

PLANESCAPE™

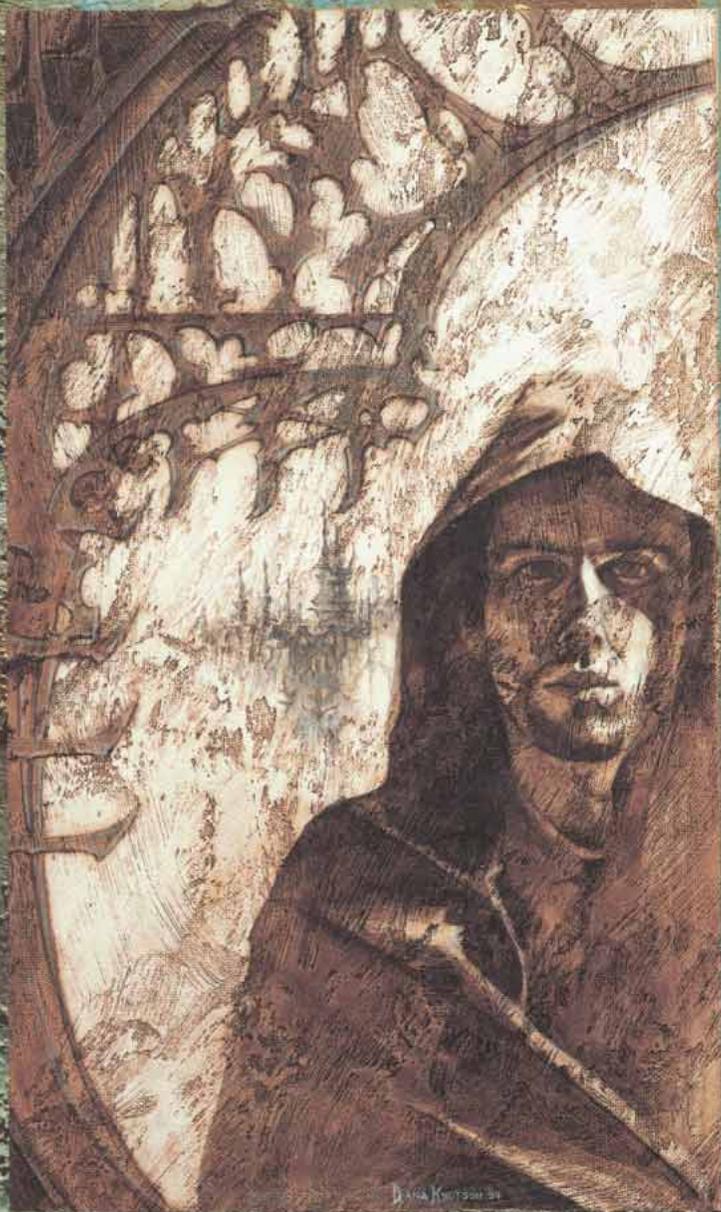
CAMPAIGN SETTING



PLANES

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The multiverse is a big place and it don't play by the "normal rules," whatever they are, but learning the dark of them is the stuff of life. A being's got to become a blood to know all the different ways magic works out on the Great Ring, and no basher should ever be able to just lay his hands on a map of all the portals between the planes. There's things a sod wasn't meant to know and things he's just got to learn by experience. (A body can describe what it's like in the furnaces of Carceri, but it just ain't the same as going there.) Sure, some of the multiverse is so simple that even a

INTRODUCTION

bariaur basher'd understand, but there's some of it that's real dark, and it's meant to be that way. So folks with no business knowing these things should just keep their noses out of it – understand?

But there's always one cutter – that being the Dungeon Master (DM) – who's meant to be in the know, and what's in here is for him or her. So, for those who need to know all the secrets of the multiverse, read on.

Undoubtedly, some readers are wondering at this point, "Just what is this PLANESCAPE™ thing and what does a DM do with it?" Fair question. As a first step to getting that answer, those wanting to know should read *A Player's Guide to the Planes*, which includes a thumbnail sketch of the worlds and characters in the PLANESCAPE setting. Before starting a game, that book should be read by



the players, too, so they can become familiar with the strange and wonderful possibilities of the planes.

This book contains the rules and background information the DM needs to start a working PLANESCAPE campaign. The planes themselves are described herein, one by one, but only in enough detail to give the DM a gist of each place. (The planes are so vast and intricate that they cannot be properly explored in a single product. Instead, upcoming campaign expansions will detail sets of related planes. For instance, TSR, Inc. will publish *Planes of Chaos* in late 1994. Other expansions will focus on the Lawful Planes, the Neutral Planes, the Elemental Planes, and the Demiplanes.) Details about magic alterations, priests and their gods, and traveling from plane to plane are also covered in this book.

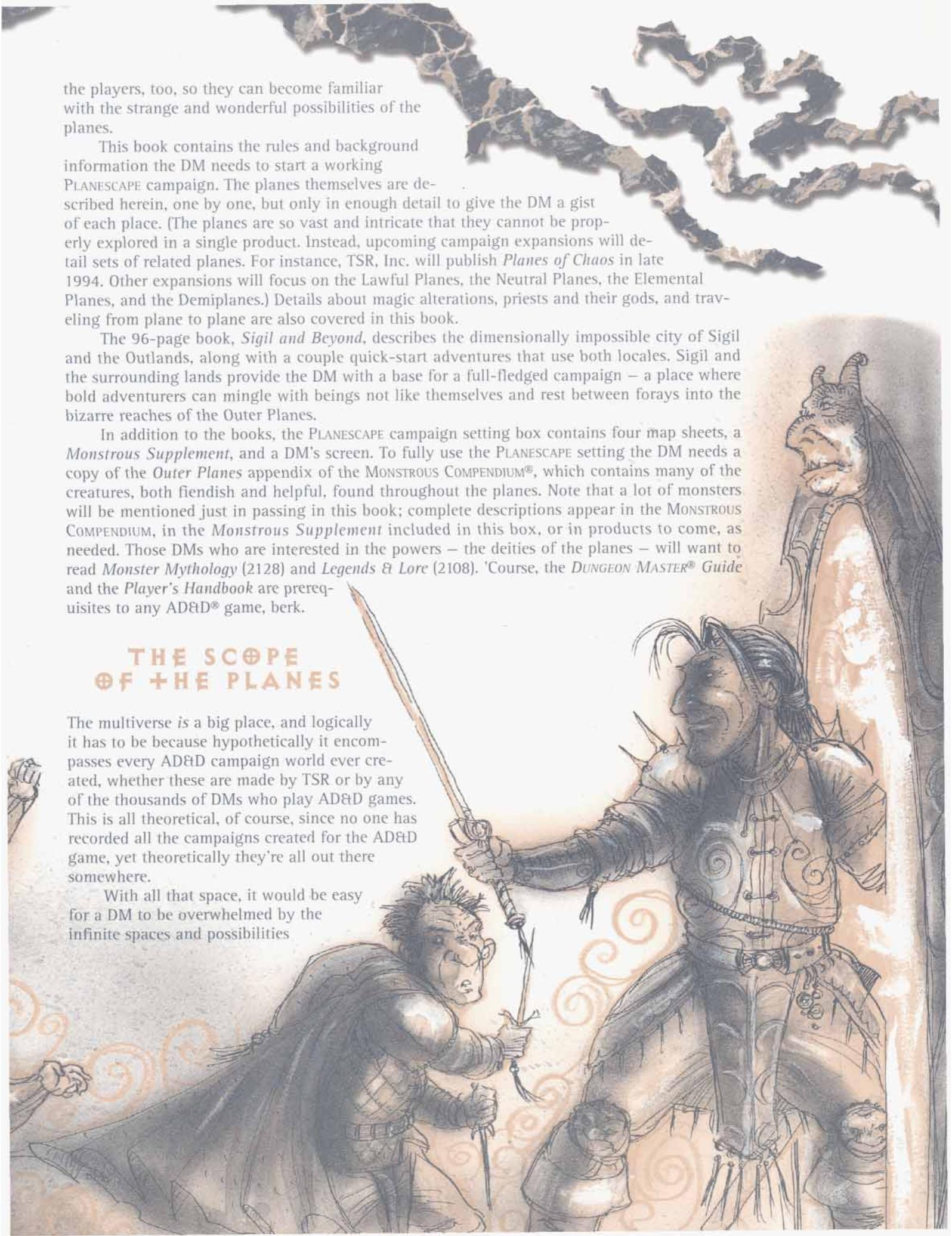
The 96-page book, *Sigil and Beyond*, describes the dimensionally impossible city of Sigil and the Outlands, along with a couple quick-start adventures that use both locales. Sigil and the surrounding lands provide the DM with a base for a full-fledged campaign — a place where bold adventurers can mingle with beings not like themselves and rest between forays into the bizarre reaches of the Outer Planes.

In addition to the books, the PLANESCAPE campaign setting box contains four map sheets, a *Monstrous Supplement*, and a DM's screen. To fully use the PLANESCAPE setting the DM needs a copy of the *Outer Planes* appendix of the *MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM*®, which contains many of the creatures, both fiendish and helpful, found throughout the planes. Note that a lot of monsters will be mentioned just in passing in this book; complete descriptions appear in the *MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM*, in the *Monstrous Supplement* included in this box, or in products to come, as needed. Those DMs who are interested in the powers — the deities of the planes — will want to read *Monster Mythology* (2128) and *Legends & Lore* (2108). Course, the *DUNGEON MASTER*® Guide and the *Player's Handbook* are prerequisites to any AD&D® game, berk.

THE SCOPE OF THE PLANES

The multiverse is a big place, and logically it has to be because hypothetically it encompasses every AD&D campaign world ever created, whether these are made by TSR or by any of the thousands of DMs who play AD&D games. This is all theoretical, of course, since no one has recorded all the campaigns created for the AD&D game, yet theoretically they're all out there somewhere.

With all that space, it would be easy for a DM to be overwhelmed by the infinite spaces and possibilities





for a PLANESCAPE campaign. To keep this from happening, the DM should plan to restrict the scope of “known territory,” gradually intro-

ducing new areas to the player characters as the campaign grows. In fact, this is similar to the process of creating a standard campaign on a prime-material world. There, most DMs start with a single castle, village, or town and a suitable adventure site nearby: a ruined keep, an



abandoned temple, or a dark forest. As the campaign grows and the DM’s ambitions increase, more and more territories are added to the setting until a world emerges.

Now apply that basic approach to a PLANESCAPE campaign: Starting from a small base, the DM expands the campaign. However, instead of adding new kingdoms or wildernesses, the DM gives the player characters more planar gates and portals to choose from. Each opening leads to a *particular* place within a plane, already selected and defined by the DM. In this way, controlling the growth of a planar campaign is no different than keeping a group of player characters from wandering in undesired directions in a normal prime-material wilderness setting.

In a PLANESCAPE campaign, the city of Sigil and the surrounding terrain of the Outlands provide that needed campaign base. Of all the planar worlds and possibilities, these areas are given the most detail in this boxed set. As mentioned, other planes in which players will adventure later are described in less detail, but much more will be said about them in future products. In the meantime, there’s enough adventure hooks and kips to

explore in this box to walk a party of bashers from the 1st to the 3rd level of experience – and then some! Mid- and high-level cutters won’t have time to give it the yawn, either, if the DM is a blood.

PIKE IT, BERK!
I’M THOR’S PROXY,
AND YOUR LAWS
DON’T APPLY
TO ME.
— LAST WORDS OF
FRANOK HEIDEN, A
MERCYKILLER

This campaign set assumes that DMs will be running a *planar* campaign, one where Sigil is the origin of

the player characters – their “home town,” so to speak. This approach can be true even if the player characters are a mixture of prime and planar types, as primes are simply those characters who have found their way to Sigil and permanently set up shop there.

If desired, though, the DM can use the PLANESCAPE setting as a temporary adjunct to a prime-material campaign. Es-

tablished characters can pass between Sigil and their prime-material campaign world by means of spells, magical items, and special portals. While this allows Sigil and the planes to be simply visited by characters from a regular campaign, in the end the PLANESCAPE setting will lose some of its unique character and mystery with this campaign style. Player characters will no doubt become distracted by other concerns in their tiny prime-material worlds, and they’ll never fully explore the wonders of this strange new setting. On the other hand, some players are true “primes” at heart, and they may prefer only an occasional sojourn into the planes.

Another option is to fully integrate the PLANESCAPE setting into an ongoing campaign. A temporary or permanent portal between the old campaign world and Sigil could exist at the DM’s whim. Established characters could pass through Sigil en route to the planes and new, planar characters could be created as players desire. Instead of viewing Sigil and the planes as separate worlds, they would become another part of the DM’s *expanded* campaign world.

The best way to view the PLANESCAPE campaign is as one would view any prime-material AD&D campaign. It has a central base for player characters (Sigil), a relatively settled area around it (the Outlands), a frontier (the gate towns at the borders of the other planes), and a wilderness (the planes themselves). Scattered throughout are traditional adventuring opportunities – dungeons, ruins, castles, fortresses – but the planes are filled with their own, special wonders of all sorts.

One thing the PLANESCAPE setting is not: It’s not just a set of rules for getting from here to there. Indeed, traveling from plane to plane is ridiculously easy, once a body knows how. It’s merely a matter of casting the right spell, having the right magical item, or (most frequently) stepping through the right door. Traveling to another plane doesn’t require a journey taking days or weeks; it happens almost instantaneously. Time isn’t lost in getting there, and special preparations aren’t necessary to make the journey – only to survive the destination.

Pure fact is, the PLANESCAPE game is far from traditional. That dungeon to be explored might be the skull of a dead god on the Astral Plane, and the fortress of an efreeti prince could be a fiery volcano, to name just two of the excellent and virtually limitless possi-

bilities. The multiverse of the planes can be ordinary, horrifying, enchanting, surreal, or impossible. With the DM's imagination, there's literally no limit to what can be done!

THE TONE OF THE PLANES

Good campaigns have a flavor and feel all their own, something that sets them apart from all the other campaigns out there. Krynn of the DRAGONLANCE® saga has its epic struggle, the dark gloom of the RAVENLOFT® setting is rich with brooding horror, Elminster's FORGOTTEN REALMS® homeland has the vast sprawl of ancient empires, and Athas of the DARK SUN® world reeks of gritty survival. The PLANESCAPE setting has its own style and tone, too – something to capture the imaginations of players as they explore this strange world. It speaks to them with a certain voice and sets the tone for the worlds.

The PLANESCAPE setting is about ideas and philosophies, about “the meaning of the multiverse.” It's not the dry, academic lectures of musty old professors, quoting things that don't much matter to the real world. A planar lives in a world where the meaning of the multiverse isn't just a question, it's a way of life. A planar doesn't just ask the question, he *lives* the answer. Take another look at some of the factions detailed in *A Player's Guide to the Planes* to get an idea of how it all plays out. This is a campaign where ideas are backed by actions and vice versa – swords, fists, magic, and ideology as needed. Count on it: Planars are tough because living philosophy ain't for weaklings!

This campaign setting is a world where the living mingle with the dead. A body can see the final reward or punishment because he can tour the place where he'll be sent when he dies, and that knowledge affects his point of view. Planars know just what the rewards of mercy, goodness, terror, and treachery are. They're tough because they know what happens if they're weak.

The PLANESCAPE setting is a world where the abstract is real and potent. Priests don't just pray for spells from abstract gods, but from “real” powers that can possibly be seen or visited. Wizards inhale a multiverse of magic in a single breath, for they explore places that shouldn't – *couldn't* – exist by normal laws. Warriors can seek absolute perfection of their skills on planes where all things achieve perfection. Rogues have the chance to acquire treasures beyond imagining, for all things that can't be imagined exist here. Planars are tough because they live in a world where raw power lies within their grasps.



The PLANESCAPE setting is cosmopolitan, too. Here is the place that fiends, devas, githyanki, and slaad all claim as home. The “normal” lot – humans and their ilk – aren't very often the rulers around here. They're just more participants in the great game. Planars scoff at the provincial attitudes of primes, who are often surprised to find tanar'ri generals or githzerai sages at the next table, minding their own business. A planar grows up with the idea that anyone and anything can become powerful and important. The consequences? Planars are tough because their enemies are tougher.

All of this breeds a cynical worldliness. Planars have seen it all and survived most of it. Planars don't expect much sympathy from others because everybody's got a hard row to hoe. Good folks'll band together and help each other, but crying over bad luck isn't likely to get a body anywhere.

When running a PLANESCAPE campaign, the DM should definitely keep tone in mind. It's as important to a PLANESCAPE adventure as maps, monsters, and treasure. Planars think, act, even sound different from primes, and DMs should make those differences come to life in play. Remember that planars believe in the philosophies of their factions. Let their actions be motivated by those philosophies and carried out with a jaded *laissez faire* to the actions of others. When roleplaying, give the planars a distinctive voice. Get a feel for the jargon that permeates the books in this box. Use the list of planar slang provided and create more (it's called the Cant – see page 95 in *Sigil and Beyond*). At first it might seem unnatural, but the *patois* of the planes will quickly become quite natural for enthusiastic DMs and their players.

I AIN' + BARTMY!
DØN' + EVER CALL ME BARTMY
ØR I'LL NICK YØU –
GØ + +HA + ?

— A RESIDENT + ØF
PANDEMØNIUM



MAGIC AND THE PLANES

Only a clueless prime or a leatherheaded wizard would ever believe his magic is always going to work the same on every plane. It just ain't so, berk – not when the multiverse has got planes whose very essences are living fire, absolute perfection, howling despair, complete decay, or things even worse. Some of it should be obvious – using a *holy word* against a pit fiend on its home plane just won't work, as many a sodding basher has learned too late. Some of it ain't so clear, either, like can a cutter summon a djinni to Ysgard?

Some say experience is the best teacher, and a fool could learn a lot about the planes that way, but it'd be painful. A wise blood knows there's no reason to risk his own neck when he can learn from others. Why discover the hard way that *fireball* don't work the same on Limbo when a cutter can ask around in Sigil and learn? The moral of the story: *The DM shouldn't withhold the following information from the player characters, as long as they're willing to look for it in the right places.*

EFFECTS ON SPELLS

A lot of primes don't understand why magic changes so much from plane to plane. It doesn't happen to them on their worlds – they can travel from one end of the world to the other in places like Krynn, yet magic operates the same in every country they visit. Well, going to another plane's just a little bit more complicated than traveling cross-country. Sages have been arguing the causes and reasons for



why each plane is magically different ever since they started thinking. 'Course, every faction's got its own answer, too. A Godsmen'll say it's because of the divine properties of each plane. A Guvner'll give a long analysis of how all the differences on each plane are interrelated into some grand order that follows certain logical laws they may or may not have yet to discern. A Xaositect just throws up his hands and says, "It's chaos, berk. What's the problem?"

In the end, *why* really doesn't matter — *how* does. Whatever the cause, each plane affects spells in a consistent way, and a body can count on that much at least. But for a wizard to make do on a plane, he or she's got to learn what those changes are.

Not surprisingly, there are three things a spellcaster's always got to keep in mind, no matter where his spell goes off: 1) the effect of magic on creatures in their home planes, 2) the relative position of other planes involved in the spell, and 3) the availability of extradimensional space. These points are fairly easy to pick up on and remember. It's the changes that



affect individual wizard spell schools on specific planes that can put a sod in the dead-book before he's got them all straight in his head. Fortunately, it usually takes just one or two unpleasant surprises before most mages wise up and start making notes.

NATIVE SONS

Certain rules hold true no matter what plane a being's on, be it the Prime Material, the Astral, an Inner, or an Outer Plane. The most universal of these deals with a being's home plane. Everybody's got a home plane, and it's not necessarily the place they haunt now. A prime living in Sigil still calls the Prime Material Plane his home plane. It's not where a being lives that matters; it's where he was born, hatched, or sprouted. Home planes matter because a lot of spells work only on creatures either inside or outside their home planes.

The spells most affected by a being's home plane are abjurations and summonings.

Most abjurations protect against creatures from another plane, and a few (like *holy word*) can drive a creature back to its home plane. In either case, an abjuration can't affect a creature on its home plane. For example, some primes might try to use *protection from evil* to protect themselves from efreet while they're in the City of Brass. They figure the spell works at home, so it should work on the plane of Fire, too, but it doesn't. The City of Brass is on the efreet's home plane, so the genies aren't an extraplanar there and the *protection* spell won't work. If anybody was summoned, it was the fool prime.

The home plane has the reverse effect on summoning spells. Specifically, unless it's a spell that summons creatures from another plane (such as *conjure elemental* or *gate*), a summoning's got to draw on something close at hand. A *monster summoning I* can only summon up monsters from the same plane. For instance, casting a *monster summoning* won't cause a succubus to appear on Ysgard; it's not the fiend's home plane, and not even a plane where it can normally be found.

CONNECTED PLANES

When a prime wizard casts *conjure elemental*, he usually doesn't think about where the elemental comes from. The creature appears and that's that. Spells make for a lot more planar traveling than most folks suspect, though. Take that *conjure elemental* spell: It (obviously) has to reach the Elemental Planes in order to work. Cut off that connection and the spell can't function. Now, primes tend not to notice any of this because the Prime Material Plane's connected to all the other planes, either through the Ethereal or Astral. The same just

TABLE 1: SPELLS WITH PLANAR PATHWAYS

ASTRAL	DUAL
<i>Astral spell</i> *	<i>Augury</i> *
<i>Astral window</i> *	<i>Commune</i> *
<i>Divination</i> *	<i>Contact other plane</i>
<i>Duo-dimension</i>	<i>Dismissal</i>
<i>Find familiar</i> **	<i>Divine inspiration</i> *
<i>Identify</i>	<i>Drawmij's instant summons</i>
<i>Join with astral traveler</i> *	<i>Draw upon holy might</i> *
<i>Raise dead</i> *	<i>Ensnarement</i>
<i>Reincarnation</i>	<i>Hornung's random</i>
<i>Resurrection</i> *	<i>dispatcher</i>
<i>Speak with astral traveler</i> *	<i>Sanctify</i> *
<i>Speak with dead</i> *	<i>Vision</i>
ETHEREAL	EXTRADIMENSIONAL
<i>Aerial servant</i> *	<i>Deeppockets</i>
<i>Chariot of Sustarre</i> *	<i>Extradimensional detection</i> *
<i>Conjure earth elemental</i> *	<i>Extradimensional</i>
<i>Conjure elemental</i>	<i>manipulation</i> *
<i>Conjure fire elemental</i> *	<i>Extradimensional pocket</i> *
<i>Demishadow magic</i>	<i>Leomund's secret chest</i>
<i>Demishadow monsters</i>	<i>Maze</i>
<i>Distance distortion</i>	<i>Mordenkainen's</i>
<i>Elemental swarm</i> *	<i>magnificent mansion</i>
<i>Energy drain</i>	<i>Rope trick</i>
<i>Estate transference</i>	<i>Seclusion</i> *
<i>Etherwalk</i> *	<i>Transformation</i> *
<i>Invisible stalker</i>	
<i>Khazid's procurement</i>	
<i>Leomund's secret chest</i>	
<i>Lorloveim's creeping shadow</i>	
<i>Lorloveim's shadowy transformation</i>	
<i>Major creation</i>	
<i>Minor creation</i>	
<i>Negative plane protection</i> *	
<i>Reflecting pool</i> *	
<i>Restoration</i> *	
<i>Shades</i>	
<i>Shadowcat</i>	
<i>Shadow engines</i> *	
<i>Shadow magic</i>	
<i>Shadow monsters</i>	
<i>Shadow walk</i>	
<i>Summon shadow</i>	
<i>Vanish</i>	



* May or may not cross planar pathways, depending upon the creature called.

** Priestly magic with planar pathways — affected only if used through a scroll or other magical item.

ain't true for the Inner and Outer Planes. The Inner Planes are cut off from the Astral Plane (and thus the Outer Planes) while the Outer Planes are cut off from the Ethereal (and thus the Inner Planes).

So what's this mean? It means that on the Inner Planes a spellcaster or a priest can't normally use things like the *astral spell* or *raise dead*. And on the Outer Planes, the same person would have troubles with *conjure elemental* and *aerial servant*, since these call upon things found on the Inner Planes. In some cases, a spell reaches through either the Ethereal or the Astral Plane, depending on who or what the caster is after. For example, *contact higher plane* passes through the Astral Plane to reach the powers on the Outer Planes and through the Ethereal Plane to reach the elemental lords, but a spell slinger can't reach Arborea from the Ethereal and he can't call the plane of Air from the Astral — get it?

A complete list of spells that have planar pathways (spells that must access any specific plane or group of planes) is given in Table I at left. Although priest spells aren't affected by planar pathways (see page 13), those that cross dimensions are listed in Table I because magical items that perform priest spell-like effects are impacted by planar boundaries.

EX+RA DIMENSIONΣ

A handful of spells and magical items create weird little pockets known as *extradimensional spaces*. Using these spells isn't normally a problem — unless a body's on the Astral Plane, where there aren't any extra dimensions. Try to use a *rope trick* there and nothing's going to happen. Now, the reason to mention this is that the planes aren't perfectly mapped out, especially all those little demiplanes in the Ethereal. There's a chance any one of those might be like the Astral — completely cut off from the extradimensional world. If that's the case, it'll be noted in the description of that particular place, so keep an eye peeled for it.

CA+EGORICAL ALTERATIΣ

Aside from the above considerations, most spell changes are grouped by

school. All spells of a given school of magic are affected the same way. The possible effects on a school are themselves divided into *enhanced* (+), *altered* (◆), *diminished* (>), and *null* (∴). See Table II on page 12 for a list of spell schools and their status on each of the planes.

ENHANCED (+) indicates that spells of the noted schools have their power increased on the given plane. The effect is probably due to the similarity of the magic to the properties of the plane itself. Enhanced spells function at one level higher than normal. Thus, a *fireball* spell cast by an 8th-level wizard on the Elemental Plane of Fire actually inflicts 9 dice of damage. Saving throws against enhanced spells that cause damage are made with a -1 adjustment, while saving throws against enhanced spells that confer protection are made with a +1 bonus.

ALTERED (◆) spell schools are the most common, making for different spell results based on either a philosophical or physical property of the plane. The exact result of the alteration varies from spell to spell within the school, but the same general principle is applied to all spells of its type. Thus, fire-based spells on the Paraelemental Plane of Ice produce scalding explosions of steam rather than fire.



TABLE II: SCHOOL ALTERATIONS BY PLANE

PLANE	ABJ	ALT	CON/ SUM	DIV	ENC/ CHA	ILL/ PHA	INV/ EVO	NEC	WIL	ELEMENTAL			
										A	F	E	W
Astral	-	◆	>	-	-	◆	-	-	+	◆	◆	◆	◆
Ethereal	>	-	◆	∴	-	+	-	-	-	-	-	◆	◆
Elemental: Air	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	+	>	>	>
Elemental: Earth	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	>	+	>
Elemental: Fire	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	+	>	∴
Elemental: Water	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	∴	>	+
PE: Ice	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	-	>	>	-
PE: Magma	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	-	-	>
PE: Ooze	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	>	-	-
PE: Smoke	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	-	-	>	>
QE: Lightning	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	+	-	>	◆
QE: Mineral	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	>	>	+	◆
QE: Radiance	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	-	+	-	>
QE: Steam	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	+
Positive Energy	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	◆	+	-	+	◆	◆
Negative Energy	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	◆	>	>	>	◆	◆
QE: Ash	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	◆	∴	-	◆
QE: Dust	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	◆	-	-	>
QE: Salt	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	-	-	-	∴
QE: Vacuum	-	-	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	-	∴	∴	-	-
Abyss	-	◆	◆	◆	-	+	-	◆	+	◆	◆	◆	◆
Acheron	-	-	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	>	◆	◆	◆	◆
Arborea	-	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Arcadia	-	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	◆	>	◆	◆	◆	◆
Baator	-	-	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	>	◆	◆	◆	◆
Beastlands	-	◆	◆	◆	◆	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Bytopia	-	-	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Carceri	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Elysium	-	-	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Gehenna	-	-	◆	◆	>	-	+	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Gray Waste	-	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	◆	-	◆	◆	◆	◆
Limbo	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆
Mechanus	-	-	◆	◆	-	∴	-	◆	∴	◆	◆	◆	◆
Mount Celestia	-	-	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	>	◆	◆	◆	◆
Outlands	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆	◆
Pandemonium	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	+	◆	◆	◆	◆
Ysgard	-	◆	◆	◆	-	-	-	◆	+	◆	◆	◆	◆

- No alteration to school
- ◆ Alterations to school occur; see plane description for details
- > School is diminished on plane
- +
- ∴ School is null on plane

ABBREVIATIONS: A Air (elemental); Abj Abjuration; Alt Alteration; Con/Sum Conjunction/Summoning; Div Divination; E Earth (elemental); Enc/Cha Enchantment/Charm; F Fire (elemental); Ill/Pha Illusion/Phantasm; Inv/Evo Invocation/Evocation; Nec Necromantic; PE Paraelemental Plane; QE Quasielemental Plane; W Water (elemental); Wil Wild magic

DIMINISHED (>) spell schools have their effects reduced, due to some opposition between the school and the nature of the plane. Diminished spells function at one level lower than normal. For instance, an air-based spell used on the plane of Water is automatically diminished by the nature of that plane's element. Furthermore, *diminished* indicates that the casting of high-level spells is impossible. Because the power of this magic is more than can be tolerated by the forces of the plane, spells higher than 4th level can't be cast.

NULL (.:) indicates that spells of the noted schools are simply unavailable while the wizard is on that plane. The magic of the spell is too opposed to the nature of the plane, so spells of that school don't function within the plane. Cast *that* spell and it's gone, berk.

SPELL KEYS

With all these alterations and restrictions, a spellcaster's life on the planes could be nigh impossible. Imagine some poor sod of an elemental wizard out there on Gehenna, cut off from the Ethereal and unable to cast the most powerful of his spells. Kind of makes a wizard just want to stay home, eh?

Good thing, then, that there's a way around it: For each plane, there are secret *spell keys* that attune a wizard to the magical vibrations of that plane. Once the spellcaster's in harmony with the plane's essence, some or all of his spells may behave normally again. It's really not much of a dark, since most planar mages know the keys exist, even if they don't know the keys for every plane. It's the spellcasters from the Prime Material who tend to be most clueless about such things, much to the general amusement of their planar counterparts.

Most keys, regardless of what they are, add 1 to the initiative or casting time of the spell.

Spell keys take on lots of forms, which are never the same from plane to plane. On Ysgard spell keys are almost always runes – traced out, spoken, thrown, or whatever – invoked as the spell is cast. On Mechanus keys take the form of equations – mathematical formulae that alter, just slightly, the nature of the universe. On Limbo, the heart of Chaos, the keys are constantly changing, so a sodding spellcaster is never quite sure what's going to work right next.

Different keys have different ranges of power. The most common is the *general* key. In this case, a single key affects all spells of the same type. For instance, a general key might restore the spells of an altered school or reactivate all fire-based magic. Other keys are not so generous and are known as *specific* keys. These empower a single, particular spell. On Mount Celestia, a cutter needs a special key to make *fear* work properly.

Another specific key allows a wizard to cast *conjure*

elemental spells on the Outer Planes, but it should be pointed out that the thing which shows up is made of elements that exist on the plane where the spell is cast, and the spirit of the creature is drawn from the essence of that same plane, too. Those elementals ain't the same as "true" elementals, and the summoning sod who doesn't take that into consideration is in for a long day. (See page 42, "Magic on the Outer Planes," for details.)

Y⊕U FIGURE A SW⊕RD AND A
BUNCH ⊕F SPELLS
MAKE Y⊕U +⊕UGH? IT+ AIN'+
WHA+ Y⊕U G⊕+ HA+ C⊕UN+ S,
BERK. IT'S WHA+ Y⊕U KN⊕W.

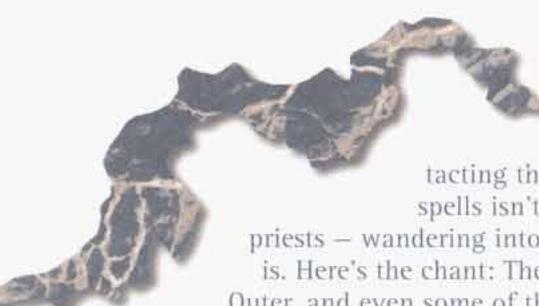
— FAIRVEN, A CIPHER

It doesn't take a club to point out that keys have limits, and only a leatherheaded wizard's going to think they'll solve everything. Some schools and spells simply have no keys – most times that's because the nature of the plane is too incompatible to the spell's magic. No matter what's done, a *fireball* won't work on the plane of Water, and wild magic will never function in the rigorously ordered universe of Mechanus.

PRIESTS AND THEIR GODS

All these changes of spell effects aren't just for wizards – magic changes for priests, too. Priests have got their own considerations that affect spellcasting, and it's all tied to their high-up men, their deities. The biggest deal with priests is that they don't get their power from science and study, but from their deities. Now, since nearly all the powers (except for a few elemental types) live on the Outer Planes, some sages would postulate that most priests on the Inner Planes are out of luck. After all, by the logic already explained, the Inner Planes are cut off magic-wise from the Outer Planes. Well, those would-be sages are wrong. That's what happens when a berk tries to follow logic out here.

Here's the dark of it: If the powers couldn't reach their followers everywhere in the multiverse, they wouldn't be very fearsome, would they? Think about it. Powers are unfathomable, mysterious, and magnificent. How they overcome the logic problem that binds the rest of the magic-using multiverse isn't found in the mortal world. 'Course, the factols debate it: Godsmen say mortals haven't achieved internal understanding; and the Athar use it as evidence that there's a greater universe beyond this one. Are they right? Are they wrong? What's it matter what the poor sods think? The fact is simple: Priests pray and get their spells.



Contacting their gods to learn spells isn't the problem for priests – wandering into enemy territory is. Here's the chant: The planes – Inner, Outer, and even some of the Demiplanes –

are territory specifically beholden to one group of powers or another, powers that don't look kindly on interlopers, especially not provocateurs from some other plane. Some powers, especially those down on the Lower Planes, have enough trouble holding to a truce with rivals on their own plane, let alone with gods from planes that differ both morally and physically. All the sodding priests out to impress their high-ups could make the Outer Planes a very bloody place. Still,

putting every enemy priest in the dead-book's only going to make trouble for a deity, and since it's not possible to lock all the doors to a

plane, the powers find other ways to suppress the meddling agents of their rivals.

The end of it all is that there's a two-part understanding that keeps the multiverse from going to war. First off, gods just don't go sending legions of their faithful into each other's home planes. It's bad form and bad business, even for tanar'ri and baatezu, who have their hands full with each other as it is. Second, and most importantly, *when a priest character is on an Outer Plane other than where his deity resides, he functions as if he were one experience level lower for every plane between himself and his deity's home plane.*

For example, Nayla the Righteous is a 10th-level priest leading a band of faithful warriors into the heart of Pandemonium. The home plane of Nayla's deity is Bytopia. Moving around the outside of the Great Ring (see the poster map of the planes), Elysium, the Beastlands, Arborea, Ysgard, and Limbo all lie between Bytopia and Pandemonium. Therefore, while on Pandemonium Nayla is effectively a 5th-level priest, and all those spells that higher-level clerics wield are lost to her until she gets a little closer to home.

Spell loss is instantaneous and temporary, taking place the moment a plane is entered. If the character currently has memorized more spells and spell levels than are allowed, the extras (of the player's

choice) are instantly wiped from his mind. Upon crossing a boundary that brings him closer to his deity's home plane, the priest's spell levels are instantly restored. However, knowledge of lost spells doesn't instantly return; the character must rest and pray for spells as usual.

Note that Nayla's "power conduit" doesn't trace the shortest route to her home plane, like magical items do (see below). Why? Because the gods don't want it to work that way! It stands to reason that a priest from Bytopia should have a tougher time casting spells on Pandemonium than on Limbo – not everything powers do is unfathomable, berk. On the other hand, if a priest's deity resides on one of the Inner Planes, he's going to lose three effective levels on any Outer Plane, as the Astral, Prime, and Ethereal lie between him and his power source. The same limitation applies to those clerics of the Outer Planes who visit the Inner Planes, so in this case priest magic *does* work like magical items. (Is the logic circular? Remember the *Unity of Rings* principle?) At any rate, the moral of the story is: If you can't take all your spells with you, take lots of scrolls – they're not affected by any of this rival-power/plane stuff.

POWER KEYS

A priest, because a plane's home to his high-up man, can also discover *power keys*. A power key doesn't just restore a spell to normal (like a spell key does), it makes the spell work even better than before. For instance, a cleric who has the right key can cast *cure light wounds* and get the maximum effect every time. Power keys are rare, *very* rare, and the priest who knows one should count himself a lucky soul. Whereas general and specific keys are just part of the planar landscape, power keys (as their name says) are created by the powers themselves.

A power key can change anytime the deity wills it, so there's no promise that a priest can use the same key forever. Odin might teach one of his priests a rune

SPELL KEYS ARE LIKE SCARS —
YOU NEVER LOSE THEM.

— MEG OF THE MAZE



that's a power key to improve all divinations. If that priest should foolishly go out and teach this to all his disciples, Odin might get offended and change the power key so the priest's rune no longer works.

The gods use power keys to reward faithful servants or as extra muscle on a particularly dangerous quest, and they only pass them out to those who deserve them. A priest can't request a power key or even find one in a treasure trove. The best guess as to why power keys are so carefully guarded is that each costs the deity a tiny portion of its might. Not many deities relish the idea of weakening themselves, so power keys are pretty rare.

There's one risk in using power keys that should be mentioned, particularly to priests on the Lower Planes. More than a few of the evil powers enjoy making false power keys. It amuses them no end to let out the chant that standing on one foot while casting a spell or plucking the feathers from a chicken will work as the power key to a whole group of spells. If a priest's lucky, this humor won't cause anything worse than not having a key at all. More likely, the false power key's going to alter the spell in ways the priest surely won't want. In other words, when a berk gets a key, he'd better make sure it's from his deity and not some rival.

MAGICAL ITEMS

Most magical items are bound by the same rules and limitations as wizard spells when it comes to functioning on the planes. Take a *wand of fire* to the plane of Water and all it's really good for is making harmless bubbles of steam. A *wand of wonder*, which uses wild magic, is a useless stick on orderly Mechanus. And unlike spells, there are *no* keys to make magical items work properly. Table III in the next column lists magical items and the spell school equivalents they fall into. Refer to Table II for specific alteration effects on magical items.

MAGICAL WEAPONS AND ARMOR

When magical weapons and armor are made, they become attuned to the energies of the specific plane on which they are crafted. Move such an item away from that plane and its connection to those magical energies weakens. The further it moves from its home plane, the weaker the item becomes, instantly losing one plus for every plane's distance from its home. For instance, take a *sword +2* made on the Prime Material to the Astral or Ethereal Plane and it becomes a *sword +1*. Carry it further still, to the Outer or Inner Planes, and it becomes just a *sword +0*, with no magical bonuses at all. Magi-

TABLE III: SPELL SCHOOL EQUIVALENTS OF MAGICAL ITEMS*

POTIONS AND OILS generally fall in the alteration school, changing the user in some fashion.

PHILTERS are usually enchantment/charms.

PROTECTION SCROLLS are abjurations.

RINGS fall into several categories, depending on function. Most are either alteration (*ring of blinking*, *ring of fire resistance*) or enchantment/charm (*ring of human influence*, *ring of mammal control*). Rings that project energy (*ring of the ram*) are invocation/evocation. Those that call on beings are conjuration/summoning. A *ring of protection* or a *ring of spell-turning* uses abjuration magic. Rings with several uses abide by the affects of the "spell" being cast at the moment.

WANDS are generally of the invocation/evocation school.

STAVES are affected according to the spell being cast. Weaponlike functions use alteration magic.

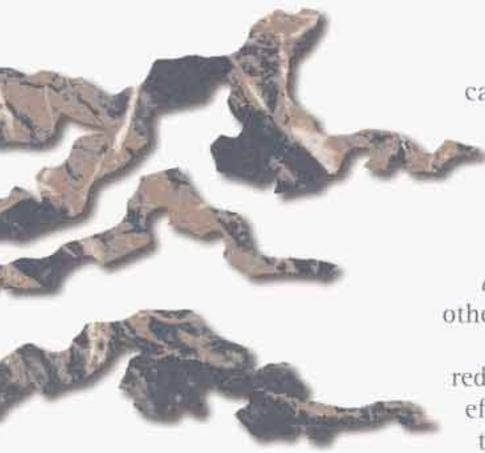
RODS either go by the spell-like power used at the moment or use alteration magic for weaponlike abilities. Several rods (the *rod of rulership*, *rod of beguiling*, *rod of splendor*, and the *rod of terror*) use enchantment/charm magic.

MISCELLANEOUS MAGICAL ITEMS can use the full range of magic schools. The best approach is to compare the item's effects to existing spells. *Bracers of brachiation* are alteration magic, *Bucknard's everfull purse* is conjuration/summoning, and a *libram of gainful conjuration* is necromantic (since it adds life energy in the form of a new level).

ARTIFACTS are unaffected by the planes. Unless specifically noted otherwise, an artifact functions normally on all planes, although even the *effects* of an artifact are subject to the natural laws of the plane. Thus, an artifact that creates a massive *fireball* cannot overcome the problems facing fireballs within the solid ocean of the plane of Water.

* When determining the planar effect on a special magical item, compare it to existing spells — a *potion of healing* would be classified as being in the same school as a *cure light wounds* spell, and a *ring of flying* would be from the same school as a *fly* spell. When there is no clear match for a magical item, the type of item can be used to determine any alteration, as determined in Table III.





cal armor suffers the same fate. Despite being inert, these items still detect as magical to a *detect magic* spell or other divination device.

Magical items reduced to 0 pluses are effectively inert (until they're moved closer to their home planes). At that

point, extra abilities – speech, spell-like powers, and so on – can't be used. (Weapons with multiple pluses, such as a *sword +1, +4 vs. lycanthropes*, are not rendered inert until the entire +4 bonus is lost.) Note that a *sword +2* three times removed from its home plane doesn't become a *sword -1*. The absolute bottom is 0.

To keep track of this change during a game, affected weapons can be noted in adventure keys by placing the modified bonus to hit in parentheses – for example: *sword +2 (+1)*. An inert blade would be noted as a *sword +2 (0)*. An inert item isn't completely useless, for it can still be used against creatures that can only be hit by *any* magical weapon. If a +1 or greater enchantment is specified, however, the sword must retain at least that many bonuses to be effective.

Those bloods who figure cursed weapons are affected in the same way will have to pike it when they exercise the theory. *A cursed blade interacts directly with its wielder no matter where he stands, and all the plane hopping in the multiverse won't change that.*

When calculating the distance between the current plane and the home plane, the DM should remember that the Astral Plane connects to every Outer Plane and that the Ethereal connects to every Inner Plane. So, if a character on Pandemonium uses a magical sword forged on Gehenna, the sword loses 2 from its pluses

because the shortest route traces *through the Astral* (or the Outlands) to Pandemonium. If the sword's home plane were Limbo, it would



only lose 1 plus, since Limbo and Pandemonium are directly adjacent (see the map of the planes). The same pattern applies to the Inner Planes, where the Ethereal serves as the link. The greatest number of planes that can separate two points is four. If an Inner Plane is a weapon's home, the longest path would be Ethereal to Prime Material to Astral to Outer.

When calculating distance, the demiplanes, extradimensional spaces, conduits, color pools, vortices, and everything else have no effect. A demiplane in the Ethereal doesn't count as a separate plane; likewise, a conduit from the Prime Material to an Outer Plane doesn't reduce the number of planes separating the two.

WE'RE MAR⊕NED IN BAA+OR,
Y⊕U'VE L⊕ST+ THE GATE KEY,
A D⊕ZEN PI+ FIENDS
ARE HEADED +HIS WAY,
+HE PALADIN IS D⊕WN
AND MIGH+ BE DEAD,
AND Y⊕UR P⊕WER KEY'S A FAKE —
S⊕ WHA+?

— H⊕R+AZ ⓄF +HE BLEAK CABAL

Fortunately, the variety of planar sources isn't that broad, since most weapons and armor the characters are likely to get come from only a few sources. With the exception of those few deities devoted to the forge, the powers discourage folks on their turf from creating magical items willy-nilly. It doesn't do for even their agents to be making themselves powerful without permission, especially not in the eyes of some fiend-princes of the Lower Planes. Petitioners as a rule don't manufacture magical goods, since this doesn't very often bring them to the great reward they're striving for.

Forge work's not barred everywhere, of course, or there'd be no magic at all on the planes. Aside from the odd bit of godly crafting — something no sod is ever likely to stumble over — Sigil's well known for its magical paraphernalia. The Great Bazaar (see *Sigil and Beyond*) in particular is lined with stalls where a forgemaster wizard'll take an order for a bit of custom work. 'Course, it'll cost a cutter a lot of jink to pay for the job, but there's enough money on the planes to keep a dozen wizards in steady work.



The main reason Sigil's got more of this work than anywhere else is because the gods can't interfere with the business there – not at the center of the Outlands, and not on the Lady of Pain's turf. With nothing to prevent their hand, emigrant dwarves, cunning tieflings, and practical humans have all set up shop in relative safety. *Relative* safety, mind, because there's always the threat of some offended god sending a proxy to put a body in the dead-book. Plus, there's always thieves practicing the cross-trade on lucrative targets.

There's another reason Sigil's weaponry is in demand, a practical one that keeps the business coming. Weapons made in Sigil lose only a *single* plus on the Great Ring, as the Outlands are adjacent to all the Outer Planes. It's the best place for a planar to make a weapon, short of the Astral, and that plane's too full of dangers.

Another common source of weapons is the Prime Material Plane, as so many primes have been making, trading, and getting themselves killed over magical weapons for eons. 'Course, prime-based weapons suffer the loss of 2 pluses on both the Inner and Outer Planes. This means most prime-material gear is a patch weaker than what a planar might make. All told, the best that can be said of prime weapons is that they're equally disadvantaged on the Inner and Outer Planes.

Because of its importance to a PLANESCAPE campaign, DMs *and* players should keep track of the home plane of magical weapons – but this doesn't need to be a difficult and secretive process. The source of most

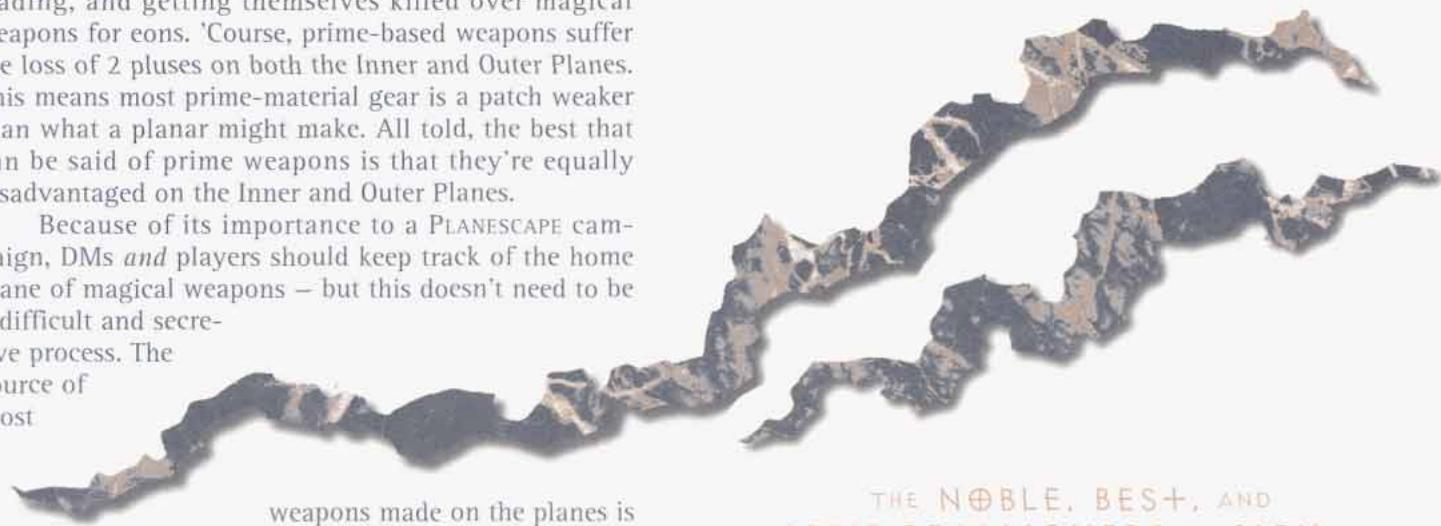
weapons made on the planes is easy to tell; a sword made on the Abyss just doesn't look the same as a sword from Mount Celestia. If a basher can't identify the source, there are experts in places like Sigil who will gladly do so (for a fee, of course).

When a magical weapon is discovered, the DM can choose one of three options for its origin. First, it can be given a particular home plane, carefully chosen for some specific adventure purpose. This choice is best re-

served for those *really rare* items made by proxies. Getting and using one of these items is usually a highlight touch to a grand adventure: Braving the 50th layer of the Abyss, the player characters discover the armor and sword of the late Imperious the Faithful, who had been specially outfitted and sent on the same quest the characters are now trying to complete. That'll give the players pause.

Second, the weapon's home plane can be the same as the current plane. This is quick and convenient at the time the weapon's found, but can lead to confusing bookkeeping, especially if the characters travel to several planes and acquire gear on the way. Also, what seems like reasonably good magic when first found can prove weak and nearly useless as the group travels farther away.

The third and easiest solution is to assume the weapon comes from Sigil. This way, most weapon adjustments in the entire party are consistent throughout the majority of the Outer Planes, simplifying bookkeeping for players and DMs. This choice should be used as the default unless stated otherwise. That way it serves as a protection, should the DM forget, the players lose their notes, or some similar calamity occur.



THE NOBLE, BEST, AND
TRUE PETITIONERS IN SIGIL
ARE THOSE WHO TURN
AND LISTEN
WHEN THEY HEAR
SWEET TRUMPETS SOUNDING.

— DEVA ISAB
OF THE BENT WING

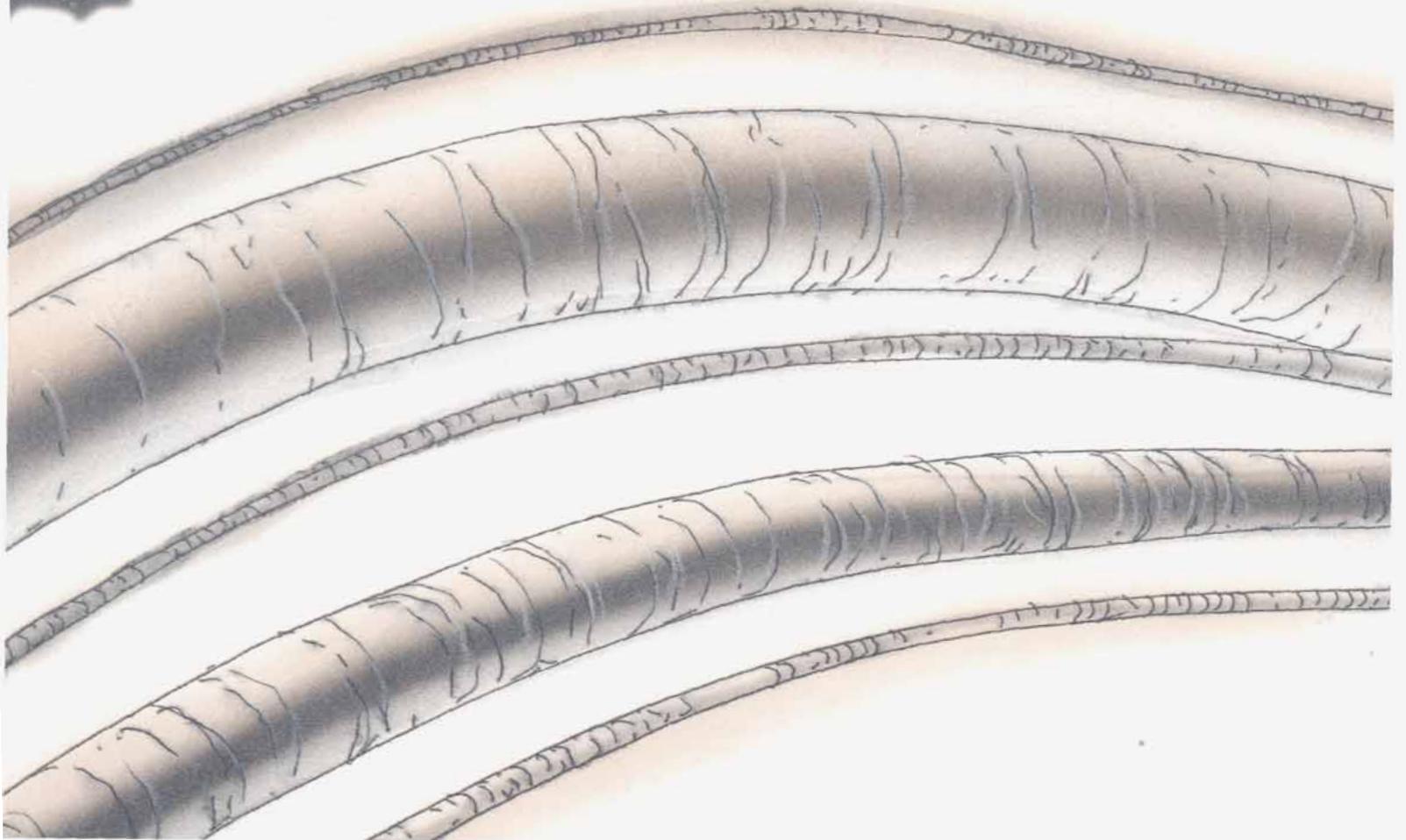
For a cutter to make it on the planes, he's got to know how to get around quickly. It won't do if a sod's got to wander through Gehenna and the Gray Waste because he doesn't know the quickest way to Carceri. It's

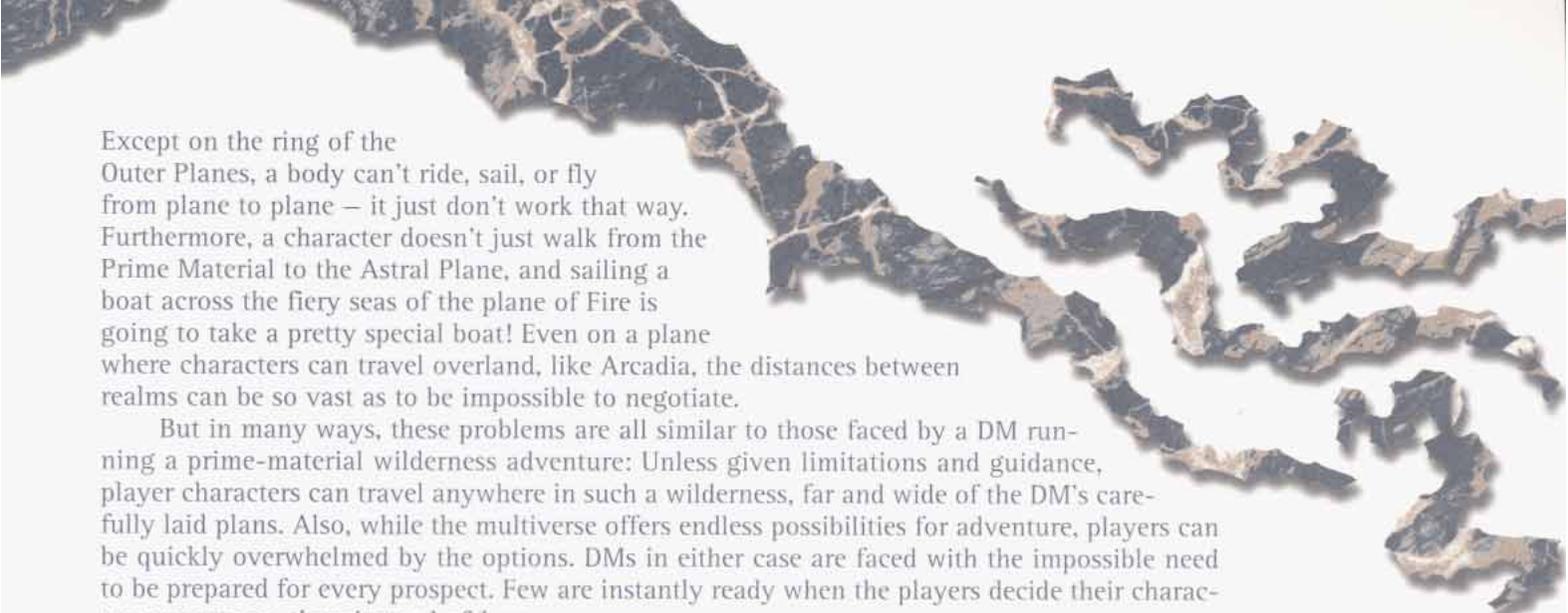
TRAVELING + THE PLANES

pure fact: No planar wants to rely on spellcasters just to cross the Ethereal. For a blood to survive on the planes, he's got to learn the dark of portals, doors, conduits, vortices, and other planar pathways. Only then can he really safely adventure on the planes. 'Course, nobody starts off knowing all this stuff — it's something most bashers learn as they go along.

KEEPING CONTROL

A practical problem for every PLANESCAPE campaign is that of how characters will travel through the vast expanse of the planes. Normal wilderness movement from one infinite universe to the next is impossible.





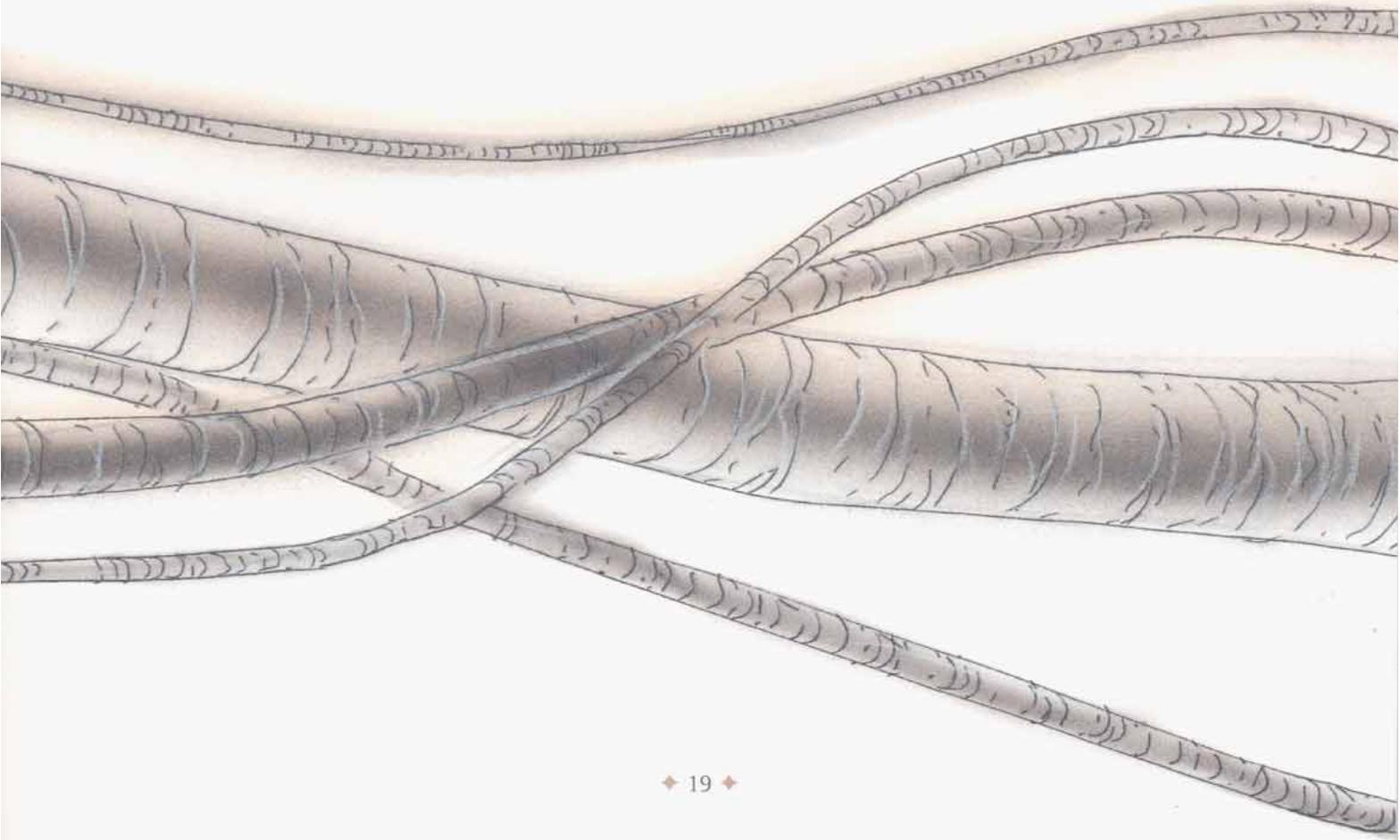
Except on the ring of the Outer Planes, a body can't ride, sail, or fly from plane to plane – it just don't work that way. Furthermore, a character doesn't just walk from the Prime Material to the Astral Plane, and sailing a boat across the fiery seas of the plane of Fire is going to take a pretty special boat! Even on a plane where characters can travel overland, like Arcadia, the distances between realms can be so vast as to be impossible to negotiate.

But in many ways, these problems are all similar to those faced by a DM running a prime-material wilderness adventure: Unless given limitations and guidance, player characters can travel anywhere in such a wilderness, far and wide of the DM's carefully laid plans. Also, while the multiverse offers endless possibilities for adventure, players can be quickly overwhelmed by the options. DMs in either case are faced with the impossible need to be prepared for every prospect. Few are instantly ready when the players decide their characters want to go *there* instead of *here*.

Therefore, spells, magical items, portals, pools, conduits, and vortices are just the tools to help the DM keep the planes manageable. Over most of these the DM has absolute control. The characters can't independently open a new portal in Sigil or direct the flow of a vortex; these things the DM decides. Likewise, the DM chooses what magical items are discovered and where color pools will lead. With these, the DM can prevent the player characters from reaching certain planes.

But blocking the characters from taking unauthorized tangents is only half the solution. If the players don't want their characters to explore the DM's latest creation, then blocking off all other choices only leads to frustration. Interested players certainly don't need to have their characters pushed, and they'll probably talk about where they want to go long before they know how to get there. Good DMs watch for those cues and use them.

EVERY+HING DECAYS.
WE'RE JUST+ HERE
+@ HELP IT+ ALONG.
—FAC+@L PEN+AR @F +HE
D@OMGUARD



T ⊕ AND FROM + THE PRIME

Although most planars won't admit it, a prime's claim that his home world is the hub for the multiverse makes a lot of sense. It's the only plane where both the Astral and Ethereal Planes intersect, so it is something of a crossroads of the multiverse.

Yet for some reason, the Prime Material Plane isn't very open to planar travel. Folks from the Outer Planes are always amazed at the effort it takes for a group of primes to shift from one plane to another. This is mainly because primes lack the *natural* ability to pass between planes, a power most planars take for granted. Planar travel to and from the Prime Material usually requires special spells or magical items to make the journey. Oh, there are a few vortices and conduits, but not many and they're little known. In addition, a few of Sigil's portals open onto worlds of the Prime Material Plane.

Nevertheless, the *astral spell* and *plane shift* spells are by far the most common methods for traveling off the Prime Material. The first carries the caster (and those traveling with her) to the Astral Plane only. A *plane shift* is a quicker method for reaching a distant plane, since it allows the caster to skip the tedious business of traveling through any intervening planes. It does have more risk, though, since the caster is there "body and soul," as it were, and if the caster is killed, she's as dead as if she'd been killed on the Prime Material Plane. The *astral spell*, on the other hand, creates a new body for the caster, and this allows her to take more risks on the Outer Planes. When an astral body is killed, the caster's spirit immediately returns to her body on the Prime Material Plane. (It's said the worst this causes is a bad case of nerves and a nasty headache.)

Curiously, although the Prime Material Plane is a nexus point to the Ethereal, wizards and priests have yet to come up with an ethereal version of the *astral spell*. The best-guess reason for this is that without the silver cord – something unique to the Astral Plane – it's impossible to make a version of this spell work on the Ethereal Plane. Sure enough, wizards haven't been able to create any spell that specifically gives them a door to the Ethereal Plane, even though this isn't a problem for magical items.

The items listed below provide other common ways for primes to reach the planes. These have the advantage that the DM can control what he or she chooses to give the players (and when).

- ◆ *Amulet of the planes*
- ◆ *Cubic gate*
- ◆ *Mirror of mental prowess*
- ◆ *Oil of etherealness*
- ◆ *Plate mail of etherealness*
- ◆ *Robe of stars*
- ◆ *Rod of passage*
- ◆ *Staff of the magi*
- ◆ *Trimia's catalogue of Outer Plane artifacts*
- ◆ *Well of many worlds*

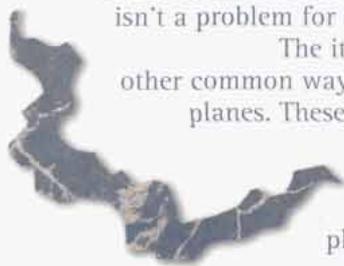
It should be said that there are several problems in relying on magical items for getting bashers around. For one, several of these items do more than just open a path to the planes. Giving a cutter a *staff of the magi* means giving him a good deal of firepower, maybe more than the DM desires. Second, a number of these items can be used only by wizards. This means everyone in the group may have to rely on a single character – another potential problem and conflict. Third, other items such as *oil of etherealness* have limited uses, so some characters may find themselves stranded on a plane without a way to get home. Finally, there's the matter of just giving magical items away. If at all possible, adventurers should have to earn their magical items, not just conveniently receive them.

What most primes don't know is that there are ways that *anybody* can use to get around the multiverse, if they know the dark of them. These are a few means to move the player characters around the planes that don't rely on spells or magical items. They are the gatelike passages known as elemental vortices, astral conduits, and portals. Color pools are accessible, but only through the Astral Plane.

ELEMENTAL VORTICES

Vortices are direct openings between one of the four basic Elemental Planes (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water) and the Prime Material Plane. They aren't the easiest things to use, since vortices are found only at the heart of great concentrations of elemental stuff on the Prime Material Plane. This means most vortices gape at the heart of things like volcanic caldera, oceanic trenches, soaring mountain peaks, or the deepest mines. Vortices are, however, very stable – such large concentrations of matter seldom shift much over the course of a human lifetime.

There also may be vortices that lead to the Quasi- and Paraelemental Planes. None have yet been mapped, and if they exist they're probably only temporary things, brought into being by sudden passing events. A vortex to the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning might be found at the very center of a raging thunderstorm, and another to Radiance might be located in the curling arm of a solar flame.



A vortex looks like a shimmering pool or wall of elemental stuff – fire swirls and bends with flaming magma, water ripples with deep cerulean colors, air shimmers like heat waves, and earth grinds and shifts like earthquake-trembled rock. When a basher knows what to look for, they aren't too hard to find.

There aren't any known vortices to the Energy Planes. Although both are basic life (or death) forces, wise bloods don't classify them as Elemental Planes.

ASTRAL CONDUITS

Conduits are shafts that go directly from the Prime Material Plane to one of the Outer Planes. Conduits pass right through the Astral Plane and look like giant silver arteries there. They snake all the way through that plane in their journey from the Prime Material to one of the Outer Planes. Although it seems that conduits don't move, the chant from astral travelers is that these conduits are constantly twisting, writhing, and wriggling around on that plane. Luckily, though, the ends remain largely stable, most always dropping a berk off in pretty much the same place each time he passes through one.

In wizard talk, conduits are either *young* or *mature*. A young conduit goes only one way, so it's possible for a poor sod to step off a conduit into Baator and not have a way back. Mature conduits let a cutter step through in either direction, which can be useful until that pursuing fiend steps through, too. Whether young or mature, conduits can only take a being to the uppermost level of any plane, though there are other conduits that can go from one level of a plane to another. A berk can't go from the Prime Material Plane straight to the seventh layer of Mount Celestia or right down to the iciest layer of Baator through *any* astral conduit (though why a berk'd ever want to do the latter is beyond reasoning).

A fellow can't pick out where he's going to land, either. The first time through a conduit is blind chance. All a basher



knows is that it'll be somewhere on some plane. In fact, most conduits tend to drop a sod somewhere in the middle of nowhere. This ain't necessarily as bad as it sounds, though, since a fiend's not too likely to be generous toward unannounced visitors in its malignant home.

The maw of a conduit is invisible to normal sight. Under a spell like *true seeing*, it looks like a reflective haze – a cloudy mirror is another way to describe it. The haze is opaque, and certainly nothing can be seen of where the conduit leads or what might be on the other side. Conduits have the great advantage of being quick. They pop a body right through the Astral Plane in a nod and a wink, so a cutter doesn't have to waste any precious travel time. However, since they're often two-way, there's just as much chance of something unpleasant stepping off the Outer Planes as there is of a prime zipping to the Outer Planes for a quick adventure.

As conduits are pretty well anchored, there's a brisk trade in maps of their openings and endings. It pays to be real careful in buying these, however, because there's more than a few cony-catchers out there with cunningly made forgeries, ready to work the cross-trade on some gully prime.

PORALS

Portals are the doorways to and from Sigil, and they have a lot of advantages over vortices and conduits! First, a portal can connect to any layer of any plane at any point – it's just that one end is always anchored in Sigil. Step through an archway in Sigil and a sod might find himself on the 447th layer of the Abyss or the sixth level of Mount Celestia. Second, portals don't pass through any other planes. It's not like a conduit, where the traveler still has to go through the Astral Plane (although in just seconds). Portals directly link two places. Third, portals aren't as hostile as vortices. A cutter doesn't have to figure out how to reach the center of a volcano or the bottom of an ocean in order to use a portal. Most of them are easy to reach and pass through – provided a body knows where to look.

A portal may be easy to reach, but to do that a sod's got to find it, and that's another matter entirely. Portals generally don't advertise themselves. They don't glow with strange colors, and a being can't look through one and see the destination on the other side. They don't detect as magical, but their presence can be discovered with a *true seeing* spell, though even this won't reveal where they go. A basher can walk through a portal and have nothing at all happen, too, because each one takes a special *gate* key.

This key isn't like the one used for a normal lock and it isn't a spell or power key, either. This key's something particular to that portal – a word, an action, or

YOU EVER TRAVELED
THE GREAT ROAD
AND SEEN THE MADNESS
OUT THERE. LEATHERHEAD?
TRY IT, AND THEN TELL ME
IT ALL MEANS SOMETHING.

— CARAVAN-MASTER PHAAL
OF THE BLEAK CABAL

an object carried across the threshold, for instance. Only when the key's used will the portal come to life. Then, the portal flashes with a brief flare of light – golden, ruddy, hellish, or whatever – and an electrical crackle sounds as the traveler steps through. Those watching *might* see a brief glimpse of the destination, if they're quick to watch before the brilliance fades away.

Some portals are stable, some are temporary, and others seem to shift around in random patterns. Portals always ground their ends in some kind of arch. In Sigil, this is mostly doorways and gates. Out on the planes it might be anything – a palace door, a cave mouth, the curve of a bridge, even a canopy of tree branches. Because of this, portals are rarer on Limbo or the Ethereal and Astral Planes, where archlike shapes are harder to find. Portals to the Ethereal lead mostly to demiplanes of solid matter. Portals to the Astral have an unpleasant habit of grounding themselves in githyanki fortresses. On Limbo, portals constantly shift and move as new arches rise and old ones collapse in the turmoil of that plane.

Sages aren't sure what the portals are and why they always have one end in Sigil. Theories abound, and it's something of a sport to try to propose an answer. It's a mystery that makes Guvners crazy – they can come up with the rules for what the portals do, but not those for why. Answers run from complicated calculations about Sigil as the nexus point of the multiverse to the incredible-sounding but perhaps accurate suggestion that the portals are living things which feed off the energies of Sigil and its travelers.

Who knows the real truth? It doesn't really matter – the portals work.

THE GREAT ROAD

... ain't really a road and it ain't all that great, but that's what folks call it: the Great Road, the Ring. Fact is, it's an idea more than a thing. There's actually a road on some planes, but mostly it's the thought of the Ring, the grand union of all the Outer Planes, that poets sing about. What it really is is a string of portals, permanent and unchanging, that link each Outer Plane to its adjacent fellows. Now, if a berk had the years and the com-



pliance of the fiends in his path, he just might be able to walk the whole thing in sixteen lifetimes, but, then, who'd want to?

Each portal on the Great Road exists as an arch, like the portals of Sigil. However, looking through one of the arches of the Ring, a being can see his destination on the other side. Passing through doesn't require a key, either. All a being's got to do is step through the arch.

Towns, forts, encampments, even barricades spring up around the Great Road's portals. On the Upper Planes, they're usually used for trade and commerce, but on the Lower Planes these towns are staging points for the endless Blood War. These are dangerous places to pass through – a stranger here could get himself gutted as a spy or dragooned into the fiends' ranks. Most folks don't go there without a powerful reason.

Each Outer Plane has a permanent portal that leads to the Outlands, too. Towns sprout up around the Outlander end, like Plague-Mort, Ribcage, Glorium, and Automata. But even though these burgs sit on the Outlands, their character is very much that of the plane they watch. Ribcage, which lies at the portal to Baator, is thick with pestilence and horror, and Glorium, near Ysgard, is filled with noble virtue, and so on. These are places where low-level adventurers can get a taste of the planes with a little less risk involved. See *Sigil and Beyond* for ideas and further information.

THE ETHEREAL PLANE

The cocoon of the Inner Planes, the Ethereal Plane is, in Marinj the Poet's words, "The grand and misty shore." For a body that's seen it, the description makes sense, because the Ethereal's like a great fog-bound realm with mists of green, red, silver, blue, and whatnot in between. In this a cutter can sometimes see shapes: windows to other planes or drifting globs of protomatter, the stuff of future demiplanes.

The Ethereal's more like an ocean than Marinj knew, as it has its shores and its deeps. When a berk first crosses the boundary into this plane, he's in the shallow end, called the Border Ethereal. While traveling in this region, a basher's not really here or there – he's not in the Ethereal or on his starting plane; in the Border, he's in both. He can see into adjacent planes, but he's invisible to most folks there. The boundary between the Border Ethereal and the Deep Ethereal is easy to spot. It's a big, shimmery wall of color, like the "northern lights" some primes talk about. The Deep Ethereal's like the ocean, vast and bottomless.

The ethereal mist isn't completely empty, though. Shapes rise and fall out of this void like strangers in the fog. Pure fact is, there's plenty living here, things

friendly and dangerous both.

There's creatures that live on the Ethereal but hunt on the Prime Material. There's others that prey on ethereal travelers, waiting to snare them in the mist. . . .

Then there's the demiplanes. They're islands of matter out in the deeps of the Ethereal. Demiplanes are like regular planes, only they're smaller and have definite borders. Sages figure that, in some millennia hence, these demiplanes might become full-fledged planes themselves, but this is only theory since it's never happened (that the sages know about, anyway). No basher knows how many demiplanes exist. Prime-material wizards keep making new ones all the time, it seems. Some of them are well mapped, but others are barely known. Of the two best known, the Demiplane of Shadow is the largest, and it's powerful enough to extend its essence into other planes. There, it feeds such creatures as the slow shadow and the shadow dragon. It's possible that the Demiplane of Shadow is near to becoming a full-fledged Inner Plane.

Another of the demiplanes is one of mystery, known only as the "Demiplane of Dread," which is forever lost in the deepest mists. Those unlucky plane-hoppers who find it mostly don't come back, and the few who do tell tales of horror that do well to caution others. Those sods talk of lands of darkness and despair, where evil plays with mortals like a little boy plays with toys.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. In the Border Ethereal, a person can see the shadowy outlines of whatever plane he's adjacent to. The ground beneath his feet is the shadowy ground of that plane. The traveler can't touch, move, or speak to anything on the other plane. Actions and verbal communication are impossible without spells or magical items. In his ethereal form, a traveler can walk right through any solid object on the other plane that's not sheathed in dense metals or magic. Ethereal travelers are invisible to folks on the other plane unless they use a *detect invisibility* or a specially researched *detect ethereal* spell.

In the Deep Ethereal the ground vanishes, but travelers still move as if they were walking, riding, flying, or whatever. They're not doing any of that, though. Instead, they unconsciously move by power of thought. Distances have no meaning. It only takes "some time" to reach one's goal. The clearer the thought and desire, the less time needed to reach the intended destination.

WHERE DO I GO
+ SEE THE BLOOD WAR?
— ANONYMOUS CLUELESS



DIT
ERL
1221
-

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Most spells function normally on this plane. (Course, those spells that access the Astral and Outer Planes are restricted.) Solid matter created here can be moved easily, since it's virtually weightless. Illusion/phantasms created here last without concentration, then gradually fade into nothingness. There's a 5% chance of any illusion taking on a life and reality of its own, beyond the caster's control.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Chronolily, foo creature, gingwatzim, gk'lok-lok, phase spider, terithran, and thought eater occupy the Ethereal. Many other creatures hunt in or can see into this plane. Those able to see into the Ethereal Plane can affect beings there with spells and gaze attacks. In addition, there's the risk (at the DM's whim) of an ether cyclone snatching up travelers and hurling them into random planes touched by the Ethereal.

THE ASTRAL PLANE

To some it's the most dreadful of nothings, an unrelieved expanse of silver, worse than the fog of the Ethereal Plane. For others the Silver Void (as it's also called) is a place of subtle wonder, with patterns in the shades that hint at greater things. The Astral Plane looks empty, but there's a lot drifting in it.

The most common things a basher's going to see there are the color pools – gateways to the Outer Planes. These hang in the void, shimmering in prismatic colors like the surface of a pond. A few primes have let out the chant that the pools are color-coded, letting a body know which plane they lead to, but as usual they're wrong. One smart thing to know, though, is that a sod can use a color pool like a window, to see where he's going, if he looks through the colorful side and concentrates on what's beyond. It's sad the number of leatherheads who don't know that trick.

Color pools are one-sided, and a being can hit one from its backside without seeing it. Passing through a color pool – from either side – spits a traveler out onto the uppermost level of that pool's plane. Moving through a color pool's been described as kind of like pushing through warm molasses – the pool kind of surrounds a body when he presses against it.

Astral conduits to the Outer Planes are another feature of this plane. These look like whirling funnels, except they've got no ends. No matter how far a sod travels, these conduits seem to go further.

Conduits are dangerous, too, because they tend to thrash around



and can suck up a traveler and spit him out someplace he don't want to be (at the DM's whim).

More dangerous than the conduits are the githyanki, who'd just as soon put a sod in the dead-book as talk to him. Their homes are built on great islands of matter sucked out of other planes by the creation of a new conduit. Larger githyanki settlements are sometimes made on the drifting corpses of long-forgotten powers. Weakened beyond awareness, these powers have been cast out of the planes to drift helplessly in the silver void. Not dead yet not alive, these so-called "god-isles" are slowly crumbling in an undying decay. Occasionally a dim glimmer of awareness stirs the power, and sometimes its thoughts and dreams overwhelm the squatters upon it. There's also the githyanki ships – bizarre vessels powered by thought alone, used to hunt the astral whales and dreadnoughts of this universe.

Numerous little things are also found on the Astral Plane, like arrows soaring in endless flight, enemies banished to the drift in the void, and even dangerous magic that's been cast out here for the safety of all.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Visitors, whether on a silver cord or not, assume a solid (though translucent and pale) version of themselves. Bodies and objects are weightless, but can be propelled normally. The world has no up, down, north, or south. Creatures don't breathe, and they eat and drink sparingly. They move by pushing off things or by thought. For the latter method, the character simply thinks about his goal and moves. For player characters, Intelligence score \times 30 equals the number of feet traveled per round. In that weightless environment, Intelligence determines the bonus to hit and damage as if it were Strength, while Wisdom has the same effect on Armor Class and missile fire as Dexterity does. All missile ranges (not magic ranges) are doubled, though non-native creatures suffer a -2 attack penalty.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The Astral has no link to the Ethereal and no extradimensional spaces. Everything radiates magic on this plane, so *detect magic* is useless.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Astral dreadnought, astral wind, foo creature, and githyanki reside here. Astral winds can sweep a traveler to distant reaches of the plane without a moment's notice.



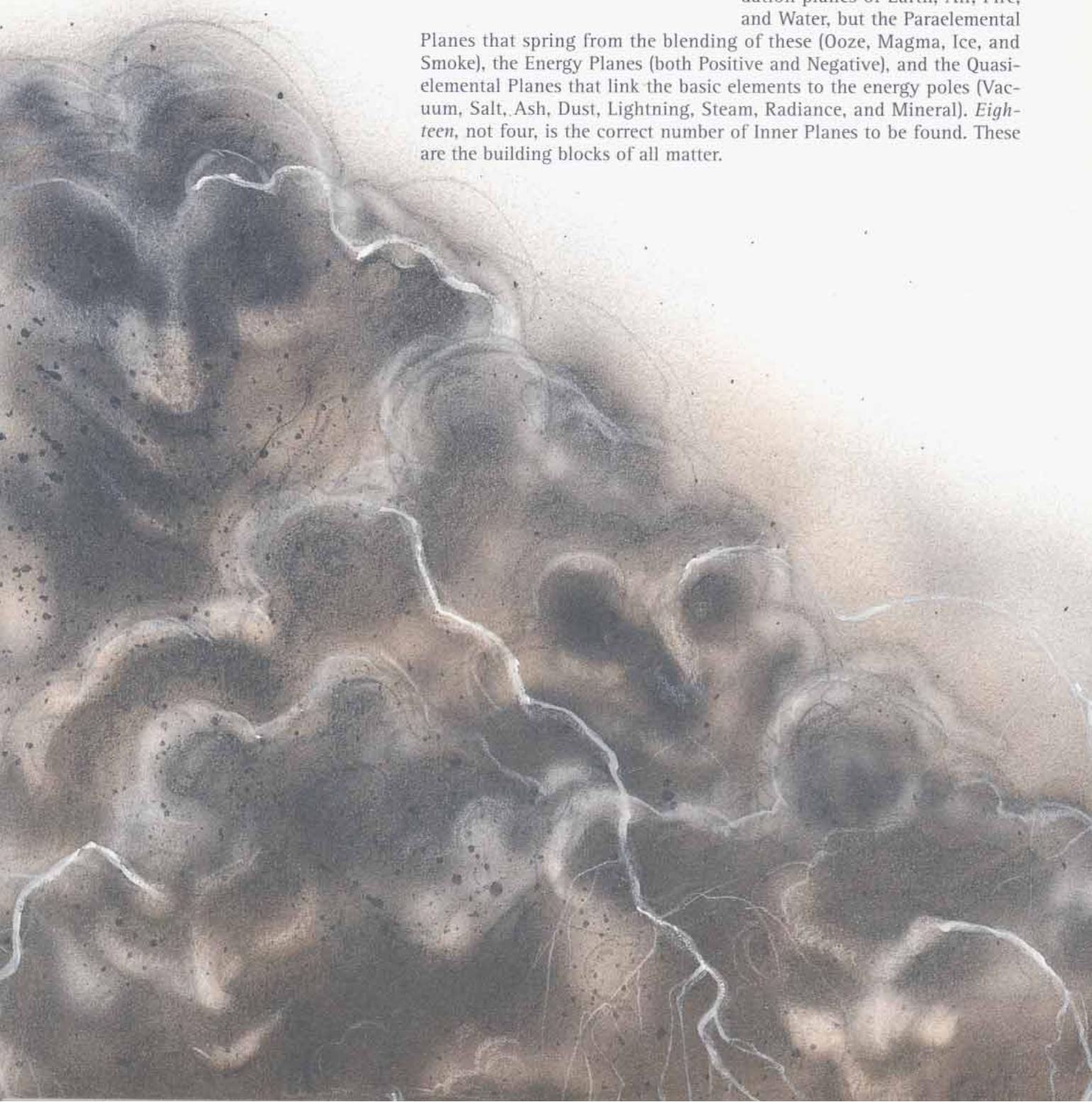


The Inner Planes are the realms of the elements. They're places of narrow-minded extremes, places whose very existence is devoted to a single substance. Of all the planes in the multiverse, perhaps none are more hostile to mortal life than these.

Ask a clueless prime to number the Elemental Planes and he'll probably say four – Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. In truth, there's more than four. The Inner Planes include a whole range of elemental possibilities – not just the foundation planes of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, but the Paraelemental

THE INNER PLANES

Planes that spring from the blending of these (Ooze, Magma, Ice, and Smoke), the Energy Planes (both Positive and Negative), and the Quasi-elemental Planes that link the basic elements to the energy poles (Vacuum, Salt, Ash, Dust, Lightning, Steam, Radiancy, and Mineral). *Eighteen*, not four, is the correct number of Inner Planes to be found. These are the building blocks of all matter.



GENERAL CONDITIONS

Although each of the Inner Planes is singular by its own nature, they all have certain features in common. These are presented below.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Except for the planes of Air, Lightning, and Steam, mortals can't safely breathe on the Elemental Planes. On the plane of Fire, air is superheated beyond all tolerance and filled with poisonous gases. The planes of Earth and Water have no air to breathe at all; the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke chokes what air there is with thick fumes; and the Energy Planes simply have no atmosphere to speak of.

On virtually every plane, travelers had better make special provisions for food and drink as well. The Inner Planes have no inns, farms, plants, or game suitable to any but their own elemental denizens. Sure, a xorn'll insist food abounds on the plane of Earth, but that's true only for those who eat rocks and gems; any other poor sod had better pack his own lunch. At least on the plane of Water a body can get something to drink. . . .

MAGIC CONDITIONS. The Inner Planes have no connection to the Astral Plane, so wizard spells needing outer-planar contact don't function without a spell key. Elemental spells — *airy water*, *water breathing*, *transmute rock to mud*, and so on — can be modified by a spellcaster for use on each plane. For instance, *airy water* can be researched and modified to *airy earth*, while *water breathing* changes to *fire breathing*, and *transmute rock to mud* becomes *transmute fire to smoke* (the para-plane equivalent). For most, the intended effect of the spell remains the same. Research on the modified spell takes 1d6 weeks and costs 1d6 × 100 gp. The new version counts against a wizard's total spells known.

DIRECTIONS. The Inner Planes have no north, south, east, or west, and some and don't even have an up or down. "Up" is whatever direction a being decides. With this condition, normal compasses are useless, so a cutter needs an *elemental compass* instead. Without one of these magical devices or — and don't even hope for this — a good landmark to sight on, a basher's quickly lost.

The best way to get around on any of the Inner Planes is to get a guide, because natives to the Inner Planes never get lost on their home turf. Even the simplest harginn knows which direction the City of Brass lies in. A sage blood knows to hire himself a native guide straight off, and he never bobs him in the end either.

POCKETS. None of the Inner Planes is purely all one element. Over the history of all time, little bits of elements have drifted loose and crossed the boundaries between the planes, until by now there are pockets of most element types to be found on all the others.

Boulderlike islands of Earth drift through the plane of Air, pools of Water are held geode-like on the plane of Earth, lavalike patches of Earth float on the seas of the plane of Fire, and even globes of Electricity briefly surge through the plane of Water. Pockets can be useful to travelers, providing a place to stand, air to breathe, and water to drink — all the basic needs. Their sizes and durations vary greatly, but pockets have been known to hold large cities from time to time.

THE BEAUTY OF A SPELL KEY
IS THAT IT'S A SECRET
OF THE MULTIVERSE
THAT FITS IN YER PÖCKET.
— PARGE++E THE APPREN+ICE



THE PLANE OF AIR

Imagine being tens of thousands of feet up in the air – so high up the ground's out of sight. That's what the plane of Air's like: nothing but air. It's a world of brilliant blue, like the sky viewed from the highest mountaintop. It's not featureless, though. Creatures fly through the great vault of endless sky, and other things – chunks of matter from other planes mostly – drift aimlessly about. Winds rise from gentle breezes to raging gales in mere seconds, and then die down as quickly as they came. Most fearsome of all are the storms blown in from other planes – fearsome lightning, giant hail, scorching heat, choking dust, and whirling maelstroms that are ringlike tornados, eating their own tails.

