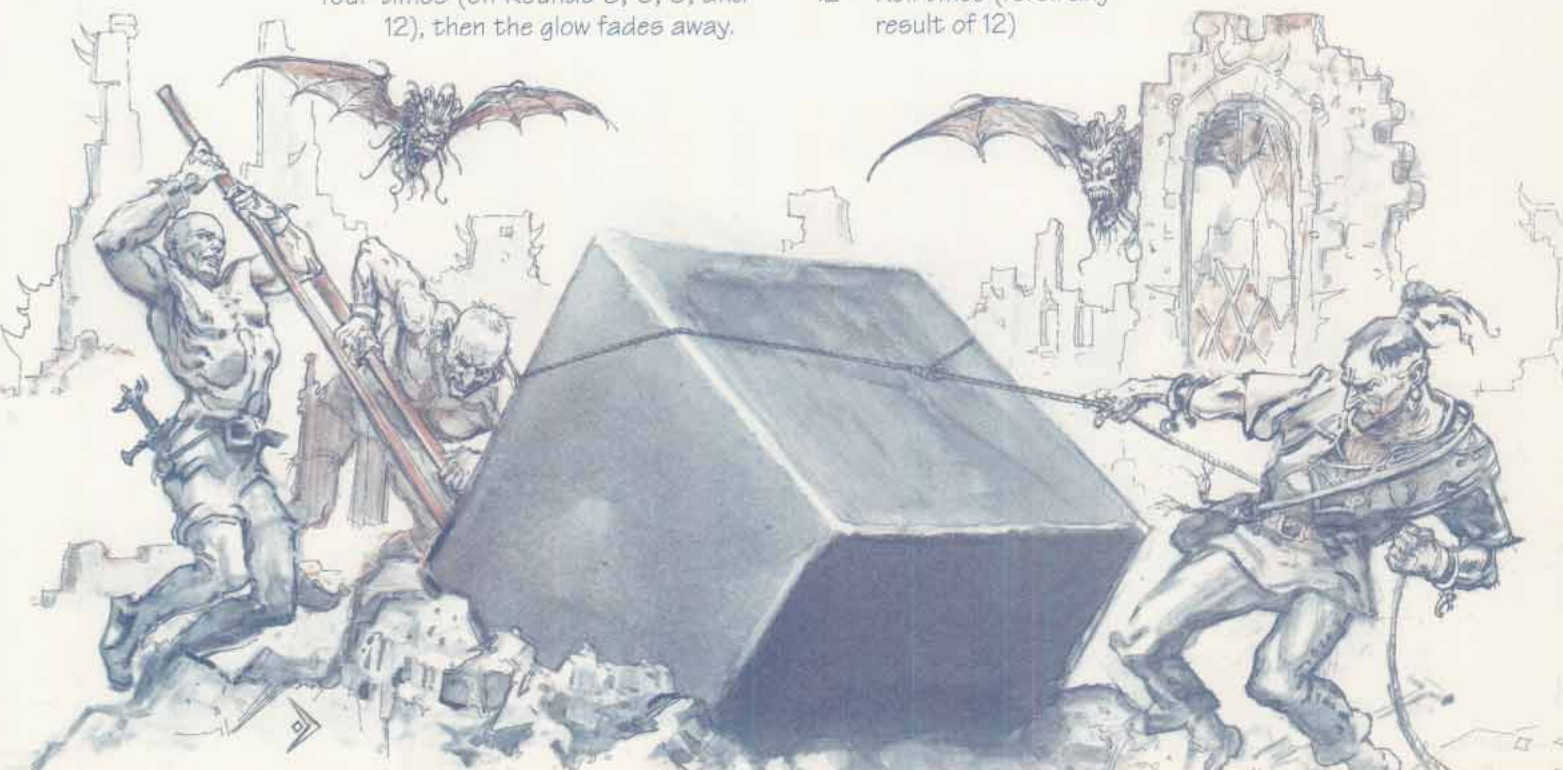
- 1 No active trap.
- 2 The cache is actually a permanently polymorphed vargouille (see statistics above). When disturbed, the creature returns to its normal form, revealing the contents inside, then attacks. It fights to the death, pursuing if necessary (though it won't leave the Slags).
- 3 An aura of crackling lightning envelops the cache, increasing its effective AC to -2. Contact with the aura causes 3d6 points of electrical damage. The aura persists for 1-4 hours, then permanently dissipates.
- 4 The cache begins to shrink. It becomes half its previous size every round for 4 rounds; on round 4, it completely disappears, taking its contents with it. If the cube suffers 12 points of damage prior to Round 4, it vanishes, leaving the contents (normal-sized) behind. The cube becomes increasingly difficult to hit as it shrinks; on round 1 it has AC 3, on round 2 AC 1, and on round 3 AC -1.
- 5 The cache begins to glow with a soft green light. On every 3rd round thereafter, it emits a burst of green light in a 10-foot radius; all characters within the area of effect suffer 2d6 points of heat damage. The light bursts occur four times (on Rounds 3, 6, 9, and 12); then the glow fades away.

- 6 The cache begins to levitate (if partially buried, it pulls itself loose from the ground). It rises at the rate of 10 feet per round. No power short of a wish can negate the levitation. But if the cache suffers 12 points of damage, it falls to the ground, spilling its contents (which will be unharmed). Otherwise, it floats away, never to be seen again.