Beings on the plane of Air divide into two classes. There are the natives – djinn and air elementals of all types – who stay to the sky, seldom or never setting foot on the pockets of other stuff that drift by. Then, because the plane's not hostile (and is even beautiful to some), there's a fair number of extraplanar sods here, too, visiting or setting up outposts. Those who ain't natural flyers or elementals from other planes tend to cling to stony, floating islands in the endless sky. Djinn sometimes build palaces and cities on these, too. The greatest of these is the Citadel of Ice and Steel. Not far from it is a vortex called the Waterspout, which leads to the plane of Water. Other places of note include Borealis and Taifun, the Palace of Tempests.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. North, south, east, and west are meaningless here, so Smoke, Void, Storm, and Ice are given as directions. Move in the direction of those planes and the air gradually changes to match, becoming warmer, thinner, windier, or colder. 'Course, without a local guide, a basher's got no chance of figuring just which way is which. Up and down are just as funny – the plane tends to orient itself to things within it. Groups agree that "down" is the same direction and things around them behave accordingly. Rain "falls" according to their down. A cutter standing on a rock knows that down is beneath his feet and a roc in the sky knows that down is beneath it. The only real problem is that believing there's a down means a berk can

fall. If a poor sod tumbles out of his hippogriff's saddle, he's going to fall endlessly (unless, of course, he hits a passing rock). Natives of the plane don't have this problem – up and down are disposable ideas to them. Those beings move through the plane either by flying or by riding something that can. There are also flying ships, ponderous gas-bags built by non-natives to sail between the different settlements of the plane.

On the side, even an addle-cove should realize that inanimate things don't think about up and down, so they aren't affected by it. Arrows never fall, but travel in a straight line, going slower and slower till they stop in midair. Pockets on the plane tend to form into spheres – jewel-like orbs of water, cooling lumps of magma, giant balls of ice, even crystalline masses of salt that drift like seeds on the wind.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells can only draw creatures from the planes of Air, Smoke, Ice, Lightning, and Vacuum. In addition to the standard air elementals, this generally includes sylphs, aerial servants, mephits, shockers, and tempests. Note that beings native to the plane of Air aren't automatically bound by the summoning. The caster has to use another way to force them to his or her will, like employing a *ring of elemental control*.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Aerial servant, air elemental, air mephit, djinni, ildriss, invisible stalker, skriaxit, sylph, tempest, and wind walker are all present on this plane. The plane is also home to a number of powers, including Akadi (the elemental queen) and Caliph Husam al-Balil ben Hafhat al-Yugayyim (the Master of the Clouds and Son of the Breezes, Commander of the Four Winds, Ruler of All Djinn, Defender of the Heavens, Prince of Birds, Storm of the Righteous, and so on). The greatest natural hazards are the maelstroms. All within 100 yards of one of these must successfully save vs. paralyzation or be caught, thereupon suffering 1d10 points of damage per round. Escape is possible only with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll or through outside aid. Spellcasting is impossible while trapped in a maelstrom.

AND ENJOY MY STAY, +@
TRAVELER! WELCOME YOUR
— A XA@SI+EC+ NAMED
SIVAL . . . FOR +@DAY

THE PLANE OF EARTH

Press against a solid stone wall – that’s what the plane of Earth is like. Solid and unyielding, this plane is one of the Inner Planes that’s least open to travelers. A cutter can’t fly through it like the plane of Air, swim through it like the plane of Water, or sail on it like the plane of Fire. It’s a universe of unbreached rock.

Still, there’s reasons for going there. Armorers and swordsmiths will pay a fine price for iron dredged from the heart of the plane, and jewelers cherish the stones pried from it. But there’s a lot of danger on it, too. A being can get lost without even trying, as there’s no landmarks or clear expanses to guide him on his way. Plus, wander away from the heart of the plane and Earth becomes Dust, Magma, or Ooze – all almost as difficult and just as deadly.

There are a *few* places to go in this plane. The Great Dismal Delve is an immense series of caverns where the khan of the dao resides in the Sevenfold Mazework. Visiting that place isn’t recommended, though, since the dao are notorious slavers. Travelers here can find the Pale River and the Iron Crucible, vortices to the planes of Water and Fire. There are also the hidden fortresses of wizards and trading outposts, magically tucked into pockets deep in the core of the plane. The plane of Earth’s a popular place for emperors to banish their enemies, wizards to store their treasures, and even for paladins to hide evil artifacts.

Then there are the denizens of the plane. Perhaps they’ve absorbed too much of their surroundings, because their natures are slow, dour, and stubborn. More bizarre than most planars, the elementals of Earth share little in appearance or sympathies with any save perhaps the most obsessed dwarves. Earth and digging are all these denizens seem to care for.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Getting around is the biggest problem facing any traveler to this plane, the whole of it being solid earth, broken only occasionally by pockets and tunnels.

Travelers need a means to penetrate the rock, such as *passwall* and *stone shape* spells or a *wand of corridors*. A particularly determined fellow could try mining his way through the plane, but only at a rate of about 1 foot per turn.

Doing so requires constant detours around impenetrable seams of pure elemental

stone. Any kind of tunnel eventually “heals” in 1d6 days, as the ground closes the wound, so mining out a passageway seems twice as futile.

Even with a means to get around, a traveler must have a guide or an *elemental compass*. Even the latter is useless without some understanding of where the goal lies. Unlike some other Elemental Planes, there are no landmarks a body can sight on. There are no directions, and up and down are determined by the traveler – feet point down, heads look up. It’s perfectly possible for two travelers to meet and each be standing on a different wall. This usually lasts only for a moment, though, since one or the other will fall to match the other’s “down” (higher Wisdom prevails, with Intelligence settling any ties). ‘Course, things that make their home on this plane have no such difficulty with the matter at all.

Besides getting around, breathing, drinking, and eating are all problems. The interior of the plane has no natural air supply, so a sod’s either got to bring one or find a way to make one. The same holds true of food and water. Pockets of elemental Air and Water can be found, along with a few mushroom-filled caverns, but only a leatherhead relies on these to survive. *Airy earth* makes the soil breathable and *create food and water* can fulfill other needs.

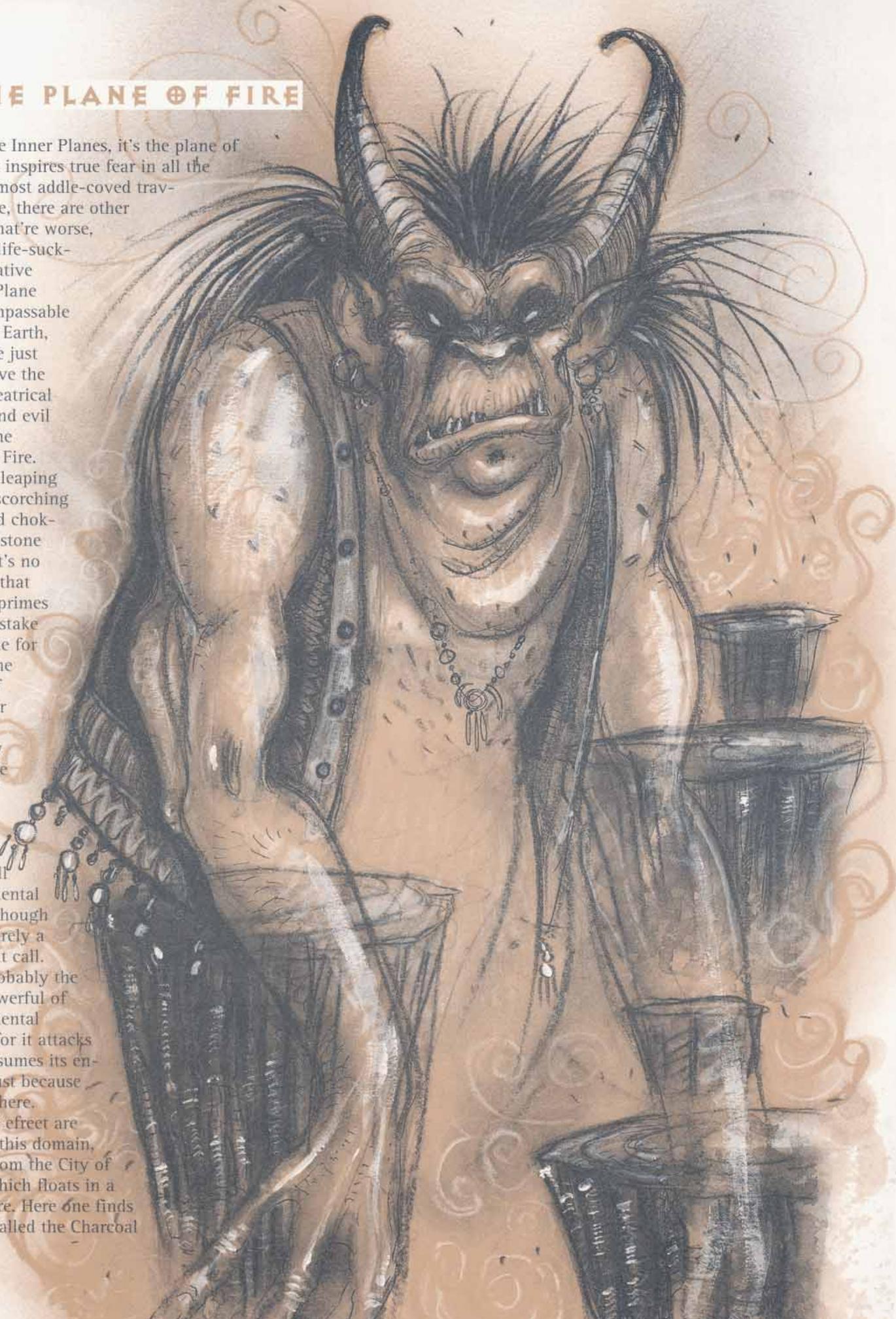
SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells can only draw upon creatures found on the planes of Earth, Ooze, Mineral, Magma, and Dust.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Chaggrin, dao, earth elemental, earth mephit, galeb duhr, khargha, lava mephit, pech, sandling, xaren, and xorn are all native. Very few powers make their homes here – the most notable are Kabril Ali al-Sara al Zalazil (Great Khan of the Dao, the Fountain of Wealth, the Perfect Compass, Atamen of the Mountain’s Roots, and so on) and Grumbar (an elemental lord). Earthquakes are always a risk, lasting 1d10 rounds and inflicting 6d6 points of damage each round (no saving throw). Another risk is in all the pockets of other elements hidden here. Miners have fried in gushing flows of lava, drowned in floods of water, and choked to death on clouds of ash, all in their eager search for gems.

THE PLANE ⊕ FIRE

Of all the Inner Planes, it's the plane of Fire that inspires true fear in all the but the most addle-coved traveler. Sure, there are other planes that're worse, like the life-sucking Negative Energy Plane or the impassable plane of Earth, but these just don't have the sheer theatrical horror and evil feel of the plane of Fire. With its leaping flames, scorching heat, and choking brimstone smoke, it's no surprise that gullible primes often mistake this plane for one of the layers of Baator or Carceri. Still, few doubt the plane of Fire is the most evil of all the Elemental Planes, though that's purely a judgment call. Fire's probably the most powerful of the Elemental Planes, for it attacks and consumes its enemies, just because they're there.

The efreet are lords of this domain, ruling from the City of Brass, which floats in a sea of fire. Here one finds realms called the Charcoal





Palace, the Obsidian Fields, the Furnace, and Slag.

Like the dao, the efreet keep many slaves. Revolt and escape are impossible, since only the magic of the efreet protects slaves from the

fiery element (who'd want to flee into the Fire?). Eighty miles from the City of Brass is Jabal Turab, the Mount of Dust. From its top rises a plume of smoke, a vortex to the plane of Air. Elsewhere throughout the plane are other efreet outposts, smaller palaces that float on the fiery seas.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. The plane of Fire looks like a normal landscape with one major difference: Everything is cloaked in flame. The majority of the plane is a flaming ocean, but occasionally pockets of solid "land" float upon this. All things burn and scorch mercilessly. The air, too, will scorch and kill those without protection. Efreet are able to grant anyone they desire – mostly their slaves – temporary immunity to the land; otherwise, a traveler must use spells or magical devices to protect himself. Without such aid, a being must successfully save vs. breath weapon or die immediately. Those who do save still suffer 5d10 points of damage each round.

This plane has a definite "up" and "down," logically because flames leap upward, so movement on this plane is relatively normal. Food and water must both be imported and protected – the heat is so intense that it destroys these in mere moments. A *create food and water* cast without preparations does nothing more than conjure up a flash of steam and an inedible lump of charcoal and ash. Potions will boil in their vials and burst. A traveler's got to plan carefully before venturing about in this element.

Pockets of most other elements are rare, since the intensity of the plane destroys them almost as quickly as they're formed. Most common are pools of Magma, once pockets of Earth. Ash and Smoke pockets swirl though the air. When Water pockets appear, almost immediately disappear in an explosion of steam. True Water pockets are rare beyond imagining, and Ice pockets have the proverbial "snowball's chance in hell" of existing.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The plane of Fire has more effects on magic than most, and many that can't be overcome by keys. Many magical effects can't withstand the plane's scorching heat. Water and ice instantly boil away, metal melts, even earth shudders and eventually falls into magma. Conjunction/summonings can only reach the planes of Fire, Magma, Smoke, Radiance, and Ash, and

even then some beings summoned won't be able to survive this furnace.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Azer, efreeti, fire elemental, fire mephit, fire minion, fire snake, firetail, flame spirit, harginn, hell hound, phantom stalker, salamander, and tshala all call this plane home. The plane of Fire has more dangerous creatures than any of the other Elemental Planes. Perhaps it's because there are fewer high-up men to interfere. Only two powers live here: Kossuth (the tyrant-king of all elementals) and Sultan Marrake al-Sidan al-Hariq ben Lazan (the Lord of the Flame, the Potentate Incandescent, the Tempering and Eternal Flame of Truth, the Smoldering Dictator, and so on). Both are greater powers. The elemental king has his palace at the hottest point of the plane – so hot that even fire creatures suffer 1d2 points of damage each turn while there. The efreet lord lives in the Charcoal Palace. Nonliving dangers include sudden fountains of flame (3d10 points of damage, save vs. breath weapon for half), cinder rain (2d6 points of damage per round to all exposed), and volcanic eruptions that can suddenly block the path.

THE PLANE OF WATER

Sea-green and soothing, the plane of Water would be heaven if a basher'd just find a way to breathe there. After the infernal violence of Fire, the crushing closeness of Earth, and the endless chasms of Air, this plane gently embraces a body and drifts him safely through all perils. Sure – unless a sod is suddenly washed into a current of bubbling steam, sucked into a whirlpool, shocked by a lightning pocket, captured by tritons, or attacked by water weirds. The endless blue-green, the water's soft embrace – it's all deceptive. Fact is, the plane of Water is no safer for a leatherheaded wanderer than any of the other Elemental Planes.

The plane of Water is just that: water as far as the eye can see. There's no surface and no bottom. Occasionally, coral reefs stretch up from the depths, supported by slender branches that extend endlessly into the immeasurable depths. In these immense caverns are the palaces of noble marids. The greatest of these is the Citadel of Ten Thousand Pearls, naturally shaped from a gleaming coral reef. It's a place of brilliant fish, flawless pearls, swaying coral fans, and exotic flavors borne here by distant currents. Not far from this is a vortex to the plane of Air, known as the Bubble Net.





Elsewhere the plane changes, gradually becoming cold and icy in one direction (Ice), boiling and steaming in another (Steam), thick and

slimy in a third (Ooze), and bitter in the last (Salt). Little else is found here, because the denizens of this plane have scant interest in the doings or offerings of outsiders.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. This plane is truly without form, for there's no up, down, top, or bottom. A being can drift in any direction, at any angle, without feeling any disorientation. While nothing demands it, the polite custom is that creatures face each other squarely. For example, the halls of the marid court are built with an obvious top and bottom so that no one accidentally embarrasses themselves. Navigation by extraplanars is impossible, and to get anywhere a guide is absolutely necessary.

There's more than just water out here, too. There's elemental pockets, though few hold their form long. Chunks of Earth hover in the stream, bubbles of Air drift aimlessly, Ooze worms through the endless ocean, Magma hardens to stone, and bitter brine marks a pocket of Salt. Only pockets of Fire are truly rare, most of them suffocating the instant they appear.

To survive here, a cutter's got to breathe. *Airy water* and *water breathing* are effective. Marids also can bestow the ability to breathe water for periods of a day or more. Most useful of all is a *ring of water breathing*, since its power will never expire.

Unless a basher's got a *ring of free action* or something like it, fighting on this plane has all the limitations of fighting underwater.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells only reach the planes of Water, Ooze, Steam, Ice, and Salt. Water is second only to Fire in the difficulty of using spells, and like Fire many of the problems are related to the nature of the element. These cannot be overcome by keys. A *fireball* cast here is useless unless it's released inside a bubble. An *ice storm* will simply drift in the ocean, neither rising nor falling, inflicting no damage. A *lightning bolt* makes an electrical globe, an underwater *fireball* as it were, that inflicts damage but grounds out after touching any object.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Ice mephit, marid, nereid, triton, varrdig, water elemental, water mephit, and water weird all reside here. There are two greater pow-

ers here as well. The first is Istishia, the queen of the water elementals. She is immense, spanning a sea or more, and has no court. The second is Kalbari al-Durrat al-Amwaj ibn Jari (Padishah of the Marids, the Pearl of the Sea, the Mother of Foam, Mistress of the Rivers, Savior of Fish, Patron of Waterspouts, and so on). Non-living threats include unexpected steam currents (4d6 points of damage) and tidal bores that can suck a swimmer to vastly different regions of the plane.

THE PARAELEMENTAL PLANE OF SMOKE

Little traveled and less known, the paraplane of Smoke lies between the planes of Air and Fire. It is groundless like Air and hot like Fire, though it doesn't scorch. The air is filled with roiling clouds of choking smoke, foul with brimstone and gases, so it's impossible to breathe safely without aid. Toward the plane of Air the poisons clear a little (a successful saving throw vs. poison *every round* results in only 1d10 points of damage; failure indicates immediate suffocation).

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Directions and movement on the paraplane of Smoke have the same limitations as those for the plane of Air. Up orients itself to groups of people, and beings must fly to get from place to place. The elemental pockets found here are bubbles of pure air or slithering rivers of elemental Fire. Earth pockets are extremely rare, so there's little to build on save an occasional oversize cinder from the Paraelemental Plane of Ash. Without landmarks, a lone traveler finds himself lost.

Unlike being on the plane of Air, where a cutter can breathe without trouble, a fellow on this paraplane will quickly choke. It's best to have a modified *smoke breathing* if a berk wants to live; without a proper breathing apparatus, the length of time a basher will live depends on how long he can hold his breath — smoke inhalation is immediately deadly. At the closest edges to the plane of Fire, temperatures become more than a body can stand. Without actually crossing the boundary between the two planes, a being still suffers 1d10 points of damage each turn (no saving throw).

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summonings are limited to the planes of Smoke, Air, Fire, Radiance, Lightning, Vacuum, and Ash.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Little lives on this inhospitable plane, save a few beings of smoke and fumes (primarily the smoke mephit). The most notable feature is the Choking Palace, which is the court of Ekhahk, the Smoldering Duke. He's a paraelemental lord and the self-proclaimed ruler of the smoke mephits of his land.

The other creatures most likely to be found are djinn and efreet, who use this plane as a battlefield.

THE PARAELEMENTAL PLANE OF MAGMA

Bordering the two inhospitable planes of Earth and Fire, it shouldn't be a surprise to any traveler that Magma's an unpleasant place. It's easiest to imagine it as spewing out from the plane of Fire, whose leaping flames die down to a hellish glow and then spread in an ever-cooling mass to the plane of Earth. The surface constantly churns and shifts as the scabrous, hardening chunks are churned back into the molten flow. Near the plane of Fire, this churning landscape bursts with occasional geysers of cryoplastic flow, lava that splatters nearby. Closer to the plane of Earth float pillars of solid rock, borne away by the searing tide.

Few extraplanars can survive this hostile land, so there are few places of note to visit. The most significant of these is Caldera, the stronghold of Chilimba, First General of the Cauldron and Master of All Mephits. This elemental lord claims dominance over the entire paraplane, and there are few to challenge his rule. The only visitors are the fiery efreet and the stolid dao, who meet on this neutral ground to trade.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. To survive on this plane, a blood's got to have the same protections as on the planes of Fire and Smoke. The intense heat will toast anyone and anything to a cinder, if foul gases released by the lava don't choke them first.

Like the plane of Fire, Magma has a definite surface with an up and down.

A protected being can walk on this, though it constantly roils and shifts under his feet.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The limitations on spells here are the same as those on the plane of Fire. Magical effects must be able to withstand the intense heat. The planes of Fire, Earth, Mineral, Radiance, Dust, and Ash can be reached from this plane.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Dao, efreet, fire mephit, and magma mephit reside here. Sudden bursts of lava scatter molten stone in a 10-foot radius (successfully save vs. breath weapon or suffer 3d10 points of damage). Footing is treacherous on this plane, and crust often splits to swallow the unwary. If a save vs. paralyzation is failed, the unfortunate plunges in and dies instantly.

THE PARAELEMENTAL PLANE OF OOZE

It's all mud and slime, a quivering ocher ocean of muck – hardly the place a cutter cares to go. It's a place of torturous death and exile, too. With a wave of the hand, evil wizard-tyrants send their enemies here to drown, choking on lungfuls of stagnant silt. Kinder souls merely imprison their foes here, sealing them inside bubbles of pure air. Oh, sometimes they forget the other niceties of food and water, leaving their prisoners to slow starvation, but at least they kept them from immediate death. Even those fully provided for face unhappy fates, for there's little or nothing to stave off the madness that boredom brings. Small wonder the plane is also known as the House of Chambered Madness.

Little relieves the unending ocean of muck. Toward the plane of Earth, the mud grows drier, filled with abrasive grit, and toward Water it thins into rippling silt that a cutter can easily swim through. Drifting through it all are blocks of stone and puddles of clear water. All in all, it ain't a popular rest stop.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement on this plane is like that on

the plane of Water. There's no clear up or down, and creatures must be able to swim to get around. Breathing can be accomplished by any device that allows breathing on the plane of Water (but spells must be researched and modified). Combat on the plane suffers from all the restrictions of underwater combat, and visibility is reduced to mere feet.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The moist closeness of Ooze affects spellcasting almost as severely as it does on the plane of Water. The restrictions of that plane apply here generally. However, because water is less free-flowing on this plane, fire-base spells have limited function, causing half or no damage instead of not functioning at all.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Ooze is virtually uninhabited by intelligent creatures, except for ooze mephits. Hunting marids sometimes mistake travelers here for game, and dao come here to bathe. It is said there is a baron of the plane, Bwimb, but what it is baron of is a mystery.

THE PARAELEMENTAL PLANE OF ICE

Some think hell is fire, but others are convinced it's ice. If the latter's true, then this plane is their hell. Glistening white ice, cracked and scored, lies in a sheet as far as the eyes can see. It's an endless arctic plane, where only frozen crags of ice-locked mounts shatter the smooth sheet and give features to the terrain. Closer to the plane of Water, small patches of open water appear, and the ice eventually

breaks into enormous floes and bergs. At the plane of Air, the sheet tapers into fingered bridges and icicles that fade into nothingness.

Dig and there's no limit to how deep the ice extends. And during that dig a basher might get lucky and find caverns filled with the purest air, or unlucky and hit a boulder bigger than a mountain. If he's real unlucky, a berk might open a crack in the ice and find something extremely unpleasant slithering in it. . . .

The paraplane of Ice is empty, but it's not deserted. At its coldest heart is the Chiseled Estate of Lord Cyronax, the most powerful of the ice elementals. Most ambitious of all the paraelementals, he hopes to supplant all other Elemental Planes and become the major force of the Inner Planes.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Travelers can move about the surface normally and the atmosphere here is breathable. However, it's bitterly cold, and unless the air is heated (by spell or device), a traveler suffers 1d6 points of frostbite damage each round. Those not dressed for the cold suffer an additional 1d6 points of damage. A basher can also burrow through the ice as if moving through the plane of Earth.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Cold-based spells are completely useless on this plane, and fire-based ones inflict only half damage due to the intense cold. Conjunction/summoning spells only reach the planes of Air, Water, Negative, Lightning, Steam, Salt, and Vacuum. Other limitations are the same as those on the plane of Air.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Only the ice mephit inhabits this plane. Marids, however, often scour the plane in their great hunts. Raging blizzards, which inhibit movement for 1d10 turns or more, are the greatest of the nonliving hazards the plane has to offer.

THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF LIGHTNING

This is called the plane of Storms, the Vengeful Land, or the Great Illumination – it all depends on who gets asked. A traveler knows when he's entered the plane, though, because the sky is filled

with black clouds that flash with internal fires, the air tingles with ozone, and the touch of electricity prickles his hairs. Bolts leap from cloud to cloud and the sky rings with the laughter of lightning elementals. It's a scary place to fly through – a cutter can dodge a jagged bolt only to steer himself into the path of a tumbling ball of lightning. Then there's the glow, St. Elmo's fire, that dances over everybody that comes into the plane. People and things glow with an unnerving, electrical brilliance.

The storms are lighter close to the plane of Air. Near the Positive Energy Plane, clouds and storms give way to a solid sheet of rippling energy. At the very gateway to the Positive Energy Plane stands the Tower of Storms, a mysterious bridge into the Positive.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Moving through this plane is no different than doing so on the plane of Air, and the atmosphere is quite breathable. Lightning is the most dangerous of all the quasiplanes, however. Any metal that's dagger-sized or larger automatically attracts electrical bolts each turn; otherwise, there's a 10% chance per turn of being randomly struck by lightning. Bolts inflict 1d8 × 10 points of damage (save vs. rod for half), but a *protection from lightning* spell negates their effect. With each bolt, a second successful save vs. rod must be made to avoid deafness (2d4 hour duration).

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summonings reach the planes of Lightning, Air, Ice, Smoke, Steam, Radiance, and the Positive Energy. Invisibility is useless, since St. Elmo's fire outlines all things.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Lightning mephit and shocker only are found here, though djinn sometimes hunt on this plane.

THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF RADIANCE

Burning and featureless, this is the most barren of all planes – that’s likely to be most folks’ impression of Radiance. It ain’t necessarily true though. Travelers who’ve been there will tell a body it’s a place of aching beauty. Every color ever imagined glows and burns with painful splendor. They’ll tell a soul about the curtains of color crashing over each other like waves on a beach, and as they talk, tears’ll form in their dead, blind eyes.

That’s the way it is. It’s a joy and beauty that’ll burn a berk right out, that’ll show him the most beautiful glories he’ll ever see – and the *last* he’s likely to ever see. What’s the point of seeing more, after a body’s seen the greatest lights of all?

A few bloods, though, have the skill to go there and come back with their eyes. There are reasons to go, too. Steel forged in the light of Radiance takes on properties that can’t be created anywhere else. Blades burn with the light of the sun, mirrors reflect more than is seen, and other wonders a berk can’t imagine are made. Then there’s the Heart of Light, a tower of blue light that stands at the border of the Positive Energy Plane. Great healings are supposed to be possible there.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

Movement on the plane of Radiance is similar to that on Air. However, Radiance is as fiery hot as the plane of Fire, and travelers will suffer the same damage unless protected from the heat. Furthermore, travelers must shield themselves either with *continual darkness* (which only creates weak shade here) or thick lenses of smoked glass. Otherwise, immediate blindness occurs.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summonings reach the planes of Radiance, Fire, Smoke, Magma, Lightning, Mineral, and the Positive Energy. No other special conditions apply.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. There are no records of creatures on this plane, except radiant mephits.



THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF MINERAL

This is it, cutter. This is the treasure trove of the multiverse, the goal of every dwarf who ever learned how to cross the planes. It's the plane of Mineral. There's iron, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, silver, gold, and more, all pressed up in veins that wrap around each other. All a blood's got to do is go get it.

Don't be a leatherheaded berk! If it was that easy, the plane would've been mined out long ago. Getting there's only the start of the problem. Then a sod's got to find a way to move through this crystal world, a world filled with razor edges sharper than a *vorpal blade*. Even after that, there's *things* out there that don't want a cross-trading rogue to make off with their kip.

There's more on the plane than just riches, too. At the very edge of the Positive Energy Plane stands the Tower of Lead. Here, it's said, is the greatest forge in all the multiverse. Mostly the place is empty, but sometimes a master craftsman risks all to do his work here.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. This plane uses the same rules for movement, direction, and survival as the plane of Earth. However, it's even more dangerous because all the passages are lined by sharp crystals. These inflict 1d4 points of damage in every round spent moving. Each point of magical AC protection reduces the damage per round by 1 (1d3, 1d2, and 1 [minimum]).

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells reach the planes of Earth, Ooze, Magma, Radiance, Steam, and the Positive Energy. Otherwise, magic is affected as on the plane of Earth.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Dao, mineral mephit, pech, xaren, and xorn call this plane home. These creatures all consider themselves guardians of the treasures here. *Fossilization* is the greatest risk – once per day travelers must successfully save vs. petrification or be turned to stone (or possibly precious gems).



THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF STEAM

Some folks like a sauna, a place to go and sweat off the day's troubles. Well, they'd be disappointed by the plane of Steam. It's not quite like its name says. The plane of Steam is surprisingly cool. Mist is a better name – clammy, thick, cloying mist that seeps into everything. The danger here isn't boiling, but drowning in lungfuls of water.

Near the edge of the plane of Water, the mist is more like an ocean filled with bubbles. As a swimmer from Water's great ocean slowly finds the world spreading on him, the bubbles join and the water forms free-floating droplets. These gradually become finer and finer, and they glow with energy stolen from the Positive Energy Plane.

Just at the border to the Positive Energy Plane stands the glowing Tower of Ice, a glittering spire that lances upward almost as far as can be seen. Who or what built this tower is unknown, but alchemists sometimes come here to complete essential steps in potion brewing.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement on the plane of Steam is like that on the plane of Air, although closer to the plane of Water this is more akin to swimming. Breathing is possible, but all movement is *slowed* (as the spell) by the suffocating mist. A *water breathing* spell removes this difficulty. Visibility is limited to 1d10 yards at any given time.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells reach the planes of Water, Ice, Ooze, Mineral, Lightning, and the Positive Energy. Due to the high moisture of the plane, spells function as on the plane of Water. However, fire-based spells effectively cause half or no damage here, rather than not function at all.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Marid, mist mephit, and steam mephit inhabit this plane. No powers are known to reside here.



THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF VACUUM

This plane is the prelude to ultimate death, a glimpse at the fate of the failed petitioner, because this is the plane of Nothing. Leaving the banks of Air, the atmosphere here becomes less and less until there's *nothing* – no breath, no light, no sound, no warmth.

For certain mystics – the ascetics of the Doomguard and the dancers of the Dustmen – the plane of Vacuum is the ultimate goal. It's the last door of the mystery, the kiss awaited by all. Such sages spend their lives mapping the doors of Sigil until they find the path to Vacuum and then they pass through, never noting for others what they've found. It is Vacuum, it is right.

Who can find the border between nothing and death? Well, the Doomguard has, and there between Vacuum and the Negative Energy they built Citadel Exhalus, Portal of the Last Breath. It drifts by a thread in the void of the Negative Plane, barely anchored to the reality of nothing.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement through this plane is done through sheer will, for there's nothing to swim, fly, or walk through. A cutter thinks his goal, and if his mind's clear enough, he gets there. Breathing's harder, since spells that transform, like *water breathing*, won't work here. There's nothing to transform. Air and warmth must both be provided.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells reach the planes of Air, Ice, Salt, Ash, Smoke, and the Negative Energy. Most creatures summoned will quickly die here. Gases, fogs, and the like instantly fail, dissipating too quickly to be useful. Fire-based spells last only a fraction of a moment. A *fireball* is still effective, but a *wall of fire* doesn't last. In short, any magic that requires a space in which to work is diminished or negated.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Sages say creatures might live here, but without bodies, form, or even cohesive energy. Perhaps they're beings of pure thought. Perhaps they've returned to Sigil, their thoughts becoming the thoughts of a traveler to this plane. Who knows?

ARTISTS ARE ENGINEERS
OF THE SOUL.
THAT'S WHY
WE LOCK THEM UP.

— TALL TALLY
OF THE MERCYKILLERS

THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF ASH

Ash. Miles upon miles of choking ash – that's what a berk's going to find here. It starts at the edge of the plane of Fire; the flames flicker and die, and from them cooling ashes rise. A little farther on and the air grows thicker, and farther still the burnt earth beneath gives way. At first, the ash swirls in tendrils 'round a being. Then, before he knows it, a berk's swimming in an ocean of ash. The red glow of distant fire fades, warmth turns to chill, and the air is choked with charcoal soot.

The plane isn't utterly empty, though. Here the Doomguard once had Citadel Cavitius, a massive skull fortress that sat on the edge of the Negative Energy Plane. Eons ago it was taken from them by the lich Vecna, and now it's that demigod's prison and stronghold. The Doomguard have since built anew, fashioning the Crumbling Citadel as their new home.



SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

Movement on the plane of Ash varies between normal movement, closer to the plane of Fire, and swimming once the depth of Ash is too great. There's no air, so breathing must be maintained by spell, transforming the ash into something that can be inhaled. Furthermore, the cooling cinders steal all warmth from the body, so unless a basher's protected by spell or device, he'll suffer 2d6 points of cold damage per turn.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Similar to the plane of Vacuum, this plane sucks all heat from magical effects. The flash of a *fireball* still causes damage, but long-term spells such as *wall of fire* or *heat metal* are ineffective. Conjunction/summoning spells reach the planes of Fire, Magma, Dust, Vacuum, Smoke, and the Negative Energy. The utter cold of this plane causes fire- and magma-based creatures to suffer 1 HD of damage per round of exposure. Other limitations are the same as those on the plane of Earth.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. The ash mephit is the only known inhabitant of this plane. Citadel Cavitius holds prisoners of Lord Vecna, many of whom are now undead. Another danger lies in the pockets of the Negative Energy Plane, which inflict damage as does that plane (see page 39).

THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF DUST

That's the goal of the universe, the clearest picture of entropy there is – so a Doomguard would say if he could show anyone the eternal sea that is Dust. It's the end as they figure it was meant to be. Perhaps it's their vision of paradise.

At the border of the plane of Earth, this plane starts as a dusty expanse, broken free of the endless caverns. A traveler's pretty happy to escape the closeness and step into the dark, open world. Farther on, the dust reaches up to his knees. It's thick and it pulls against him. Close to the Negative Energy it becomes an abrasive sea that chafes as a traveler swims through the grit.



But a cutter's not alone here. Things swim through the sand ocean, and at least one tower, Citadel Alluvius, lies in a ramshackle sprawl on the Negative Energy Plane's border. This is one of the four citadels of the Doomguard, and the most favored of them all.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement and breathing on this plane are handled the same as on the plane of Ash. The cold here isn't as intense, though, so there's no need for magical protection from it. Nevertheless, each day spent on this plane causes 2d6 points of damage, as the traveler's body begins to break up. This damage cannot be healed while on the plane. Should a traveler lose all hit points, his body dissipates into nothingness.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells reach to the planes of Earth, Magma, Ooze, Salt, Ash, and the Negative Energy. Solid objects created on this plane don't last, crumbling to dust in 1d4 turns unless protected by a *wall of force* spell, to bind the material in place (as is the case for Citadel Alluvius). Other limitations are the same as those on the plane of Earth.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Dune stalker, dust mephit, sandling, and sandman all abide here. The plane of Dust is one of the most populated of the darker Quasielemental Planes. These creatures take no delight in their existence, however, and many hunger for solid forms. This hunger can make them especially deadly. As with all the darker quasiplanes, random pockets of Negative Energy are always a danger to any normal traveler (see page 39).

THE QUASIELEMENTAL PLANE OF SALT

Of all the Quasielemental Planes, this one might be the worst, or at least that's so in the imaginations of travelers. What crueler fate is there than slowly having the very lifeblood within one's self parched away? The skin shrivels, the lips crack, the throat fills with dry choking, and the eyes – well, the eyes are the most horrible. Welcome to the plane of Salt.

At its safest edge, it still seems to be only water – bitter and

unpalatable, SHU+ Y@UR YAP, CLUELESS,
Y@U'LL BE
R@++ING QUIETLY
S@ON ENOUGH ANYWAY.

water. Travel deeper into the plane and the water grows more laden with minerals. Crystals form, solidifying on even the small-

est mote of a seed. Travelers who venture farther are in peril of becoming completely encrusted, the salts leaching all moisture out of their cells. Finally, all water is gone and there is only a solid mass of crystalline salts, hard and deadly, to block all progress.

It's at this extreme that the Doomguard has carved the last of its fortresses from a hollow pocket in the plane. Citadel Sealt rests on the border to the Negative Energy Plane, carved from the very minerals themselves.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Moving through this plane varies. It can be like the planes of Water, Ooze, or Earth, depending on how deeply the plane is entered. Breathing can be accomplished by spell, but a traveler must find ways to avoid dehydration or suffer 4d6 points of damage per day. This damage cannot be healed until the being leaves this plane.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Salt is linked to the planes of Water, Ooze, Dust, Vacuum, Ice, and the Negative Energy for the purposes of conjunction/summoning. Water and ice created here last only 1d3 rounds before evaporating. Water is immediately undrinkable upon contact with any material of the plane. Water-based creatures lose 1 HD per round while on this plane.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. There are no known creatures on this plane except the salt mephits. Pockets of Negative Plane material and dehydration are the greatest risks to travelers.

THE POSITIVE ENERGY PLANE

Being the plane of all life, a body'd figure this to be the gentlest of planes, that it would bathe a sod in soothing and revitalizing energy, but it doesn't. The Positive Energy Plane is deadly because too much energy is just as dangerous as too little.

There's nothing to see here beyond an endless burn of brilliant white, even more intense than that of the plane of Radiance, and a cutter needs to cover his eyes with a solid blindfold if he ever plans to use them again. That doesn't matter much, since there's nothing to see here anyway. Besides, it's not the glare that's the problem. It's the sheer intensity of the plane's energy that makes it dangerous. Any leatherhead who comes here without protection is going to quickly flame out like a Roman candle from the sheer abundance of power. Traveling the Positive Energy Plane is a bit like swimming in an ocean of pure electricity.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement on the plane of life is accomplished by the power of thought. There's not much point to it, though, since every place on the plane is the same. Furthermore, just being on the plane fills a being with life-energy. Each round a traveler gains 2d6 hit points, first healing wounds and then adding to his total. If the total reaches twice the traveler's original, he bursts into incandescent flames as the overabundance destroys him from within. If the traveler leaves the plane before reaching the combustion point, the extra hit points remain for 2d10 turns. A *positive plane protection* shields the traveler from this effect. Finally, spells that transform the elements into breathable material don't work here, since the plane contains only energy – air must be provided by device.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summoning spells reach the planes of Radiance, Steam, Lightning, and Mineral. Matter created here is destroyed in a round, exploding in a burst of harmless light. Spells that inflict damage cause the minimum amount possible while on this plane.

'COURSE I KNOW HOW TO TALK TO A ZOMBIE! BU+ I JUST GOT IN FROM THE NEG' ENERGY PLANE, AND I'M JUST PLAIN SICK OF TALKING TO COLD FOLKS. OKAY?

— RAHM, A BARIAUR ANARCHIST, PEELING HIS WAY THROUGH THE MORTUARY

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. The xag-ya is the only known being on this plane. By far, the greatest hazard is simply surviving the forces of this plane.

THE NEGATIVE ENERGY PLANE

The plane of Death, the Black Barrier, the Great Void, the Cold Land – none of these names do justice to the utter desolation that is the Negative Energy Plane. Unlike the plane of Vacuum, this isn't a barren nothingness. There's something here, something that sucks the life out of the marrow and drains the spirit from a being. It devours the very soul.

Where the Positive Energy Plane is all burning light, the Negative Energy is blackness greater than can be imagined or conjured. There's at least one citadel here, the Fortress of the Soul, maintained with great effort by the Dustmen. If there are other towers and features here, who can see them in the darkness that consumes all? There are creatures here, too, more so than on the plane of Positive Energy. Undead lurk here, eagerly awaiting the opportunity to escape to more fertile planes, where they can spread the darkness that fills them.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Movement on this plane is accomplished by thought, as it is on the Positive Energy Plane. Again the question is, "Where would one go in this void, especially since survival is so difficult?" Breathing suffers as on the Positive Energy. The absence of energy on this plane sucks all life from creatures, inflicting 2d6 points of damage each round. When a being's hit points reach 0, he withers and dies. His spirit is lost forever to resurrection by any means, and what little remains of his husk becomes an undead creature, eager to feed on the living world. A *negative plane protection* spell prevents this loss of hit points.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Conjunction/summonings reach the planes of Ash, Dust, Vacuum, and Salt. Spells that cause damage inflict the maximum possible amount, while healing spells do the absolute minimum. Matter created here crumbles to nothingness in a single round.

NATIVES AND HAZARDS. Slow shadow, spectre, wight, wraith, and xeg-yi hover on this plane. There may be other forms of undead lurking on this plane, including even lichs.

Let's face it, the Ethereal and Astral Planes are little more than highways. Sure, there's places and beings out there, but a cutter's not likely to make his name and fortune on what he finds in these planes. The Inner Planes are all well and good, too. There's certainly things to see and places to go, but to a true planar the Inner Planes are, well, *provincial*. As planes go, they're too single-minded, fixated on their one-element mentalities.

THE OUTER PLANES

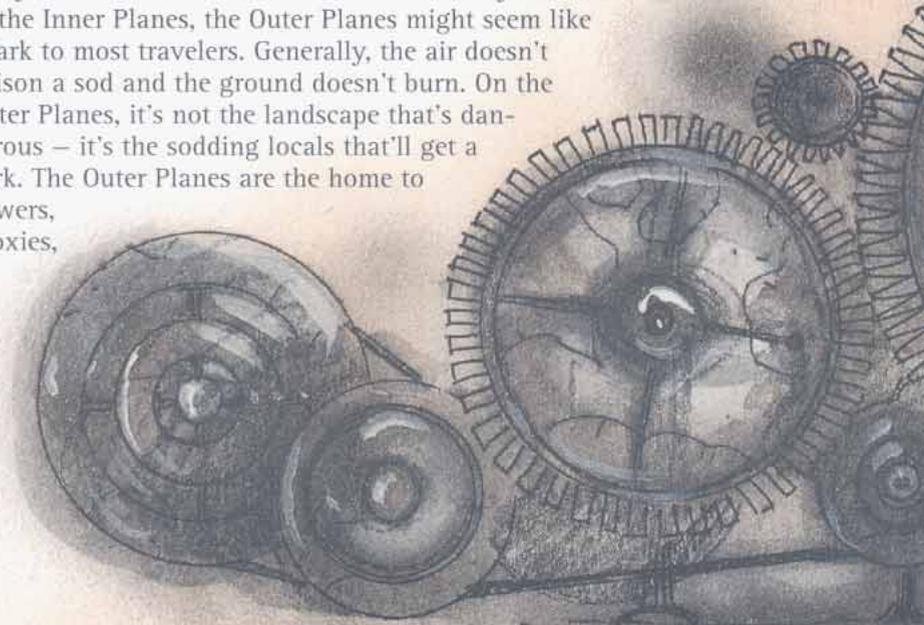
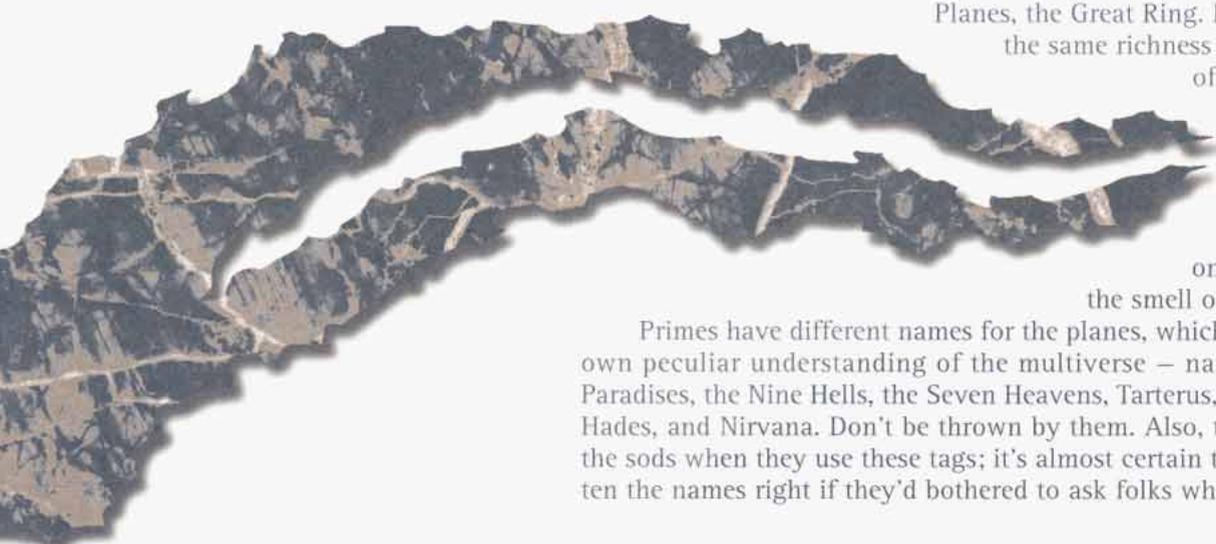
Any basher knows there's too many possibilities in life to be stuck on a single idea.

For a true planar, the planes means the *Outer* Planes, the Great Ring. No other place has the same richness or the same tingle of power as any one of the Outer Planes. A true planar instinctively knows when he's on an Outer Plane — the smell of it is in his blood.

Primes have different names for the planes, which comes from their own peculiar understanding of the multiverse — names like the Twin Paradises, the Nine Hells, the Seven Heavens, Tarterus, Olympus, Asgard, Hades, and Nirvana. Don't be thrown by them. Also, try not to laugh at the sods when they use these tags; it's almost certain they would've gotten the names right if they'd bothered to ask folks who know better.

GENERAL CONDITIONS AND FEATURES

After experiencing the mystery of the Astral Plane, the misty boredom of the Ethereal, and the deadly embrace of the Inner Planes, the Outer Planes might seem like a lark to most travelers. Generally, the air doesn't poison a sod and the ground doesn't burn. On the Outer Planes, it's not the landscape that's dangerous — it's the sodding locals that'll get a berk. The Outer Planes are the home to powers, proxies,



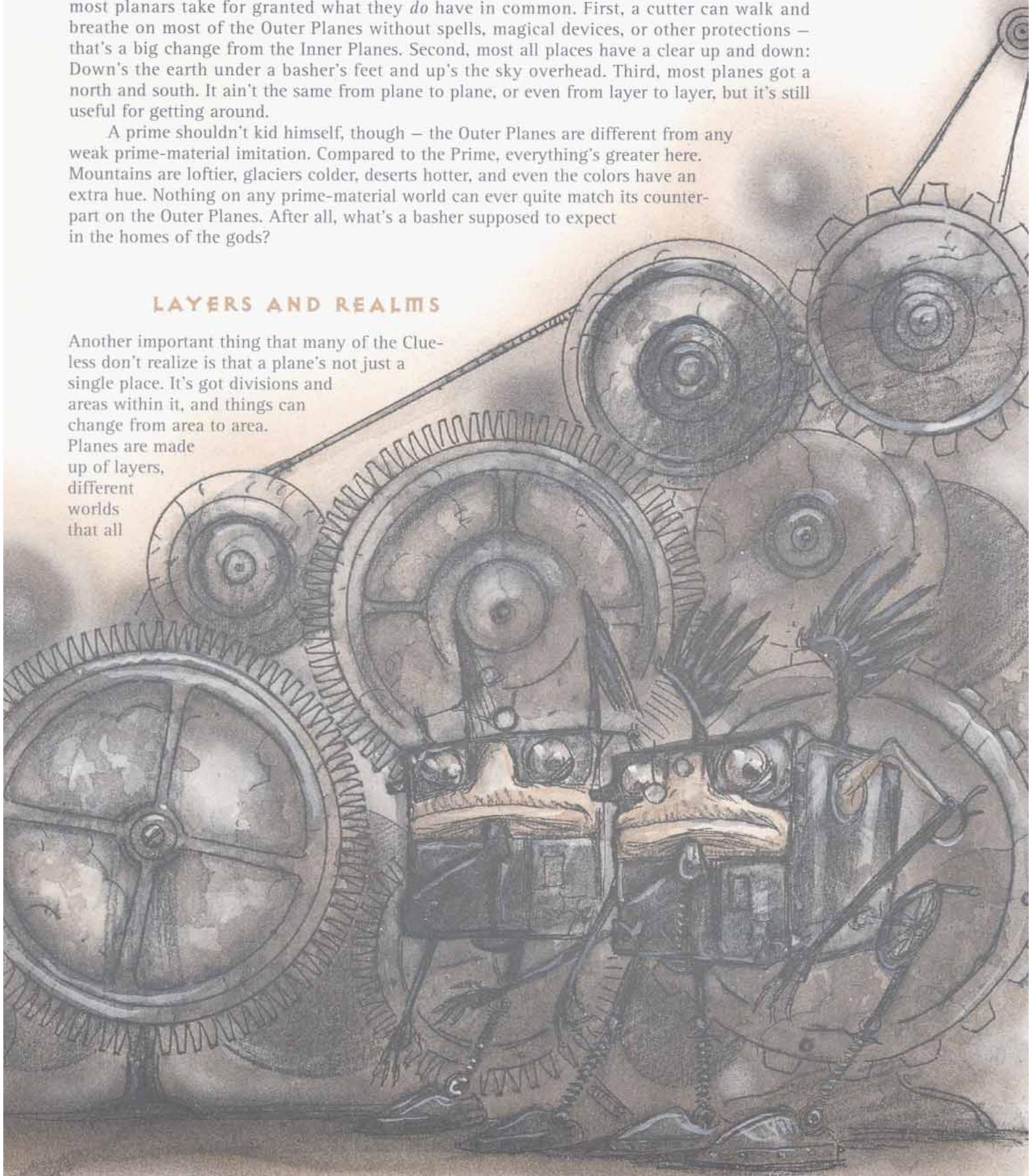
and petitioners, who can all put a fellow's name in the dead-book.

While it seems that the seventeen Outer Planes have little in common, that's only because most planars take for granted what they *do* have in common. First, a cutter can walk and breathe on most of the Outer Planes without spells, magical devices, or other protections — that's a big change from the Inner Planes. Second, most all places have a clear up and down: Down's the earth under a basher's feet and up's the sky overhead. Third, most planes got a north and south. It ain't the same from plane to plane, or even from layer to layer, but it's still useful for getting around.

A prime shouldn't kid himself, though — the Outer Planes are different from any weak prime-material imitation. Compared to the Prime, everything's greater here. Mountains are loftier, glaciers colder, deserts hotter, and even the colors have an extra hue. Nothing on any prime-material world can ever quite match its counterpart on the Outer Planes. After all, what's a basher supposed to expect in the homes of the gods?

LAYERS AND REALMS

Another important thing that many of the Clueless don't realize is that a plane's not just a single place. It's got divisions and areas within it, and things can change from area to area. Planes are made up of layers, different worlds that all





fall within the plane. Generally, each layer falls under the sway of a different power or group of powers, which accounts for often stark differences in appearance.

In some places, like the Abyss, the layers stack up like a messy deck of cards, mostly on top of each other, with an occasional layer that sticks out where it shouldn't. On Baator, the nine layers form the tiers of a descending cone, perfectly regular to each other. Other layers are joined by rivers, bridges, or – most fantastic of all – great clockwork gears.

Within a plane, and even within a layer, there can be a lot of different realms. A realm is an area ruled by a power or group of powers, who fashion the land to suit their desires. A pantheon of powers that calls itself “Greek” (after some favorite prime-material kip) has a realm called Olympus on Arborea. It's a place of great stone temples, rocky mountains, olive groves, and warm sunny coasts, where heroes fight monsters and philosophers debate. The same plane also holds the realm of Arvandor, home of the elf gods. Their realm is one of ancient woods, flowering meadows, rippling brooks, and crystal palaces. Here, bards sing and nobles partake of the hunt.

Each realm can modify the physical laws of the land. Gravity, weather, and even directions are subject to the control of the local powers. Hence, it's usually easy for a cutter to tell when he's entered a new realm. There's a shift in the landscape, one that matches the ideals of the new rulers, that's noticeable to all but the most addle-coved travelers.

GETTING AROUND THE OUTER PLANES

Just being on the Outer Planes doesn't make getting around easy. There's still vast distances to be covered and mystical barriers to be crossed. It helps for a fellow to know the ways and means of quickly getting from place to place, unless he wants to spend a lifetime just crossing from one portal to the next on the Great Road.

First, a cutter can always use the Astral Plane in pretty much the same way a prime uses it to reach the Outer Planes. Through spells or magical items, a blood can step into the Astral and then will himself to his destination. It takes power and practice, but it can be done. The astral method's not perfect, though. The Astral only touches the uppermost layer of each plane on the Great Ring. If a fellow wants to go to Mount Celestia, for instance, he can only get to the first layer this way. He's got to find another way to reach the seventh layer (or

the second, for that matter).

Fortunately, other, more efficient means of getting around exist. There's conduits, just like those that thread the Astral Plane (see page 21), which link different layers of a plane. These conduits can even link different layers of different planes. It's said there's a conduit on the 492nd layer of the Abyss that'll carry a being to the first layer of Ysgard, which just might make for a handy escape someday. These conduits can be either *young* (one-way) or *mature* (two-way). Most conduits are pretty stable, and maps to many of them can be bought in Sigil. 'Course, fakes are available for purchase, too. The biggest problem with conduits is they don't always take a body where he wants to go. Step through a conduit and a berk may still have long distances to travel.

Every plane's got regular paths between the layers, too. On Baator, a sod can pass through the gates of the city of Dis and end up in the bog of Minauros, the next layer down. On Elysium, a body can sail down the River Oceanus to reach the next layer. To use these, a being's just got to know the dark of them. They're not as quick as conduits, but their dependability makes them regular trade routes. These roads are also used for formal occasions, like when one power goes calling on another. It's the polite thing to do.

Finally, there's Sigil's portals. Just like the portals to the Prime Material and Inner Planes, Sigil's got doorways to more places on the Outer Planes than can be mapped in a millennium. For most planars, or at least those that can get to Sigil, the portals are the preferred way to travel. Odds are good for finding a door at least somewhat close to where a cutter wants to go – if he's willing to search the streets long enough.

MAGIC ON THE OUTER PLANES

For the most part, magic functions normally on the Outer Planes. Spellcasters should remember, though, that there's no contact with the Ethereal Plane out there, and even the Astral reaches only to the first layer of every plane. A caster needs keys to overcome these limitations.

Because of the nature of the planes, conjuration/summoning spells can only draw upon creatures and things from the same or an adjacent plane. For example, a wizard using a *monster summoning III* spell while on Elysium could call up something native to the planes of Elysium, the Beastlands, Bytopia, the Outlands, or the Astral.

Elementals summoned on the Outer Planes aren't the same thing as those creatures that appear on the Inner Planes and the Prime Material. Since the Inner Planes are pretty well cut off from the Outer ones, spells

that call upon an elemental creature actually create one from the elements of the plane where the spell is cast. That means these monsters are going to act a bit differently from the real thing. First, the elemental adopts the alignment of the plane where it's created. It'll refuse to do anything that would contradict that alignment. This also means that elementals created on the Lower Planes have a little of the deviousness that other natives possess, so a spellcaster better watch out for tricks, misinterpreted instructions, and outright treachery. Finally, the chance for an elemental to break the caster's control over it increases by 5% for every plane between the monster's and the caster's (as determined by faction plane of influence) – the system is the same as that for priests casting spells. Luckily for primes, that last problem doesn't affect them.

Healing and necromantic spells cast in the Outer Planes have absolutely no effect on petitioners. Petitioners can only be raised by calling their spirits back to the Prime Material, at which point they're no longer petitioners. When a petitioner dies on the Outer Planes, he or she's gone for good.

As noted on Table II: School Alterations by Plane (page 12), some schools of magic are affected by the nature of some planes in a specific way. Most times, this will fall into one of four categories: ENHANCED, DIMINISHED, NULL, or ALTERED. The DM should always check that table before allowing a spell to go off.

If Table II indicates that the school is ENHANCED, then all spells operate as if they had been cast by a wizard one level higher. For example, a *fireball* spell cast by a 5th-level mage will inflict 6d6 points of damage.

If Table II indicates that the school is DIMINISHED, then all spells operate as if they had been cast by a wizard one level lower. In the example above, the *fireball* would inflict only 4d6 points of damage.

If Table II indicates that the school is NULL, then the nature of the plane is such that spells of that school fail when cast and are subsequently lost from the wizard's memory.

If Table II indicates that the school is ALTERED, then the spell may need help to work, or its effects may be changed. For example, spells that have ethereal pathways need spell keys.

In the descriptions of the planes presented on the following pages, any peculiar spell effects will be noted under "Special Magic Conditions."

SPELL CRYSTALS

A minor hazard to planar characters, but a hazard nonetheless, is the occasional spell crystal. These things aren't useful items to adventurers, but are the handiwork of prime-material wizards.

What happens when a wizard summons something from the Outer Planes or communes with a planar

being? He doesn't realize it, but the force of his magic creates a whizzing, glowing crystal on the target plane. This crystal shoots across the plane, unerringly searching for the object of its master's spell. Upon reaching its goal, the crystal swoops in and touches the target, releasing its magical energy. If it's a summoning, the target vanishes, instantly drawn to the Prime Material Plane through a magical, temporary vortex. Commune and divination crystals release a flood of insistent imagery that clamors for an answer. The effect depends on the spell cast.

Spell crystals come in a variety of colors and shapes, although all are crystals of some sort. Neither is an indication of the spell carried. However, creatures that have a Wisdom score of 19 or higher can instinctively know the nature of a spell crystal by making a successful Wisdom check (–5 modifier to the ability score).

Wise planars carefully avoid spell crystals. No one wants to be blipped off to some strange prime-material world without preparation or warning, as the chance is too great to take. A few intrepid souls have managed to capture spell crystals; these imprisoned magicks command good prices as curiosities. It's also possible to trap them and use the crystals as weapons by releasing them on enemies. This technique is dangerous not only while catching the crystal, but also because there's no promising who its target will be once a spell crystal is released.



PATHS WITHIN THE GREAT RING

Passage through portals, conduits, color pools, and vortices is nearly instantaneous, allowing a cutter to slip through infinite spaces as quickly as a child's wish reaches a star. These planar gates, once found, connect the entire multiverse – a paradoxically simple and complex system.

There are a few other paths between planes and layers, and these are unique. The River Oceanus, the River Styx, Yggdrasil, and Mount Olympus are not instantaneous portals, and there are many opportunities for extended adventures along their trails. A basher might even happen upon a door to Sigil or somewhere else along the way. These paths are legendary, and any blood who's been outside the City of Doors has used them.

THE RIVER OCEANUS

Rising on the plane of Elysium is a great river, broad in its banks, whose waters flow smoothly across the upper realms. Its surface is calm, barely marred by rip-

ples, and its depths are deeper than any line can fathom. The water isn't dangerous, but sweet – indeed fragrant – to those who stand on its shores. Its surface is calm, yet it has its share of dangerous currents and creatures in the depths below. This is the River Oceanus.

Like its sister the Styx, the Oceanus is a world-spanning river, a waterway between realms, layers, and planes. Its headwaters lie in Thalasia, on the plane of Elysium. From there it flows through all of Elysium's layers and eventually breaks through the boundary between the planes, passing through the top layer of the Beastlands. After this, it crosses another boundary and enters Arborea, passes through the first layer, and finally disappears somewhere in that plane's second layer, Ossa.

Although Oceanus looks like a normal river, it's far from that. In some places the river *is*, but in other places it *isn't*. It flows in and out of existence without once breaking its continuous flow, defying the logic of connection. A ship might sail through one plane or layer for an hour or a week (depending upon the DM's plans). Passage through the barriers can be arduous or instantaneous. Sometimes, a body just slips from one plane to the next while he wasn't looking.

Oceanus is a commonly used path between planes and the layers of planes. Trading vessels sail up and down its length, and small towns line its banks. Travelers can usually find a boat to hire somewhere along its shores.

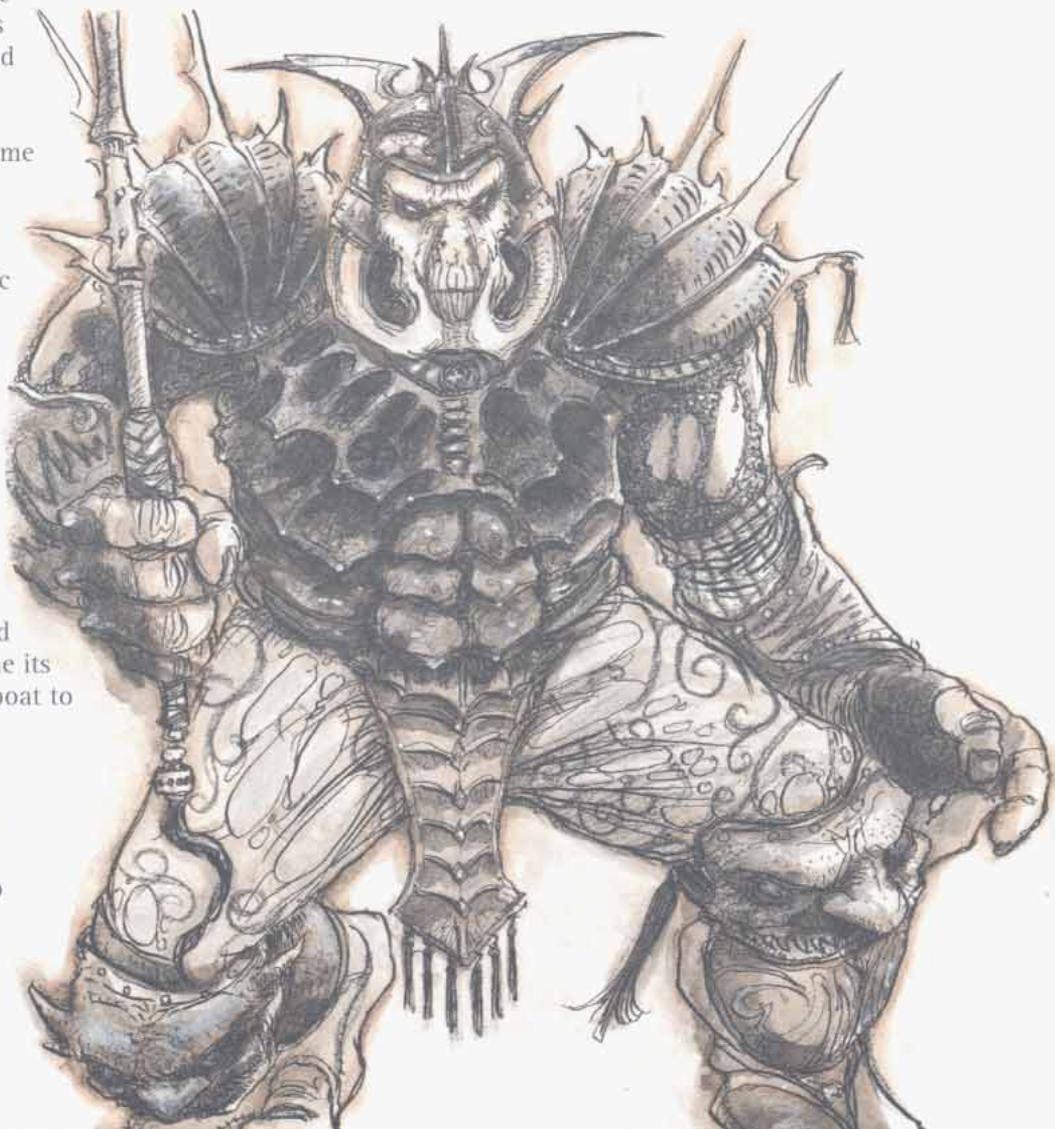
THE RIVER STYX

No one knows where it rises and no one knows where it ends, but all the Lower Planes know the River Styx. This wine-dark, rank

river bubbles and churns through the top layers of Acheron, Baator, Gehenna, the Gray Waste, Carceri, the Abyss, and Pandemonium. Side channels of this odious river reach to other layers of these planes – the fifth level of Baator and some of the unnumbered layers of the Abyss in particular. The flow isn't linear or predictable, either. On one journey, a boatman goes from Baator straight to the Abyss; on the return, the river shifts its banks and carries the cutter from the Abyss to the furnaces of Carceri. The flow is unmeasured and unmapped.

Where the Oceanus is sweet, the Styx is foul. Its water is black, putrid, and greasy, yet still a temptation to those suffering from thirst on these planes. One taste or touch of its water and a being must successfully save vs. spell or suffer total amnesia of his past life, including class, alignment, and spells. Even those who do save forget the events of the past day. Beneath its sluggish surface, the currents of the Styx are swift and dangerous, often sucking down boats or pulling swimmers under.

Still, the Styx is useful for travel from plane to plane. A journey to any point on its banks never takes



more than a day (although it might be a dangerous day). Horrid and fantastic boatmen called mar-raenoloths ply its waters, their skills supernaturally competent. All of them are willing to carry passengers – for the right price.

YGGDRASIL, THE WORLD ASH

One magnificent feature of the planes is the great tree Yggdrasil, the World Ash. Rising on the first layer of Ysgard, Yggdrasil's roots and branches extend into many other planes, providing yet another way for travelers to get around. No one has mapped the extent of these pathways, but some of the important paths are known. One of the roots reaches to Niflheim on the Gray Waste, and another stretches to Pandemonium, where Loki (of the Norse pantheon) resides. The branches are no less widespread, even crossing the silvery void of the Astral Plane to reach the very Prime Material. There, it's said, the smallest branch tips touch hundreds of worlds where the Norse gods are revered or remembered. Other branches reach Elysium, the Beastlands, and Limbo, and there are likely to be many more such pathways.

Traveling Yggdrasil's paths requires the traveler to climb through the branches or roots. At each planar crossing, the tree disappears through a portal of shimmering color, like a color pool found on the Astral. Only the vaguest of shapes can be seen through the window. To know for certain

what lies on the other side, a traveler must step through. The colored portals are all two-way passages.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

Like Yggdrasil, Mount Olympus is a pathway to many other planes. Rising from the plane of Arborea, Mount Olympus has veins that reach into the planes of Gehenna, the Gray Waste, and Carceri. These planes are reached by twisting caverns that pierce Olympus's stone. On its slopes, a cutter can climb through the Astral Plane and into a number of prime-material worlds – worlds where Zeus and the fellows of his pantheon aren't forgotten. Unlike Yggdrasil, Olympus has no connections to any of the other Upper Planes, and its links to the rest of the Outer Planes are well mapped.

When crossing into another plane via Mount Olympus, the traveler must find a color portal like those found on Yggdrasil. Beneath the mountain, the right cavern must be taken, since there are many false trails and dead ends. On the slopes, the traveler must search through rocks and woods for the shimmering curtains that mark doorways to other planes.

DEALING WITH THE POWERS

Since the Outer Planes are home to most of the powers known to mortals, it's understandable that adventurers might expect to get involved with them in one way or another. Sigil is full of tall tales of bloods who outwit this god or that, steal divine treasures, or undertake dangerous quests personally assigned by their deity. A berk'd do well to look at who's telling those tales, though, because they're *all* tall tales.

Here's the real chant: Maybe – just maybe – one blood out of ten thousand's actually even *seen* one of the powers, particularly one of the greater powers. Then, of them that's seen one, maybe one out of a hundred's actually done anything for or against the greater powers. And of those few berks, maybe one out of ten actually survived. And finally, maybe one, just *one* of those actually *did* give a power the laugh. He'll be the sod with the look of a chased rabbit in his eyes, though, and it's a sure bet he's never leaving the safety of Sigil again.

The dark is that powers just don't go and parley with most normal folks, probably because they don't want to take such a direct hand in the multiverse, as it would inevitably lead to a like response from other powers. Good and evil, lawful and chaotic, the powers made the multiverse, and they know that direct confrontation is the quickest way to wreck the whole show. Maybe they went that route once, in time before their own measuring, and found that no one could win that game. Oh,



they still meddle with each other's followers, try to subvert realms, and generally work behind the scenes, but getting directly involved can bring down the combined wrath of a lot of fellow powers. All of them remember what happened to the last deity that tried it – Yavass, Lord of Tyrants. His moldering body drifts in the Astral Plane as a mutual warning to all the powers.

Because of this hands-off policy, powers make *proxies*, servants to carry out their will. It's all part of the game. A power may not be able to act directly, but it can send its proxies to do things instead. 'Course, even then there's limits. It usually doesn't take much to figure out which power sent a host of proxies to bash down a front door, and once the insulted power knows, it's a matter of revenge. So even with proxies, a power's got to be subtle. There are RARE times when a power might recruit a *mortal* agent, even a player character.

So, maybe a berk thinks powers *do* deal with mortals, but it ain't that clear. Fact is, mortals are a lousy lot at keeping anything dark, so the powers don't trust them with the truth all that often. Instead, most powers try to trick mortals, get them to help without ever realizing it, and even this kind of trick is extremely uncommon. Rarer still does any power actually reveal itself to a mortal. Those chosen for such a revelation are paragons of whatever the power esteems. One is chosen for righteous beliefs, another for trustworthiness, and a third for masterful duplicity. Some poor sods go barmy, exposed to the radiance of their lords. Most die carrying out their quests. Others are cheated of their reward – whatever it is, it's usually not a winning offer.

There are a few madmen in Sigil who claim to have either personally called upon the powers or to have killed one. These are lies. *The powers cannot be visited and chatted with.* Any mortal who meets a power does so because the power chooses. Sure, a berk can see the temples of Olympus and even walk inside some of them, but that doesn't mean Zeus is opening the door. The powers are unreachable, berk.

Nobody (except a lot of combined other powers) ever kills a power. After all, they're immortals, tied to the essence of their planes. There might be some slim chance of destroying a power's body, but even that wouldn't kill it. In time, the god would reappear with all its powers and memories – particularly of whoever caused it harm. Face it, the chance of getting that far against a power is unimaginable. Powers are just what the name says – *powerful*. Within their own realms, they *are* the law of the universe. They can strike with a thought, or without any thought at all. No mortal has

ever reached a deity's status and none ever will, for in attaining it a being is no longer mortal.

That's the true strength of the powers.



THE LADY OF PAIN

Even though it's closed to the powers, life's not all happy and safe in the City of Doors. The place is a prize and the gods know it. Every one of them would love to seize Sigil and control its doors, but of course the good powers won't even try — they know it'd start an outright war. Neutral powers hold themselves in check, thanks to the delicate balance of power on the planes — if any one of them seized the place, the harmony of the universe'd be broken.

Unfortunately, this don't hold true for the powers of the Lower Planes — fiends and the like. They don't care about some "imaginary" balance or who gets hurt. They just want the whole birdcage and they'll do what they must to get it. Gods help the sod who gets in their way.

It's a good thing, then, that Sigil's got the Lady of Pain. Don't be so barmy thinking she's just a symbol. She's real and she didn't get her name or looks for nothing. The Lady of Pain's about power — the power to block the doors of Sigil to all deities. She's the protector of the whole Cage, the one being that keeps Sigil safe.

The Lady of Pain's real, but nobody ever talks to her. *Nobody*. Many who've seen her floating through the streets wind up in the Hive with all the rest of the barmies. She's not kind or caring, and a berk can't expect mercy from her. On a whim she'll aid, but more often she kills, and yet it's to her the city looks for protection. The Guvners think she created Sigil, while the Ciphers wonder if it's all her dream.

'Course, just because the Lady of Pain's blocked the doors doesn't mean the fiends quit trying to get in. She's got to remain strong to keep them out, and if they can weaken her, the seals will fall — and all Pandemonium will break loose. Maybe the fiend lords can't enter Sigil, but their agents, proxies, and sympathizers are there. Those berks are searching for the key, the way to bring down the Lady of Pain.

'COURSE I'LL TALK TO HER!
HEY, I CAN BEB A BAA+EZU,
CHARM AN AASIMON, AND
GET A M@DRON TO TURN STAG —
I CAN CERTAINLY TALK
TO THE LADY OF PAIN!

— DAREL SILVA+ONG,
RA+LING HER BONE-BOX
FOR THE LAST TIME

THE BLOOD WAR

It's a good thing that most of the fiends are preoccupied with another problem: the Blood War, a savage quest for annihilation that ravages the Lower Planes. It's supposed to be a war of tanar'ri against baatezu, but everyone and everything down there seems to be involved. And neither of those "sides" can be trusted, either. A baatezu'll turn stag on his brothers if it'll gain even a little power in the process, and the tanar'ri have *always* been at odds with each other. In between them all are the gehreleths and the yugoloths, eager to fight for the best-paying side. It's a war that's been going on as long as mortals have lived on the planes, and it's a war neither side has yet to win.

Nobody even knows what the exact goals of the war are. Genocide's the best guess — the tanar'ri and baatezu'll fight each other until there's none left. Why? What berk understands a fiend's mind, can figure out its depraved depths? Maybe the local powers are playing games and making them fight. Maybe they fight just because they want to. Nobody knows for sure how the war started, but a lot of folks figure the Lady of Pain had something to do with it. Some barmy philosophers claim that she's one of them, a fiend now turned stag against all her own kind. Maybe it's true, and maybe it ain't.

The only thing known for sure is that the Blood War's a grim blessing to Sigil. Every move on Sigil by one force triggers a reaction from the other side, since both groups are desperately afraid of the other controlling such power. Sure, it makes traveling the Lower Planes dangerous — especially the battlefields of Gehenna and Carceri — but it keeps the fiends *busy*.

Beginning on the following page, there's a general overview of the Outer Planes. Layers within a plane are identified with a ■, and realms are noted with a ▲. The PLANESCAPE Cosmographical Tables, found on one of the poster maps included in this boxed set, lists all currently known layers, realms, cities, and sites of interest and may prove useful to the DM.



THE ABYSS

(Chaotic Evil)



There are multitudinous layers of the Abyss, perhaps even an infinite number. No one has ever catalogued them all, and it's doubtful that any of the plane's natives, let alone any other bean counter, has ever considered the effort worth the time and danger. Plain and simple, no one's ever done so because each layer is so horribly grotesque that a berk would have to be barmy to want to see *any* of them. Even fewer sods have the power to actually do so and survive. For one thing, almost every layer of the Abyss is completely inhospitable. For another, this plane is home to the tanar'ri, one of the two races locked forever in the infernal Blood War – and they aren't particularly hospitable either.

Watch out for those tanar'ri bashers. They'll either try to impress a berk into one of their armies – whether for the Blood War or a local squabble – or they'll flat out put him in the dead-book. Their reason? As often as not, just because they can. Don't expect a better reason from beings of utterly evil chaos. They're devoted to seizing everything they can for themselves, and killing or enslaving everyone else. To their minds, that's the only way to power, and power is the goal of their existence.

Petitioners on this plane are the spirits of the chaotic-evil. Most take the form of manes, the very lowest of the tanar'ri, though a few especially powerful or evil ones may begin their Abyssal existence as something more powerful. Being a mane isn't so special, because more powerful fiends vent their bloodlust on these poor sods, sometimes slaying them in droves. But tanar'ri ain't tanar'ri because they're being punished or because of any other dim-sided reason some green prime has thought up. Here's the real chant: Tanar'ri *want* to be tanar'ri, even if all they are is a lousy mane. Those who survive long enough may be transformed to more powerful forms, should a master find the need for such a servant. Raw, indomitable power's all those sods care about, and the Abyss is the place to get it.

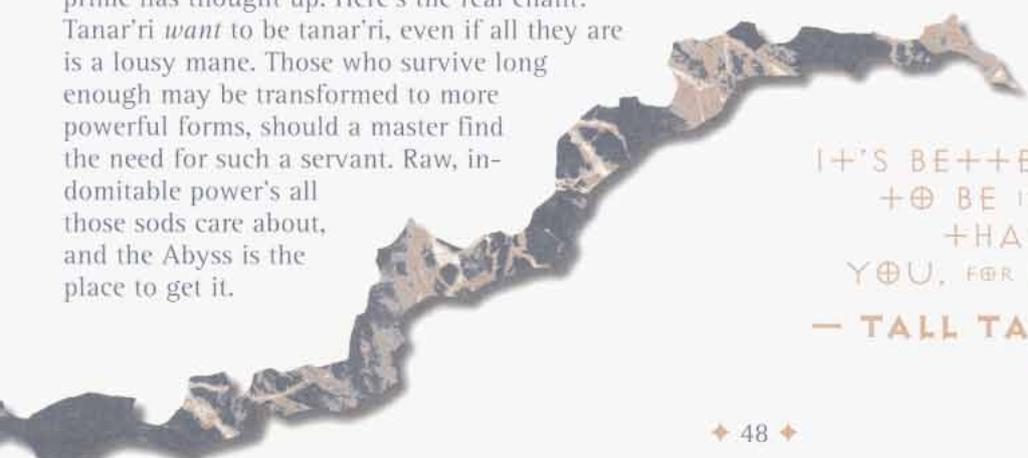
PLAINS OF INFINITE PORTALS. This, the top layer of the Abyss, is a dim, barren place baking forever beneath a bloated red sun. In

numerable holes and huge iron fortresses dot the landscape. The holes are conduits that lead to other layers of the Abyss. The fortresses are strongholds of individual tanar'ri lords, where their bodies are protected by slavishly devoted servants while the leaders' spirits traverse the Astral Plane and the Prime Material, seeking corrupt and evil types to press into service.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. There's no single unifying theme to the physical nature of the layers of the Abyss, except that they're all incredibly harsh. Some are endless deserts of baking sand, salt, or even rust. Others are nothing but bitterly cold ice plains, with razor shards of ice dotting the land. Some are endless seas of stinging salt or smoking acid. Others are plains of rock and lava, with atmospheres of choking fumes. Still others are unimaginably worse.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Spellcasting on the Abyss is as normal as can be expected for the Outer Planes. The only problem is that magic use tends to draw the attention of the locals – especially the agents of powers – who are likely to view the spell user as a threat, one to be dominated or destroyed. Interestingly, illusions and wild magic are enhanced on the Abyss.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Eyewing, fetch, fire shadow, quasit, retriever, and tanar'ri all reside in the Abyss. A short list of the powers here includes Sess'inek of the lizard men, Laogzed of the troglodytes, the beholders' Great Mother, and virtually the entire drow pantheon. Chemosh and Hiddukel (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Beshaba and Umberlee (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) also claim the Abyss as home.



IT'S BETTER FOR SOME BERKS
+⊕ BE IN CHAINS
+HAN +⊕ BE FREE.
Y⊕U, FOR INST+ANCE.

— TALL TALLY OF +HE
MERCYKILLERS

ACHERON

(Lawful Neutral Evil)

Here's the safest place for a cutter to go if he really wants to deal with the fiends of the Lower Planes – the iron-shod Acheron. It's a plane of enforced order, where conformity is more important than good. The Mercykillers will tell a berk that the fiends of Acheron aren't that evil – it's only their rigorous adherence to order that upsets those who lack such discipline. Other folks tell of the random cruelty that blind conformity brings – the crushed spirits, the broken hopes. This is the true face of Acheron.

The plane of Acheron is made of immense blocks, black and smooth, whose surfaces ring metallic underfoot. They drift endlessly through space, these cubes the size of cities and kingdoms. Sometimes they meet with a fearsome clang that crushes all between them and sends shudders through the plane.

The petitioners of Acheron, warriors lost to the joy of battle and saviors who forgot their cause, are consumed by the need for conformity. They cannot conceive of anyone refusing to obey the will of the group, as determined by their commanders. They are dedicated soldiers, forever lacking a cause.

■ **AVALAS.** The battle plain of Acheron is filled with worlds where armies muster, drill, and wage war upon each other. The space echoes with the metallic clang of marching men, as vast legions hurl themselves at each other. The armies fight not to conquer territory, as some believe, but to force all others to conform. Fiends from Baator come here to recruit battalions for the endless Blood War. The ground is covered with the wreckage of war, scattered between iron citadels that dot the plains.

The power Lei Kung, Duke of Thunder, keeps his home on this plane, in a palace floating on a storm cloud amid the drifting sea of iron. One of the blocks is the continual battleground of Maglubiyet and Gruumsh, powers of the goblins and orcs, respectively. These two fling their humanoid legions at each other in futile battle, neither able to gain the upper hand.

■ **THULDANIN.** The blocks of this layer are pitted and hollow, and their insides are filled with the cast-off machinery of war. Flying ships, spelljammers, catapults, cannons, and things yet to be invented on a thousand prime-material worlds all lie in broken, tumbled heaps, slowly transforming into the ironlike stone of this plane. Patrols from Avalas forage for anything useful in their endless

wars, and they skirmish with each other over the smallest scrap. There's a 1-in-1000 chance per day of finding anything useful.

■ **TINTIBUEUS.** This layer is barren of life. The only things to be found are tumbling blocks of geometric solids of all types. Made of gritty stone, they collide and fracture along crystalline faults, spawning yet smaller solids to join in the planar dance. A few daring wizards can be found here, conducting researches possible only in this barren void.

■ **OCANTHUS.** This layer is made up of razor-thin plates – some barely an inch across, others miles in width. Although the plates could support life, it's too dangerous here. The plates slice through the darkness, striking creatures like *vorpal blades* (THACO 11, ignore armor; only Dexterity bonuses apply).

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. All layers drift in a void of air that supports life and flight. Gravity here conforms to the shape of the solid, always pointing toward the center. Thus, armies can range on all six sides of one of the immense cubes, or they can walk on both the top and bottom of Ocanthus's drifting plates. Travelers in Avalas and Thuldanin must be wary of collisions between the cubes, since everything between the two masses is crushed. Approaching cubes are seen a day or two in advance, depending on size, giving just enough warning to escape. (So pitched are some of the wars between legions that they fight until crushed, ignoring all other perils.)

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Wild magic is diminished on Acheron.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Achaierai, baatezu, imp, modron, rakshasa, rust monster, and yugoloth are all found on Acheron. Only yugoloths and rakshasa are truly native, the others coming to recruit or feed. Most of the orc pantheon resides here, having been driven out of Gehenna and Baator.

JUSTICE IS NOT LAW.

— MERCYKILLER
PROVERB



ARBOREA

(Chaotic Good)

HE SCREAMED, TURNED PURPLE,
AND WRITHED ON THE FLOOR
FOR AN HOUR AFTER JUST ONE SIP?
OKAY, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.

— FLISHARD WILLOWHEELS. A SENSATE

This plane's called Olympus by primes who've heard of some of the local powers, and Arvandor by prime elves who revere a few other powers that live here. 'Course, they've both got it wrong, but whatever a sod calls this plane, the best way to sum it up in one word is to say "boisterous." This is the home of a pantheon of gods that call themselves "Greek" — a tag that reflects one of their favorite prime-material worlds. Wherever that world is, it must be a wild one because this pantheon is half-barmy with the party lifestyle. Their passions run high and deep, and the plane reflects that with stupendously craggy mountains, unbelievably deep gorges, forests of monstrously huge trees, and vast wild stretches of wheat fields, orchards, and arbors. The petitioners who live here are a hearty lot of backslapping, wide-grinning, epic-singing bravos when they're happy. But they drink to excess and wail like banshees when they're sorrowful. When angered, they leap into battle without a moment's hesitation (though their "combats" are better called "brawls" — lots of heads get thumped, but people seldom die). A swashbuckling cutter feels right at home on this plane. There's always hunts and battles, contests of strength and derring-do, and long, loud parties — it ain't ever dull around here!

The elven pantheon also makes its home on this plane, but it remains separate from the Greek gods. The elf gods are a bit more elegant in their behavior, though no less passionate. The petitioners pour out their joys and sorrows in achingly beautiful music, their rage in hard-eyed, cold-blooded vengeance.

The Sensates maintain a palace on this plane. It's a rambling structure of white marble, filled with sumptuous viands, beautiful art work, excellent musicians, and graceful dancers and acrobats.

Portals between the layers of Arborea are rarer than on most other planes, and those few are well guarded by the powers and petitioners, sometimes even with stone walls and iron gates. The idea isn't to keep travelers out, but to stop or slow the influx of unintelligent or dangerous monsters.

■ **OLYMPUS.** The first layer of the plane takes the same name of the plane's most significant feature, Mount Olympus. This mountain dwarfs all others in size and significance (except Mount Celestia, of course), and it serves as an interplanar conduit to all crystal spheres where the Greek pantheon is (or has been) worshiped on the Prime Material Plane. Its caverns reach into various lower levels of the planes, like Gehenna, the Gray Waste, and Carceri. Separated from the Greeks by a stretch of wilderness lies the home of the elven pantheon. By some trick of the land, both the Greeks and the elves occupy the highest point on the plane, yet neither is higher than the other.

■ **OSSA.** The second layer in Arborea is called Aquallor by the elves. It's one vast yet shallow sea, scattered over with islands. In the waters lie portals to the other layers of the plane, which are guarded by elf petitioners. Those gateways on the islands are watched by Greek petitioners. Sashelas of the elven pantheon swims these waters, as does Poseidon of the Greeks. The River Oceanus flows into Ossa from Thalasias (on Elysium), too. Watch out for the huge, funnel-like maelstroms that can suck a cutter into Elysium in the blink of an eye.

■ **PELION.** This layer, called Mithardir ("white dust") by the elves, is a place of blowing white sand and snow with a few scattered ruins. The temperatures aren't extreme, but the land seems to have disintegrated, fallen into an infinity of shifting, blowing dust. The Egyptian goddess Nephthys maintains a palace of dun-colored stone here in the middle of this desert plain.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Travel on this plane is difficult because of its immensity and wildness. Don't plan on walking from one town to the next; it'll take a berk forever. Besides the sheer distance involved, there are appallingly steep mountains and ravines to be crossed, dense forests to traverse, and mighty rivers with no bridges and few fords. A flying mount can help a lot, but magic's a better answer. 'Course, that's just speaking of the first layer. The other two are even tougher in their own ways.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Cyclops, foo creature, giant (and giant animals), sphinx, titan, and other beings of Greek legend abide here on Arborea. Most of the Greek and elven pantheons dwell on this plane, as well as Llira, Sune, and Tymora (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting).

ARCADIA

(Lawful Neutral Good)

Standing on the slope of Arcadia's tallest peak, it's easy to see why this plane is known as the Land of Perfect Good. Everything here radiates peaceful order. Forests grow in neat rows, more like orchards than wild woods. On the plains, grasses grow to only a certain height. Wildflowers grow in self-defined beds of color, one never intruding on the other. Fields are geometrically perfect and towns are laid out in neat squares. Even day and night are ordered and perfect. All light and darkness comes from an orb set in the top of Arcadia's tallest peak. Half this sphere radiates starry darkness and the other half emits gleaming sunshine. The orb revolves in a regular 24-hour day. Light changes to dark abruptly — there is no dusk or dawn — and each change signals the beginning or end of another perfect day.

Arcadia is a land of fields, orchards, and woods. Throughout, there are the perfect forms of beneficial and peaceful animals from the Prime Material. Even the animals here reflect the goal of Arcadia — organization for the common good. Nectar-laden bees, industrious ants, silver-wooled sheep, fat deer, gleaming foxes, and other creatures that watch and protect their own are common here.