### Tanar'ri Cache Contents

#### D12 Contents

- 1-4 1-4 packages of tanar'ri wafer bread, now turned to black dust (no value)
- 5 1-4 blue quartz jars of tanar'ri thistle grain (grain has no value; flasks worth 50 gp each)
- 6 1-4 blue quartz jars of water (water has metallic flavor, but is drinkable; jars worth 50 gp each)
- 7 Tanar'ri war sword (similar to two-handed sword; made of red steel; value = 300 gp)
- 8 1-4 onyx daggers (value = 100 gp each)
- 9 Leather sling with 1-4 black opal stones (value of stones = 1,000 gp each)
- 10 1-4 obsidian flasks, each with a different magical potion (DM's choice: elixir of health, ESP, extra-healing, fire breath, flying, gaseous form; value of flask = 25 gp each)
- 11 1-2 magical rings (DM's choice: blinking, fire resistance, invisibility, protection, shooting stars, sustenance)
- 12 Roll twice (reroll any result of 12)







# The Mortuary



## WEARY SPIRIT+ ◆ INFIRMARY ◆

A sick cutter or busted-up basher has few choices if he wants to get better: He can hole up in his kip and hope the powers repair him, or he can cough up some jink and hire himself a healer. Otherwise, he can lie down in the street and die, or head to the Weary Spirit Infirmary, the Hive's free hospital. Both these last choices are poor; either way, the basher's dead, but he'll probably suffer a lot less in the street.

Its brick walls encrusted with dirt, its windows barred with iron rods as thick as a man's arm, the Weary Spirit looks like a prison — which ain't too far from the truth. Not surprisingly, the Weary Spirit has difficulty attracting patients, so hot meals and free treatments are used to lure the unwary. The Honorable Kluppin Livesay, the judge at the Hive's central court, also sentences criminals to the Weary Spirit for "rehabilitation"; the staff attempts to convert them into productive members of society with skull drills, brain needles, and shock therapy (for the hard cases).

Shunning magical healing in favor of experimental surgery, the infirmary staff's got the same relationship with its patients as cats have with mice. Playing with their prey before killing it lessens their inhibitions. The staff is brutal, sloppy, and indifferent to pain (whether their own or someone else's). If a patient dies on the table, no matter; there're plenty more in the waiting room. Treatments include bleeding, amputation, and bone-straightening, the latter a cure-all prescribed by Ridnir Tetch, the man in charge, for everything from fevers to intestinal upset.

It's doubtful that a Bleaker would be anyone's first choice for a healer. After all, a basher who believes the secret of the multiverse to be that there is no

secret, that the madness that comes with complete acceptance of this meaningful meaninglessness is the meaning inherent in it — well, he's not the kind of person you want tinkering with your innards.

Ridnir Tetch (P1/♂ human/P9/Bleak Cabal/NE) not only qualifies as a certified innards tinkerer, he's also a Bleaker through and through. As chief of the Weary Spirit Infirmary, he oversees treatment for dozens of ailing sods every month. And as far as anyone knows, he's never lost a moment's sleep over any of them.

Empathize with a mugging victim? Shed a tear for a dying old man? Not Tetch.

Like a mean little kid who pulls the wings off flies just to watch them flop, Tetch loves to prod, singe, impale, carve, and crush his patients just to see what happens. If they get better, that's fine. If they don't, that's fine, too. Tetch always has some new techniques to try. And he has plenty of flies.

Because his parents were killed by an incompetent cleric when he was a boy, Tetch has no use for magical healing. He believes that all disorders can be corrected by manipulat-

ing the body. It's just a matter of figuring out which part to cut off or stretch, or where to drill the holes. Rumor has it that Tetch is financed by wealthy Takers from the Clerk's Ward, who hope to profit from any medical breakthroughs he happens to stumble upon.

Tetch stands nearly 7 feet tall, as thin as a straw, with a mop of greasy blonde hair and eyes like black peas. He wears a blood-stained smock that he refuses to clean; he considers the grime to symbolize his years of experience. He speaks in a whisper, and unless he's trying to coax a reluctant patient into an examination room, he never smiles.



UNLIKE NORMAL PERSONS,  
THE RESIDENTS OF THE HIVE  
ARE TOO DUMB TO TAKE CARE  
OF THEMSELVES.  
PLACE A SERPENT AND WORM  
IN A FLAME:  
THE SERPENT CRAWLS AWAY,  
THE WORM BURNS TO DEATH.

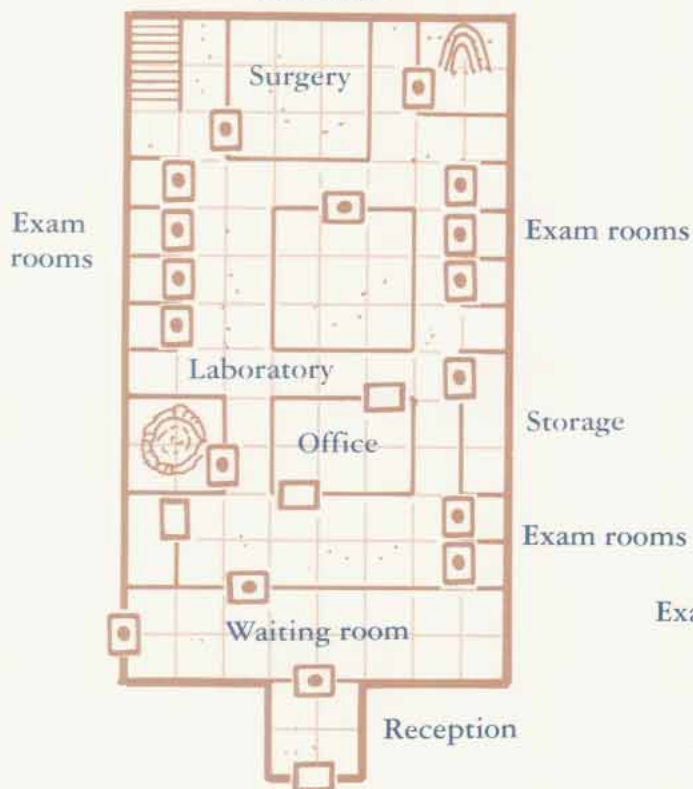
— RIDNIR TETCH  
OF THE  
WEARY SPIRIT INFIRMARY



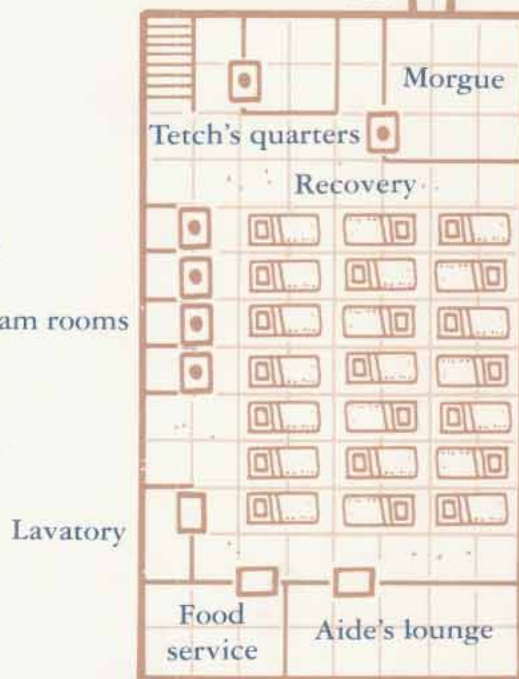


# WEARY SPIRIT INFIRMARY

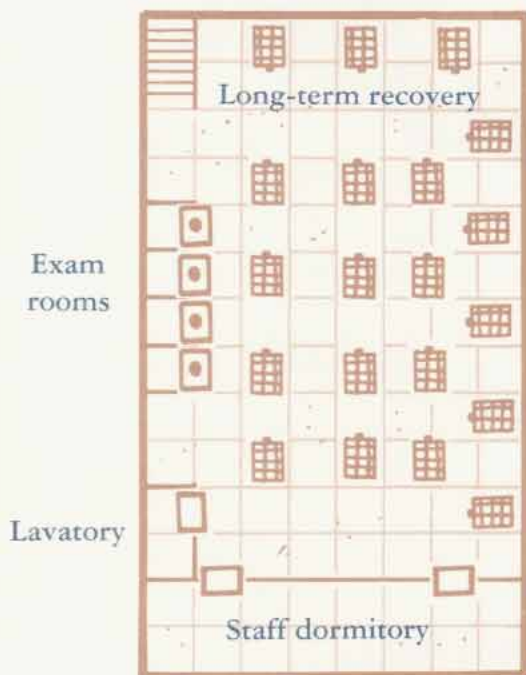
First floor



Second floor



Third floor



- Door
- Locked Door
- Stairs
- Archway
- Pool
- Ramp
- Bed
- Cell

Scale 20 feet



**RIDNIR TETCH:** AC 8; MV 12; hp 45; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (quarterstaff).

I 18.

*Spells:* 1st—command, detect magic, remove fear, sanctuary; 2nd—augury, enthrall, hold person, know alignment; 3rd—animate dead, dispel magic, protection from fire; 4th—detect lie, spell immunity; 5th—flame strike.

The three-story infirmary sits in the middle of Whisper Way, halfway between Allesha's Pantry and the Butcher's Block. First-timers to the Hive should make note of the location. If one of their buddies turns up missing, there's a good chance he may have been "admitted" to the Weary Spirit.

LIFE IS +⊕⊕ HARD  
+⊕ BE S⊕F+ENED  
BY +EARS.  
— FAC+⊕L L HAR  
⊕F +HE  
BLEAKERS

### INSIDE +HE WEARY SPIRIT+ INFIRMARY

The infirmary's made from gray granite blocks, the floors covered in black ceramic tiles smudged with scuff marks. Iron rods bar all the windows, and iron strips reinforce the doors.

The most attractive room in the infirmary, the foyer boasts oak-paneled walls, a polished tile floor, and a smiling half-elf steward seated behind a white marble desk. He interviews incoming patients, then relays the information to Tetch via an administrative aide. Generally, only dangerous felons, extraplanar creatures of unknown origin, and Tetch's enemies are refused admittance.

The waiting room stinks of the sweat of dozens of patients sprawled on the bare stone floor. A body could wait a full day or more before being shown to an examination room. Patients who die while waiting are carried through the west doors and dumped near the street for the Collectors to pick up.

A pit 20 feet in diameter filled with brown water serves as a bathing pool. Filthy patients are required to bathe before they're taken to an examination room. Aides occasionally refill the pool with water from Boneyard Pond.

## The Dark: Shock Therapy

A gleaming copper archway in the wall of the room marked on the map with a lightning bolt serves as a portal to the Paraelemental Plane of Lightning, used by Tetch to perform shock therapy. After he knocks a patient unconscious, he secures a metallic cord to the patient's waist, then pushes the unconscious sod into the portal. The patient is exposed to the plane for upwards of 10 hours, then withdrawn.

the patient, a young man barely out of his teens, shrieked for his life as the healer's aides strapped him to the operating platform. "You!" cried Tetch, pointing in my direction. "We need your help!" Before I could protest, he placed a thick rope in my hand, the opposite end tied to the young man's wrist. "Now pull!" Tetch commanded. We did as we were told, pulling the rope while the young man continued to scream. This, a treatment for stomach cramps? I wondered, and then the rope gave way with a pop. I flew backward, slamming against the wall.

A month later, I chanced to encounter the young man on a quiet side street. But before I could inquire about his health, his eyes widened in recognition. He turned and ran, his empty shirt sleeve flapping in the wind as

— an excerpt from  
*In Darkest Sigil*, by Jeena Ealy



Rogues at a Portal



Dameron



NONE IS SO POOR  
AS HE WOULD NOT BE RICH  
OR SO RICH AS  
+ NOT BE POOR.  
OR VICE VERSA.

— FACTOL KARAN  
OF THE  
CHAOSMEN

Patients are examined in small rooms, each containing a wooden platform covered with a frayed blanket (for the patient) and a wooden stool (for Tetch). A small wooden cabinet in each room contains knives, probes, and other tools. In the corner sits a bucket of water and a stack of rags for mopping up blood.

Wide wooden tables filled with dissection equipment and human bones dominate the laboratory. The west wall holds shelves filled with jars containing brains, hearts, and other organs. Shelves on the east wall contain iron cages of rats and frogs. Tetch practices surgical techniques and performs autopsies here.