This plane is one of the most hostile to evil sods. Squadrons of petitioner militia regularly patrol the land, seeking out anyone evil. All Arcadian petitioners can *know alignment* at will, and travelers are always questioned as to their alignment. Lawful-good creatures are invited to join such hunts, chaotic goods are tolerated as long as they don't disturb the public order, neutrals of all types are stiffly requested to finish their business and leave, while evil types are instantly attacked. For the petitioners of Arcadia, it's no failure to fall when fighting evil.

Arcadia is said to have three layers, though only the uppermost is known, perhaps due to the difficulty of dealing with the Arcadian militia. The two realms described below are found on this layer of Arcadia.

HAVING IS EXIST+ING.

— FROM 'SAYINGS
OF THE FA+ED'



▲ MARDUK.

The realm of Marduk, a greater power, has at its heart the great city of Marduk. This is a sprawling megalopolis of orderly design built around two rivers, the Kath and the Luar. The rivers cross at the very center of the city, the Kath flowing in an aqueduct over the Luar just at the point where the latter tumbles over a perfect waterfall. Marduk's streets are broad, the markets are well regulated, and the numerous parks are neat and well maintained. Patrols of einheriar militia, called *kindari*, make regular rounds through the streets, ever watchful for transgressors. All of good alignment are welcomed here, save any kind of dragon or dragonkin, for the deity Marduk has fought too many battles with such creatures to abide them in his realm. Many planars of the Harmonium faction reside here.

Marduk isn't utterly perfect, although even its imperfections are highly lawful. Well hidden in the city is a thieves' guild, the members' alignments concealed by magical devices and spells provided by beings of the lawful-evil planes. Though evil, the guild is nonetheless highly ordered, with strict laws and regulations as vigorously enforced as any ordinance of the *kindari*.

▲ MOUNT CLANGGEDIN. This realm is a great mountain filled with dwarven halls, forges, and armories, as befits a dwarf god of battle. The mountain is a perfect cone, and the halls are carved perfectly straight. Here, dwarf einheriar hone their battle skills. At regular intervals, the hosts of Clanggedin cross the planes and raid the evil forces of Acheron. Such battles, no matter how small, are always epic.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The creatures of this plane (but not petitioners) are immune to illusions and phantasms. Likewise, a natural animal of this plane isn't affected by a prime's spell that might summon or control its counterpart on the Prime Material.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Deva, einheriar militia, giant versions of normal creatures, hollyphant, and t'uen-rin inhabit Arcadia. Powers found here are Marduk and Clanggedin Silverbeard, as well as Reorx (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Azuth (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting). Because of their immunity to illusions, Arcadian hounds are prized as watchdogs.

BAATOR

(Lawful Evil)

This is it: the Big One, the Nine Hells, the Pit of Darkness, the Stinking Mire, whatever. It's got more names than there are prime-material worlds. It's the plane of the most dangerous evil there is: the baatezu, fiends of unsurpassed power. These monstrous beings are absolute masters of their plane. Among their kind exists a rigid hierarchy of domination that defines all life on Baator.

The most vile petitioners consigned to this plane are transformed into larvae – grub-things found throughout the Lower Planes. All petitioners endlessly suffer the tortures of the baatezu, for the wretches can never truly die by torment. Their burnt, broken, and bleeding carcasses reform within a day and the entire process begins again. The petitioners endure this in the hope that someday they will advance and torture others.

■ **AVERNUS.** This is a rocky wasteland with a dark red and starless sky, though the landscape is lit by spheres that weave and flare into fiery explosions. The blasted plain is scoured by savage legions, ready to repel invaders. This host is led by Bel, a pit fiend, eagerly earning honors from the infernal archduke of the plane, Tiamat, Queen of Darkness, guards the entrance to the next layer. The River Styx flows through this layer.

■ **DIS.** The smoking black walls of the iron city Dis, which is also the name of this layer, rise into the ash-green sky, and narrow streets run as far as can be seen. Condemned petitioners toil at meaningless labor, one team tearing a building down as fast as another erects it, and all work is done without tools. The fiery iron burns the flesh, and the streets echo with cries of agony. The archduke of this layer rules the Iron City from a tower of lead and stone.

■ **MINAUROS.** This is the layer of greed. Foul rain, oily sleet, and razor-sharp hail sweep across the layer. All is bog, save the ridges of volcanic glass that slither through the landscape. The only city is Minauros the Sinking, built of black stone, forever settling into the mire. Fiends drive petitioners onto the bottomless bog to find ever rarer stone to bolster the city's structures. Decayed bodies gurgle to the surface, filling the air with disease.

■ **PHLEGETHOS.** Here is the legendary realm of fire, filled with volcanos and rivers of liquid fire. It's virtually the same as being on the plane of Fire. The only city is Abriymoch, built in the caldera of an almost extinct volcano.

■ **STYGIA.** This is the realm of ice, a great frozen sea, although there's open water where the River Styx flows. Small plants grow here, creating an icy swamp. Lightning scours the sky. On a great ice floe stands the ice-cruised city of Tantlin.

■ **MALBOLGE.** This layer is a great rockfall, immense in size. With no clear path, travelers must scale a constant parade of building-sized boulders or wind through the dark tunnels they form. The sky burns with clouds of red steam. There is no single city on this layer, but a series of copper-clad fortresses among the scree.

■ **MALADOMINI.** This is the plain of ruins. Under the blood-black sky, petitioners quarry, carve, and build new cities for the archduke of this layer. The land, once fertile, is scarred by mine pits, slag heaps, brackish canals, and half-destroyed ruins. Cities are built upon cities, but only one, the newest, Malagard, stands above the surface. Beneath, the ruins are dungeons so extensive that even the lesser fiends fear what lurks in them.

■ **CANIA.** Worse than Stygia, this layer is solid ice. Exposure here is equal to that on the plane of Ice. Huge glaciers grind at the jagged mountains that hold them. The archduke of this layer rules from the citadel of Mephistar, overlooking the glacier Nargus.

■ **NESSUS.** This is the deepest pit of Baator, a plain shattered by rifts deeper than the deepest ocean trench. At the lowest depth sits the palace of Baator's current overlord, a citadel even greater in scope than Khin-Oin on the Gray Waste. It's unmapped and undescribed, which suits its fiendish master just fine. The citadel stands on the shore of a lake of fluid ice that feeds the River Lethe. This layer is a land of extremes – the coldest freeze, the hottest fires, the steepest cliffs, etc.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Wild magic is diminished on Baator, due to its lawful bent.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Baatezu, hellcat, hell hound, hordling, imp, larva, and simpathectic call Baator home. Within the strict chain of command, the greater baatezu constantly jockey for power, each attempting to overthrow its rivals and become the supreme master of Baator. Takhisis of the DRAGONLANCE saga resides on this plane, although the Clueless of Krynn think she lives in the Abyss.

THE BEASTLANDS

(Neutral Good Chaotic)

Although it's known to some bashers as the Happy Hunting Grounds, most bloods prefer to call this plane the Beastlands. The name fits, too, since this part of the multiverse is rich with wild animals. A berk on a safari could bag quite a trophy here – if his prey didn't make a trophy of him first.

Of all the planes, this one has no settlements, no towns, no citadels built by its petitioners, and the reason's simple: All the petitioners here are animals. When a body arrives here, someone like a great provider for his clan, he becomes a wild creature of wood, plain, sea, or air. That's why it's called the Beastlands – natural wild animals roam in abundance, living the lives that animals lead. This means only *natural* animals. A basher's not going to find a beholder or a catoblepas here – they ain't natural animals in the true sense of the word.

The plane's a seeming hodgepodge of every natural environment that there is. There's veldt, jungle, swamp, plain, and forests of all types, filled with trees of all description. Everything here's more lush, wild, and savage than any prime's ever seen at home. This plane's the epitome of wilderness.

Course, a petitioner-turned-lion's got to have *some* things different than just an ordinary lion. First off, he can talk; becoming an animal doesn't rob a petitioner of his faculties. There's still a mind beneath the fang and fur. Second, those that were spellcasters before they died still have some spell ability. For the most part they don't use their spells, though, since that'd spoil the natural life they now lead. But if some berk shows up and starts making trouble, it's a sure bet the petitioners will strike back as best as they can.

■ **KRIGALA.** The first layer of the Beastlands is a place of continual noon. Here are found the creatures that live and hunt under the glare of the sun. In some places it burns hotly, creating savannahs, while in others it barely penetrates the thick canopy of jungle. Running almost straight through the center of this layer is the River Oceanus, headed between Elysium and Arborea. The jungles and forests are thickest along it. Moving away from the river, the land becomes plains, then dry veldt, then desert, only to rise into coniferous wooded mountains and arctic tundra.

Lions,
zebras,
deer,
hawks,

eagles, and other day-cycle creatures fill this layer. It's along the banks of the Oceanus that the Signers maintain a citadel.

■ **BRUX.** This is the layer of perpetual dawn (or dusk, depending on a cutter's mood). The sky is always filled with ruddy half-light, competing against the silver trace of a moon. The land's cool and misty. Forests are thick with shadows and the plains glimmer in the almost-light. Again, every type of terrain can be found here, the home to something. Bird calls, monkey howls, and other stirrings herald the dark. These are the cries of creatures that live and hunt in the not-quite hours of dawn and dusk. Bats, tigers, foxes, wolves, bears, and more fill this layer.

■ **KARASUTHRA.** The third layer is the land of night. Glittering stars outshine the almost-vanished moon. Clouds streak the sky and fogs cling to many areas. The air rings with the croaking of frogs and the stealthy rustle of trackers. Here the realm is filled with creatures of the night – owls, bobcats, panthers, and others that stalk their prey through the black shadows of the world.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. In terms of natural law, this plane is the closest of any to a normal prime-material world. Furthermore, because of the "perfect wildness" of this plane, those who have wilderness skills (tracking, animal handling, direction sense) find their talents enhanced by 10% (+2 on 1d20 checks).

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Because of the mortai, a type of living cloud creature, spells affecting weather, wind, or air automatically fail. Furthermore, no matter how "normal" they seem, the animals of the Beastlands aren't normal beasts and can't be affected by spells controlling normal animals.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Aasimon, baku, mortai, and normal and giant-sized animals of all types live in the Beastlands. Those that have spell ability can cast 1d10 spells per day. Chislev and Habbakuk (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Deneir and Milil (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) are said to call this plane home as well.

LIKE THE VIEW?
IT'S ALL YOURS
FOR A SMALL PRICE. . . .

— MALKARESH OF BAA+OR



BY+OPIA

(Neutral Good Lawful)

Now here's a place where a basher can feel safe and not be bothered by the petitioners at the same time, because Bytopia (called the Twin Paradises by primes who don't know any better) is a place where a being's left to himself until there's good need. That means folks here help each other when they need assistance and leave each other alone when they don't. All in all, it's a pretty sociable place.

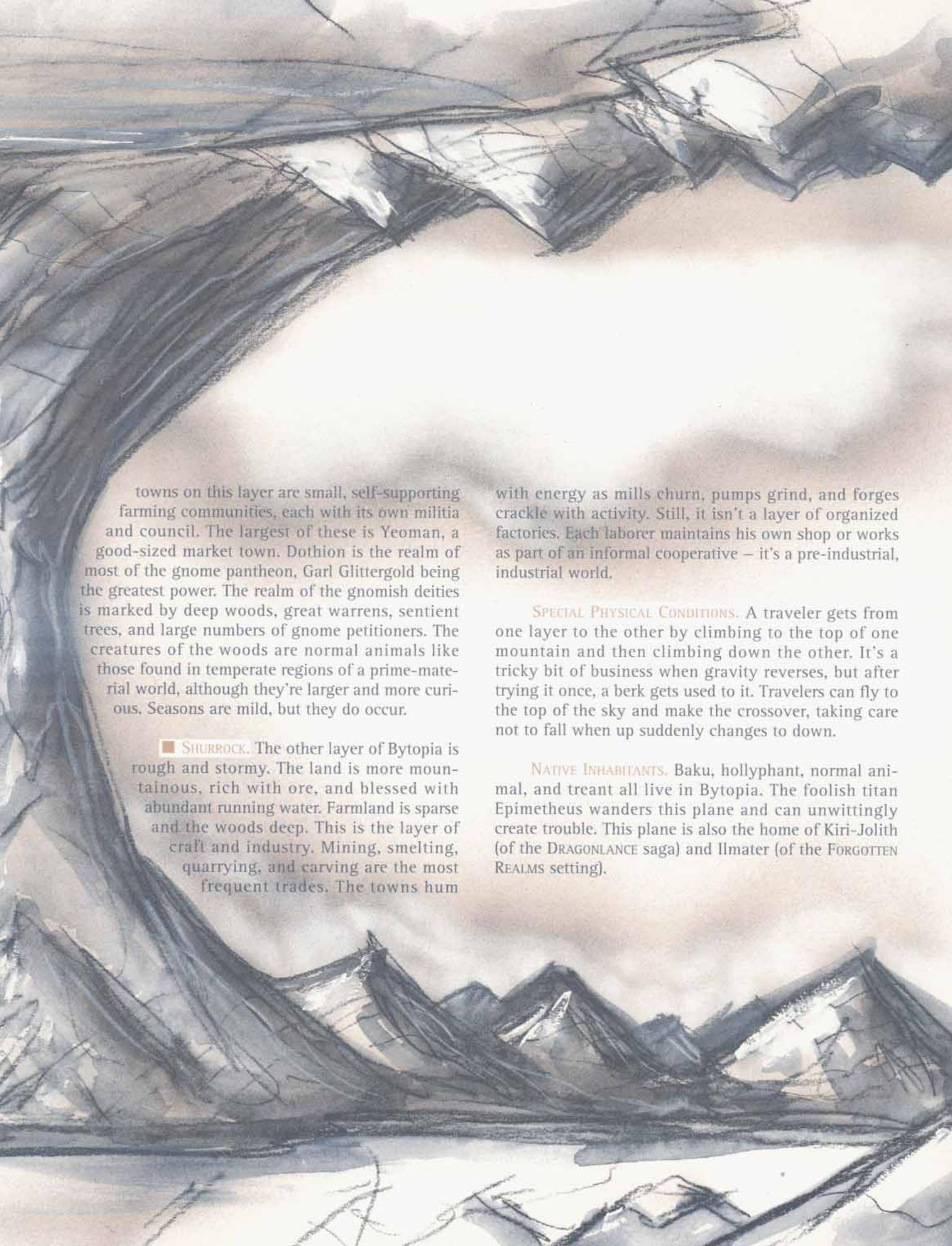
Now, Bytopia is just that: a pair of layers filled with mountains, streams, forests, meadows, and all the other stuff of a wild and natural world. While it's a far cry from the perfect order of Arcadia, Bytopia isn't the untamed wilderness of the Beastlands either. Both layers are sprinkled with towns filled with hard-working souls and little city-states. Caravans and traders pass from community to community, linking the whole together.

What makes Bytopia particularly unusual is that a cutter can look up, past the sky, and see the other layer of the plane. That's because the layers are stacked on each other like a sandwich, sharing one sky between them. The tallest mountains of each layer actually

touch so that they're more like columns (where stalactites and stalagmites meet). During the day, the plane is lit by radiance from the sky. When nighttime comes, the light fades and the sky becomes dark. What looks like stars overhead are actually the lights and fires of communities on the other layer.

The petitioners of Bytopia are industrious to a fault. Truth told, their lives are defined by work. Petitioners figure everybody's got to have an honest trade. Folks who don't, for whatever reason, are shiftless if not outright evil. Adventuring isn't really an honest trade here, and thieving is just intolerable. Petitioners here don't offer charity, although they're fair in all dealings. A basher looking for a handout is likely to be given an axe and pointed to the woodpile with instructions to work up a sweat before dinner.

■ **DOETHON.** Of the two layers, this one is dedicated to pastoral industry. Its vast woods are the province of hunters and woodcutters, its meadows are given over to herders and farmers, and its rivers are plied by fisherfolk and traders. The



towns on this layer are small, self-supporting farming communities, each with its own militia and council. The largest of these is Yeoman, a good-sized market town. Dothion is the realm of most of the gnome pantheon, Garl Glittergold being the greatest power. The realm of the gnomish deities is marked by deep woods, great warrens, sentient trees, and large numbers of gnome petitioners. The creatures of the woods are normal animals like those found in temperate regions of a prime-material world, although they're larger and more curious. Seasons are mild, but they do occur.

■ **SHURROCK.** The other layer of Bytopia is rough and stormy. The land is more mountainous, rich with ore, and blessed with abundant running water. Farmland is sparse and the woods deep. This is the layer of craft and industry. Mining, smelting, quarrying, and carving are the most frequent trades. The towns hum

with energy as mills churn, pumps grind, and forges crackle with activity. Still, it isn't a layer of organized factories. Each laborer maintains his own shop or works as part of an informal cooperative – it's a pre-industrial, industrial world.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. A traveler gets from one layer to the other by climbing to the top of one mountain and then climbing down the other. It's a tricky bit of business when gravity reverses, but after trying it once, a berk gets used to it. Travelers can fly to the top of the sky and make the crossover, taking care not to fall when up suddenly changes to down.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Baku, hollyphant, normal animal, and treant all live in Bytopia. The foolish titan Epimetheus wanders this plane and can unwittingly create trouble. This plane is also the home of Kiri-Jolith (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Ilmater (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting).

CARCERI

(Neutral Chaotic Evil)

There's some berks that say Sigil's a birdcage, a prison, and other folks are too dim to realize it. Well, they ain't seen Carceri. *That's* a prison. Sigil's a holy temple compared to this plane. Known as Tarterus to green primes, Carceri is the land of exiles, the place where the outcast, the overthrown, and the defeated fume and plot for the day when they'll return. Olympic titans are the best known of the lot. Carceri plays its role in the Blood War by serving as a mustering ground and battlefield for the mindless armies of gehreleth.

Carceri is called the six-fold realm because it has six layers nested like little wooden dolls, one inside the other. Each layer is of immense size, sometimes the equal of the layer that contains it, and infinite by most standards. The layers radiate their own light, a dull reddish glow like that of a fire beetle. Though the light is fiery, it gives no heat, so the layers of Carceri range from cool to bitter freezing.

Petitioners consigned to Carceri are most frequently dead traitors, backstabbers, and other souls of underhanded ambition. While the petitioners don't remember their past lives, the old traits can't be broken. Thus it is that no petitioner of Carceri can ever speak the *entire truth*. They lie compulsively and most cunningly.

■ **OTHYRS.** The outermost layer of Carceri is home to most of the exiled titans – Coeus, Crius, Cronus, Hyperion, Iapetus, Mnemosyne, Oceanus, Phebe, Tethys, Thea, and Themis. Once this layer was linked to Arborea, but in the war that threw the titans down, Zeus and his fellow powers shattered the bond, thus trapping their enemies here. Othrys is a realm of vast bogs and quicksand, fed by the Styx and its channels. Cronus's palace is old and in need of repair, but the plane offers none of the noble stone originally used to build the place.

■ **CATHYRS.** Little is known of this layer, as it's filled with fetid jungle and scarlet plains. Traveling here is dangerous, for the plants ooze acidic sap that can eat through man or metal. Those creatures that live here are immune.

WE MUST TAKE CERTAIN
LIBERTIES IN THE NAME OF
FREEDOM.

— CHANCELLOR MARGU+
OF THE HARMONIUM

■ **MINETHYS.** This is a layer filled with sand. Stinging grit is driven so hard by the wind that it can strip an exposed being to the bone in a matter of hours. All who dwell in this layer, save the powers, are bundled in cloth and rags to block out the cutting blast. Tornados are common, and to avoid all these hazards, most petitioners live in miserable sand-filled pits, dug by hand. Coeus maintains a palace here.

■ **COLOTHYS.** This layer is one of those mountains more immense than any in the Prime Material Plane. Travel on foot here is almost impossible, because the land is riven by canyons miles deep. The few trading routes that do exist carry travelers across *impossibly* rickety bridges and on cliff-face trails barely wide enough for a single man. Petitioner villages cling to the clefts in the rock, and Crius maintains a citadel on the highest peak in the layer. Crius is often at war with Grolantor, the hill giant deity, who has terrified the gehreleth shator into his service.

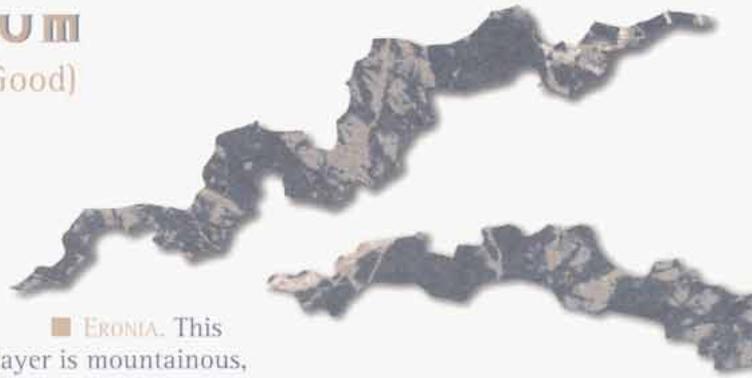
■ **PORPHATYS.** This layer is a cold, shallow ocean fed by black snow. Both the snow and the water are mildly acidic, inflicting 1d6 points of damage per turn to unprotected travelers. Small islands rise above the waves, barely more than sandbars. The exiled titan Oceanus maintains a half-sunken palace here. Starving petitioners crowd the little isles.

■ **AGATHYS.** This is the coldest layer of the plane, an orb of black ice streaked with red. The air is bitterly cold and burns for 1d2 points of damage each round. Petitioners here are half-frozen into the ice. Nothing else is known to live here.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Achaierai, gehreleth, greater titan, hordling, imp, larva, mephit, nightmare, quasit, shadow fiend, and vargouille all inhabit Carceri. Many other creatures of the Lower Planes can be found here, like as not stragglers or routed troops of the Blood War. The armies of the tanar'ri are most common, and greater tanar'ri come to recruit gehreleth for their causes. These near-mindless monsters almost always accept, eager to kill and destroy. The greater titans, proudly believing themselves better than all this, remain aloof, although they sometimes attempt to maneuver the tanar'ri generals into serving their own goal of freedom from the plane. Also said to live on Carceri are Malar and Talona of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting.

ELYSIUM

(Neutral Good)



This place gets called the Restful Plane or the Land of the Thoughtless, depending on a sod's attitude. The Ciphers'll tell a berk it's the perfect place, having goodness without thought. Then again, the Guvners can barely stand it because there's no order or discipline on the plane at all. That's because the driving force of Elysium is goodness and goodness only. Order or anarchy – it doesn't matter, as long as it's for the good.

Elysium is a land of fertile richness and unsurpassed natural beauty. Near the banks of the River Oceanus, which winds through all the layers, are tall trees, waving reeds, and lush meadows. In the hundreds of miles beyond the river's banks, the forests give way to grassy plains, then rolling hills, until the land finally becomes rugged badlands that are wind-sculpted into forms of artistic beauty.

The petitioners here live their lives in peaceful repose, more or less living as they wish. There's no need to work unless a person wants to, for the land is abundant enough to fulfill all wants. Nonetheless, there are towns and cities here, organized by those who want to live this way. Either choice is fine by the petitioners of Elysium.

Clearly the petitioners are an independent lot. Such is their nature that they're completely immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *summoning* spells. No one can force the inhabitants of Elysium to do anything they don't want to do.

■ **AMORIA.** The layer connected to the Astral Plane, Amoria is an untroubled land of woodland and meadow. There are several trading towns here, strung like pearls along Oceanus's banks – the largest of these is Release From Care. Scattered throughout the layer are the huts of Ciphers, who make this plane their headquarters. Unlike other factions, the Ciphers don't maintain a permanent citadel on their home plane. Instead, they gather at each other's homes or in clearings as needed. Isis maintains a realm on this layer, and it's famous for the firefly lanterns that line the river's banks. Meanwhile, her sometime-rival Ishtar maintains the City of the Star, a metropolis lit by a brilliant star set in the top of the city's highest tower.

■ **ERONIA.** This layer is mountainous, and here waterfalls and cascades interrupt Oceanus's flow. River travel without a guide can be dangerous. The banks are sheer and rocky except for a few landing points. Here, the power Enlil maintains a mountain realm, while Nanna-Sin plies the river on his great crescent moon barge. This vessel, as it passes, bathes the river canyon in the silver radiance of moonlight.

■ **BELIERIN.** This layer is mostly marsh, rich with wildfowl and tree-covered hummocks. Unlike other marshes, however, this one is free of pestilence and bothersome insects. Very little is known of it, save that there may be realms in the higher ground around its edges.

■ **THALASIA.** Here is the source and end of the River Oceanus, rising out of the sea that is Thalasia, which fills this layer. Small islands dot the waves, but the majority of the realms of interest on this layer lie far beneath the surface. It's said that many of the sea deities make their home here. The islands are home to those petitioners who in their previous life died in the cause of pure good.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. The primary means of travel on Elysium is by river. This requires a boat and a guide, neither of which are automatically available. Sailing on Oceanus is relatively safe, free of hideous fiends, but there are still hazards. Giant versions of natural creatures swim in the river and will hunt for food. Waterfalls, snags, whirlpools, and rapids – the hazards of normal boating – are greater here, as befits the majestic scale of this plane.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Baku, foo creature, moon dog, per, phoenix, and solar are all native to Elysium. Numerous powers reside here as well. Tsuki-Yomi, Ushas, Mishakal, and Majere (of the **DRAGONLANCE** saga) and Chauntea and Lathander (of the **FORGOTTEN REALMS** setting) are the most important of those not already named.



GEHENNA

(Neutral Evil Lawful)

"The four-fold furnaces, the fires terrible . . ." The epic poet Ioleuf saw Gehenna when he wrote this line, a berk can be sure. Gehenna's a plane were volcanos float in a great void, belching their magma sprays onto barren, lava-crusted slopes. Sulfurous steam wheezes from fumaroles, and horrid gases drift in choking clouds through the air. Not the best place for a berk to take his favorite dollymop.

Gehenna's not a forgettable place. Where else is a cutter going to see mountains peaked at both top and bottom, floating in space – mountains that are nothing but greasy black slopes, bubbling rivers of steam, and spraying plumes of lava? Is there another place where the very rock provides the carmine glow that outlines all? These are mountains where nothing is flat, nothing is green, and nothing is easy. Gehenna's void is filled with volcanic mounts, each hovering in space, unmoving except for the occasional shudder of a particularly vicious eruption.

The suffering petitioners of this plane must cling to these slopes or risk tumbling to oblivion. So they cling as they try to make little lives for themselves, pretending that nothing has changed, that this is and always has been their home. The barren bitterness of their land makes the petitioners suspicious and greedy, so much so that no petitioner on this plane will do anything without some kind of payment. Guides must be paid, answers bought, even strangers offering aid must receive compensation. This is a plane without charity, without even a glimmer of what that means.

■ **KHALAS.** The kindest of Gehenna's cruel layers, Khalas, the First Mount, connects to the Astral Plane. The air is crimson near the ground, quickly fading to black no more than a few dozen feet overhead. Chamada glows like a bloody moon in the darkness, brightened by sparkling fountains of lava and flame. Khalas's sides are streaked with waterfalls, cloaked in steam from the singing ground. The rivers here never reach the bottom, either evaporating or disappearing into black caverns. The Styx is the largest of these rivers, plunging over falls thousands of feet high and winding through the glowing caverns of Khalas's interior. Here is found the Teardrop Palace of Sung Chiang.

■ **CHAMADA.** The Second Mountain is the most savage of the four. The ground burns with the orange glare of magma so intense that it blots out the sky. Rivers of lava cascade down its slopes, continually hardening, forming dams, and then bursting forth in new directions. Vents unexpectedly split open and spew fresh ejecta, and volcanos swell on its surface like warts. The air is full of the smell of burning hair and sulfur-scorched flesh.

■ **MUNGOTH.** The Third Mountain is constantly assaulted by a rain of ash and acidic snow. The ground is cool, with only scattered volcanos that barely make enough light to show the way. Avalanches of cold mud threaten travelers at every turn.

■ **KRANGATH.** The Fourth Mountain is the dead realm. Here, all the fires are out and the mountain shudders no more. All is blackness and ice. Nothing dwells on the frozen surface. Deep underground is said to be the realm of Shargaas of the orcs, the Night Lord.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. There are no level points on the surface of any mountain. Should a traveler lose his footing, he tumbles down the slope until stopped by something solid or until he can catch a passing outcropping. This tumble causes falling damage equal to half the distance rolled in feet. The hot surface of Khalas inflicts 1d2 points of damage each round to unprotected skin; Chamada's surface causes 1d6 points of damage per round. Mungoth's acidic snows cause 1d3 points of damage per turn, and storms can last for hours. Krangath's utter cold causes 1d6 points of damage per round.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Enchantment/charm magic is diminished on Gehenna, while

invocation/evocation magic is enhanced.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Vaporighu and yugoloth are native, while other creatures such as imps, quasits, overthrown baatezu, and exiled tanar'ri often hide here. Sargonnas (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Loviatar (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) also live here.

THE GRAY WASTE

(Neutral Evil)

Oinos, Niflheim, and Pluton – these are the fabled “three glooms” of the Gray Waste that a cutter hears so much about. This land is evil solely, and them that’s here don’t care if they’re in it alone or together. This is the great battlefield of the Blood War, called Hades by some primes, but anyone who’s ever been here knows why “the Gray Waste” says it all.

The three glooms are just that, or so the chant goes – dull gray lands. The earth is gray, the sky is gray, even the petitioners here are gray. There’s no color here; as soon as a sod steps onto the plane, everything he’s got turns white, black, or gray. There’s no sun, no moon, no stars – just gray.

The grayness reaches right into the hearts of the petitioners. They’re a barmy folk without any feeling or emotion. They don’t laugh, don’t cry, and don’t care. All they do is despair, their life and hope sucked right out of them. They make great liars, because a basher can never see a whit of emotion in their faces, but they’re too lost to bother with even that most of the time. That despair eventually reaches into the heart of travelers who stay too long, sucking a little life from them, too. See a berk with a dead-looking stare and he’s a gloom-bug of the Gray Waste, for sure.

■ **OINOS.** This is a layer of stunted trees, roving fiends, and virulent disease, ruled by an ultroloth prince. His citadel is the great fortress Khin-Oin, the Wasting Tower. From a distance it looks like the spinal cord of some flayed beast, soaring into the air. Closer up, it takes on the form of a great tower encased by lesser towers. It’s said to stand 20 miles high and have dungeons beneath it as deep, but this is some barmy’s exaggeration. The tower is a necessity, for the prince of this domain constantly finds himself under attack by his rival yugoloths. The only time they unite is when threatened with another invasion of tanar’ri or baatezu troops, who use this layer as the battleground for much of their endless Blood War.

■ **NIFLHEIM.** The second layer is more alive than the first, being free of the wasting disease that holds the land. Though the trees – mostly pines – are more abundant, they sport no color but gray. Thick mists hang among the trunks, gray-white on the gray-black background. This is the realm of Hel, from the Norse pantheon. Her palace is a great hall of wood. Deadly poisons drip from the ceiling, and the floor writhes with serpents. Reaching into this layer is a root of Yggdrasil, the World Ash. Curled around

this root is a great wingless dragon Nidhogg, who forever gnaws at the root and will ultimately kill the tree. Nidhogg could be slain, but her place would be taken by one of her children, so what’s the point?

■ **PLUTON.** The third layer of the Gray Waste is connected to the Upper Planes by the tunnels of Mount Olympus. This layer holds willows, olives, and poplars, all black and slowly dying for want of care. This is the realm of Hades, Lord of the Dead. He lives within a palace of gray marble, protected by strong walls. The gates to his realm are beaten bronze, impossible for all but the greatest heroes to open. Just beyond is Cerberus, the three-headed dog who guards the entrance to Hades’ domain. Imprisoned here are many fallen tyrants and vain heroes.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. The despair of this plane is more than symbolic. It physically settles over all who come here. Each week, travelers must successfully save vs. spell or be trapped on the Gray Waste, unable to muster the desire to leave. Once trapped, a body becomes a larva in 1d6 months. Despairing travelers must be rescued by others if they are to be saved.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Since all color is drained on this plane, color-based magic (*prismatic sphere*, for example) is ineffective here. Neither can the intense despair of this plane be overcome by magical means such as *emotion* spells.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Diakk, hordling, larva, night hag, and yugoloth all live in the Gray Waste. Baatezu, tanar’ri, and gehreleth can also be found on this plane, often leading armies against each other in another assault of the Blood War. Morgion (of the *DRAGONLANCE* saga) and Cyric, Mask, and Shar (of the *FORGOTTEN REALMS* setting) are also known to occupy this plane.



LIMBO

(Chaotic Neutral)

Face it, berk, this place is a mess and it likes it that way. Take a chunk from each of the Inner Planes, mix them with a few prime-material landscapes, give the whole stew an extra tumble or two, and that makes Limbo on a quiet day. The Xaositects love this plane for its pure chaos, though even they impose some local order – at least enough so they can survive here and adore what they call the beauty of primal chaos. 'Course, most folks think the Chaosmen are leatherheads, and wish they'd embrace chaos all the way and just disintegrate.

■ **LAYERS.** There's some debate as to whether Limbo actually has layers. Some ancient writings claim that there are five layers, each named after its chief inhabitants – Gith or Slaad first, Susanoo second, Agni third, Indra fourth, and the layer of the lost gods last – but those high-up men seem to hop from layer to layer. What's more, if there *are* different layers, they all look the same, so maybe Limbo really only has one level. Who knows?

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Imagine Limbo as a roiling soup of the four basic elements and all their combinations. There's balls of fire, pockets of air, chunks of earth, and waves of water, plus lots of pieces of prime-type terrain floating around – even bits of meadow, forest, and whatnot. Limbo responds to a smart cutter's will, which means he can make a stable pocket around him. The smarter he is, the bigger the pocket he can maintain. But don't go to sleep: Once a body stops concentrating, the pocket reverts to chaos. Only the natives can maintain a pocket unconsciously, and the powers here can set up places that stay whole even when they're gone.

On the other hand, Limbo's petitioners just roll with the plane's changes, composing their bodies from whatever element suits their mood at the time. One minute a petitioner's made of fire, and the next he'll be nothing but wind whistling around some basher's head, or a wave splashing over his boots, or a boulder just sitting there, thinking.

Only natural forms come into being with the imposition of will upon Limbo. A sod can think a meadow into coalescing, for example, but not a building. Once the meadow is there, though, anybody can physically or magically construct a building on the site. In fact, the githzerai who dwell here do just that, so they have whole cities tumbling happily through the chaos of Limbo. The resident powers have temples and suchlike in their realms, too. However, the slaad – Limbo's natives – generally don't see the need for such trappings. Even pockets of stability are a waste of their time; they're just as comfortable lounging in a blazing fire as in a bubble of water.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Virtually every spell cast on Limbo has a chaotic effect. In order to cast a spell on this plane, a wizard has to make a successful Intelligence check (roll less than or the same as the wizard's Intelligence score on 1d20). If the roll is failed, the spell is spent (and lost from memory) with no effect. But on a natural roll of 20, a wild surge occurs (see the *Tome of Magic*), which ain't usually pleasant. 'Course, the use of wild magic itself still incurs a chance for a wild surge accompanying a successful spell.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Githzerai and slaad are the most common creatures encountered on Limbo. Powers that reside here include Agni, Fenmarel Mestarine, Indra, and Susanoo, as well as Sirrion (of the *DRAGONLANCE* saga) and Tempus (of the *FORGOTTEN REALMS* setting).



MECHANUS

(Lawful Neutral)

A few primes think this place is called Nirvana, but where they came up with that barmy notion is anybody's guess. Mechanus is sometimes called "the Clockwork Universe," and it's easy to see how the place came by that name: Mechanus is a world of giant cogs that hover in space at all angles. Teeth interlock, and the cogwheels click and turn to the rhythm of some cosmic harmony – all perfectly fitting for the plane of ultimate, cold law.

Some of the cogs are little, barely more than a small island of matter, while others are hundreds of miles across. Many times, several smaller cogs cluster around a larger one, feeding off its motion. Typically, such knots are a single layer, although each disk may be a realm of its own. Everything is interlocked, and nothing turns unless *all* of Mechanus's disks turn.

Petitioners found on this plane are notoriously honest and literal. They don't interpret instructions or requests, but do exactly what is asked of them. This can be true even if the action leads to death, for petitioners of Mechanus believe they are constantly being tested in their devotion to order and law.

■ **REGULUS.** The greatest of Mechanus's layers is Regulus, the realm of the modrons. These bizarre creatures live absolutely regimented existences, following a strict hierarchy all the way up to Primus, the One and Prime, a greater power on this plane. There are few petitioners found in Regulus, for there are no organized cults of Primus – at least not on any known prime-material world. Those few petitioners that are here were once devoted to the cause of utter and absolute order. Primus seems to exist to supervise the modrons, which maintain the existence of the plane. Modrons are often found in other realms of the plane, polishing cog teeth and generally fussing over the great wheels.

▲ **ANU.** This realm is known only by the power that rules it – Anu, a Babylonian god. His realm is a single disk 500 miles across, covered by his many-windowed palace. There, he presides over the affairs of his children and rules the other gods of his pantheon. Copper-plated soldiers patrol his palace, their pupilless eyes never succumbing to sleep. Petitioners work at crafts and tend the halls there.

▲ **THE JADE PALACE.** This is the realm of Shang-ti, the Celestial Emperor. It, too, takes the form of an enormous palace, although it includes gardens, lakes, and parks. The architecture is

what would be called "Chinese" on one particular prime-material world. The palace is the center of the Celestial Bureaucracy, which supervises all deities of the Chinese pantheon. From here, Shang-ti hears petitions, punishes the unjust, elevates the worthy, and decrees policy for all other gods. Foo dogs prowl the grounds, protecting in particular the *peaches of immortality*. Each fruit extends a being's lifespan by 100 years, making these great treasures indeed. Almost as important is the Great Library, which stores all knowledge gathered from every prime-material world that recognizes the emperor's existence.

▲ **OTHER REALMS.** There are numerous other realms on the disks of Mechanus. Several lesser powers are located on them: Varuna, who rules a disk as smooth as the reflected moon; Rudra, whose disk is split into a great chasm, filled with maruts; and Yama, whose disk burns with the fire of purity. Finally, there's the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment, the stronghold of the Guvners. The fortress sits on a disk all its own, its spires forever watching over the revolutions of that realm.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. The gravity on the disks of Mechanus always pulls toward the surface, no matter how that cog stands in relation to all others. It's possible to walk about on both sides of a disk, but only one side of any disk is ever built upon.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Illusions and phantasms of all types automatically fail on this plane. Such spells create little more than wispy outlines that fool no one. Needless to say, this isn't a popular place for planar illusionists to visit. Wild magic is similarly useless.

NAIVE INHABITANTS. Einheriar, marut, and modron (of all types) are found on Mechanus. Powers who dwell here include Anu, Horus, Primus, Rudra, Shang-ti, Varuna, and Yama. Helm and Mystra (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) are also said to dwell here.



MOUNT CELESTIA

(Lawful Good)

A few primes call it the Seven Heavens, but as usual they're off the track. The tag is descriptive, but it's still wrong. For some cutters, this is the best of all worlds – law and goodness tempered by understanding and mercy. For other berks, it's worse than the Abyss. It's Mount Celestia, or the Seven Mountains of Goodness and Law. Mount Celestia's a plane bathed in the golden radiance of justice and mercy, where everything is the ideal model of prime-material things.

It should be clear to even the most leatherheaded basher that there are seven layers on this plane. Each layer is farther up the slope of a great mountain, which rises out of an endless ocean. The first layer's at the mountain's base. Climb a ways and a sod eventually reaches the second layer, and so forth. Unlike a lot of other planes, a cutter can see the other layers, since the whole thing is one continuous mountain.

Petitioners on this plane are unique because their spirits are transmuted into archons as soon as they arrive. They start as lantern archons – little balls of light – and progress through hound, warden, sword, and tome classification. A petitioner's goal on this plane is to ascend to proxy – hound or better – and eventually become one with the plane.

■ **LUNIA, THE SILVER HEAVEN.** The first layer is a land of constant night – not a fearful dark, but a pleasant summer's night, filled with stars and silver moonlight. Portals open into the shallow surf at the ocean shore's edge. The water itself is as sweet as *holy water* and has the same effect on undead. On this section of the slope are citadels and palaces of many minor powers as well as the trading centers of the plane. Heart's Faith is the largest of these towns, not far from a portal to the Outlands.

■ **MERCURIA, THE GOLDEN HEAVEN.** This layer is bathed in golden light, hence its name. Here Bahamut, Draco Paladin, maintains an immense palace. Not far away are the jungle realms of Vishnu and Surya, which are filled with stone temples. Throughout

the plane are armories and mustering grounds used by the armies of archons, which Mount Celestia calls upon in times of need. Archon troops constantly drill on this layer.

■ **VENYA, THE PEARLY HEAVEN.** This layer is lit by soft, white light. It's also known as the Green Fields to halflings, for it's the home of Yondalla and other halfling deities. The land is lush and fertile, and the slopes are covered with terraced crops, meadows, and moors.

■ **SOLANIA, THE ELECTRUM HEAVEN.** Here, the sky becomes silver and the land is rugged with impressive canyons and crashing rivers. Fog clings to the hollows. Monasteries founded by lesser powers dot the slope; Kuan Yin maintains the most powerful of these. In tunnels that pierce deep into the mountainside is the great hall of the Soul Forge, Moradin Dwarffather's realm.

■ **MERTION, THE PLATINUM HEAVEN.** In Mertion, the sky burns with silver even brighter than that of Solania. Undead suffer 1d6 points of damage during each round they're exposed to it. The layer is dominated by great plateaus upon which rest huge fortresses. Here reside archons who in their previous lives were paladins.

■ **JOVAR, THE GLITTERING HEAVEN.** This layer is named for its sky, which glows with the sparkling fire of gems of all kinds. These pulse with the beat of life. The layer is home to the Jovian archons. The peak of the great mountain is found here, topped by a giant ziggurat that ascends even higher. This ziggurat is said to be the palace of a ruling council of archons. The seventh layer of Mount Celestia can be reached only by climbing the ziggurat.

■ **CHRONIAS, THE ILLUMINATED HEAVEN.** Only uncertain tales describe this heaven. Supposedly it glows with the force of goodness and law so intensely that it burns out all indifference and evil. Furthermore, those who are already lawful good are said to merge into the very essence of the plane, losing their individual selves to the glory of all. Many greater powers might reside here, but no one knows for sure.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Wild magic is diminished on this lawful plane.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Archon, deva, noctral, and zoveri inhabit this plane. Besides the powers already listed, Chung Kuel; Avoreen and Cyrrollalee (of the halflings); Berronar Truesilver (of the dwarves); Paladine (of the DRAGONLANCE saga); and Tyr (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) also reside here.

PANDEMONIUM

(Chaotic Evil Neutral)



Pandemonium is probably the least inhabited of all the Outer Planes. And for good reason: It's arguably the least hospitable. Sure, there are hotter planes and colder ones, ones with crueller denizens, and

so on, but none are any lonelier or more maddening. This birdcage's like an endless cave system, filled with winds that scream their way from one side to the other. Those cutters in the Bleak Cabal think it's a decent place to set up shop, but they're about the only ones.

■ **PANDESMOS.** This first layer of Pandemonium has the largest caverns, some big enough to hold entire nations, if it weren't for the incredible winds. Nearly all its tunnels have a stream of chilly water running along a wall. In places, these streams even flow down the center of the tunnel, hanging in the air. The headwaters of the River Styx are here. Pandesmos is also the most inhabited of Pandemonium's layers, though that ain't saying much. In isolated places, a cutter can sometimes find a citadel or even a city, but mostly there's just howling wasteland.

■ **COCYTUS.** The tunnels here tend to be smaller than in Pandesmos, and the wind is more piercing, too. The resulting wails cause Cocytus to earn the tag "the layer of lamentation," and they'll stretch a sod's mind past the breaking point. Strangely, the tunnels here bear the marks of having been hand-chiseled at a time so long ago that their origins are a mystery even to the powers.

■ **PHLEGETHON.** This layer is one of deep darkness and dripping water. The rock itself absorbs light and heat, which hampers all types of visibility. Gravity here is oriented in one direction only, which – with the dripping water – gives rise to immense stalagmite and stalactite formations.

■ **AGATHION.** Rather than tunnels, Agathion consists of isolated holes within endless rock. Where portals open into these bubbles, the wind forms cyclones capable of carrying away a quarter-ton creature. Holes without a portal to another layer are filled with utterly still, stale air or vacuum; they sometimes serve as vaults where the powers hide things away (like troublesome monsters).

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. Pandemonium is made up of cavernous tunnels twisting through solid rock, and it's filled with howling winds. These tunnels range in size from mere crawlways to huge bores miles in diameter. No matter what the size, though, nearly all have two things in common: First, gravity within them is oriented toward whatever wall a cutter's nearest at the time. Second, they're filled with the eternal wailing of winds. In some cases this is little more than a breeze, carrying distant echoes that sound like the cries of beings in torment. In others it blows with supernatural force, causing a deafening caterwauling felt more in the bones than heard in the ears, making even the largest of caverns throb with its intensity. 'Course, in such gales the noise is the least of a berk's troubles. Winds that fierce can pick up a poor sod and carry him for hundreds of miles, banging his body off rock formations until there's nothing left of him.

Given the infernal noise on this plane, it shouldn't be surprising to learn that most of the poor sods here are barmy in one way or another. Oh, they may seem perfectly sane when a berk first meets them, but their madness will show when least expected.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. The winds on this plane make spellcasting difficult, to say the least. Material components tend to blow away, and even speaking or gesturing is a problem. Wild magic is enhanced, however.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. There are no true natives of this plane. Those beings who dwell here seldom do so by choice. Most were either banished or came here to hide and have never been able to leave. Powers here include Gorellik of the gnolls, Hruggek of the bugbears, and the Fairy Queen of Air and Darkness. Loki of the Norse pantheon keeps a hideout here as well. Finally, Zeboim (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Talos and Auril (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting) are said to live on this plane.



YSGARD

(Chaotic Good Neutral)

Called Gladsheim by primes who never found out the real chant, Ysgard is a tumultuous plane. It's made up of numerous immense rivers of earth flowing forever through the sky. These rivers consist of chunks ranging in size from small boulders to whole continents. Their undersides give off a reddish glow that lights the rivers from underneath. As each river flows, its "earthbergs" grind together fiercely, so the whole plane continually rumbles with a deep grating noise.

The plane's occupants are just as tumultuous. The Norse pantheon (sometimes called the aesir) dwells here, and it's a rowdy lot. Some think it strange that such chaotic gods would ever band together, but a strong leader and a common goal to maintain a home realm can be nearly as unifying as any universal law or code. Odin is that high-up man (though Thor is nearly as mighty and Loki is nearly as crafty), and by standing together these gods preserve their realm within Ysgard's physical chaos.

Petitioners on this plane are always eager to do battle. If they die in combat, they aren't absorbed like petitioners on the other planes; instead, they rise the next day to fight again. Unfortunately, they forget that other sods who aren't petitioners might be averse to a death duel. What's worse, most other bashers here are members of the Fated faction, and they figure that if a sod can't defend himself, he deserves to die. The moral of the story: Ysgard's no place to take a vacation unless a cutter's looking for a real workout.

■ **YSGARD.** Ysgard's also the name of the highest level of the plane, and it's the home of the Norse powers. This realm is where the top of Yggdrasil – the World Ash – is located. As Yggdrasil stretches down to the Gray Waste, it extends branches and roots into various crystal spheres on the Prime Material where the Norse powers are worshiped. These gods also command Bifrost, a rainbow bridge that they can connect to any prime-material location. Two other significant features of this realm are Gladsheim, Odin's feast hall, and Valhalla, Odin's hall of heroes.

Found in the layer of Ysgard are the realms of Vanaheim (home of the vanir, who have blood links to the aesir), Alfheim (where the most chaotic elven spirits dwell), and Jotunheim (a land populated primarily by giants).



■ MUSPELHEIM.

This layer of Ysgard adds another dangerous twist to the tumultuous nature of the plane. Here, the chunks of earth float flaming side up. This makes it a perfect home for fire giants, but a miserable place for pretty much everyone else. Portals here lead primarily to Jotunheim.

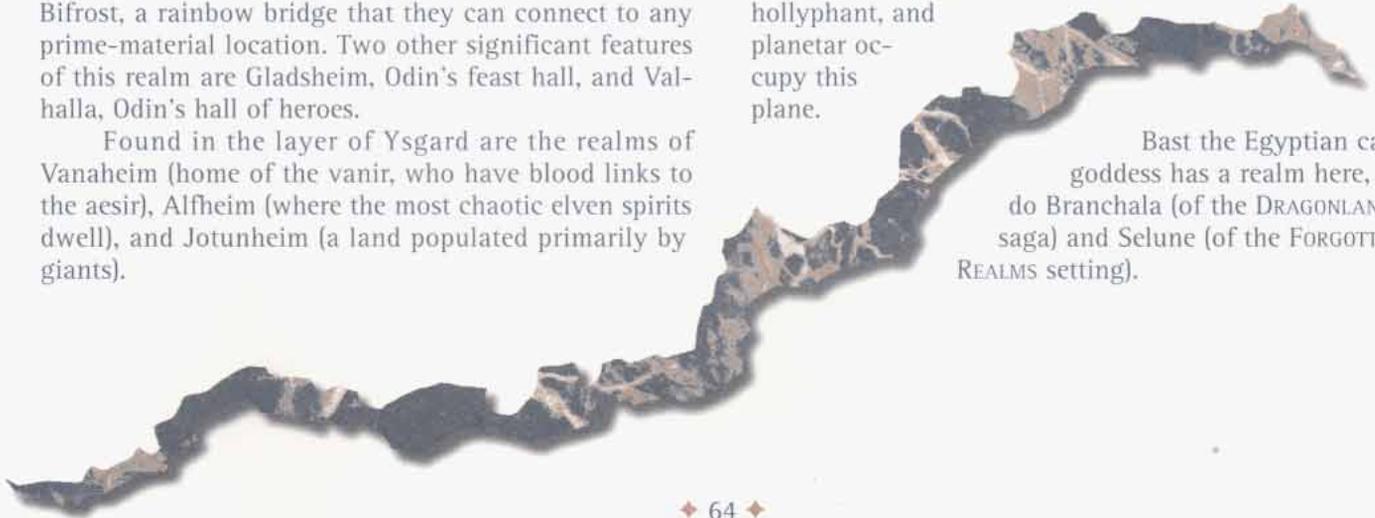
■ **NIDAVELLIR.** Nidavellir, known to the locals as Darkhome, is so densely packed with earthen rivers that the spaces between seem more like immense, luminous caverns. Sometimes this makes travel from one realm to another extremely difficult, as passageways that were open on a previous trip are closed on the return. Many dwarf and gnome petitioners hang their hats in this layer.

SPECIAL PHYSICAL CONDITIONS. All the pieces of the earthen rivers share the same direction for gravity, so their upper surfaces are habitable. Sometimes rifts hundreds of miles wide open in a river, while other times continent-sized pieces ram together with such force that they raise huge mountain ranges where they meet. Travelers will have to deal with the effects of gigantic earthquakes and yawning cracks that crop up without warning.

SPECIAL MAGIC CONDITIONS. Wild magic is enhanced on this plane.

NATIVE INHABITANTS. Besides those mentioned above, foo creature, hollyphant, and planetar occupy this plane.

Bast the Egyptian cat-goddess has a realm here, as do Branchala (of the DRAGONLANCE saga) and Selune (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting).



THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR THE DM'S EYES ONLY. WITHIN THESE PAGES ARE DESCRIPTIONS OF EACH PLANE AS WELL AS NOTES ON RUNNING ADVENTURES THERE.

ALSO INCLUDED IN THIS BOOK IS INFORMATION ABOUT THE WORKINGS OF MAGIC FROM PLANE TO PLANE AND THE METHODS BY WHICH ADVENTURERS TRAVEL ABOUT.



PLANE



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A PLAYER'S GUIDE TO THE PLANES

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Welcome, addle-cove! Welcome to the worlds beyond your world, the great wheel of the cosmos. This is a great place! Where else can a poor sod mingle with mighty minions of the great powers, or sail the astral ocean, or visit the flaming courts of the City of Brass, or even battle fiends on their home turf? Hey, welcome to the lands of the living and the dead!

WELCOME + THE PLANES

So, where to begin? Sigil, of course – there ain't no other place worth beginning. Sigil: the City of Doors.

This town's the gateway to everything and everywhere that matters. Step through one door and enter the halls of Ysgard, or turn down a particular alley and discover the Abyss. There are more gateways in Sigil than can be imagined;

with all those doors Sigil's a useful place – and then some.

Want to share a drink with a fiend, or maybe discuss philosophy with a deva? Here it can happen in the same day, the same afternoon, even at the same table – nothing's too unlikely for Sigil. Strange folks abound here, and any one of them may prove ally or foe. Where else but in Sigil do humans, elves, dwarves, githzerai, bariaur, and tieflings form adventuring companies? Where but in Sigil can a well-heeled cutter hire a githyanki ship or a legion of yugoloth mercs? This is the place to live . . . or die.

No surprise every basher out there wants Sigil! The Cage'd be a pearl for any tanar'ri prince or baatezu lord. 'Course, a few big shots have tried to storm the city, but Sigil's not without her defenses. That birdcage's got more ways to close her doors than folks know about. Then there's the Mazes, nasty little places Sigil makes for would-be dictators. Those that get caught inside go barmy, poor berks – sometimes they scream so much a body can hardly stand it.

But there's a lot more out there than just Sigil. Get outside the city and there's the planes themselves: the throne of the gods, the battleground of the eternal Blood War, and home to more horrors and wonders than ever existed on any prime world. There's enough crusades, exploits, treasures, and mysteries to keep a band of adventurers busy for centuries to come (though why a body'd want to go to some of those places is beyond reasoning). Anyway, all it takes is the right door, so step right through!

S@ YOU MADE IT, EH?
AND NOW YOU +HINK
YOU'RE +OUGH 'CAUSE
YOU CAN CAST SOME
SPELLS AND FLY AROUND
ON YOUR SILVER CORD?
WELL, I GOT NEWS,
YOU BERK.
I LIVE @UT HERE AND I
WAS BORN +OUGH. S@
WHY DON'T YOU JUS+
FLY BACK HOME, EH?

— TAVIS THE REAVER'S
GREETING +@ AN ASTRAL
TRAVELER IN SIGIL

IT ALL DEPENDS
ON WHERE YOU STAND.
— MARATHON, SIGNER

WHAT'S WHAT, AND WHAT'S WHERE?

Before stepping through any door, a body'd better have a quick lesson in cosmology — how else is a basher going to know where and what things are? First, it's important to know just what a *plane* is. To the serious philosopher types, a plane's a world, or a collection of worlds, that operates according to its own particular laws, including those affecting magic, gravity, and even the morals of the place. On some of these planes, the laws of "up" and "down" aren't the same; on others, evocation magic yields different results; and elsewhere, behaving even slightly out of line with the powers of the place makes for grim results.

Planes are either immense and infinite, in which case they're just called planes, or they're limited by definite borders and are called *demiplanes*. The exact number of planes is unknown and probably infinite, and planar travelers know of only three main categories: the Prime Material Plane, the Inner Planes, and the Outer Planes. Still, those three have more than enough space for a flaming large number of different planes.

To get around in the planar multiverse, there are three basic rules to remember:

- ◆ The Center of the Multiverse
- ◆ The Unity of Rings
- ◆ The Rule of Threes

These truths pretty well describe the structure of all the universes, so learn them well!



THE CENTER OF THE MULTIVERSE

It's usually upsetting to Prime Material bashers when they hear that their little world isn't the center of the universe, which is why they're known to



planars as the *Clueless* (see page 31). Members of a faction called the *Signers* (see page 27) might argue otherwise, but smart folks say there's no particular center to the planar multiverse. Rather, it all depends on where you stand. Folks in Sigil see the City of Doors as the center of the multiverse, folks on the Prime Material Plane say their own worlds are the center of the universe, and the *efreet* brag that the City of Brass is the center of all. The thing is, maybe they're all right and maybe they're all wrong.

Maybe they're all right because – the multiverse being infinite by most standards – no matter where you stand, *that's* the center of all things. The *Signers* have turned that idea into a whole philosophy: "I'm always at the center of the multiverse; therefore, I must be the center of all universes," they say. 'Course, the *Signer's* aren't quite right, because by that logic *everyone* stands at the center of the multiverse. (The *Signers* resolve this little paradox by ignoring it.)

In blunt words, the fact is there ain't any place in the whole multiverse that's more important than any other. For instance, Mystara on the Prime Material Plane is not the most powerful, influential, and important point in the multiverse; it's not the sole reason all other planes and powers exist. Hey, the uncounted layers of the Abyss stink of Evil itself, but exactly zero of the other Outer Planes kowtow to them, regardless of what the fiends there claim!

Some places – like Sigil – are more *useful* than others, though. Just because it's not the center of the universe, don't think it ain't important, berk.

THE UNITY OF RINGS

A ring's a thing without a beginning or end. Remember that, because rings are the second key to understanding the planes. Everything comes in rings. Sigil is a ring, the Outlands are many rings, the Outer Planes form a ring, the Elemental Planes form a ring – this is the way of the multiverse, understand?

On the Outer Planes, the *Great Road* is the band of the ring, and all the planes are its gemstones. Following the Great Road, Mechanus leads to Acheron, Acheron

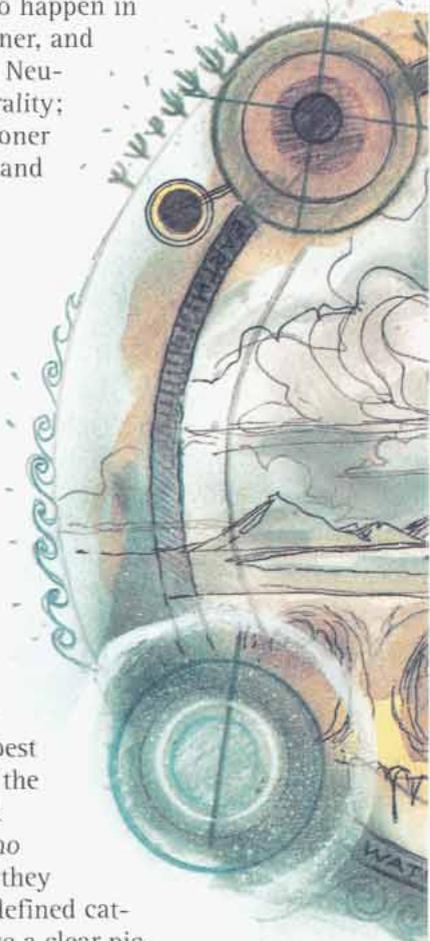
leads to Baator, Baator leads to Gehenna, and so on. By following the road, the order never changes.

On the side, the powers think in rings, too – circles upon circles of logic that go nowhere. A body's always got to watch out for their endless snares.

THE RULE OF THREES

"Good things come in threes," they say. Well, so do bad things. Either way, the number 3's important – some say it's got power. Things out here tend to happen in threes, like Prime Material, Inner, and Outer Planes; Good, Evil, and Neutrality; Law, Chaos, and Neutrality; even prime, planar, and petitioner (see page 13). See two things and ask, "Where's the third?"

THE GRAND DESIGN



Okay, enough philosophy. The next question is, "How does the whole multiverse fit together?" Well, that depends on who gets asked. A *Bleaker* (see page 18) will say there ain't no scheme, while a *Godsman* (see page 17) will go on about innate celestial glory and the like. None of them will answer the question straight. Maybe the best thing to do is to get a hold of the *Gummers* (see page 22) and ask them. (Fact is, their answer's no better than anyone else's, but they like to put things into nicely defined categories, and at least that'll give a clear picture.) Their answer would go something like this:

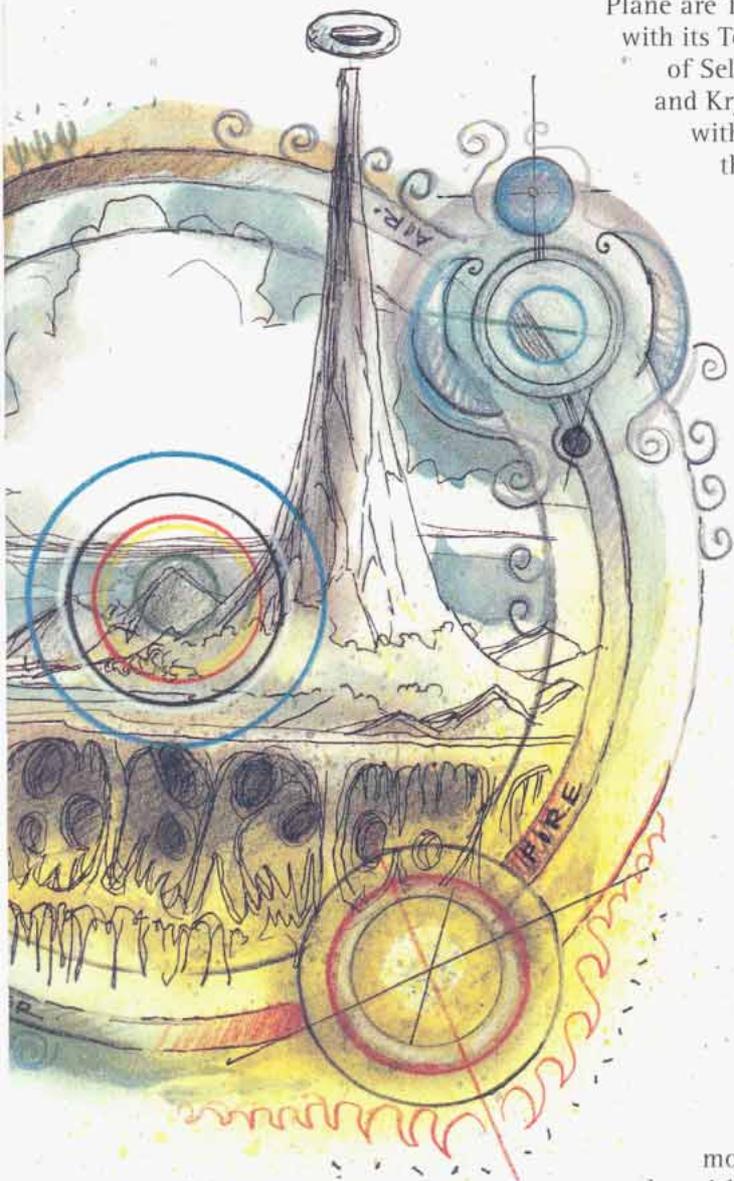
There's three (remember the *Rule of Threes*?) basic divisions of the multiverse: the Prime Material Plane, the Inner Planes, and the Outer Planes. Although they're all connected to each other in a variety of ways, it's easiest to picture each as separate from the others.

THE PRIME MATERIAL PLANE

The Prime Material is just one plane, but it contains lots of individual *worlds*. A world may be only a single

planet or it may be a complete system with planets, moons, asteroids, comets, stars, and more. Each world is sealed like a bubble in its own *crystal sphere*, and that sphere is suspended within an amber stream called the *phlogiston*. (Those that know can travel from sphere to sphere through the phlogiston by a process known as spelljamming, but that's neither here nor there.)

Some of the better-known worlds on the Prime Material Plane are Toril with its Tears of Selune and Krynn with its three



moons and vanishing stars. Those and all the others are unique places with vastly different cultures and celestial topographies, but they're all plainly called "worlds," just the same. Indeed, any world that isn't planar can be found somewhere on the Prime Material Plane, provided you know where to look. The worlds and occupants of the Prime Material contrast based on the current development of culture, science, magic, and natural evolution.

THE INNER PLANES

These are the rings of the elements, the building matter of the Prime Material Plane. There are — you guessed it — three categories within the Inner Planes: the major elements, the paraelementals, and the quasiaelementals.

The Elemental Planes consist of six dominant universes: Fire, Air, Earth, Water, Positive Energy, and Negative Energy. Where these forms meet are the Paraelemental and Quasiaelemental Planes. The Paraelemental Planes exist where Earth, Air, Fire, and Water merge into each other. The Quasiaelemental Planes are created at the borders of the Positive and Negative Planes, between the basic elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water.

It's best to describe the Elemental Planes as extremely "single-minded." Each plane is based around its particular element, to the near exclusion of all else — the plane of Fire is filled with fire and creatures of flame, the plane of Earth is filled with earth and rock-like beings, and so on. For most primes and planars, travel and survival on the Elemental Planes ain't easy.

THE OUTER PLANES

The Outer Planes comprise the greatest of all the rings, at least according to most planars. Primes and elementals tend to disagree, but they just don't want to acknowledge the glory of this realm. The Outer Planes are the home of the powers, deities who for some reason take interest in the lives of mortals. Out here can be found gods, demigods, and fiends, along with petitioners, planars, and a host of other creatures.

As mentioned, the Outer Planes are arranged in an immense ring, and each plane is its own universe. Some have limits, others are infinite. Each plane is linked to those adjacent to it by fixed gates — folks call the path between them the Great Road. With a map to the gates, a body can travel the entire circumference of the Outer Planes. 'Course, that's provided the fiends don't get him first. . . .

Where the prime-material worlds vary by natural, technical, and magical development, and the Elemental Planes contrast by substance, the Outer Planes differ by *morality*. Each one is attuned to a particular alignment, and the berks and terrain within it subtly or overtly reflect that alignment. The powers choose their homes within the planes of their own alignments, too. Limbo is chaotic and ever-changing, Mechanus rigid and organized, Mount Celestia is peaceful, and the Abyss is brutal and deadly.

The Outer Planes are divided into (of course) three main groups:



BARREN? YES.
BU+ N⊕ ⊕NE CR⊗SSES
+THE SILVER V⊕ID
WI+H⊕U+ ⊕UR KN⊗LEDGE.

— SIVISK IMCHAL, GI+HYANKI

the Upper Planes of Good, the Lower Planes of Evil, and the Boundary Planes of Neutrality. Here's a good piece of advice: The Lower Planes are the

site of the ever-raging *Blood War*, the lawless conflict that's raged for eternity between the tanar'ri and the baatezu. They're not places the foolish can pass through and live.

THE PATHS BETWEEN THE PLANES

There's more out there than just the three plane groups, though. They aren't all butted up against each other, nice and tight. There's roads and rivers between them, loosely linking the multiverse together. After all, how's a body to get around without paths? Fact is, there's three ways to move around the planes (not including walking through the doors of Sigil, which can instantly get you just about anywhere you want to go). All three methods of travel have their uses, because not all three ways are always there.

THE E+HEREAL PLANE

The Ethereal is the conduit between the Prime Material Plane and the Inner Planes. Every place on the Prime is touched by the Ethereal's vapors, and every point of the Inner Planes is part of the ghostly web, too. Just knowing it's there won't do much good, though — it takes power to break the wall between the planes. Spells and magical items can do it, if a berk's got them. Then again, *vortices* — rare places where the Elemental Planes bleed right into

the Prime Material — can short-cut the whole journey, carrying a sod straight from the Prime to one of the Inner Planes, or maybe even back again. (A volcano's a typical spot to look for a vortex to the plane of Fire, for instance.)

Some folks say the Ethereal Plane's a big, misty place with nothing in it. That's one way to tell the liars, because the Ethereal's really a busy place.

Along its edges (it's infinite and touches everything, but it still has edges, so go figure), a fellow can see into neighboring planes. Move off the edge of your plane, into the Deep Ethereal, and it's like an ocean. A body can swim for leagues without touching anything and then, all of a sudden like, there's an island floating in the mist. These are demiplanes, little pocket worlds with rules and realities all their own. Sometimes Sigil spits one of these out at the command of the Lady of Pain — special prisons called *Mazes*, for her would-be conquerors — and some demiplanes are "grown" by wizards. Most of them are safe enough, but there's rumors of one that's a place of absolute terror — few folks ever come back from that one.

THE AS+RAL PLANE

The Astral is what's needed to get from the Prime Material to the Outer Planes. On the Prime it touches every place, just like the Ethereal Plane, yet those two planes — Astral and Ethereal — *never* meet. The Astral Plane also connects to each of the Outer Planes, provided a body knows where to find the door.

Some folks say traveling the Astral Plane's the hardest of all. Most of these folks are primes, who have to deal with silver cords that tether them to their bodies back on the Prime. Planars don't have that problem, of course, but it still isn't that easy to cross the boundary into the Astral realm. The best way's by the *astral spell*, granted by the powers to their special servants. Wizards favor magical devices. The most direct routes are through *conduits* and *color pools*, which can sweep a body straight from the Prime Material to any of the Outer Planes.

Although it looks empty, the Astral Plane's a pretty busy place. Travelers there better be ready to deal with the githyanki, because the silvery void's their home. Huge fortresses filled with their kind drift through the silver stream, and githyanki ships have been sighted sailing the Astral Plane. The githyanki aren't alone, either. There's other stuff bigger and meaner than them, like astral dreadnoughts, astral whales, and islands formed from the decaying corpses of ancient powers. Most travelers treat this plane as a good place to leave quickly.

THE ⊕LANDS

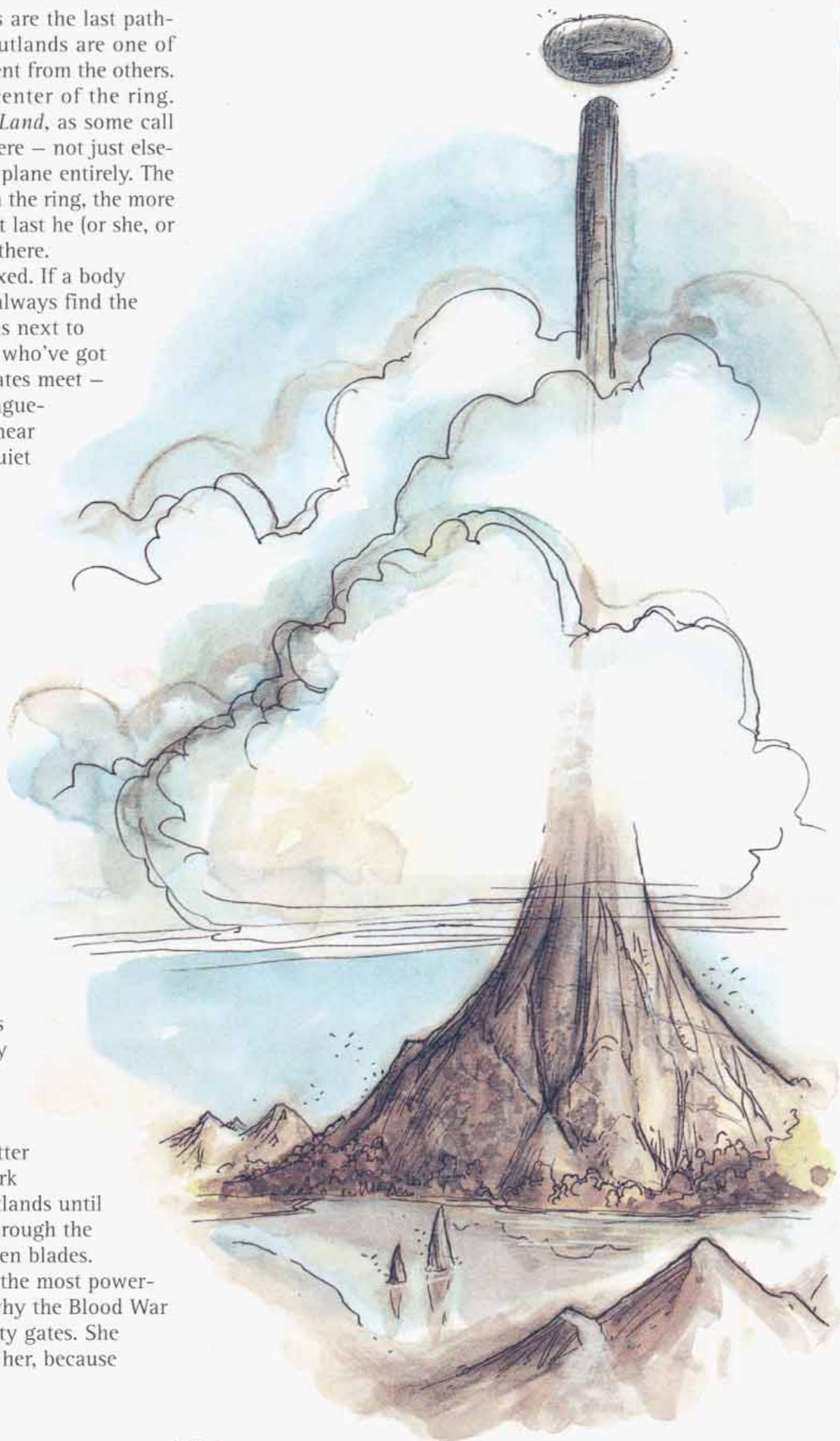
With Sigil at the center, the Outlands are the last pathway to the Outer Planes. Sure the Outlands are one of the Outer Planes, but this one's different from the others. It's not part of the ring – it's the center of the ring. Journey across the Outlands (or *the Land*, as some call it) and eventually a body gets elsewhere – not just elsewhere on the plane, but into another plane entirely. The farther a body goes toward a plane on the ring, the more the Land looks like that plane, until at last he (or she, or it) comes to a gate between here and there.

Out on the Land the gates are fixed. If a body knows the way around, then he can always find the door. A lot of portals have little towns next to them, where traders and mercenaries who've got business with denizens beyond the gates meet – towns like Glorium (near Ysgard), Plague-Mort (near the Abyss), and Ribcage (near Baator). Some of them are actually quiet and safe little burghs, while others are almost as horrible as the planes they watch.

SIGIL

It's worth repeating: Sigil's like no other place, anywhere! In this town there are doors to every blamin' place in the multiverse: the worlds of the Prime Material; the Para- and Quasielemental Planes and their Elemental counterparts; the mists of the Ethereal and its demiplanes; the silver void of the Astral; and every plane and layer of the Outer Planes. Here's the big catch: knowing the doors exist is one thing, and finding them is another. Sometimes they move, sometimes they're guarded, and sometimes they're just plain hidden. But as every faction knows, knowledge is power.

Knowing just where to find a dozen doors and what lies on the other side of them doesn't make a cutter a high-up man in Sigil, though. A berk hasn't seen the real power on the Outlands until he's seen the Lady of Pain floating through the streets, all ensconced in glittering, keen blades. She's why Sigil stays safe, why even the most powerful bashers stay respectful in town, why the Blood War doesn't come crashing through the city gates. She talks to nobody, and nobody talks to her, because those that do end up going barmy.



A lot of sods from the Prime Material are amazed to see so many folks out here. Poor berks, they just haven't learned they're not the center of the universe. 'Course there's lots of folks on the planes, because this is their home! Everybody out here can be sorted into *primes*, *planars*, *petitioners*, *proxies*, and *powers*, and just who's who makes a big difference. It don't pay to confuse a planar with a petitioner, for one.

DENIZENS OF THE PLANES

PRIMES

"Primes" is a polite way of naming them — more often they get called *Outsiders* or *Clueless* (see page 31). Primes are mortal travelers born on any world in the Prime Material Plane who have since ventured beyond their narrow realm. They're usually humans, elves, dwarves,

and the like, but don't be too quick to label anybody as a prime or anything else. (Woe to the berk who calls a githzerai a prime!) Most primes are just visitors who journey to the planes for some particular purpose, but some are adventuresome types who've set up permanent shop on the planes, most often in Sigil. A few prime settlers are found scattered about the Outer Planes (mostly in the upper reaches), and wizard primes like to make demiplanes in the Ethereal, but neither's very common.

Primes got one big advantage over the local folks: They're not susceptible to planar-related magic. Seems that while planar folks are sensitive to spells that protect, summon, or banish, the primes are completely immune. A *monster summoning* will never drag primes away at an unexpected moment, and a *holy word* won't go casting them back to their prime-material world. Even a *protection from evil* spell doesn't consider them extraplanar creatures.

It pays to treat primes with respect, even if they've got a load of peculiar ideas. Getting to the planes takes power, and more than a few primes could boil a sod's blood just for looking at him sideways. 'Course, not every prime's powerful, but the problem is, with their funny habits, there's just no way to know. Remember, most primes don't know the lay of the land. They mostly think their tiny world is the center of the universe, and they've never heard of the *Rule of Threes* or the *Unity of Rings*, either. They're likely to think that just because a thing's got horns, it's evil. They can be easy conies for the bobbars, but real touchy if they learn they've been had, so be careful around a prime, at least until he shows you what he's got.

PLANARS

Most folks out here are planars, born and bred on the planes. Planars ain't all horrible monsters or whatnot; that's a mistake some green prime's likely to make. Planars include all sorts of folks: humans, half-elves, githzerai, and the like, in addition to some more exotic types. One

WA+ERDEEP?
NEVER HEARD OF IT.

— FAC+OL PEN+AR,
D+OMGUARD

MECHANUS? MY HOME.
IT'S A GREAT
PLACE — EVERYBODY
KNOWS WHAT
+HEIR ROLE IS.

— FAC+OL HASHKAR,
GUVNER

thought worthy of a prime is that those same humans and half-elves can't be native to the Outer Planes. Some primes think their races are unique to the Prime Material Plane. Well, maybe that's where humans and half-elves first came from, but these people have been living in cities and towns out here for millennia. Way back at the Beginning, humans were probably unknown out here, but with time the lost, the curious, the exiled, and the just blamed unlucky made themselves homes out here on the planes.

On the surface, it should be real easy to tell a prime from a planar, but it ain't. A human – prime or planar – looks like a human. A body's got to talk to them and know them to be sure what they are, which is another good reason to treat them all with respect. With others it's pretty easy to tell; a githzerai, bariaur, or tiefling's pretty easy to peg (but it pays to be respectful to them, too).

Planars do have powers that make them different from primes. It's part of their extradimensional blood, something that just comes from being born a part of the extended cosmos. Planars don't have a silver cord, that magical thread that ties a prime back to his or her prime-material world. Planars also have the power to see the gates between planes. ('Course, these crossing points are limited to certain locations. A planar can't just *will* himself onto the Astral Plane from anywhere. He's got to journey to wherever the gate is.) Those meshes between the planes are clear to any planar. A prime won't see anything, but a planar sees the glowing outline of a portal.

Planars got their weaknesses, too. They are, in fact, extraplanar and suffer from things like *protection from evil*, *holy word*, and *exaction*. Almost as bad, planars can be hauled off to the Prime Material Plane without notice by *monster summonings* and the like.

PETITIONERS

The majority of bodies on the planes are petitioners, which are departed spirits of primes *and* planars whose bodies reformed on the plane that matches their previous alignment or devotion. A petitioner retains the mannerisms, speech, even general interests of his or her former self, but all memories of the past are wiped completely away. At best, a petitioner has a shadowy recollection of a previous life, but little or nothing useful can be learned from these fleeting images. Petitioners mostly desire to attain some ultimate union with the powers of their plane. This can be accomplished in a number of ways: good works, serene contem-



plation, steadfast faith, or vile notoriety, depending upon the petitioner's alignment.

Petitioners *hate* leaving their home plane, as "death" outside that place results in oblivion. Fact is, they can't be resurrected if slain at home, either; once dead, the petitioners' essences are merged with the plane, but they figure that's better than nonexistence. Still, a power's got to raise an army now and then, and it may be petitioners that fill out the ranks, but that's the only way they'll *ever* leave their home turf – on the boss's orders. Petitioners tend to view all things as a test of character. They ain't eager to die, but they'll take that risk in order to further their own goals. For example, a petitioner warrior on Ysgard will fearlessly rush into battle, since combat is the glorious and right thing for him to do.

Petitioners are never player characters, but they often appear as 0- or 1st-level nonplayer characters. They can't gain additional levels or abilities unless elevated to the station of proxy. In a PLANESCAPE™ campaign, petitioners fill the roles played by commoners in prime-material worlds: landlords, grooms, spies, farmers, guards, etc. Petitioners aren't identical to commoners, though, for they always have a greater goal in mind (i.e., to merge with the plane on which they reside).

GODS PROTECT
US FROM THE BOREDOM
THAT IS
MECHANUS!
— FACILITATOR KARAN,
CHAOSMAN

PROXIES

Some Outsiders think every planar's a proxy, but that just ain't true. Proxies are those beings – primes, planars, and even petitioners – specially chosen to act as agents of the powers. Usually, the body chosen is transformed into a creature favored by the deity – into an evil rutterkin or a good deva, for example. On rare occasions, the being isn't transformed, but is bestowed with special powers. Proxies are *absolute* servants, obeying the wishes of their deity as fully as is appropriate to that alignment. Those of good powers are unwaveringly loyal and obedient, and those of evil powers are utterly difficult and tricky, even for their masters. On the Upper Planes, a proxy knows he can rise even higher through good service. On the Lower Planes, a proxy usually prospers by finding some clever and nasty way to create an opening for his high-up man.

Proxies are never player characters unless a power intentionally makes them one. Normally they are elite nonplayer characters who serve the powers. Their abilities are specifically granted by the deity who makes

them a proxy, so their skills will vary according to the scope of their assignment. Proxies may join the player-character party for a short while, or they may oppose it.

POWERS

Finally, there's the powers. Make that *Powers*: the deities that preside over the planes. Now, the Athar (see page 16) claim there just ain't no gods, but it don't matter if they're right or wrong because the powers definitely exist. Once more, they've got more might in their thumbs (those that have thumbs, that is) than any mortal's ever going to have, so be careful what you call them, berk, as the powers can have mean tempers. They can turn a man inside out and leave him still alive, or drop him off in the deepest layer of the Abyss with only half a map.

Actually, the powers don't take as much interest in the goings-on of the Outer Planes as they do in the Prime Material (excepting the Blood Warriors). It seems they get their strength mainly from the worlds on that plane, sucking up energy from their worshipers there. Without this energy they'll die – as much as an immortal *can* die. Getting a god killed ain't easy, though, since first there couldn't be a single worshiper left on a single prime-material world. (Not a simple task, eh?) Long before it dies, a power weakens to the point where its body is cast out of the Outer Planes to drift in the Astral Plane. It might cling to life forever or it might fall into an immortal decay – and depart for the realm of some ultimate god. That's not a fate most powers look forward to or allow, if they can help it. ('Course, they're used to being the biggest fish in the sea, so who can blame them?)

It's not that the powers ignore their worshipers on the Outer Planes. A deity's got to protect itself from the dealings of its fellows, so its plane-wandering clerics also get spells and granted powers, and they may even get called to help with a special mission. It's supposed to be a great honor to get chosen for a quick raid on Baator, just to recover a flower or whatever nonsense is required. Still, there's a bigger price for saying "No," so it's an honor most priests don't refuse.

CREATING A PLAYER CHARACTER

Before following any steps to create a player character, ask the DM what kind of campaign he or she plans to run, as the type of campaign affects the choice of races and kits. The choices for a PLANESCAPE campaign are:

◆ **PRIME AND PLANAR CHARACTERS BOTH.** This is the broadest option, allowing the DM to run adventures

anywhere in the multiverse. All PLANESCAPE products are designed in this style. Players with this option can choose from the races, classes, and kits allowed in either the PLANESCAPE setting or those of any prime-material world (provided the DM allows it). However, players must choose to be either a prime or a planar. In this kind of campaign, one character might be a half-elf ranger from Toril, another a bariaur paladin from the Beastlands, a third a tinker gnome from Krynn, and so on. All races are found in Sigil, gateway to the planes.

◆ **PRIME CHARACTERS ONLY.** In this case, the DM intends to use the PLANESCAPE campaign setting for single adventures only. The characters and factions presented in this book can't be used to create prime-material player characters. Rather, player characters can be of any race, class, and kit allowed in the base prime-material campaign. For example, player characters using a DARK SUN® campaign as a base could be half-giant gladiators or human preservers, but not githzerai priests or bariaur warriors of the Dustman faction (see page 20).

◆ **PLANAR CHARACTERS ONLY.** Here the DM intends to use the PLANESCAPE setting exclusively, so player characters are restricted to planar races.

PLAYER CHARACTER RACES

Once the DM has indicated the particular style of campaign that he or she wishes to run, the players can proceed to the selection of a race for their character. The available races are listed below. Descriptions of new player character races (indicated by *italics*) follow.

PLANAR CHARACTER RACES TABLE

PLANAR	PRIME
<i>Bariaur</i>	Dwarf
<i>Githzerai</i>	Elf
Half-elf*	Gnome
Human	Half-elf
<i>Tiefling</i>	Halfling
	Human
	Any optional race from a prime-material campaign

* Planar half-elves are the result of a union between a planar human and a prime elf (as if they weren't already suffering from an identity crisis!).

BARIAUR

The bariaur is a centaurlike being of the Upper Planes, but it's hardly a centaur. In appearance, it's a combina-

tion of man and ram or woman and ewe. Roughly human sized, it has the body of a large goat and the torso and arms of a human. The head is a mixture of human and animal. Males have a pair of ram's horns, but females lack them.

Bariaur tend to be fussy about their appearance. They usually wear shirts, jackets, blouses, vests, and leather girdles, but this is a matter of personal taste rather than decorum. They also dye, cut, and shave their pelts to make themselves look more attractive, at least to each other. The look is often finished with jewelry hung from horns or woven into their wooly hair.

Bariaur are a carefree lot. To some they appear irresponsible, but it's only a powerful wanderlust that makes them seem unsettled. There are no known bariaur towns, and few bariaur make anything like a permanent home. They do congregate in herds of their own kind, but the more dauntless range far and wide on their own or with adventuring parties. Sedentary bariaur favor a pastoral life of tending sheep herds, watching over meadows, and acting as guardians of the wilderness. This isn't to say they won't be found in cities, but those sods are usually visiting out of curiosity or on business.

Most bariaur are found on the plains of Ysgard, with smaller populations on the planes of the Beastlands, Elysium, and Arborea. The bulk of the race is chaotic good, but player-character bariaur can be of any non-evil alignment. Bariaur are social and outgoing, friendly to strangers, but not foolishly trusting. They're noted for being fierce fighters, and they particularly hate giants, often going out of their way to attack these creatures.

All bariaur possess infravision (60-foot range) and have a movement rate of 15. They usually make one attack per round, but warriors can exceed this limitation as they rise in level. All bariaur are herbivorous, and even the thought of eating meat is revolting to most of them.

Bariaur possess special abilities that vary according to their sex. Males gain a +1 bonus to their Strength and Constitution scores, but they suffer a -1 penalty to Wisdom and Dexterity. From young adulthood males are never unarmed, for this is when their horns start to grow. A bariaur male can always butt for 1d8 points of damage (plus Strength bonus), tripling this result by charging at least 30 feet in a straight line. However, if the hit is successful, the charging bariaur character must successfully save vs. breath weapon or suffer the same damage as the target. The creature charged is knocked to the ground 50% of the time, if size M or smaller.

BE++ER +@
WRES+LE WI+H
A GIANT+ +HAN +@
L@CK H@RNS
WI+H A BARIAUR.

— YSGARDIAN
PROVERB



Females gain a +1 bonus to Intelligence and Wisdom scores, but they suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Dexterity. Lacking horns, they don't have the special combat ability of males, but they do have keen senses and an intuitive resistance to magic. Their sharp senses of smell and hearing allow them a +2 bonus on surprise rolls, provided the opponent has a scent or makes noise, and they gain a +3 bonus to saving throws vs. spell.

Bariaur males can be fighters, rangers, paladins, or priests. Bariaur females can be fighters, priests, or wizards. A bariaur can rise to 13th level in any class.

GI+HZERAI

This race of mysterious humanoids now hails from the plane of Limbo, but the githzerai originated on the Prime Material, from a place called Gith. Their history is almost forgotten, but at its roots is a long-standing hatred of mind flayers and their cousin race, the githyanki. Once, the githzerai and githyanki were the

same people, but

GI+HZERAI. GI+HYANKI. WHO CARES? they

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. into two

— THE LA+E YUFAN LIS The

cause of that split has long been lost, but the ageless bloodfeuds and forays of revenge continue unabated.