In the surgery chamber, patients are strapped to a raised stone platform. Tetch ties thick ropes (looped through iron rings imbedded in the walls) to the patient's limbs, then pulls 'em tight to "straighten" the bones. A wooden table holds his razors, needles, drills, and knives. Next to the table sits a basket of raisins, his only nourishment during surgical marathons. (Chant's that someone once exchanged the fruits for dead flies; Tetch didn't seem to notice, or if he did, he didn't care.)

Tetch has an arrangement with Orsmonder's Meats to receive 50 pounds of leftover meat (of Orsmonder's choice: horse, cat, dog, rat, etc.) every day; he pays half the normal price. From this questionable provender, staff cooks prepare meals for patients and workers alike.

Tiny holes drilled in the recovery room aides' lounge allow staffers to observe and make fun of the people in the waiting room below. Most of the aides are male or female humans of no higher than 1st level. Six aides work during a typical 8-hour shift.

Recovery at the Weary Spirit means lying on a bed consisting of a bare wooden platform with a pillow made from a bunch of rags, under a sheet the size of a towel. (Well, all right — it *is* a towel.) Most recovering patients are restrained with ropes, leather straps, or iron chains (for their own safety, of course).

Tetch's personal living area's furnished with a brass bed with a wool quilt and a feather pillow, a pol-

ished oaken desk, a marble bed table, and rows of wooden shelves. The top drawer of the desk contains a duplicate set of keys for every door in the infirmary. (Tetch carries another set with him at all times.)

Aides stack the bodies of deceased patients in the morgue. Once a day, Tetch examines the bodies and marks their foreheads with charcoal; bodies with one slash are returned to the lab for further study. Aides slide "two-slashers" down a long wooden ramp into Boneyard Pond. Occasionally, a corpse catches on a splintered section of the ramp; an aide's got to climb down to free the corpse, then climb back up to the morgue's window.

The fetid pond, about 150 feet in diameter and 30 feet deep, is filled with brown rainwater and the remains of countless corpses. Local sods sometimes approach gullible out-of-towners and offer to dive into the lake and recover treasure for a fee of 1 gp, payable in advance. The sod dives in, slips through an underwater passage, and hauls himself out on the other side, leaving the out-of-towner to assume the poor sod must've drowned.

## WHY SUFFER?

END YOUR TORMENT  
AT THE  
WEARY SPIRIT INFIRMARY

SKILLED HEALERS  
PROVIDE SERVICES TO ALL  
AT NO CHARGE.  
FULLY EQUIPPED,  
MODERN TECHNIQUES,  
RESPECTFUL CARE.

FREE BEDS  
FREE MEALS FREE BATHS

PATIENTS ADMITTED DAILY.  
OPEN ALL HOURS.  
NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY.  
SOME WAITING.



# PRIME EXOTICS

Creatures from the Prime Material Plane

Make Great Pets . . .



. . . Or Great Eating!

## THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS:

Chipmunk	A treat for the cat!	1 cp
Rabbit	Quiet 'n' clean!	2 cp
Gopher	Watch 'im dig!	2 cp
Opossum	Your new best friend!	3 cp
Raccoon	Sell the pelt!	2 gp
Squirrel	Meat that grows on trees!	1 sp
Mole	So ugly, it's cute!	1 sp
Hedgehog	Impress the neighbors!	5 cp
Miniature Giant Space Hamster	Gentle with children! (limited availability)	1 gp

Guaranteed Healthy

Disease-Free

Not responsible for bites



Bring this flyer for special! H.H.



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# The Death of Freedom

An Elucidation and History Founded on Facts, Containing an Interesting Narrative of the Cruel Fate of the Expansionists, Which Recital is also Interspersed with the Histories of Several Other Dispersed Factions, One of Which Gives an Account of the Horrid Practises of her so-called Serenity, The Lady of Pain.

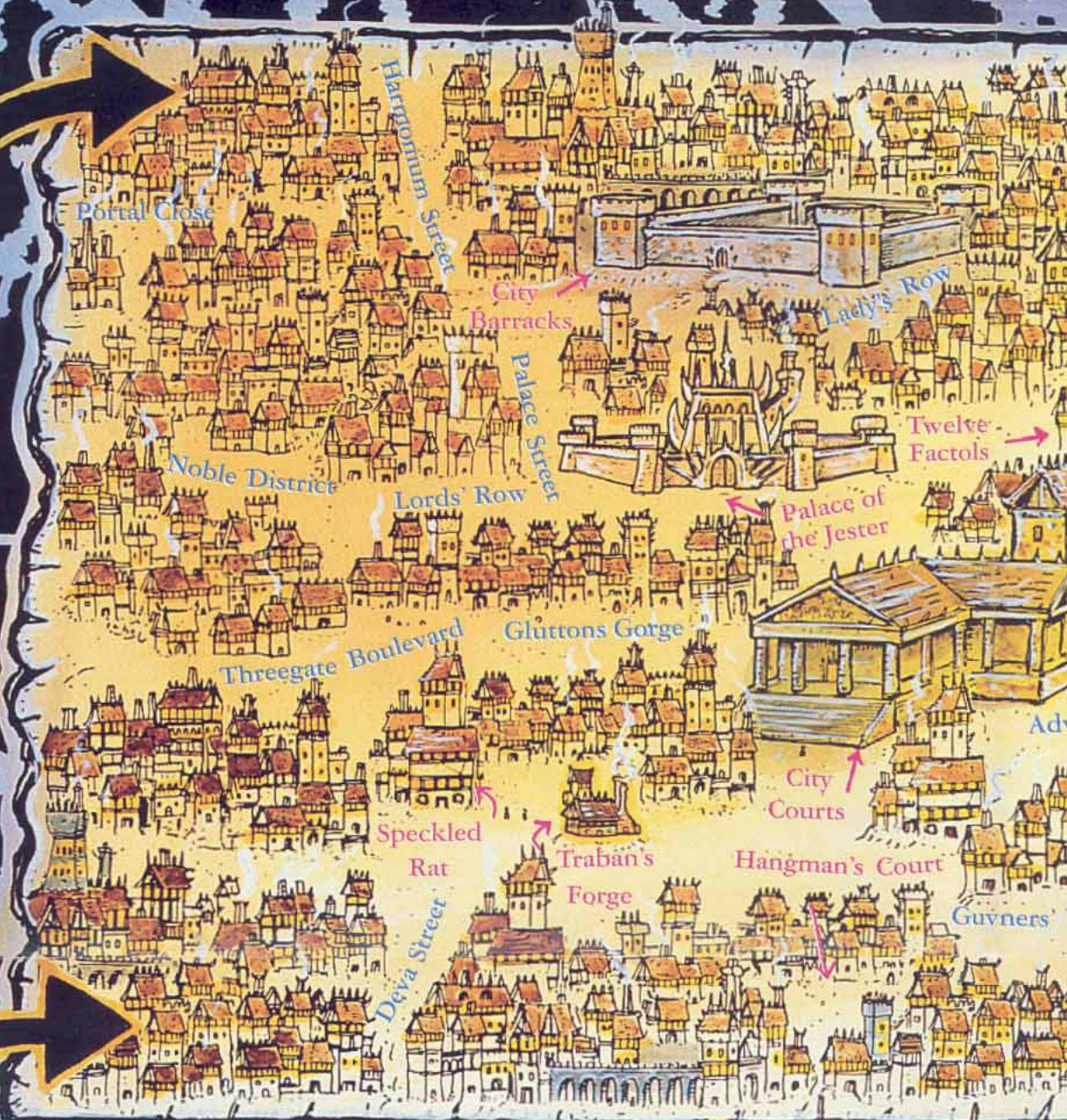
Also an Account of the Sufferings of Varmesti Norod of Naratyr, with Many Other Curious Circumstances until the Reduction of the Noble Expansionists by The Lady; by which Means These Particulars Became Known.

The Whole Compiled From the Original Letters, By Permission of One of the Sufferers.

**Arise, Cagers, and Cast out  
Your Oppressors!**



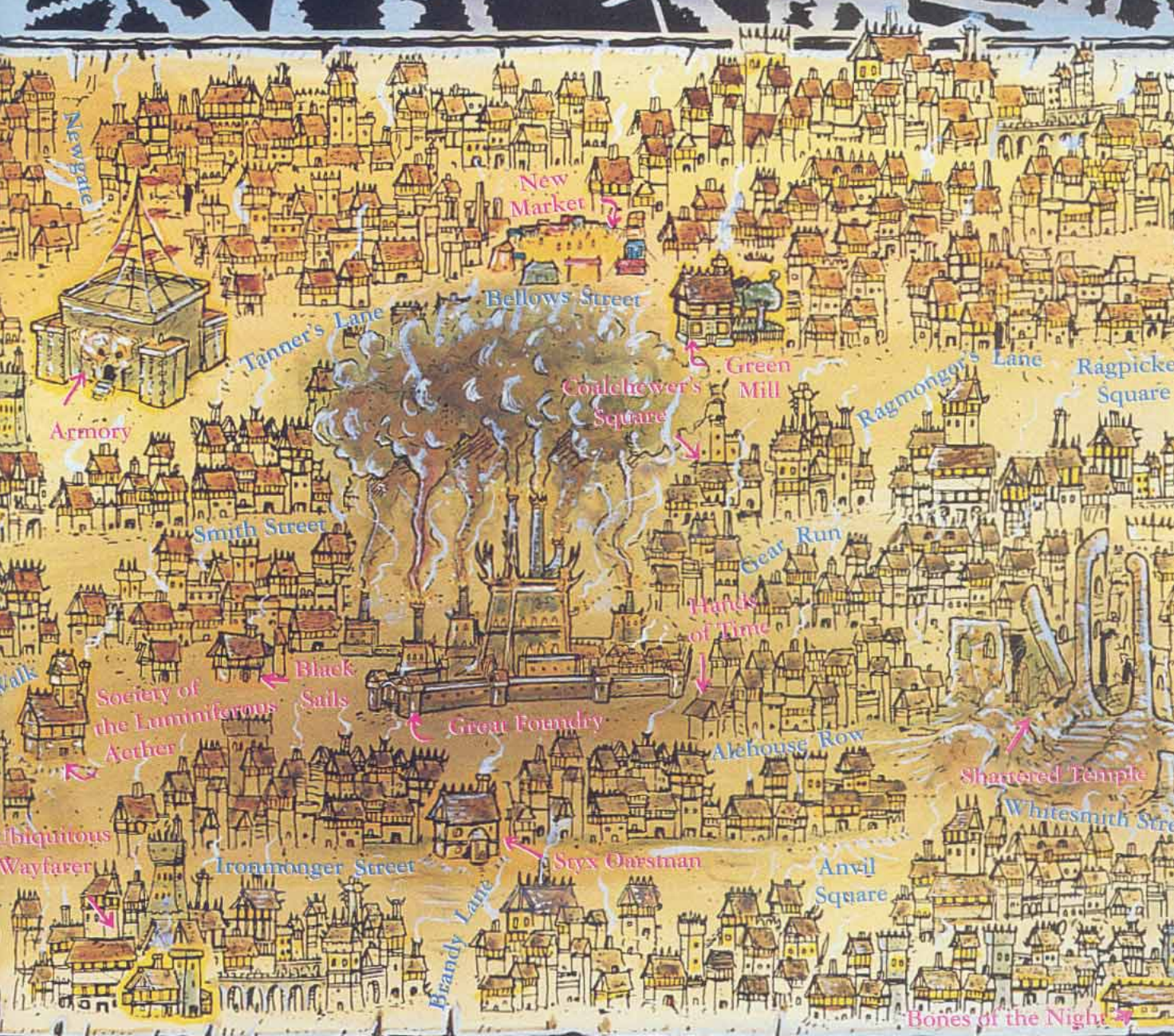
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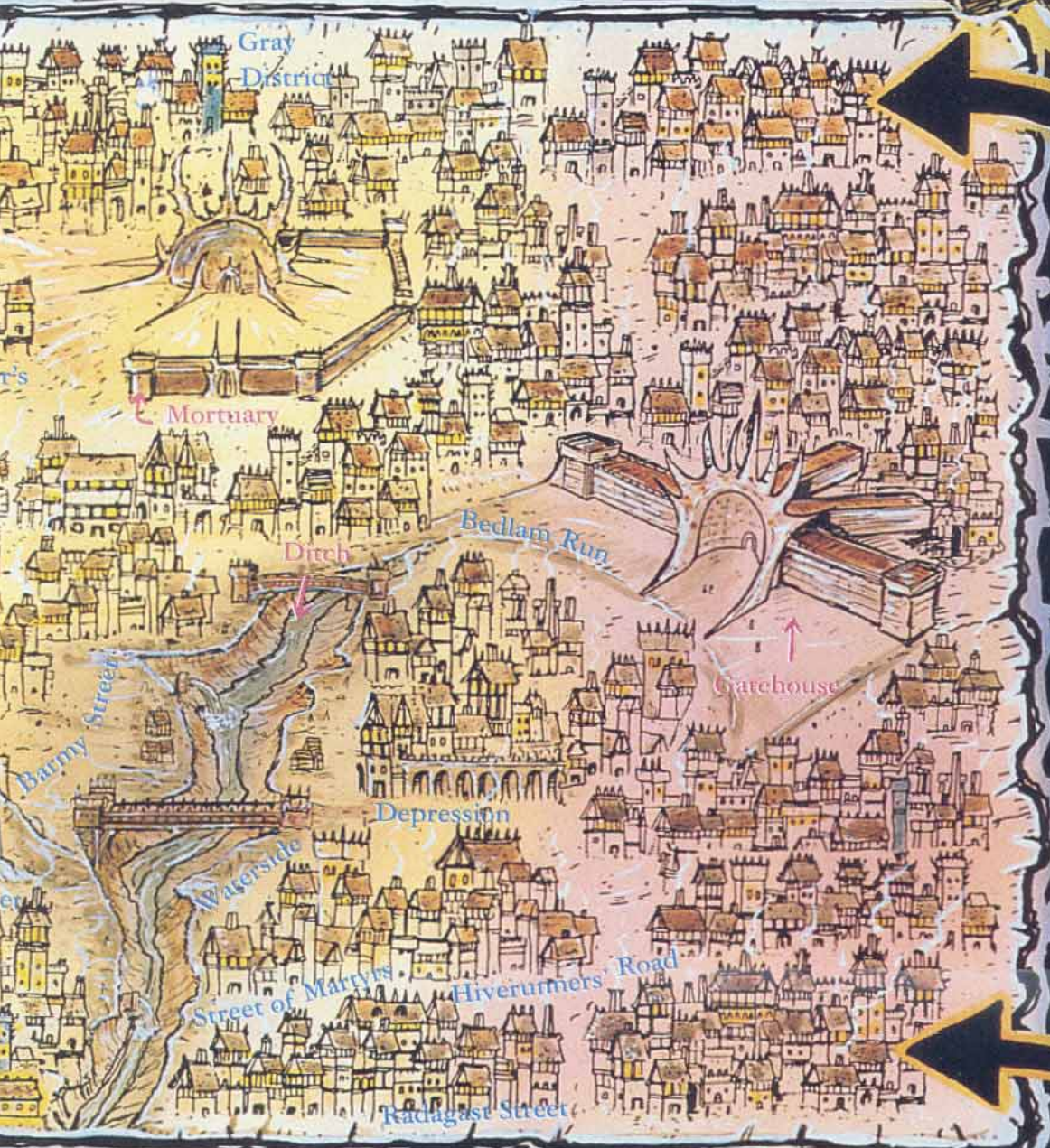