Githzerai look almost exactly like humans (but woe to the sod who suggests they're of the same stock!), except githzerai are slightly thinner and taller than humans. Also, their features are sharply cut and their faces are longer, but the most notable difference is in their eyes, which range from gray to catlike yellow. Githzerai are a severe lot who don't dress in bright colors, don't wear jewelry, and don't smile, at least not in public. They have no particular dislike of other races (beyond mind flayers and githyanki), but they don't often grow close to others either; they say what needs to be said and little more. Bards know githzerai make bad audiences — they have no sense of art within them, it seems.

However, githzerai do have fierce passions that burn dangerously. First, as mentioned, the githzerai hate the githyanki. The long-time enemies will never willingly cooperate and will rather try to do each other in. (This hatred isn't suicidal, though.) Second, the githzerai have a single-minded dedication to the security of their own race, no doubt the result of their never-ending war with the githyanki. The githzerai say little of their fortresses on Limbo, lest they say too much, and say even less of other activities. Finally, if

githzerai have a sport, it's illithid hunting. Organized into parties called *rrakkma*, their youths cross the planes, hunting mind flayer prey.

Githzerai player characters gain a +1 bonus to Intelligence and Dexterity scores, but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Wisdom. Player characters can be of any nonlawful alignment. Character classes are limited to fighter (9th-level maximum), fighter/wizard (9th/12th levels respectively), wizard (12th level), or thief (15th-level maximum). The githzerai revere an ancient wizard-king as their god, and they have no priests.

Githzerai possess infravision to a range of 60 feet. More significantly, githzerai warriors and thieves possess an innate magic resistance of 5% per level (95% maximum). This magic resistance is *always* in effect; a player character can't voluntarily lower his resistance to benefit from a spell. In addition, their magic resistance also effects magical items they might use. Whenever a magical item is first used by a githzerai character, it has the above-defined percentage chance of becoming inert while in that character's possession. This check is only made once per item, and once determined it remains that way forever. A failed-roll item still detects as magical, but the character can't make use of its powers in any way. For example, a 5th-level githzerai fighter finds a suit of *plate mail +1*. As the character dons the armor, the DM checks to see if it will function. A 24 is rolled, just below the 25% chance to render it active (5th level × 5%). From then on, that particular suit of armor is no better than normal plate mail *to that character*. Githzerai wizards don't have any innate magic resistance, as they must purge that quality to become mages. Fighter/wizards can choose to have the resistance (with its penalties) or not, deciding when the character is created.

TIEFLING

In the multiverse, few creatures are of pure lineage, and even fewer are what they seem to be. That's the greatest truth of the tiefling's existence. It's not advisable to ask a tiefling about his or her ancestors, as the answer wouldn't likely be pleasant. Part human and part *something else*, tieflings are the orphans of the planes. They can be described as humans who've been *plane-touched*. A shadow of knife-edge in their face, a little too much fire in their eyes, a scent of ash in their presence — all these things and more describe a tiefling. No planar would mistake a tiefling for a human, and most primes make the mistake only once. Tieflings live with both

pride and shame of who and what they are. They have no culture of their own, and most are loners, which fits their background. Some slip into the edges of human society, becoming poets and artists who describe the corrupt fringes of the respectable world. Adventurous types often spend their years probing the unexplored edges of the multiverse, be it to survey strange lands or experiment in the forgotten niches of magical science.

Humans don't trust tieflings (and deep inside they fear them), but they remain inexplicably fascinated by tieflings just the same. The plane-touched are often accused of secret plots and awful alliances – mostly without a shred of proof – because of who and what they are. A tiefling learns early that life is unfair and hard. His reaction is to fight back and never let his foes see the pain.

Other people, even other tieflings, simply aren't viewed as allies and often are automatically considered enemies. A tiefling doesn't take a friend until he learns the measure of his companion, and even then he'll never fully trust anyone. "I watch my own back," is an old tiefling quip. They maintain no hereditary blood-feuds, but tieflings take care of themselves without any thought of others' problems.

Tiefling characters gain a +1 bonus on Intelligence and Charisma scores, but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Wisdom. Tieflings can be of any alignment save lawful good. They also gain a number of special abilities, based on their mysterious heritage: They possess *infravision to a range of 60 feet and have the ability to create darkness, 15-foot radius once per day*. Tieflings suffer only half damage from cold-based attacks, and they gain a +2 bonus to all saving throws vs. fire, electricity, or poison.

Tieflings can be fighters, rangers, wizards (including specialist mages), priests, thieves, or bards. They may also pursue multiclass options, including fighter/wizard, fighter/priest, fighter/thief, wizard/thief, and priest/thief.

Tiefling thieves make the following racial adjustments to their thief abilities:

PP	OL	F/RT	MS	HS	DT	CW	RL
–	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	–	–	+5%

PLAYER CHARACTER CLASSES

The classes available to the player characters depend on the campaign: Those that allow prime characters permit any class from the DM's base prime-material

campaign. Planar characters can be any class found in the *Player's Handbook*, provided it's allowed by their race.

In a PLANESCAPE campaign, fighters and rangers are viewed as they would be in any campaign setting. As paladins are tied to specific powers, they may provoke extreme reactions. Those who share the paladin's faith treat the holy warrior with greater-than-normal respect. Those with opposite views consider paladins little more than sinister agents, and they treat them accordingly.

Wizards, whether mage or specialist, are not viewed with the same degree of respect accorded in most other settings. The planes are highly magical themselves, and wizards are just another part of it all.

Priests are treated with some caution. Most planars figure that priests, so close to their respective deities, must have special powers. This isn't necessarily true, but it's still a tough feeling to shake. Nevertheless, priests tend to attract trouble from planes of contrasting alignment. For instance, fiends love to give a good-aligned priest all kinds of grief. Long-lived priests learn to be clever, tough, or both.

Thieves are either heroes or heels. Creatures on the Lower Planes grudgingly give them a hateful respect – in their opinion, a good thief is untrustworthy, treacherous, and deceitful (good qualities all from their point of view, unless practiced against them). Beings of the Upper Planes hold the same opinions of a thief's character, but find little laudable in those qualities. Bards are more highly regarded on the Upper Planes since their skills, while occasionally unfortunate, represent art and clarity of mind. A lower-planar creature considers a bard useful only to sing its praises.

Opinions and attitudes are less developed about the other character classes of the Prime Material Plane. Psionics are viewed simply as another type of wizard. Black, Red, and Gray wizards from Krynn are viewed as weaklings, for their powers tied to the distant moons of that world. Tinker gnomes are considered abominations, best avoided or eliminated quickly.

Defilers and preservers from Athas (the DARK SUN campaign world) have a special status. Fiends like the destructive power of defilers, good beings hate it, and the relationship's just the opposite regarding preservers. Most planars consider Athas's elemental clerics woefully ignorant of the realities of the multiverse. Gladiators are just another type of fighter. Athasian bards are the only bards well regarded on the Lower Planes.

But here's the real chant: Names count less than actions. Want respect in Sigil? Then go out and earn it!

I'M DEAD?
SO WHY DON'T
I REMEMBER
DYING?
— AL-JAFFAR,
FORMERLY
OF HUZUZ

DON'T EVER MAKE
A BE+ WITH
A TIEFLING.
— PLANAR PROVERB



FACIONS OF THE PLANES

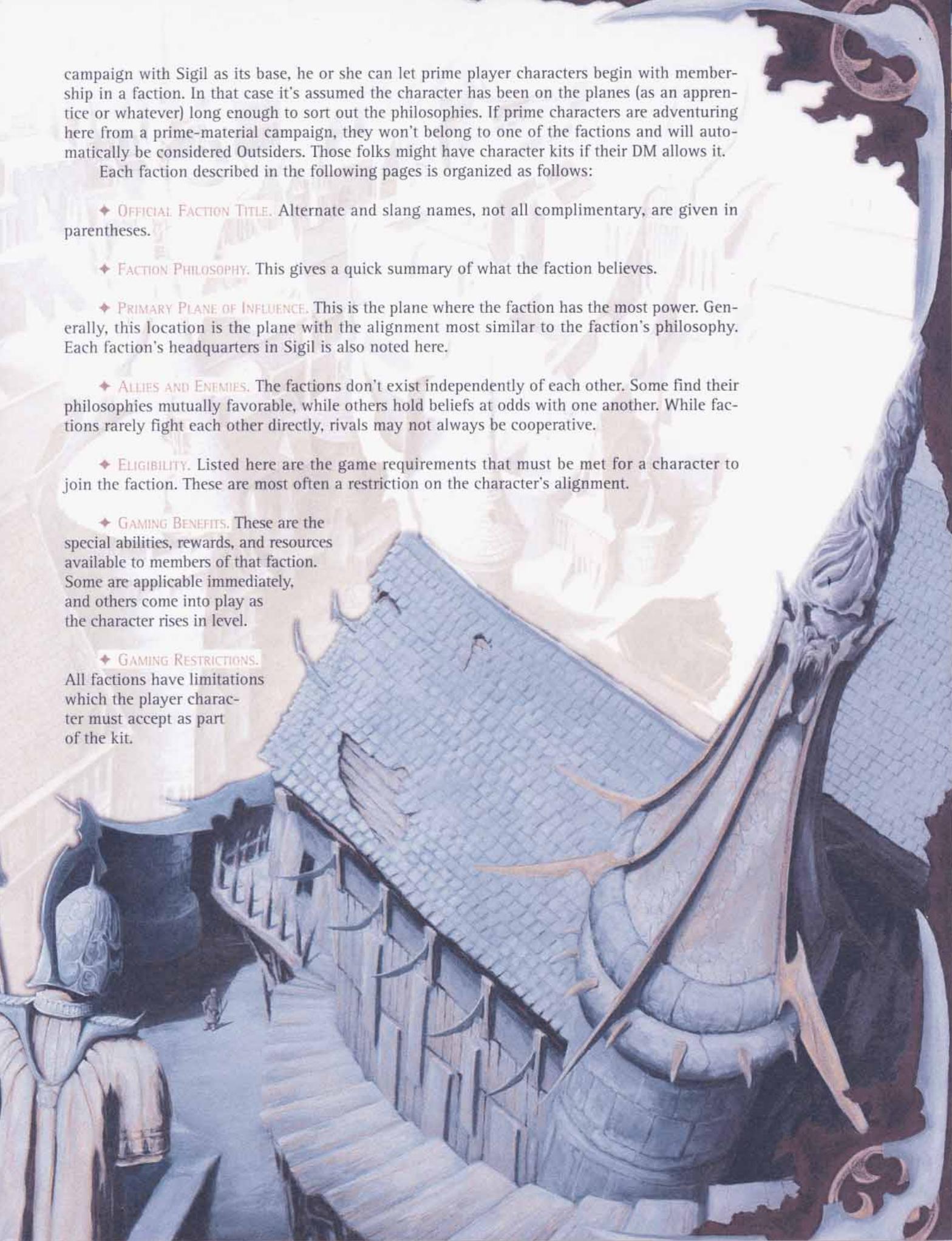
Race and class don't make a whole person on the planes. A body's got to have a philosophy, a vision of the multiverse and what it all means. Sure, a fellow can get along without it, but how's he ever going to make sense of the whole thing and find his own "center of the multiverse"? How's he going to know his friends from his enemies in places where what he stands for can mean *everything*? A body's *got* to have a place to stand in order to see the majesty of the whole thing. On the streets of Sigil and beyond, philosophies are more than just ideas. They're groups – factions with leaders, goals, powers, and attitudes. Every faction has its own way of seeing the multiverse and has its own powers to match. Some of them get along, others don't, and some could care less about the rest of the multiverse.

Factions are a bit like character kits (see the various PHBRs), but unlike those, factions don't care what race or class a character is. The only thing that matters is alignment, and even then it sometimes doesn't matter. Factions provide a basher with a way to understand the planes. It's not the same as alignment, but it can be close. Also unlike kits, factions are actually organizations, with benefits and restrictions. Every faction has a leader, known as the *factol*, whose position is purely dependent upon dedication to the philosophy, not upon level or class. Some factions are more organized than others, and at least one – the Indeps (see page 23) – isn't really a faction at all.

Every planar player character must start with a faction, and once a faction is chosen, the cutter is pretty much stuck with it, so he or she should choose carefully. Those who change from one faction to another inspire about the same confidence as Benedict Arnold – they're hated by old companions and mistrusted by new ones.

Prime characters don't automatically start with a faction.

If the DM is running a mixed



campaign with Sigil as its base, he or she can let prime player characters begin with membership in a faction. In that case it's assumed the character has been on the planes (as an apprentice or whatever) long enough to sort out the philosophies. If prime characters are adventuring here from a prime-material campaign, they won't belong to one of the factions and will automatically be considered Outsiders. Those folks might have character kits if their DM allows it.

Each faction described in the following pages is organized as follows:

◆ **OFFICIAL FACTION TITLE.** Alternate and slang names, not all complimentary, are given in parentheses.

◆ **FACTION PHILOSOPHY.** This gives a quick summary of what the faction believes.

◆ **PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE.** This is the plane where the faction has the most power. Generally, this location is the plane with the alignment most similar to the faction's philosophy. Each faction's headquarters in Sigil is also noted here.

◆ **ALLIES AND ENEMIES.** The factions don't exist independently of each other. Some find their philosophies mutually favorable, while others hold beliefs at odds with one another. While factions rarely fight each other directly, rivals may not always be cooperative.

◆ **ELIGIBILITY.** Listed here are the game requirements that must be met for a character to join the faction. These are most often a restriction on the character's alignment.

◆ **GAMING BENEFITS.** These are the special abilities, rewards, and resources available to members of that faction. Some are applicable immediately, and others come into play as the character rises in level.

◆ **GAMING RESTRICTIONS.** All factions have limitations which the player character must accept as part of the kit.

THE ATHAR

(Defiers, the Lost)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. According to these folks, the great and feared powers are liars! Those who claim to be the “gods” of the planes are just mortals like us. Yeah, they’re unbelievably powerful, but they’re not *gods*. After all, they can die, they’ve got to keep their followers happy, and they often feud among themselves like children. Thor, Zeus, and the others – they’re all impostors.

Sure, there *might* be a true god, or maybe even more than one, but such power is beyond all understanding. Such beings cannot be seen, spoken to, or understood by mortals. What’s the proof? Look at the spells and granted powers of priests. Where do these abilities *really* come from? Why, it must be from the unknowable, from the true god that is behind everything, and the powers are nothing but channels for its will. Foolish mortals believe the powers are the source of all majesty, and why would the powers do anything to correct that mistake?

Ysgard, Mechanus, Baator, and the like are all lies, too. These planes aren’t the abodes of supreme beings, just lands shaped by the wills of the powers. Anyone could do it with enough expertise. All the sweat and worry of petitioners ain’t just for oneness with their plane – it’s for a greater reward, if there’s any at all. Proxies are merely magical or bio-magical transformations, the result of natural planar magic.

‘Course, the Athar ain’t stupid. “Let the powers call themselves gods,” they say. “It ain’t worth the laugh, because there’s no point upsetting the powers.” With all

that might, an angry power’d be a dangerous enemy. All the Athar want is to part the veil, discover the secret behind everything, and look on the face of the unknowable.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Astral, where the Athar point to the bodies of the dying powers as proof of their beliefs. The Athar headquarters in Sigil is the Shattered Temple, a place once dedicated to the now dead and forgotten god Aoskar.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The philosophy of the Athar is similar to the Believers of the Source. They are frequently allies, but not always.

ELIGIBILITY. The Athar are one of the few factions with class restrictions. Priests of specific deities are never members of this faction, since it’s impossible to maintain faith in a “charlatan” deity. General clerics (believers in the greater power) can be members, though. Members can be of any race or alignment.

BENEFITS. Followers of the Athar faction are immune to these spells: *abjure*, *augury*, *bestow curse*, *curse*, *divination*, *enthrall*, *exaction*, *holy word*, and *quest*.

RESTRICTIONS. Because Athars deny the validity of the powers, priests of specific deities can’t provide known Athars with aid in the form of spells and magical devices, particularly those of

healing. Only the most dire circumstances can compel a priest to violate this restriction. ‘Course, no self-respecting Athar would let any toadie of a power touch him, anyway. . . .



HEY, YOU BERK! IF THE GODS REALLY WERE ALIVE AND CARED, DO YOU THINK YOU'D BE HERE?

— FAC+OL TERRANCE
OF +HE A+HAR

BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

(Godsmen)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. To these characters, all things are godly. All things can ascend to greater glory – if not in this life, then in the next. Patience, that's all it takes. See, here's the chant: Everything – primes, planars, petitioners, proxies, the whole lot – is being tested. Survive, succeed, and ascend – that's the goal of all beings. Fail and get reincarnated to try again. It's pretty simple and straightforward.

'Course, it ain't that easy either. First off, nobody really knows what the tests are. Is a body supposed to be good, evil, or what? Godsmen are trying to figure that out. Second, a fellow just might go in reverse – mess up and come back as a prime or something worse in the next life. It could even be that those who do *really* badly return as fiends. Finally, there's one last step nobody even understands. Getting to be a power ain't the end of the cycle. There's something beyond that, something that powers, themselves, eventually ascend to. Cross that threshold to the ultimate form and get released from the multiverse forever.

Now, there's a fixed number of beings out there, and sooner or later we're going to run out, when everybody's ascended. A lot of the worlds on the so-called "infinite" Prime Material Plane are already pretty thinly populated. When a prime ascends to the next level, then there's one less prime in all the multiverse – unless, of course, a planar somewhere fails and falls back a rank. But sooner or later, everybody's going to attain the ultimate goal, the final ascension, and when that happens the multiverse *ends* – closes up shop, fades right out of existence.

So you see, the Godsmen calculate that's the whole purpose of the multiverse. The Prime Material, the Inner, and the Outer Planes – they exist to test and purge. It's just a matter of figuring what's being tested and how. When that happens, the Godsmen can hasten the end of the universe and get on with some new existence.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Ethereal. The demiplanes of the Ethereal, formed by powerful wizards and the like, are evidence to the Godsmen that their philosophy is correct. In Sigil, the Godsmen maintain their headquarters at the Great Foundry, the symbolic forge of the planes.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

Since a central belief of both the Godsmen and Athar philosophies is that there's some greater thing

than the powers,

those two factions often find themselves allied.

Like-wise, the belief in the

ultimate end of the multiverse sits well with the Doomguard, although any alliance between the two groups is always temporary. Both the Bleak Cabal and the Dustmen take exception with Godsmen philosophy, and they're considered foes of the Godsmen's cause.

ELIGIBILITY. The Godsmen are open to all races, classes, and alignments. However, priests of specific deities suffer a -1 penalty on all saving throws, for lack of utmost faith in their high-up man.

BENEFITS. Because they believe that all things have potential, Godsmen are generally well received throughout the planes. They gain a +2 (or +10%) bonus to all encounter reactions with planar beings.

RESTRICTIONS. In addition to the restrictions on priests described above, Godsmen can't be raised or resurrected by any means. However, they can automatically be *reincarnated* as a player character race (of the DM's choice).



WE ARE ALL
ONE — GODS.
MORTALS, EVEN
FIENDS COME
FROM THE SAME
SOURCE. WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE
NEXT TIME
YOU'LL BE A
LARVA.

— FACT OF AMBAR
OF THE GODSMEN



THE BLEAK CABAL

(Bleakers, the Cabal, Madmen)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. "There's no meaning to it all," say the members of this faction, "so just give it up, poor sod. Whoever said reality had to make sense?" To these folks, the multiverse ain't even a cruel joke, because that would give it all meaning. Look at all those fools in their factions, running around, trying to discover the meaning of something that's senseless. They'll waste their lives at it. And they call the Bleak Cabal mad – hah!

Here's the Bleaker credo: "The multiverse doesn't make sense, and it ain't supposed to." That's all there is to it, pure and simple. It ain't "The multiverse is without meaning," because that answer's a meaning in itself.

Look, the primes, petitioners, proxies, even the powers don't have *The Answer*. Nobody is here for some higher purpose. Things just are, and whatever meaning there is in the multiverse is what each being imagines into the void. The sad part to the Cabal is that so many others refuse to see this. Looking for the "truth," these people don't see it. Once a sod understands that it all means nothing, everything else starts to make sense. That's why some folks go insane – from hunting for the snipe that ain't there. 'Course, some folks just can't handle the truth. They're the ones that howl and rage, gibber in the corners, and plead with the powers, as if that would help them. Well, too bad for them. Bleakers know the hard truth, and if other folks can't deal with that, it's no concern of theirs.

For someone to join the Cabal, he or she (or it) has got to do three things: quit looking for meanings, accept what happens, and look inward. There's no meaning on the outside, so the question is, "Is there any meaning inside?"

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. Pandemonium. This plane, the Howling Land, owes its existence to no one and no thing. Its passages rage with the screaming winds of madness, an apt home for the Bleak Cabal. In Sigil, the Cabal maintains its headquarters at the Gatehouse, the asylum before the Hive.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Bleak Cabal isn't a group most others view neutrally. The Doomguard, Dustmen, Revolutionary League, and Xaositects all view the Bleak Cabal sympathetically. The Fraternity of Order, the Harmonium, and the Mercykillers all have great difficulties with the Cabal's nihilistic point of view, and so must be ranked among their enemies.

ELIGIBILITY. The Bleak Cabal is open to characters of any race, class, or alignment save lawful. By their nature, lawful characters can't accept the Cabal's basic premise – that life exists without meaning – for without meaning there's no order.

BENEFITS. Considered mad by most, devotees of the Bleak Cabal are immune to spells causing madness or insanity, including *chaos*, *confusion*, *delude*, *feeblemind*, *Otto's irresistible dance*, and *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter*. Furthermore, Bleakers are allowed a saving throw vs. spell against *ESP* spells directed at them.

RESTRICTIONS. Bleakers are subject to fits of deep melancholia as they reflect on the pointlessness of life. At the start of each game day, the player rolls 1d20. On a roll of 20, the character is overcome by the futility of his or her own beliefs. The basher won't do anything unless philosophically convinced by another that it's worthwhile. Note that a monster eating another party member is *not* sufficient justification. (To the Bleaker, the poor sod's life or death is pointless anyway.)



HEAR THE BARMIES HOWLING
IN THE MAZES? IF YOU'RE HERE +
LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE
MULTIVERSE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL
SAVE YOURSELF SOME TIME AND
GO JOIN 'EM, 'CAUSE THAT'S ALL IT MEANS
– THAT AND NOTHING ELSE.

– FACTUAL L HAR OF THE BLEAK CABAL

THE DOOMGUARD

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. Ever hear of entropy, berk? Take a look around: Everything's going down the tubes, falling apart, stopping. People die, rocks erode, stars fade, planes melt away. That's entropy, the fate of the multiverse. A lot of folks think that's a terrible thing, but not the Doomguard. They're pretty sure nothing lasts forever, not even the planes. It's the way things are supposed to be, they guess, the goal of everything. Sooner or later, the last bits of the multiverse'll decay, and then there'll be nothing left – think of it as existence's ultimate release from toil and pain.

Now, the sods who try to fix things – stop the decay and put everything back together – they've got it all wrong. They're fighting the natural goal of the multiverse, trying to do something unnatural. That ain't right.

So look, the Doomguard's here to see that the multiverse gets its way. Things are *supposed* to crumble, and it's the Doomguard's job to keep the meddlers from messing it up too much. What right do mortals have to deny the natural existence of things? And somebody's got to watch the proxies and the powers, to make sure they don't meddle with the process. Can't have the powers restoring things or ending them too fast, you know.

Don't get this faction wrong. It's not like somebody builds a house and they tear it down. That building's part of the whole decay: The stonecutter chips the rock, the logger cuts the tree, and later the termites chew the beams until the whole case comes down on its own. There's a long view to this. The sod who can't see the grand scheme'll go barmy trying to tear down everything that gets built. So, everything's got a part in this. The primes slowly eat away their worlds, and planars do the same. Look at petitioners – entropy reaches perfection when they fade away. It'll all happen in time.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Doomguard maintains one great citadel on each negative quasiplane: Ash, Vacuum, Salt, and Dust. The Negative Energy Plane represents the Doomguard's idea of the ultimate fate of the multiverse, so the Doomguard's citadels are built as close to the plane as practicality allows. In

Sigil, their headquarters is the city's main armory.

EVERYTHING DECAYS.
WE'RE JUST HERE
+ HELP IT ALONG.

— FACIONAL PENTAR OF
+ THE DOOMGUARD

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Both

the Bleak Cabal and the Dustmen find the entropic visions of the Doomguard well suited to their own philosophies, although the Cabal sneers at the idea that entropy is the "goal" of the multiverse. The Godsmen agree with the idea that the multiverse is fated to end, but they can't accept the idea that destruction is the purpose in itself. The Fraternity of Order and the Harmonium reject the Doomguard's philosophy wholesale.

ELIGIBILITY. The Doomguard is open to all races and alignments. Priests with access to the spheres of healing and creation can never belong to the Doomguard.

BENEFITS. The Doomguard is very military in organization and outlook. All members are trained to fight with a sword, gaining a +1 to attack rolls when wielding one. Those bashers normally denied the use of swords can use one without penalty, but they must abide by all other restrictions of their class.

RESTRICTIONS. The Doomguard are naturally resistant to healing and cures. For any such spell or magical device to have effect, a Doomguard cutter must first fail a saving throw vs. spell. If the save is successful, the magic is negated.



THE DUSTMEN

(The Dead)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. These guys say Life's a joke, a great trick. Nobody's alive; in fact, there's no such thing as Life. Sure, the petitioners are dead compared to the rest of us, but everybody else is dead, too – they just don't know it yet. So what's the chant? Simple: "All these worlds and all these universes are just shadows of another existence." This multiverse – the Prime Material, the Inner, and the Outer Planes – is where beings wind up *after* they die.

Look, if things were truly alive, would there be such pain and misery in the multiverse? 'Course not! Life is supposed to be about celebration and positive feelings. Existence here is muted, dull, full of pain, and twisted with sorrow. What kind of celebration is that? This existence is a mockery of true life.

Fact is, everyone is dead – primes, planars, proxies, petitioners, all of them – it's just that some are more dead than others. Primes are just started on the path, planars are a little further along, and petitioners, well, they're almost to the end. Then there's the walking dead. They've attained purity in this world – purged themselves of all passions and sense. The goal's not to merge with the planes like the petitioners think; it's to purify the self, to become one of the true dead.

This is important: In order to appreciate Death in proper Dustman fashion, a sod has got to explore his so-called "life" to its fullest and understand his present state of existence with all its trials before moving up the ladder of Truth. The berk who gets restless and rushes things dies a fool, and he'll probably be forced to go through the whole thing all over again – that's a *real* waste of time! Here's the chant: Respect Death, and don't ever treat it like a servant.

PRINCIPAL PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Negative Energy Plane. Through great effort, the Dustmen maintain a citadel in the inhospitable darkness of that plane. In Sigil, their headquarters is the Mortuary, the place where the bodies of all who die in the city are sent.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Dustmen's views tend to provoke strong reactions. The Bleak Cabal favor their grim viewpoint, as do the Doomguard. The Fated find certain common ground in the deterministic views of most Dustmen, too. On the other side, the Dead's fatalistic rejection of life runs counter to the teachings of the Sign of One. Of all the factions, the Society of Sensation is the most opposed to Dustman teachings. Furthermore, most primes have a great deal of difficulty dealing with Dustmen, for a Dustman's views on life and death are too extreme.

ELIGIBILITY. All races, classes, and alignments are welcome to become members of the Dustmen. Priests of death gods are particularly common in this faction.

BENEFITS. The Dustmen have one of the most unique abilities of all the factions, embodied in the *Dead Truce*. This truce is a pact, reached in times more ancient than memory, between the Dustmen and the beings of the undead realm. The effect of the truce is that the undead'll ignore a Dustman, so long as the Dustman does nothing to harm the undead creature. If the Dustman breaks the pact, the undead and its companions will treat the sod as they would any other living being. This pact applies *only* to Dustmen. If one of this faction is with other bashers, the undead will react to the rest of the group normally (attacking, for example) while ignoring the Dustman. Should the Dustman aid his companions, those undead are released from the pact. Because of this possibility, it's more common to find Dustmen working side by side with zombies and such.

RESTRICTIONS. A Dustman's chance of resurrection survival is half that of other characters. The concept of raising and resurrection is counter to the philosophy of the faction, and so it's not something willingly accepted by most Dustmen.



THE FATED (Takers, the Heartless)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. This faction says the multiverse belongs to those who can hold it. Each sod makes his own fate, and there's no one else to blame for it. Those who whine about their luck are just weaklings; if they were meant to succeed, they could have. Here's the way the multiverse works, according to the Takers: Everybody's got the potential to be great, but that don't mean it's going to happen. It takes work and sweat for things to come true, not just a lot of hoping. Those that work hard get what they deserve. Nothing's free – not in this life or any other.

Proof? Look at the poor petitioners. Can they just sit back and wait for their rewards? No, the powers put them through the mill with all kinds of trials. A lot of them fail and die permanent little deaths, but those that have the strength and the will reach the reward. There's no point feeling sorry for the berks who didn't make good – it was their own fault for being weak. Some softhearted folks call this a cruel philosophy, saying that there's no compassion in it. Well, that's just an excuse for weakness. Sure there's compassion, but a body's still got to earn it. The best way to keep from being hurt is to be strong enough to fight back.

Most folks think there's nothing to the Fated but taking, but the Takers'll tell a berk it's more than that. There's lots of things a being has to earn, and he can't get all of them by force. A body's got to have some respect, too, and that's something that can't be got with force. There's happiness, too. A basher's got to go out and make happiness, and no amount of hitting people is going to get that. It takes kindness without weakness, compassion without cowardice.

"The next time somebody snivels about their lot in life," say the Takers, "just remember the powers gave 'em the wherewithal to get on with their life. It's not anybody else's fault if they ain't going to use it."

PRINCIPAL PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Fated's philosophy fits well with the rough-and-tumble attitudes of the powers found on Ysgard, so it's hardly a surprise that the faction is strong there. Their headquarters in

Sigil is the Hall of Records, where the ownership of all things important is recorded.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Of all the philosophies, the Fated's is closest to the "leave-me-alone" attitude of the Free League, and the two often work cooperatively. The Mercykillers share some sentiments with the Fated, too – particularly attitudes about compassion and mercy – yet they don't accept the "might-makes-right" attitude of the Takers, so the two groups are only cool allies. The Harmonium views the Fated as wrong-headed and dangerous, and the two must be considered enemy factions.

ELIGIBILITY. Membership in the Fated is open to any race or class. However, lawful-good characters can't join the Fated.

BENEFITS. The Fated are great believers in self-sufficiency. They start with twice the number of proficiency slots, and all proficiency categories are available to any character class at no additional cost. Thus, a warrior could learn a proficiency from the wizard category without spending any extra slots.

RESTRICTIONS. Adherents to this philosophy can't accept or perform charity in any capacity. Everything they receive must be earned in one fashion or another, and the service must be provided before the payment is given.



THE FRATERNITY OF ORDER

(Guvners)

THE PLANES ARE GOVERNED BY LAWS.
LAWS CAN BE LEARNED.
LEARN THE LAWS AND YOU RULE THE
MULTIVERSE. THAT IS OUR GOAL.

— FACTUAL HASHKAR OF THE GUVNERS

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. These folks are sure that *everything's got laws*. Mankind's got laws. Sigil's got laws. Even the Lower Planes got their laws. Now, once a body's got the laws down, he does pretty well, right? He knows how to use them to his advantage, and how to break them without getting caught. If everything's got laws, then there are laws for the whole birdcage – the planes and all that. And if everything's got laws, then those laws can be learned. See where this is going? Learn the laws of the planes and learn how to break 'em, how to use 'em to best advantage. Get to be a real blood, a pro, and a basher'd have *real* power.

Think of the things a body could do with the laws of the multiverse under his thumb. He could manipulate the very heart of things! It'd make magic seem like a lousy put-up, make a fellow who knew the dark of things a real high-up man. He could find the loopholes of the multiverse, the little spots not covered by any rules, where he could do what he wanted. He'd be tougher than the powers themselves!

'Course, it ain't that easy. The multiverse keeps its laws dark, where a body's not likely to find them. More than a few cutters have got themselves put in the dead-book trying to learn it all. Then there's the powers – it ain't likely they want any

sod getting the secrets of more power than them.

So let all the other berks run around, looking for the meaning of the multiverse. It doesn't matter what it all means, because that won't tell a body how it all works. Knowing the operation of things – that's what's important. Who cares what it *means* when a blood can make it do what he *wants*?

So how's a fellow to find out? Knowledge – knowledge is power. It takes study, it takes searching. Sometimes a body's got to go out into the planes and look for the answers. Sometimes it takes science, study, and research. There are millions of laws to make this thing go, and the more a body knows, the more he can do.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The cog-wheeled plane of Mechanus, where everything aspires to perfect order, is the stronghold of the Guvners. In Sigil, their headquarters is the City Courts.

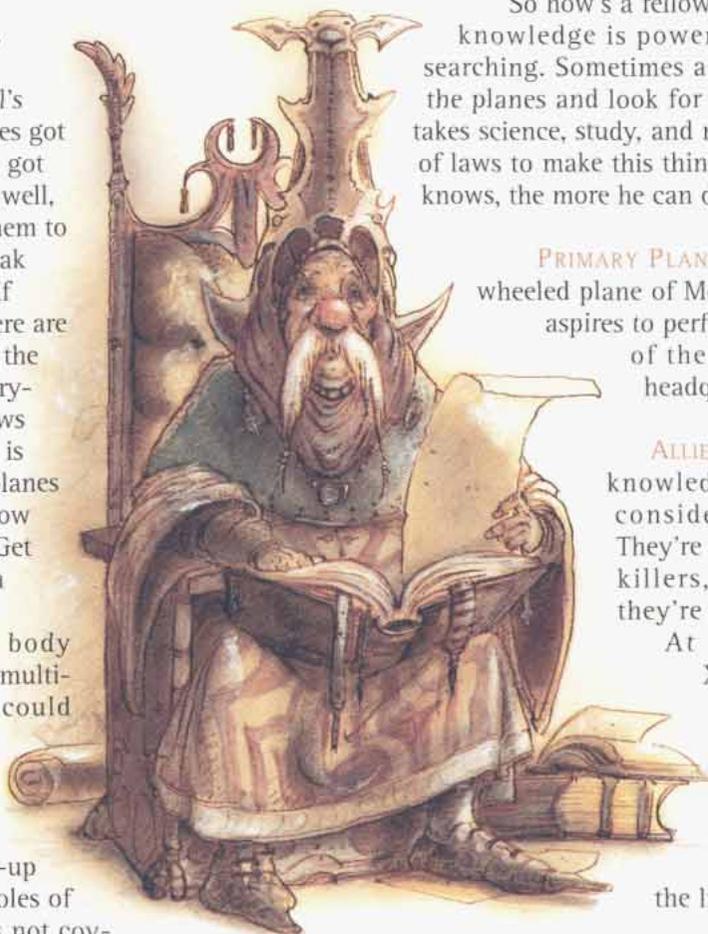
ALLIES AND ENEMIES. With their knowledge of laws, Guvners are considered useful by many. They're strong allies of the Mercy-killers, who uphold laws, and they're close to the Harmonium.

At the other extreme, the Xaositects and the Revolutionary League are both opposed to the Guvners. The Doomguard, while not an enemy, remains suspicious that the Guvners are trying to prolong the life of the multiverse.

ELIGIBILITY. The Fraternity of Order is open to all classes and races, but because of its highly structured view of life, all members must be lawful in alignment.

BENEFITS. With their incessant search for order in all things, the Guvners have a highly attuned sense of patterns. They can automatically *comprehend languages* once per day. Upon reaching 7th level in their chosen class, Guvners gain enough knowledge of the multiverse to use *item* once per day, regardless of class. Unlike the spell, the effect has a maximum duration of 24 hours.

RESTRICTIONS. Guvners believe in laws, though the rightness or wrongness of them often makes little difference. A Guvner won't knowingly break a law, unless he or she can find a legalistic loophole to avoid the penalty.



THE FREE LEAGUE (Indeps)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. This ain't no faction and *nobody* tells them what to do. The idea that any berk knows the truth and everybody else's wrong – well, that's a chance a body shouldn't take. Who's right – the Guvners? The Mercykillers? The Chaosmen? Since when does a smart gambler play all his jink on a single throw?

The short and long of it's simple: There's nobody who's got a sure key to the truth, so it pays to keep the options open. Maybe the multiverse is like the Lost say, but it could be the way the Godsmen tell it. Side with one view and find out it's wrong and, well, a fellow comes up a loser. There's no wisdom in that!

Still, a body's got to belong to *something*, if he wants to stay alive. The Free League's kind of an informal group of like-thinkers. They share news, pass around jobs, and watch each other's backs. Hey, in a place like the planes, a body can't be too careful.

There ain't nobody tells an Indep what to do. They hire on with whom they please, insult whom they dare, and drink with the rest. Every creature's free to find his own path, his own meaning to the multiverse, and what works for one probably isn't the answer for another. Pure fact is, there's a lot of truths out there.

Some figure Indeps to be cowards, afraid to play a stake on the truth, but Indeps see themselves as free thinkers, refusing to be shackled to some blind ideology. Truth is, there are some that don't want to make the choice, for fear of offending one power or another. Then again, there's plenty of folks seeking to make their own truth – maybe even start themselves a new faction.

PRINCIPAL PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Indeps have a lot of power on the Outlands, the heart of the Great Ring. It's no surprise that in Sigil their headquarters is found in the Grand Bazaar, where everyone looks after himself.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Because Indeps have kept themselves free of a single philosophy, most other factions

view the Free League with a cynical neutrality. Indeps are just about anything in others' eyes: useful mercenaries, potential recruits, or dangerous spies. Rival factions'll use the Indeps in their various plans, but few would ever trust them. Only the Harmonium, with its rigid beliefs, takes a strong stand against the Indeps.

ELIGIBILITY. Anyone who wants to can call himself an Indep. Race, class, and alignment make no difference to this group.

BENEFITS. Being bodies of their own minds, Indeps are a stubborn lot, hard to persuade. This gives them a natural resistance to all charms, whether by spell, creature, or magical item. Indeps save vs. charm with a +2 bonus on their roll. Against charms that wouldn't normally allow a saving throw, Indeps make a normal saving throw (without the bonus).

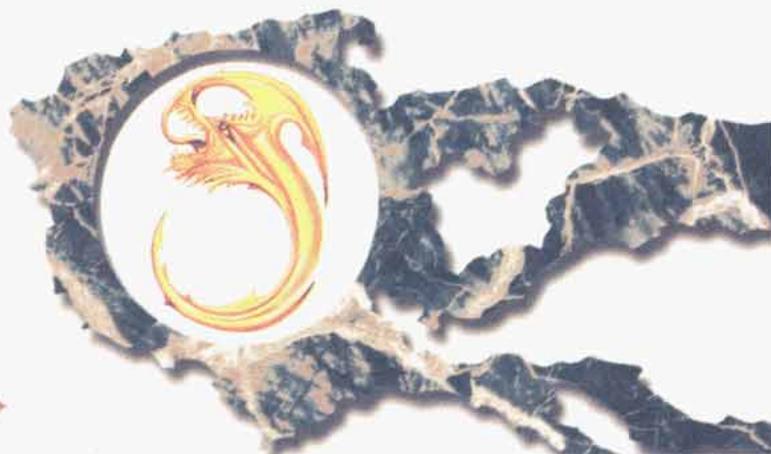
RESTRICTIONS. Being independent, the Free League has no factol and therefore is not represented in any city business. Indeps have no judge in the courts, nor any seat on the council. Not surprisingly, in Sigil Indeps have few protected rights.



SØD ØFF!
I DØN'+ NEED
YØUR

MUMBØ-JUMBØ.

— KARRIS, AN INDEP



THE HARMONIUM

(The Hardheads)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. The secret of the multiverse? That's simple, and every cutter in the Harmonium knows what it is: "The Harmonium is always right." Look, the goal of every enlightened being in the multiverse is to live in perfect harmony with all others. Look around: Peace or war – those are the only true states of the multiverse. If a being and its neighbors got the same views, then there's peace between them. When they don't agree, that's what causes war; one body figures it can use fists to convince the other. Now, there's some powers who say otherwise, but the Harmonium believes that peace is a better end than war. For one, all of a body's work won't get destroyed during times of peace. Families don't get killed, kings can actually spend time ruling the people, scholars can study, and petitioners can raise their crops. Everybody, even the fiends on the Lower Planes, can prosper.

On the other hand, the Harmonium says there's only one way to have peace: *their way*. War or peace – squabble among each other or join the Harmonium – those are the only choices. The Harmonium believes that the ultimate goal of the multiverse is universal harmony, and it's ready to spread that belief to all those other sods out on the planes. If it takes thumping heads to spread the truth, well, the Harmonium's ready to thump heads. Sure, there may not be peace right away, but every time the Harmonium gets rid of an enemy, the multiverse is that much closer to the universal harmony it was meant to have.

D ⊕ I ⊕ OUR WAY ⊕ R N ⊕ WAY.
UNDERS+AND +HA+, BERK?

— FAC+⊕L SARIN ⊕F +HE
HARMONIUM



And what happens once the Harmonium succeeds? (And it *will* succeed, that's certain – just ask them.) That part's simple. When everyone is in agreement with the Harmonium, a new golden age will begin. That's why the Harmonium works so hard to get folks to conform – it's all for their own good.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Harmonium is strongest on the plane of Arcadia, where the ideal of harmonious good is seen in all things. Within the city of Sigil, the Harmonium claims the City Barracks as its headquarters.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Because of their fierce devotion to order (albeit *their* order), the Harmonium often works closely with the Guvners and the Mercykillers. Indeed, within Sigil the trio forms the wheels of justice: The Harmonium makes the arrest, the Guvners conduct the trial, and the Mercykillers carry out the sentence.

With their unbending attitudes, the Harmonium also has many enemies. Indeps, the Revolutionary League, and Xaositects all have little patience with the rigid views of the Harmonium.

ELIGIBILITY. All races and classes are welcome to join the Harmonium, but the applicant must be of lawful alignment.

BENEFITS. Members of the Harmonium gain benefits from their firm beliefs and fierce dedication to them. All members of the Harmonium are able to use *charm person* once per day, regardless of class or level.

RESTRICTIONS. Their rigid beliefs also expose several weaknesses in Harmonium philosophy. Any variance from the orders of a Harmonium superior requires an *atonement* on the part of the character before he or she can rejoin the ranks of the faction. Members who "turn stag" – betray the faction – are automatically sentenced to death by the factol. Even refusing to return to the faction's ranks is considered treasonous.



THE MERCYKILLERS

(Red Death)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. As far as this faction's concerned, justice is everything, and there ain't no sod who can give it the laugh. Those cutters that try'll have the Mercykillers on their tail, so the smart thing is just don't try. It's the whole reason laws exist – to see that justice is carried out. Justice purges the evil in folks and makes them better, fit to belong in the multiverse. Once everybody's been cleansed, then the multiverse reaches perfection, and perfection's the goal of the multiverse.

Justice is absolute and perfect, but it's got to be correctly applied. A body's got to know the knights of the post, the criminals from the innocent, so he doesn't make a mistake. Mercy's an excuse created by the weak and criminal. They think they can rob or kill and then escape their crimes by pleading for mercy. The Mercykillers are not so weak. Every crime must be punished according to the law. There are no such things as "extenuating circumstances."

That being the case, some smart cutters figure they'll hang the Mercykillers by their own yardarm and accuse them of some of their own crimes. Well, the Red Death'll just smile and say it answers to a higher law.

Charged with protecting justice, they can do things others can't – all in the name of justice. How else could they survive their own ideals?

'Course now, other folks don't agree with Red Death logic. To them, the Mercykillers ain't above the laws or even right in what they do. The Mercykillers don't like such folk's attitudes, but they can't hang a being for its opinions – at least not in most places. See, the Mercykillers say they don't make the laws, they only enforce them. All in all, they're no better than the rest, but no worse than a few.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Mercykillers are most powerful on the plane of Acheron. Within Sigil their headquarters is the Prison.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Harmonium, the Guvners, and the Mercykillers form a natural triad of arrest, trial, and punishment. As in Sigil, they are often found together in the other towns of the Outlands, serving as the local justice system. The Doomguard is sympathetic to the goals of the Mercykillers, seeing ultimate entropy in the process of punishment.

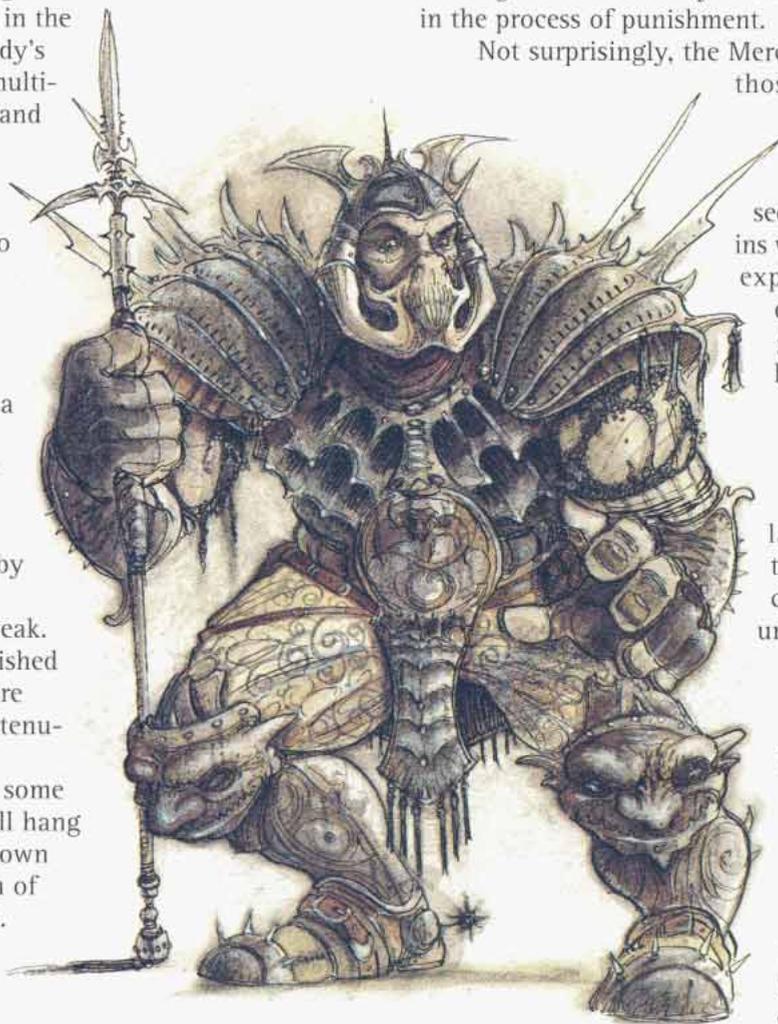
Not surprisingly, the Mercykillers are at odds with those groups who place the individual over all.

Signers, Sensates, and Anarchists in particular seem to have constant run-ins with the Red Death. It'd be expected that Indeps would defy them, too, but this group has the sense to leave well enough alone.

ELIGIBILITY. The Mercykillers are a strict group, allowing only those of lawful alignment to join them. Thieves and known criminals are absolutely unwelcome.

BENEFITS. Because of their passion for punishment, every Mercykiller can *detect lie* to a single question once per day.

RESTRICTIONS. Mercykillers consider themselves innocent of crimes when these are committed in the course of punishing a known criminal. Should a Mercykiller commit a crime for any other reason, he or she would be subject to full punishment under the law. Furthermore, although a Mercykiller can accept the surrender of an individual (so that person can be properly punished), he can never release a lawbreaker until the proper sentence has been carried out.



THE REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE

(Anarchists)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. “These universes, these powers, they’re all corrupt!” screams this faction. “They’re guiding people in the wrong directions, keeping them slaves and prisoners to the powerful. The old beliefs are lies.” These sods claim that Guvners, Chaosmen, Mercykillers, Athar – every last one of them – no longer care about the truth. Their factols all have property, bodyguards, jink, and influence. They’re not looking for the truth; they just want to hang onto what they’ve got.

Well, the Anarchists say it’s time for that to change. It’s time to break free of the chains and seek the real truth. And that’s only going to happen when a body’s free of the bonds of the other factions. A being’s got to be able to make his own choices, but would any faction just let a body go? Think the Harmonium would say, “Sure, we admit we’re wrong. Go and find your own way.” Not a chance! The only way a being’s ever going to get its freedom is to tear down the old factions. Throw ‘em down, shatter ‘em, break their power – that’s what’s got to be done! When the old factions are crushed, a sod has a chance to learn the *real* truth.

‘Course, a body’s got to be careful. The plutocrats don’t want to give up a single grain of their power cache, so they’ll try to break the spirit of the revolution – if they can catch it. A blood’s got to be careful and keep himself dark from the factols or he’ll end up lost in an alley some night, so the best thing to do is to pit the factions against each other. A cutter doesn’t need to hit them head-on unless he wants to end up in the dead-book.

Once the factions all come down, then folks can find the real truth. What’s that truth? No one knows and there’s no way of saying. There ain’t no point in thinking about it even, not until what’s standing now is brought down. Break it all and rebuild with the pieces that’re left – that’s the only plan.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Revolutionary League is best typified by the grim exiles of Carceri, forever scheming to overthrow their enemies. In Sigil, the faction rejects the idea of a fixed headquarters. Instead, it moves from place to place in the city, to prevent its discovery by the unwanted. The Anarchists have no factol.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Although their stated goal is the overthrow of all, the Anarchists do have allies. The Doomguard and the Xaositects both find much merit in Anarchist activities, even if they don’t agree with the philosophy. At the other extreme, the Harmonium and the Guvners consider the Revolutionary League an abomination.

ELIGIBILITY. Anarchists care nothing for race or class and even profess no interest in alignment. However, their doctrine of overthrow prevents lawful types from joining their faction.

BENEFITS. The Anarchists’ power is limited but cunning. They can automatically pose as a member of any other faction without being detected. They don’t gain special abilities that are spell or training related (such as a Xaositect’s *babble* or a Cipher’s initiative bonus), but they can benefit from abilities related to position or title, including access to the faction’s headquarters.

RESTRICTIONS. Anarchists can never hold any public office or noble title, own a business, or take part in anything that would tie them into the power structure of the planes. Fully 90% of all treasure gained by those bashers must be distributed either to the cause or to the oppressed. In no case can it be given to another player character or player-controlled nonplayer character.



THE SIGN OF ONE

(Signers)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. Every person, every individual, is unique. This is the greatest glory of the universe – that each creature living (and dead) is different from all others. It's obvious, then, that the multiverse centers around the self, or so this faction would have everyone believe. "It's quite simple, addle-cove," one of these sods would say. "The world exists because the mind imagines it. Without the self, the multiverse ceases to be." Therefore, each Signer is the most important person in the multiverse. Without at least one Signer to imagine it all, the rest of the factions would cease to exist.

Better be nice to the Signers then, berk, because they just might decide to imagine a body right out of existence. Don't think it can be done? Maybe not, but then a basher's a fool to take the risk. Lots of folks disappear without a trace, and more than a few are enemies of the Signers. Makes a body think, don't it?

So, some smart cutter'll say, what happens if two Signers don't agree? What if they both think different things? Then what happens? After all, the multiverse is the same for everybody. The answer's easy for a Signer. Since he's the center of the universe, then obviously everything else is from his imagination – simple. Nobody else really exists except as he thinks of them, so of course the multiverse is the same. How else could it be?

A lot of folks don't accept this idea. After all, they point to their own feelings and emotions, their own self, as proof the Signers are wrong. And the Signers simply claim to have imagined it all. What others feel and think isn't real; only what the Signers feel is.

So exactly *who* is imagining the multiverse? That part even the Signers don't know for sure. One of them is, but they can't agree on which one. The safest bet is just to fall in with their faction, because any Signer could be the source of everything. Remember that, berk.

PRINCIPAL PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Signers are strongest on the plane of the Beastlands. Within Sigil, their headquarters is the Hall of Speakers.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

The Signers and Sensates share some common points in their philosophies, making the two natural allies. Signers also gain frequent recruits from the Outsiders, who often are comforted by being placed at the center of importance. The Harmonium finds the Signers more than slightly annoying, and the Bleak Cabal's the most opposed to them of all.

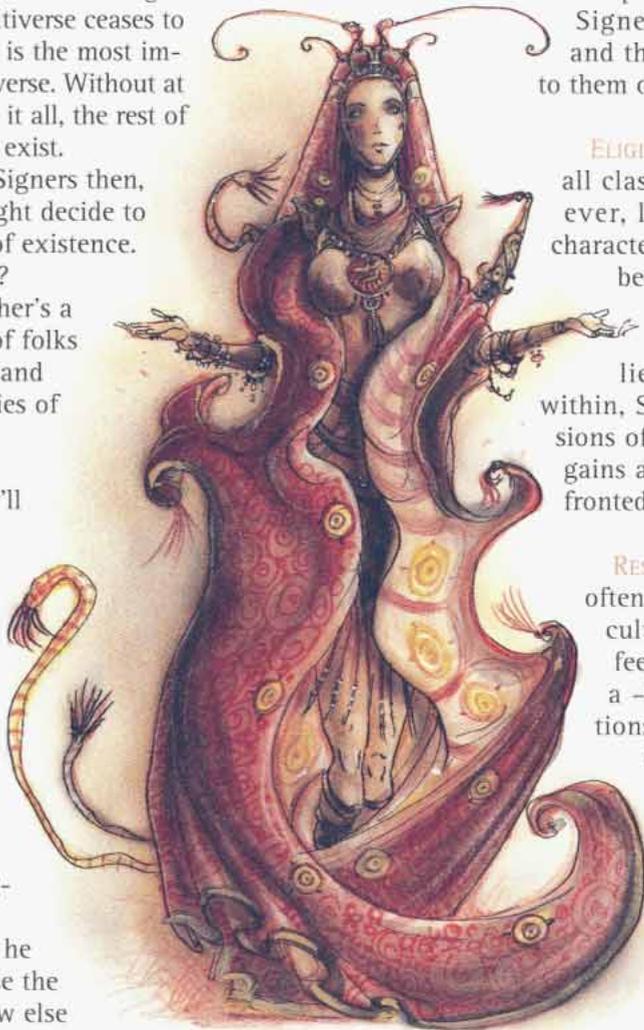
ELIGIBILITY. The Sign of One is open to all classes, races, and alignments. However, lawful good and lawful neutral characters may find adhering to the One's beliefs difficult at best.

BENEFITS. Because they believe all the world is created from within, Signers are hard to fool with illusions of any type. A Signer automatically gains a saving throw vs. spell when confronted by illusionary magic.

RESTRICTIONS. Perhaps because of their often immense egos, Signers have difficulty understanding the motives and feelings of others. Hence, they suffer a -2 penalty on all encounter reactions and loyalty checks of nonplayer characters.

WHERE'S THE CENTER
OF THE MULTIVERSE?
ME —
I'M THE CENTER OF THE
MULTIVERSE.

— FAC+OL DARIUS OF THE
SIGNERS



THE SOCIETY OF SENSATION

(The Sensates)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. According to these folks, the multiverse is known by the senses – the only proofs of existence. Without experience, without sensation, a thing *isn't*. If a sod can't taste the soup, then it ain't soup. The only way to know anything for sure is to use the senses.

Look, it ain't that hard to understand. Which is real, a description of a rose or the rose itself? Only a barmy'd choose the description, which ain't real. It's got no smell, no thorns, no color. Picking a rose, that's real, and the way a body knows is by experiencing it. The senses are the only way to know the universe.

So some berk'll ask, "What's this got to do with universal Truth, the meaning of the multiverse?" Well, the chant is no one's going to know the big dark until they've experienced everything – all the flavors, colors, scents, and textures of all the worlds. Only when a body's experienced the whole universe does the great dark of it all finally get revealed. It may seem like an impossible task, but there just might be a way to bob the problem – cheat the multiverse, as it were. It just might be that the multiverse doesn't exist beyond what a body can sense. The answer to what's over the next hill just might be "nothing."

Given that, the multiverse has limits, and a body can try to experience it all. A being's got to savor the intensity, explore the complexity. Don't just guzzle the wine – find all the flavors within it. Before a sod's all done, he'll learn the differences between Arborean and Ysgardian wine, know them by vintage, and even by the hand of the vintner. Only then do the secrets of the multiverse start to make themselves clear.

PRINCIPAL PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Sensates are strongest on Arborea, a plane of great beauty in all things. In Sigil, their headquarters is naturally the resplendent Civic Festhall.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Sensates and the Signers, both egocentric factions, do share points of agreement concerning their philosophies, and they often cooperate in their activities. Sensates are cordial to Guvners and Indeps, intrigued by their descriptions of things far away. However, they're opposed to the philosophies of the Doomguard, which sees worlds only as decaying objects.

ELIGIBILITY. The Society of Sensation is one of the most liberal of all factions. Anyone, of any race, class, or alignment, can join.

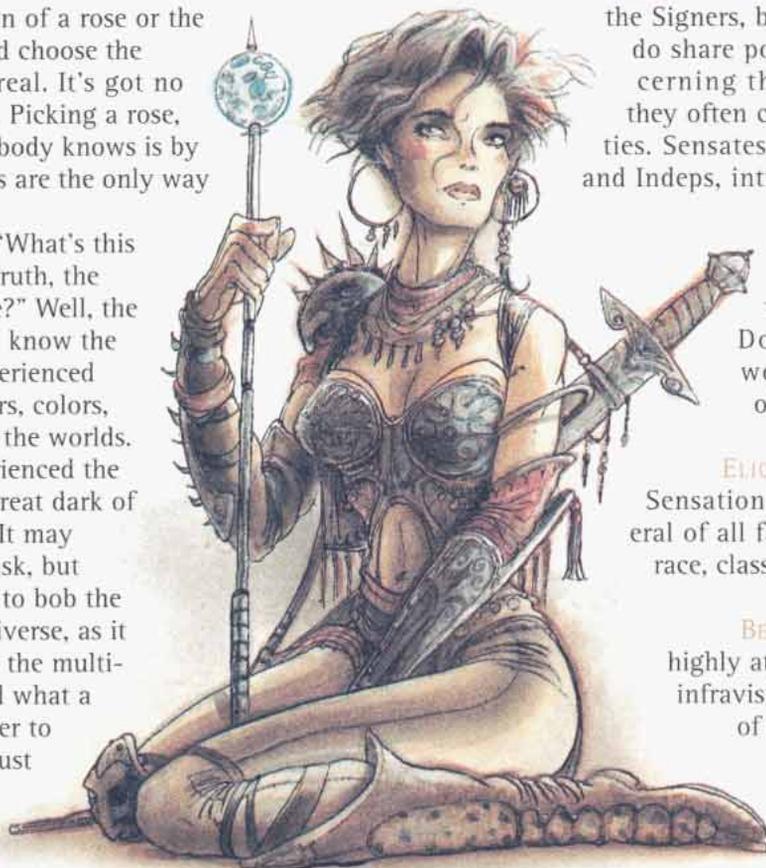
BENEFITS. All Sensates have highly attuned senses. They have infravision to 60 feet, regardless of race, and they gain a +1 bonus to all saves vs. poison and die rolls for surprise.

RESTRICTIONS.

While not to the point of foolhardiness, Sensates are fascinated by new tastes, smells, and so forth. Whenever possible, they'll seek out new experiences. In practice, they can't refuse offers that could lead to these – a new wine, an exotic flower, or whatever. Only when faced with obvious deadly peril will they shun such temptations.

T+UCH I+.
SMELL I+. TAS+E I+.
SEE I+.
HI+ I+.

— FAC+OL ERIN OF +HE
SENSA+ES



THE TRANSCENDENT ORDER

(Ciphers)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. These guys say that for a body to become one with the multiverse, he's got to stop thinking and act. Action without thought is the purest form of thought. When a cutter can know what to do without even thinking about it, then he's become one with the multiverse.

It goes like this. Every berk's part of the multiverse, and nothing's apart from it. So it figures that every being knows the right action to take at just the right moment. Problem is, some folks start thinking and mess it all up. Thinking adds hesitation and doubt. It overrules instinct and separates a sod from the multiverse. By the time a poor sod's thought about something, the right action for the right moment is gone.

So all a berk's got to do is just quit thinking, right? 'Course it ain't that easy. Any addle-cove can blunder in and act without giving it a thought, but that's not the goal. A body's got to work hard at learning *himself* – learning his own mind and instincts until the right action comes automatically. It's done by training both the body and mind. Just like the way thieves practice their cross-trade, a Cipher's got to train his mind (the source of action) and body (the actor) to be one thing. There's no difference between the two, no separation between thought and motion. Body and mind act as one – the hand moves before the thought reaches it.

So what's all this get a fellow, then? Once mind and body are in harmony, the spirit becomes in tune with the multiverse. A blood understands the purpose of the multiverse and knows just where and how he should be.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Order is strongest on Elysium, the plane of harmonious good. Within Sigil, the Order's headquarters is found at the Great Gymnasium.

BY THE TIME YOU'VE
THOUGHT ABOUT IT,
I'LL HAVE KILLED YOU.
THAT MAKES IT A DO-OR-DIE DEAL.
— FACTOR RHYS OF THE CIPHERS



ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Believing that all truth is found internally, Ciphers don't seek out friends or enemies among the factions. Most other groups give them a lukewarm reception, although the Harmonium is always suspicious that Ciphers harbor thoughts contrary to universal harmony.

ELIGIBILITY. The Transcendent Order is open to any character of neutral alignment.

BENEFITS. The training of a Cipher stresses quick and unhesitating action. Thus, all Ciphers gain a +1 bonus to their initiative rolls.

RESTRICTIONS. Because Ciphers act unhesitatingly, they suffer a unique restriction: In play, as soon as an action is stated for a Cipher player character, that cutter is committed to the action. The player can't say, "Oh, wait, I changed my mind!" Bashers who pause to consider or debate pending actions are failing to adhere to the philosophy.



THE XAOSITECTS (Chaosmen)

FACTION PHILOSOPHY. As these sods see it, the multiverse wasn't born from Chaos – the multiverse *is* Chaos. There's no order, no pattern to anything. That's the meaning of the multiverse, the great secret everyone else is just too dull-witted and cowardly to admit! Look around. Is there any pattern to this existence? Any order that gives it all meaning? None, not a one. The only order is one that the addle-coved Guvners and Harmonium try to impose on it. Their order isn't natural to the multiverse. Why, the minute they leave, the multiverse reverts to its natural state of disorganization and chaos.

So why fight it, since Chaos is how things are meant to be? It has a beauty and wonder all its own. By gazing upon Chaos, learning to appreciate the randomness of it and understanding its sublime intricacies, the Xaositects (pronounced: kay-Oh-si-tekts) learn the secrets of the multiverse. They want to play within the unshapeable Chaos, and to be a part of its uncontrollable energies.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE

Limbo is the heart and soul of the Chaosmen, for here the wild energies of creation rage at their fullest. In Sigil, the Chaosmen make their headquarters at the center of the Hive, a turbulent slum.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Chaosmen, the Doomguard, and to some extent the Bleak Cabal all get along and work together, as much as those committed to Chaos *can* work together. Not surprisingly, the Harmonium and the Guvners are stridently opposed to the theories of the Chaosmen.

ELIGIBILITY. The Xaositects are open to all races and classes, but only those of chaotic alignment can join this faction.

BENEFITS. Believers in the ultimate power of Chaos, the Xaositects can use *babble* (reverse of *tongues*) once per week, regardless of race or class.

RESTRICTIONS. The Chaosmen are committed to the power of Chaos. As such, they can never found businesses, build strongholds, raise armies, or undertake any other action that requires long-term organization and discipline. Indeed, they just barely hold their faction together as it is.



BEAU+IFUL IS!
CHAOS
+OO DIM MULTIVERSE.
IS +O N+ICE
M+O+ THE O.F.
— FAC+OL KARAN
OF +HE
CHAOSMEN



THE ⊕USIDERS

(The Clueless)

PHILOSOPHY. Pretty much none – no faction, no philosophy. Outsiders are just that: adventurers who have wandered in from the Prime Material Plane, folks who aren't part of the planes and don't understand all this business of factions, philosophies, and whatnot. They've got no stake in knowing the meaning of the planes. They might be curious, but they're not part of the never-ending debate that rages throughout the planes.

Outsiders bring with them a lot of peculiar ideas, at least by planar standards. Most of these have to do with notions that their world is the center of the multiverse, that their kingdom is the greatest wonder of the multiverse, or that their god is the greatest power of them all. Planars often make great fun of Outsiders for their wrong-headed beliefs, but primes have their ways of getting revenge against those who give them grief.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. Outsiders are clearly strongest on the Prime Material Plane, and especially so on their home world within that plane. Outsiders have no headquarters in Sigil.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Outsiders have no automatic friends or foes. Most other factions view them with ambivalence. Their freedom from the philosophies of the planes makes them both possible recruits and potential enemies. The strongest reaction to Outsiders is one of general pity for their unenlightened ways.

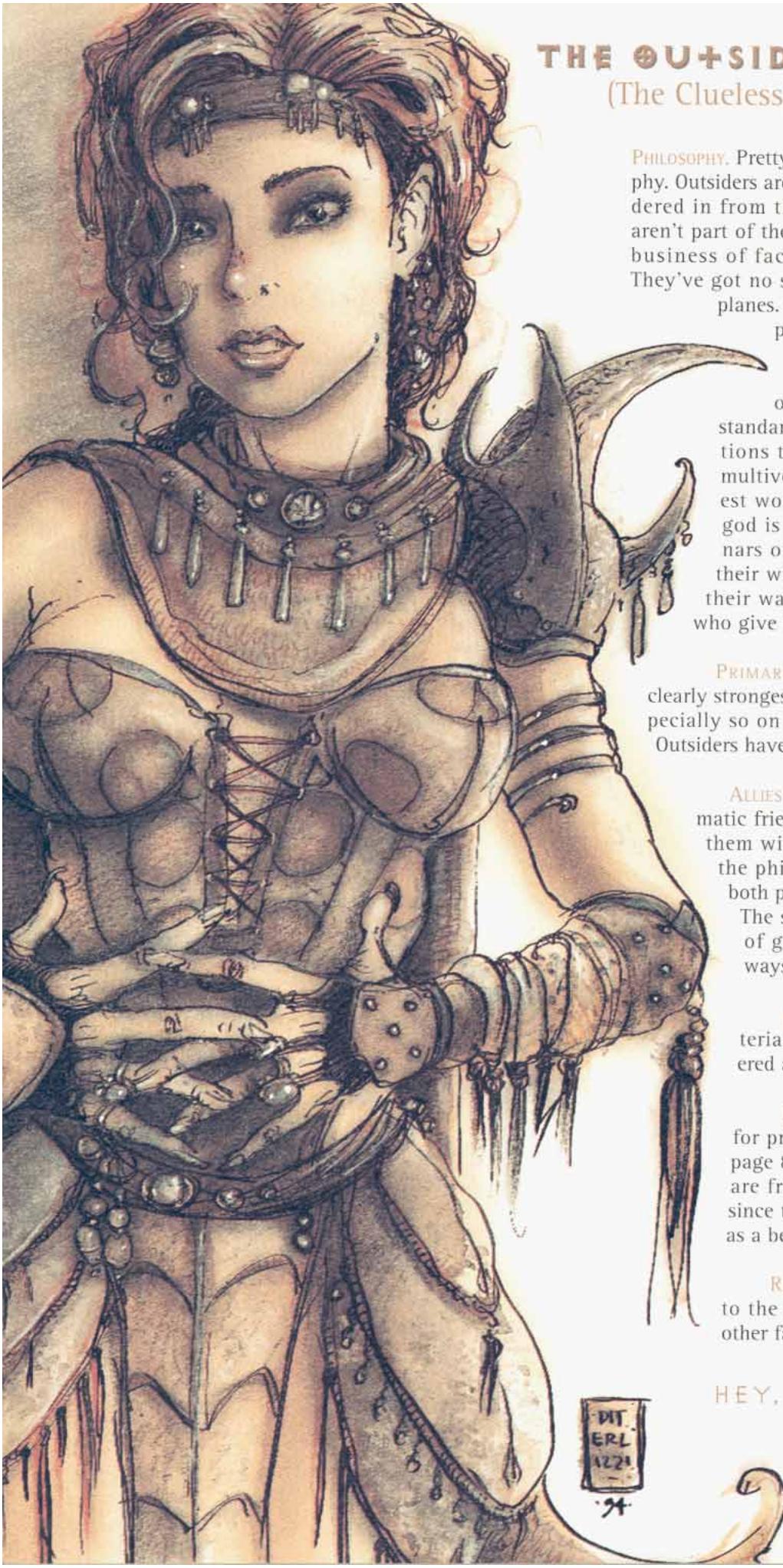
ELIGIBILITY. Any sod from a prime-material campaign is automatically considered an Outsider.

BENEFITS. Outsiders gain the benefits for prime characters, described earlier (see page 8). In addition, within Sigil, Outsiders are frequently hired for mercenary work, since their lack of faction allegiance is seen as a benefit.

RESTRICTIONS. Outsiders are not subject to the general resource restrictions of the other faction kits.

HEY, IS ⊕HIS WA+ERDEEP?

— RKING ⊕F FAERUN



GENERAL FACTION BENEFITS

In addition to the specific benefits described in each entry, all factions have certain common benefits, the rewards of belonging to a group. Being part of a faction has rewards that go along with the philosophy. Some of these are particular to a basher's outlook on life, like a Dustman's pact with the dead, but nearly all factions have some rewards in common.

The most obvious of these benefits are the fellowship and sanctuary of the faction headquarters. This is more than just a meeting hall, although it serves for that, too. Most faction headquarters provide services for the needs of the followers as well.

INFORMATION. There's a lot of dark about the planes. Where to find portals in Sigil, where those portals lead, and spell keys for the different planes are just a few of the things a cutter needs to know before setting out on an adventure. Some of this a body can pick up from the chant on the streets, or maybe buy from a traveler in a shady tavern, but a berk never knows when some sharper's going to bob him with forged information. It's much better to go to one's faction headquarters for what a body needs to know. Sure they charge – nothing's free – but they don't cheat their own.

EMPLOYMENT. Most factols figure it's bad advertising when their members are unemployed too long. Looking shabby and poor doesn't attract that many new followers, and out-of-work partisans can create all sorts of trouble. It's pretty common, then, for the faction headquarters to keep an ear open for potential jobs.

Planars know that troubles can often be solved by taking them to the right faction. Got problems with undead? The Dustmen are probably

best for the job. Somebody escape the slippery claws of justice? Tell the tale to the Mercykillers.

For a cut of the profit or some up-front jink, a fellow can get connected with a potential employer through his or her faction headquarters.

LOOKING FOR THE
XAOSITECT'S FACTION
HEADQUARTERS.
CLUELESS? COME
WITH ME –
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST.

— MINNIH, A
HARMONIUM
OFFICER

HEALING. Another common practice of the factions is to keep a few like-minded clerics at their headquarters. Most factions believe in taking care of their own, so the clerics are there to provide healing, lift curses, cure diseases, divine secrets, and perform other nonadventuring tasks within their power. It costs – and it can cost a lot – but at least the service is reliable.

MISCELLANEOUS. In addition to these services, there's a host of little things a faction can do. There's advice, companionship, spare beds, and occasional hot meals. A headquarters ain't an inn, though, so don't expect to set up shop there. A night or

two is tolerated, but after that a berk had better find some jink and get himself a proper room.

There are also some things that *won't* happen at faction headquarters. They're not in the business of loaning money or gear, especially not to adventurers. Oh, a lot of factions are rich, and some maintain sizable armories, but that's for their own emergencies. They won't attack other factions, either – at least not directly. Most factols aren't too keen on seeing a bloody creed war waged in the streets of Sigil, except maybe the Xaositects and the Doomguard. Factions don't interfere with the government of Sigil, either. In fact, some of them are part of that government, but a body can always find advice on who to garnish and how much to offer. Finally, factions don't send out rescue parties. Get in trouble out on the planes and a berk's on his own – unless, of course, he's got something the faction really wants.

THIS BOOK IS INTENDED TO BE READ FIRST BY PLAYERS AND DUNGEON MASTERS ALIKE. INSIDE, THE READER WILL DISCOVER THE GENERAL LAYOUT OF ALL THE PLANES, THE CHARACTER RACES AND CLASSES OF THOSE WHO WANDER THERE, AND A DETAILED OVERVIEW OF EACH FACTION OF THE OUTER PLANES.

RULES FOR CREATING A PLAYER CHARACTER ARE PRESENT AS WELL.



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Smoking pits of fire, mountains of pure glory, tunnels of screaming wind – no sod can stand these for long and not get skewered, roasted, blasted, or just overwhelmed. Just how's a berk supposed to set up his kip in places like these? He can't do it and stay living, or sane at the least. No, a body – even the toughest planar – needs a quiet and safe place to call home. Baator and even Mount Celestia are definitely not that.

HOME ON THE PLANES

That's why most folks – at least those that aren't petitioners – make their homes in Sigil or somewhere on the Outlands, also called the Near Lands or just “the Land” by most folks. (To a planar's way of thinking, a fellow's either in Sigil or he's not. On the Outlands he's near

Sigil, hence “Near Lands.” Bodies that hit the Great Ring are “out of town,” while them that's crossed the Astral to the Prime Material or beyond are just plain “out of touch” – it's all just a way to keep track of folks.)

There's a simple reason why Sigil and the Near Lands are so popular with planars. Compared to the rest of the multiverse, the Outlands (Sigil included) are “normal,” the most mortal-oriented of all the Outer Planes, and maybe even the safest. That's because the plane's held by powers that limit the might of most other deities. Not

only that, but the deities of the Outlands just tend to leave folks alone, too, probably because of their generally neutral natures. 'Course, if some addle-coved berk goes and tries to bob one

of them, it don't mean they'll ignore him. Like as not, the gods'll squash him flat for his cheating ways. Still, a cutter on the Outlands has got a better chance of giving them the laugh than anywhere else on the Outer Planes.

So, hey berk – welcome to home!

WE CAN EXCUSE THE FACT THAT
YOU SLAUGHTERED THE YUGOLTHS
BEFORE YOU REALIZED
WHERE YOU WERE. OUTSIDER, BUT
YOU PRONOUNCED THE NAME
OF OUR FAIR CITY 'SIIIL,' NOT 'SIGIL.'
AND THERE CAN BE
NO EXCUSE FOR THAT!

— HER HONOR **RASINA TÖLLIN**
OF THE **GUVERNERS**

Before going any further with this book, the DM should first read *A Player's Guide to the Planes* and *A DM™ Guide to the Planes*. This particular text provides a campaign base and some quick-start adventures for a PLANESCAPE™ campaign. Although the material barely touches upon most of the planes, this base makes a workable beginning for the DM to build upon, and all the places a cutter could ever hope to explore will be well covered in the boxed sets and adventure modules to come.

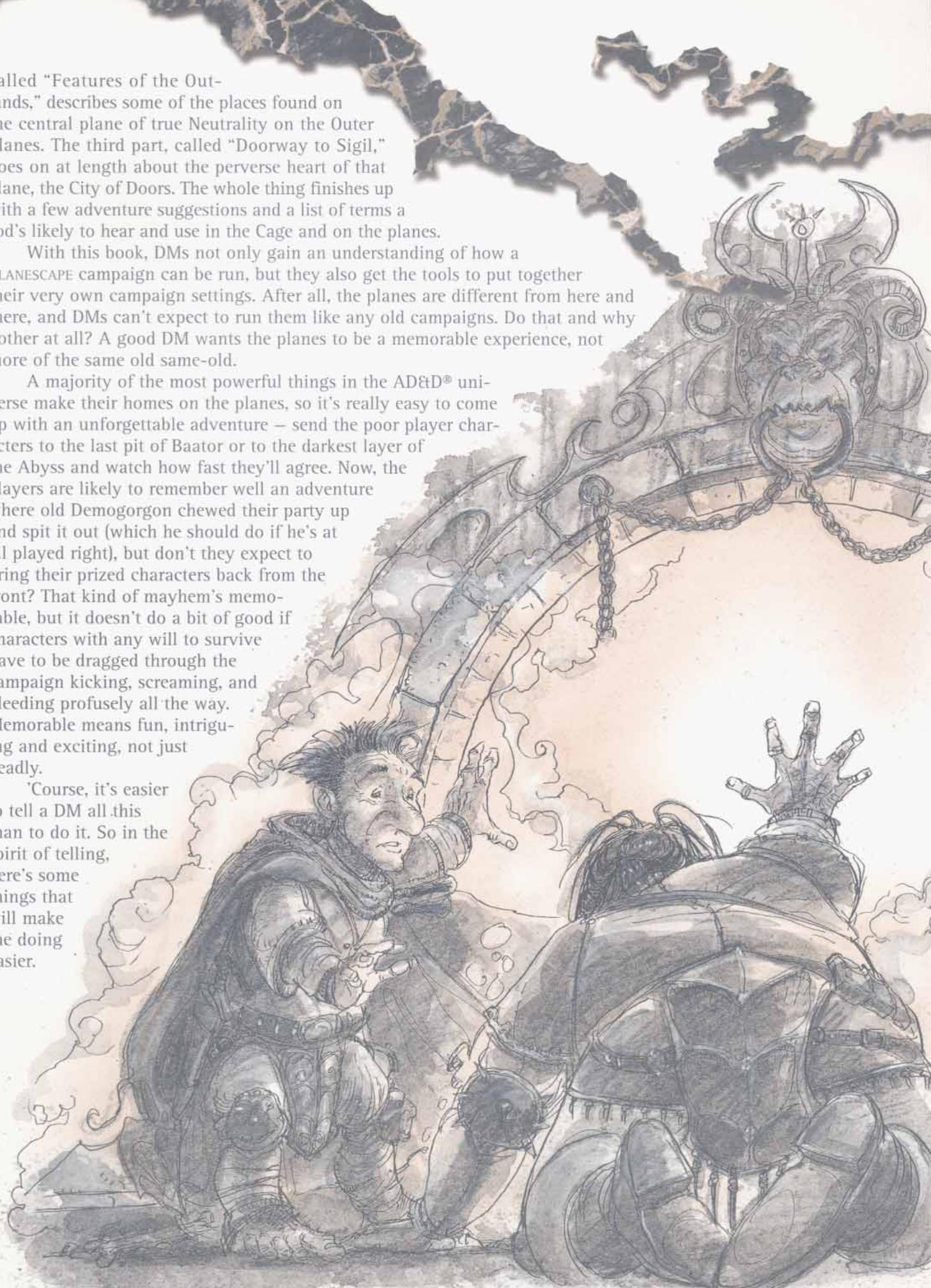
Sigil and Beyond is divided into three sections. The first part, called “The Lay of ‘the Land;”” describes just what a PLANESCAPE campaign can be and how to get one set up and running. The second part,

called "Features of the Outlands," describes some of the places found on the central plane of true Neutrality on the Outer Planes. The third part, called "Doorway to Sigil," goes on at length about the perverse heart of that plane, the City of Doors. The whole thing finishes up with a few adventure suggestions and a list of terms a sod's likely to hear and use in the Cage and on the planes.

With this book, DMs not only gain an understanding of how a PLANESCAPE campaign can be run, but they also get the tools to put together their very own campaign settings. After all, the planes are different from here and there, and DMs can't expect to run them like any old campaigns. Do that and why bother at all? A good DM wants the planes to be a memorable experience, not more of the same old same-old.

A majority of the most powerful things in the AD&D® universe make their homes on the planes, so it's really easy to come up with an unforgettable adventure — send the poor player characters to the last pit of Baator or to the darkest layer of the Abyss and watch how fast they'll agree. Now, the players are likely to remember well an adventure where old Demogorgon chewed their party up and spit it out (which he should do if he's at all played right), but don't they expect to bring their prized characters back from the front? That kind of mayhem's memorable, but it doesn't do a bit of good if characters with any will to survive have to be dragged through the campaign kicking, screaming, and bleeding profusely all the way. Memorable means fun, intriguing and exciting, not just deadly.

'Course, it's easier to tell a DM all this than to do it. So in the spirit of telling, here's some things that will make the doing easier.



WHAT'S THE POINT?

A *DM Guide to the Planes* talked about the tone of the planes, the feel that gives a unique character to the PLANESCAPE setting. Tone is important and goes a long way toward making the campaign memorable, but it's not enough. All style and no substance leaves the campaign world hollow – rich with quick flavor, but without the full satisfaction of real content. The first step toward a memorable campaign is to know the goals and pur-

poses for adventuring in the PLANESCAPE setting. Huh? What's that got to do with running a good campaign?

Well, whether a DM knows it or not, every exciting campaign world has built-in goals for the player characters. Ask this question before doing anything else: "What are the player characters trying to accomplish?" The answer affects the whole way the campaign is run. Take a look at some of the possible answers, along with their pros and cons, for a PLANESCAPE campaign.

GOLD AND GLORY

This is about the most basic of campaign motivations: The characters want to get rich in treasure and levels, and adventures are ways of getting both. At this approach's most basic level, characters go into dungeons where large amounts of treasure are guarded by various monsters and take the former away from the latter.

Now, there's nothing wrong with this basic idea, but in a PLANESCAPE campaign (like many other campaigns) there are certain logic problems. Simply plotting to explore (loot, rob, clean out, etc.) Shekines-ter's Court of Light ruins the tone of the game, which the DM should carefully be fostering. Most treasures are owned by things that have a better right to them than the characters, and using wondrous magic simply

as adventurer bait cheapens its value to the campaign *and* the players, who come to think of it as mere "inventory." Meanwhile, adventuring just to advance – with absolutely no other goal – robs the PLANESCAPE setting of the sense of wonder that fills the bizarre universe of the planes. So while advancement provides reward, it doesn't make an adventure memorable. A cutter needs another reason to step through the portal.

SENSE OF WONDER

Okay, so what about the wonder and majesty of the planes? Is that enough of a reason for adventuring? Certainly the planes have got more than their share of strange landscapes, fanciful towns, and bizarre personalities. Certainly colorful descriptions by the DM, along with an unfettered imagination, are going to create many memorable scenes for the players.

But that's all it is: just *scenes*, and scenes ain't an adventure. Player characters don't normally get worked up about going to see some strange landscape or visiting a town just because it's different. They still need another goal to tie the whole thing together.

So where's it stand so far? Money and levels provide the reward, and a sense of wonder makes the scenery stand out, but what's needed is a long-term objective to tie it all together.

LONG-TERM OBJECTIVES

So give an adventure a broad goal and the problem's solved, right? Doubtless, every adventure or campaign should have some kind of goal, if only to let the player characters know when they're done. Getting treasure and levels is a goal, though not a strong foundation for a decent plot. A proper goal should set up the plot. "Plant this rose on the 435th layer of the Abyss" is a clear goal, and a plot can grow quickly around it: How will the characters get there? Who wants to stop them? What happens if they succeed or fail? What will happen along the way?

The DM answers these questions and builds an adventure while the players have a clear objective for their characters to accomplish. Asking once again, the problem's solved, right?

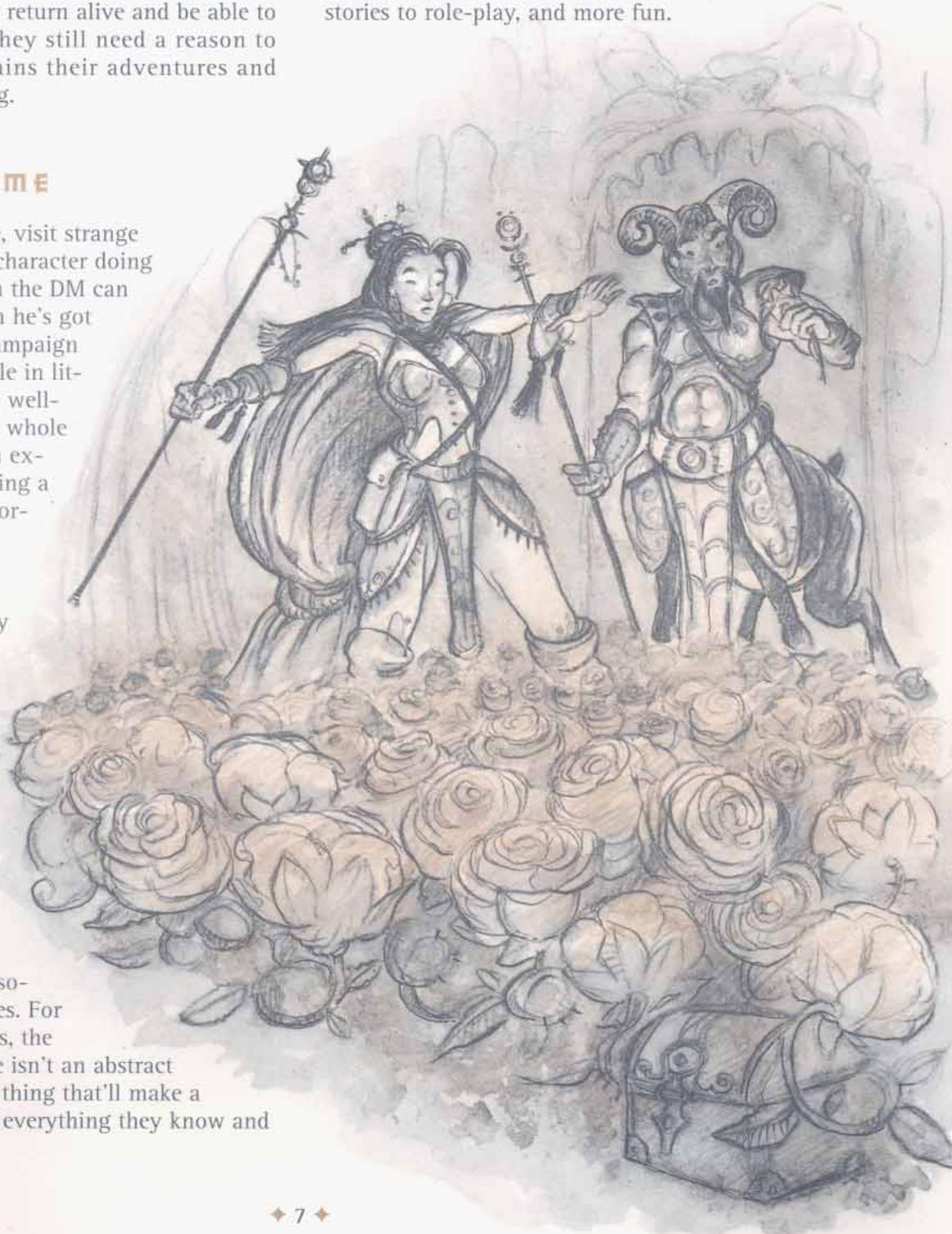
Maybe, maybe not. A goal may answer the question of *what* characters are doing for an adventure, but does it answer *why*? Why plant a rose on the Abyss in the first place? What does that do? Why should the characters care? Yes, the characters may gain experience and money. Yes, they may have a memorable time crossing the horrid landscape of the Abyss. And yes, they may return alive and be able to say, "We did this," but they still need a reason to care, a *theme* that explains their adventures and gives their efforts meaning.

THEME

Plant a rose, gain treasure, visit strange places – why? What is a character doing all these things for? When the DM can answer that question, then he's got what it takes to make a campaign memorable. Not memorable in little, interesting scenes or a well-plotted adventure, but the whole thing – the *why* this town exists, the *why* they're carrying a rose, and the *why* it's important for the characters to keep trying. With a good theme, players do more than just adventure – they embark on a campaign and care about the role their characters have in it. Players remember not just the strange place their characters visited, but also the reason they went there.

So, what's a typical theme here? Well, a PLANESCAPE campaign's about beliefs: ideas, philosophies, morals, and attitudes. For the folks out on the planes, the meaning of the multiverse isn't an abstract question – it's a concrete thing that'll make a difference in the shape of everything they know and experience.