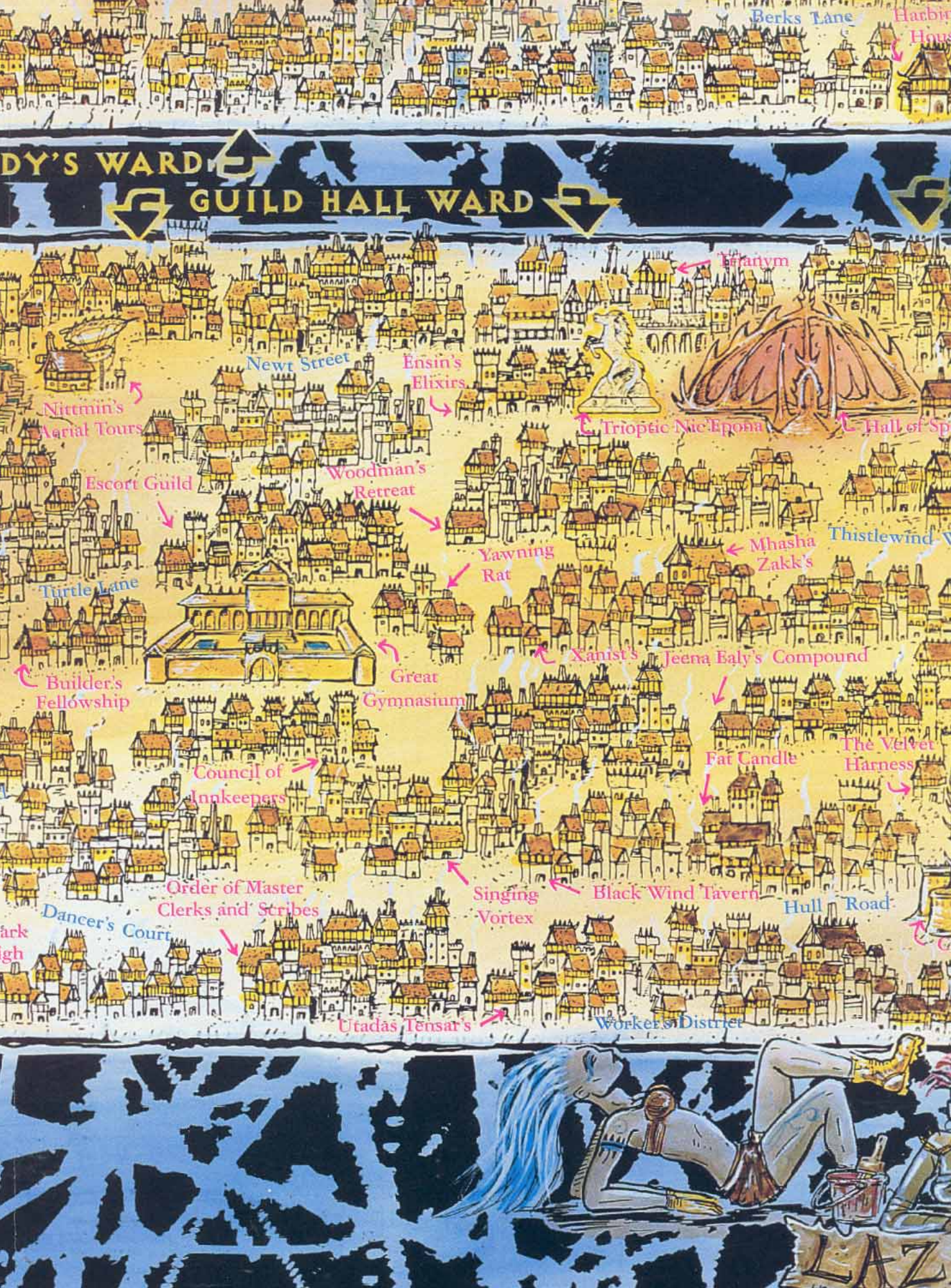












DY'S WARD

GUILD HALL WARD

Nittmin's  
Aerial Tours

Escort Guild

Turtle Lane

Builder's  
Fellowship

Council of  
Innkeepers

Order of Master  
Clerks and Scribes

Dancer's Court

Utadas Tensar's

Newt Street

Ensin's  
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Woodman's  
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Great  
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Yawning  
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Xanist's Jeena Ealy's Compound