So, the question is, "What are the player characters trying to accomplish?" and the possible answers are "gold and glory, sense of wonder, long-term objectives," and "theme." But it's a bob question, berk – the real chant is "all of the above." Good thing, then, that the planes – Outer, Inner, and everything between – are loaded with all of those things and more. To make things really interesting, serious DMs can think up secondary treasure hunts, wonders, quests, and themes to filter into the ongoing campaign, so players'll have more choices, more involved stories to role-play, and more fun.



PHILOSOPHERS WITH CLUBS

The average prime is likely to be a bit taken back by the enthusiasm of the factions on the Outer Planes.

On the Prime
Material



Plane, philosophy's just one person's way of seeing things. Here's the real chant, and pay attention, berk: *All this attention to ideology is important because it can actually cause the borders of the planes to change!* If enough folks in a town hold a belief contrary to the rest of their plane, that town's going to drift away to another plane, slipping from the grasp of one reality to join another. To put it another way, if enough folks outside a power's realm start subscribing to that power's beliefs, then its realm's going to expand to include them.

That means anywhere on the Outer Planes could conceivably become part of somewhere else.

What a sod believes in, then – law, chaos, good, and evil – has a direct influence on the multiverse. Philosophy is more than just talk, philosophy is action. Hence, the Outer Planes are the site of an endless struggle for the hearts and minds of everyone on them.

Think about it, berk. The Blood War is more than a mindless battle of extermination between fiends. It's a war to establish a single, united Lower Plane. To a fiend's way of thinking, those that can't be persuaded to its point of view must be eliminated, put in the dead-book, and so the War rages on. In the same vein, the factions in Sigil aren't there just because it's convenient; they're each trying to sway the city to their point of view. If they do, the whole Cage'll vanish off to some other plane. (That's why the Lady of Pain isn't just a figure – she's Sigil's anchor against the rest of the multiverse.)

All of this means something to the player characters, too. It means their actions can sometimes change the face of the planes. By getting involved with the philosophical politics – for instance, by either thwarting or supporting a faction's coup in a border town – they might keep that burg from the brink or give it the final push over the edge, sending it to another plane. When they choose, they make a difference a person can see and know.

So how's this work in play? Well, first it gives a

whole new set of teeth to the old phrase, "a clash of ideas." Good, evil, neutrality, law, and chaos are all trying to gain new lands and new adherents at the expense of all the others while trying to hang on to what they've got. When two factols get to debating in Sigil, one may just decide the other's too dangerous and hit him, arrest him, publicly humiliate him, frame him, kill him, or hire adventurers to get the goods on him. It's not because the factols personally don't like each other, it's because this is a campaign where ideas have real power. That's a clash of ideas, planar-style. Like the headline says, factols are "philosophers with clubs."

BUILDING ON THE FACTION THEME

So, a PLANESCAPE campaign theme's a *real* battle of ideas, one where points of argument can be won or lost with tangible results. Fine, but what's that mean for the player characters and their adventures? Well, most players'll find that they enjoy the perspectives and attitudes of one or several factions. Even if their characters are leaf-green primes fresh off the Prime Material Plane, they can still join any faction after they learn a bit about the choices and meet a few recruiters, as long as the rest of the party can tolerate the choices. This leads to more enthusiastic role-playing – there's a faction for everybody, and the results of their convictions can have "real" effects on the very planes themselves. With that said, an ideal theme on which to build a campaign is the notion that "Player characters' beliefs can make a real difference – their actions based on those ideas can halt or ease the advance of evil or chaos (or good or law)." Being of a particular alignment and belonging to a faction have a purpose: They let characters *do* something. They give the characters something concrete to fight for or against.



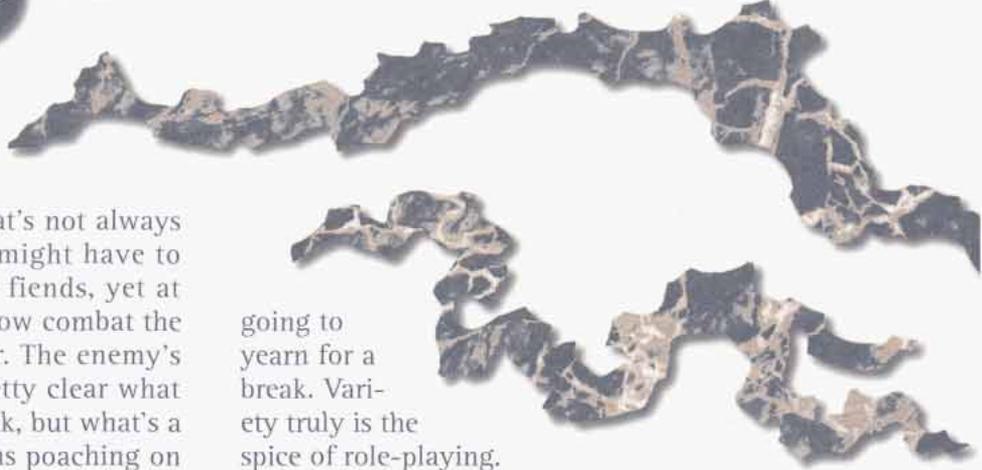


Since any place where the characters fit in could change, there's a lot to defend. With all those factions, fiends, and powers out there, there's a lot of enemies to guard against. The threat's not always constant; sometimes the characters might have to stand against an outright assault by fiends, yet at other times they might have to somehow combat the subtle persuasions of a hostile power. The enemy's not always the same, either – it's pretty clear what needs to be done when the fiends attack, but what's a basher to do when a *good* power begins poaching on another's terrain? 'Course, the enemies are vulnerable, too. If evil can poach on good territory, good can return the favor.

One nice thing about this theme is there's often a way for the player characters to go on the offensive and hurt the enemy without drawing a drop of blood. For instance, the characters may be just influential enough to tip the balance and pull some village on Carceri across the border to the Outlands. Their beliefs set into action may be enough to weaken a tanar'ri lord's grip on a town in the Abyss.

This battle of beliefs will never end, but it's not futile. It's like life, and most folks don't consider making it through another day futile. Best of all, it doesn't have to end. There's not going to be one big last battle that makes the whole campaign finite, not to mention pointless.

Theme can be a matter of background and day-to-day circumstances, too. This thought's important. Not *every* adventure has to be about the struggle of ideas. Sometimes player characters are just going to go adventuring for money, experience, wonder, or the short-term goal. Good! Variety is important. If a person eats nothing but boiled potatoes and roast beef every day, sooner or later he's going to get tired of boiled potatoes and roast beef. If every adventure is about shaping the planes, sooner or later the player's



going to yearn for a break. Variety truly is the spice of role-playing.

DMs take note: The rest of this book is full of adventure hooks that hinge upon the interplay of the factions. The gazetteer of the Outlands and the section on Sigil are both full of adventures and ideas for more exploits. If a DM gets stuck for ideas, he can always flip through those pages and see what sparks his interest. See page 64 for information on the roles of the factions in Sigil.

S+RUC+URING +HE CAMPAIGN

Knowing the theme and tone of the PLANESCAPE setting still doesn't guarantee a wonderful campaign. There's still a lot of nuts and bolts to work out. The theme is like a blueprint to a house: It's nice to look at, but it won't keep the rain off. A blueprint's only as good as the house it builds, and a theme's only as good as the campaign that's run. To that end, here are some practical pointers to help make game play smoother and more exciting.



I+ S BE+ +ER FOR S@ME BERKS
+@ BE IN CHAINS
+HAN +@ BE FREE.
Y@U, FOR INST+ANCE.
- TALL TALLY @F +HE
MERCYKILLERS





GETTING STARTED

Although players (on both sides of the DM's screen) don't give it much thought, a good group of player characters is the essential key to any campaign. To be honest, players shouldn't be allowed to pick things like class, alignment, race, and faction willy-nilly. Rather, they should be guided into choices that both keep them happy *and* serve the overall needs of the party. This is especially true in picking factions and alignments in the PLANESCAPE campaign.

Face it, berk. Not every one of these factions is going to get along. Mixing Xaositect and Harmonium player characters is a sure recipe for trouble.

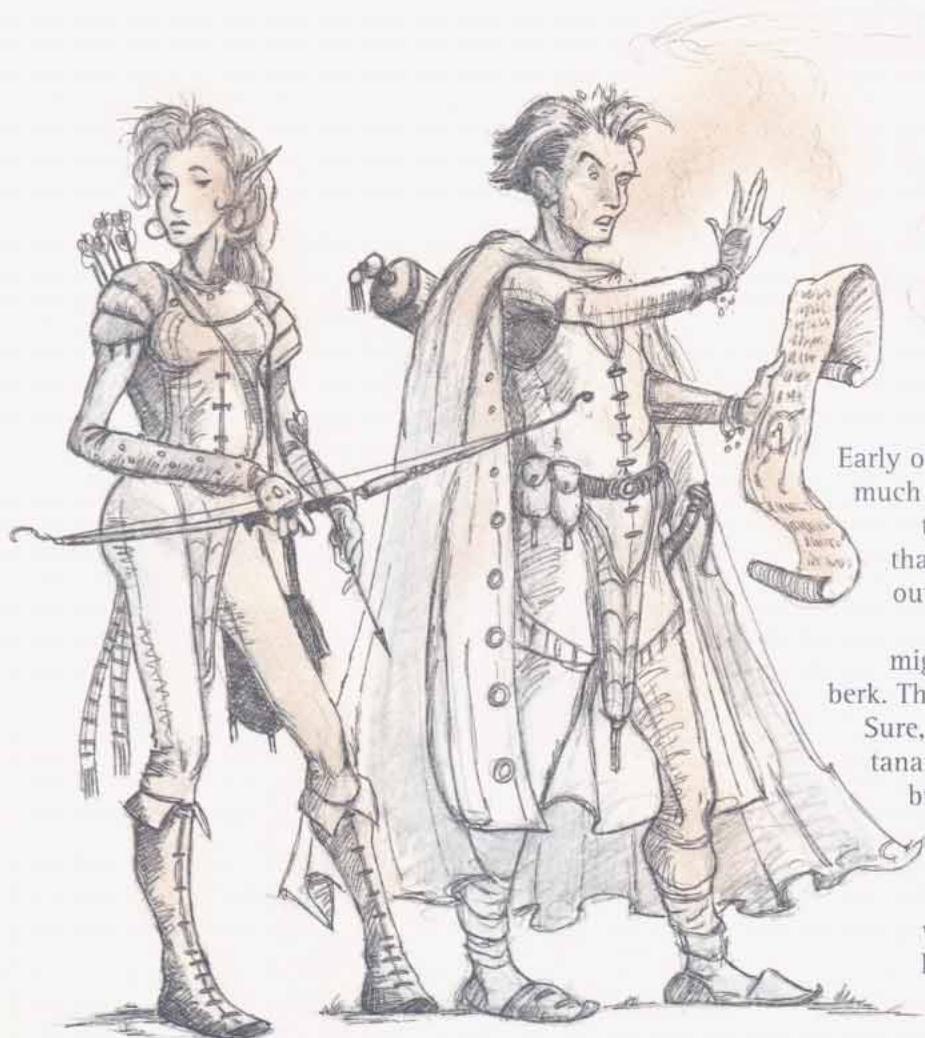
They'll spend more time quibbling with each other than adventuring – if they don't, they're not playing their roles. A certain amount of party friction is good, since it keeps everyone awake and creative, but too much ruins the fun for everyone. When players choose factions, remind them to look at the allies and enemies that go with them. If the group's split between friends and foes, there's going to be a problem. Encourage players to change factions until about 75 percent or more of the party belongs to groups that are either allied or neutral to each other.

Once they've chosen their factions, it helps to create a reason for the characters to work as a group. A first adventure might create a situation where everyone meets and discovers a common purpose. If the DM doesn't have that planned, he might give the job to the players. Let them come up with the background of their party. The result is usually more interesting, and it makes the players feel more involved.

Finally, the DM's got to assume that characters who grew up on the planes know the dark of things.

That's what *A Player's Guide to the Planes* is for. Encourage the players, particularly those with planar characters, to read it.

That'll save a lot of time having to explain things later on.



1ST- + 3RD-LEVEL ADVENTURES

Early on, characters don't have many hit points or much magic, so it may seem that adventuring on the planes is impossible. It's easy to assume that only the powerful bashers stand a chance out there – until now, most players have seen the planes only through the eyes of the mightiest primes. Well, that just ain't the case, berk. There's a lot that low-level characters can do. Sure, the player characters can't face off against tanar'ri and their like in battle and hope to live, but that's no different from fighting dragons in a prime-material campaign – green adventurers who wish to live a little steer clear of the bone-strewn lair where the mightiest basher in town got lost last week. At these levels it's a good idea to keep the characters close to home.

Fortunately, there's plenty of adventure in Sigil. Back alleys, the underground, the slums, and even the Mazes (see page 63) are all good places for the inexperienced to explore. Short and simple adventures to the other planes, heavy on role-playing and light on combat, can give fledgling player characters a nice taste of the variety the multiverse offers. Besides, players need time to learn the different factions, who's in charge, and who's a threat. Meanwhile, the DM can use visitors to Sigil to give the characters a feel for the other planes. Perhaps they might even deal with a yugoloth mercenary of the Lower Planes or an einheriar of the Upper Planes, if only to get a sense of future challenges.

4+H- + 7+H-LEVEL ADVENTURES

By now the characters have enough levels, spells, hit points, and wherewithal to venture out of the nest and explore the Outlands. There's plenty to do out there, keeping gate towns from slipping off to other planes, dealing with baatezu and tanar'ri proxies, and (of course) searching for wonder and riches. The characters probably still aren't ready to tackle fiends in combat, at least not until they reach the upper range of these levels. However, the DM might allow the group to move beyond the relative safety of Sigil and set up a permanent outpost somewhere on the Outlands.

A good series of adventures at this range of levels can begin testing the beliefs of the player characters, as well as their dedication to their factions and alignments. At the lower levels it's too soon – the poor sods won't have developed planar personalities yet. But now's a good time to pitch them into moral dilemmas, adventures where the faction line between right and wrong is gray. The DM should

actively encourage the group to role-play. The player characters' solutions, based on their philosophies, will build more interesting personalities and provide the DM with rich material for later adventures.

8+H- + 10+H-LEVEL ADVENTURES

By now, the characters are ready to decide their own fates and really explore the other planes. At this point the DM's job is less required to create specific adventures – ones with absolute beginnings, middles, and ends – than to set up a problem and introduce the actors in the game. The choices of the player characters will more actively determine the course of the plot, and perhaps they'll even change the shape of some small part of the planes.

The player characters may want to become more involved with faction politics and assume more responsibility for events. They understand more of what's going on around them, and they've had



their personalities well tested by now, so it's natural for them to gain the attention of the powers. It's not like the powers are going to pluck them up and give them great abilities, though, or squash them like bugs either. Instead, the player characters start getting temporary "jobs" as henchmen of proxies of this power or that, along with temptations and offers from competing powers. . . .

11+H-LEVEL ADVENTURES AND BEYOND

Having survived all else, the player characters should be ready to take real charge of their own lives. What happens now is more a matter of player desires and previous history in the campaign. Characters may become full-fledged proxies or attempt to found a barony of their own. One of them might try to become a factotum and change the shape of the multiverse. Wizards might try to create their very own demiplanes in the Ethereal. It's even possible that some player characters might aspire to become lesser powers. In that case, they still have a *long* way to go and many adventures to accomplish, but the sheer opportunities before them should be very exciting.

DEALING WITH PROBLEMS

Campaigns are like true love – the course of neither never did run smooth. Problems are going to occur because problem *always* occur, no matter how well managed the campaign. Most are the same things that plague every campaign: character feuds, lack of new ideas, too much magic, too much treasure, and so on. However, there are a few troubles that are particularly unique to a PLANESCAPE campaign.

THE SIZE OF THE MULTIVERSE

It bears repeating: The multiverse is a big place! Juggling literally several dozen universes can easily become more work than a DM can handle. There's lots of planes and lots of choices, so the quick solution is to arbitrarily limit them, which is what the gates, conduits, and portals are for. The DM controls all those things, so he or she can open and close areas of the planes as needed. If the characters aren't strong enough to handle an adventure on the Abyss, don't give them a doorway to the Abyss! If the DM hasn't prepared any details about Mount Celestia, then there needn't be any paths leading to it. When the DM and the player characters are ready, pathways can suddenly be found.

Even within a single plane, distances can be vast and appear unworkable. Getting from Glorium to Curst on foot looks like it would take forever (see the map of the Outlands), but it doesn't have to. First, days of travel can be compressed down to a single sentence: "You ride in a mystifying blur with the strange planar caravan for three weeks before reaching Curst." Second, the DM can always open more doors in Sigil, to conveniently zip the characters from one point to another. *Remember, these transplanar shortcuts are meant to cut out the boring parts of any adventure, not to give the player characters an easy out!*

THE 'FEEL' OF THE CAMPAIGN SETTING

In the PLANESCAPE setting, attitude is tangible! Attitude requires more role-playing by both players and DMs. Sadly, some players either struggle miserably with or don't even bother to get into their roles. If they don't play the part, then a lot of what makes a PLANESCAPE game fun and interesting disappears.

First, don't fault the players when this happens. Role-playing starts with the DM. Make sure the tone – arrogance, cynicism, even the slang – is getting across. Role-play nonplayer characters with gusto and style. By seeing attitude in action, players will pick up on how the parts are supposed to be played. If a player still isn't getting it, though, encourage him to look at his choices of faction, class, race, and alignment.

Sometimes a player picks these without fully understanding how to play the part. Most often the player grows into the role, but sometimes the elements just

don't click. If there's a better choice, the DM should probably let the player switch. Sure it breaks the rules, but the DM's always got the right to do that, and gaming's a learning experience.

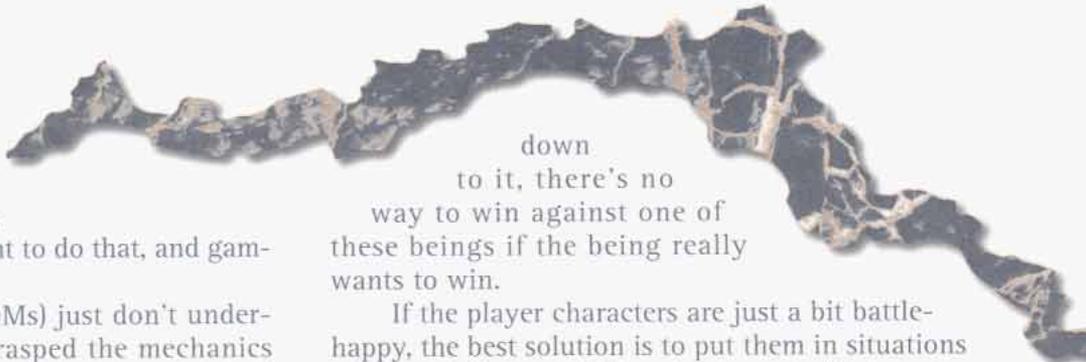
Sometimes players (and DMs) just don't understand role-playing. They've grasped the mechanics of dice rolling, character classes, spells, and all that, but not the leap of creating a part like an actor in a play or movie. A good DM can help these players along, and they'll get the hang of it sooner or later. Put the party in situations where they decide things based on their alignments and factions, situations where spells and weapons don't cut it. Remind them to think like Bleakers, Godsmen, Signers, Lawful Goods, or whatever. Get them to describe things their character might like and dislike. Gradually their choices will build into a part they can understand and play.

MEGA-MONSTER BASHING

"Hey, the planes are the homes of the gods, really powerful fiends, and monsters like we can't imagine, so let's go out and kill them!"

This is a problem, berk. A PLANESCAPE campaign is not about beating up Thor and taking his job, or about eliminating every baatezu there is. It's not a power trip, where characters are supposed to fight the toughest, baddest, and biggest beings around. If the DM is running the campaign that way, he's missed the point. Go back and read the sections about tone and feel again.

'Course, the DM may be running a great campaign and still have players who are in the kill-everything-in-sight mode. It's hard to deal with — these types typically attack everyone they're supposed to talk with before a role-playing situation can develop. That's when it's time to use the arrogance and power of the planes, to put these leather-headed berks in their place. Bullying sods quickly draw the attention of hostile bashers all around them — when a body walks and talks too loud in a place where attitudes shape the universe, there's always challengers eager to put a body down. And no matter how big and bad the troublemakers are, there's going to be someone or something tougher around the next bend — especially in the planes, where the powers themselves are closer at hand than a berk might think. Remember, a greater power in its home territory can do *anything* the DM wants it to. When it comes right



down
to it, there's no
way to win against one of
these beings if the being really
wants to win.

If the player characters are just a bit battle-happy, the best solution is to put them in situations where fighting and killing don't work. Their assignment might be to forge peace between the denizens of two good planes or to negotiate for the release of prisoners held by the baatezu. The DM should keep at this until they become accustomed to actually role-playing and not just rolling dice.

If the characters are really bloodthirsty and just won't change, there's yet another strategy: Perhaps the only thing more cruel than killing player characters is ignoring them. Put them in positions where their intended victims are either too powerful or too inaccessible to hurt. As the player characters fruitlessly strike out at their declared enemy, it merely yawns and leaves the area, in search of more interesting company. When they find they can't kill their enemy, can't even bother it with their best shots, the player characters will eventually have to look for other ways to get results. That just might push them into role-playing. It's a roundabout method, but players need to learn that their characters can't just kill everything in sight.

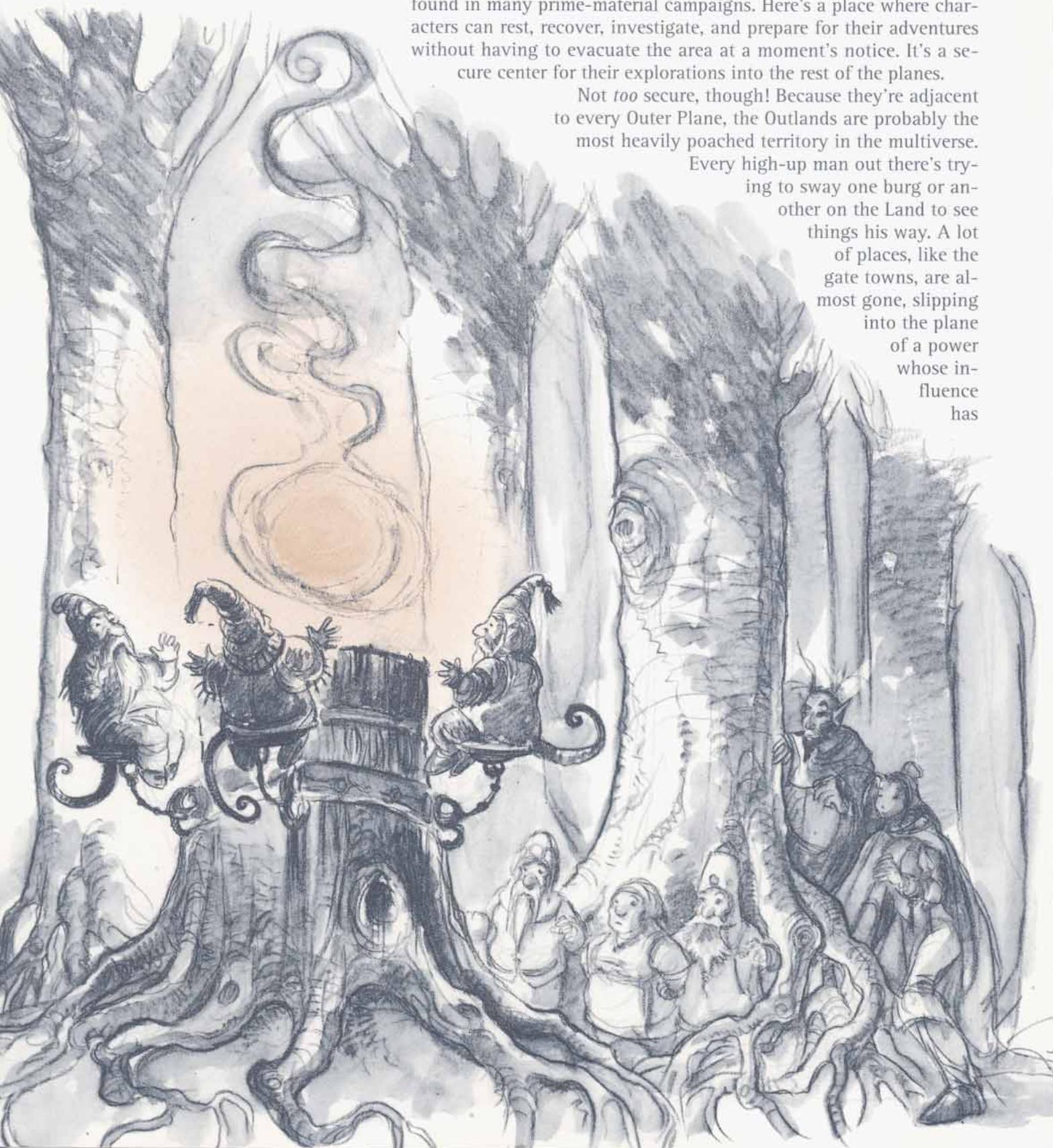
THEY'RE GONNA GIVE HIM
+THE ROPE IF HE DON'+
PAY +THE MUSIC — WELL,
ACTUALLY +HEY
WON'+ GIVE HIM +THE ROPE;
+HEY'LL PU+ IT+ AROUND HIS NECK
— EXCEPT HE'S GOT NO NECK,
SO +HEY MIGHT HAVE +@ JUST
GIVE HIM +THE ROPE INSTEAD —
WHAT KIND @F MUSIC
WAS HE
LISTENING +@, ANYWAY?
— NOHU+, A XAOSIEC+,
A+ +THE +RIAL @F A FRIEND

THE LAY OF 'THE LAND'

The Outlands are what the Clueless refer to as the Plane of Concordant Opposition – a mouthful, to say the least. Whatever a sod calls it, it isn't the wildest, weirdest, or most hostile plane in the multiverse, which is precisely the reason it makes a good campaign base. Think of it as the almost-pacified border fief found in many prime-material campaigns. Here's a place where characters can rest, recover, investigate, and prepare for their adventures without having to evacuate the area at a moment's notice. It's a secure center for their explorations into the rest of the planes.

Not *too* secure, though! Because they're adjacent to every Outer Plane, the Outlands are probably the most heavily poached territory in the multiverse.

Every high-up man out there's trying to sway one burg or another on the Land to see things his way. A lot of places, like the gate towns, are almost gone, slipping into the plane of a power whose influence has



taken its toll. When a town crosses all the way into another plane, the process'll continue until the gate shows up at the next town on the Land, eventually making its way toward Sigil.

That makes Sigil more than a quiet little burg where nothing happens. In fact, with all its doorways to other planes, it just might be the biggest prize of all the prizes of the multiverse. Control Sigil and a body can get anywhere. All a power's got to do is get enough "right-thinking" people on its side.

'Course, with places like Tvashti's, Thoth's, or Ilsensine's realms (see below), the Near Lands aren't exactly dull either. Leave the relative serenity of Sheela Peryroyl's orchards and a cutter might get caught up in Yen-Wang-Yeh's endless halls of judgment or Gzemnid's vile lair.

Even when a berk knows his way around the local petitioners, there's still plenty of outsiders to make his life hell. The Outlands are a meeting ground for almost everything else on the planes, and a lot of them seem to think it's just an extension of their own territory. Automata (page 28), Bedlam (page 30), Curst (page 35), Glorium (page 40), Plague-Mort (page 45), Ribcage (see page 46), Xaos (page 50), and the other towns just inside the Great Ring all take on the character of their adjacent planes, which makes for exciting living indeed.

THE ⊕U+LANDS: AN ⊕VERVIEW

The Clueless figure that, being a plane of perfect neutrality, the Outlands have got to be the most boring place around. It's obvious they haven't spent time there, and they certainly haven't had to cool their heels in the Astral for too long – now *that's* boring! Sure, the Outlands don't have the burning pits of Baator, the howling madness of Pandemonium, or even the glowing mountain of Celestia. The Land's a little short on big, spectacular landscapes, but it *ain't* boring, berk.

It's *because* the plane's neutral that the place is so popular. Anyone with the means can come here – that's one of the properties of the plane. On most of the Great Ring, a power can't enter a plane that's not its home, but on the Outlands any power can come and go as it wants. That doesn't mean it can do anything it wants, though. Visiting powers respect the realms of those deities native to the Outlands, and they usually can't enter them without permission. Even petitioners from other planes can come here, though most of them are from the Upper Planes (the guards of the Lower Planes don't like their prizes getting loose).

Sigil stands at the very heart of the plane, balanced on a spire that disappears into nothingness above. This is important: There's no way to walk from the Outlands, or anywhere else for that matter, into Sigil. *The Cage can be reached ONLY through the many doors that open onto its streets.*

The realms of the Outlands lie mostly along the outer edges of the plane, close to portals that lead to the Great Ring. There are 13 known realms and there's rumors of more, though no blood's ever found them. Most of these realms are the domains of single powers, but a few are home to several related powers. Each realm adopts the character of its ruling power or powers. The most significant or best-known ones are described below. See the map of the Outlands to pinpoint their positions.

I KNOW IT'S THE GATE
+⊕ MECHANUS, BU+
D⊕ I INHALE ⊕R EXHALE
BEFORE S+ICKING MY HANDS
IN+⊕ THE GEARS?

— AN ⊕U+SIDER,
LEARNING
THE DARK
⊕F A P⊕RTAL

TIR NA OGG

"The Land of Youth" is the largest of the realms in the Land, and home to most powers of the Celtic pantheon: Daghdha, Diancecht, Goibhniu, Lugh, Manannan mac Lir, Morrigan, and Oghma. The realm is divided into lesser areas, where particular powers are dominant. For instance, Mag Mell (Field of Happiness) is the domain of Daghdha. Here the woods are lush and well tended, intermixed with fields of oats, wheat, and barley. Orchards of apples and sloes seem to grow with haphazard neatness. There are no cities in Tir na Og, only villages and lone homesteads. The petitioners there live in rural contentment, supporting themselves mainly through hunting, farming, and weaving.

In another part of the realm are the workshops of Goibhniu, built at the bases of exposed hills. Far distant is Tir fo Thuinn, the Land Under the Waves. This is the domain of Manannan mac Lir. On the surface there is nothing, but below the waves is an entire kingdom peopled by petitioners who farm, herd, and labor as if they were on the surface.

THE NØRNS

This realm can be reached only by crossing a wilderness more savage than most. It's a tiny realm, but one that possesses great power. Here the Norns of Norse lore huddle among the roots of the plane-spanning Yggdrasil. The canopy is so thick that the realm's like a great cavern. The few petitioners here are unhappy shades waiting to hear from the Norns. These powers huddle round the Well of Urd to read the fates of men and gods. Sometimes a prime or a planar'll consult them, but it's bad business to learn one's future before it's time.

SHEELA PERYRØYL'S REALM

This area is small; indeed, everything about it is undersized, as befits a power of the halflings. There are no cities or towns here, only a single, extensive orchard and a large halfling farm, partially above ground, but mostly below. The petitioners here are all halflings, tending the great orchard and farm.

THE DWARVEN MOUNTAIN

So named for the breed of its petitioners and its powers, this realm lies under the influence of Dugmaren Brightmantle, Dumathoin, and Vergadain. The whole realm takes the form of a gigantic rocky mountain. The powers take no interest in the mountain's surface, so there are random petitioner and planar settlements on its slope that have little to do with the realm. Inside, the mountain is honeycombed with caverns. Those nearest the peak are the domain of Vergadain, which is notorious for its gaming halls and rumored treasure houses, as befits a god of luck and wealth. Further down is the domain of Dugmaren. There, the caverns are a wild disarray of furnaces, forges, smelters, villages, and libraries filled with esoteric tomes on metallurgy and other iron crafts. The deepest part of the realm is claimed by Dumathoin. This area is nothing but cold caverns and mines coiling around great veins of ore. It is rumored that the petitioners of this domain spend their days and nights secretly singing the chants that cause the veins to swell and grow. Very little is actually smelted, for the petitioners here prize metal only in its natural state.

The petitioners here are all dwarves, if a sod couldn't guess, although there's more than a few run-ins with folks from the realms of Gzemnid Ilsen-sine, and others on the surface. See page 36 for more information on the Dwarven Mountain.

SEMUAANYA'S BOG

The far shore of Tir fo Thuinn barely rises above the plane's equivalent of sea level, becoming a nest for lizard men and other bog lovers. The petitioners found here are truly unique: lizard men, all. It's a mostly deserted realm, although some independent-minded planars, including more than one desperate outlaw, have set their kip here.



GZEMNID AND ILSENSINE'S REALM(S)

No blood knows if these two powers share one realm or if they just lack the imagination to make their realms different. Both rule over caverns that run deeper than even the dwarf realm, and all the tunnels merge together. Things foul and dangerous are supposed to stalk the halls, and most bashers figure there's secret portals to the Lower Planes here. Certainly, the darker fiends of the Lower Planes take residence in these realms when business brings them to the Outlands.

Gzemnid's realm is a dangerous and deadly maze. Illusions, distortions, and subtle charms predominate here to match the beholder god's nature. There's no settlements – a petitioner's got to go it on his own, setting up his own nest somewhere in the passages. The petitioners themselves are an unpleasant lot: a few beholders and a goodly number of thieves. They're willing to make deals, but they're always on the watch for their own rewards.

Ilsensine's realm is the more dangerous of the two. The illithid god exists here only because it conspires against Good, Evil, Law, and Chaos alike. Planar adventurers don't like to go here because the place pulses with a mind-wracking drone that burns in a basher's head. Nor are they welcome, since the ruling power prefers those whom it can control. Still, it's said that here a cutter can learn nearly anything that transpires on another plane – *if* he can stay sane long enough to find Ilsensine and ask the question. It's quite possible that Ilsensine maintains realms on other planes, or that it's a god-brain whose neurons flow to the other planes, much like the roots of Yggdrasil. See "The Caverns of Thought," on page 32, for more information about Ilsensine's realm.

THE PALACE OF JUDGMENT

This realm is a single massive palace, along with its appropriate bureaucracies, granaries, stables, and side-palaces. The entire realm is enclosed in a wall of red brick, patrolled by vigilant petitioners. This is the realm of Yen-Wang-Yeh, judge of the Ten Law Courts and king of the Eighteen Hells. Here, all those petitioners under the sway of the Celestial Bureaucracy are received, judged, and consigned to their appropriate planes and realms.

The Palace of Judgment's a unique case. There's conduits there to every realm of the Celestial Bureau-



cracy (the pantheon of high-ups who call themselves Chinese): Acheron, Gehenna, Mechanus, Mount Celestia, and the Prime Material Plane are just a few. These pipes are used to shoot petitioners along to their justly deserved places (so figure the ones to the Lower Planes get used a bit more than those to the Upper Planes). Therefore, the petitioners there aren't only petitioners of the Outlands. If any newly dead sod falls under the Celestial Bureaucracy's purview, then he's got to come here first, so there's petitioners destined for every plane walking around the Palace. Those that're judged and assigned to be kept on the Outlands usually wind up as clerks and petty bureaucrats for the whole operation. The Palace is big, too. The chant is there's 9,001 rooms behind its walls. Probably the only being who knows for sure is Yen-Wang-Yeh himself.

See page 42 for more information on the Palace of Judgment.

TVASH+RI'S LABORA+ORY

This realm borders the Dwarven Mountain. A cutter might even mistake it for part of Dugmaren Brightmantle's domain. It looks like an endless workshop filled with columns, pipes, catwalks, brightly polished devices of all types, and near-endless book stacks that disappear into darkness. Libraries are jammed next to armories, forges next to kitchens. It's the realm of Tvashtri, god of artifice and science. Here, the petitioners spend their days inventing and building. Most are human, but there's a good number of gnomes hard at work, too. It's the place to go for the best gear a cutter could need, although some say the magic's better in Tir na Og or the Dwarven Mountain.

THOTH'S ES+ATE

Thoth's realm is a big one. It's a collection of several villages and towns that dot the banks of the Ma'at, that rises out of Semuanya's Bog and flows through Thoth's realm. A basher's got to watch out for crocodiles and crocodile-like creatures here. At the center of the realm is Thebestys, the great city of Thoth, and at its center is the Great Library. A cutter is supposed to be able to find the answer to anything here, if he can just find the right scroll. The petitioners are a normal lot, living ordinary lives along the river.

THE HIDDEN REALM

It's a laugh to say this realm's well known, since no sod can ever seem to find it. Most bloods figure it's

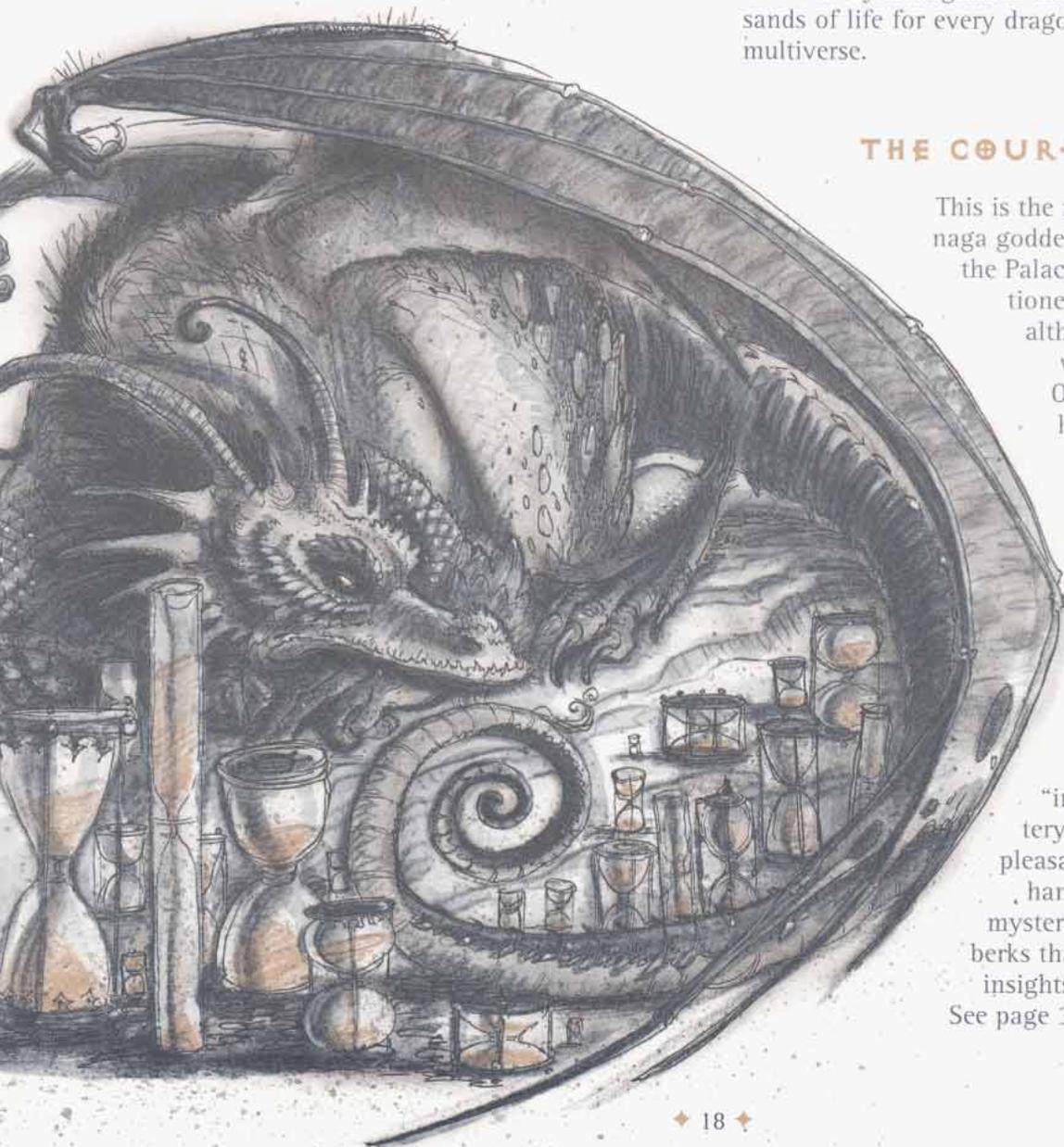
really a demiplane somehow attached to the Outlands. By report, it's the home of the giant deity, Annam. Most tale tellers say it's a completely barren mountain with a single crystal tower at the top. That's where Annam sits, surrounded by a thousand-piece orrery of the multiverse that spins in perfect time, all around him. The way they tell it, he's a lonely, sad god, but that may just be dressing for the sake of the story.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF CHRONEPSIS

This realm is a compact one, as it's got no petitioners and only one inhabitant – Chronepsis, the dragon god of fate. His realm is a great cavern in the mountains near the Dwarven Mountain. Here he rests, surrounded by hourglasses that slowly dribble out the sands of life for every dragon and dragon-kin of the multiverse.

THE COURT OF LIGHT

This is the realm of Shekinester, the naga goddess. It's relatively close to the Palace of Judgment. Her petitioners are nagas of all types, although the worst and best wind up on other planes. Only a leatherhead comes here, as old Shekinester's an unpredictable power. A cutter never knows just what aspect her realm's going to reflect – Weaver, Empowerer, or Preserver. It's also risky going to her realm because her petitioners just might decide a berk's got to be "initiated" into some mystery, and that can be an unpleasant process. On the other hand, there's a lure to these mysteries, because a few of the berks that return from here have insights denied to other bloods. See page 34 for more information.



There's more realms than just these on the Outlands, but most of them are so small that they hardly count, or they're so bizarre that a body can't make any sense of them. This ain't to say that the entire land is filled with realms; there's also empty spaces between the lands. 'Course, "empty's" not the right description. These boundaries are filled with the towns and cities of planars, and there's quite a few cursed petitionerers who don't have a power to call their lord. The empty lands are mostly dry plains, not lush but not desert – a balance between too little and too much. One blood said it reminded her of a place called the Great Plains on some prime-material world.

PETITIONERS OF THE OUTLANDS

Every plane's got its quirks, and these show up fairly obviously in its petitionerers. The miserable wretches of Gehenna don't know charity, while the fervent of Arcadia are fanatic in their pursuit of evil. Meanwhile, the petitionerers of Ysgard madly battle each other for glory every day. Though there are far fewer petitionerers of the Outlands (it's not in most mortals' nature to be truly neutral), they reflect their home plane, too. Their lives are the balance, the fulcrum between good and evil, law and chaos.

Some folks think Outlander petitionerers would naturally refuse to take sides in any dispute, but that's not the case. The petitionerers of the Outlands don't mind getting involved at all – in fact, the problem is keeping them from getting *too* involved.

Here's the chant: Ask a petitioner of the Outlands to do one thing and he does two. If he gives you advice, he's just as likely to advise your enemy. See, the petitionerers there have this feeling that every action they take affecting the balance of good and evil (or law and chaos) must be offset by an equal action to the opposite side. Being dutiful petitionerers, that's just what they try to do.

So, a basher's got to wonder just what this means. Suppose a petitioner gives directions to Plague-Mort. Does that mean he's got to find somebody and give them directions to Glorium, just to balance things out? No, there's no law, chaos, good, or evil inherent in giving directions. However, if an Outlander petitioner smuggles a body away from the hunting fiends of Plague-Mort – a good act by most standards – then he's going to feel compelled to fix the balance. That same petitioner might raise the alarm as soon as the sod's out of town, or he might betray the next berk that's hunted by the fiends. A

petitioner's balancing doesn't have to be done immediately. Pure fact is, most of them carry little tallies of their deeds, sometimes in their heads and sometimes in little books.

What's this mean for a cutter who's got to deal with such folk? Well, most planars try not to ask too much of an Outlander petitioner; a body never knows when he's going to tip the balance, after all. When that cutter asks for something he knows is good, evil, lawful, or chaotic, he's a wise one to expect some kind of backfire. If he hires an Outlander petitioner-mercenary to help him raid the Fated's headquarters in Sigil, he's a leatherhead to expect the merc to sneak in quiet. The petitioner's more likely to bellow out their arrival – just to balance things out between the two groups. 'Course, the petitioner might not do anything now and balance accounts out at some other time, with some other person. Or, he might be balancing the scales now – a body never knows for sure. How they decide when to fix the balance is something no blood's ever figured out. Ask a petitioner and he can't or won't tell, either. Folks in Sigil figure the Outlanders just like to torment others, keeping them on hooks – will they act this time or won't they? It might be true, as more than enough berks get burned up with the suspense.

This business leads to other surprises from the Outlanders. Sometimes they do things that seem like downright meanness, like lying or hurting a body for no visible reason. Ask them about it and they're just "paying back the balance." 'Course, other times they'll do things that, if a body didn't know better, would just be barmy generosity. An Outlander might suddenly offer advice, give information, or cut his prices without explanation. Fact is, it's all done from the balance book they make, and folks who make the Outlands their home just get used to it.

PETITIONERS DON'T CARE
WHETHER THEY'RE KILLED
IN THE NAME OF THE BLOOD WAR
OR IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE.
THEY'RE JUST DEADERS.
— THE DECLARATION
OF THE RING-GIVERS

ROLE-PLAYING PETITIONERS

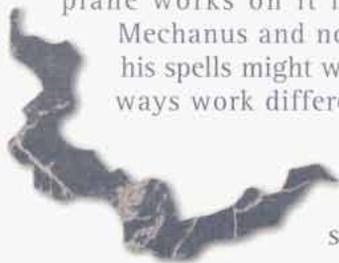
DMs need be careful how they use Outlander petitioners. Too much or too little is not a good thing. A queer comment from a petitioner can add spice to an encounter, set the player characters back on track, or send them overconfidently into a trap. The same comment could also derail an adventure, confuse the issue, and frustrate the players.

DMs want players guessing, "Is this berk's price worth the risk?" Sometimes the price'll work out well, and sometimes it'll be more trouble than it's worth. A good DM gives some hint or warning of the consequences so his players aren't completely blindsided, unless they deserve it. With their apparently random acts of kindness and cruelty, Outlander petitioners can be used to get adventures started, supply useful information, and generally keep player characters pointed in the right direction. The DM has to watch it, though. Using them too much is going to either make players dependent on petitioners for help or rile the group into slaughtering every one they see. "Run, here comes a petitioner!" is bad. "We're stuck, let's go ask some petitioners until one helps us," is worse. Use petitioners sparingly and in unexpected ways. Remember that the things a petitioner provides – information, aid, and hindrances – don't have to have one whit to do with the adventure.

MAGIC ON THE OUTLANDS

As far as the standard restrictions go, most planars call Sigil or the Outlands their home. This makes all those *abjure*, *holy word*, and *protection from evil* spells useless against the majority of planars found on the Outlands. It's a good thing too; otherwise, adventuring would be a pretty tough bet. Spells that use an ethereal pathway need keys before they'll work. Luckily for spellcasters, conjuration/summoning spells can call upon creatures from any Outer Plane or the Astral Plane, which is the biggest range of choices for any of the Outer Planes.

It's true that all planes affect magic, but no plane works on it like the Outlands. Go to Mechanus and no matter where a cutter is, his spells might work differently, but they always work differently in the same way. On Mechanus, an illusion won't work, no matter what cog wheel a berk's standing on.



RINGS WITHIN THE RING

That ain't the case on the Outlands. Here, where a cutter stands makes all the difference. That's because the plane's divided into 10 layers, like the skins of an onion. *See, as a body moves through each layer toward the center of the Outlands, more and more magical power is – well, neutralized – until at the very center there's none left.* ('Course, that's where Sigil is, and it promptly breaks all those rules.) None of the layers are of equal thickness, and there's no defined borders, so the only way a cutter knows what layer she's standing in is by casting a spell and seeing it fly or fail. (In other words, the DM may have to make a judgment call and the player'll have to live with it.)

The outermost layer of the onion is also the thickest. This is where most of the realms are found. Most of the gates, portals, and conduits to the Great Ring spill into this layer. Out here, there's generally no special restrictions on spells beyond the standards. The exception to this set of rules is the gate-towns, the settlements that form around each portal to the Great Ring. In some of these, a little of the magical effect from the nearby plane leaks over and creates special conditions, either enhancing or diminishing a certain school of magic. Not every gate-town is affected, though, so a cutter's wise to ask around before he gets in trouble. ('Course, DMs can learn the dark of such things by studying the entries on those burgs in this book and in others to come.)

In the second layer from the outside, the power of magic is diminished so that 9th-level spells don't function, including spell-like abilities of creatures. Note that this does *not* apply to any of the powers. 'Course, while this is bad news for wizards, it don't mean a thing to priests. A side effect of this notion is that the layer is home to several powers who are apathetic to wizards, like those in the Dwarven Mountain. Now, a wizard on the second layer doesn't forget his 9th-level spells, they just don't work when he tries to cast them. As mentioned, there's no warning or signal when this happens, no borderline on the ground or signs to mark the ring, so a cutter's got to keep track of just where he is or there might be a nasty surprise.

In the third layer, 8th-level spells (and spell-like abilities) are shut down. This and all the following effects are cumulative, so on this ring both 8th- and 9th-level spells are affected, and so on. The abilities of powers aren't harmed in this circle, either. Because all this still doesn't mean a thing to priests, this layer's also got realms of powers that are either hostile or indifferent to wizards.

⊕ U+LANDER EFFECTS ⊕ N MAGIC BY RING



At the fourth layer from the outside, 7th-level spells (and spell-like abilities) cease to function. Now priest spells are affected, so there's very few realms here. Not too many of the powers are indifferent to priests, but a few that are might make their homes here.

At the fifth layer, 6th-level spells (and spell-like abilities) fail. In addition, illusion/phantasm spells are obvious for what they are unless a cutter has the right key to give them force. Level-draining powers also fail at this ring.

At the sixth layer from the outside, 5th-level spells (and spell-like effects) fail. Poisons are also rendered inert here. Folks dying of poison are sometimes gated here as a quick way to stop the damage, since even poison in a body is affected.

At the seventh layer, 4th-level spells (and spell-like abilities) don't operate. Conduits from the Great Ring can't reach this ring, although there's still doorways to and from Sigil. Getting to this layer is mostly done through the Cage, since few folks want to take the time to hike from the sixth to the seventh ring. The powers of demigods are suppressed here. Demipowers still retain their defensive powers – any regeneration, magic resistance, or protections – but all spell-like offensive powers are lost.

At the eighth layer, 3rd-level spells (and spell-like abilities) are left impotent. Almost as important, spells and spell-like abilities (including those of all powers) that require an Astral connection fail – nothing can be conjured or summoned to this portion of the plane. Here also, the powers of lesser deities are suppressed like a demigod's in the seventh layer. There are no realms from this point in, but the ring's a popular place for parleys. A power can walk among dire rivals here and still feel protected, especially since his enemy can't summon reinforcements for an ambush.

At the ninth layer, 2nd-level spells (and spell-like effects) no longer function. Even more important, the offensive powers of intermediate gods are held in check. At this ring, high-level parleys are held.

At the center of the Outlands, around the base of the spire that supports Sigil, is the ultimate negation of power. No magic or godly faculties of any type work here. This is the ultimate in meeting grounds, for here everyone, no matter how powerful, is rendered equal. It's rarely visited, for only the most pressing business can force the greater gods to parley here. Reaching the center requires a tedious overland journey from the edge of the seventh ring, since all Astral connections are severed inside this radius.

SIGIL'S A CAGE
TILL WE FINISH THE LAST
SO-CALLED RULER.
ARISE AND
CAST OFF YOUR CHAINS!!

— NINE-Y-FIRST
PROCLAMATION
OF THE ANARCHS



And then there's Sigil.

Sitting at the tip of the spire, it's a different world. Spells in the Cage work as if a cutter was on the outermost ring of the plane. Some bloods argue it's because Sigil's in a separate little demiplane that is linked only geographically to the Outlands. Others say it sits at the confluence of energies from the plane. Most folks don't care. All they know is that magic works in the City of Doors.

OUTLANDER SPELL KEYS

Only a few spells are jumbled by the neutral nature of the Outlands, yet every cutter who can cast a spell gets all put out if his one favorite is among them. That's why there's spell keys, ways to work around those obstacles. Recovering that special spell's just a matter of learning the right key.

'Course, keys aren't something every wizard just rattles his bone-box about. It don't pay to shed too much light on the dark. After all, a berk just might be giving aid to his enemy. No, a blood's got to discover the keys he needs by himself. A factol might share a few with his brothers or sisters, but a cutter's got to figure there's a price for such help. A little garnish in the right places might buy a few keys, but the cost could get high. A canny fellow might bob another wizard into revealing a few, but that's hard — most wizards hoard their knowledge like precious gems.

There's only a few keys to learn, as whole groups of spells use the same key. All the Outlander keys work on the principle of balance: Something must be done, offered, or exchanged, at least symbolically, for a spell to work. The key is invoked or used at the time of casting, and it has to be employed

each time the affected spell is cast. For those spells that have casting times, a key adds 1 to the spell's total rating. The list below describes the key needed for a spell or particular group of spells.

◆ *Dismissal and ensnarement.* If the creature's from the Ethereal or Inner Planes, the caster's got to give it something made on the Outlands. A leaf of razorvine (see page 59) picked in Sigil is an example.

◆ *Distance distortion.* To tap the power of the plane of Earth, the caster's got to memorize a *gust of wind* or similar spell. When *distance distortion* is cast, the *gust of wind* instantly vanishes from memory as if cast.

◆ **DIVINATIONS TO THE INNER PLANES** (*Augury, commune, contact other plane, divine inspiration, reflecting pool, vision*). If the power to be contacted lives on the Inner Planes, the caster must reveal a secret of his own to a native of this plane (petitioner or planar). It doesn't have to be a big secret, but it must be something that has been intentionally kept dark from all others, like "I cheated Arzol the fruit merchant this morning."

◆ *Draw upon holy might and sanctify.* These spells are affected only if the power resides on the Inner Planes. To cast them under these circumstances, the priest must sacrifice an enchanted item of any type.

◆ *Drawmij's instant summons.* This spell is affected only if the summoned thing is on the Inner Planes. To cast the spell, the wizard must offer an equal amount of inorganic matter from the Outlands, which is swapped for the summoned thing. The material chosen must be held by the caster. Should the summoned thing be returned to its plane, the swapped material is returned, although its condition may suffer from exposure to the Inner Planes — i.e., it might be burned to a crisp, etc.

◆ **ELEMENTAL CONJURATIONS** (*Aerial servant, chariot of Sustarre, conjure elemental, elemental swarm, invisible stalker*). To summon these creatures and effects, the wizard must cast a handful of the opposing element toward the target. For example, to summon a water elemental, a handful of coals must be thrown. (Take note of the special rules for outer-planar elementals — see *A DM Guide to the Planes*.)

◆ **ETHEREAL-BASED SPELLS** (*Estate transference, etherwalk, Hornung's random dispatcher, Leomund's secret chest*). In addition to the spell's material components, a gem of at least 100-gp value must be used. This vanishes when the spell is cast, a toll to the powers of the Astral Plane.

◆ **ENERGY PLANE SPELLS** (*Energy drain, negative plane protection, restoration*). Spells reaching the Negative Energy Plane require a live insect or worm, which vanishes upon casting. Those reaching the Positive Energy Plane require a dead insect or worm.

◆ **SHADOW MAGIC** (*Demishadow monsters, demishadow magic, Lorloveim's creeping shadow, Lorloveim's shadowy transformation, major creation, minor creation, shades, shadow monsters, shadow walk, shadow magic, shadow engines, shadowcat, summon shadow, vanish*). To access the plane of Shadow, the caster must include among his material components a stone enchanted with a *continual light* or a *continual darkness* spell. This item vanishes when the spell is cast. Furthermore, the caster has to alternate the item offered with each casting. If a *continual light* is used to cast *demishadow monsters*, the next time a shadow spell is cast, a stone cloaked in *continual darkness* must be offered.

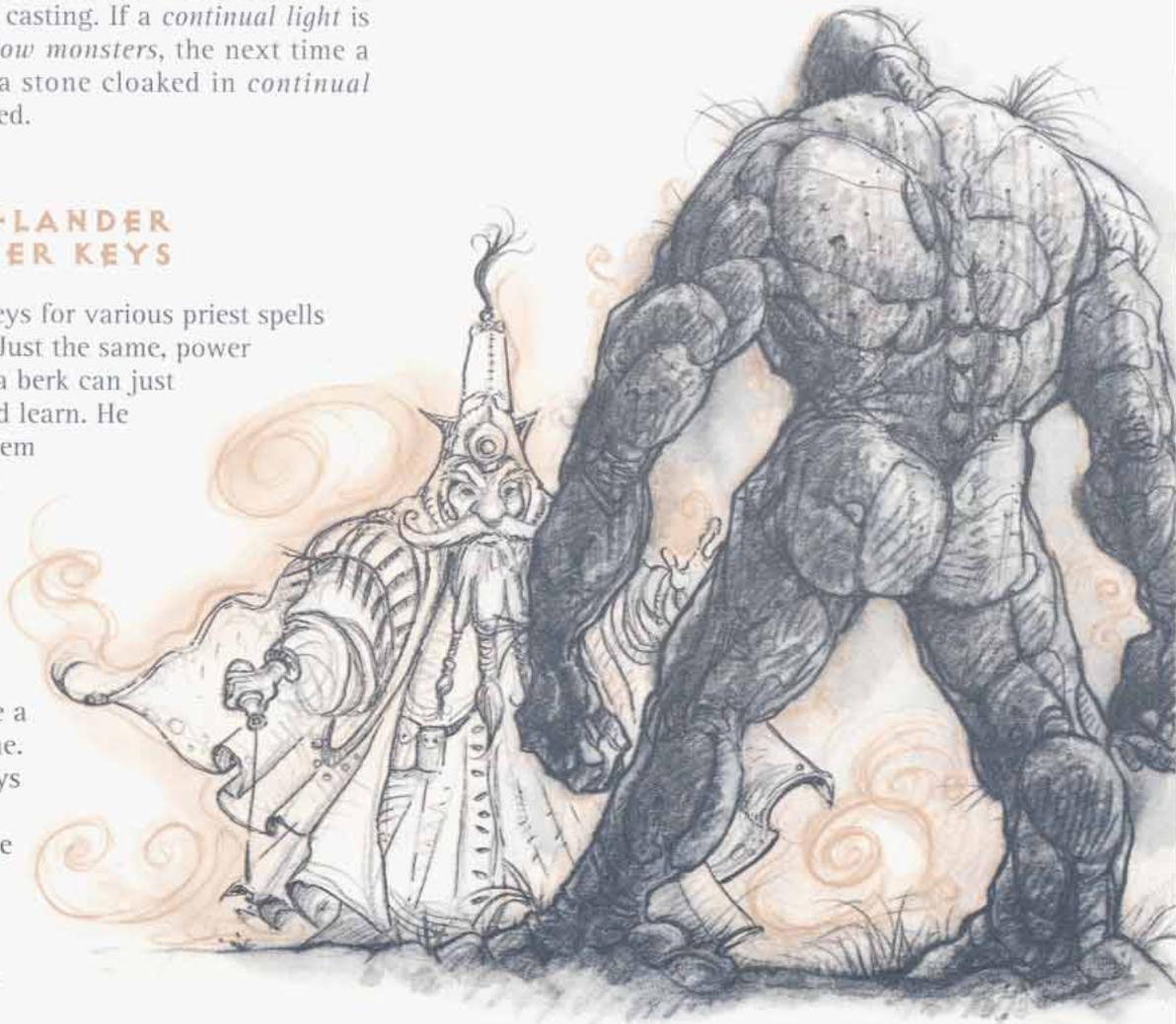
spell that's most appropriate. In general, power keys on the Outlands are likely to enhance the casting of spells that reveal, maintain, or at least don't harm the balance of Good, Evil, Law, and Chaos in the multiverse. Consequently, there's not a whole lot of power keys given out on this plane.

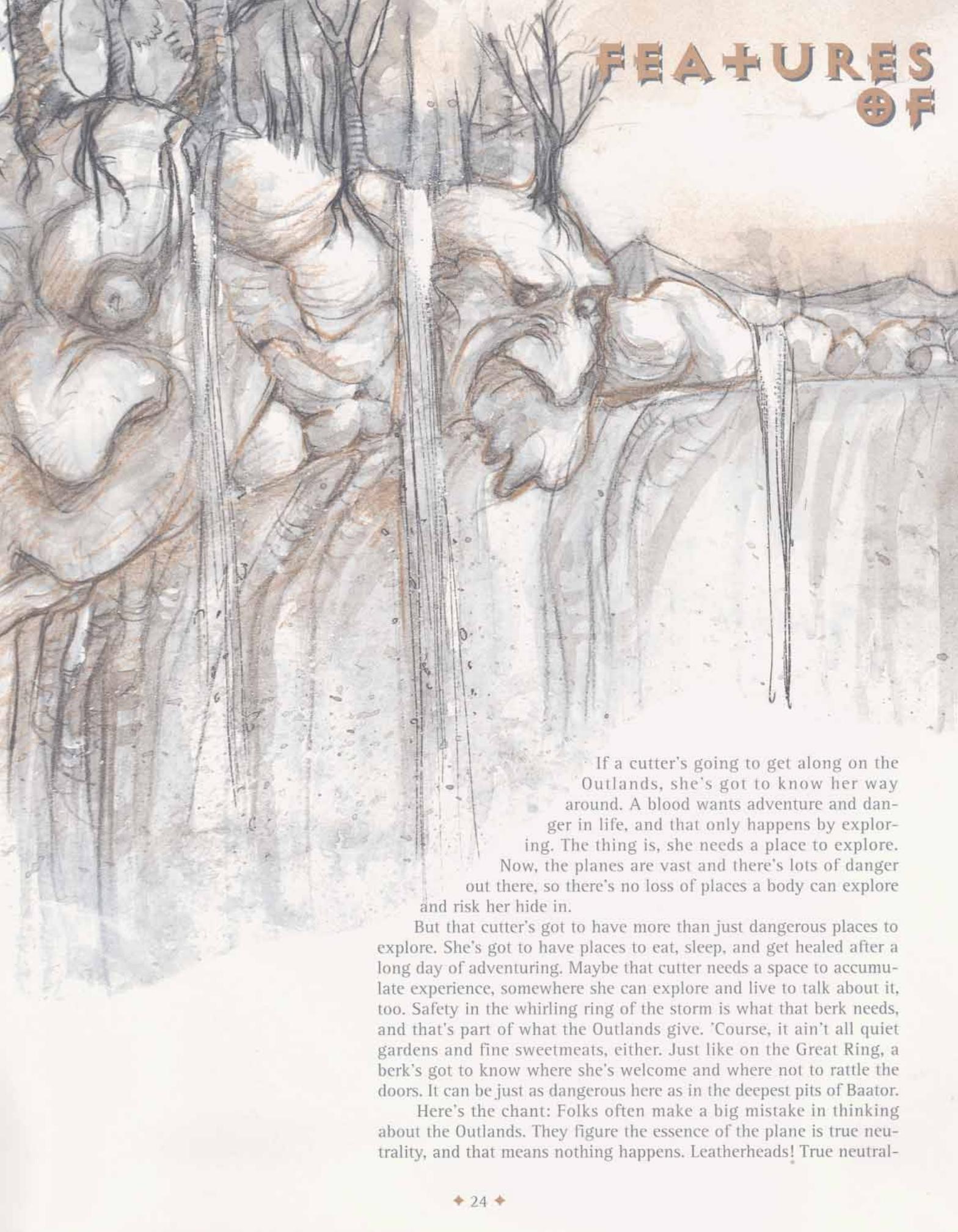
YΘU FIGURE A SWΘRD
AND A BUNCH ΘF SPELLS
MAKE YΘU ΘUGH?
I+ AIN'+ WHAT YΘU GΘ+
+HAT CΘUN+S. BERK,
I+ S WHAT YΘU KNΘW.
— FAIRVEN, A CIPHER

ΘU+LANDER PΘWER KEYS

It's likely that power keys for various priest spells exist on the Outlands. Just the same, power keys aren't something a berk can just drop a little jink on and learn. He can't get the dark of them from factols, and most other priests won't share the one or two power keys they might know, either. Power keys have got to be earned and even then there's no promise a cutter's going to get one.

Because power keys are under the absolute control of the DM, none are made up or listed here. The DM can create them when they're needed and choose the





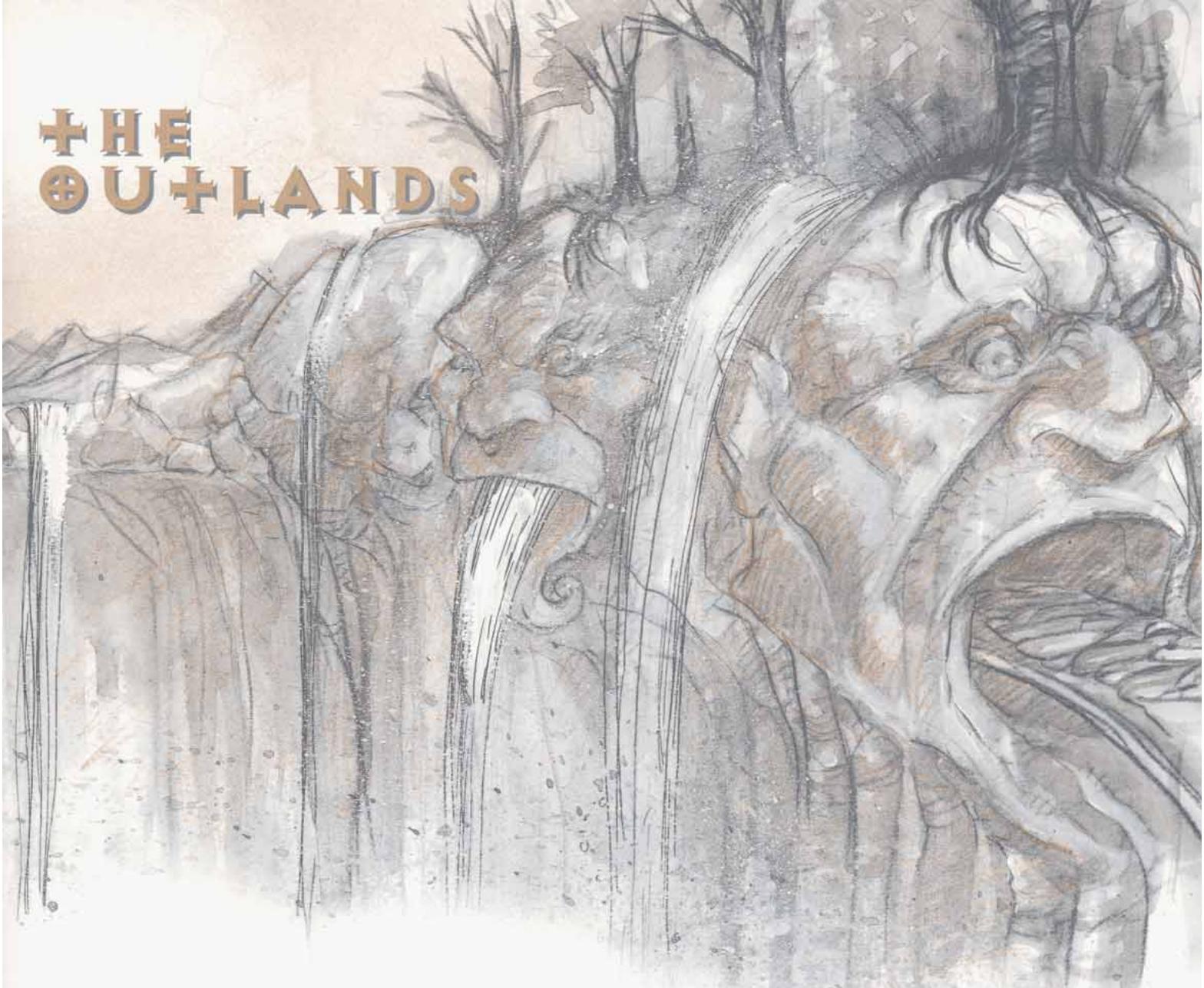
FEATURES OF

If a cutter's going to get along on the Outlands, she's got to know her way around. A berk wants adventure and danger in life, and that only happens by exploring. The thing is, she needs a place to explore. Now, the planes are vast and there's lots of danger out there, so there's no loss of places a body can explore and risk her hide in.

But that cutter's got to have more than just dangerous places to explore. She's got to have places to eat, sleep, and get healed after a long day of adventuring. Maybe that cutter needs a space to accumulate experience, somewhere she can explore and live to talk about it, too. Safety in the whirling ring of the storm is what that berk needs, and that's part of what the Outlands give. 'Course, it ain't all quiet gardens and fine sweetmeats, either. Just like on the Great Ring, a berk's got to know where she's welcome and where not to rattle the doors. It can be just as dangerous here as in the deepest pits of Baator.

Here's the chant: Folks often make a big mistake in thinking about the Outlands. They figure the essence of the plane is true neutrality, and that means nothing happens. Leatherheads! True neutral-

THE OUTLANDS



ity means there's a balance of everything. For every good there's an evil, and for every land of order there's a swirling morass of chaos, but that can make for a lot more action than a body'll find in the most chaotic planes. That's the dark of the Outlands.

This section describes some of those lands: the red-brick Palace of Judgment, the maddening caverns of the mind flayer god, the gate-towns of Ribcage, Plague-Mort, Glorium, and a host of other wonders that make up the Outlands. While this is the gazetteer of the land, it doesn't even try to describe every place the characters could go, only a few of the more interesting possibilities for adventure. Some of these are gate-towns on the verge of slipping off to adjacent planes, while others are the more dangerous or even useful realms on the plane. With this section the DM gets a start on creating his own PLANESCAPE campaign.

By the way, this information's for the DM's use only, so if a player's looking at this, knock it off, berk!

The sites described in the following pages are arranged alphabetically and match the named locations on the map of the Outlands provided in this campaign setting box. Each area is described with an eye toward planar adventurers – adventure settings, nonplayer characters, and bases of operation are all featured. Use the provided campaign quick-starts



(see page 89)

or create a different one suitable to the existing campaign, and then let the player characters explore some of the spots that are covered below.

To make finding things simple, entries in this section are categorized as *realms* and *towns*. Each site has particular information presented about it in the same way, as outlined below.

REALMS

CHARACTER. A realm's the creation of a power, so a berk can bet it's got a definite feel and attitude to it. This part only hints at the flavor of the place, but it'll note if the area's dangerous, open to travelers, heavily populated, or whatever else the character of the place might be. This is stuff any planar native to the Outlands is likely to know, so the DM can freely share it with players.

POWER. The name of the ruling power, or the most dominant one. Powers described in *Legends and Lore* (2108) are marked with (LL). Those found in *DMGR4, Monstrous Mythology* (2128) are noted by (MM).

PRINCIPAL TOWNS. Any cities or large towns in or near the realm show up here. Most settlements are part of a realm, but a few sit just over the border, trading with the petitioners of the realm, yet not counting themselves a part of it. Such burgs are where most planars live because they generally don't care for the stiff-necked views of the powers that be.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. A power'll sometimes create special quirks in its realm that a cutter had better know about. It could be that physical conditions are different, like in Sheela Peryroyl's realm, where it's always spring, summer, or fall, but never winter. It's also important for a basher in Ilsensine's realm to know that painful thought waves are going to scorch her brain. On the other hand, it could be the petitioners who are different. In the halls of Yen-Wang-Yeh, the petitioners constantly spout their supposed virtues to every passing sod. Then again, it might be the laws of the place that are a bit different. A cross-trading knight might want to know that cheats in Vergadain's gambling halls are routinely drawn and quartered without trial.

DESCRIPTION. Now that a cutter knows what's dangerous, he needs to know what else is found here.

PRINCIPAL NONPLAYER CHARACTERS. Since player characters don't deal with the power of a realm, the nonplayer characters they're likely to meet, and those who would be useful to know, are named under this heading, along with their position, title, or role.

SERVICES. Inns, craftsmen, goods, and other services that make a basher's life easier are described in brief, including the name, race, and class of the particular proprietor.



TOWNS

CHARACTER. Just because it's not living, that doesn't mean a town's got no personality. Character's part the general alignment of the place, and part the nature of what happens there.

RULER. This tells a sod who's officially in charge — name, race, class, and level — and what that supposed chief is like to deal with. Be sure to check the next entry to find out who's *really* in charge.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Just because a berk rules a town, it doesn't mean he's the only boss. Most times there's one or more other groups trying to pull the strings. A wise cutter takes time to find out who's really the high-up man in the local operation.

DESCRIPTION. Here, the layout of the town's presented so that things said later'll make sense.

MILITIA. Player characters seem to get messed up with the local authorities a lot. This entry tells who's in charge, what they've got to command, and just what kind of attitude they're likely to have in response to the mischief player characters are likely to cause.

SERVICES. This is the same as the entry for realms: a listing of places to go and things to buy that could be useful to a band of danger-loving toughs.

LOCAL NEWS. Gossip's always useful, and a wise cutter keeps his ear to the ground. This entry gives some of the chant the locals are likely to know.

UNIDENTIFIED TERRAIN

'Course, not every place on the plane can be mapped and named. Addle-coves that try to chart the whole mess wind up with maps filled with named things like Duena's Crossroads, Big Pile of Rocks, and Forest-darker-than-the-last-one-we-were-in. Things like that'll confuse more than help in no time at all.

That doesn't mean these unnamed places are blank, white expanses, though. They've got features, but none of special or particular note to warrant a special entry. That doesn't mean the unnamed lands are all the same either. There's clear differences in the plane as a cutter travels from Glorium to Ribcage – enough differences that a cutter can notice.

Unnamed territory generally resembles the realm or plane it's closest to. The land near Glorium is green meadows, rolling hills, and open forests. Nearer to Mechanus, the woods become more rigid, with the trees arranged in neat rows and the fields squarely-patterned. At the opposite extreme, near Limbo, the plane assumes the look of an untamed wilderness, thrown together without plan or organization.

Throughout the plane the weather's always temperate, without the bitter gnaw of winter or the searing gaze of high summer. Toward the Lower Planes, the variations are a bit more extreme – chilly and damp fens surround Semuanya's Bog, dusty plains encompass Ribcage, and the sad climate of late autumn hovers near Plague-Mort. Yet even in these areas the extremes are not so great as to change the season from the perpetual mildness that predominates across the Outlands.

Because the plane tends to look like whatever realm or plane it's closest to (though without the extremes that'll tip the balance of things), bloods tend to argue as to what the Outlands' "true appearance" is like. The best guess is that the Land looks like those areas found near the center of the plane, farthest from influencing realms and planes. There, the land's a perfect mix of plains and forests, canyons and mountains, even rivers and deserts. No one single thing dominates over all the others. It's a wilderness that's not impossibly forbidding – it's traversable with some difficulty.

Some of the Clueless claim the Outlands are pretty close in appearance to their own prime-material worlds; other Outsiders claim it's nothing like their homes. Who knows? Most bodies figure the Clueless are all barmy anyway, and those that ain't make it through the day by clinging to the belief that the planes are just like home. 'Course, that's why they're called "Clueless."

NONPLAYER CHARACTER ABBREVIATIONS

Nonplayer characters – rulers, merchants, and the like – will always have important information listed in parentheses after their names. This always goes like so: (origin/sex and race/class and level/faction/alignment). Origin tells whether the character's a petitioner, planar, prime, or proxy. Powers, should they appear, are *never* reduced to a set of abbreviations – something important that deserves special attention. For all the others, abbreviations used are as follows.

ORIGIN		CLASS		FACTION	
Pl	Planar	B	Bard	At	Athar
Pe	Petitioner	D	Druid	Be	Believers/Source
Pr	Prime	F	Fighter	BC	Bleak Cabal
Px	Proxy	P	Priest	Dg	Doomguard
		P(sp)	Specialty priest	Du	Dustmen
		Pa	Paladin	Fa	Fated
SEX AND RACE		Ps	Psionicist	FO	Fraternity/Order
♀	Female	R	Ranger	FL	Free League
♂	Male	T	Thief	Ha	Harmonium
∅	Genderless	W	Wizard	Mk	Mercykillers
b	Bariaur	W(A)	Abjurer	Os	Outsiders
d	Dwarf	W(C)	Conjurer	RL	Revolutionary League
e	Elf	W(D)	Diviner	SO	Sign of One
fd	Fiend	W(E)	Enchanter	S ²	Society/Sensation
g	Gnome	W(El)	Elementalist	TO	Transcendent Order
gy	Githyanki	W(I)	Illusionist	Xa	Xaositects
gz	Githzerai	W(In)	Invoker	Var	Various
h	Human	W(N)	Necromancer		
ha	Halfling	W(T)	Transmuter		
he	Half-elf	W(W)	Wild mage		
tf	Tiefling	0	Unclassed		
var	Various	Var	Various		



AU+ΘM+A+A (Town)

CHARACTER. As a tiny reflection of nearby Mechanus, there's a rule for *everything* here, and gods help the berk who ain't learned them all!

RULER. The Council of Order is clearly in charge here, at least during daylight hours. The Council has three seats, currently filled by the humorless Captain Arstimis (Pl/♂gz/F14/Ha/LN), representing the town guard; Pelnis the Clockmaker (Pe/♂h/0/N), representing the craftsmen; and Serafil (Pl/♀tf/P(sp)10/FO/LN) (Spell Spheres – major: All, Elemental, Weather; minor: Combat, Sun), a priestess of Lei Kung (LL). She represents the temples of the town. Any other group's got no voice on the Council. The Council decides all things in strictly regulated sessions that follow absolute rules of order.

BEHIND THE THRONE. There's no force that would dare interfere with or presume upon the proper workings of the Council. By night, however, the Council of Order is replaced by the Council of Anarchy, a perfect mirror of its counterpart. Leggis Scrog (Pl/♂gz/T10/RL/NE) represents the criminals, Ravis Corcuncawl (Pe/♀h/0/N) represents the vagrants, and Aurach the Fair, a baatezu erinyes, represents the fiends who want to subvert the city.

DESCRIPTION. Nobody ever gets lost in Automata – it just ain't possible because everything's so orderly. The streets are a perfect grid, and even the houses are set at perfect intervals. A cross-trading knight could set a clock by the timing of the watch patrols. Everyone rises with the sun and retires when it sets, which splits the day into two equal halves of light and dark.

Automata's got about a thousand bodies packed behind its rectangular walls. There are six gates into

town – two on each of the long walls and one on each of the ends. Inside, every block's got a definite purpose. Some are nothing but houses while others are workshops, and a few are devoted to the government – more than're really needed in a burg this size, but then Automata's got a *lot* of laws.

The one thing that doesn't fit into this perfect order is the blocks themselves. A cutter'd figure that blocks of the same type'd be set together, but it ain't so. Everything's scattered all over Automata; workshop blocks are next to mansions, which are next to stables, which are next to the armory, and so on. Ask a body here about it and they'll just shrug, saying you don't see the grand pattern of things. "Such are the mysteries of order."

Remember that Automata is order and that means there's laws for *everything*. A sod's got to watch where he steps, what he says, what he drinks, and even *when* he drinks. A cutter can't buy ale after the third hour and shops can't open before the first. No merchant holds a sale unless it's approved by the Council, which means nobody holds a sale unless everyone does. There's no haggling on prices, no credit, and no bartering. A berk'd better have funds when he comes into town, because there's no place for beggars here, either.

Automata ain't *perfect* order, though. It's got an underside that isn't seen by the common traveler, as it's literally underground. Beneath Automata there's a network of passages, chambers, apartments, and even streets that house the hidden life of the burg. Here, the petitioners of the Outlands even the balance between law and chaos. Crime, violence, disorder, and revelry echo through the tunnels. There's rumors of a hidden gladiator arena where games are fought to the death, festhalls where every vice can be found, even conclaves of conspirators led by fiends. This is where the bodies of Automata go at night, after the laws have sent them to bed.

Although the agents of Mechanus have a firm grip on the surface town, the wild undercity keeps Automata firmly planted on the Outlands. 'Course, the proxies of Primus the modron-lord would love to shut down the criminal side of Automata because, once it falls, the burg's shift into Mechanus would be assured.

MILITIA. There's two – one for the surface and one for the underground. The surface militia's commanded by Captain Arstimis, and it patrols the streets with vigorous regularity. A typical militia patrol's made up of 10 petitioners, led by a sergeant who's also a petitioner. Planars and primes are never part of the rank and file, always assuming command positions instead. All officers are members of the Harmonium.

The underground militia is a semiorganized gang under the control of Leggis Scrog. This militia doesn't patrol or give a tinker's damn about the laws. It's only concerned with collecting protection money from the businesses above and below ground. Collecting from the underground's not much problem unless there's a power struggle going on – bribes are a regular part of business. But every once in a while some berk on the surface'll refuse to pay, and that's when the thugs go out. A thug gang's got 2d6 members, all primes and planars, either 1st-level thieves or fighters.

SERVICES. Automata's got it all, if a cutter knows where to find it. On the surface, a berk's not going to find any great deals. All the prices in this burg are carefully regulated. Still, the inns are clean and orderly. The best of the lot's *The Divine Machine*, run by Turlac the Halfling (Pe/♂ ha/0/N). The furnishings are a little small, but he runs a fine establishment. Dinners are hot and ample.

Underground's where the interesting life is. A berk's got to know the dark of the town, and he probably has to garnish a local or two with some jink before he gets shown around. Of particular interest beneath the streets is the little shop of Hokee Thridun (Pl/♂ tf/W6/Du/LE). Hokee specializes in buying and selling the rare and exotic for a select clientele. Where it comes from he doesn't care, and who buys it and what it's used for ain't his business; he just supplies the need. Now, player character types ain't among Hokee's clientele – he deals with beings much more powerful – but he always needs one job or another done. There's sure work, but dangerous, from his hands.

LOCAL NEWS. Loctus, a local explorer, has come back with reports of a strange hill outside of town. What's strange is that it wasn't there a week ago. Not only that, but Loctus swears it's growing – "kinda like a hive," he says. 'Course, Loctus's a notorious bubbler who's been telling the tale to anyone who'll buy him a drink.

BEDLAM

(Town)

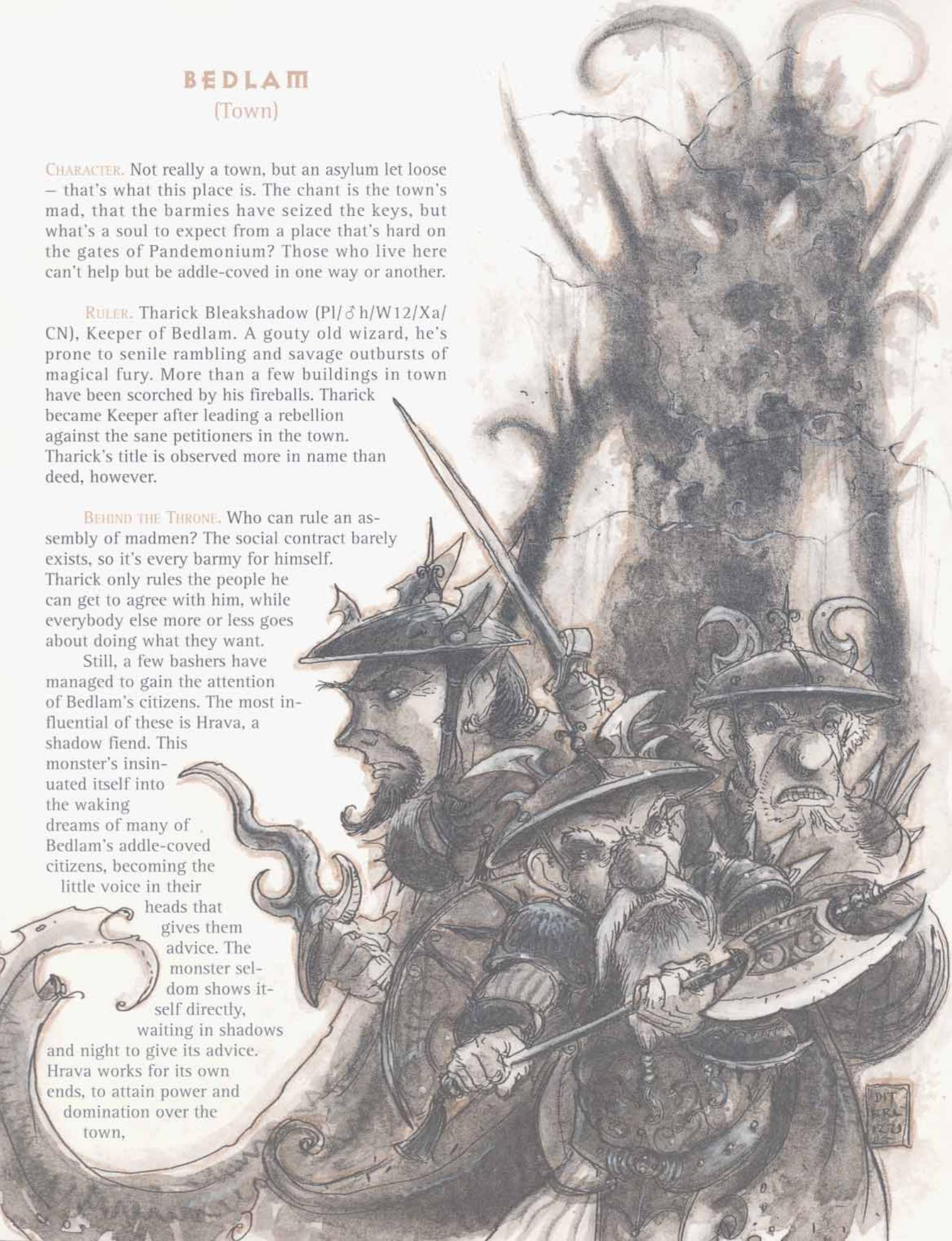
CHARACTER. Not really a town, but an asylum let loose – that's what this place is. The chant is the town's mad, that the barmies have seized the keys, but what's a soul to expect from a place that's hard on the gates of Pandemonium? Those who live here can't help but be addle-coved in one way or another.

RULER. Tharick Bleakshadow (Pl/♂h/W12/Xa/CN), Keeper of Bedlam. A gouty old wizard, he's prone to senile rambling and savage outbursts of magical fury. More than a few buildings in town have been scorched by his fireballs. Tharick became Keeper after leading a rebellion against the sane petitioners in the town. Tharick's title is observed more in name than deed, however.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Who can rule an assembly of madmen? The social contract barely exists, so it's every barmy for himself. Tharick only rules the people he can get to agree with him, while everybody else more or less goes about doing what they want.

Still, a few bashers have managed to gain the attention of Bedlam's citizens. The most influential of these is Hrava, a shadow fiend. This monster's insinuated itself into the waking dreams of many of Bedlam's addle-coved citizens, becoming the little voice in their

heads that gives them advice. The monster seldom shows itself directly, waiting in shadows and night to give its advice. Hrava works for its own ends, to attain power and domination over the town,



although stronger fiends can force it to serve their dreams of Sigil's conquest.

HRAVA, SHADOW FIEND: THACO 13; #AT 3; Dmg: 1d6×2 (claw/claw), 1d8 (bite); AC 9, 5, or 1*; HD 7+3; hp 38; MV 12 and leap (30' to rake with four claws – 1d6×4 dmg); SA +2 attack bonus in complete darkness, 90% surprise in shadows, rake, *darkness*, *fear*, *magic jar*; SD immune to fire, cold, electricity; SZ M; INT very; AL CE; ML 15; XP 2,000

* Armor Class depends upon the amount of existing light. In sunlight and *continual light*, the AC is 9; in torch, lantern, or *light* spell intensity, the AC is 5; in complete darkness, the AC is 1.

DESCRIPTION. Bedlam's one of those burgs that defies description. Imagine a town where 5,000 strangers each decided to build their own places without talking to one another – the result's the sprawl of Bedlam. The town's usually described as a fan set on the side of a hill (called Maurash by the locals). The base of the fan rests at the bottom of Maurash, converging at the entrance to Pandemonium. The gate, a twisted arch of iron and stone, rises above the shacks clustered nearby. Eight dusty roads intersect in a tangle before the arch and then spread like the ribs of the fan, up Maurash's slopes.

Here's a subtle detail: The farther up the hill a cutter goes, the saner-looking the buildings become. Halfway up the slope, the ramshackle shacks assume a semblance of order and become walled compounds, each still isolated but at least protected. Ultimately, at the top of the hill, in the center of the fan, is a Citadel – a small section of town surrounded by a curtain wall and lined with defensive towers. Here's where a cutter's going to find the least addled and best organized citizens in the burg.

As a blood might guess, Bedlam's just about turned stag on the Outlands. Hrava's only got to spread his madness a little farther and the whole place'll slide through the gate and merge with Pandemonium.

MILITIA. The government of Bedlam is too addled to organize a militia, but the town's not completely without law. Three groups serve as bodyguards and protectors of the petitioners in Bedlam. The most reliable, least corrupt, and sanest of the lot are the *Windlancers*, commanded by Erigyl Verrith (PI/♂b/F13/TO/N). By Bedlam's standards, Erigyl is quite sane. His only obsession is keeping the madness of the town in balance. Madness creates chaos, so the Windlancers are dedicated to the principles of order. They guard

against assaults from Pandemonium and serve as the city watch, more or less. A typical Windlancer patrol has 2d6 fighters of 3rd–5th level, accompanied by a wizard of 5th–7th level. Windlancers are most active in the Citadel section of town, rarely venturing down to the chaotic end by the gate.

The other two groups serve more as bodyguards, either for money or just because. The first is called the *Sarex*, which was formed at the urging of Hrava. Its members are planars from Pandemonium and those Bedlamites most touched by that plane's screaming winds. The Sarex operates in gangs of three to four, usually with a mix of classes that range from 7th–9th level in ability. Under Hrava's control, the Sarex keeps to the gloomy edges of activities, striking at the shadow fiend's enemies when there's no witnesses. A sign is always left behind, though, making it clear to a berk just who's really in charge of the town. The last group, called the *Misguided*, is a hapless bunch of leatherheaded Outlander petitioners, led by Thoa (Pe/♀h/O/N). These sods are pretty much out of their depth and can only be doing this to right their little cosmic balance scales. As befits their cause, the Misguided are busiest in the dives near Pandemonium Gate.

SERVICES. There's not much to be found in Bedlam, at least not much that can be relied upon. Craftsmen don't prosper here, since there's too many barmies to build up a dependable business. Still, the town does attract a few artists, seeking inspiration in madness, and there's always at least one bard to be found.

The best place to track down artistic types is at *Weylund's Inn*, near the center of town. It's run by Pockmarked Weylund (Pe/♂d/O/N). The dwarf draws a mean mug of strong beer and is overly generous with those who seem down on their luck, especially those that he calls "*artistes*." His rooms are clean and run about 1 sp per night. Better still for most travelers is that Weylund runs a quiet house compared to some of the other taverns in town, which are overrun by noisome barmies.

Folks from the Lower Planes favor the *Eye and Dagger* near Pandemonium Gate, run by Grist (PI/♂t/F5/T4/RL/NE), a cutthroat of respectable standing. Service here's not too quick, clean, or friendly, but Grist doesn't ask questions so long as he's well paid. A fair number of intriguers, fiends, and tieflings hang out here.

The last place where folks gather is *The Sanatorium*, in the Citadel section of town. It's run by Althax Darkfleece (PI/♀b/P(sp)12/SO/CG) (Spell Spheres –

any). Darkfleece is a priestess of Shekinester (MM – also see page 34), and she’s taken it upon herself to minister to the barmies of Bedlam. The kip she runs is a mixture of asylum, spa, and boarding house. In addition to room and board (with *special* guards) at 5 gp a night, a sod can also get cures for mental imbalances.

LOCAL NEWS. No matter what’s really happening, there’s always rumors in Bedlam of another invasion from Pandemonium. Most of the time this is just some

bubber rattling his bone-box. ‘Course it sounds true – the fiends on the other side have tried often enough. This time, though, it *is* true. A band of fiends – 12 gehreleths led by a minor tanar’ri captain – are planning a flanking attack on the baatezu. The scheme is to seize Bedlam and then march across the Outlands to Baator. It’s not a very good plan, but the tanar’ri never were the best at plotting strategy.

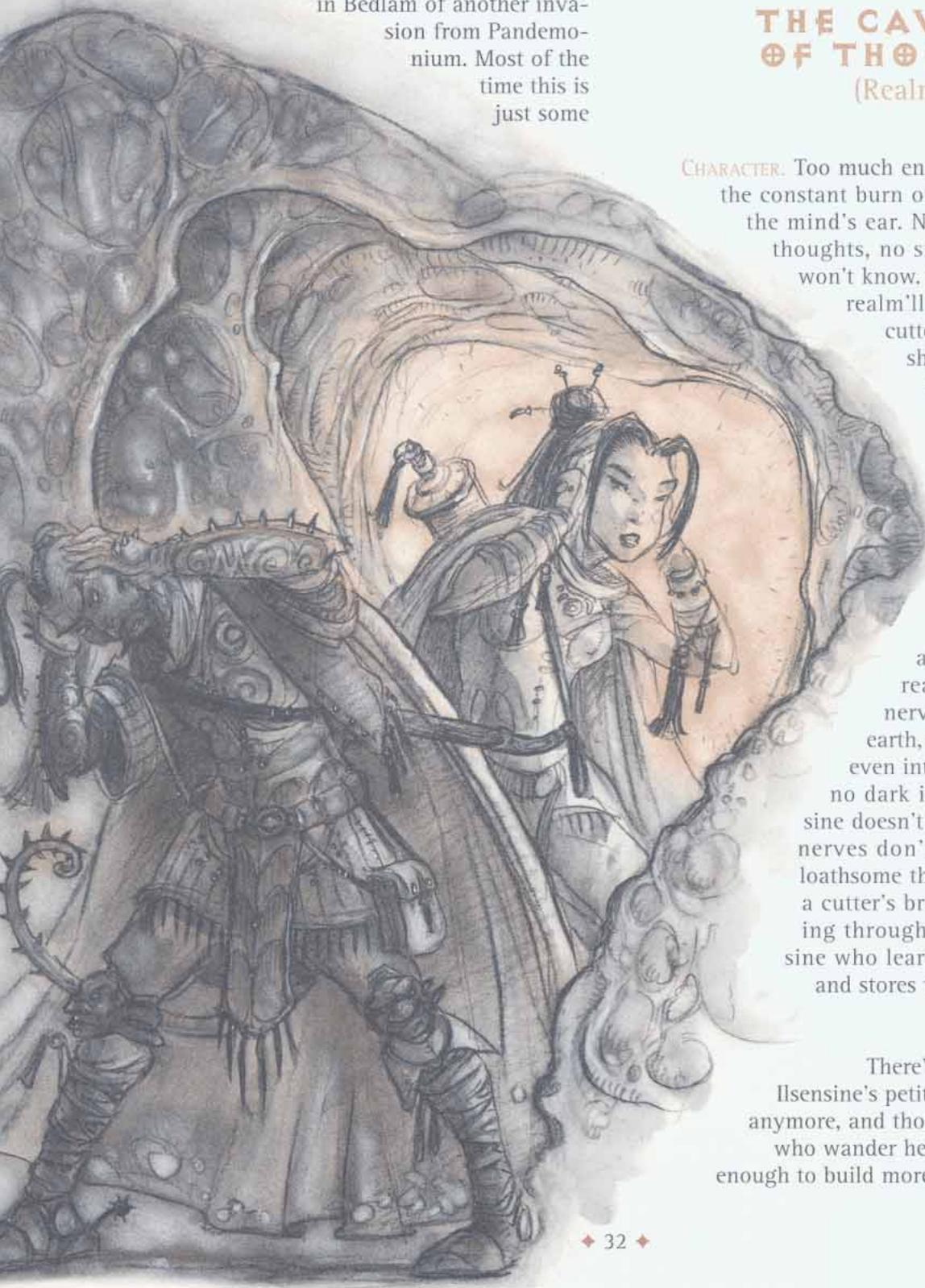
THE CAVERNS OF THOUGHT (Realm)

CHARACTER. Too much energy, too much thought, the constant burn of brain-waves sizzles in the mind’s ear. No secrets stay dark; no thoughts, no sickness that every berk won’t know. The cursed illithid god’s realm’ll rip it all right out of a cutter, and if she’s real lucky she’ll leave with an intact mind. But only if she’s *real* lucky.

POWER. Ilsensine (MM), god of the mind flayers, is the sole master of this realm. The great green brain that is Ilsensine rests at the very heart of the realm, with its tentacular nerves running through the earth, along cavern walls, and even into distant planes. There’s no dark in this realm that Ilsensine doesn’t know, no movement its nerves don’t sense. It’s Ilsensine’s loathsome thought waves that batter a cutter’s brain while she’s wandering through the tunnels. It’s Ilsensine who learns a berk’s every secret and stores them away.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS:

There’s no towns here because Ilsensine’s petitioners don’t have minds anymore, and those leatherheaded planars who wander here don’t keep theirs long enough to build more than a wall. Out on the





edge of the realm there's bits of walls and sometimes a little bed – the only remains of some poor sod's attempt to make a home here (probably a petitioner from the Dwarven Mountain, trying to spread its glory a little further). Whoever the little sod is that built it, he might turn up sooner or later, wandering the tunnels with his brain burnt out.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. There's only one condition here that matters: the brain burn. Ilsensine's about power, raw psychic power. Psionic waves flow with such force from the god-brain that only the brainless can ignore its power. And it don't matter if a cutter's psychic, psionic, or whatnot; everyone can sense the energy. Ilsensine's thoughts are relentless waves after waves of hatred, dark lies, perversions beyond imagining, and megalomania. The thoughts insist that illithids are meant to rule the multiverse, to enslave the "cattle" that overrun the lands, to use them, and to enjoy their conquest. That litany of hatred, barmy by any standard save an illithid's, hammers mercilessly at a sod's mind. At first it's only a whisper, when a basher's near the edge of the realm, but farther in the whisper grows to a gnawing buzz and, finally, screaming obscenities. There's no blocking it from the mind; a blood's just got to be strong and endure.

Those that venture no more than a mile into Ilsensine's realm must save vs. petrification once per day. Fail the check and the character permanently loses a point of Intelligence. Venture in more than a mile but less than five and the same check is made twice a day. Five to ten miles in the buzz requires a check every hour, and psionics become useless. Probing more than ten miles into the realm calls for a saving throw every turn. Finally, those leatherheads barmy enough to step into Ilsensine's court need to make saving throws every round. When a cutter's lost all his Intelligence, he becomes like one of Ilsensine's zombie petitioners, all will and consciousness sucked dry by the god-brain. 'Course, a little brain-shielding magic might protect a cutter, but he won't want to be caught deep in the realm when the spell wears out.

DESCRIPTION. The Caverns of Thought are a cold and heartless realm. The tunnels are black and slimy, not warm enough to be comfortable, but not so cold as to be chilly, either. The stone's slick with fungus except in those spots where it pulses warmly like a

living thing. It could be that these are the god-brain's nerves. The chant is that sods who poke at them too hard get their brains fried in an instant. If a berk's got to go here, he'll have to be very, very careful.

The caverns twist through each other, crossing and recrossing, but all paths lead to one place. Like the inescapable Mazes of Sigil (see page 63), no matter where a cutter goes, he always seems to end up in Ilsensine's court. Those that get that far mostly never come back, or if they do, a blood'd be wise to question their wits. No being can stand before the god-brain for long without changing even a little.

PRINCIPAL NONPLAYER CHARACTERS. The only berks in this realm are mindless zombies, so a cutter's not going to get much from them. As zombies go, this group's tough, though. They're absolute slaves to Ilsensine's will, so clerics can't turn them and their morale'll never break. If a cutter could find a way to cut off the god-brain's psionic link, then all that'd be left would be a collection of lifeless husks.

ILSENSINE'S ZOMBIES (ALL): THACO 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8/1d8; AC 7; HD 2; hp varies; MV 6; SA psionics*; MR 10%; SZ M; INT non; AL N; ML n/a; XP 175

* The god-brain Ilsensine can channel all psionic abilities through any of its zombie servants. Doing so instantly destroys the servant as soon as the power is used.

SERVICES. So why would a berk ever go to Ilsensine's realm? Knowledge – knowledge is power. If a cutter can make it to the god-brain and prevail upon Ilsensine's favor, he can gain the answer to a question. There's almost no place on the planes that Ilsensine's neurons don't reach, and every one of these neurons is feeding on everything it senses. Ilsensine remembers it all and knows more of the dark of things – especially the things a berk never wants anyone else to know – than probably any being out there. Need a way to get at a blood, find her weakness? The god-brain probably knows one.

'Course, how a sod prevails upon the favor of a giant brain is a question. Most likely, the seeker must agree to give up part of his mind as payment, resulting in memory loss (loss of proficiencies) and/or insanity. It's a steep price, but there's always a Sensate or a Bleaker

who thinks he can try it and give Ilsensine the laugh.

THERE ARE +W⊕ ANSWERS
+⊕ EVERY QUES+ION:
⊕URS,
AND +HE WRONG ⊕NE.
– HARMON+UM RULE

THE COURT OF LIGHT

(Realm)

CHARACTER. This realm, with its gloomy and mysterious divisions, is the embodiment of the Rule of Threes. There's the *Loom of the Weaver* with its threads and paths, the *Hall of Tests*, and at the very heart of it all there's the *Arching Flame*. As realms go, this one's quiet, almost deadly still.

POWER. Shekinester (MM). Sometimes known as the Three-Faced Queen of the Nagas, Shekinester broods within her realm, testing and guiding the fates of her children. The goddess doesn't go courting strangers, planar or not. Any cutter going here had better have good reason, because Shekinester'll put every visitor through one of her tests (see "Special Conditions," below).

PRINCIPAL TOWNS. The Court of Light's a small realm, not very populated by either planars or petitioners. It's not that the Naga Queen doesn't have worshipers, it's just that her beliefs encourage either reincarnation or testing. Petitioners that don't get reincarnated and sent back to their Prime worlds are given near-impossible tasks and sent to wander the Outlands until they complete them. This is Shekinester's way of testing a cutter's resolve and character. Those that succeed transcend and merge with the plane, and those that fail simply aren't worthy.

The closest thing to a town in the realm is a scattering of nests where some of Shekinester's proxies live. Most of these are snake-folk or nagas, and most aren't to be trusted. It's not that they're particularly evil, it's just that a cutter never knows when one of them's going to be part of a test of the Naga Queen.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. The Naga Queen's tests are the special hazards of this realm. High-up as she is, Shekinester's always trying the character of any stranger in her land. She's got a fascination with trying to purge and improve those who come to visit her, intentionally or otherwise. The tests range from heavy-handed to subtle. The Naga Queen's not interested in a blood's skill with his sword or the book-learning he's absorbed; she's after the moral qualities that make a sod tick. She'll give a pack of hell hounds free reign with a berk on an open field, not to see how good he is with his sword, but to see if he's got the courage to face them down – or the sense to run. If a berk's

got a fiend as an enemy, Shekinester might call it to her realm and let it try to even up the score. At a branch path, she may offer a choice between unheroic safety and valiant peril. In another place, there may be a book promising power – for a price. Another sod could be faced by two old loves, unable to progress without making a choice between them.

Whatever form they take, there's always more to the goddess's tests than meets the eye. First, a berk's got to figure out what she's testing, then he's got to succeed. The price of failure's high – oblivion more often than not. The rewards for success are equally lavish. No berk just walks to the heart of her realm, at least not without earning it.

DESCRIPTION. The Court of Light's got three clear areas, one for each face of the Naga Queen, and they're all nested inside of each other like a child's stacking dolls. The outermost layer is the Loom, a forest of thorns and paths where dark gloom can suddenly give way to an open clearing. Nothing goes in a straight line here, and trail markers left behind mysteriously vanish or multiply. Paths intertwine, merge, and end without meaning, so a sod can see places he'll never be able to reach. There aren't any secret routes through it because it changes every time. Within these woods is where a cutter finds most of the naga petitioners of the realm. Some are guards and agents of Shekinester's will, while others rove, still seeking their way to the heart of the forest. It's said the only way to find a way through the Loom is to forget where you've been and where you hope to go. In plain words, a DM can lead a party through the Loom, introducing as many adventure elements as desired before revealing the exit or the Hall of Tests. Mapping is strictly extemporaneous.

Inside the Loom is the Hall of Tests, Shekinester's palace. It's not a large palace, but the rooms mystically become the expectations and fears of those who go there. Poor sods! Imagine opening some door and finding all those buried regrets returned as dinner guests. Some rooms offer temptations, others visions of what a berk could be if things were just a little different. It gets to the point where a body can't tell friends from visions or petitioners from planars.



The innermost chamber of the hall is the actual Court of Light, which the whole realm is named after. Here's the last aspect of Shekinester: the Arching Flame. According to belief it's the flame of preservation, the thing that keeps the multiverse going (but that tale belongs to a score of other "eternal flames," all guarded by other powers on other planes). The Flame is supposed to be the light of the dead, too, and the hall's filled with undead who feed off the energy of that illumination. At any rate, it doesn't cause them harm, and it seems to pacify the dangerous types. The Flame's the final test because it burns the spirit clean. For a character who's exposed to the light, this means rolling a saving throw vs. death with a -1 penalty applied for each time the character strayed from his chosen alignment (which the DM must adjudicate). Those that pass are healed and refreshed, and those that fail are completely disintegrated. That's the way it is with Shekinester.

PRINCIPAL NONPLAYER CHARACTERS. Shekinester's realm is lonely and isolated. The goddess doesn't surround herself with servants and advisers, and no cutter ever comes here for the conversation. Folks found here tend to be nagas, imperious and disinterested in the concerns of other planars. Petitioners perform the few household tasks needed in the realm.

SERVICES. Except for self-revelation and purging of the spirit, a cutter's not going to find anything of value here. Those that survive the pure light of the Arching Flame are cleansed though – all damage is healed, madness and disease cured, charms broken, even crimes atoned for. And all a berk's got to do is survive it.

CURST (Town)

CHARACTER. Bleak and dusty, Curst's little more than a collection of shanties perched on the edge of Carceri, where those exiled from elsewhere on the Outlands dream out their bitter lives.

RULER. Burgher Tovus Giljaf (Pl/♂gz/W(N)13/At/LE) is the absolute master of Curst. Once factol of the Athar, Tovus was cast out by his own followers when he attempted too much. He strove for the glory of his faction, but his followers were shallow and could only see doom in his edicts. The ungrateful berks turned stag against his bold vision, his plans to once

and for all make the philosophy of the Athar absolute truth for everyone, and they threw him out of the Cage. But they can't lock the doors against him. He'll be back . . . someday. Until then, he'll just have to bide time in this birdcage, building up power for his grand return.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Bitter revenge: It's the true power of Curst, the thing that makes the wheels go. Every sod in this gate town is here because of one reason: They've got nowhere else to go. They've been driven from power, cut off from those they once thought loved them, and stripped of all their vanities save ego. Now, the thing that makes the town work's the collective desire to crush those unbanished.

The saddest thing is, it's a vain dream for them all, because if they could've had vengeance, they would've gotten it long ago. Instead, they just stay here, trapped by their bitterness and fear. No basher *wants* to be in Curst, but many have nowhere else to go.

DESCRIPTION. Curst is centered around the symbol of its rejection, the four-pillared arch to Carceri. Made of living razorvine, the black-petaled gate stands at the center of the town square. The five main streets of the city form concentric circles around the square, and the entire town is enclosed by a well-maintained wall that forms the boundary of the sixth ring. Razorvine covers the inside of this wall, as if to keep the inhabitants from climbing out. Four gates, aligned with the four posts of the arch to Carceri, allow entrance into the city.

Each ring of Curst houses structures that serve a separate function. The outermost ring, within the razorvine-covered wall, holds houses, taverns, stables, and inns. The next ring in contains nothing but the workshops of craftsmen. In the third ring are the houses of merchants, along with their warehouses and stores. The fourth ring in accommodates the homes of those with such wealth and title that they no longer work. Finally, around the square are clustered the few buildings of Curst's administration: the burgher's house, the treasury, the watch barracks, and the town jail.

The buildings of Curst are black and colorless, devoid of humor or warmth. Razorvine – a minor irritant in Sigil – is predominant here, covering walls, trees, and even creeping into streets. It's not the most notable feature, though. Fact is, travelers never fail to comment on the guard policies at the gates. Unlike other towns, little effort is made to screen those who come in. Those leaving Curst, on the other hand, are

required to state reasons for wanting to go elsewhere and show proof they can make it.

Unlike many other gates to the Lower Planes, the four-sided arch at Curst is seldom used by folks leaving Carceri. Perhaps it's the nature of those in the dark plane to feel trapped and unable to leave, and perhaps the gate is too hard to find. Whatever the cause, Blood War incursions here are rare and never expand beyond the town.

Curst's still fairly solidly planted on the Outlands, although it's showing more and more of Carceri's

grim character. There's still enough bodies in town who haven't given up hope for atonement and forgiveness. So long as they hold out, Curst'll remain on the Outlands.

MILITIA. Curst is vigorously patrolled by the *Wall Watch*. In addition to guarding the town walls (as the name implies), the Wall Watch mans the gates and keeps relative peace within the town. As noted earlier, the Wall Watch is mostly concerned with people leaving, but it maintains careful records of all comings and goings through the gates. A typical Wall Watch patrol has 3d4 petitioner fighters, led by a 5th–7th-level planar fighter/wizard. The overall commander of the watch is Baron Yurel Zarnthaskar (Pr/♂h/F10/Fa/LN), a deposed lord who dreams of the day he can hang the ungrateful berks who drove him from his prime-material fief from a leafless tree.

SERVICES. With so many cutters plotting their glorious returns, Curst has always been a good market for bashers ready to sell their swords. Most mercenaries gather at the *Quartered Man*, a smoky alehouse in the outermost ring. The owner, Abascis the Sweaty (Pr/♂h/T5/Du/CE), ran a fine shop in Sigil until he short-changed the factol of the Mercykillers. Quick packing got the leatherhead out of the city before the guard arrived, but the Mercykillers have a standing warrant for his punishment. Abascis likes to keep a few bravos around, just in case the Mercykillers come to collect their warrant, so he gives swordsmen and wizards a good price on drinks. Everyone else pays a coin or two higher than normal prices.

Brasicol's, a dingy shop in the second ring from the wall, specializes in traps and infernal devices –

little presents that can be sent to enemies. Brasicol (Pr/♂g/0/NE) has a whole list of enemies, those who stole his inventions and made fortunes from them. He'll make poison-prick jewelry cases, wind-up spell bombs, and other devices, all starting at just 1,000 gp. Also, he'll do free jobs for any wizard who'll open a gate to his old prime-material world long enough for Brasicol to send a "gift" through.

Although it's a bitter cage, Curst makes good wines, probably so a bubber can flush out his sorrows. The best of these is *heartwine*, a slightly sour and heady drink made from razorvine. It sells for 100 gp a bottle and is prized by gourmands in Sigil. The production process is a secret known only to the Cilenei Brothers (Pr/♂c/W8/S²/CN/, both), two elves from the Prime Material Plane. Both are wizards, so figure the process is magical in nature. Heartwine's the only useful thing ever made from the cursed weed, short of barricades.

LOCAL NEWS. The biggest chant in the district is that Baron Zarnthasker's hit upon a new scheme for his return to the Prime Material, where he'll finally avenge himself. He's been gathering a band of mercenaries and could still use a few more. He's also looking for a wizard or priest willing to open a passage back to the Prime Material – one large enough for himself and his band. 'Course, he'll want the spellcaster to stay on and help with the dirty work that follows, and it's *very* dirty work indeed. . . .

THE DWARVEN MOUNTAIN

(Realm)

CHARACTER. This is an underground world of roisterous merrymaking, belching smoke, and sweaty labor – all the things that make a crusty dwarf's life complete, carried to the excess of joy.

POWER. Three dwarf powers share the Mountain: Vergadain, Dugmaren Brightmantle, and Dumathoin (MM, all). Vergadain's a lord of wealth and luck, Dugmaren Brightmantle parcels out the rewards of invention and discovery, while deepest in the realm is Dumathoin, master of mines and exploration. The three've divided the tunneled realm into thirds, each reflecting the interests of that particular power.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS. There aren't any towns in this realm, a least not according to a human berk's understanding of things. The dwarf powers don't give notice to the surface world. What lives, eats, and expires on the icy slopes of their mountain is strictly outside their realm. Not much is found out there anyway, since the slopes are so high, rocky, and freezing that any sod wandering out there is likely to end up in the dead-book. Even so, it ain't completely barren. Humans, being like fleas (at least as dwarves see it), can plant their cases anywhere, and sure enough they've managed to stake a settlement, called *Ironridge*, right on the doorstep to Vergadain's realm. It's not a big place, but it holds about 500 bodies, mostly petitioners with a few primes and planars mixed in. Ironridge is tolerated – only barely – by the petitioners of the realm. Most of the cutters in town are there to trade, or they're miserable gamblers hoping for a chance to play in Vergadain's fabled halls. There's a few bloods looking for admission to Brightmantle's libraries, but these cutters are rare indeed.

Underneath the Mountain, towns become halls, because hall to a dwarf means as much as city to a human. In fact, it's more; a hall is community, identity, and family locked into one birdcage. The important halls of the dwarf realm are *Strongale Hall*, *Soot Hall*, and *Deepshaft Hall*.

Strongale's known far and wide for its gambling and drink. The chant is that a cutter can put anything on the cloth here, betting even things a sod's not supposed to be able to part with, because there's major fortunes to be won. (But for those who lose there's always a way to collect that stake.) Drink is strong and poured freely, but it ain't free; petitioner or no, a dwarf's not going to pass any chance to part a cutter from his jink.

Soot Hall's crowded with workshops and libraries. The name's literal, as the caverns are covered with chalky

black soot from millennia of laboring. The noise here is continual, "24-hours-a-day" as the primes put it (except there's no day or night deep beneath the sur-



face of the plane). Soot Hall's best products are finely crafted hammers and breastplates – many magical in nature – that often end up on the gaming tables of Vergadain's halls.

Deepshaft Hall plunges into the cold, dark depths of the earth.

The air here

is icy and stale with the smell of the dwarves who toil here – no treat for the average berk. It's "miner's air" and it's just the way the dwarves like it. Aside from its odor, Deepshaft's best known for the ores and gems that the petitioners coax from its rock. Most of the kip goes straight to Soot Hall, but some of it does make the trip to Ironridge, where it's traded for luxuries from the surface world. A basher'd better have good reason to come down here, because the tunnels of Deepshaft are almost as twisted as the Lady of Pain's Mazes (see page 63). Strangers coming here had better spend some jink on a good guide if they ever want to see the surface again. Otherwise, they just might get lost in the tunnels and end up in the screaming caverns of Ilsensine's realm.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. What makes the Dwarven Mountain unique is more its attitude than anything else. Every petitioner here's a dwarf, and they don't care much for anyone or anything. Any human, bariaur, tiefling, githzerai, or other's going to find it hard going. The locals see strangers as generally leatherheaded sods who ain't worth the time or trouble, and it'll take some strong persuading to get them to see things differently.

Each division of the realm's got some important laws a berk's got to know, too. Up in Vergadain's layer, cross-trading at cards and dice ain't viewed too kindly. In fact, any knight caught at it is lost for sure; his name'll be in the dead-book and there's no appeal. In Brightmantle's domain, a berk'd better have a trade. A body's expected to have a skill, and those that can't prove themselves useful get quickly booted into other realms – like Ilsensine's. Down in Dumathoin's home, a cutter's likely to be tempted by the glory of the raw gems that can be just pulled from the earth, but he keeps his hands and feelings to himself if he's smart. The stones are part and parcel of the petitioners who toil there. They're more than just rock – they're the entire goal of existence. Each stone found and treasured brings a petitioner a little closer to

oneness with the realm. Even touching a gem without permission ruins its usefulness to the petitioners, and that upsets them greatly.

DESCRIPTION. The dwarf realm is nothing but endless tunnels that weave through halls and caverns, intersect, cross chasms, climb, sink, turn into coiled staircases, and end in plunging shafts. It's all stone and brace work, every inch magnificently carved, and it's always under construction. Although the only petitioners here are dwarves, the little sods have built the cage on an immense scale, so any berk short of a hill giant could wander through most places with ease. (Not that anyone other than dwarves is particularly welcome, though.)

The halls nearest the surface, in Vergadain's domain, tend to be brightly lit and noisy. Dazzling and occasionally rude frescoes line the walls. The passages are filled with bubbled-up dwarves who will cheerfully challenge any passing basher to a drinking contest. It's not a good idea to take them up on it, though, because the petitioners here can swill a prodigious amount of strong ale. Gambling of every type can be found here; dice, cards, even pea-and-shell games are played without trickery. No wager's too small or too large, as Vergadain's treasuries are well stocked, and the proxies of the dwarf power, who run the games, can use these to cover any bet.

The second layer, Brightmantle's domain, is sober and earnest. The bright paintings of women, drinking, and amusement are gone, replaced by endless bas-reliefs of work and industry. The light here is the ruddy haze of smoky glass. Bells clang and whistles screech out the hours. The dwarves here are always in motion, hurrying to their tasks, hurrying to their homes, hammering and singing furiously. They work at a pace that'd make the hardest smith heave and curse. Brightmantle gives his petitioners unlimited endurance to labor at the forge and smelter.



In the very depths of the realm, dressed stonework gives way to rough-hewn mine shafts with runes and markers crudely chiseled into the walls. The shafts echo with a mystical monotonous drone – the chanting of the petitioners – punctuated by the harsh chimes of steel on stone. A cutter's breath hangs in the air, and frost glazes the deepest shafts. Lanterns and torches are far between, creating pools of light where dwarfish workers cluster. Shattered wall sections open onto dank passages that lead to Ilsensine's realm; a berk can sense the humming brain waves near these.

PRINCIPAL NONPLAYER CHARACTERS. Guides are essential to navigating the dwarf realm, and Ironridge's full of them.

The best of the lot's Sedus Backbreaker (Pl/♂ d/F10/Mk/LG), a

bald-headed dwarf who'll brag he can guide a sod out of the

Lady of Pain's Mazes if the pay is good enough. He's got the entire underground realm mapped out in his

head, and anything he doesn't know he'll learn from the petitioners inside. Being the best, the blood's expensive, and cutter's shouldn't figure on getting his services for less than 50 gp per day.

Also in Ironridge is Melias Fairherd (Pl/♀ b/W7/S²/CG), a trader with the dwarves. She's the best source of dwarf-smelted ores and dwarf-forged weapons. The bariaur's not interested in money; her price is always some service, like bringing back a fiend's skull to decorate a friend's wall.

In Vergadain's domain, Lzuli Clearfacet is the proxy that the player characters are most likely to meet. Lzuli's an einheriar, a wispy figure of a scarred dwarf warrior. He's always accompanied by a translator, and it's his duty to see that the gaming tables are honest and all bets are paid.

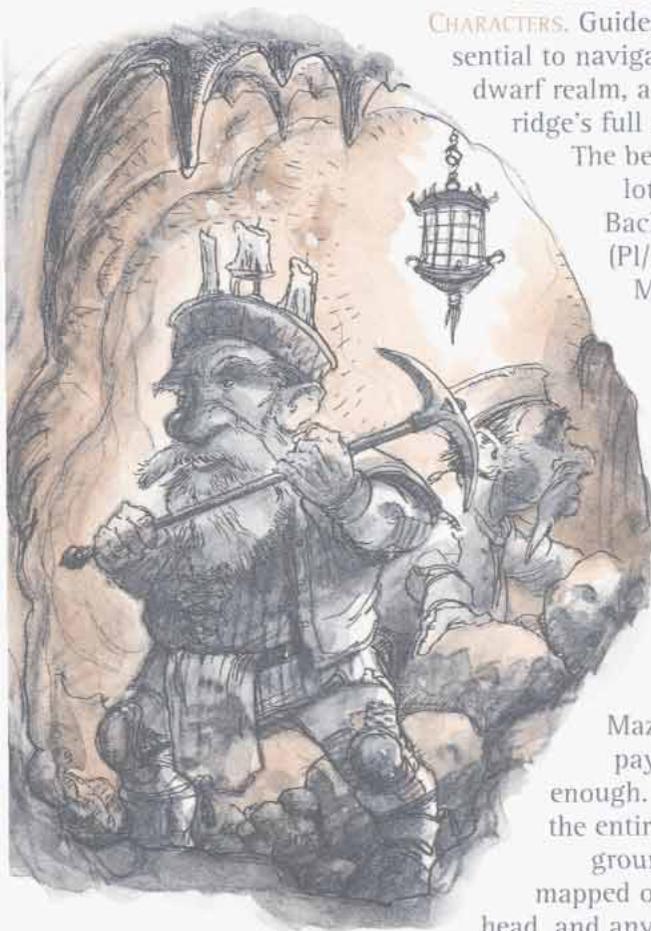
LZULI CLEARFACET, EINHERIAR: THACO 6; Dmg 1d4+7 (Strength bonus, *warhammer* +3); AC 2; HD 15; hp 120; MV 6; MR 5%; SZ M; INT high; AL N; ML 17; XP 8,000

TRANSLATOR: THACO special (misses only on a 1); Dmg stun (1d12–3 rnds); AC 8; HD 5; hp 18; MV Fl 63(A); SA successful hit erases all memorized spells; SD deific intervention*; SZ S; INT high; AL N; ML 19; XP 3,000

* If the translator is attacked while serving a power, roll 1d100. On a roll of 99 or less, the power sends one aasimon servant to aid the translator. If the roll is 00, roll again. If the second roll is 99 or less, the power sends 1d6 aasimons, but if the roll is 00 again, the power itself comes.

In Brightmantle's workshops and libraries, characters may need to consult the domain's curator, Pyrus Chertchip (Pe/♂ d/O/N). Pyrus, an easily winded old dwarf, is a blood when it comes to locating old tomes and answering questions on dwarf lore, but he's not friendly to those who follow nondwarf gods. Dumathion's territory isn't noted for its hospitality, and the mostly likely things characters will find here are maruts. Ilsensine has brain-wiped a hapless petitioner, Steelblade (Pe/♂ d/O/N), and returned him to the mines as a spy. Through Steelblade, Ilsensine can see and hear what happens in the mines, and the power can even talk through the possessed petitioner. Does Dumathion know what's happened to his petitioner? Maybe not, or maybe the power just doesn't care; Steelblade could be just another petitioner who failed to ascend.

SERVICES. A body goes to Ironridge for one reason: to get weapons and armor. The material's got the best dwarf magic a cutter's going to find, and since it's made on the Outlands, it's the least affected by the magic-stifling elements of the Outer Planes. 'Course, the dwarves don't just set up shop and sell the stuff; a body's got to earn his gear. This works out fine for the dwarf powers because it commands a steady stream of bashers, willing to do the powers' bidding in exchange for a good hammer, axe, or breastplate.



GLORIUM

(Town)

CHARACTER. Life's all blood and thunder here, glory or death. What else is a berk supposed to try for in the shadow of Ysgard, after all? Here's a burg where a cutter's word's his honor, and folks don't take insults lightly.

RULER. Flatnose Grim (Pl/♂h/R15/FL/CG) is the chieftain of Glorium. Nicknamed for his spreading nose that's been broken in far too many fights, Grim's a short, bear-chested warrior of fiery moods. His strength is legendary, and he takes great sport in showing it off by bending horseshoes, staging throwing contests (with a 50-pound boulder as the ball), and wrestling with guests. His capriciousness is legendary, too. He might take a liking to one cutter, just based on his duds, or mark another one down for a careless word. For those who are his friends, Flatnose is a staunch ally, but his enemies find it wise to leave town quickly.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Only a addle-cove'd dare hint that Flatnose Grim ain't running things here; he doesn't care for that sort of insulting. On the other hand, he'll listen to good advice, and he's got a few folks round who are willing to give it. First off, there's his wife Kostbera (Pl/♀he/W7/FL/CG), though some bashers figure she's a bit of a nag. Another pair of importance is Thoric Foolsgold (Pr/♂g/T8/Os/NG) and Harry Farwalker (Pr/♂ha/F6/Os/N). This unlikely little pair showed up in Glorium one day, and they won Grim's confidence with a quick jest and a good tale. It seems they took a liking to the town and have stayed ever since.

DESCRIPTION. Glorium's nestled on the shore of a great fjord, with its back to the craggy peaks that lead to the Dwarven Mountain. All told, the burg's pretty small — just a collection of longhouses, smokehouses, workshops, and shipsheds of the 300 or so folks that live here. Glorium doesn't bother with walls or stockades, as nature forms a natural defense in the walls of the fjord. There's only one road out, a rough track that leads into the mountains. That trail crosses glaciers and skirts cliffs to get to a back door of the dwarf realm, and it doesn't see much traffic. The only other way into Glorium is by sailing a ship up a little-known tributary of the River Oceanus.

Glorium's gate situation is a bit more unusual than most. First off, it's got two. The best known one

leads out of town, near the mouth of the fjord. There, a berk'll find a big swirling maelstrom, an arch of sorts. To get to Ysgard, all a cutter's got to do is sail his ship right down its maw. Twice a day the *Water-gate* (as the locals call it) reverses itself and a cutter can then come through from the other side. Glorium's other gate is one of Yggdrasil's roots. This path's found in the mountains behind the town. There, a cutter'll find the arching gap of a cave mouth, and somewhere inside the cavern is one of Yggdrasil's plane-spanning roots. The problem is there's lots of side passages, some of which lead to unpleasant places like Ilsensine's realm or Gzemnid's Maze.

Most sods in Glorium spend their lives fishing and hunting. Some farming gets thrown in, but it's not enough to stake a living on. They conduct only a little business with the dwarf realm, mostly because the track leading to the mountains is too difficult to traverse and carry much in the way of trade. In general, the local petitioners are a proud lot, touchy about things like courtesy and respect. While they're not as battle-crazed as the bashers on Ysgard (their resurrection's not a possibility), they'll not eagerly turn the other cheek either. Most of the time in Glorium, a sod gets challenged to duel until first blood is drawn or unconsciousness occurs — it does make for lively visits.

Folks in Glorium know their town's drifting toward Ysgard as they pick up more and more of the habits of that plane. Still, knowing that doesn't seem to matter to them. In fact, Ysgard looks appealing to most of the Glorium petitioners.

MILITIA. Every petitioner in Glorium's part of the local *hird*, a militia of freemen. Flatnose Grim is the leader, of course. When a war-horn is sounded, the *hird* assembles as quickly as possible, while one member of the *hird* stands in the town's sole fortification, a wooden tower, and watches for incoming ships on the fjord. Other than this, every man's expected to fend for himself, with the help of his neighbors if needed. About the only times the *hird* is summoned in full are those rare occasions when Ilsensine's or Gzemnid's petitioners decide to stage a raid.

SERVICES. Planars from Glorium are pretty eager to go out and make a name for themselves, so a cutter can usually pick up a willing hireling or henchman here. Most of the lot are fighters, though it's possible to persuade some youthful cleric of the Norse gods to come along. There's a small temple to Odin and the Norns on the edge of town, and a blood might get the local *godi* (priest) to give aid in the

form of spells. Unlike a lot of other towns, Glorium's got no inns or taverns. Anyone planning on staying here's got to prevail upon the hospitality of the locals.

Glorium is noted for its ship-builders, the Freki twins (Pe/ðh/O/N, both). The pair makes longships in the Norse fashion, with twice the seaworthiness rating of a normal ship. The cost of each craft reflects their skills, which is half-again the cost of a normal longship.

LOCAL NEWS. What's got people rattling their bone-boxes here are rumors that Gzemnid the beholder-god is trying to annex their burg. Strange things have been happening in the mountain caverns. Fyri the Charcoal-burner claims he's seen unwholesome creatures near Yggdrasil's roots, and a few sods have found marks carved in the rocks that could be the secret signs of Gzemnid's priests. The threat's put everyone in town on edge.



THE PALACE OF JUDGMENT+

(Realm)

CHARACTER. Surrounded by foreign barbarians, the Palace of Judgment is the first stop of the truly civilized. There is no hate here, no sympathy, only judgment.

POWER. Yen-Wang-Yeh (LL), Illustrious Magistrate of the Dead, is the sole ruling power here. Those hoping to see him are almost invariably disappointed, because he's protected by ranks of lesser bureaucrats under his command.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS. The Palace of Judgment's a burg pretty much in itself. The realm's not big, but within its walls is everything a cutter'd expect to find in a good-sized town. 'Course, the Palace isn't open to everybody, so there's a little colony just outside the main gate. Not really a town – not really named – it's most often called the "Place of Waiting." However, it does have a few inns of differing quality, a pair of restaurants in competition with each other, and both day (goods and produce) and night (food stalls and entertainment) markets.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS. What makes the Palace different from, say, Sigil is the way it's run. Nothing happens on a whim here. The Palace is a huge bureaucracy, so every request, audience, hearing, or petition must be cleared through ranks of sodding officials before anything happens. Worse still, these petty bureaucrats are sticklers for courtesy and etiquette. Problem is, their definition of proper behavior doesn't match that of most cutters on the planes. There's a lot of bowing, reverential respect, and not doing much of anything else. Impatient berks usually manage to do something rude and get themselves snubbed by the officials of the court.

DESCRIPTION. The Palace of Judgment's a small name for a place as big as this. It ain't really a palace proper; it's more like a small, fortified city. Sure there's a palace, but there's also walls, gates, promenades, courtyards, gardens, granaries, libraries, towers, kitchens, stables, residences, storehouses, and workshops – all the features of a proper burg. The whole thing is built of red brick, carved stone, and wood. The roofs are covered with half-moon glazed tiles. Everything here's refined and artistically done, even the smallest and meanest of buildings.

But the Palace *isn't* a town, which is something a basher shouldn't forget. A cutter can't wander the streets at will or go down to the market and buy something. Anybody coming here's going to get a *factotum*, an official guide and guard. Factotum's are usually matched to the importance and power of the visitor. A go-zu oni's a typical factotum. More important visitors get assigned go-zu-oni or men-shen guides. Other guardians found at other places in the palace include foo creatures, spirit centipedes, pan lung, shen lung, t'ien lung, and stone spirits. (All these creatures are described in the *Kara-Tur MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM*[®] Appendix. If this appendix is not available, the following substitutes are suggested: go-zu oni – rakshasa; men-shen – ogre mage; foo creatures – ki-rin; spirit centipede – intelligent megalocentipede; pan lung, shen lung, t'ien lung – naga; stone spirit – stone guardian.) A factotum's job is to keep visitors out of danger and out of places they're not supposed to see.

Most folks coming to the Palace of Judgment are newly arrived petitioners. There's a steady stream of them appearing on the road just outside the gate. Flanked by Yen-Wang-Yeh's bashers, the dazed arrivals get herded through the Iron Gate and sent off to one of the Thousand Greeting Halls. There, some low-ranked proxy passes judgment on the petitioner. Then both petitioner and judgment get passed on to a clerk, who enters it all in the scrolls. In another chamber, another scribe makes a placard that gets hung round the petitioner's neck, listing the sod's virtues and vices along with his assigned plane. From there, the palace guards sort everybody out and head them off to the proper waiting hall. Each of these halls contains a conduit to a different realm of the Celestial Bureaucracy, and a representative or two from that plane. Thus, the Palace's also got a few fiends, einheriar, aasimons, and even modrons wandering about. While they're in the Palace, they won't break the peace that holds everything in place – at least not overtly.

There's a lot of behind-the-scenes action to all this. If there's 1,000 greeting halls, there's probably 5,000 clerks who need rooms to work and sleep in. Then there's quarters for visiting proxies from other powers, infinite libraries to hold the scrolls recording each petitioner's fate, and much more. The Palace is constantly in a bustle, with proxies and planars escorting petitioners to and fro and occasional processions arriving or leaving. Music, chatter, moans, and screams mingle in the air.

Once a year, there's a slight change in the routine. That's when Yen-Wang-Yeh leaves to appear



BEA+ I+, BERK!
THERE'S A BRACE OF HARDHEADS
COMING THIS WAY, AND
ANY BUBBERS BOBBING FOR
JINK'LL BE SCRAGGED.

— SLIG 'THE CHEAPSTER'
ON HIS DAILY RUN
THROUGH THE HIVE

before the Celestial Emperor and report on the previous year. Without him around, his proxies get careless, lazy, confused, and overwhelmed. Mistakes are invariably made, some as simple as a petitioner wandering around unprocessed or a body getting assigned to the completely wrong plane.

There's no ambition to expand the Palace realm currently. That decision's up to the Celestial Emperor, and he's content with keeping things the way they are.

PRINCIPAL NONPLAYER CHARACTERS. The Palace is full of cutters to talk to and deal with, from lowly clerks to high-up proxies. Short of Yen-Wang-Yeh, himself, the most important berk here's the Chamberlain of the Interior Palace, General Pien, a men-shen. He's an honest being, although he seldom says directly what he thinks. That's more a matter of proper behavior than deceit, though — it's impolite to criticize or directly refuse another being, after all. General Pien is utterly loyal, vigilant, and unwavering in his duties.

GENERAL PIEN, MEN-SHEN: THACO 11 (+4 with sword); #AT 2; Dmg 1d8+4 (×2); AC -2; HD 10; hp 60; MV 12, Fl 12(A); SA continual 30'-radius ESP (negates possibility of surprise within that area), invisibility (per *improved invisibility*), astral at will, *polymorph self* twice/day, fierce countenance*; SD immune to *fear*, *charm*, and *hold*, half damage from all spells; SZ L; INT very; AL N; ML 15; XP 4,000

* The men-shen's fierce countenance acts as an *apparition* spell (+1 bonus to surprise, and creatures of 1 HD or less must successfully save vs. spells or flee for 1d3 rounds).

Even the general is beyond the reach of most characters. It's more likely they'll deal with a lesser official, perhaps someone like the Secretary of the Third Rank, Pao (Px/ǝh/P(sp)/Be/N) (Spell Spheres — major: All, Necromantic, Protection; minor: Divination, Summoning), a priest of Yen-Wang-Yeh (LL). Pao spends his days entering the judgments of the lesser magistrates into the Scrolls of Destiny, noting who goes to what plane and who is reincarnated. Pao accepts his work as part of the great scheme of things, hoping to become a high-up man through diligent effort. He'll industriously apply himself to any task assigned by his superiors, which could be useful to a band of adventurers.

SERVICES. Second only to Sigil, the Palace of Judgment's got more gates concentrated in one place than any other burg. Better still, the gates here are one of the few places that are officially "neutral" territory. Because any disruption of the Judge of the Dead's work would bring down most all the powers of the Chinese pantheon (good, evil, lawful, neutral, and chaotic), fiends and aasimons are forced to coexist here without fighting. Nobody tries to sneak armies through the gates to seize the Palace. It's not uncommon for negotiators of the powers to meet here, particularly for exchanges between tanar'ri and baatezu in the Blood War.

A cutter could use these gates to hop around from plane to plane quickly and safely — *if* permission was granted. Yen-Wang-Yeh's not likely to be so generous, though. Any blood hoping to use them better have a real compelling reason.

Another "service" of the Palace comes from all the petitioners passing through. Sometimes a sod's past life isn't completely forgotten. There's a chance that a cutter, needing some information, can find what he needs among the thousands who pass through the gates. It's a chance, but only a slim one at best.



PLAGUE-MORT

(Town)

CHARACTER. Plague-Mort's a festering boil always threatening to burst, a place overripe with treachery. In fact, the town has been pulled bodily into the Abyss on numerous occasions, though a new town of the same name always promptly arises on the same site. Nothing lasts, and death lurks behind every corner.

RULER. Plague-Mort is ruled by a cutter called the Arch-Lector, currently Byrri Yarmoril (PI/♂tf/P16/Mk/CE). The Arch-Lector is always a militiaman who ousted his predecessor through strength or cunning, and Byrri is more paranoid than most about a successor rising from the ranks. His dungeons are full of real and imagined traitors and spies. He angrily questions anyone suspicious, and he routinely attempts to weed out the strongest members of the town militia to forestall a coup. Some say he's slowly losing his grip and a bloodbath is sure to follow.

BEHIND THE THRONE. In fact, the Arch-Lector answers to the Abyss, and woe to him should he should fail to deliver more land across the shifting borders! The tanar'ri are not patient, yet the Arch-Lector depends on their forbearance. It's said that the only ruler who ever failed to deliver a boundary shift and lived to say so is the Lady of Pain, herself, who is whispered to have once have held the title of Arch-Lectress. Others say, "Bar that! The story's just a way of bringing attention to a desperate town." 'Course, no one has dared ask the Lady the truth of it.

DESCRIPTION. Plague-Mort is a gray set of ruins, ill-kept hovels, and open sewers huddled around the grand and gilded spires of the Arch-Lector's residence. Its streets are ridden with grime and disease, and the air is usually filled with late-autumn chill and the sound of hacking coughs. Little grows here, and what does is feeding on the life's blood of something best kept dark. Weeds, bloodthorns, and viper vines are the most common forms of vegetation.

The best part of town is Merchant's Row, an old street that maintains a set of glittering facades. Street stalls and small shops sell dubious goods and suspect meats. A blood should keep a sharp eye out for militiamen practicing a bit of the cross-trade. The weapons sold in the Row are of very high quality, and most prices are lower than usual. Merchant's Row is always crowded because it's a safe haven where no

blood may be shed by unspoken agreement between the town's power players.

The gate to the Abyss is the leftmost of three arches leading into the Arch-Lector's residence at the center of town. It leads to the Plain of Infinite Portals. Enough of the Abyssal stench of death and betrayal bleeds over to affect magic in Plague-Mort. All necromancy spells function at maximum effectiveness within its walls, and saving throws against their effects are made with a -3 penalty.

MILITIA. The Plague-Mort militia is simply an extension of the Arch-Lector's bodyguards, a group of rowdy tieflings, alu-fiends, and cambions who take what they want and damn the fool who tries to stop them. The militiamen are called the *Hounds*, and like all good hounds they're fawning, servile, and totally loyal to their master – until they sense weakness, at which time the leader of the Hounds tears down the Arch-Lector and tries to take his place. Some say the phrase "turn stag" (to betray) comes from Plague-Mort, but others claim it's just used more often there than most places. The Hounds sleep either on the floor of the Lector's residence or in the tavern where they spent the night carousing.

The Hounds are both judge and jury in Plague-Mort. Anyone they catch or dislike is usually dismembered on the streets, on the spot. The Hounds routinely thrash suspicious characters or anyone foolish enough to insult them without even realizing it, and sometimes they'll just pick out some poor sod to beat up on general principle. Plague-Mort has no jail or courts (no one ever leaves the Arch-Lector's dungeons). Failed usurpers and the Arch-Lector's personal foes are always taken before the Arch-Lector; everyone else is meat for the Hounds.

SERVICES. Unlike the Abyss, Plague-Mort has a very tolerant attitude toward merchants. As long as they bribe the right berks and are loose with their jink in the taverns, everyone loves a trader. 'Course no one likes a miser, but merchants rarely leave Plague-Mort with much of their profits still in their pockets. Barter is popular in town, and indentured servitude is encouraged. The trade in town also supports other vices, some of them in the streets and alleys, others hidden in the summoning chambers and smoky thieves' dens of the tieflings who seem to run the burg. Quite a few of Plague-Mort's petitioners want to leave, but they fear being run down by the Hounds unless they have a patron. Plague-Mort's full of rogues and rowdies that make good henchmen, as long as they're kept in check with a firm hand.

RIBCAGE

(Town)

The best inn for bloodsuckers, freebooters, mercenaries, and mad mages is *The Eye of the Dragon*, a smoke-filled chamber of vipers that serves watered wine, burnt soup, and stale bread. The owner is White Scar (Pr/♂ drow/F12/M10/BC/CE), a silent, brooding elf who collects ears (he's missing one of his own, though he won't tell why). Scar doesn't listen to anyone rattling their bone-box without his calculating gaze shifting to the sides of their heads. The prices at his place are cheap, and no one complains about the food.

Bloods who like their skins should avoid *The Golden Griffon*, which the Hounds have claimed as their own. They don't appreciate visitors.

The best food available on Merchant's Row is *Sweet Larissa's Sausages*, a butcher shop known for sweet, rich meats and a number of secret recipes. Horse and dog meat are often proposed as the secrets of her success, but Larissa will grin enigmatically at the suggestion of other, "secret ingredients" (but as every sods knows, those that like sausage shouldn't be present at the making of it – especially *this* sausage). Larissa (Pl/♀ h/T9/Fa/CE) stands behind her chopping block with that knowing smile and sells her wares to anyone with the jink.

Plague-Mort is also home to a shop called *The Poisoner's Phial*, where Laran Susspurus (Pl/♂ tf/T12/Dg/NE) dispenses medications, poisons, acids, and venoms. Laran sells antidotes as well, some magical and others mundane. The cost is twice that of the toxin they neutralize.

LOCAL NEWS. Recently, a pack of mercenary primes calling themselves the Illuminated has shown up in Plague-Mort, harassing the town's petitioners and taking *The Bell and Whistle Tavern* as their meeting place. Their leader is a brash young man named Green Marvent (Pr/♂ h/W11/Os/CE), a cruel mage who dresses all in green silks and satins. His followers have painted a green eye in a pyramid over the shingle of the Bell and Whistle. Marvent demands instant obedience from petitioners, tieflings, and tanar'ri alike. Those who hesitate are reduced to ashes or magically ensnared to become members of the Illuminated. Everyone in town is bracing for the war between the Hounds and the newcomers, though no one knows who will triumph, the Clueless being a bit unpredictable. If the Illuminated prevail and claim the Arch-Lectorship, Green Marvent will be the first Outsider to take the rulership in generations.

CHARACTER. Upward mobility – climb the ladder through the ranks, but don't break the rules unless you won't get caught. Or better yet, fix the blame on someone else. That's the way the world really runs, but in this burg just outside Baator there's no illusion that life is any other way.

RULER. Lord Quentill Paracs (Pl/♂ tf/F13/W15/At/LE), Baron of the Great Pass, Guardian of the Gate, and Lord of Ribcage rules the burg, and every law that's passed is loudly done in his name. Paracs makes sure the militia remains loyal to him, holds the key to the treasury, and sees that rising stars on the Council owe him for their continued success. He's master of the town because he's master of the politics it takes to rule.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Nobody challenges Lord Paracs's right to rule, although nearly everyone would like to. Doing so, however, requires money, troops, and the vote of the Council. The Council of the City consists of five senators, one for each ward of the town. They propose and vote on all ordinances, approve Lord Paracs's taxing and spending policies, and monitor his dealings with foreign powers. Theoretically, the council can override the Baron, but in truth Lord Paracs always makes sure that at least three senators remain on the council at his say-so. Given that, even a bariaur basher can tell which way the wind will blow: in whatever direction Paracs points.

Here's the chant. Nobody's elected here. Sure, a senator's supposedly picked as a free choice, but everyone knows the whole thing's a peel. Pure fact is the powerful families do the actual choosing. Most of the time this means Paracs's choice is approved, but even he's got to make concessions sometimes, and he don't always win. There's a lot of hidden deals, garnishing, and other things less honest going on behind the scenes, but it's all still done "according to the law."

The strongest opposition to Lord Paracs is the Ivlium family. They're the high-up men among the porters and carters of the town, and on their say-so everything could grind to a halt – no deliveries, no food shipments, nothing would happen. For now they're cozy with Paracs, but only because he's bought them off with several offices. It's a sure bet they'll be wanting more power, and pretty soon it's

all going to come to a head. Both sides know it, too, and they're getting things in order for that day.

DESCRIPTION. Ribcage's a good-sized city with over 5,000 bodies in it, all squeezed into the narrow Vale of the Spine. Mountains tower and curve over it like rib bones, giving the place its name. There's precious little greenery inside or outside, giving the place the color of cold stone. It's walled, towered, and citadeled with enough guards and watchmen to protect any other dust-up twice the size. Officials'll tell a berk it's to protect the city from attack, but as a cutter walks down the street and feels dozens of eyes watching him from every shadow, he can pretty well see it's not the outside they're keeping tabs on.

Actually, Ribcage doesn't look like such a terrible burg to live in. The streets are paved with stone and are fairly clean, the layout's orderly, and most of the houses are well tended, if a little dour. The bodies hung from the gibbets over the main gate serve as notice to the criminal element, so a bubbler's not likely to get thumped in an alley. In general, folks speak well of their neighbors.

It all looks pretty good until a basher notices the soldiers lounging at nearly every corner, and learns that the transgression of some of those executed "criminals" was only that they protested the living conditions a little too loudly. The dark of it is that folks live in fear and hatred of their neighbors, because the sod who expresses himself a bit too liberally may be asked to explain his point of view to Parac's guards, even though he wasn't talking to them in the first place.

Ribcage's divided into the Citadel and five city wards. The Citadel's the home of Lord Parac's. It's also the site of the armory, the bodyguard barracks, and the city

treasury. A gate to Baator's there, too, though a cutter wouldn't call it part of the Citadel. It's in its own walled-off section that can be reached only thorough the Citadel. In fact, the whole place is walled and towered to separate it from the rest of the city. In the shadow of



the Citadel's walls is the Senate and the other city buildings not claimed by Paracs. That way, nobody forgets who's really in charge.

The five wards of the city aren't divided according to a pattern, they're just the blocks that each influential family could grab. They're like fiefs in some of those medieval prime-material worlds. If it weren't for Lord Paracs, they'd have divided the city with walls long ago. As it is there's unofficial checkpoints where a cutter gets looked over by the bashers of this family or that.

Most of the houses here are made of stone carved from the Vale of the Spine. The majority of them are two stories high, with a single entrance that leads to an inner courtyard. The amount of decoration on the entrance shows the wealth and power of the owner. In the outer wards, the homes are smaller and cheaper, and sometimes they're just wooden shacks.

While the high-ups do well for themselves, the common folk of Ribcage suffer. Lord Paracs's household guard patrols the streets, ready to deal with any "troublemakers." Taxes are oppressive and there's always garnish to be paid. The quiet joke goes that it's an "assurance" against accidents — don't pay and a sod's *assured* of an accident. The city's laws are designed to keep the five families in power and everybody else out. 'Course, the rulers have to be careful; too much law and the city might rise in popular revolt. As it is, there's sometimes small riots that are quickly and brutally crushed.

Then there's the slaves of Ribcage. Most of them are criminals serving out their sentence, but a sod also can be enslaved to pay a debt. Once a berk becomes a slave, it's not easy break-



ing free, so a cutter's got to be careful of knights who'll lure him into debt, just to call it in. "Borrow money, borrow chains," goes the old line.

Still, most folks in Ribcage struggle to live happy and well, and they do so mostly by getting a powerful friend. Commoners get ahead by getting a senatorial ally. Bribes, favors, and flattery all flow freely here.

Being so close to the Cursed Gate, a cutter'd think Ribcage was in danger of drifting into Baator. That might be, but not with Lord Paracs's help. He hates and fears domination by the baatezu as much as any *good*-hearted man would. It'd mean a loss of his power, and he's not about to sit for that! There's often agents of Baator in town, but they have short lives when Paracs's guards find them.

MILITIA. There's only one militia in Ribcage: the household guard of Baron Paracs. The guards are easy to spot, lounging on nearly every street in their black and gold livery. Most folks fear them because the Blackguard (as they're called) has pretty much unlimited powers. They can arrest anybody for any cause they care to invent.

The best way to stay out of Paracs's dungeons is to keep the Blackguard happy – with payoffs, favors, or information. Such deeds are semi-secret, as a Blackguardsman's only concern is being charged with corruption by an enemy. A typical patrol is made up of two troopers (PI/var/F1-3/var/LE), while a raid'll have six guards led by an officer (PI/tf/F/W6-8/var/LE).

While Paracs has the only official army, every senatorial family and most of the wealthy merchants hire bodyguards to protect their lives and properties. These groups are no better than the Blackguards, extorting and muscling the commoners. There's also standing mercenary companies that'll fight alongside the Blackguards in times of trouble. 'Course, every high-up man's careful not to let himself get either too weak or too powerful. Either'd attract the attention of his enemies.

SERVICES. Ribcage's not noted for its cheer, but the town does sport a number of excellent hot baths just outside of town. These are built over volcanic springs that bubble up through cracks in the stone slopes. The best run of these is *The Gymnasium of Steam*, run by Shandralla



(PI/♀tf/P(sp)7/

FO/LE), a priestess of

Sung Chiang (LL). An ordinary bath costs 100 gp, and healing baths can cost 1,000 gp or more. The healing baths are magical in nature, able to cure any disease of the skin. Those customers angering Shandralla are sent to a special spring where the water's filled with toxic minerals, causing 3d10 points of damage per round of immersion, but a body won't notice the burn for 1d4 rounds because of the soothing temperature.

Ribcage's also the best place to look for guides to Baator. A berk who's barmy enough to want to go there can either try for an official visit or he can slip in unannounced. Ribcage's got guides who handle both. Official visits require a written pass, which is a warrant of safe passage, from one of the Lords of the Nine. The advantage of this method is that the baatezu'll not harm a berk carrying such a warrant – usually. However, getting that sheet requires: 1) a sound reason for going (by baatezu standards), 2) knowing the right fiends to contact, and 3) lots of jink to garnish the right palms. There's folks in Ribcage who'll help in this (for a good fee, or course). The smoothest of the lot is Barius Sharpshooter (PI/♂tf/B8/S²/NE), a quick-tongued and satirical poet who somehow has managed to not lose his head yet.

Sneaking into Baator requires a whole different set of skills. The best man for the job in this case is Surefoot, a bariaur (PI/♂b/R11/FL/NG). The ranger's got no love of the fiends next door, and he'll take any job with good pay and a reasonable chance of hurting them.

LOCAL NEWS. Although things seem quiet on the surface, rumors are spreading that Baron Paracs is about to be challenged by Senator Fiquesh's faction. Certainly the Senator's guards have been more active in the last few weeks, while

Baron Paracs has been courting several of the lesser factions in town. The sword is



supposed to strike at the Grand Ball of the Masquerade, three weeks from now.

Proxies of the baatezu are gathering in the third ward and are said to be looking for a small black statuette. Extraordinary sums are promised for its return, but it's hard to trust such agents in these things.

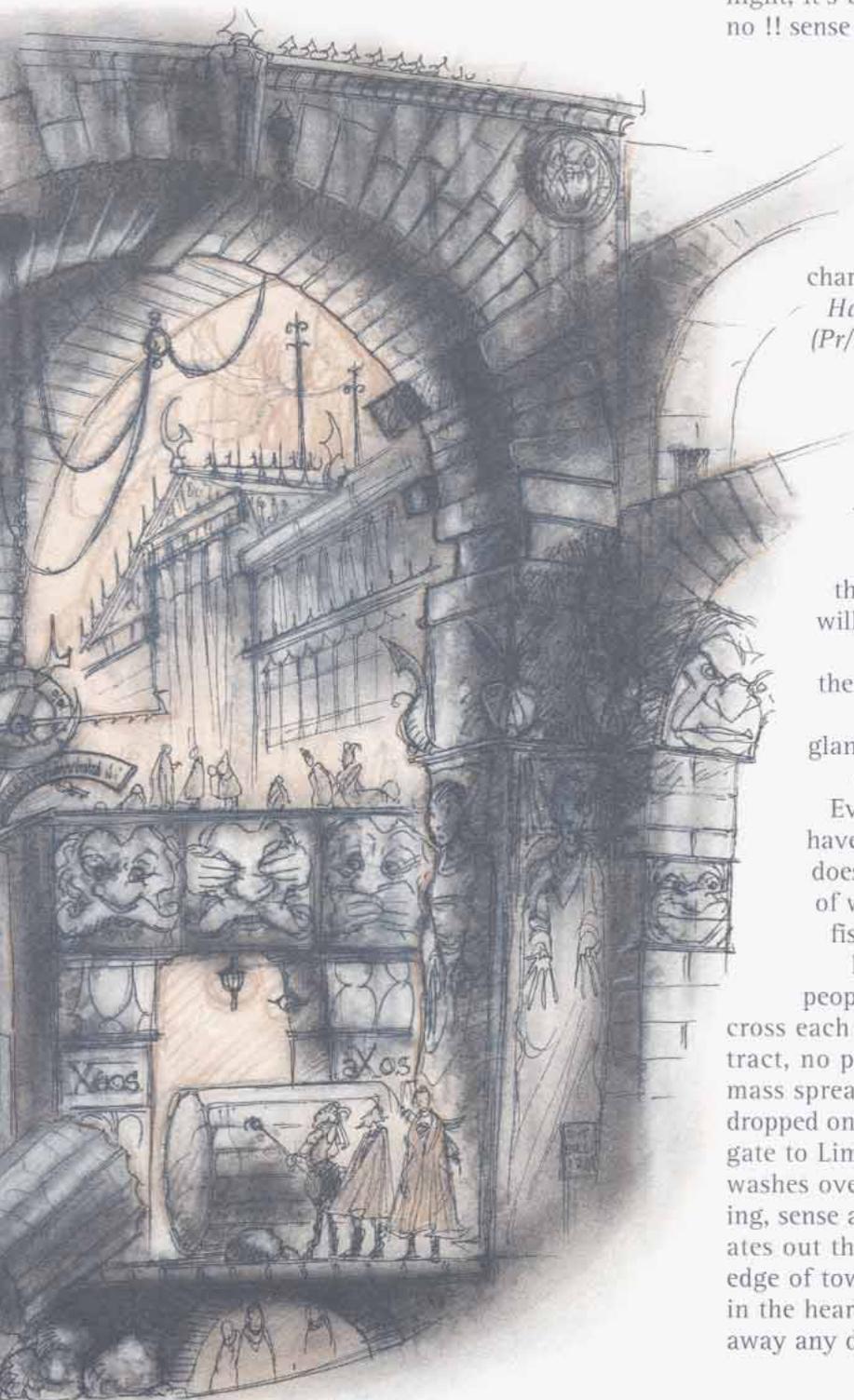
**X⊕S, A⊕S, S⊕A,
⊕ASX, X⊕A, E+C.
(Town)**

CHARACTER. This kip's like weeds floating on a ☉ pond. Fire boiling from the earth. Red, green, purple, black-♪-rainbows falling from the sky. It's day, it's night, it's both, it's neither, it's Limbo – *not*. makes no !! sense that town is a This.

RULER. Every *Theorin Glim-flicker* (Pe/δ he/O/N) body *Astuc Xantin* (Pl/♀ gz/W9/RL/CN) in *Mnall* (a *slaad proxy*) *Xaos Oblesh* (Pe/⊕/ beholder/N) is *Harmon Yars* (Pe/δ h/O/N) in *Andrea Lister* (Pl/♀ h/R7/BC/CG) charge *Rantash* (a *quasit*) sooner *Drewton the Hanged* (Pe/δ g/O/N) or *Tomvas Bivellton* (Pr/δ ha/B4/NG) later.

BEHIND THE THRONE. Anarchy chaos ☞ clutter ☞ confusion disarray disjunction disorder formlessness jumble muddle tumult ☞ Xaos.

DESCRIPTION. Every day, every second, things could be different. Those with strong will impose their own order on the town. The weak-willed eat with frantic speed, before their soup changes to lead. What's life like in a town where a cutter could change in a glance? Marriage bonds vanish, allies and enemies can no longer recognize each other. Every day, every minute, the bodies of soXa have to create their world all over again. Who does one hate? Who does one trust? A stream of water becomes molten fire, then shifts to a fish-filled river. Little streams of pure Chaos leak from the gate. Houses are built where people want them and damn all others. Streets cross each other at random. There's no social contract, no pretending to all fit together. The whole mass spreads out like a writhing mass of spaghetti dropped on the floor. Somewhere in the tangles is the gate to Limbo, but its location is never the same. It washes over the town, warping distance and meaning, sense and matter. Wherever it sits, the gate radiates out the raw energy of Chaos. Today it's at the edge of town, tomorrow jammed like a broken knife in the heart. It's a town without order, ready to slip away any day. Forward, never straight.



MILITIA. Live free and die. The life or death of another is of no concern. The life or death of the town is of no concern. It's the right of every citizen to reject the iron chains of order. This is a concept that implies order and organization. Therefore, it's the right of every citizen to reject the iron chains of order.

SERVICES. The finest in spontaneous art is at the sometimes open (often closed) studio of Sylestra Quellen (Pl/♀ tf/B8/Xa/NG). *Karach*, a transmuting metal used in making magical items, is smelted from the chaos stuff that leaks through the ever-changing gate to Limbo. Only the most dedicated of smiths can force the stuff to remain stable, so the smelters and workshops of these craftsmen are usually unchanged from visit to visit.

The chance to tap the true power of existence. The chance to sleep in daylight. Strong drink at any hour. Freedom from the chains of patterns, release from the endless where to be and when to be.

LOCAL NEWS. They're building a wall of chaos stuff, and when they're done, nobody'll be able to come or go. √aoXs will be theirs. They slip through after nightfall, carrying a little more chaos stuff with them. There's things in your dreams that'll hurt you. I didn't sleep well last night. Slaad are building a wall down near the gate in the dark.

The weather's (?) nice today

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞



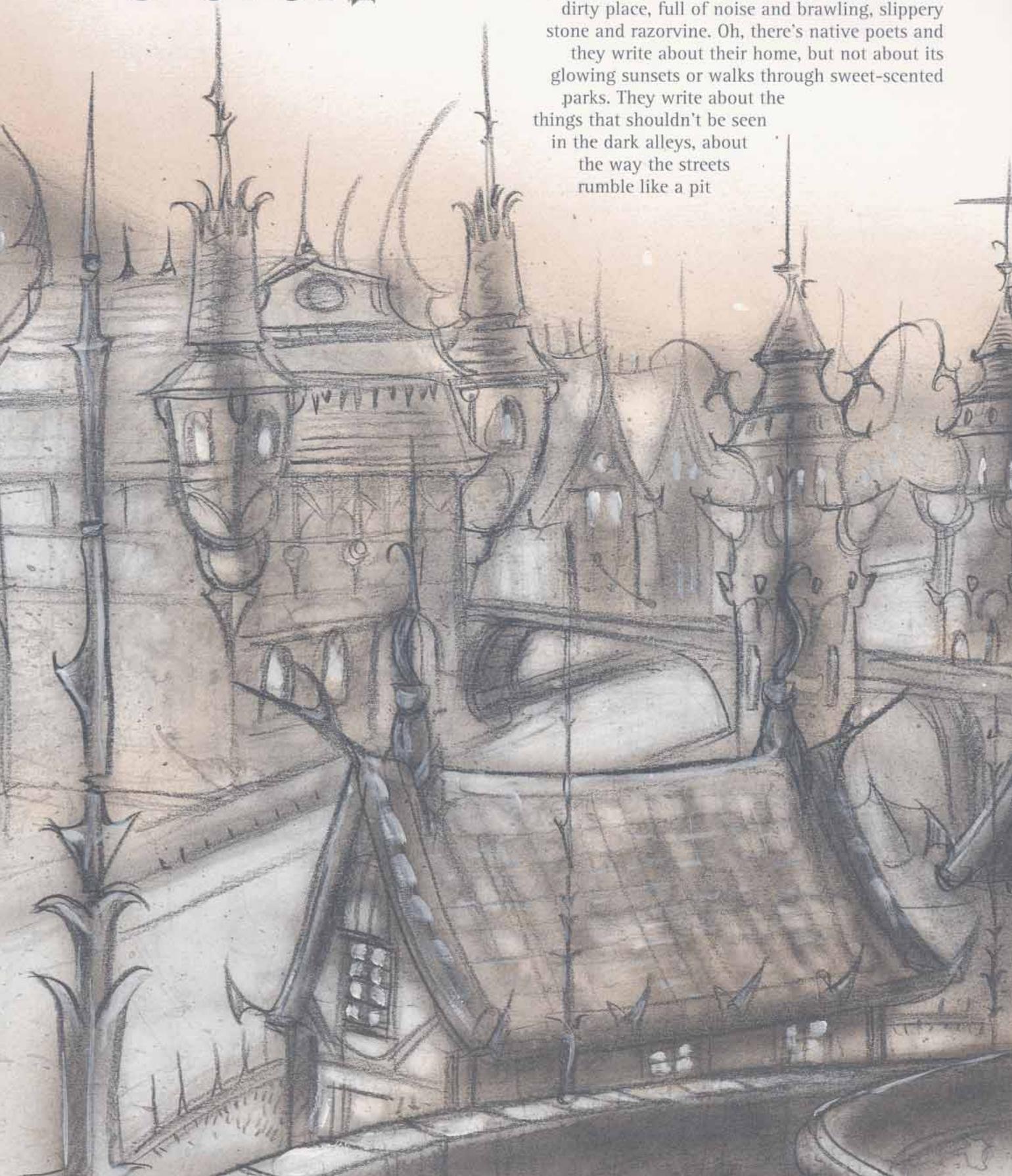
AND ENJOY MY STAY, +@
+TRAVELER! WELCOME YOUR

— A XA@SI+EC+ NAMED
SIVAL . . . FOR +@DAY

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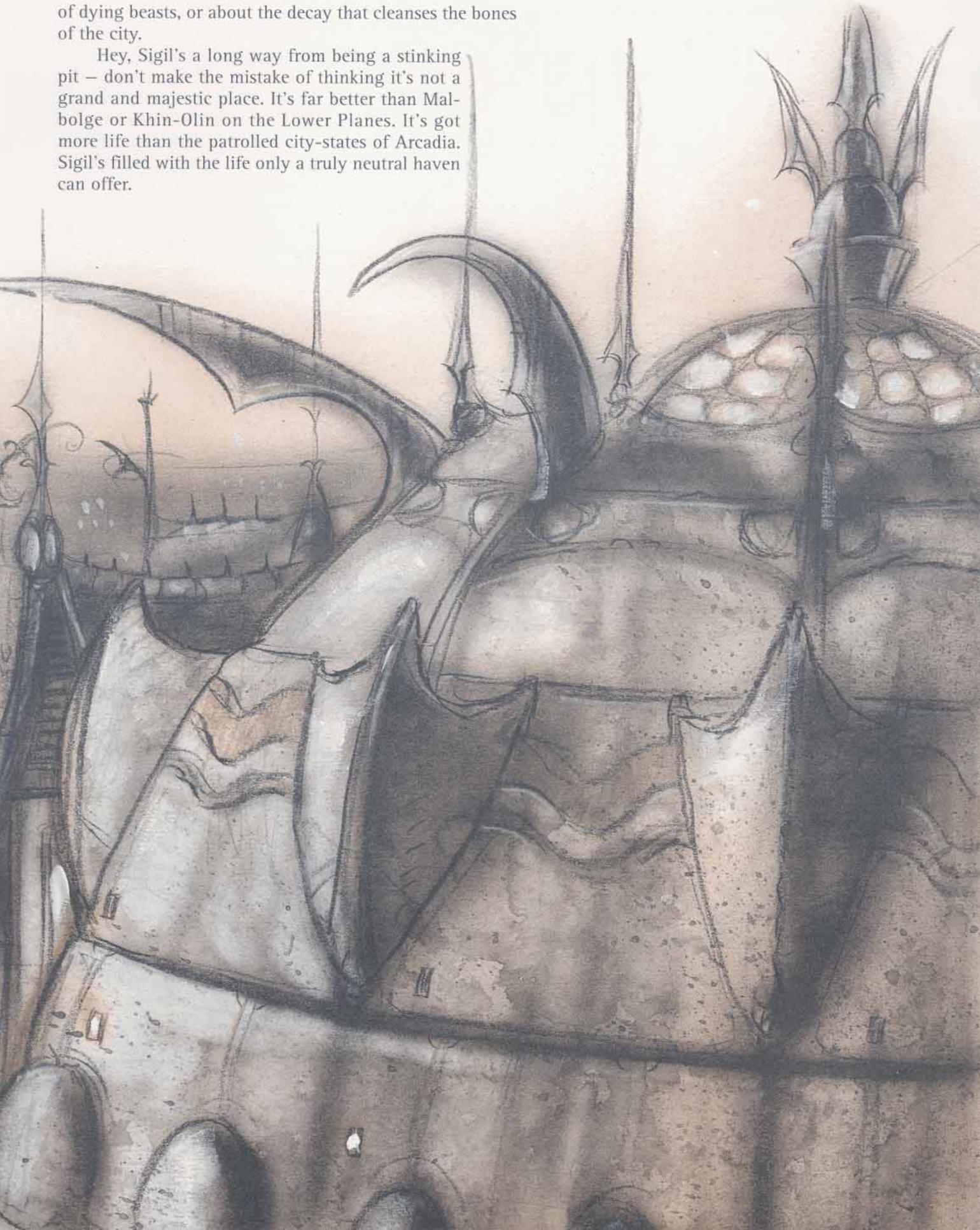
DOORWAY + SIGIL

Some poets write raptures about the glories of their metropolis, sing praises about the sunset over the rooftops, and grow lyrical to the gentle clatter of their city's life – but no one sings that way about Sigil. The Cage's a gray, wet, dirty place, full of noise and brawling, slippery stone and razorvine. Oh, there's native poets and they write about their home, but not about its glowing sunsets or walks through sweet-scented parks. They write about the things that shouldn't be seen in the dark alleys, about the way the streets rumble like a pit



of dying beasts, or about the decay that cleanses the bones of the city.

Hey, Sigil's a long way from being a stinking pit – don't make the mistake of thinking it's not a grand and majestic place. It's far better than Malbolge or Khin-Olin on the Lower Planes. It's got more life than the patrolled city-states of Arcadia. Sigil's filled with the life only a truly neutral haven can offer.



SIGIL'S PORTALS

And that's just the point: *Everybody* comes to Sigil – the good and the evil, those warring and those at peace, the just and the cruel – everybody. Nobody forgets their loves or hatreds here, but for a few moments they barely manage to set them aside. A deva really might share a drink with a fiend, even if each is watching the other for signs of treachery. Nobody trusts their enemies, but all are forced to trust the laws of the Lady of Pain (see page 62).

Maybe it's a lie, though, that *everyone* comes to Sigil, because there's one important group that can't: the deific powers of the planes. There's something about Sigil that shuts them out, locks the doors, and keeps them away. 'Course, the gods aren't used to having their powers denied, and that frustrates them to no end. Indeed, the mere fact that Sigil refuses their will makes them hunger for it all the more. Any Sensate'll confirm that desire is greatest for that which is denied.

That's why the powers' proxies and priests come to the City of Doors, instructed and eager to subvert Sigil's resistance from the inside. In the Cage's back alleys and shadowed dives, they play out the endless pairings of the *kriegstanz*, the undeclared war for the soul of Sigil. There's more players in this game than a sod can count, and the sides shift like quicksilver on glass. Today, the priests of Thor may throw in with the factol of the Godsmen to defeat the agents of Primus; tomorrow, those priests might find themselves hunted by the factols of the Godsmen and the Harmonium. The sides flow like slippery beads, one to another, as the balance changes ever so slightly.

It's never an open war, though, because the Lady'd never allow it. Rather, it's a dance where the soldiers are in mufti, the battlegrounds are unmarked, and the victorious never hold up their triumphs for all to see. So long as the battle is fought discreetly, it's tolerated. Let it get out of hand and the Lady has special punishments, reserved for those berks who draw her gaze.

Because there's a rough peace here, Sigil's the place to do all types of business. Need to meet with the enemy, but can't find safe ground? Need to swap hostages from the Blood War? Got a treasure too suspicious to sell on the open market? Need some information about the enemy? Come to Sigil! Just remember to always keep your back to the wall.

So that's it: Sigil the Wondrous, Sigil the Dangerous, Sigil the Impossible. It's a city where a cutter can be anything he wants, where he can find the answer to every need. All it takes is asking the right questions. 'Course, a berk's better off not asking if he can't deal with the answers, because sometimes what a sod wants to know ain't what he learns. . . .

Like it's been said before, Sigil's the *City of Doors*, the seam through space where a thousand pathways caress and couple before plunging back into the planes. The right gate keys and the right doors unlock the mysteries of her form and reveal to a cutter all the possibilities Sigil's got to offer. Pass through a door properly and a basher's enfolded in the brilliant glory of Mount Celestia, but use her the wrong way and a berk'll plunge into the icy clutches of Baator, or worse.

The only truth is this: Step through a keyed portal and a cutter'll end up *somewhere*. (Whether he likes the destination or not's another matter – Sigil opens her doors to those with the key, but she don't promise a warm embrace.)

Pure fact is there's only one way in or out of Sigil, and that's through the portals that link it to everywhere. Sigil can't be entered by a *gate* spell, and although a berk can reach the Outlands through the Astral Plane, Sigil itself is shielded, so tricks like the *astral spell* don't work. The Cage can't be entered or spied upon by astral travelers, either. At the same time, Sigil's not completely cut off from the Astral Plane. Spells requiring an astral connection (like *raise dead*) still work; it's only the actual passing or viewing that's obstructed.

In Sigil, all portals anchor themselves on doors, arches, or openings of some type. Suitable apertures include windows, arches, sewer entrances, even wardrobes and chests – pretty much anything a cutter can step through might be a portal. They're always big enough for a normal being to fit through, even though he might have to duck or worm through the opening to do it.

Most randomly occurring, non-permanent portals to other planes are doors in deserted back alleys in the worst parts of town, or at least it seems like they're always in the worst parts of town. That's because there's a spell, *surelock* (see page 93), that can shield areas from portals. High-up folks got the jink to pay for these, keeping their cases and neighborhoods free of portals – and safe from intruders – while poor folks don't. (The biggest concentration of portals has got to be in the Hive, probably the worst of the worst parts of town.) If a cutter's looking for a permanent portal to a specific plane, he might check out the area near the faction headquarters whose primary plane of influence is the one he wants – most factions maintain or guard a fixed door to their favorite universe.

Every blood knows a *true seeing* spell's a means to look at a thing and know it's a portal – the only

time a *detect magic* spell can reveal one is when it's actually working. Short of wandering the streets with a *true seeing* spell in operation, though, the special spell *warp sense* (see page 94) is the best means of finding a portal. *Warp sense's* got an advantage over *true seeing*, too, since it gives some idea of where the other end's going to be. Most of the factions can teach a wizard the way of this spell, provided he's in good standing with his factol.

Portals are two-way deals. Step through one way and a cutter can step back the other, *if* he's still got the gate key to open the door. This means that folks can get into the Cage as easy as they can leave, so there's no guarantee that running for the safety of Sigil's going to keep a sod safe from his enemies. 'Course, the Lady of Pain can always shut doors to folks as she pleases, but most often this means that portals don't work for any of the powers. Sometimes she locks out other threats to her realm, yet she doesn't do that very often because for the most part she doesn't care who or what comes through the doors, so long as they don't make *too* much trouble. Player characters, unless they're very bad news, can figure the doors'll be there for them, to come and go through as they please.

Nobody but DMs can create portals, neither player character nor nonplayer character, because nobody's figured out the how of it. No one even knows quite how the portals come to be, though most figure the Lady of Pain's got something to do with them. Even a *wish* spell won't make a portal, although a cutter can always wish himself to another plane. (This isn't advised, since wishes have a bad habit of dumping a sod at just the place he don't want to be on that plane.) Also, nobody can choose where a portal leads to, either to which plane or to where in that plane. A body can map portals, keeping track of what leads to where, and that information's valuable, but he's got to respect the whims of the multiverse when it comes to using them. *Portals are things created and used by the DM alone.*

PORTAL TYPES

There's three kinds of portals – *permanent*, *temporary*, and *shifting* – but whatever the type, a cutter's got to have a gate key before the portal'll do anything. Without the key, a portal's nothing more than a doorway into a tavern, an arch over a street, or a manhole to the sewers. Given that the DM's got complete control over the portals, it's up to him to use them right, but the three different kinds provide the DM with the tools to tackle nearly all the situations that can occur in a PLANESCAPE campaign.

PERMANENT portals are the most straightforward. Both ends – the opening in Sigil and the receiving end on another plane – don't change. Every time a





SURE I'VE GOT
A KEY TO THIS GATE.
IT'S RIGHT THERE IN YOUR HAND.

— MICKEE SHAFHAMMER
OF THE FATED

cutter steps through, he knows just where he's going to end up. DMs should be careful about making permanent portals until he's sure he wants that accessway to always be there. Permanent portals are best used to short-cut unnecessary traveling to relatively safe or mundane locations. A permanent portal might pop the characters to Ribcage every time, or land them in a field on Elysium, not far from a small keep they've built. It's not a good idea to make a permanent portal to the seventh layer of Baator or right to the heart of Lolth's palace on the Abyss, berk.

TEMPORARY portals appear, get used once or twice, and then disappear. That means the DM can create a quick way to get to any place where he or she wants the player characters to adventure and then close it down when they're done and back in Sigil. A temporary portal's handy for that one-shot adventure the DM's got planned. There's little campaign time wasted just getting the characters to the starting point of the action, and once everything's all done, the DM can make going back an easy or a difficult thing.

This type of portal is the one to use when the DM wants to send the player characters to the seventh layer of Baator or to the courtyard of Lolth's palace. Once the characters have completed the job, the portal vanishes. It's a good portal to use for forays to rich treasure houses and castles of powerful fiends — places the DM wants to use as an adventure setting, but doesn't want the characters coming back to.

SHIFTING portals are the most wicked of the lot, because just when a berk gets to thinking he can depend on them, they change. Sometimes it's the Sigil end that shifts, moving from doorway to doorway in the city, and sometimes it's the other end, out on the planes, that moves. There's only one thing constant about them: The portals don't shift randomly — that'd make them no different from a temporary portal. Instead, they move from point to point in a pat-

tern of their own. A shifting portal might cling to the arched entrance of the Hive for three days, then move to a grated outflow of the sewers for a week, before settling on the gate to a petty merchant's house for a day. After this it would repeat the cycle all over again. Outside the Cage, a portal might appear outside Malbolge on Baator for three days, then jump to Arcadia for another week, and then return to Baator, to run the sequence all over again. There are as few or as many points in the sequence, each lasting as long or as little as the DM chooses.

In Sigil, bloods with an ear for the chant'll keep elaborate logs of every appearance, every shift. For some portals the pattern's easy, a few changes over a few days. For others the pattern's like a code that's never broken. A sod can see it's there, but he can't read the message.

Shifting portals are useful for particular types of adventures. First, they're grand for placing time pressure on the player characters: Knowing they've got to complete their adventure before the doorway to home vanishes has a way of making cutters tense. Shifting portals can also be used for adventures that span several planes. A blood can step through to the Gray Waste, pop back to Sigil for a moment, wait for the portal to shift, then step through to the new destination, and so forth. Finally, a shifting portal can make for a nasty surprise if a berk uses one to go to Carceri and then discovers there's no easy way home because his gateway's gone. A DM should only use the last trick very rarely, as he or she doesn't want to make the players skittish of using portals at all.

GATE KEYS

Getting a portal to work needs a gate key, which is always a thing that's carried through the opening. The business of picking gate keys is left to the DM, although a few words of advice can't be escaped. The best keys are things that are neither common nor rare, but just uncommon. If the key's a common thing, then the portal'll be opening all sorts of times when the DM doesn't want it to. If the key's a sword, for instance, every fighter who steps through is going to take an unexpected trip. On the other hand, if the key's too rare, the portal might become impossible to use. The DM doesn't want to leave the characters hopelessly trapped on some distant plane just because they had the bad luck to lose their irreplaceable gate key.



A good key should also have some connection to the destination. Remember, this game is about mood. Suppose the DM decides a plant's the gate key – getting to the gloomy Gray Waste may require a purple-black flower, and opening a passage to Baator may beg a sprig of razorvine, while reaching Elysium could call for a pure white lily. Each one echoes the atmosphere of the destination.