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Black Wind Tavern

Hull Road

Worker's District

Trioptic Nic'Epona

Hall of Sp

Mhasha  
Zakk's

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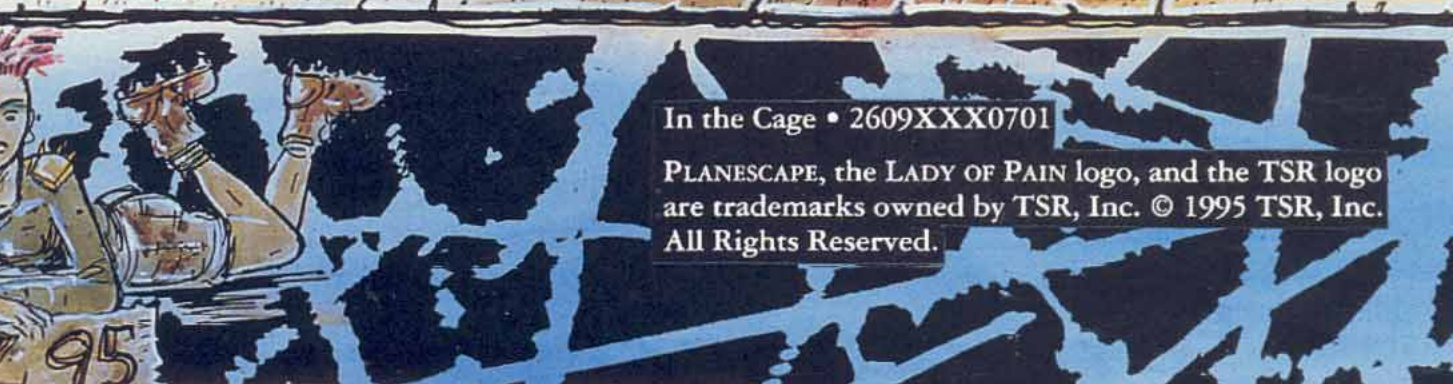
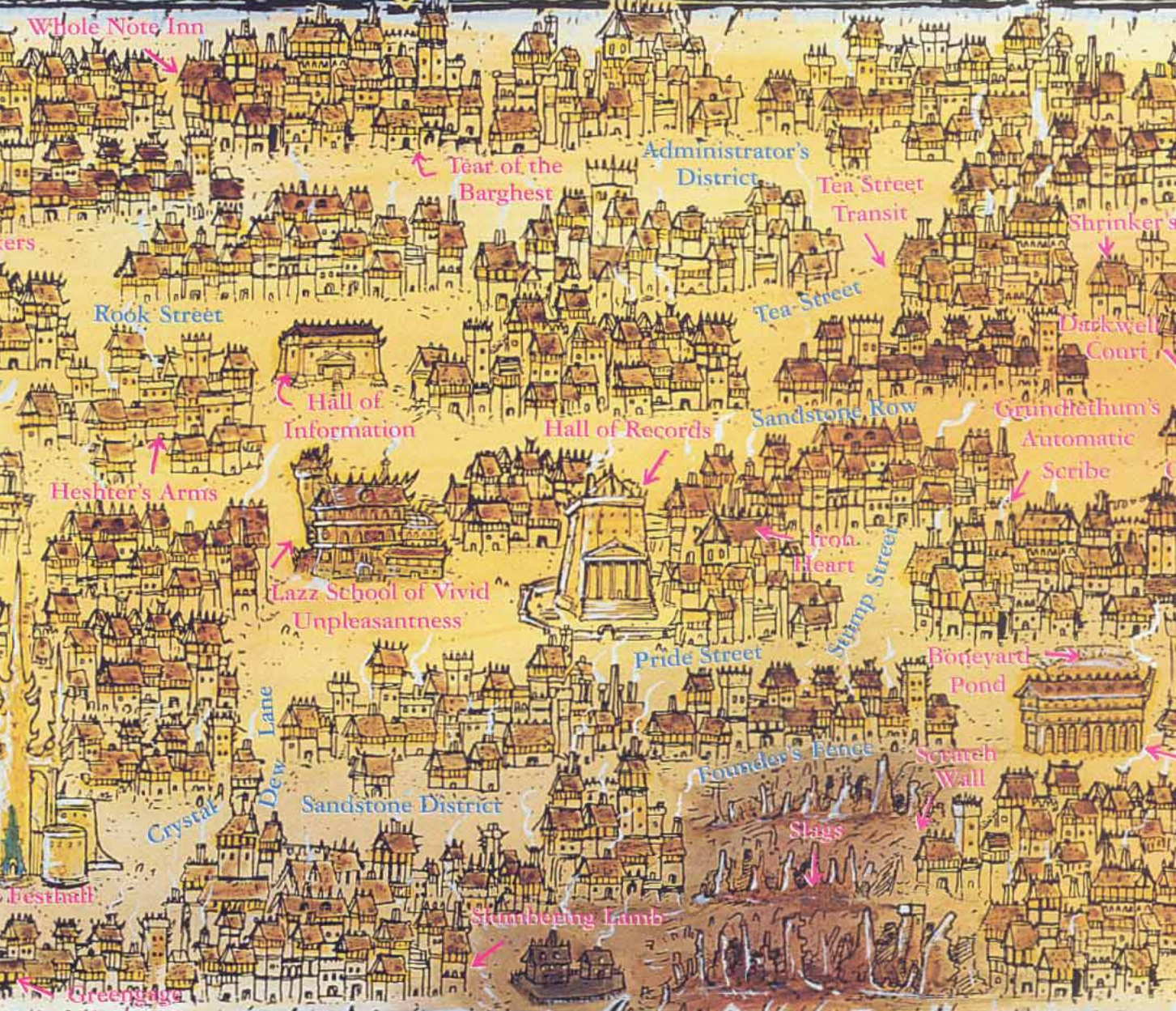
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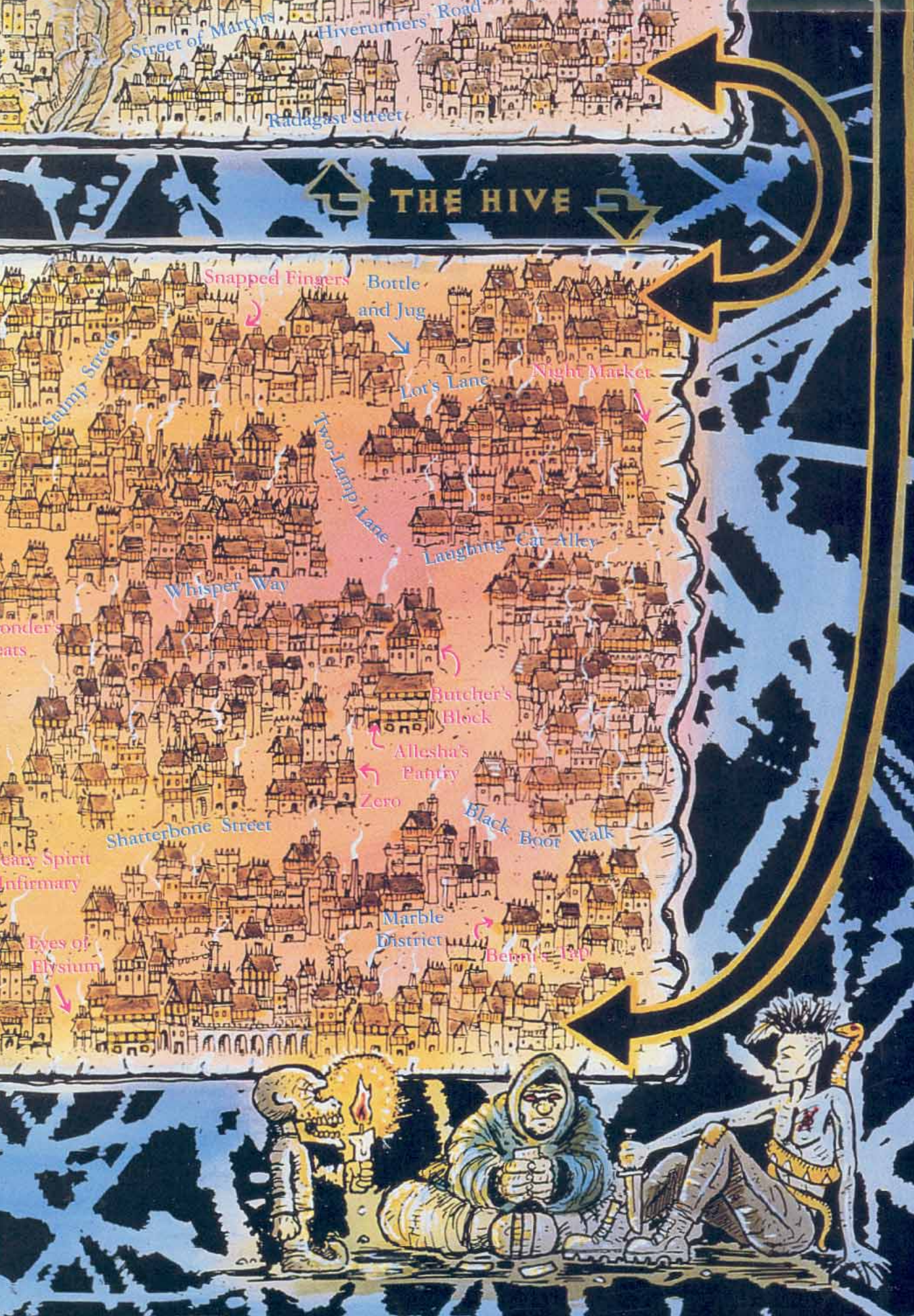


# CLERK'S WARD

# LOWER WARD







Street of Martyrs

Hiverunners Road

Radagast Street

# THE HIVE

Snapped Fingers

Bottle and Jug

Lot's Lane

Night Market

Two-Lamp Lane

Laughing Cat Alley

Whisper Way

Butcher's Block

Allesha's Pantry

Zero

Black Boor Walk

Shatterbone Street

Marble District

Bennet's Top

Eyes of Elysium

Early Spirit Infirmary





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