The easiest way for player characters to learn the gate key needed for a particular portal is often the same way they find the location of the portal: by asking their faction. 'Course, sometimes the DM won't want it to be so easy, so the faction won't always have the knowing of it. The key required can also be another entry in the intricate charts of those who map the portals. A *warp sense* spell gives a clue toward what key's needed, as does a *contact higher plane* or *legend lore* spell. Furthermore, there's shops in Sigil, like *Tivvum's Antiquities*, that do nothing but sell items needed for gate keys. Need a pearl to get to the Elemental Plane of Water? They've got one for a price. (Like all good businesses, they're in it to make a profit.) But once a cutter gets a key, things are pretty well set, because the key for a portal never seems to change.

Armed with the right gate key, a body can make any portal work. He just carries the item across the threshold and the portal automatically comes to life. *It only stays open for a few seconds, just long enough for up to six folks to step through, provided they're ready.* The archway flashes with golden dazzles, and whatever's at the other end can be seen as a ghostly image. Those stepping through vanish from Sigil as they cross the threshold, appearing at their destination in the same instant. Missiles, spells, and spell-like effects can't pass through the portal. Things that're partway through a portal when it closes are pushed out to one side or the other, usually to the side they're mostly in. If the DM can't decide, the chance is 50/50 either way.

While anyone can leave Sigil with a portal, there's no promise that just anyone can enter. As mentioned, powers of all types are blocked. Furthermore, the city sometimes seals itself to ultra-powerful creatures. This means the DM can keep out any creature that's just going to cause havoc with the player character base in Sigil. 'Course, the DM shouldn't have to use this blocking power more than a few times. He certainly doesn't want his player characters getting the idea they can run

for cover in Sigil every time they tell some fiend where to pike it!

Aside from the portals, Sigil's physically cut off from the rest of the multiverse. *Astral* and other plane-hopping spells just don't open into the place. The Guvners guess that being at the heart of the Outlands creates some kind of astral barrier around the Cage. Seeing as there's no other answer, that sounds pretty reasonable to most folks who care about such things. *The important thing to remember is that portals and portals alone are the only way to enter and exit Sigil.*

THE REALITIES OF IMPOSSIBILITY

Get it right out front: Sigil's an impossible place, especially to primes who go barmy when $2 + 2$ don't make 4. A city built on the inside of a tire that hovers over the top of a gods-know-how-tall spike, which rises from a universe shaped like a giant pancake . . . it happens all the time, right? 'Course not, but who cares? Being impossible is part of what makes it fun!

For those logical-minded players, impossibility creates all sorts of questions. There's all sorts of things they could ask, like, "Does Sigil have a night and day?," "Can a berk walk on the outside of the place?," "Where's it get its water from?," and even, "What happens if a cutter jumps off the edge?" Most DMs never, *ever*, worry about such things because they know it just ain't that important, but some of the Clueless are so touchy about the dark of it all that they'll go barmy just looking around, so here's the chant.

DESCRIBING SIGIL

Looking at the map of Sigil, a cutter can see the place isn't shaped like any other, and that can make it hard to describe in play. (Fact is, it wasn't easy drawing the place, either.) The easiest thing to do for the player characters is to display pictures of the Cage. The map's not supposed to be a secret thing – even one of the Clueless can quickly learn the lay of Sigil's major streets.

If a DM's got to describe the place with words, the closest prime-material analogy is an auto tire. Imagine a tire – no hubcap or wheel rim – lying on its side. Sigil would be built on the inside of the tire. All the streets and buildings would fill the curved interior. Meanwhile, on the outside there's nothing, see?

One thing this means for describing the place is that, no matter where a cutter stands, if he looks up he's going to see buildings overhead. Most of the time a basher's looking across the center of the ring, so he'll see a broad panorama of the city in the distance (unless, of course, it's obscured by smoke, smog, fog, or rain). Locals get used to having the gray arc constantly hovering overhead; in fact, the open sky of a normal world sometimes unnerves them.

Another important thing to remember when describing Sigil is that the city's curved in the opposite direction from most prime-material worlds. On those worlds, there's a horizon because the surface has a convex curve, and a cutter can only see what lies along a straight line of sight. In Sigil, things curve up, not down. Looking down a long avenue, it'll seem like the street's rising in front of a body, kind of like looking up a long hill. Just to make it more confusing, Sigil curves both in front of and behind that sod on the street, so he might feel like he's standing at the bottom of a big hollow nearly all the time. The Cage's a flaming big city, though, and it's crowded tall with people, buildings, and smog. The average line of sight is rarely more than a few hundred feet unless a body's looking straight up, so it's not like a berk's constantly looking at the curve of a bowl all around him. It might be a few hours before the average prime, new in town, realizes that the world ain't flat.

UP AND DOWN

"Down" is always the ground beneath a cutter's feet, no matter where he's standing on the ring. Up is the other direction. It doesn't take much to realize that two bashers on opposite sides of the ring could *both* look "up" at each other. Flying across the ring's perfectly possible, and so is falling. A berk always falls toward the section of Sigil closest to him, even if he was headed in another



direction to start with. Although the shapes are different, the whole business is really no different than falling on any Prime world: A sod falls, he gets hurt.

Along with “up and down” is the question of “inside and outside.” It’s quite a question, too. Nobody’s ever seen the outside of Sigil because there may not even be an “outside.” The edges of the ring are all solidly lined by buildings with no windows or doors on their backs. ‘Course, a cutter could get himself up on the roof to take a look. Those that’ve tried it’ll tell a body, “There’s nothing to see,” and they really do mean “nothing” – not emptiness, not a vacuum, just nothing. That matches what flyers say lies beyond the ring: *nothingness*.

Humans being a particularly curious type, it’s natural that some of the barmies have tried stepping off into the nothingness. Everybody who does so just vanishes. It’s said that a few are seen again, too. Apparently, crossing that border hurls a sod into a random plane. Considering the conditions of some of these destinations, it’s no surprise that only a few make it back. ‘Course, when the horde of Dark Eight assassins is about to make a Sigilian lost, the choice between sure death and a wild gamble don’t look so bad. . . .

DAY AND NIGHT+

There’s day and night in Sigil, but it’s not caused by a sun. Instead, the sky gradually fills with luminescence until it reaches a peak and then immediately begins to fade. There’s both bright daylight and deep darkness, but most of Sigil’s day is a half-light, the gloom of twilight, rich with shadows and haze. Things sensitive to sunlight can get around without problem for all but the brightest six hours of every day (the three before and after peak).

Sigil doesn’t have a moon or stars, so things dependent on the moon, like some types of shapechanging, don’t happen in Sigil. The Cage’s without stars, of course, but there’s still lights in the sky. Remember, the city’s always overhead, so even in the darkest hours there’ll be the sharp lights of far distant lanterns.

WEA+HER

Rain and smog – that pretty much says everything about Sigil’s weather. The city’s sky is mostly a greasy-looking haze from the smoke and fumes that belch from a thousand

chimneys. When it rains – which it does a lot – the rainwater’s got a brownish tinge from all the crud that’s scrubbed from the sky. When it’s not raining, there’s an equally good chance that a thick, foglike smog has settled over the city. Visibility can be as bad as only 5 feet in the worst of these, but most times a cutter can see about 10 yards through the haze.

When it isn’t drizzling brown water or swaddled in fog, Sigil can be a pretty pleasant place. The temperature tends to be cool (chilly when it’s raining), and light breezes blow away the stagnant odor that normally hangs in the air. Still, no cutter ever comes to Sigil for the climate.

RAZORVINE AND S+TREE+ VERMIN

Sigil’s a far cry from a lush wilderness, but it does have its share of wildlife, all brought in from elsewhere. Plant life’s pretty slim, though. There used to be a city park, but it’s mostly overrun by squatters. Besides, the landscaping for both devas and fiends just wasn’t harmonizing at all. The only lasting contribution to the flora of Sigil is razorvine – not most berks’ idea of a blessing. Razorvine’s a hazard and a pretty nasty one at that, but since it can’t get up and chase a sod around, it’s easy for most to avoid. (That’s why there’s no monster description for it.) Razorvine’s got no special powers or intelligence, it doesn’t harbor evil thoughts, and it couldn’t lure even the dimmest leatherhead into its leaves. About the only thing it does is grow, but it does that *very* well. Plain said, razorvine’s the kudzu of the Outer Planes. It used to just grow on the Lower Planes, where it fit in, but over time it’s spread into all sorts of places, like Sigil.

Razorvine got its name because that’s what it is: a twining climber whose lush, glossy black leaves conceal blade-sharp stems. A cutter can’t touch it with his bare hands without getting slashed. Once more, the razor edges are so fine, they’ll slice through cloth and cheap leather, too. Properly cured leather or something like a chain mail mitt’s the only safe way to pick the cursed weed. Anybody really



wanting to grow the stuff's going to suffer for their folly at the least.

In practical terms, razorvine's harmless unless a berk's daft enough to step into it. Most folks aren't, so most of the time a sod gets cut because he falls or gets pushed into the weed. Just reaching in with an unprotected hand or arm causes 2d3 points of damage. Falling into it full-body can inflict up to 3d6 points of damage. Quilted armor reduces the damage by 1 die. Leather armor reduces it by 2 dice and metal armor negates the damage altogether, but shields don't do a bit of good. 'Course, all this has got to be applied with some common sense. A cutter can't claim he'll be unhurt when he grabs the vine bare-handed, just because he's wearing plate mail.

Razorvine wouldn't be more than an oddity except for the fact that the cursed stuff grows so fast. It can easily spread a foot per day, and some bloods claim they've measured its spread at up to six feet in a single day! Furthermore, it seems to grow all over everything. It'll climb walls, encrust statues, choke other plants, even run along a clothesline that's been left up too long (usually slashing it in the process). About the only places it doesn't seem to grow are frozen wastes, burning deserts, and open water. Then again, it wouldn't surprise most bashers if there were versions for all those places, too – razor-seaweed, maybe.

The folks of Sigil, always able to turn misery into a virtue, have found some uses for the weed. If a cutter can plant and control the vines carefully – and many high-up men pay others to do this – razorvine makes for fine protection. Not many thieves are willing to climb a wall covered with razorvine. A lot of the faction headquarters are covered with the stuff, all to keep unwanted visitors out. Some of the folks hailing from the lower reaches grow a patch for its persuasive properties – a sort of talk-or-we'll-throw-you-into-the-vine-patch approach – and the threat's very effective. It's even rumored there's a few back-door gladiator games in the Hive, where combatants are pitted against in each other in a ring grown from razorvine. Two naked bodies fighting in a ring of that stuff guarantees that blood'll be drawn.

The main reason the weed hasn't overrun the city is the dabus (see the *Monstrous Supplement* included in this boxed set). One of the main tasks of these creatures is cutting back the previous day's growth, which is then sold off in bundles to fuel the city's fires. This seems impractical given razorvine's

nature, but another quirk of the vine is that it goes dull and brittle when it's cut. Dead razorvine's good for nothing but kindling. A sod can't carve it, weave it, or build with it. 'Course, the Cilenei Brothers make heartwine from the weed in Curst, but that's a recipe no one else knows the dark of (see page 36).

The vine's not the only wild creature to be found in Sigil, but the rest of the lot are much more unpleasant. Rats thrive in the dark alleys, garbage heaps, and the sewers of Sigil. Most of these are the common rat, found everywhere that humans go, but a few are of a perverted species known as the *cranium rat* (see the *Monstrous Supplement* included in this boxed set). These miscegenations are cunning enough to strike back at the rat-catchers who work Sigil's streets.



There's were-rats, too, with the audacity to believe that someday they'll control the Cage from beneath the streets. Their miserable squeaking existences are a testament to hope for the dimmest of creatures. Most of the

other “natural” life in Sigil’s just vermin. Roaches and rot grubs burrow through the garbage heaps, mice scuttle through storehouses, and bats roost beneath the eaves. There’s not much in the way of pigeons or birds, and although there’s a few packs of wild dogs in the Hive, that’s not to say they’re native creatures. Most of the beasts a cutter’s going to find here were brought in from somewhere else.

BUILDING MATERIALS

Being an impossible place, Sigil’s got no natural resources for all the things that’re needed to build a city. There’s no stone pit just outside of town, no logging camp up the river.



There ain’t even sod to build the most primitive earthen hut. Everything to build anything comes from outside. ‘Course, that’s not as hard as it sounds, since all it takes is a portal to import raw

materials through. The result is that Sigil’s built of *everything*. It’s not like some towns that’re noted for their black-green marble or the brilliant blond of their ash-wood lumber. Sigil’s got every kind of building material imaginable and in no particular order, and it’s all made worse because scavenging’s really important; to keep down costs, most folks go out and use what’s already here. Most cases in the Cage get built with whatever a cutter can get, and if that means mixing cracked marble from Carceri with Elysium glory pine and pumice stone from the Elemental Plane of Fire, then that’s the way it’s got to be.

Add to this the fact that Sigil’s completely unplanned, like a good city always is, and the result is chaos-construction. Folks build more or less how they please on tracts that are too small and hinky. In places like the Hive there’s even less control; there, a berk builds wherever he can with whatever he’s got, which ain’t much. For some this means building out and into the street. For others, it’s building ramshackle shanties on the roofs of other houses. Space is more important than beauty, berk.

KEEPING THE PEACE

In a place where almost anything and everything can mingle, tempers can run high. It’s a tough bit for a lesser baatezu to stand aside, just to let the procession of a greater tanar’ri pass down the street – a fiend don’t forget the way of the Blood War so easily. ‘Course, it’s no easier for good creatures, either. There’s lots of times an agathion can’t see past the fact that a berk just ain’t good-aligned. Then there’s the factions. Each one’s got its own plans, and most times those plans don’t include any rivals. Add to all this the good old-fashioned cross-trade and the Cage’s got all the potential to be total anarchy. That’d suit the Revolutionary League and probably the Xaositects well, but it don’t do other sods much good.

Sigil *isn’t* anarchy, though, and there’s a number of things that keep it from the brink. The DM should sketch these out to the players, along with the do’s and don’ts of Sigil, *but only if their characters are planars*. The dark of things in Sigil’s pretty common knowledge to the natives, but the Clueless are just going to have to learn by keeping their eyes and ears open.

Here’s what keeps the order in the City of Doors: the Lady of Pain, her Mazes, and the dabus.

THE LADY OF PAIN

The high-up man in Sigil, the one who ultimately watches over the Cage, is the Lady of Pain. She's not a woman and she's not human – nobody's quite sure what she is. The best guess is she's a power, probably a greater power, but there's also a theory that she's a reformed tanar'ri lord, if such a thing's possible. Whatever else she is, she's the Lady of Pain, and given that, most other facts are extraneous.

For the most part the Lady (as she's called) keeps distant from the squalid hurly-burly of the Cage. She doesn't have a house, a palace, or a temple. Nobody worships her, and with good reason: Those that say prayers to her name get found with their skins flayed off – a big discouragement to others.

Sometimes she's seen drifting through the streets, the edge of her gown just brushing over the cobblestones. She never speaks. Those who try interfering with her erupt in horrid gashes at just the touch of her gaze. Wise bloods find business elsewhere on those rare times she passes down the way. Eventually, her image fades and she vanishes into nothingness. Natives of Sigil view her with fearful awe, as she's the uncaring protector of their home.

Bluntly put, as far as a PLANESCAPE campaign's concerned, the Lady of Pain's little more than an icon that crystallizes the mood of the campaign setting. Player characters should never deal with her. She doesn't give out missions, she never grants powers to anyone, and they can't rob her temples because she hasn't got any. If she ever does make an appearance, it should be simply to reinforce the wonder and mystery of the whole place.

On the other hand, the Lady of Pain, just by being there, makes all things possible. She's the one who gets the credit for several effects that make Sigil (and the entire PLANESCAPE campaign setting) what it is. She's the one who makes Sigil safe for characters of all experience levels. She's the one who blocks the powers from Sigil. She's the one whose influence prevents *gate* spells from working and shields Sigil from the Astral Plane. She's the one who creates the Mazes that trap Sigil's would-be conquerors.



THE MAZES

The Mazes are the grandest of all Sigil's punishments, and the Lady of Pain saves them for the worst threats to her power. They're a part and yet not a part of the city, and no sane basher wants to go there. The Mazes are the Lady's special birdcages for the would-be power mongers of Sigil.

The Mazes are just that: mazes. There's a difference between them and some of the more confused sections of the Cage, of course, or they'd not be much of a punishment. For starters, they aren't exactly part of Sigil. When the Lady creates a new part of the Mazes, a small piece of the city – an alley or a courtyard, for example – copies itself and becomes a tiny little demiplane. A portal of her making then carries the copy into the heart of the Deep Ethereal. There, it grows into an endless twisting maze that's got no beginning or end. It just doubles back forever on itself. (Actually, the Guvners insist that the Mazes are still part of Sigil, even though they're in the Ethereal, so even their location is a mind-maze.)

A sod sentenced to the Mazes never knows it until it's too late. Sometimes they form around him just as he's passing through some particularly deserted part of the city; he turns a corner and the next intersection's not the way he remembers it, and by that time it's too late. Those that figure the Lady's after them – the ambitious and the cunning – try clever ways to avoid her traps. Some of them never leave their palaces so they never enter a blind alley, and others only travel with groups so they're never caught alone, but it never works. A basher walks down an empty hall in his house, only to discover a maze of rooms that didn't exist before. And sooner or later a berk turns his back to his friends, and when he looks back they're all gone. The Mazes'll always get a sod, no matter how careful he is.

Just spitting her rivals into the Deep Ethereal's not enough for the Lady of Pain, either. Each little chunk of the Mazes that's kicked out is sealed one-way from planar travel – things can get *in* with a spell, but things can't get back *out*. For instance, food and water always appear so the prisoner won't starve. But worst of all, those in the Mazes *know* there's a way out, as the Lady of Pain always leaves a single portal back to Sigil hidden somewhere. Maybe it's so the dabus can check on things if needed, and maybe it's just to torture the sod who's trapped there.

'Course, since that portal's there, it's not impossible to escape the Mazes – hard, yes, but not impossible. Maybe a berk gets lucky and finds the portal. Maybe his friends have got the jink to mount a res-

cue. After all, they *only* have to find where the portal opens in Sigil or else track down the demiplane in the Deep Ethereal. How hard can that be?

THE DABUS

The dabus are both servants and lords of Sigil. They're unique to the Cage, never found anywhere else in the planes. In other words, the dabus never leave Sigil. From this, bloods figure the dabus are actually living manifestations of the city, which makes sense since the beings maintain most of the infrastructure that makes the city work.

Most of the time the dabus are found repairing what's broken in Sigil. They keep the sewers and catcombs beneath the streets from crumbling, they cut back the razorvine when it grows too rampant, they patch the cobblestone streets, and they repair the crumbling facades of the city's buildings. To most, the dabus are nothing more than cryptic workmen.

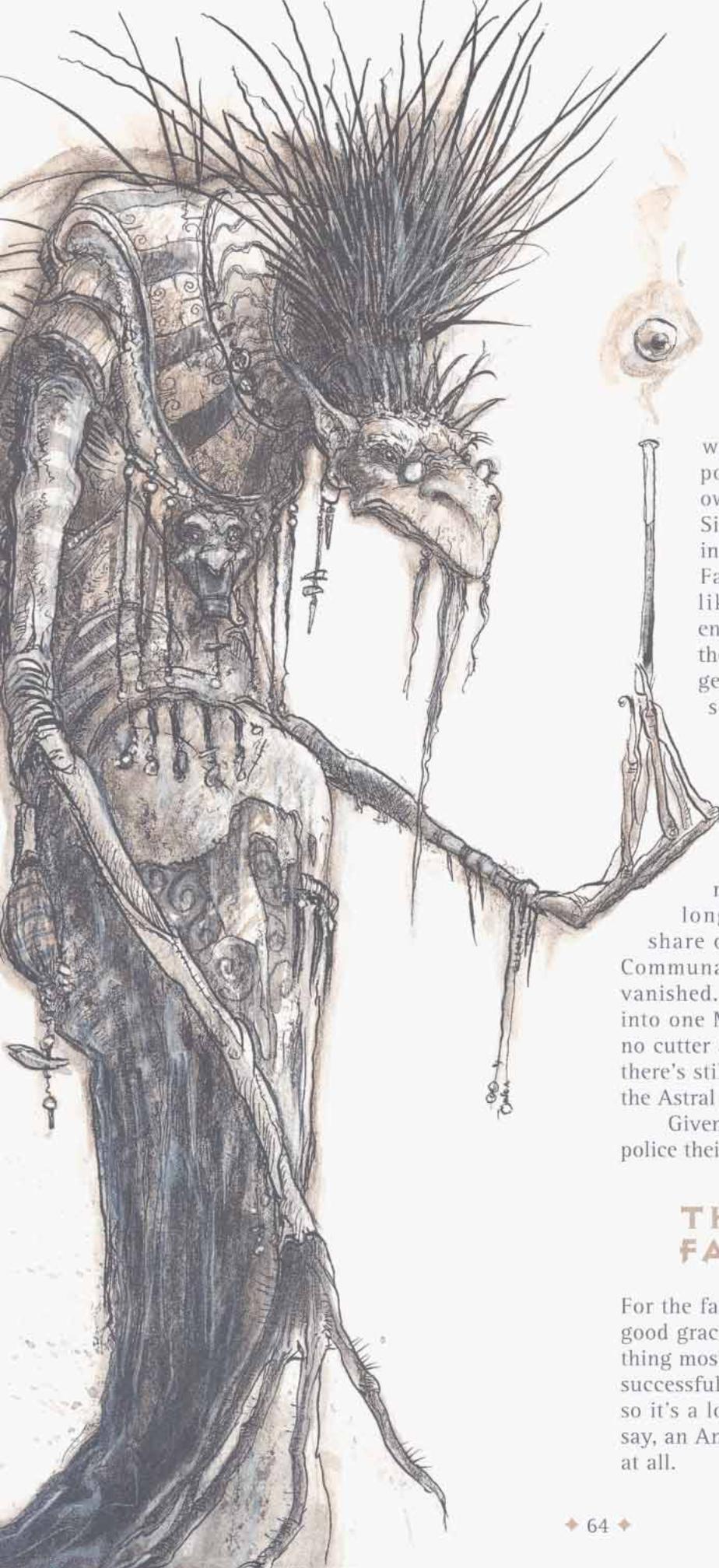
However, some berks discover another side of their duties, because the dabus also work as agents of the Lady of Pain. Sometimes they appear to punish those knights who've gotten too forward in their plans, and sometimes they arrive in force to put down riots, but they're not concerned with normal crime. It's the factions that are left to deal with the thieves and murderers in Sigil. The dabus only show up when there's a threat to their Lady, and that's usually a sign that another one of the Mazes is about to appear.

THE CODE OF CONDUCT+

So what's a blood got to do to avoid the Lady's attention? What are the laws of Sigil?

There aren't many.

Sigil's a place where anyone and anything can happen, and a lot of it does. The Lady of Pain's not interested in the petty squabbles of day-to-day affairs. A murder here, a mugging there – that's not her concern because the Harmonium can take care of it. The Lady of Pain only takes action against threats to the security of Sigil, and that means *her* security. The things she won't tolerate include a berk trying to break open the portals so a power can enter, finding a way around her astral barrier, slaughtering the dabus, tearing the city down stone by stone, or inciting general rebellion against her rule. These aren't the deeds most bashers are likely to try, so most often the Lady just exists in her peaceful fierceness.



It is possible to get put in her dead-book for less than Sigil-shattering deeds, though. All a berk's got to do is make the folks of Sigil question the Lady's power. Too many killings or crimes'll make the folks of Sigil nervous and fearful, and they'll start wondering if she's got the means to protect them. Given that, it's no surprise that the dabus start looking real hard for the criminal. Lasting power comes from keeping the population happy.

It'd seem natural that the factions would always be threatening the Lady's power, too. After all, each one's got their own idea of just what's proper and right for Sigil, and these are ideas that don't always include the Lady of Pain at the top of things. Fact is, if they go too far she'll crack them like beetles. Now, the factols are wise enough to see that Sigil's a safe haven from their enemies, besides being the best way to get around, and no faction wants to get itself spun out of Sigil. Philosophies who foolishly challenge the Lady's power get Mazes all their own. Given the choice of not holding a given idea or winding up in the Mazes, it's easy to see why some philosophies have died off. The most often told tale's about the Communals, sods who held that everything belonged to everyone, including the Lady's share of the power. One day, *everyone* in the Communal headquarters (the City Provisioner's) vanished. The best guess is they were all trapped into one Maze in the Ethereal Plane. Pretty quick, no cutter admitted being a Communal, but it's said there's still a small colony of true believers out on the Astral somewhere.

Given that example, it's no surprise the factions police their own.

THE ROLES OF THE FACTIONS IN SIGIL

For the factions, the best way to stay in the Lady's good graces is to run part of the city. This is something most factions try to do, though some are more successful than others. A Guvner believes in laws, so it's a lot easier for him to work the courts than, say, an Anarchist, who doesn't believe in the system at all.

Now, no faction fully trusts another, no matter how noble or trustworthy their goals might seem, and everybody wants a play in the game. That's why the city offices are so divided. The Doomguard doesn't want the Harmonium to have the final say, and the Guvners and the Xaositects both have different ideas about what's good for Sigil. The solution, then, is for every faction to have a role. Some are official, like the Guvners' control of the courts. Others, like the Anarchists' refuge for the unfit, fill a needed but unrecognized role in the city's life. Each of these parts is defined below. Only the Outsiders are left out; the poor Clueless have no real role in Sigil's life.

THE A+HAR

Depending upon who a body asks, the Lost are either loyal supporters of the Lady or vile spies. They've got no official position in Sigil, but they figure it's their job to watch the doings of the various priests in the city. Anytime some yapping cleric starts to become too powerful, the Athar'll act. Sometimes they spread rumors to bring the priest down a bit, other times they strike more directly. In an odd way, the Athar and Godsmen often work together.

BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

Like the Athar, the Godsmen don't have authorized jobs in the government. From the Great Foundry, they take it upon themselves to be the peace keepers of Sigil. After all, everyone could become divine, and it would be a shame to put a potential power in the dead-book before it reaches its destiny. They consider their sacred duty to keep the peace between warring faiths (and they'll use swords to do it if they must). At least until a sod proves to a Godsmen that he's no power in the making, he can expect a fair shake from the believers.

THE BLEAK CABAL

For a group with such a miserable outlook on life, the Bleakers are the most charitable faction in Sigil. These cutters have taken it upon themselves to run an almshouse for the sick and insane. Not that it's a great place — the Bleakers have some pretty strange ideas about treatment — but at least a sod can get a hot meal and a bed from them.

THE DOOMGUARD

This faction controls the City Armory, and with good reason: As far as they can see, there's no better symbol of decay than weapons of destruction and death. It makes sense, too, because by controlling the Armory they're also keeping the tools of order out of the hands of their rivals in the Harmonium. 'Course, *no* other faction's going to let these bloods police the city, anyway — a gang devoted to entropy ain't exactly going to promote law and order.

THE DUSTMEN

The Dead have a job that suits them well, and one that nobody else is keen on anyway. In the Mortuary, they're the ones who dispose of Sigil's deceased. The Cage doesn't have space for graveyards or crypts, so the bodies of her citizens get dispatched to other planes. These portals lead directly to mortuaries and other places of death on each plane, and those on the other side are expecting nothing but dead bodies to come through, so those cutters who somehow manage to sneak through any of these doors are in for a nasty bit when they pass through. The Dustmen handle all this work, and for the most part nobody minds. Then again, there's always the suspicion that the faction's keeping a few back and reviving them for its own purposes. . . .

THE REASON WE'RE ALL HERE?
IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE DEAD —
EVERY LAST, LIVING ONE OF US.

— FAC+OL SKALL OF THE DUSTMEN

THE FATED

The Takers handle the most hated and needed task in the city: They control the Hall of Records — a vital piece of city administration. They record property deeds, births, and deaths (when some sod bothers to notify them). This isn't what makes them hated though. They're also the tax collectors, a job nobody thanks them for. With their "I got it, you don't" attitude, the Takers are perfect for the job. Now, having all this jink could be trouble for the other factions, so they all keep the balance by trying to pay as little as possible. If things get too bad, any faction can always appeal to the Guvners — their control of the courts gives them the means to keep the Fated's greed under control, and the rest paying their taxes.

THE FRA+ERNI+Y OF ORDER

The Guvners are a natural to act as judges and advocates. They believe in laws and don't like breaking them. The Guvners run the city courts, from the small ward courts to the High Court of the city. They also make the best advocates for pleading cases, so either way their faction tends to win, which keeps it fair. Their absolute belief in Law makes them chillingly legalistic. Still, the Xaositects and Harmonium are both happy the Guvners don't get the power to create laws, only enforce them.

THE FREE LEAGUE

Buying and selling is what keeps Sigil alive, and the Indeps are there to make sure there's always good trade in the city's markets. Their job's not official, but these cutters still make sure that every small merchant's getting a fair chance. They don't like the high-up guilds fixing prices, strangling competition, peeling their partners, or hiring bashers to beat up rivals. Since they don't have an official rank, the Indeps use criers, rumors, and "friendly advice" to keep the markets more-or-less honest. If they must, they'll bring a case to the Guvners, but they don't like relying on others.

THE HARMONIUM

The Hardheads, always sure their's is the only way, have muscled themselves into control of the City Barracks, which means the City Watch is theirs. Members of the faction take it upon themselves to arrest those they think are breaking the laws. Their hard-liner view of order means they're pretty eager to crush crime, but their laws and Sigil's laws don't always match, so they often arrest people who aren't really acting illegally. Fortunately, a sod arrested by the Harmonium's tried by the Guvners, who are strict about what's legal and what's not. With the Doomguard controlling the Armory, the real tools to run Sigil the Hardhead way are kept out of the Harmonium's hands. That suits everybody but them just fine.

PIKE I+, BERK!
I'M THOR'S PROXY,
AND YOUR LAWS
DON'T APPLY TO ME.

— LAST WORDS OF FRANOK
HEIDEN, +0 ▲ MERCYKILLER

THE MERCYKILLERS

The Red Death has a job which it performs with relish: punishment. Now, the Mercykillers'd much prefer to hunt down, try, and punish criminals themselves, but that's not something the other factions are too keen on. The faction is too rigid in its views, and telling a Mercykiller to pike it is just not an option. Still, they're well suited to the task of running the Prison and carrying out sentences. After all, what happens to a criminal who's been arrested, tried, and sentenced is only just, and who better to administer justice than the Mercykillers?

THE REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE

The Anarchists don't have an official role and aren't even organized enough to have an unofficial one. Still, their belief in pulling down the system does have a twisted virtue in the works of the city: They're a haven for those who don't — indeed, *can't* — fit into the plan. Anarchists are proud of the fact their kind can be found anywhere, lurking in the streets as harmless-seeming clerks or wand-wielding wizards lending a hand to loners in trouble. These bloods keep Sigil alive and trying, or at least that's how they see it.

FIRST WE GET RID OF THE OLD ORDER.
THEN WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE FUTURE.

— BERINGE OF THE ANARCHISTS

THE SIGN OF ONE

The Signers' confidence that each berk's the center of his own universe makes them probably the only folks who can actually govern Sigil . . . as much as the Cage *can* be governed. They run the Hall of Speakers, where the high-ups meet to make the laws of the city, and they settle feuds, handle treaties, and do all the other legislative things that keep Sigil running. 'Course, the Signers aren't the only ones on the Council — every faction and power bloc's got representatives — but the Signers are the only ones who can preside over the sessions. Knowing every cutter's the center of things, the Signers make sure that everyone gets their say, and that's the only way to keep the sessions meeting. Other factions may not like the Signers, but they respect the faction's ability to keep city business on the table.

THE SOCIETY OF SENSATION

The Sensates don't have an official role either, but every blood knows the city'd go mad without them. In their endless quest to experience everything, the Sensates make sure that there's plenty entertainments and diversions flowing through Sigil. Here's the dark that makes it important: What basher wants to be around when a lesser baatezu gets bored? Sound bad? Now multiply that disaster by tanar'ri, modron, tiefling, prime, bariaur, djinni, yugoloth, and more. Thanks to the Sensates, there should be something, somewhere in Sigil, that'll suit every taste. Pleasure is the balm that keeps Sigil from fevered rage.

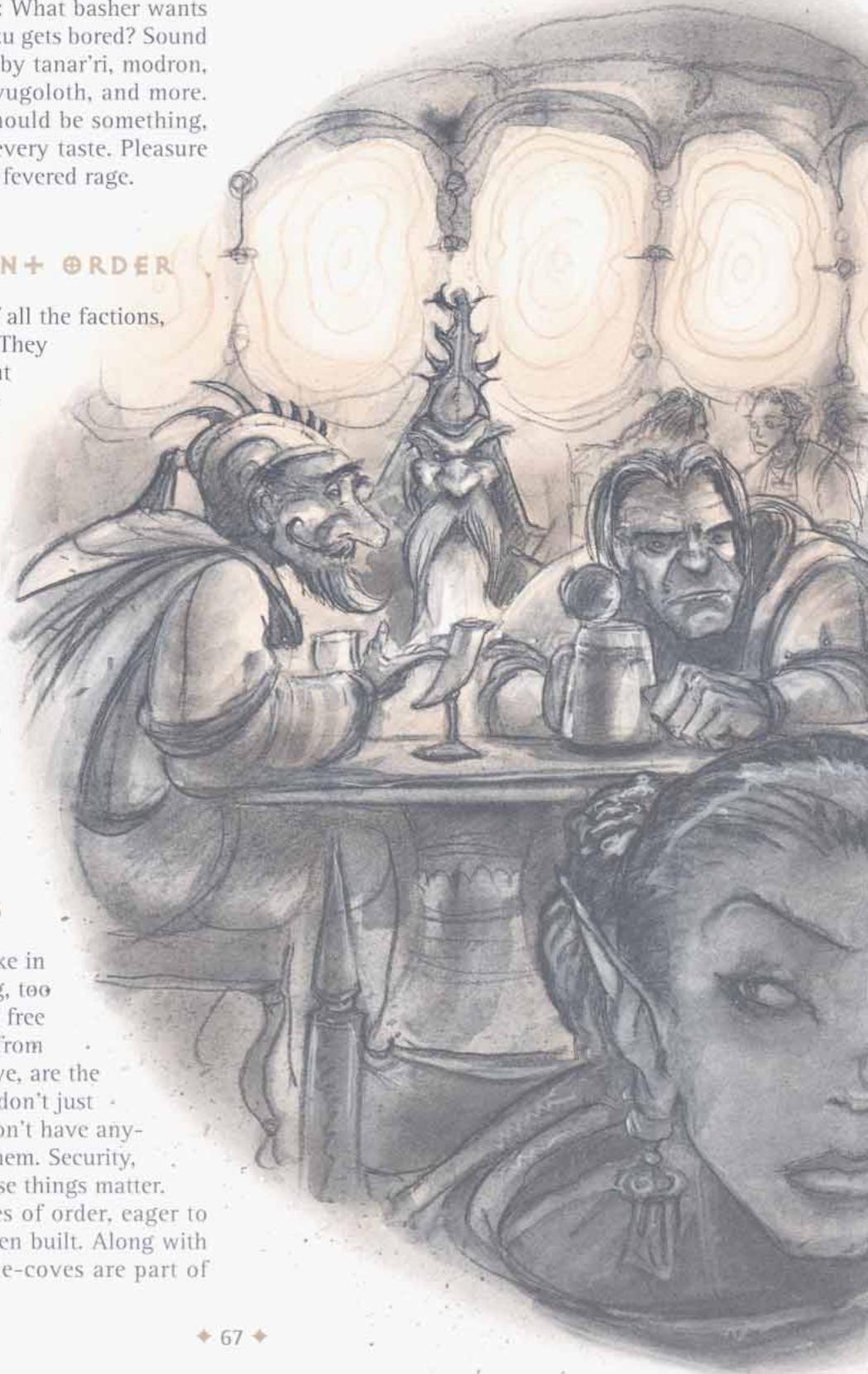
THE TRANSCENDENT ORDER

The most universally accepted of all the factions, the Ciphers are natural advisers. They want the perfect union of thought and action, and they embody the qualities that other factions lack. To the Guvners, the Ciphers are the compassion missing from the coldly legalistic courts. To the Harmonium they try to lend tolerance, to the Mercykillers they preach order, for the Xaositects they're the voice of stability, and so on. Their advice usually gets ignored, and some basher'll take a poke at a Cipher for his troubles, but that's the play of things and they're ready to deal with it.

THE XAOSITECTS

Chaosmen have no claim, no stake in the city. Too capricious for ruling, too uncontrolled to judge others, too free to follow orders, the Xaositects, from their hole at the center of the Hive, are the voices of the dispossessed. They don't just represent those poor sods who don't have anything — the Chaosmen become them. Security, warmth, sustenance, none of these things matter. The Chaosmen lurk on the edges of order, eager to pull down the case that's just been built. Along with the Anarchists, these wild addle-coves are part of

what makes Sigil alive and constantly changing. Perversely, their attempts to tear everything down is part of what keeps the city constantly building.





MAKING AND SPENDING MONEY

A city can't survive unless it has things a body wants. Some places, like Ironridge (see page 37), have gold, gems, and ore. Others, like Xaos (page 50), are homes to famous artists. Curst (page 35) draws mercenaries and Ribcage (page 46) only creates pain, but every burg has something to offer.

Sigil's no different in that respect. The Cage has got its specialties, along with its secrets. 'Course, Sigil's not like every other town out there, either. For one thing, it's got no natural resources, unless a sod counts razorvine. Nobody comes to Sigil for its minerals, lumber, or produce. All these things come from elsewhere. The city's constantly importing even the most basic commodities: meat, grain, vegetables, fruit, wood, iron, and stone. To do that, Sigil's got to have something to sell.

Not surprisingly, it's the portals that keep the Cage from starvation. Sure, a cutter's free to travel through them without the slightest bit of garnish, but those portals go *everywhere*, and that means *everywhere* passes through the City of Doors sooner or later. Sigil's the one place that reaches the entire multiverse. Not only do bodies of all stripes pass through the streets – chasing business, pleasure, and adventure – but goods from everywhere go along for the ride. Looking for a job or a good time, or both? Looking for bronzewood from Oerth? Need fire wine from Toril? Want the feathers of a phoenix? Sure a cutter could wander out on the Great Ring and beyond, but it's a lot easier to pass through Sigil first.

So, the first business in Sigil is putting up the travelers. In another world and time it might be called *tourism*, but here it's just accommodating the travelers – and what an assortment they are! It's not just a matter of having the best inn – a landlord's got to specialize. Is he going to run a kip that caters to humans or fiends? There's stable-inns for bariaur, fire-pits for efreet, the boisterous taverns favored by Arborean einheriar, and more. Everybody coming here expects to find the comforts of home, and smart landlords in Sigil ain't about to disappoint them.

All these folks lead to the second order of business in the Cage: trade. Everything from anywhere's got the potential to pass through Sigil, so it makes sense that there's merchants buying and selling it all right here. There's the Great Bazaar, where stall-keepers from a hundred worlds set up shop. There's backstreet merchants who'll get a blood anything –

for the right jink. There's respectable and shady, too, and a cutter's got to be careful of what he buys. After all, there's a lot of cross-trading knights out there, waiting to bob and peel with false goods any basher they can.

With all the merchants to serve the travelers, other folks have set up shop here, too. Wizards in particular find Sigil's a good place to practice their trade. A lot of swag that's interesting to them, magical and nonmagical, passes through the Cage. Then there's mercenaries of all stripes, who come because the merchants need bodyguards, bill collectors, and damn fools willing to risk their necks bringing back a hordling's tusk. These folks breed more needs and services in turn, until the whole thing starts feeding on itself.

Sigil's got another unique property to offer folks from other planes besides its portals, and that's its location for making magic. Swords, armor, and the like that're made in Sigil lose fewer of their magical bonuses than things made on most other planes. A sword made here loses only one plus out on the Great Ring. Compare that to a perfect blade from Mechanus – on most other planes it'll lose at least two pluses. About the only other plane that's any better for making magic is the Astral, but that's over-run by githyanki. . . .

Sigil does a fair trade in the forging and selling of magical items, but that doesn't mean there's magic shops on every corner, hawking rows of potions, scrolls, and blades. Instead, there's a fair number of "collectors" who'll have a small shelf of minor magic made by craftsmen in the city. A cutter should be warned, though, that prices are high – he'll usually spend no less than 5,000 gp for each basic plus of a weapon. That cutter best not hope to find anything really amazing either; weapons *that* good just don't get put up for sale.

When it comes to currency, Sigil's got a real "go for it" attitude. The merchants have worked hard to make it easy to spend jink. They'll accept standard coinage from most any place, so long as it's gold and silver. A gold coin from Toril's not much different from one of Oerth's gold pieces. 'Course, the DM can use differences in size, weight, and rarity as excuses to haggle ("It'll cost double. That jink's tiny, not a proper size at all."). A PLANESCAPE campaign's not about exact money-changing – any player who wants that might as well go be a banker – so the type of coin folks use can just be treated as normal gold, silver, and copper pieces. Sure it may be minted in the likeness of hideous Juiblex, but gold is gold.

THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN SIGIL

... and how they got to that status. The second part's easy: These cutters bought their ways into power. Folks in Sigil almost respect that, and besides, nobody can argue with them because it's worked.

Anyway, the highest of the high-ups in Sigil – not counting the Lady of Pain, of course – are Priestess Erin Darkflame Montgomery, Factol of the Sensates, and Duke Rowan Darkwood, Factol of the Fated. The priestess is the head of the largest voting bloc in the Hall of Speakers, and Duke Darkwood is coming on as the fastest and most powerful opposition she's likely to face. The two of them, their personalities, and their conflicts shape a lot of Sigil's everyday life.

ERIN DARKFLAME MONTGOMERY

Female human planar
Factol of the Sensates and
9th-level priestess of Diancecht
Lawful good

STR 9 INT 14
CON 13 WIS 17
DEX 14 CHA 18

HP 45 AC 5 THACO 16

SPELL SPHERES: All, Animal, Creation, Divination, Healing, Plant, Protection

SPELLS/LEVEL: 6/6/4/2/1

GRANTED POWER: All spells of the Healing sphere are considered one level lower (to a minimum of 1st level) for purposes of memorization and casting (a *cure serious wounds* is treated as a 3rd-level spell, for example)

PSIONIC WILD TALENT: *Lend health*, 36 PSPs

MAGICAL ITEMS: *Wand of magic missiles*, purple *ioun stone* (holds up to eight spell levels, set in a silver tiara), *crystal mace* (+2 vs. normal creatures, +4 vs. evil creatures, double damage vs. creatures linked to the Negative Energy Plane, creates *circle of sunmotes** once per day)

* See *Tome of Magic*

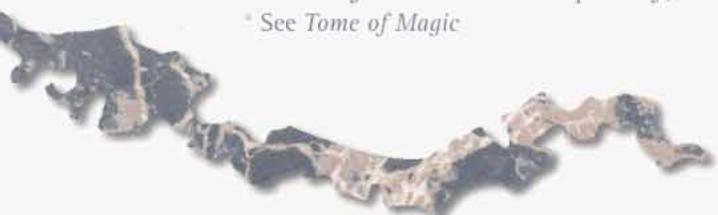
Statuesque, smart, and sensual, Erin Darkflame Montgomery is no cutter's helpless doxy. She's a complete person, and being a woman (maybe a hindrance in some places) hasn't made her any less capable of dealing with the seductions, intrigues, intellectualism, and dangers of Sigil. Though she's no more than average height, the combination of inner fire, lively green eyes, and short auburn hair make her more than unforgettable. Yet for one so striking, she shows little of the vanity folks associate with good looks.

Erin Darkflame Montgomery was born and raised on the Outlands, in the realm of Tir na Og (see map). There, her philosophical bent, psionic talent (discovered at an early age), and good heart led her to become of a priestess of Diancecht, the Celtic god of healing. For many years of her youth she served the god well, curing all who came to her. She didn't choose friend or foe, being only concerned with the hurt and suffering of others. That view suited well the plane's view of balancing good and evil, order and chaos.

It was in the aftermath of a Blood War raid that her peaceful life began to unravel. It started when a tanar'ri high-up figured a feint through the Outlands was a good idea. Well, the leatherhead was wrong. The folks of the Outlands managed to take the fiend's plan and pike it, but the problem wasn't over. Renegade tanar'ri escaped into the plane and some of these raiders hit Erin's burg. Although the locals won the battle, the injured taxed Erin's healing powers so much that when the wounded fiends were finally brought to her, she could do no more. Several of them died, including Za'rafas, a favorite of one of the Abyssal Lords. Those fiends who returned to the Abyss blamed her for Za'rafas's death, and she became their scapegoat. Now she had a sworn enemy in the layers of the Abyss, one who in fits of melancholy occasionally sent assassins in Za'rafas's memory.

Fearing for the safety of her village, Erin took to adventuring far from home. Gods only know where she wandered, since the woman's pretty close-mouthed about it, but somewhere she earned the right to use the title, *Lady Montgomery of the Skylarian Knights*. She's also hinted at her hatred of the *Pax Imperica* – probably some empire she encountered on the Prime Material.

Finally, her wanderings brought her to the Cage. She became a Sensate there, as their views matched her wild wanderlust and passionate beauty (and she is beautiful). She wasn't an addle-coved hedonist, though, which is something that's destroyed





more than one over-eager Sensate. She understood that experience meant more than pleasure, that sensing was the way to knowing. Erin learned quickly, progressing through a series of scholars, lovers, and chefs among other things. Her grace, beauty, and diplomatic skill didn't hurt in a quick rise to power, either.

Now Erin's the factol of the Sensates. Some say it's simply because she looks good for the part, but those who dismiss her like that are most likely bitter from dealings they've had with her, not to their liking. The woman's secure in her position, secure enough that she doesn't even bother with magical armor or other protections. She figures Sigil and her own reputation are protection enough. Reputation she's got, too: kind and loving one minute, a cold-willed blood the next. She's got the love of most of the Sensates to boot, so only a leatherhead'd ever try to pike her in a foul fight.

In part because she's charming and more because she's hard, Erin's got a lot of sway in the Hall of Speakers. The Signers naturally tend to agree with her positions, as do the Guvners, but Erin's even been able to pull in the support of the Bleakers and the Xaositects when the need really demanded it.

Currently, Erin's watching the rise of Duke Darkwood, calculating the threat and the moves she's going to have to take if he ever becomes too dangerous. 'Course, not all her time is spent in plotting, and she's sometimes seen in the company of her longtime half-elf paramour Cuatha (Pr/♂he/R15/S²/LG), an Outsider she met during her travels on the Prime Material Plane.

DUKE ROWAN DARKWOOD

Late of Vaasa and formerly Protector of the North,
Guardian of the Great Glacier

Male human prime

Factot of the Fated and dual class 19th-level ranger/
20th-level priest of Heimdall

Chaotic good

STR 20 INT 17

DEX 17 WIS 20

CON 20 CHA 18

HP 104 AC -3 THACO 2

SPELL IMMUNITIES: Cause fear, charm person, command, forget, friends, hold person, hypnotism, ray of enfeeblement, scare

SPELL SPHERES: All, Combat, Divination, Guardian, Protection, Summoning, Sun

SPELLS/LEVEL: 11/11/10/11/7/5/2

GRANTED POWERS: See up to 100 yards, day or night; hear any sound within 500 yards

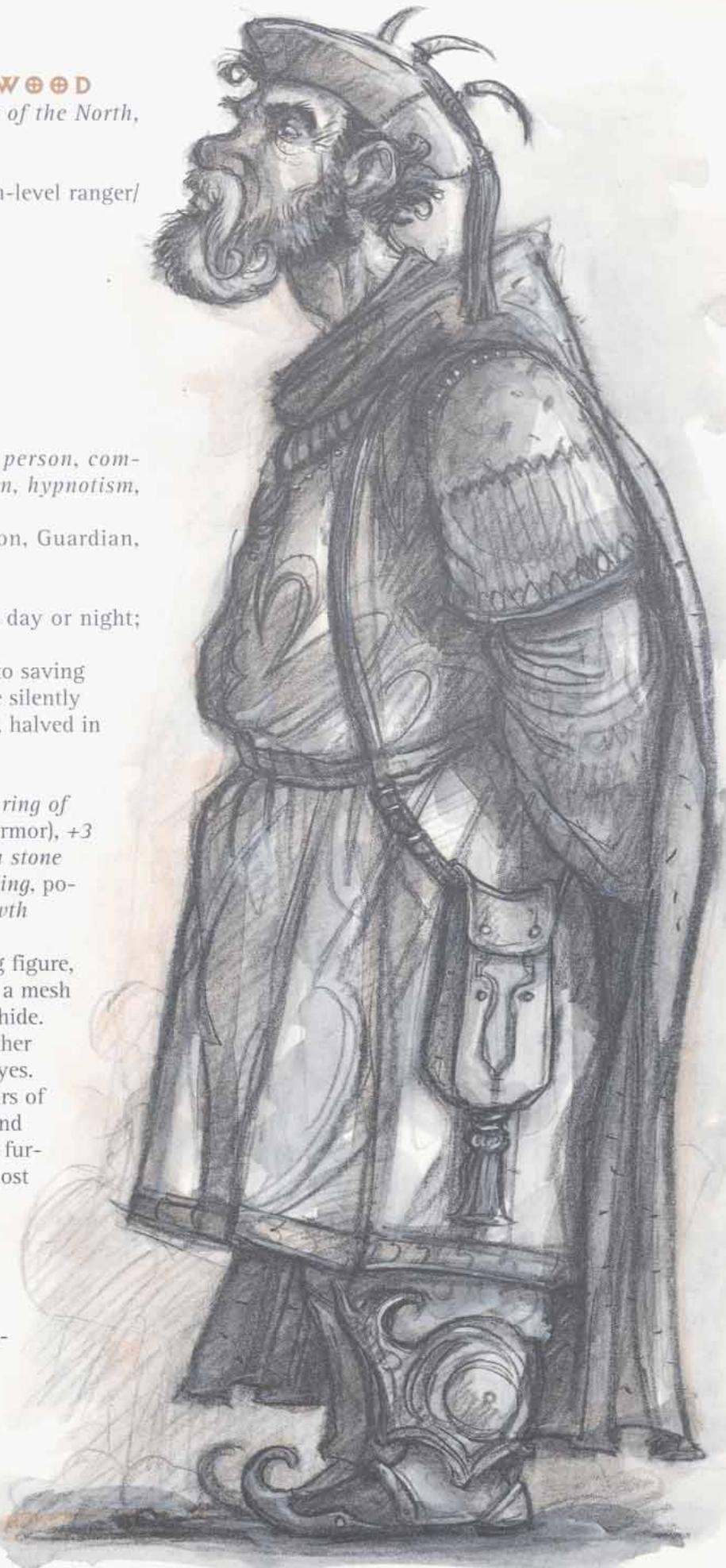
RANGER ABILITIES: Animal empathy (-6 to saving throw), hide in shadows and move silently (both 95%, studded leather or less, halved in nonwoodlands)

SPECIES ENEMY: Giants

MAGICAL ITEMS: Sword +2, giant slayer, ring of protection +5 (not effective with armor), +3 splint mail, portable hole, red ioun stone (water breathing), brooch of shielding, potions of hill giant control and growth

Duke Darkwood's certainly an imposing figure, tall and whipcord lean, his tanned skin a mesh of scars even magical healing couldn't hide. His hair is long, bound back with a leather thong, and almost silver to match his eyes. He might have been handsome, but years of hard living – too many broken noses and too many cares – have left his features furrowed and craggy. Except during the most formal occasions of state, he dresses in the plain, homespun, workmanlike clothes of a common ranger. Yet even in the most common garb, the duke is nothing if not striking.

Where Erin Montgomery is charming, persuasive, and well settled into the how of things in Sigil, Rowan comes across as a hard-headed basher. He's shooting up like a skyrocket and isn't too concerned





about who he ruffles on the way. Thinking about it – that alone gives him all the qualities to be the factol of the Fated. The reason he can get away with it is just because he does – there ain't many berks out there willing to challenge him straight up.

Rowan's every inch the self-made man, and there's parts of his life that he'll boastfully tell a cutter about. Although he usually gives his home as Toril (of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign setting), the truth is he was born on Oerth (of the GREYHAWK® world) as the third son of a petty noble. There weren't any prospects for him there, so his first act in creating himself was to go out and learn the ranger's trade – hardly the calling for nobility of any rank. Still, he did good by it and eventually set himself up a small fief, thus living up to his family's name.

All that ended in a magical mishap with a deck of cards. For reasons he won't say, it earned him the hatred of a lieutenant of Baator's Dark Nine, who eventually caught him and did *something* to him. Rowan never talks about what happened to him, but bloods with good memories from Oerth report that he vanished for more than a decade, and a few planar bashers remember seeing him in the lower reaches of the Great Ring. When Rowan finally returned, he found that Oerth had changed, and his old life was long gone.

That would've done in most sods, but Rowan wasn't the type to stay still. He'd seen the planes and they fascinated him, so he learned the ways of getting around and set out to adventure in the multiverse. To hear him tell it (in his most convincing bluster), he drank from Mimir's well, was Heimdall's right hand, and single-handedly saved Ysgard from total destruction. Whether it's true or not, somewhere along the way he became a priest of that power and rose quickly through the ranks. Certainly his adventures were enough to literally remake himself until he was stronger, fitter, indeed better in almost every way than those around him.

Primes

from Toril pick up his trail from there, for someone matching his type was supposed to have helped crush the witch-king of Vaasa in the Bloodstone wars. The Duke never said it was true, although he admits the connection to Vaasa, but he never denied it, either. It's quite possible he rebuilt himself again, this time as a High Priest and noble lord in that northern region.

Now it seems that Duke Darkwood's found Sigil. He's only been in the Cage for about a year, but already he's staked his claim to the leadership of the Fated. Passionate about the cause of good and the glory of Heimdall, Rowan seems determined to carve himself a new fief in the very heart of Sigil. Given what he's already done, who's to tell him it's impossible?

The Duke's a driven man, both to his credit and his harm. He believes in good and he cares for people, but he's also obsessed with success. He can't accept obstacles, rules, or limits, so he's always trying to push further than anyone else. For all his wit and wisdom, he's not the negotiating type – action suits him more than words. He'll gladly break those he thinks deserve it, and he has few qualms about steam-rolling any opposition. In Sigil he's made almost as many enemies as friends, and it doesn't seem to matter.

Duke Darkwood's greatest challenges stand before him. First, there's Erin Montgomery and the bulk of Sigil's ruling class, but they're trivial in comparison to what waits behind them. It's the Lady of Pain he's really preparing for, because the Duke's no leatherhead – he knows that someday they're going to clash.

SIGIL WITHOUT A GUIDE

Sigil's a big place, and it's just not possible to cover the city with a detailed street-by-street guide to all things interesting, useful, unusual, and outright bizarre. Doing that would have meant talking less about all the other things a DM needs to know about the planes.

(Eventually, some blood'll get around to mapping the Cage, street by street, though.) Anyway, a party of bashers checking out Sigil for the first time probably won't want to learn every corner of the Cage right away. Rather, there's certain places in the city that they'll be looking for, and that's what this section's all about. The goal here's not to leave the DM hanging with a big street map and no idea of what to do with it. Instead of trying to tell everything at this point, it seems much better to show, teach, and advise on how to make Sigil a blood-DM's own. Instead of saying what's on what street, this section tells the DM how to decide what belongs in the Cage and where he or she should put it. It allows him or her to build a neighborhood in the ward of his or her choice, one that will be the adventurers' stomping grounds. That means doing more than just describing some interesting buildings, although that's done here, too, so here goes:

The first thing the DM should know is that *almost* anything can be found in Sigil – almost any shop, guild, temple, house, business, industry, laboratory, or library can be put in the Cage. *Almost* is the key word, now – Sigil and the PLANESCAPE setting have got a feel that could be ruined by throwing *just* anything into the pot. The points below make this clear.

1. Sure, this is a weird place, but it ain't science-fiction. Don't stick in stuff that isn't medieval in flavor. It's pretty obvious that spaceports wouldn't belong, but a DM's got to resist the urge for things like blasters as neat weapons, magical devices that feel a lot like computer networks, intra-city teleportation chambers, and crystal ball phone systems.

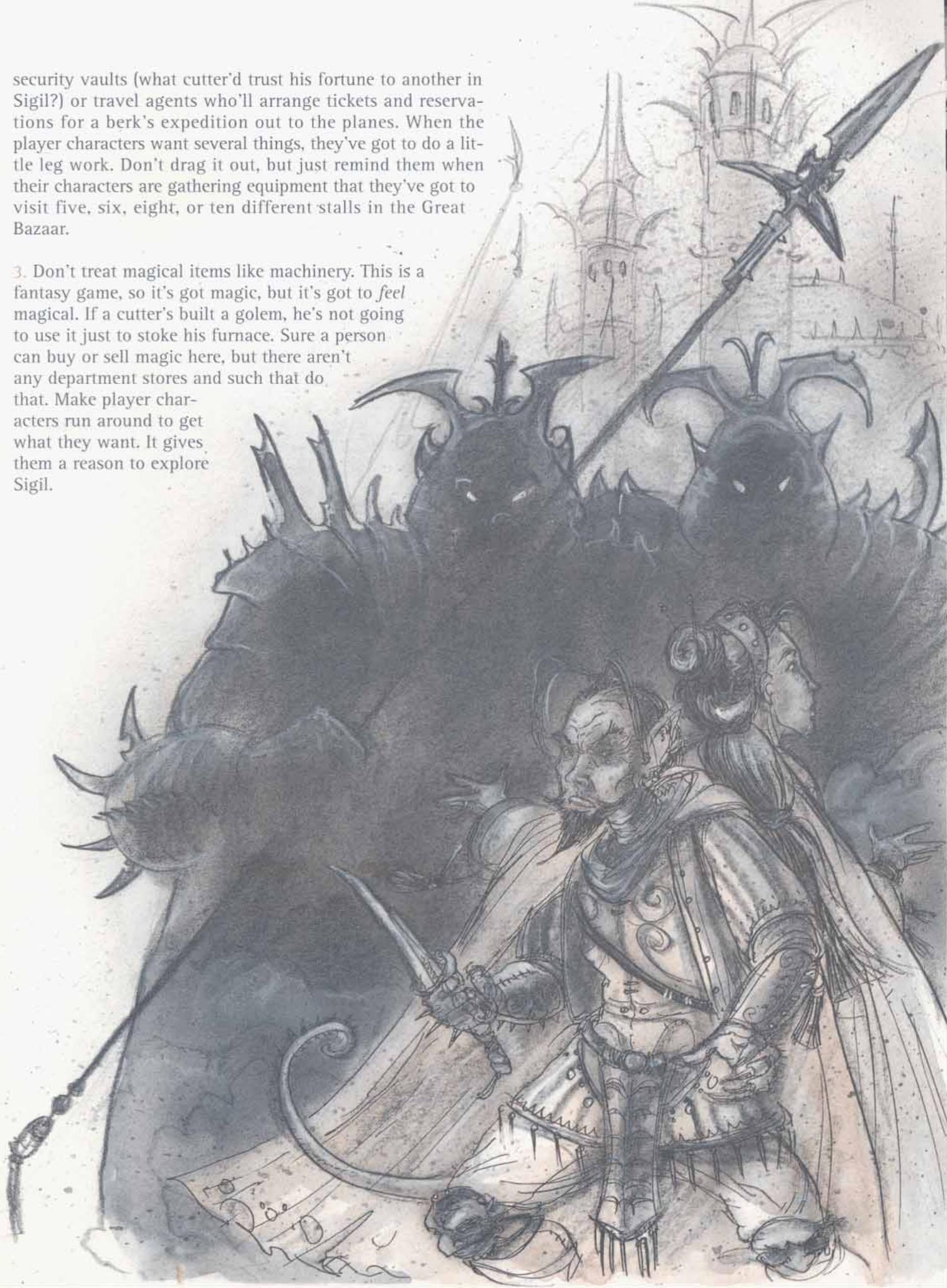
2. Like the first point, this ain't some prime-material 20th-century world, neither. A lot of DMs forget that life was different in medieval times – not just the buildings, but also the conventions of trading. The DM shouldn't go sticking in things like assembly lines, general stores, travel agencies, cleric-staffed hospitals, newspaper stands, employment agencies (let the faction headquarters do that), grocery stores, or even public street departments. Most folks in Sigil do or deal in one particular kind of thing. One baker makes nothing but bread, and another specializes in pastries. The armorer makes armor but he doesn't make weapons, and so on. Remember, a man either makes something or sells something somebody else made. People who provide nothing but services, like cleaners and investment advisers, are called servants and councilors. There aren't things like banks with

S⊕ YOU'RE L⊕⊕KING
FOR THE SECRET⊕ OF THE
MUL+IVERSE,
EH, CU++ER?
GET L⊕S+,
AND THEN YOU'LL
FIND IT.

— DARRØL VING,
A DUS+MAN

security vaults (what cutter'd trust his fortune to another in Sigil?) or travel agents who'll arrange tickets and reservations for a berk's expedition out to the planes. When the player characters want several things, they've got to do a little leg work. Don't drag it out, but just remind them when their characters are gathering equipment that they've got to visit five, six, eight, or ten different stalls in the Great Bazaar.

3. Don't treat magical items like machinery. This is a fantasy game, so it's got magic, but it's got to *feel* magical. If a cutter's built a golem, he's not going to use it just to stoke his furnace. Sure a person can buy or sell magic here, but there aren't any department stores and such that do that. Make player characters run around to get what they want. It gives them a reason to explore Sigil.



4. Avoid cute little businesses like *Wanda's Tea Shoppe* or *The Golden Bariaur Beauty Parlor* (which also goes against the second point). The reader may have noticed that Sigil's not a *cute* place. Encounters and locations done for a quick laugh'll sink the tone of Sigil faster than lead weights. That doesn't mean there's not stuff that's funny, pleasant, relaxing, peaceful, and nice in Sigil – it's just not *cute*.

5. Be inconveniently convenient. If the characters really want something in Sigil, it's probably there. Finding or using it, though, may not be easy.



A FEW SERVICES ⊕ SIGIL

After some generalities about what not to put in Sigil, here's some things that characters will find in the Cage that might otherwise be forgotten.

T⊕U+S

There's a fair business in locals willing to lead a cutter around town, either to show off the sights or take him to some place specific – whichever he needs. While there's no central guide agency, touts are found at most marketplaces and gathered around the most frequently used portals. 'Course, sometimes a cutter's taking his chances with a tout – most are trying to get a cutter to a specific tavern or inn because that's what the landlord pays them to do. A few'll settle for quick money by peeling the customer or mugging him outright. Wise bloods are always peery of anyone who's too eager to help.

FAC+⊕+UMS

These are the official versions of guides. A factotum works for a specific faction, and it's his job to see that important visitors get what they need, stay out of trouble, and don't see what they shouldn't. They'll do more than just guide a body around. They also know their way through the ins and outs of Sigil's politics.

SEDAN CHAIRS

These are Sigil's version of a taxi service. There's not too many horses in the city, so most things are carried on the backs of others. A cutter can arrange for a sedan chair at the Great Bazaar and most of the important buildings, like the Festhall. Each chair can carry two normal-sized folks and is carried by four burly types, not necessarily human. There are some places, like the Hive, where sedan chairs won't go.

HARMONIU⊕ PA+R⊕LS

The ever-vigilant Harmonium keeps the peace – or their idea of it – with foot patrols of $1d3 + 1$ watchmen (Pl/var/F1-3/Ha/var). Now, a Harmonium guard's view of things is that everyone should obey his orders, which are generally lawful and good. Arguing or trying to explain one's self is a sign of defiance, which in itself is cause enough to arrest a berk. It's no surprise that when the watch sees something they don't like, most all of the locals – not just the guilty – make themselves scarce.

C⊕URIERS

The best way to get a message across town is to deliver it personally, but most basher's don't have the time or luxury for that, so they have to use some other means. A high-up man sends a servant, and a craftsman'll make his apprentice do it, but most folks don't have either, so they find a courier. Unlike guides, most couriers are fairly reliable sorts – nobody with a public service job wants a dissatisfied tiefling looking for them. Besides, a courier makes his money delivering messages and knows he's an easy target to blame if things go wrong. Even so, no batch of couriers're perfectly honest, so there's always the chance something important might get lost or read by other eyes. All said, the best thing to do is to not go telling the dark of things to just anyone by writing it down and handing it to a stranger.

LIGH+ B⊕YS

With so many hours of darkness and gloom, and no system of city street lights, light boys are a common service. These are usually street urchins who've got-

ten hold of a *continual light* wand (probably by bashing some bubbled up wizard in a dark alley). 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.

BUSINESS SPECIFICS

When the DM creates a place in Sigil, he's got to be wary of the this-place-was-just-like-the-last trap. It's easy to fall into a rut when a body's making so many places all at once. To help the DM avoid it, here are some suggestions for ways to give common businesses new twists.

Taverns

Player characters spend a lot of time sitting in taverns, it seems, and there's nothing wrong with a common alehouse. There's a lot more that can be found in Sigil, though. First off, all these folks from the planes have different tastes, and some taverns'll cater to just one. There's taverns, dark and low, with a definite fiendish bend, made to appeal to those bashers from the Lower Planes. There's imitation mead halls for the einheriar of Ysgard, and humorless ones for the rigid thinkers of Mechanus. Some are boisterous with good times, others are riotous with sullen tempers. Taverns can also vary by the type of drink served; there's nothing that says every tavern has to serve the same selection of ale and wine. Not only are there alehouses and wine cellars, but then there's differences even within those.

Inns

The difference between an inn and a tavern is usually that an inn offers more lodging and less drink. If taverns serve drinks to suit particular customers, inns cater even more specifically to the tastes of planar travelers. Aside from common human-type inns, there's the stable inns of the bariaur, pleasure-stocked inns that cater to the Sensates, communal githzerai halls, flaming pits for visitors from the City of Brass, and even black-draped halls devoted to the tanar'ri or baatezu. Of the last, a cutter's best not knowing what they're like unless he's got a *lot* of friends with him. A berk can be in for a rude shock if he just wanders through the door without checking on the clientele first.

Stables

There aren't many stables in Sigil, since most people get around the city on foot or by sedan chair. Still, there's a need for a few stables to put up most any kind of creature. This particular business is so small that the grooms can't choose to specialize in one type of animal or another, so a cutter doesn't need to be as particular about where he stables his mount as he does about where he drinks. Nevertheless, it pays to be watchful of what's stabled next to what. It doesn't do nobody any good to put a einheriar's pegasi in the stall next to a fiend's nightmare. There's a lot of potential for short adventures in the mishaps that can occur when some stabled beast gets killed or escapes.

Markets + Places

There's more than just the Great Bazaar in Sigil; a city this large can't rely on a single marketplace. Scattered throughout the Cage are places where a cutter can buy and sell all sorts of things.

All the markets are either day or night markets. Common day markets deal mostly in food and housewares, the stuff every sod needs for daily living. 'Course, with a population like Sigil's, even the food gets strange. There's the regular meats, vegetables, and fruits that primes chew on, and then there's stuff to satisfy more exotic tastes. Slabs of quivering jelly-like things that a sod doesn't really want to know about can be bought, and there's fruits gathered from poisonous jungles on the Prime Material Plane, heaps of rare rock to suit the palates of earth elementals, steaming cauldrons of molten slag for the wandering mephit – and that's just food; there's day markets for all sorts of other things, too. Some markets specialize in a single craft like goldwork or weaving. Others offer a wondrous variety of wares from other planes. Over in the Hive, a few shops are run by thieves. It's said a basher can go there and buy back anything that was stolen from him the night before, and at only a tenth of it's true value.

The night markets offer a different variety of goods. Gone are the pots, rugs, piles of fruit, and bolts of cloth. From the shadows appear all the sellers of entertainment and pleasure. Food stalls, jugglers, musicians, prophets, and bawds all offer their wares. Those shopping in the dark hours seek excitement, distraction, and solace, and the night markets – fascinating and deadly – are only too eager to please. A cutter's got to be careful so that his misfortunes don't become another body's pleasure.

THE WARDS

It's easy for somebody like an Outsider to get the idea that Sigil's just a scramble of places without any rhyme or reason to where they are. After all, the architecture doesn't make sense, streets are laid out in every direction, and there's not even an uptown, downtown, edge of town, or city center to guide a body. Natives of Sigil know, though, that there's different parts of town, that the city's divided into wards.

Now, the wards aren't official. In other words, there's no map in the Hall of Records that shows the line where one ward ends and another begins.

(The closest thing to it is the map of Sigil, included in

this boxed set.) Everybody sort of *knows* where the boundaries meet, yet depending on where he stands, a cutter could ask two folks what ward he's in and get two different answers. Nothing's officially organized or done by wards, either. For instance, nobody votes for anybody by ward (but then common citizens don't get to vote for anybody, anyway).

Wards are used to help find things and people. A basher looking for a good armorer goes to the Guildhall Ward, and barmies are usually found in the Hive Ward. Wards also are used to give directions ("The Golden Bariaur Inn? It's on the third street after the big statue in The Lady's Ward."). Wards can be used to judge folks, too; having a case in The Lady's Ward suggests a cutter's got power, even if some other berk's got a bigger place in the Lower Ward.

Ask a local and she'll likely say there's six wards in Sigil: The Lady's Ward, the Hive Ward, the Lower Ward, the Guildhall Ward, the Market Ward, and the Clerk's Ward. Some folk's argue that the Hive shouldn't be included because it's gotten

smaller over the years, but most folks stick with the six because it's traditional. A few scholars with nothing better to do point out the relationship to the Rule of Threes (six and three and all that), but this is probably nothing but wind to justify their calling.

Within each ward are one or more faction headquarters. These buildings are more than just the centers of a given faction — they're like islands for adventuring types. The faction headquarters attract travelers from other planes, and those travelers in turn attract businesses to serve them. Furthermore, those shops are going to take on the character of their big neighbor. Around the Civic Festhall where the Sensates cluster, player characters will find more alehouses, more wine shops, more importers of exotic goods. In the streets around the Harmonium's barracks, there are few businesses catering to customers from the Lower Planes.

Thus, clustered in the blocks around each headquarters, a cutter's going to find taverns, inns, markets,



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and shops suited to the needs of adventurers, including the player characters. This will always include at least two taverns and two inns, a stable, and at least one market that sells goods found on standard equipment lists. Since getting around is important to the factions, permanent portals (see page 55) tend to be concentrated around the headquarters' buildings. In fact, many headquarters are actually built around portals to the factions' plane of major influence.

With these "faction islands," the DM can save himself time and effort. Campaigning in Sigil can begin centered on a small neighborhood with all the services that characters are likely to need, saving the DM the task of trying to develop the entire city all at once. All he needs to do is focus his attention on the one (or two) faction headquarters most often used by the player characters, and then gradually let things grow from there.

THE LADY'S WARD

It's always *The* Lady's Ward, not the Lady's Ward, because they're talking about the Lady of Pain here. Not that she's got a house there, or that she appears there more than anywhere else; the ward's named so because the greatest instruments of her might are found there. Of the six wards, this is far and away considered the richest and most powerful. Within its boundaries are the City Barracks, the Court, the Prison, and the Armory – things that make for real wealth and power. Folks with both money and clout set their cases in The Lady's Ward, and over half the city's temples are based there. The Lady's Ward is the quietest and most orderly in the city, because only a leatherhead'd make trouble in an area that's home to both the Harmonium and the Mercykillers.

Not surprisingly, the buildings in this ward reflect the power and wealth of their owners. The Prison's a dominating, grim structure while the Temple of the Abyss – a cross between a portal to and a temple celebrating that plane – soars dangerously into the sky. The Barracks are dour and humorless, and the Court is regal and imposing. Naturally, every temple here is designed to display the might and glory of its high-up man. It's as if the multiverse itself had been mined of it's monuments, and all of them were placed here.

For all it's majesty, The Lady's Ward is still cold and lifeless. The regular hurly-burly of street life is missing, as too many folks are afraid of the Harmonium and the Mercykillers (and not without good reason). That suits the residents just fine, because the rich haven't ever been fond of the idea of the poor camping on their doorstep. The life that goes on there, which is actually much more than it seems, is carefully hidden behind iron-gated walls and discreet facades. For the cutter that finds her way inside, there's great balls where rivals circle each other, where grand plots are hatched over lavish dinners, and where secret affairs are hidden far from sight. . . .

Hey, don't confuse power with security, berk! The ward's far from honest, although a cross-trading knight who's nipping purses on the street'll get scragged in an instant. Just like their prey, the criminals of that ward think on a grand scale. The risks are great, but so are the rewards, and only the finest of burglars can worm through the magical protections and alarms that safeguard the ward's treasures. And only the wisest of thieves can avoid the revenge that is sure to follow such a job. Nerve and luck are needed 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. See, the high-up men who live here know the way of things – whom to squeeze just when and for how much. Behind the image of respectability may be the secret face of a hidden crime lord.

HEY, I +HΘUGH+ +HERE WERE
ONLY +HREE BEDRΘMS
IN +HIS HΘUSE. . . .
— THIRIN JECΘBS, AFTER
'GIVING +HE LADY ΘF PAIN
+HE LAUGH'

THE PRISON. The Mercykillers' headquarters looks like everything a berk fears: It's 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 things a sod just don't want to know about.

If there's one up-side to the area, it's that the street-crime rate here is 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 are higher here than just about anywhere else.

Traban's Forge. Located in a side street behind the day market, just across from the Prison, this smoke-spewing smithy produces fine nonmagical armor. The ancient Traban (Pr/3d/F1/LG) specializes in highly ornamental plate mail, suitable for triumphs, parades, and battle. All work is done to order and costs five-to-one thousand times the normal price, depending on the workmanship.

Traban's assisted in his work by his son Traban-son (312 years old), grandson Tarholt (205), great-grandson Tarholtson (138), and an adopted ogre, Coal-chewer. The latter, with the family since he was orphaned at two, is an experiment of Tarholt's, who's curious to see if an ogre raised in proper dwarf fashion can be reformed. So far, Coal-chewer hasn't killed anyone. The family 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.

THE CITY COURT. Of all the places in The Lady's Ward, this area's got the most life. Everybody, it seems, comes here sooner or later. Because it's got a public function, the Guvner's headquarters is divided into public and private halls. In the public halls, a cutter's going to find criminals, citizens, witnesses, advocates, clerks, accusers, and Mercykiller and Harmonium guards. It seems like disorganized chaos, but the Guvners have everything scheduled and timed out. In the private parts of the Court, 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 there's a number of taverns and inns to 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're damned quiet. The taverns serve anybody, from thief to Hardhead, and there can't help but be a *little* life there. Most of the alehouses do extra business selling meals to prisoners or running wine and beer to the back rooms of the Court.

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 heavy iron gates make 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 the toehold of thieves and rogues seeking entrance to The Lady's Ward. It's also a popular area for the wealthy to mingle with the lower classes, and for mercenaries and assassins to meet their employers.

THE CITY BARRACKS. At the opposite end of the ward from the Armory is the headquarters of the Harmonium, the City Barracks. It's a long, low two-story structure that forms a quadrangle around an immense parade ground. Unlike many other faction headquarters, the Barracks were built to look strong without inspiring terror. The Harmonium really wants people to like them and believe in their cause (and they'll use force to get that result if they have to). Given their attitude, it's no surprise the streets around there are the most deserted of all the ward. There's very few businesses in the Harmonium district, mainly because any merchant who doesn't conform to Harmonium standards gets himself arrested. Sure, he's usually



released by the Guvners, but who wants to go through that all the time? The taverns and inns in the area all closely follow the Harmonium official line.

THE LOWER WARD

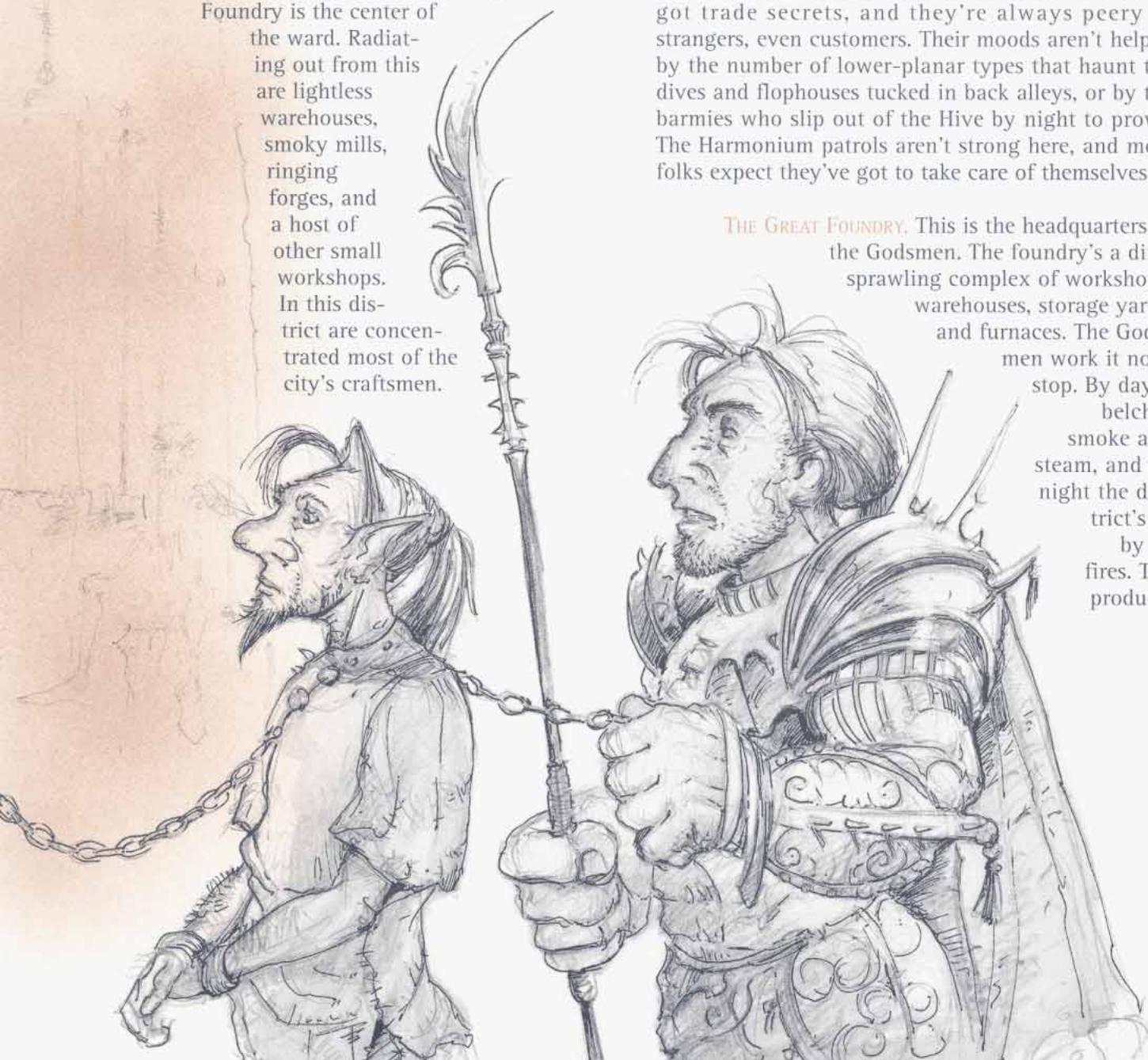
It's argued that this area of the city isn't a proper ward at all, an argument that ignores the fact there's no definitions of wards to be found *anywhere*. Certainly the Lower Ward's been shrinking over the decades. Old-timers remember when it included the City Armory and the Mortuary. (Younger folks and newcomers place these in The Lady's Ward and the Hive Ward, respectively.) This creates a little confusion between young and old. Whatever the boundaries are, most sods agree that the Great

Foundry is the center of the ward. Radiating out from this are lightless warehouses, smoky mills, ringing forges, and a host of other small workshops. In this district are concentrated most of the city's craftsmen.

The ward got its name from the number of portals to the Lower Planes that're found here. These doorways have affected the nature of the place, so there seems to be 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 afterwards. Too long outside in the Lower Ward and a cutter's throat gets raw and his eyes teary. After a while, his skin absorbs enough crud to take on a sickly tone. His eyes grow hollowed and dark, his hair pale. The Lower Ward's the only spot from which a berk can be placed just by his appearance.

Folks in the Lower Ward tend to be secretive and stubborn. Most of the craftsmen feel like they've got trade secrets, and they're always peery of strangers, even customers. Their moods aren't helped by the number of lower-planar types 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 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 are not great; very little of their wares are fancy work, but it's 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 there, too, for that's the neighborhood where men and fiends meet. Their dark talk doesn't get whispered outside these doors.

The Styx 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 grease the bouncer's palm, berk.) Once inside, a body knows for sure he's in a fiendish watering hole. The common room's dark — not just romantically dim, but outright dark. A single candle glimmers by the taps. Voices whisper to each other in the blackness. A cutter may feel the touch of cold, snakelike skin against his side. Eyes flash with their own light.

The tavern's run by Zegonz Vlaric (Pl/♂ gz/F4/W6/BC/CE), an emaciated and scarred githzerai with one arm frozen into a clawlike pose. He was permanently maimed beyond the means of even magic to repair during a run-in with a band of good-aligned adventurers. This tavern is now his revenge on all those he blames for his sorrows. Zegonz openly courts tanar'ri clientele, giving them a place to discretely 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 his place down.

THE SHATTERED TEMPLE. The faction headquarters of the Athar stand at the heart of a zone of destruction several blocks across. They've 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 Athars' home. Whatever the cause,

the area's considered ill-omened by most, and nobody has ever built there since. Only a bunch like the Lost would ignore these superstitions.

Still, even they can't overcome other folks' 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, porters with sedan chairs 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.

THE HIVE WARD

On the ring of Sigil, this ward runs from the edges of the Shattered Temple to beyond the walls of the Hive, the Xaositect headquarters that give the ward its name. Embraced within the ward, among other sites, are the Mortuary and the Gatehouse. The Hive Ward is physically synonymous with the chaotic sprawl and the tangled slum that surrounds it. Indeed, it's almost impossible to be sure where the faction headquarters end and the true slum begins.

Life in the Hive is the worst of all places unless, of course, a berk likes living in the heart of decay, where anyone's life is cheaper than the cost of a cutter's next meal. Life here is seldom boring, but it's also short and deadly. Honest work is scarce, so people live by whatever means they can. For most, that means stealing or signing on for dangerous jobs that no sane basher'd touch. This is where a cutter goes when he needs bodies for a staged riot, if he wants to raise a company of ill-trained fighters, or if he wants an assassin willing to risk all on a desperate job.

There's high-ups and bloods within the Hive, too. They're smart and careful. They know how to hide from their enemies and conceal their wealth behind seamy facades. (Those that can't do so just don't make it that high.) They're the master thieves and the most unscrupulous of adventurers.

Not everybody in the Hive's evil and sinister, though. The ward holds more than its share of noble folks, too: folks broken by Sigil or their enemies. There's poets and bards waiting for their break, wiz-

ards who've spent their fortunes researching some impossible dream, and out-of-town warriors who went out on the town and woke up broke. Then there's the barmies – the mad and insane who can't confront the reality of the planes. They're all found in the Hive.

Proper business is pretty thin in the ward, but there's still things bought and sold. Thieves and fences ply their wares here, as do pawnbrokers and moneylenders. There's secret slave markets, too. For entertainment, there's dives that sell the cheapest bub possible, and gladiatorial pits where a basher can stake her life against another's. None of it's glamorous, and there's always an air of desperation to a body's doings here.

THE MORTUARY. The Dustmen's headquarters is a collection of windowless vaults that rise like a giant's mausoleum above the surrounding shacks. They're all dark, catacombed, vaulted, and chambered halls filled with sods living on the lives of others. Grim traffic trundles down the silent lanes to its doors – creaking wagons of the dead, driven by the skull-faced, their eyes hollow, their cheeks sunken from the years of their ashen work. The bodies pass through the doors and then beyond. Behind the doors of the Mortuary is one of the largest concentrations of portals in Sigil. There's doorways to everywhere, or at least one to every plane, including the Prime Material and most of its worlds. There, the Dustmen and their undead assistants send the city's corpses to other worlds where they belong. As mentioned, the other sides of these portals open into places made especially for the dead, so any cutter who decides to use one of them might end up stepping right into a crematorium or some other place where he'll be lost for certain. Long story made short: These portals are *not* for getting around the multiverse, berk.

The streets around the Mortuary are the province of the unclean, those in Sigil who'll do the jobs nobody else will touch: collecting the dead, butchering meat, nursing the diseased, anything objectionable to others. Some are proud of their victory over superstition, while others have been broken by the scorn of those they work for. They lead desperate lives in their shanties and shacks, isolated from each other as much as the rest of the world.

There are few taverns, inns, or shops around the Mortuary. It's not a place for thriving businesses, but that doesn't mean there aren't any services an adventurer needs here. The outcasts'll almost always open their cases to strangers, for both jink and company. It won't be warm and there's precious few smiles, but a cutter can get what he needs.

THE GATEHOUSE. At the very edge of the Hive, the most desperate and wretched part of the whole ward is the Gatehouse, home of the Bleak Cabal. It's like the boundary between sanity and despair, and who better to man that than the faction that's given up all hope. In common folklore it's said to sit on the border to the Mazes, but the real chant is the Mazes can appear anywhere. Still, the Gatehouse sits at the edge of the Hive Headquarters, which is close enough to the Mazes for most honest souls.

The Gatehouse is an arched tower with sprawling wings, where the Bleakers minister to the mad and lost. They're kind to their charges, but their treatments are unorthodox. "Give up the illusion of meanings," they advise their patients. "Accept that which doesn't make sense and then peace'll come." Some folks say the Bleakers do more sinister things in there, in the parts of their headquarters where other folks aren't allowed. 'Course, that gets said about every faction, by enemies hoping to put fear into others. Still, haunting, unnatural moans and screams echo throughout the ward, and there's no saying whether they come from the hospital wings or from somewhere deeper within.

Where The Lady's Ward is order and calm, the streets around the Bleakers' headquarters are thriving chaos. Lined outside the Gatehouse there's sad parents lined up to commit their children, sad children with their old parents, and many-a poor sod needing to be committed for his strange visions – manic dreams of fortune, crazed appetites for power, and lunatic promises of cosmic destiny. There's also rogues from the heart of the Hive, selling the fruits of their trade, and dives where information flows for the price of a drink. Hawkers offer "true and authentic maps" to all the portals of Sigil. Just remember, a cutter gets what he pays for. . . .

The Gatehouse Night Market. Located only a few innocent blocks into the Hive Ward, the Gatehouse Night Market is a plunge into another world for most folks. Here, thieves sell their take to fences, who sell it in turn to other fences, who then sell everything to speculators for shipment out of Sigil. Was something stolen yesterday? A sod can probably buy it back during the night, as long as she doesn't ask questions. There's more for sale here than just stolen property, too. The dark that cutters keep away from all others can also be bought in this market. All a buyer's got to do is find the right seller and be able to pay. Just remember, the price may not be jink; it might cost a whole lot more.

THE HIVE. This is it: faction headquarters, ward name, and slum all bundled up in one simple name. The Hive's the heart and headquarters of the Xaositects, the harbingers of chaos. The headquarters of the Chaosmen is like no other. There's no one building that holds all the faction's secrets and powers. It's broken up, scattered, sprawled through the tangled alleys of the slum. Hive (Headquarters) and Hive (Ward) are one, but Hive and Hive are also many. A cutter goes to one shack for healing, to another for food, and to still a third to meet with his factol.

The shanties aren't all what they seem on the outside, either.

There's genuine wonders to be found inside some of them, wild collections of things that make no sense to one sod and shed light on the meaning of life to another. What else's a berk to expect from the Xaositects?

Unlike other places, folks in the slum of the Hive are far from despairing. They're too busy fighting and struggling for life. Maybe they're the greatest capitalists in all of Sigil. They see all around them what happens to those who get ahead and what happens to those who slip behind in the game, which only makes them all the more determined to stay in the race. Treat him well and a Hiver can be a loyal ally. Turn stag on him and a berk will regret it forever.

The Hive's got every service a cutter's likely to need. Most of it's not the best quality – the bub's cheap, the weapons are plain but usable, and the servants are insolent – but it's all there. Exotic goods from other worlds may be rare, but there's always a hand willing to go get them for a fee. There's plenty of entertainment, too. There's bodies who'll do anything for jink: perform gladiator fights, magic duels, death-defying stunts, and more. A lot of folks from the Lower Planes mingle here, like tanar'ri, yugoloths, and baatezu to name a few. It's no surprise that the Blood War's secretly fought in these very alleys.

THE CLERK'S WARD

The Lady's Ward may be the most powerful and prestigious, but cutters from the Clerk's Ward proudly point out that it's *their* ward that keeps the city running. This is the domain of bureaucrats, scribes,

sages, and scholars. Here, life is peaceful and without surprises – or without *too* many surprises, at least. It's the perfect burgomaster's neighborhood.

Pure fact is, the claim ain't too far from the truth. This ward's got the Hall of Records and the Hall of Speakers, the instruments and voice of the city's daily life. Without these there'd be no law, no proof of ownership, no listing of citizens, no tracking of debts, no records of arrest, and no taxation. (It's no wonder folks in other wards sneer at this lot.)

Folks in the Clerk's Ward try hard to achieve "normalcy." The streets are well patrolled and the buildings are maintained. There's less duplicity here than in the two-faced world of The Lady's Ward and less danger than in the turbulent Hive. Travelers from the Lower Planes don't visit here too often, but the ward's popular with primes and upper-planar types. In fact, their presence adds even more security to the place. Some folks would say the ward is dull, but it's dullness that attracts a sod who's looking for a little peace and quiet for the night.

Folks common to the Clerk's Ward include shopkeepers, moneylenders, importers of exotic goods, go-betweens, sages, wizards, common priests, and – naturally – clerks. They try to lead quiet lives, friendly but not intrusive to their neighbors. Scattered among them are more intriguing types who favor untroubled surroundings, like mercenaries resting between campaigns, devas in disguise, and even lone thieves who enjoy the discrete privacy of the area.

THE HALL OF RECORDS. This is the headquarters of the Fated. The building once was a college, but the Fated foreclosed on a slightly overdue debt and made it their home. After selling off the library (they didn't need it), the Fated settled into the broken campus and made it theirs. It wasn't long before they convinced the Speakers that the city needed to keep proper books, and who better to do it than the Fated, with all that shelf space? Now the Hall of Records is the center of Sigil's financial world. Foreign merchants file their bills of credit here, moneylenders set the official exchange rates, landlords register their property deeds, tax rolls are revised, and debtors' defaults are posted for the public to see. In another part of the Hall, records of the Court are filed in huge, dusty stacks, while elsewhere the proclamations of the Speakers are carefully copied for posting. The Fated run the City Mint, too, although almost every other faction closely supervises their work. In the

private sections of the headquarters, the factol supervises the work on *The Secret History of Sigil*, a collection of all the Fated's doings and all the secrets their followers have learned.

The businesses that cluster around the Hall mirror life behind those walls. The great merchant-houses of Sigil maintain well-appointed townhouses in the district, where the ground floors hum with industry and the families live upstairs. The few respectable counting houses in Sigil do their business here as well. There are even fledgling "assurance companies," willing to protect a merchant's investment for a fee.

All this money attracts other business, too. Fancy inns cater to the merchant princes who sometimes come to town, while slightly less sumptuous places tend to the needs of their followers. Services are clean and efficient, though not spectacular. Food and lodging prices are both costly. Bodyguards, wizards, and mercenaries can be hired in most taverns, as can thieves. There's often a merchant looking for guards to accompany him to some far off plane, and sometimes there's special high-paying jobs for those willing to take the risk. Nothing is done without haggling or loud complaints over the cost of everything. The wealthy intend to stay that way, even if it means misery and hardship for others.

THE CIVIC FESTHALL. The Civic Festhall is a combination concert hall, opera house, museum, art gallery, tavern, wine shop, and faction headquarters, mixed in with a few other services that are best left undescribed. This mash of services makes sense, given that the place is run by the Sensates. Their desire to experience everything includes the arts, but also much, much more. There's tall tales to be told about what happens in the back halls of the Sensate headquarters. . . .

But all that's just whispers to the folks who come here for the shows and excitement. They're here to have a good time – a safe, cultured good time with just enough daring to make them *feel* dangerous. Not that the folks who come here are at any particular risk. Aside from the cutpurses and peelers, there's no real danger in the streets around the Sensate headquarters. In fact, true Sensates make for other parts of town for the "true" experiences.



With the Civic Feshall as an anchor, the district around it has attracted a number of artistic businesses. There's dealers in artistic curiosities from all the worlds of the multiverse. There's taverns noted for the bards that play there. Other businesses have the finest wines, the best food, or the best of many other comforts. Jongleurs wander down the streets, portable puppet theaters are set up at the intersections, fire eaters belch their talents from the alleys, and wizards craft beautiful illusions for the crowds. Even stranger beings from the hinterlands get into the show, acting for coins or using their strange powers to dazzle the multitudes.

Those that live and work in this district – the showmen, the actors, the musicians, and the mountebanks – are all just a hair's breath above disreputable, or at least that's what other folks say. The good folk of the district'll point out their entertainments are honest products of training and skill. 'Course, the idea that a strolling singer or comedic actor has to work hard just sits foreign with most other berks.

The Greengage. Located just across the street from the Sensate headquarters is a tiny little cider shop known as the Greengage. This is the establishment of Marda Farambler (Pr/♀ ha/0/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 popular with big folks. Marda, it seems, refused to bow to common sense and built the place to a proper scale. The commons are both immense and cozy to short folk, but the seating is cramped for anyone over four feet in height. A cutter might think that small drawback'd be the end of the business, but the Greengage is popular with the communities of gnomes and halflings found in Sigil. 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 sure sign of her trust in a basher when he 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 HALL OF SPEAKERS. The Sign of One's headquarters is a marked contrast to the normally dour, heavy and dark buildings chosen by many other factions, especially the Harmonium. The Hall of Speakers is a soaring, almost graceful structure that rises like a spire over the neighborhood. This is the seat of everyday government in Sigil. Here the factols and plebeians meet to debate the few laws and ordinances of the city. More often than not, the Speaker's Podium is a forefront of the war between the factions. On a regular day, the factol of the Xaositects is likely to propose getting rid of the Harmonium guard, which instantly gains the support of the Doomguard, since the move is sure to promote chaos and decay. The Harmonium counters by demanding the arrest of the Xaositect factol, promising the Mercykillers that they can administer the punishment. On and on it goes, as factions attempt to recruit political allies, until somebody – usually the Guvners – manages to kill the whole issue on a point of order. The chant is, real lawmaking in Sigil's a rare event.

It makes sense that this place is the Signers' headquarters. Where can a berk be any more at the center of his own multiverse than on the Speaker's Podium? Unlike the other factions, where all the speaking's left to the factol, the Signers like to rotate their followers through the Speaker's chores, giving each a chance to address all of Sigil. 'Course, the factol always makes sure he's the one speaking anytime there's an important vote (this is his multiverse more than anybody else's, after all).

Most of the Hall of Speakers is open to the public for a fee. The Hall's got council chambers, meeting rooms, private apartments, and more; these can be leased for official uses. The heart of the Hall is private faction territory, however. Here, the Signer's hold their own sessions and plot their many-branching courses, but how they agree on anything is anybody's guess. It can be pretty tough for so many centers of the multiverse to agree on even the smallest issue.

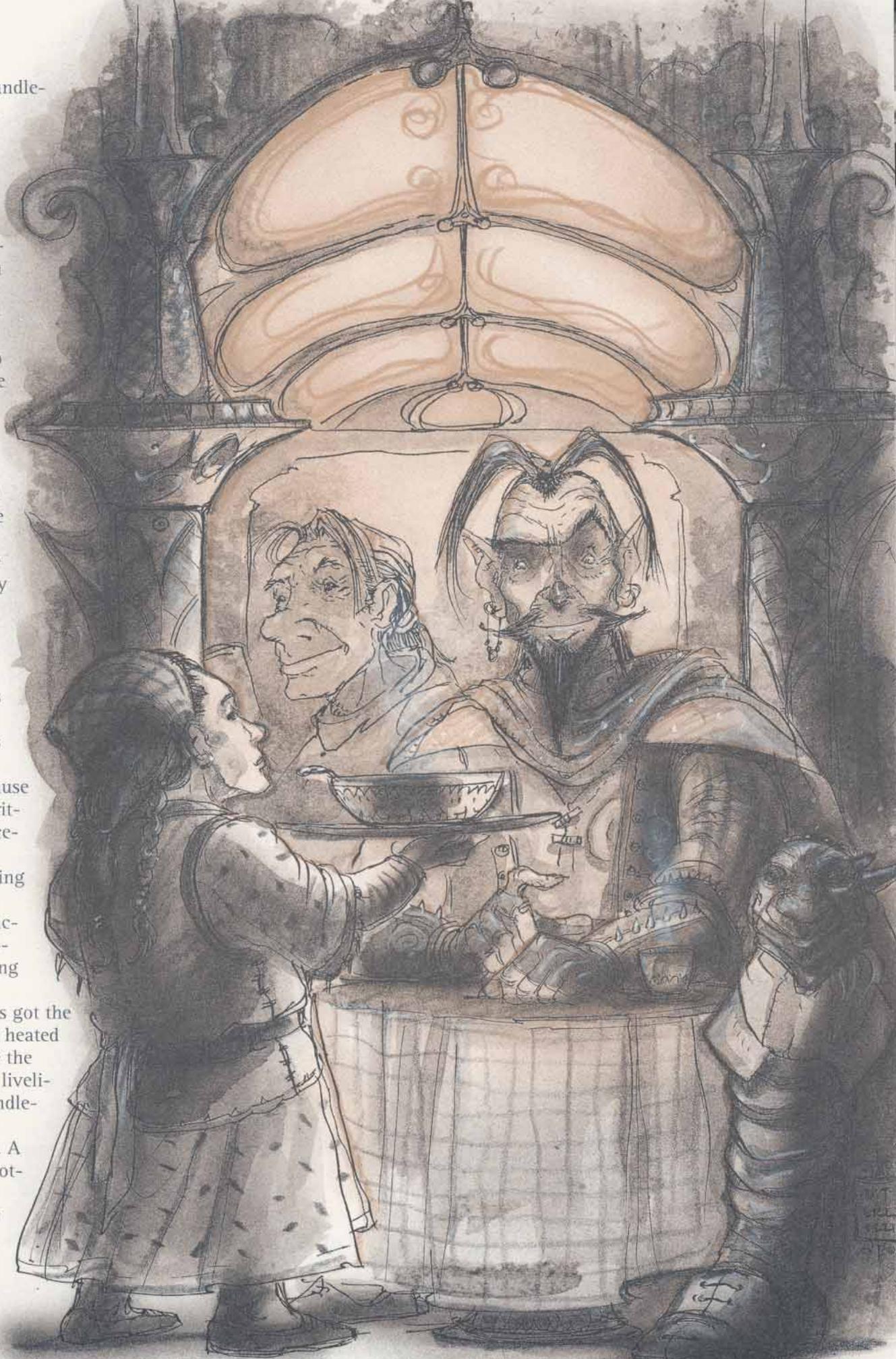
The streets around the Hall are noteworthy in that the lodgings are expensive and the drink strong. There's little in the way of entertainments, and the choice of adventurer services – armorers, weapon-smiths, map dealers, etc. – is limited. There are a fair number of street-corner criers and scribes for hire.

Grundlenthum's Automatic Scribe. In a tawdry shop on a back street behind the Hall of Speakers is the city's first and only "Automatic Scribe," a creation of Grundlenthum Blackdagger (Pl/♂ h/W15/FL/

LN). Old Grundlethum's been considered barmy for years, obsessed with the idea of magicking up an invisible scribe that a cutter could just speak to and have the writing appear. The idea didn't seem that hard to start with, but the wizard purposely made it difficult by adding all sorts of "refinements."

At any rate, it looks like the addle-cove's finally succeeded, because elegantly written announcements have been appearing around the city, announcing his Automatic Scribing service.

This has got the local scribes heated up. They see the loss of their livelihood if Grundlethum's fool thing works. A few of the hot-heads, encouraged by some berks from the



Revolutionary League, have been talking about smashing up the shop and teaching the wizard not to meddle with a basher's career, but their fear of Grundlethum's kept them still so far. He may be old and he may be a leatherhead, but the man's a wizard after all.

If they knew, the angry scribes might take heart in the fact that Grundlethum's invention isn't perfect. It seems the wizard didn't bind some over-educated elemental into the machine, like he planned, but accidentally magicked a flaw into The Lady's defenses around Sigil, instead. Now, a lesser power of the Abyss has managed to leak a little bit of its power inside by pretending to be the Automatic Scribe. Whether it can stay hid long enough to gather its strength is a question, because it's malicious and mischievous by nature. Already unpleasant things have been happening in and around the shop. It's only a matter of time before something serious happens.

THE GUILDHALL AND MARKET WARDS

Although the Lower Ward is far bigger, it's the one folks argue is vanishing. That should give a cutter some idea of the clout of these two wards. Each of them is tiny, but folks in Sigil can't imagine the city without them.

Still, for all their supposed importance, there's not much to tell the two wards apart. The things that make them so ordinary are just what make them important to the city. Life's impossible with the basics of food, clothing, and the like, and that's what these wards provide. These are the wards of the mercers, greengrocers, provisioners, rug sellers, tinkers, and peddlers. This is where a cutter can buy all the common, useful, and everyday things he needs for life inside and outside the city. This is where a basher can find the great permanent portals to the other trade cities of the planes. Of all the areas in the city, this one is the most cosmopolitan. There's no greater preponderance of beings from one plane or another here; everything, from

aasimons to tanar'ri, mingles here, and there's an

unstated and ill-watched truce between all things that come to this ward.

The streets here are alive, day and night, with commerce, but just what's being bought and sold changes with the hours. Who wants to buy fruit in the blackness of night, when a cutter can't see the rotten produce that's being passed off on him? Who can take their entertainment during the day when there's too much work to be done earning a living? Hence, by day the market's alive with fruit sellers, vegetable stalls, drapers, cutlers, and tinkers. And by night it's filled with bards, cookshops, wine peddlers, illusionists, and companions. There's something for everyone here.

THE GREAT GYMNASIUM. This is a gymnasium in the grand old sense: It's got baths, steam rooms, massage tables, an exercise field, pools, lounges, and even a portico where the teachers of the Transcendent Order instruct their students. All of this is enclosed in a great compound of gold-veined black marble. The Gymnasium is open to all, but only on the Ciphers' terms.

Compared to other parts of Sigil, life here is deliberately unhurried. The Transcendent Order (whose faction headquarters these are) believes understanding can only come with a calm mind, so they do their best to keep the pressures and concerns of the outside world at bay. Those who enter must leave weapons and magic behind. No spells can be cast there, nor are beings with innate powers allowed to exercise their talents. 'Course, none of these rules apply to the Ciphers, although these edicts are generally followed by most of them, too. Nor are the rules perfectly obeyed by visitors. There are always little incidents to disturb the perfect calm of the place, disturbances the Ciphers have to put down.

Because of the rules and services here, the Gymnasium serves two purposes. First, it's a place for citizens to relax and forget the cares of the world. Noise, pressure, even social class can be forgotten. Second, the Great Gymnasium serves as a neutral ground for hostile parties. Many a truce, treaty, and pact have been negotiated in the steam rooms and baths. Like every other part of Sigil, the Great Gymnasium is vital to the functioning of the city. If it didn't exist already, it'd have to be created.

The streets around the Great Gymnasium are host to a score of smaller competitors, so the whole district is noted for its baths and spas. Some are general while others cater to particular races or planes.

With the baths come inns and food shops, many of which offer nothing but healthful exotica.

The Flame Pits. This specialized bathhouse is run by Laril Zasskos (PI/♀gz/W14/RL/CN), a sharp-tongued and sharp-eyed githzerai. Located three streets toward the Great Bazaar, her establishment specializes in exotic conditions. She began by using her magic to build and contain lava pools for elementals and a few lower-planar things. Since then, she's expanded the selection to include scouring whirlwinds, tubs of rank ooze, the purest of pure water, and bubbling ichors the nature of which she doesn't reveal.

Laril actually works the place as a safe haven for the Revolutionary League. Several of the pools have false bottoms. Beneath these are entrances to secret catacombs that honeycomb the streets under the city. There, Laril has created apartments for her brethren, and stock piled supplies for the day when the old, corrupt system falls.

THE GREAT BAZAAR. This plaza's the headquarters of the

Free League, and it

just fits that their case ain't even a building. The Great Bazaar's a huge square filled with caravan tents and rickety merchant stalls. The air's rich with smells of flowers, meats, fruits, animals, and sewage. Walk through the crowded aisles and a cutter's assaulted by calls to examine, smell, feel, and — most of all — buy the wares of every merchant he passes. Anything on a general equipment list can be bought here, even things too big to actually bring to Sigil. Need a galley for the River Oceanus and a blood'll find a merchant here willing to sell him one.

Not that everyone's honest and forthright, though. A basher's got to be a smart shopper to take care he don't get peeled by some dishonest trader. Buy something that's supposedly waiting out on the planes and a sod better have ways of making sure it's really there. The other thing a berk's got to be cautious about is the pickpockets and cutpurses that roam the market. It takes money to shop in the bazaar, and where there's money, there's thieves. But those are the risks every cutter takes.

The Free League's headquarters hold a loose affiliation of traders and merchants that come and go as they please. There's always somebody providing each service the faction needs, but one week a cutter might have to go to a rug dealer near the central fountain for information on where to find a portal, and the next week he'll have to visit a passing tinker who's set up on the edge of the ward. It's all a matter of a wink here and a nod there, the business of knowing the right people, and knowing the right questions to ask. 'Course, a cutter's expected to do the same for others, too. The Free League's more like a brotherhood ready to lend a hand to its members than a rigid organization.

It's hard to say exactly where the Great Bazaar ends. The wheeling and dealing spills

over into side streets as peddlers vie for spaces to show their wares. The folks in this neighborhood are always ready to make a deal or haggle over a price. Taverns hum with pitches of hucksters, and there are large inns capable of housing and stabling entire caravans. Open-air cafés serve anybody who comes along, and that's the best place for creature-watching; everybody, except the most reclusive rich, comes here sooner or later.

CAMPAIGN QUICK-STARTS

After absorbing all this PLANESCAPE material, the DM should be raring to start playing, but the question remains, "What's he or she going to do first?" The following sections are suggestions for beginning adventures that get the player characters into and set up in the hub of the multiverse, Sigil.

FOR THE PRICE OF A ROSE

PREPARATION. This adventure is meant to get low-level player characters from a prime-material campaign world to Sigil, where they can then begin their careers on the planes. Characters should be at the 1st–3rd levels of experience and should have a variety of classes among them.

THE SETUP. On the prime-material world where the adventurers live, Lady Kindernis has a puzzle. It's not a desperate or impossible



puzzle, just curious. Her husband, a knight, is off on his own adventure, so she'll prevail upon the player characters to get to the bottom of the mystery.

Someone or something's been stealing her rose blossoms every night, one by one, and leaving strange flowers behind. At first she thought it was the work of her servants, but a search of their quarters and accounting for their actions proved that wrong. Then she posted the gardener to watch during the night, but he fell asleep. The guards she posted the next night swear they stayed awake, but a rose still vanished. Now, Lady Kindernis doesn't want to accuse them of sleeping (she's too good-hearted), but she thinks it's time to get some better help. She's asked one of her servants to inquire in town for a suitable group of investigators. There's not much pay in it, but a group could earn a little gratitude from the lady for their work. . . .

THE REAL CHANT. Unbeknown to everyone, a shifting portal to Sigil has opened just outside the Lady Kindernis's garden, and its gate key is a freshly cut flower. On the Sigil side, the only folks who know about it are a gang of thieves, the *Plunderers*. This group specializes in hitting worlds of the Prime Material Plane and stealing treasures to sell back in Sigil. They've been sending scouts through the portal (which skips from prime-material world to prime-material world while its other end remains anchored in Sigil) to size up the opportunities on the other side. Each night a thief and a wizard have slipped through the portal (using a *sleep* spell on the guards the lady posted), then discarded the flower-key among the rest of the Lady's blooms. To get back to Sigil requires a freshly cut flower, hence the missing roses. Their mission has been to establish that the portal is relatively stable and that the shifting end is grounded in a nonhostile environment before sending anyone "important" through.

Now the scouting is done. The *Plunderers* are sending one of their top agents, a githzerai named Yangol, through to set up an assault base in Castle Kindernis. Once he's compiled a full listing of what there is to take, the gang'll sweep in and strip the

place clean. The first night the characters are on watch is when Yangol arrives.

YANGOL (GITHZERAI MAGE/THIEF)
(W2/T3): THAC0 19; Dmg 1d8 (sword); AC 8; hp 13; MV 12; SA *sleep, change self*, backstab ×2 dmg, move silently 35%, hide in shadows 25%; SZ M; INT avg; AL CE; ML 9; XP 420

As soon as Yangol steps through the portal, he notices any player characters who aren't hidden. He expected guards, though, so he's not surprised by them. He'll attempt to use his *sleep* spell against them and then hide in the castle, using *change self* to get around. Small things will start disappearing, like food, clothes, and the like, which should be enough to build a trail that the characters can follow back to him.

If the *sleep* fails or some characters are hidden, Yangol's not going to stay and fight. Knowing he's been spotted, he'll try to grab a rose and make for the portal, a window to the main house. If he's captured, he'll talk; he's not so loyal as to get himself killed or hurt. Be sure to use lots of planar slang in his speech to confuse the player characters (see page 95). If the characters chase him, they'll need a rose to follow, or they'll have to be within 5 feet of Yangol as he steps through, in which case up to five player characters can go along for the ride. Doing so transports them into Sigil, not far from the Great Foundry.



IN SIGIL. When the characters arrive, hit the players with descriptions of everything. The player

characters should feel lost. The characters appear in the doorway to a crowded street. There's no flowers in sight for a quick return home, assuming they even know that a flower's the key. Nonplayer characters elbow them out of the way and jabber in strange tongues. Before they can chase Yangol, one of the group bumps a spinagon (see the Baatezu pages in the "Outer Planes" MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM Appendix). The fiend turns on the group with its best snarl. Have it threaten them, demand apologies, and generally rage. Before a fight breaks out, the group can be res-

cued by a bariaur named Stronghoof (P1/♂b/F4/TO/NG). At this point, good-natured Stronghoof becomes their guide to Sigil.



FUTURE COMPLICATIONS.

First, there's the issue of getting back home. The DM can leave the prime-material end of the portal stable until the player characters are ready to return home, or it could be one that moves around. If the latter is the case, then the player characters have to learn its pattern of movement before they can get back. If the campaign is to permanently move on to the planes, then the portal can disappear forever. ("Course, there's always another door home . . . somewhere.")

Second, there's still Yangol and the Plunderers. The githzerai's not happy that the player characters ruined his gang's plans, and to save face he'll try to get revenge. This can draw the characters further into Sigil, until they finally gain enough experience to face the whole gang. Even if that doesn't work, the

Plunderers aren't about to leave Lady Kindernis's castle alone, something that should be stressed to loyal and true player characters.

MISPLACED SPIRIT

PREPARATION. This problem can be used to start new player characters directly in Sigil, or it can be used for characters who are a mix of primes and planars. The party should be between the 1st and 4th levels of experience, and there should be a variety of classes among them. At least one character should be a priest, and a wizard would be very useful in this scenario. Most or all of them should have a good alignment.

THE SETUP. Once every year, Yen-Wang-Yeh, the Judge of the Dead (see LL), is called away by the Celestial Emperor. During the week that the master is away, his proxies continue to handle the business of sorting out the dead. Now, they're well-trained and well-meaning, but things do go wrong, and that's just what's happened now.

Faithful Servant Li, a minor clerk in the Palace of the Dead's bureaucracy, has discovered a terrible error: One of the petitioners has been mislaid! Worse still, it looks like she was able to make her way to Sigil! Although Faithful Servant Li didn't make the error, it's clear he'll be blamed when Yen-Wang-Yeh returns. In desperation, Faithful Servant Li has abandoned his duties and come to Sigil to find the missing petitioner.

The petitioner, Golden Morning Radiance, has discovered she likes Sigil. She has no desire to go back to the Palace of the Dead or to the plane she is due to be assigned to (Arcadia in this case). Suspecting there will be pursuit (Golden Morning Radiance was a sorceress in her previous life), the erstwhile petitioner is determined to disappear within the jungle that is Sigil.

THE REAL CHANT. The characters can discover Faithful Servant Li shortly after he steps through the portal from the Palace of the Dead. It's real obvious he's not a local, and he's wandering around, helplessly accosting everybody and asking if they've seen this woman. Why, it's only time before the poor sod gets himself peeled or maybe even lost for good. Player characters of good conscience just can't let him go wandering around.

If that doesn't work, Faithful Servant Li hits on the player characters. He describes Golden Morning Radiance — about 5'1", long black hair, etc. — and

also explains she's a petitioner who really, *really* belongs in the Palace of the Dead. He's already so bewildered by Sigil (it's his first time in the big city) that he hardly knows what to do. If the group looks capable, he'll offer to pay them for help.

Unfortunately, other folks have overheard Faithful Servant Li. One of the first folks he told his tale to was a Dustman, who instantly realized the news might be interesting to his factol.

Another was a Mercy-killer. In that basher's mind, Golden Morning Radiance is mocking justice by trying

to escape her fate.

His factol, too, might be interested.

Before the characters

have a chance to get far along the trail, both the Dustmen and the Mercykillers are also hunting the woman. Since she's a free petitioner, the Dustmen would love to recruit her. Since she's an escapee, the Mercykillers want to bring her to justice. Player characters belonging to either group must decide where their loyalties lie – with their friends or with their faction. (The DM could also have the player characters hunting for Golden Morning Radiance *for* one of these factions.)

In the meantime, Golden Morning Radiance hasn't made herself easy to find. Knowing others'll look for her, she's moved into the Hive. She's still befuddled about who she is and where she is, so she's been taken in by the Bleak Cabal. For them, she works simple magic. They've figured out what she really is and hope to hang on to her. After all, her beliefs are a blank slate on which they can write their own ideas.

FAITHFUL SERVANT LI (HUMAN BARD)(F1): THACO 20; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); AC 10; hp 3; MV 12; SZ M; INT avg; AL N; ML 11; XP 50

GOLDEN MORNING RADIANCE (HALF-ELF WIZARD)(W2): THACO 20; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); AC 10; hp 5; MV 12; SA *charm person, magic missile*; SZ M; INT high; AL NG; ML 13; XP 150

DUSTMAN AGENT (TIEFLING FIGHTER)(F3): THACO 18; Dmg 1d8+1 (*sword +1*); AC 6; hp 17; MV 12; SZ M; INT avg;

AL LE; ML 12; XP 120

MERCYKILLER AGENT (HALF-ELF INVOKER)(W3): THACO 20; Dmg 1d8 (sword); AC 7; hp 7; MV 12; SA *magic missile* (×2), *shield, bracers of defense* AC 7, can use sword; SZ M; INT high; AL LG; ML 14; XP 175

BLEAKER AGENT (GITHERAI FIGHTER/MAGE)(F3/W3): THACO 18; Dmg 1d8 (sword); AC 6; HD 3; hp 14; MV 12; SA *burning hands, phantasmal force, wizard lock*; MR 10%; SZ M; INT avg; AL N; ML 11; XP 270

FUTURE COMPLICATIONS. First off, Faithful Servant Li is under time pressure. The longer things take, the more panicky he gets, until he's little more than a nervous wreck. Second, the characters need a trail to follow. Have them get reports of a woman matching the description from several different places. This is a chance to make the characters explore the different wards of the city and learn more about Sigil. Some people will try to cheat them, demanding payment and then giving useless information. Along the course of their hunt, they should have several run-ins with the other factions hunting Golden Morning Radiance.

Once they do find her, the player characters have to decide what to do. Should she be given over to Li, handed over to one of the factions, or let alone to manage her own life? Encourage the player characters to role-play this problem, perhaps by offering them different rewards for each course of action.

NEW SPELLS

SURELOCK (Abjuration)

4th-level priest spell

Sphere: Wards

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 day/level

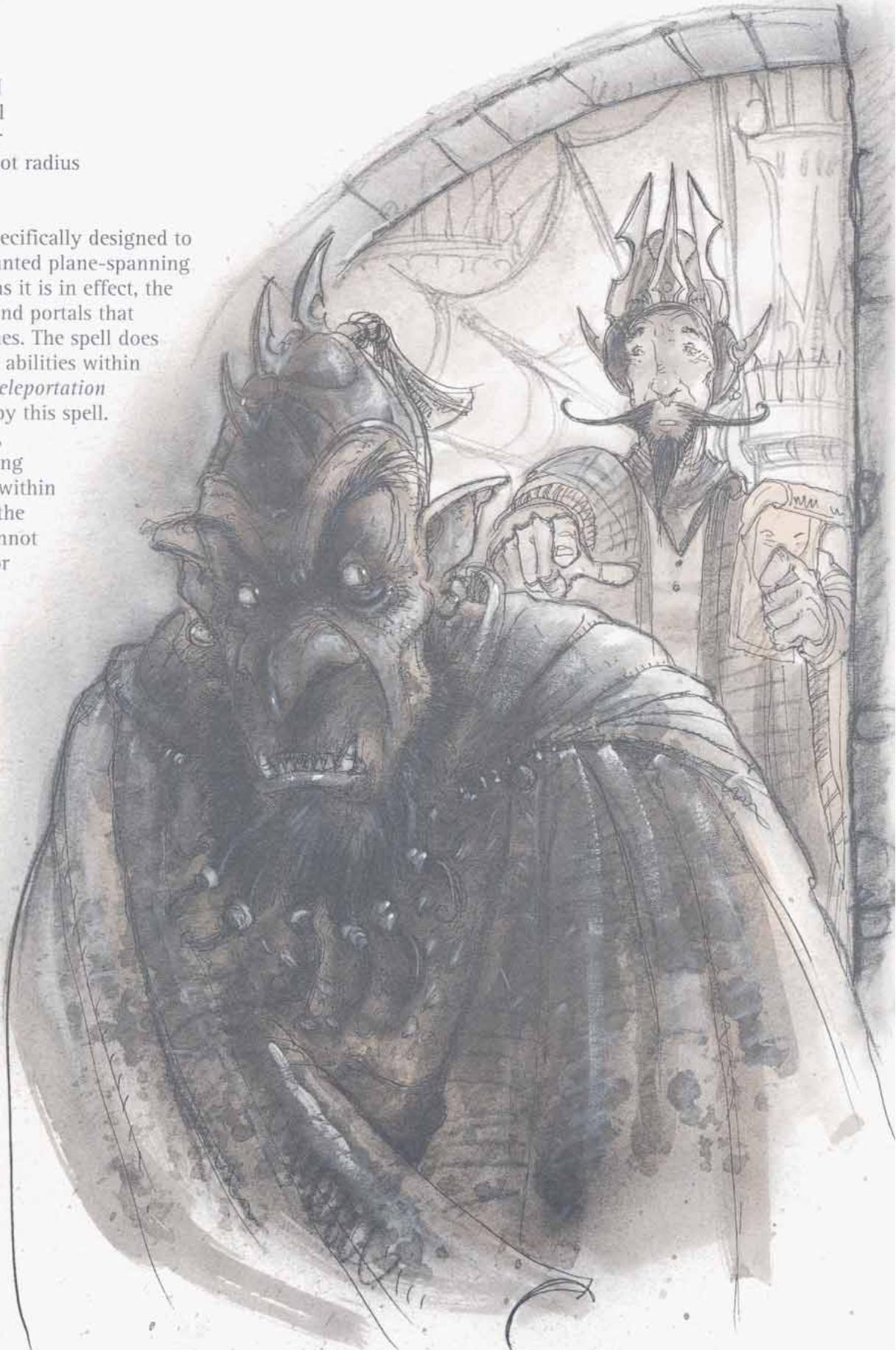
Casting Time: 1 hour

Area of Effect: 60-foot radius

Saving Throw: None

Surelock is a spell specifically designed to protect against unwanted plane-spanning portals. For as long as it is in effect, the spell seals all gates and portals that reach into other planes. The spell does not effect movement abilities within a single plane, so a *teleportation* spell is not affected by this spell. However, permanent, temporary, and moving portals cannot open within the area affected by the spell. A *gate* spell cannot pull a creature into or out of the affected area. Any attempt to use any of these powers results in automatic failure – a spell to that effect would be wasted and a charge from a magical weapon would be lost.

When cast, *surelock* spreads out in a radius from the caster to the full extent of its area of effect. It is not possible to exclude portals within this area; everything is affected equally. Nor can the effect be lowered, even by the caster, without the use of *dispel magic*. Once



cast, the area does not move – although originally centered on the priest, it does not follow him around thereafter.

The material component for this spell is a crystal key that must be shattered when the spell is cast.

WARP SENSE (Divination)

2nd-level wizard spell

Range: Touch

Component: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 3

Area of effect: 60 feet

Saving Throw: Special



In order for some characters, particularly primes, to use the gates that dot the planes, they've got to be able to find them.

Hence, an unknown wizard created *warp sense*, a spell that finds and analyzes the gates and portals of the planes. When cast, the spell allows the person empowered to sense any gate or portal, active or not, along a 60-foot path, dead ahead. Scanning in a single direction (out of four in a complete circle) takes one full round, so the person can shift directions while scanning. However, they cannot move in any other way without disrupting the spell; full concentration is required.

Once a portal is detected, the affected person can try to deduce where the other end discharges and the key required to use the portal, if any. Each piece of information requires a separate saving throw and if either is failed, nothing further can be learned about that portal. The player can state which question will be asked first. If the player character has actually seen the portal in operation, a +2 bonus is applied to the check.



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KNOWING THE CANT

By now, a poor sod might have gone barmy from all the cant he's tumbled into, and maybe he's wondering if he's just a leatherhead as he tries to read it. Well, there's a dark to it that any cutter can master, and pretty soon he'll be rattling his bone-box like a proper blood. Why, he'll be able to give the chant to a high-up man and tell a cross-trading knight to pike it.

Huh?

Readers who've made it this far have undoubtedly noticed the slang that's used throughout the PLANESCAPE material. It may be fun to read, but sometimes it sure can get confusing. What's given below is a glossary of all those odd expressions and terms that pop up throughout the text.

There's more to it than that, though. The "Voice" of the PLANESCAPE setting is unique, and it's part of what sets the tone for adventures. To get the most from the PLANESCAPE campaign setting, the DM should really use these expressions on his players. It'll make the world come alive for the players. After all, having the angry factol say, "There's this barking thief I want scragged or put in the dead-book," is a lot more colorful than just, "I want you to get this thief, dead or alive." To help DMs get used to using this color, the glossary also tries to show when and how to use these terms to best effect.

First, though, a note. Too much colorful slang in a single sentence is going to sound silly – like the first paragraph of this section. The DM doesn't have to use all these terms at every possible opportunity. He doesn't have to use any of them if he thinks they're stupid. Use what sounds natural, and don't force the rest. Feel free to add new terms and expand on old ones.

For those who want to expand the PLANESCAPE vocabulary, here's a tip to help keep the tone focused. A lot of the terms here came from the extremely colorful slang of thieves, swindlers, and beggars in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. 'Course, not every possible term was used. Most are just too cryptic to modern ears and modern times – words like jarkman, bridle-cull, figging law, and worse. Choose terms that sound slightly odd and antiquated but still have an edge to them. If it's a historical phrase, don't be afraid to twist the meaning or the way it's used.

ADDLE-COVE. A not-particularly friendly way to call someone an idiot, as in, "Did you hear what that addle-coved wizard wanted us to do?"

BAR THAT. An almost-polite way to say "shut up" or "don't talk about that." It's quick and to the

point, and it can be used as a warning: "Bar that, Jannos, there's Dustmen over there."

BARMIES. The insane folks, especially those in Sigil, who've been "touched" by the impossible bigness of the planes.

BASHER. A neutral reference to a person, usually a thug or fighter.

BERK. A fool, especially one who got himself into the mess when he should have known better.

BIRDCAGE. A cell or anything that compares to it.

BLEAKER. A faction, one of those despondent members of the Bleak Cabal.

BLINDS. The dead-ends of the Mazes, it also means anything impossible or hopeless, as in, "He'll hit the blinds if he tries lying to the factol."

BLOOD. Anyone who's an expert, sage, or a professional at his work. A champion gladiator can be a blood, just like a practiced sorcerer. Calling someone a blood is a mark of high respect.

BOB. The business of cheating someone, whether it's of their cash, honor, or trust. A good guide to Sigil will warn a cutter when someone's bobbing him. Thieves boast that they "bobbed some leatherhead on the street."

BONE-BOX. The mouth, named because of its teeth, fangs, or whatever. "Stop rattling your bone-box," is telling a berk to lay off the threats or bragging.

BUB. Booze, wine, or ale that's usually cheap and barely drinkable.

BUBBER. A drunk, especially if he, she, or it has fallen on hard times. Bubbers don't get any sympathy from most folks in Sigil.

BURG. Any town smaller than Sigil, either in size or spirit – at least that's how folks from Sigil see it. Other bodies don't always agree.

CAGE, THE. This is a common nickname for Sigil, used by locals. It comes from BIRDCAGE (see above), so it's a pretty harsh judgment on the place.

CASE. The house or place where a cutter lives.

CHAOSMEN. A nickname for the Xaositects. It does a pretty good job of describing their point of view.

CIPHER. A faction nickname of the Transcendent Order, because most folks don't know what they're talking about.

CLUELESS, THE. The folks who just don't get it, usually primes. Use this on a planar and it's likely there'll be a fight.

CHANT, THE. An expression that means news, local gossip, the facts, the moods, or anything else about what's happening. "What's the chant?" is a way of asking what's latest information a basher's heard.

- CROSS-TRADE.** The business of thieving, or anything else illegal or shady. “A cross-trading scum” is a thief who’s probably angered the Mercykillers.
- CUTTER.** A term that refers to anybody, male or female, that a person wants. It does suggest a certain amount of resourcefulness or daring, and so it’s a lot better than calling somebody a berk.
- DARK.** Anything that’s secret is said to be a dark. “Here’s the dark of it,” is a way of saying “I’ve got a secret and I’ll share it with you.”
- DUSTMEN.** One of the factions of Sigil. They believe everybody’s dead. See *A Player’s Guide to the Planes* for more information.
- FATED, THE.** A faction of the planes which holds that if they’ve got something, it’s because it belongs to them. This doesn’t always sit well with others.
- GARNISH.** A bribe, as in “Give the irritating petty official a little garnish and he’ll go away.”
- GIVE ‘EM THE LAUGH.** Escape or slip through the clutches of someone. Robbing a tanar’ri’s house and not getting caught is giving him the laugh.
- GIVE THE ROPE.** What happens to condemned criminals who don’t manage to give the law the laugh. Usually thieves are the only folks who use this term.
- GODSMEN.** A faction of the planes that believes everybody’s got the chance to be a power.
- GUVNER.** A faction in Sigil that believes knowing physical laws will give a cutter power over everything. Not the kind of folks to argue logic with.
- HARMONIUM.** A faction of the planes. “Do it our way or no way,” could be its slogan.
- HIGH-UP MAN.** This is what everybody – man, woman, and thing – in Sigil wants to be: somebody with money and influence. Factols are automatically considered high-up men. It’s bad form to call one’s self this; it’s a phrase others bestow.
- INDEPS.** A faction of the planes whose members live their lives as they please, with no allegiance to others. Some folks figure that makes them untrustworthy right there, but they’re pretty useful as mercenaries.
- JINK.** The goal of the poor: money or coins. “That’s going to take a lot of jink!” for an expensive bit of garnishing.
- KIP.** Any place a cutter can put up his feet and sleep for a night, especially cheap flophouses in the Hive or elsewhere. Landlords of good inns get upset if a fellow calls their place a kip.
- KNIGHT OF THE POST** or **KNIGHT OF THE CROSS-TRADE.** A thief, cheat, and a liar – clearly not a compli-
- ment unless, of course, that’s what the basher wants to be.
- LEAFLESS TREE.** The gallows, which is where some berks wind up after they’ve been scragged.
- LEATHERHEAD.** A dolt, a dull or thick-witted fellow. Use it to call somebody an idiot.
- LOST.** Dead. “He got lost,” means he ain’t coming back without a *resurrection*.
- LOST, THE.** A faction in the planes, properly called the Athar. Its members hold that there are no true powers. The local priests would like to see them *get lost*, like the meaning above.
- MAZES, THE.** The nasty little traps the Lady of Pain creates for would-be dictators. It’s also come to mean any particularly well-deserved punishment, as in, “It’s the Mazes for him and I can’t say I’m sorry.”
- MERCYKILLERS.** A faction of the planes that believes there is an absolute justice.
- MUSIC.** A price a cutter usually doesn’t want to pay, but has to anyway. “Pay the music or you’ll never find your way out of here.”
- OUT-OF-TOUCH.** Outside the Outer Planes. A body who’s on the Elemental Plane of Water is “out-of-touch.” This vernacular comes from Sigil, which is considered to be the center of the multiverse by those who adopted this phrase.
- OUT-OF-TOWN.** Like the phrase above, this one’s used by Sigilians to describe a body who’s on the Outlands.
- PEEL.** A swindle, con, or a trick is a peel. It’s often used as a verb. Peeling a tanar’ri is usually a bad idea.
- PEERY.** Suspicious and on one’s guard. What a basher should be if he thinks he’s going to get peeled.
- PIKE IT.** A useful, all-purpose phrase, as in, “Take a short stick and pike it, bubber.”
- PUT IN THE DEAD-BOOK.** Dead. Some people have others “put in the dead-book.”
- SCRAGGED.** Arrested or caught.
- SENSATES.** Nickname for the Society of Sensation, a faction. Its members believe life’s got to be experienced to be understood.
- SIGNERS.** A faction nickname for the Sign of One. Its members figure everybody is the center of their own universe.
- SOD.** An unfortunate or poor soul. Use it to show sympathy for an unlucky cutter or use it sarcastically for those who get themselves into their own mess.
- TURN STAG.** To betray somebody or use treachery. Saying “he’s turned stag” is about the worst thing that can be said about a cutter.

THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN SPECIFICALLY FOR THE DUNGEON MASTER. INSIDE, THE INCREDIBLE CITY OF SIGIL IS DESCRIBED, AS WELL AS ALL THE FACTION HEADQUARTERS LOCATED WITHIN. THE OUTLANDS, THE PLANE SURROUNDING SIGIL, IS ALSO EXPLORED, WITH ALL ITS REALMS AND GATES TO THE GREAT RING BEYOND.

LASTLY, QUICK-START ADVENTURES, NEW SPELLS, AND A GLOSSARY OF UNIQUE PLANAR SLANG GIVE THE DM ALL THE INFORMATION NEEDED TO RUN A CAMPAIGN IN THE PLANES.



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ALEAX

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Outer Planes
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17–18)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Any

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	See below
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 12(A)
HIT DICE:	See below
THACO:	See below
NO. OF ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Regeneration
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	M
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	See below

The aleax is a physical manifestation of the vengeance enacted by a power. There is but one aleax for each deity; it is sent forth to punish and redeem those who stray from the dictates of their alignments, who fail to sacrifice sufficient treasure, or who otherwise anger the god. These creatures are created specifically to fulfill that stated purpose, so an aleax will never be met by chance.

The aleax usually appears in human or humanoid form and quite closely resembles its intended victim. In fact, the being is in all respects (except as noted elsewhere) an exact duplicate. The aleax has the same attribute scores, hit points, armor and Armor Class, weapons, magical items, spells, and so on. To the intended recipient of the deity's punishment, the aleax appears to be bathed in shimmering light that varies in color according to the god's specific alignment: golden for lawful-good aleaxi, vibrant green for lawful neutral, deep purple for lawful evil, bright yellow for neutral good, silver for true neutral, royal blue for neutral evil, ever-changing rose-and-blue for chaotic good, kaleidoscopic colors of all shades for chaotic neutral, and shifting scarlet and indigo for chaotic evil.

Bystanders, however, see the aleax as a nondescript individual of the same race as the target. When the aleax attacks, it seems to onlookers that the character has been assaulted by (or has attacked) a complete stranger. Those attempting to help the character quickly discover they cannot aid the object of divine wrath. Companions of the punished character can do little but stand helplessly by and wait for the outcome of the battle (see below).

When it appears, the aleax utters a few brief words in the language of its deity (which may or may not be understandable to the victim), stating that the mortal has offended the god, outlining the nature of the crime, and insisting that he or she must now submit to punishment. After this decree is spoken, the aleax attacks without quarter or mercy. No discussion or plea is heeded.

COMBAT: Characters who attempt to rationalize with the aleax forfeit their claim to an initiative roll, because the being moves in to attack while the PC gibbers away. In battle it will use the same weapons and spells as the character, along with tactics similar to its target. The aleax has 100% magic resistance to any magical effect that does not originate from its victim. Likewise, it is immune to all damage from sources other than its target; only the weapons and magic of its target can harm it. If a wizard casts a fireball at an aleax attacking a priest, the creature is unharmed (although the priest is still subject to damage), but if the wizard cast the same spell at an aleax attacking him, the spell would cause damage normally. Of course, the aleax enjoys any magic resistance that the target character has. Further, the aleax naturally regenerates hit points when wounded, at the rate of 8 hit points per round.

An aleax is also immune to any magical effect that taps its life source, including *magic jar*, *possession*, *life-draining*, or *vampiric regeneration*. It automatically saves vs. spell when confronted by illusions, and it can attempt to break a *charm* spell once per round.

Despite its numerous tactical advantages, an aleax has a special vulnerability to physical attack. Any hit with a physical weapon (not a magical effect) that scores on a natural roll of 19 inflicts double damage, and a natural roll of 20 causes *quadruple* damage. However, damage inflicted by the aleax is always normal, regardless of the result of its attack roll.

Although they are ferocious fighters, aleaxi never actually kill their victims. One who is "slain" by an aleax is simply suffering the judgment of his or her god. Although to onlookers it appears as though the character has died, in truth his spirit is held in suspension between death and life. He is in commune with his deity then, and he is given a last chance to barter for his life. The spirit can be returned to the character's body, but only by quickly paying the price demanded by the offended power. The deity can demand service, levels, treasure, or magic. The choice is not open to negotiation — either the character accepts or he dies. Those who choose death cannot be raised.

Service can be any one *quest* (unbreakable by even a *wish* spell) stipulated by the power. The deity can also claim up to half a character's levels, while treasure and magical-item forfeitures result in the loss of *all* the character's property, no matter where it is hidden. If the

condition is accepted, the character is then automatically raised from the dead (including elves) with whatever conditions agreed upon immediately applied. The character will receive no further visitation from the aleax as long as he or she remains true to the offended god in the future.



If the character defeats the aleax in battle, some portion of the aleax's spirit merges with the character. The power's wrath is annulled, for Fate has judged against it. No more attacks will be made on the character for that particular offense (regardless of whether the character is now acting in an appropriate manner), although further offenses may trigger retribution.

The joining of the aleax's spirit with the player character brings both rewards and penalties. The character's wits and senses are heightened from this comingling with the divine, so Intelligence increases by 1 and the character enjoys a +1 bonus on all surprise rolls. Also, others can see that the character has been "aleax-touched," effectively bestowing a +1 bonus to Charisma. However, the aleax spirit still fights for control of the character. Whenever faced with a situation similar to the character's original offense (regardless of whether the character is now acting in an appropriate manner), the spirit will attempt to assert itself as a rightful avenger. At that time, the character must successfully save vs. paralyzation or become possessed by the desire to punish those who have offended the aleax's god. The desire remains until the offenders are punished or the effect is broken by a *dispel magic* spell. Note that this does not free the character in future instances, but only cancels the immediate effect.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Aleaxi have no habitat or society – they are the creations of the powers. They come into existence when a god wishes to punish a mortal, and they return to nonexistence immediately upon completion of their duties. A power can only create one aleax at a given time. Since a deity's strength diminishes slightly every time one of its special servants is defeated, the gods as a whole do not lightly send out these avengers. Typically, aleaxi are created to correct the most blasphemous of followers, or those that pose a great threat to the stability of the power's realm.

ECOLOGY: Aleaxi essentially do not exist until they are called into being by the gods. Some sages speculate that an aleax is an actual part of its god's consciousness, which separates and adopts a physical form. Others believe that it is a magical being, created on the spot at the behest of the offended god. In any case, an aleax exists for no other reason than to defeat its mortal model and return to its deity victorious.

ASTRAL SEARCHER

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Outer Planes
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Non
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	4d6
ARMOR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	2
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	All victims are AC 5
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	M
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	175

Astral searchers are the bane of planar travelers in the silvery void. They are mindless shells of nebulous humanoid shape, created by concentrated or traumatized thoughts of prime-material characters in the Astral Plane. Violent death, destructive spells cast while on the Astral Plane, and astral combat often result in the creation of astral searchers. More often than not, the creator or source of the astral searcher isn't even aware of the results of his or her actions, and this creature comes into being without malice of forethought or other intent.

Driven by their past connection with material beings, astral searchers obsessively search for material bodies to possess. As they wander the Astral Plane, they seek weak points in the cosmic fabric that connects the Astral to the other planes, and they cluster at those points, waiting for the stress lines to become collinear so that they can pass into other worlds. Such "rips" in the planar tapestry exist naturally, but they also may be created at points where astral travelers enter and leave the Astral Plane, in which case they exist only temporarily (1d6 rounds). Astral searchers also gather near the color pools that lead to the Prime Material and Outer Planes, but they are incapable of passing through them unless a planar being passes through before them.

COMBAT: As soon as an astral searcher finds its way into another plane or encounters a planar character in the Astral Plane, it seeks to attack. The creature is fussy about its targets – only living humanoids are considered prey. Furthermore, characters from the Prime Material Plane are immune to attacks while on the Astral

Plane, for their silver cords somehow act as a shield. On the other hand, characters from the Inner and Outer Planes (who lack silver cords on the Astral) are not protected in this way.

Astral searchers can be attacked either physically or with spells that cause damage. Although weapons seem to slice right through their ghostly forms, they actually cause harm. However, astral searchers are 50% resistant to magic and can only be hit by weapons of +1 or greater enchantment. If reduced to 0 hit points, the creature's will to exist is finally broken and it dissipates into a cloud of harmless vapor.

An astral searcher attacks the psyche of its intended victim, and all targets are treated as having Armor Class 5 for the purposes of this battle. Only *rings of protection* and bonuses for high Wisdom alter the Armor Class of the target. The creature attacks with ghostly claws, as it must touch its victim to be effective. The attack is like a searing lash of psychic energy. Its assault can be blocked psionically in the same way as *id insinuation*.

All damage inflicted by the astral searcher is purely mental, although the victim's mind creates feelings of pain and injury, giving the impression of a physical attack. The mental agony "heals" quickly, though, at the rate of 1d8 points per turn. Nevertheless, the offensive is real. If an astral searcher strikes a fatal blow (hits and reduces the victim to 0 hit points or fewer), the victim falls into a coma while the searcher enters the body and destroys the victim's psyche, effectively killing him. Damage caused by an astral searcher can be combined with that from another source. If another creature actually strikes the fatal blow, however, the astral searcher cannot take possession of the body.

If the astral searcher successfully takes possession of a body, the mind and personality of the victim are destroyed. The searcher acquires the victim's physical abilities and total hit points (as all damage inflicted in the attack now disappears), but not the character's former personality. Instead, the character is filled with the strong emotion that first led to the searcher's creation: rage, fear, determination, or whatever. The newly possessed body can make noise reflecting its emotional state, but it cannot speak. All knowledge of spells and skills is lost.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Until they inhabit a body, astral searchers have no life. They are simply masses of emotion, disconnected from all else. Once a body is secured, the creature's first concern is to recreate the atmosphere that led to its creation. Thus, an astral searcher born of a mage's dread of capture by the githyanki would continually attempt to create an atmosphere of terror around it. The searcher assumes the emotion is the true and natural state of the multiverse.

Astral searchers are quick learners, however, since they reside inside minds already once taught. Skills such as language and nonweapon proficiencies quickly come back — perhaps within a few hours — and relearning most other tasks takes only a quarter or less of the normal time. Even class abilities and levels can be regained. However, memories and life experiences are lost forever, as if the original character were suffering from permanent amnesia. The searcher/character will allow itself to be named, and it may even fall into parts of its victim's old identity, but it will never forgo its obsessions, nor can it gain new levels of experience.

ECOLOGY: Astral searchers have no physical substance until such time that they take possession of a body. They can be exorcised, but the original psyche has been completely destroyed, and the character cannot be raised or brought back by any means short of a *wish* spell. If the astral searcher is driven from its host, the empty body remains bereft of any life essence and may pose an open invitation to fiends or other incorporeal creatures looking for a physical form to dominate.

There are tales of planars returning home, all knowledge of their past gone, and still living among their family and friends for many years as mental invalids. It is only later, when someone more knowledgeable comes through town, that those close to the victim discover the real truth.



BARGHEST+



CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Gehenna/Prime Material
FREQUENCY: Very rare
ORGANIZATION: Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any
DIET: Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE: High to genius (13-18)
TREASURE: See below
ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil

NO. APPEARING: 1-2
ARMOR CLASS: 2 to -4
MOVEMENT: 15
HIT DICE: 6 + 6 hp to 12 + 12 hp
THACO: 15 (6 + 6 HD)
13 (7 + 7 to 8 + 8 HD)
11 (9 + 9 to 10 + 10 HD)
9 (11 + 11 to 12 + 12 HD)
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d4 + HD value
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 5% per HD (ignore pluses)
SIZE: M-L (5'-9' tall)
MORALE: Champion (15)
XP VALUE: 6 + 6 HD: 2,000
7 + 7 HD: 3,000
8 + 8 HD: 4,000
9 + 9 HD: 5,000
10 + 10 HD: 6,000
11 + 11 HD: 8,000
12 + 12 HD: 9,000

Of the various monsters that inhabit the rifts of the plane of Gehenna, the barghest is certainly the most common and one of the most fearsome. The barghest's natural shape is very much the same as that of a large goblin, and when dwelling among goblins, it generally retains that form.

While it appears to be a large goblin when it is a whelp, its skin darkens from yellow to a bluish-red as it grows larger and stronger, and eventually its skin turns an even blue at adulthood. The eyes of the monster glow orange when it is excited, but otherwise they are indistinguishable from those of a normal goblin.

A barghest is also able to assume at will the form of a large war dog or a wild dog. Hence, the creature has oftentimes been referred to as a "devil-dog," but this is a misnomer. The precise form taken can vary from creature to creature, but all forms are those of typical wild or war dogs, and it is almost impossible (95% unlikely) to tell one from its natural counterpart. However, natural dogs instantly recognize, fear, and hate a barghest, and they will attack it at any opportunity.

COMBAT: Barghests employ a claw/claw attack in battle. (In canine form, they only bite.) They may only be hit by weapons of +1 or better enchantment. They are not particularly vulnerable to any attack form, but in their canine shape they risk the failure of a saving throw vs. spell when subjected to a *fireball*, *flame strike*, or *meteor swarm* spell: If attacked by such a spell while in canine form and a barghest fails its saving throw, it is instantly hurled to Gehenna. Those returned to the Outer Plane are most likely slain or enslaved by their full-grown fellows, but even if they are not so treated they cannot return to the Prime Material Plane without outside assistance.

Barghests are able to perform the following spell-like abilities, once per round, at will: *shape change* (into either canine or goblinlike form), *levitate*, *misdirection*, and *project image*. They are able to perform the following abilities once per day: *charm* (person or monster), *dimension door*, and *emotion*.

When in canine form, barghests are able to move at double their normal movement rate (maximum of 30), pass *without a trace* (as the spell), and become 75% unlikely to be noticed when motionless. If undetected, they impose a -2 penalty on opponents' surprise rolls.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: These beings are native to Gehenna and tend to live in isolation on that plane. There, each barghest has its own stronghold and force of servitors, over which it rules despotically. Goblins readily recognize and worship barghests (even in their goblinoid form), but other races find them to be virtually indistinguishable from these common prime-material monsters. The goblin hosts fear and serve the barghests, often

going to great lengths to bring them suitable gifts and sacrifices, and the barghests respond by slaying powerful enemies of the goblins as well as generally enriching the goblins' treasure hoards.

Occasionally, a barghest on Gehenna will spawn a litter of six young, which are immediately sent to the Prime Material Plane to feed and grow. Those that survive eventually return to Gehenna, but while they are away, they must feed upon humans and demihumans. Barghest whelps are found either alone or in pairs on the Prime Material Plane, generally living near isolated communities of humans or with bands of goblins.

When barghest whelps first come to the Prime Material, they are relatively weak, having only 6 + 6 Hit Dice. However, for every energy (experience) level of human (or demihuman) life that they slay or devour, 1 hit point is added to their overall total. Once they absorb eight levels, they gain another Hit Die, plus an additional hit point per die. (Hence, a 6 + 6 HD barghest who absorbs eight experience levels becomes a 7 + 7 HD barghest.) Note that 0-level characters are worth only one-half of an experience level to the barghest, so they are considerably less attractive targets than high-level heroes. In addition, each time a barghest gains a Hit Die, its Armor Class decreases by 1 and its Strength score increases from an initial 18/00 to a maximum of 24. When the barghest finally achieves full growth and power, it discovers the ability to *plane shift* to Gehenna, where it seeks its own reeking valley rift to lord over.

What treasure barghests gather into their own strongholds in Gehenna is unknown, although it is rumored to be great. However, while they live upon the Prime Material Plane, they accumulate no personal treasure.

ECOLOGY: The barghest passes through different stages in its life. As a whelp it is a hunter and tracker consigned to the Prime Material Plane. There it grows in cunning and wisdom until it is ready to enter into the next stage of its life. At this phase it returns to Gehenna and becomes a leader. It is still a hunter, though now its tactics and attitudes are greater, to match the game – other intelligent beings – that it hunts.



CRANIUM RAT

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Outer Planes
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon to very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Darkness
DIET:	Scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	Low to supragenius (5-20)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil

NO. APPEARING:	2d10
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	1
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	T (6" long)
MORALE:	Unsteady (7)
XP VALUE:	65 XP each

The following passage is taken from the dreams of Bilfar the Diviner, who believed that secrets fled their sleeping masters every night:

A small, crawling form itched into the back of my brain, and I dreamed of its words. My dreams had caught the secrets of one called the vishkar, and it said:

Fear me. Fear my coming. What others know of me is a mask that hides my true might. They think I am vermin, those rats whose brains pulsate with bilious light. They do not know I see through the thousand eyes of my body. My body lives among them, and they do not see me.

Upon waking I had the image of the cranium rat, commonly seen in the dark corners of pestilent villages, locked into my mind. But my dream was this creature, and yet it was not. Perhaps I will dream it again.

Indeed he did dream it again, but Bilfar never lived to publish his stolen secrets. A month after he penned these words, he was dead. Perhaps his dreams caught another, darker secret, for his servant found him one morning, bled dry from a hundred tiny wounds.

COMBAT: While dangerous and unpleasant, the cranium rat is not an aggressive creature. Like most vermin, it avoids open attacks in favor of flight or ambushes.



Indeed, in the latter action the cranium rat shows a cunning skill.

Cranium rats usually move in packs of ten or more. They hide in garbage or the crack of a wall until a victim ventures close and then swarm out and strike, but even then they won't fight for long. If the victim cannot be slain or crippled in a just a few rounds, they break off and scatter in all directions, making pursuit almost impossible. Still, these actions are no different than those of most other vermin, and they are not what make the cranium rat truly dangerous. It is the slight mental prowess of these creatures that makes them truly menacing.

Individually, these creatures are little more than clever vermin, but cranium rats are seldom encountered singly. They're many creatures and one creature all at once, as they possess a type of group mind. A cranium rat is automatically in telepathic contact with every other such creature within 10 feet, which allows them to share not just thoughts, but also brain capacity — every five rats in contact generate 1 point of Intelligence. Thus, one to four rats have no more than animal intelligence (1 point). Add another rat and the group becomes semi-intelligent (2 points). Fifty rats in a single area have the intelligence of an average person (10), while 100 rats in close quarters would be frightening (20 Intelligence)! Theoretically there is no upper limit to the group mind, but no packs have been found with an Intelligence higher than 20 or so. Perhaps with overpopulation comes metaphysical insight, such that these creatures ascend to a higher level of existence. Or perhaps overpopulation brings about a sudden decrease in their numbers.

With increasing Intelligence comes increasing powers, as shown on the table below. Entries in color apply to that level and higher. Spells can be used daily. For example, a pack with an Intelligence of 7 can use one 1st-level wizard spell each day.



INTELLIGENCE	ABILITY
1-6	Standard
7	1 spell level of wizard spells
8	2 spell levels of wizard spells
9	Mind blast, 1/3 rounds
10	3 spell levels of wizard spells
11	4 spell levels of wizard spells
12	Mind blast, 1/2 rounds
13	5 spell levels of wizard spells
14	6 spell levels of wizard spells
15	Mind blast every round
16	Immune to gases
17	Immune to cold
18	10% magic resistance
19	40% magic resistance
20	70% magic resistance

The group mind also confers several defensive advantages upon the creatures. First, when calculating damage from area-affecting spells, treat the Hit Dice of the communal creature as a pool. For example, casting an 8-HD *fireball* at a horde of 30 rats destroys just eight of them if the saving throw is failed. If the save is successful, only four (half damage) rats are destroyed. In other words, ignore the individual hit points of the rats for area effects. Second, the rats save as if they are a creature of as many Hit Dice as their Intelligence. In the example above, 30 rats have a 6 Intelligence, so the horde saves as a 6-HD creature.

The communal nature of their Intelligence is also the cranium rats' weakness. When members of a pack are killed or scattered, the Intelligence of the pack immediately drops, and the pack loses any special powers attributable to the communal mind. The communal mind, however, is highly resistant to mental attacks. A pack with an Intelligence of 5 or higher is immune to *sleep* spells (by virtue of its effective Hit Dice). The pack acts quickly to break its telepathic link with rats that have fallen under another creature's control. Consequently, spells such as *suggestion* and *charm monster* affect but a single rat (although the rat gains the benefit of the pack's saving throw).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: So continues Bilfar's notes:

The vishkar's secrets flee it at night, arriving piecemeal for my studies. Where they come from I cannot tell — there are too many images of too many places — but in all of these there is a common thread. It is a pulsing green vein that is the cord to a master who steals secrets from others. I am forced to guess that the vishkar is an agent of Ilsensine, the great god-brain of the illithids. Vishkar is the eyes and ears of its lord, gathering in all it sees and hears to please that ravenous power. A thousand eyes gather a thousand scenes all at once.

Curious, I inquired with travelers and caravan masters about the extent of the cranium rat. I myself have seen them in Sigil, and I am told they are not uncommon in the Lower Planes.

I have seen myself in my own dreams, asking and re-asking these questions. There are also dreams of packs searching me out. Are these the dreams of my mind, or secrets I have captured? Even my philosophies fail me here, but I think precautions are necessary.

ECOLOGY: Cranium rats subsist on a diet only slightly more carnivorous than the normal rat. The extent and purpose of their powers are held closely secret, lest Ilsensine's instruments be exposed. Those who discover the true purpose of the cranium rats are under sentence of swift and terrible death.

DABUS



Th+! S ❄️-s
 m+🎸+👑 R -t+zzz,
 n+🔪 🍃 th+👁️ tr+👁️
 2 h+👁️+d th+🍷+s+👤👤.
 1,3,5...+lee th+! s+🍊
 S 🍷 R 🍷 F 🍷

*(There is no mistaking a dabus,
nor do they try to hide themselves.
Oddly, their speech is just a string of symbols.)*

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Sigil
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Hierarchy
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	1d8
ARMOR CLASS:	7
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	4 to 8
THACO:	4 HD: 17 5-6 HD: 15 7-8 HD: 13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (12)
XP VALUE:	4 HD: 175 5 HD: 270 6 HD: 420 7 HD: 650 8 HD: 975

Tall, slender, and looking like the riddles they speak, the dabus are feared by some to be the true masters of Sigil, the hidden genius of her being. For others they are nothing but slaves that maintain Sigil's mighty engines. Their thoughts literally fill the air when they pass, for the dabus's speech is illusion shaped into pictures that mortals can then reshape into sounds – the dabus communicate not by word, but by the complicated structures of the rebus. These are the ultimate in thought-pictures, where symbols are chosen for the sounds made in a language, and the sounds are strung together to form words.

COMBAT: The dabus are not combative creatures. They seek no battle, as destruction is not their role and purpose in life. Still, in a city like Sigil, avoiding combat is not always possible and the dabus will fight if they must. The dabus possess no special attacks. They can only fight normally, with swords, hand axes, or hammers – the latter two being tools they often have at the ready.

The dabus never quite stand on the ground. They neither fly nor walk, but exist on the boundary between each, so they're immune to spells that affect the surface beneath them. A *transmute rock to mud* won't catch them, nor will a *grease* spell make them slip. At the same time, they are not really flying, either. Thus, spells that might be effective against flying creatures, such as *gust of wind*, will not send them spinning out of control. Otherwise, they have no unusual immunities or special resistances.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Sigil is their sole habitat, which they constantly build, cannibalizing one part to construct another. It is known their homes are in substructures far beneath the city, but few have seen them. They don't care for visitors in their cramped workshops, and they mislead those who try to follow them home without permission.

The dabus claim to be organized into cells (if their rebuses are read correctly). Each cell has a duty in the city, though it is not tied to one place or skill. One day a member of a cell gathers the trash that blows out of the Great Bazaar. The next, it might be resetting cobbles near the Hive. Whatever guides them in their tasks, the dabus seem to always know what is expected of them. Each cell has 2d6 members.

All dabus are of the same sex, for the race appears to have no sex at all. There are no dabus young, yet they do seem to be able to replace those lost to accident or misadventure. No one is sure how they do so, but the best guess is that a new member is constructed from the merged illusions of the others, that the word-pictures take on real form, that what is written/spoken has reality for these creatures that translates into reality for others.

That leads to their strange speech, the most puz-

zling aspect of the dabus race. They have mouths and seem perfectly capable of speaking, but they never do. Instead, should they desire to communicate with someone not of their race, images of appear in the air. The images are the picture equivalents of sounds that match whatever language the onlooker speaks. When a dabus is excited, the rebuses can flicker by with dazzling speed.

Why do they not speak? Have they surrendered speech, cutting away the abstractions that bind the flesh to a false image of the world, or is language a mystery to them, an art they haven't learned? Are they a race unable to seize upon words and letters? Perhaps they are like some idiot savant, brilliant at their own chores but blind to the talents common to others.

ECOLOGY: There is no doubt the dabus have a role in Sigil. They are its cells, constantly repairing the body of the city. It is hard to imagine what would happen to Sigil without them, for no one really knows the full extent and workings of Sigil's streets and furnaces.

ROLE-PLAYING THE DABUS: How does one role-play a race that speaks in pictures? The easiest answer is to simply have the dabus not speak. They barely acknowledge the presence of others, anyway. This is fine for common encounters, where this strange race is part of the background, or when their presence is not important to the adventure. However, sooner or later, players and DMs are going to want to deal with these mysterious creatures.

The DM can take two approaches to the dabus's rebuses: First, he or she can substitute some other non-vocal means of communicating to simulate their strangeness. Pantomime is particularly effective for this, like a game of *Charades* – the DM states that the dabus spews forth a torrent of undecipherable symbols, then resorts to pantomime to make itself understood. Thus, puzzling out what the dabus is trying to say becomes a challenge that involves the players right at the table. Pantomime is handy for those times when the DM hasn't prepared any rebuses and the player characters suddenly decide to question the nearest dabus.

Second, if the DM is willing to prepare, he or she can create an even greater sense of the race's strangeness. Knowing in advance that the player characters must deal with a dabus, the DM can actually draw up a rebus for them to decipher. Imagine the surprise of the players when their characters ask a question and the DM suddenly holds up one or even a series of rebuses as a reply!

Finally, rebuses and pantomiming should be used for fun, not to bog down play. If the characters really need to know something and the play-acting isn't as important, a nonplayer character bystander can always "translate" what the dabus says. This avoids the problem altogether, but it does lose some of the atmosphere.

MAGMAN

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Paraelemental Plane of Magma
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Tribal
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Elemental
INTELLIGENCE:	Low
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral

NO. APPEARING:	2d12
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	9 (6)
HIT DICE:	2
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Combustion touch
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 or better weapon needed to hit; immune to fire-based attacks
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Unsteady (7)
XP VALUE:	120

Magmen are creatures of the Paraelemental Plane of Magma. They stand 3 feet tall and are glowing, humanoid creatures, much like fire-cloaked gnomes or goblins. Small puffs of flame constantly burst from their skin, as if they are perspiring kerosene that ignites when enough accumulates. Magmen radiate heat like small bonfires, rendering the area near them quite uncomfortable to most nonfire-loving creatures. Their faces are almost always twisted with malicious glee.

COMBAT: Magmen are not really interested in fighting, but they are capricious little creatures who cause havoc by their very natures. Whenever they encounter an unfamiliar creature, which – their being from the plane of Magma – is almost anything else, they try to set it on fire, just for fun. Perhaps they do not understand that others fear their flames, or perhaps they do and don't care. Any attempt to reason them out of this course of action is almost certainly doomed to fail. At best, a creature might bribe them off with another target or a choice bit of burning food.

In combat, they attack simply with a touch. Their flaming fingers ignite the flammable items (clothing, hair, etc.) of any creature they hit, inflicting 1d8 points of damage per round for 1d4 + 2 rounds. Note that extraordinarily flammable carried items – flasks of oil and the like – must successfully save vs. normal fire or they, too, will ignite and cause their own, additional damage. This check is made once per round until the flames are out or the victim discards the item. Also,

combustible magical items (scrolls, etc.) must make their own successful saving throws or be destroyed. Again, the check is made once each round unless the item is discarded.

Magmen aren't fighters and, if attacked and actually hurt, their first choice is to run away – not too far away, but far enough to be out of immediate danger. Once safe, they are curious and foolish enough to return. If cornered, magmen will defend themselves, striking with a molten fist and inflicting 3d8 points of damage upon a successful hit. Fire-resistant creatures, including those protected by magic, suffer only half damage from such an attack.

Magmen are not easy to hurt, however. A weapon of +1 or better enchantment is required to hit them. In addition, weapons of less than +2 enchantment must save vs. magical fire upon every successful hit. If the save is failed, the weapon melts into useless slag. Not surprisingly, magmen are immune to all fire-based attacks. Conversely, cold-based attacks inflict double damage and prompt morale checks.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Magmen are creatures of the Paraelemental Plane of Magma, and as such they have no society on other planes. When they appear outside their own fiery lands, their sole preoccupation seems to be with having fun . . . by *their* standards. Magmen love flame and are fascinated with burning things. Were it not for the damage their curiosity causes, their childlike pleasure might almost be touching or amusing. Somehow, it never occurs to these creatures (or if it does, they perversely ignore it) that other creatures might actually be hurt by their actions. Having come from an environment of fire, the panic-stricken reaction of Prime Material creatures who are set afire seems merely comical to them, almost slapstick. Perhaps this is because the association of pain and fire is utterly foreign to their kind.

On their own plane, magmen live as hunter-gatherers. They band in small tribes, organized around a single extended "colony." (Colony is the only apt word, for magmen have no sexes, reproducing by simple division as they grow.) Each tribe is led by the eldest magman. They scour the molten plain, looking for choice bits of flaming minerals or hunting other elemental creatures.

Occasionally, magmen pass into other Inner Planes or the Prime Material Plane through gaps created by the excessive heat and pressure of subterranean lava. These portals have a strong lure to the magmen, for the molten stone of such gaps has a different "taste" than that of their home. Magmen enter into the vortex to sample the essence, and they are invariably drawn through the portal and into the other plane. Some sages speculate that the strange minerals of these portals may have an intoxicating effect on the little creatures. This

would certainly account for their frivolous behavior outside of their plane.

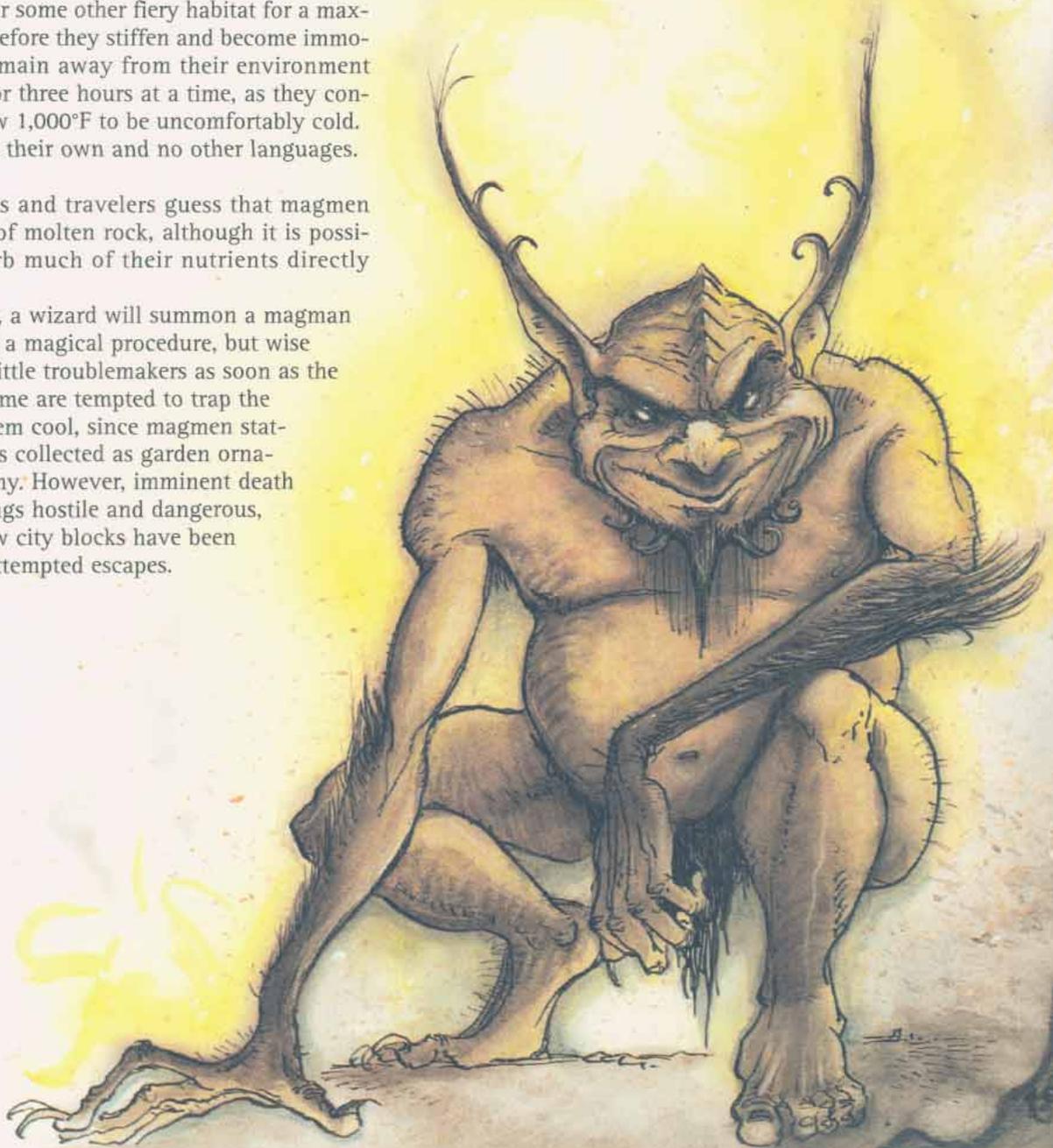
Magmen can reach the Outer Planes only if they are summoned. Their mischievous and destructive natures provide perverse amusement to tanar'ri and baatezu, and these fiends sometimes keep magmen captive in special molten pools. Magmen are sometimes summoned into the midst of enemy ranks in the Gray Waste, Gehenna, and Carceri, providing diversionary attacks in the never-ending Blood War. Militarily, they are good for little more than this, since their flightiness and cowardice make them unsuitable for pitched combat.

Magmen especially like to swim around in active volcanoes, for when these erupt, the magmen are released to engage in their favorite sport of igniting all the combustible materials they can reach. Magmen can remain out of lava or some other fiery habitat for a maximum of six hours before they stiffen and become immobile. They rarely remain away from their environment for more than two or three hours at a time, as they consider anything below 1,000°F to be uncomfortably cold.

Magmen speak their own and no other languages.

Ecology: Most sages and travelers guess that magmen eat choice morsels of molten rock, although it is possible that they absorb much of their nutrients directly through the skin.

Upon occasion, a wizard will summon a magman to fire a furnace for a magical procedure, but wise wizards return the little troublemakers as soon as the need has passed. Some are tempted to trap the creatures and let them cool, since magmen statuettes are sometimes collected as garden ornaments for the wealthy. However, imminent death makes the little beings hostile and dangerous, and more than a few city blocks have been destroyed in their attempted escapes.



MINION OF SET

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Baator
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Hierarchy
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	High
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful evil

NO. APPEARING:	1d20
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	6
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3/2 or by form
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d12 (snake bite), by weapon, or by form
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Saves as 10th-level fighter
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M (6' 6" tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	1,400 Shadow Priest: 2,000

Minions of Set are proxies of Set (of the Egyptian mythos). In their natural form, the minions appear to be warriors wielding broad swords and dressed in black, scaly plate mail armor. Sometimes they are mistaken for adventurers, since these are people they most closely resemble, yet they are far from human.

The minions of Set are endowed with the power to change into an animal. The second shape is most often that of a giant snake, but a few are able to assume the forms of cave bears, giant crocodiles, giant hyenas, or giant scorpions. The transformation is complete, including clothing and weapons, leaving no traces of their human guises behind.

COMBAT: A minion of Set typically begins combat in human form unless it's already in animal shape. Changing to animal form is normally done only when absolutely necessary. Most minions prefer not to disclose their capabilities, since once discovered their usefulness to their deity is compromised. As humans, 25% of them use magical weapons fashioned in Baator, though none are greater than +2 enchantment.

Should a battle go badly or the need be great, however, the minions of Set transform themselves into their fearsome animal forms. The transformation takes less than a single round, having only an initiative modifier of 5. Thus, a character could battle an armored fighter one round, only to discover himself facing a giant snake the very next. The Armor Class of the minion does not change because their armor is actually an integral part

of their form, but the number of attacks and damage caused varies according to the creature form assumed.

FORM	DAMAGE
Cave bear	1d8/1d8/1d12
Giant crocodile	3d6/2d10
Giant hyena	3d4*
Giant scorpion	1d10/1d10/1d4**
Giant snake	1d12**

* A roll of 20 indicates the hyena has locked its jaws around its adversary. The held victim suffers -2 penalties to initiative and attack rolls, and moves at half his or her normal rate.

** Victims struck by the scorpion's tail or the snake's fangs must successfully save vs. poison or die. Those who save still suffer 2d4 points of additional damage.

The minion's form also affects its tactics. The most common - those who are giant snakes - fight independently, without coordinating their attacks. Those in cave bear form are likewise loners in battle, but are fearsome in their determination. Minions able to take giant hyena form usually fight in packs, concentrating their efforts on a single victim. Ideally, one will lock its jaws on the target while the others tear it to shreds. The remaining two types, giant scorpions and giant crocodiles, normally attack en masse, though not with the coordination of the giant hyena type.

Minions of Set, utterly devoted to their power, never check morale and are immune to magic that creates fear or doubt, such as *cause fear*, *scare*, *phantasmal killer*, or *doubt* spells. All minions, regardless of form, save as 10th-level fighters. For magical attacks, the saving throw takes place only if the minions' magic resistance (10%) rolls fail.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: As is clear by their name, the minions of Set are the agents of that evil power. They are his special proxies. Once petitioners from the plane of Baator, Set imbued them with special powers needed to carry out his will. Since they rose from petitioner stock, minions of Set cannot be raised, reincarnated, or even spoken to after death. At that point, their essences are forever lost to oblivion.

Although evil, Set is a lawful power. He is not one of those creatures from the Abyss, so he will never destroy one of his proxies on a whim, as might Juiblex or other chaotic powers. In return, Set demands absolute and utter loyalty from his minions, which they willingly give. The minions are a fanatical lot, who will follow Set's instructions even to their own deaths. They devoutly believe that even the slightest whim of Set is more important than all of their lives put together.

Nevertheless, the minions are not fools or automata. They are fully intelligent beings, capable of sophis-

ticated strategies, who act as go-betweens for Set and all other creatures in the multiverse. They command Set's forces during those times when he is drawn into the Blood War, watch over his petitioners, and even carry out his will on the Prime Material Plane.

They are also implacable enemies. To defy the will of Set, as defined by the priests, is to embrace a death sentence unless every minion with knowledge of the defiance is destroyed. An offended minion of Set is tantamount to an entire sect of enemies for life.

ECOLOGY: Within the twisted ecology of Baator, the minions of Set are predators. When not carrying out the wishes of their master, the minions steal larvae away from the baatezu to add to their own hordes.

SHADOW PRIESTS: Out of approximately every 20 minions created, Set finds one of exceptional ability. This individual is elevated to the ranks of Set's *shadow priests* — sinister commissars of the deity.

In addition to the shapechanging ability of regular minions, shadow priests have all the clerical abilities of a normal priest of Set. They have major access to the spheres of All, Astral, Combat, Guardian, Necromancy, and Summoning, and they enjoy minor access to the spheres of Healing and Protection. They can memorize and cast spells as if they were priests of 6th to 9th level (1d4 + 5). The shadow priests also have the ability to backstab like a thief (at the same level as their spellcasting abilities), and they are immune to all poisons and gases. Shadow priests are able to command undead if a successful attempt to turn is made. While on Baator, all such command attempts gain a +2 bonus.

As noted, the shadow priests are Set's enforcers. They punish any minion headstrong enough to oppose Set, and lead large forces in battle against Set's enemies. Shadow priests are often sent to other planes to punish adventurers who have angered Set.



Minion in advanced stage of transformation

	MONDRONE	DUODRONE	TRIDRONE	QUADRONE	PENTADRONE	DECATON	NONATON	OCTON
FREQUENCY:	Common	Common	Uncommon	Uncommon	Rare	Rare	Rare	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi	Low	Average	Very	Very	High	High	Excep.
NO. APPEARING:	12d12	1d12	1d4	1d4	1	1 (of 100)	1 (of 81)	1 (of 64)
ARMOR CLASS:	7	6	5	4	3	2	0	1
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 18(D)	9, Fl 9(E)	12	15, Fl 15(D)	18	15, Fl 3(E)	18	9, Fl 9(B)
HIT DICE:	1+1 or 1-1	2+2	3+3	4+4	5+5	10+10	11+11	12+12
THACO:	19 or 20	19	17	17	15	11	9	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or nil	2	3	4 or 2	5	10	9	8
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4 or weapon	1d4+1 (x2) or weapon	1d4+2 (x3)	1d4+3 (x4), 1d5+5 (x2), or weapon	1d4+4 (x5)	1d4x10	1d6x9	1d8x8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Attacks as if 8-HD	Paralysis gas	Spells	Spells	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	10%	20%	30%
SIZE:	S	S	M	M	M	M	L	L
XP VALUE:	1-1 HD: 35 1+1 HD: 120	175	270	650	2,000	9,000	10,000	12,000

	SEPTON	HEXTON	QUINTON	QUARTON	TERTIAN	SECUNDUS	PRIMUS
FREQUENCY:	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare	Unique
ORGANIZATION:	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy	Hierarchy
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any	Any
DIET:	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Excep.	Genius	Genius	Supra	Supra	Godlike	Godlike
NO. APPEARING:	1 (of 49)	1 (of 36)	1 (of 25)	1 (of 16)	1 (of 9)	1 (of 4)	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1	-2	-3	-4	-5	-6	-10
MOVEMENT:	9	12, Fl 12(C)	6, Fl 6(C)	12, Fl 24(B)	12	18, Fl 18(B)	24, Fl 24(A)
HIT DICE:	13+13	14+14	15+15	16+16	17+17	18+18	220 hp
THACO:	7	7	5	5	3	3	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10 (x7)	1d12+1 (x6)	2d8+1 (x5)	2d12+2 (x4)	5d8 (x3)	6d12 (x2)	20d8 + special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below	See below	See below	See below	See below	See below	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%	50%	60%	70%	80%	90%	100%
SIZE:	M	L	L	L	L	L	L
XP VALUE:	13,000	14,000	15,000	16,000	18,000	19,000	36,000

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MORALE:	Fearless (20)

What's a mortal to make of the modrons, those strange creatures of absolute order who whirl and click on the plane of Mechanus? Theirs are not like other lives – even the infinitely subtle baatezu are more comprehensible than these thronging drones. To an outsider it appears the modrons have no existence other than as a whole. Indeed, there is a saying: "To look at one modron is to look at all of them."

It is only logical, as it is with all things modron, that they are native to the orderly plane of Mechanus. The two, plane and modrons, probably would not exist without each other – modron society defines the plane, just as the plane shapes them. To understand the modrons, a being must stop thinking like a person, like an individual. Only then can anyone hope to comprehend the patterns of modron life.

Modrons are strictly divided into fourteen castes. Castes are hardly unique, but the modron approach to them is. Not only does each rank have its own functions, but each also has its own body shape, so the rank of any modron can be readily identified by the creature's appearance.

Ruling over the castes is Primus, the One and the Prime. It and the plane are one in thought and deed; as Primus turns, so do the wheels of Mechanus.

COMBAT, GENERAL: Regardless of rank, all modrons possess certain abilities and immunities, but because of rank, certain modrons – the hierarchs – possess additional abilities. Whether any of these immunities and powers exist as properties of their race or from association with the plane of Mechanus, no one knows. Most scholars think these powers are natural to the race, as none are lost by modrons operating off the plane of Mechanus.

All modrons are unaffected by any illusions or magic that affects the mind, such as *beguilement*, *charm*, *domination*, *hold*, *hypnosis*, and *sleep*. Fear and other emotion spells are similarly ineffective against a modron, as are attacks drawing upon the Positive and Negative Energy Planes (including life-draining powers). All modrons save vs. cold, fire, and acid attacks with a +1 bonus, and they suffer damage from such attacks with a –1 modifier per die.

Modron hierarchs are never surprised, and their precision of order always allows them to determine their specific place in the initiative sequence of all attack rounds. Thus, they never roll for initiative, and the DM chooses when they will act. Typically, this comes at the most effective moment, just before the swordsman's blade arcs through the air or the wizard utters the final word of a spell, and so on. The elite modrons also can perform the following spell-like abilities, once per round, at will: *clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *command*, *dimension door*, *teleport without error*, and *wall of force*. They also are capable of traveling on the Astral and Ethereal Planes, but will never do so unless ordered by Primus.

All hierarchs can communicate telepathically, and the range of this power is as follows:

RANK	MILES
Decaton	44
Nonaton	63
Octon	80
Septon	190
Hexton	216
Quinton	238
Quarton	384
Tertian	405
Secundi	420
Primus	All Mechanus

HABITAT/SOCIETY: To understand modron society, one must abandon all understanding of the self. In such forgetting comes knowledge, so with the surrender victory is gained. Should the scholar retain the slightest glimmer of who he is, his words are tainted and his observations lies. It is said that those able to strip their souls so bare become modrons, themselves, and their spirits become different from their shells.

It is a fundamental property of the modrons that each rank can only comprehend the existence of the rank directly above and below it. For example, the monodrones obey the will of the duodrones, but they cannot even conceive of the existence of the tridrones. When a monodrone sees a tridrone, it does not see a modron, and it could not even say what it sees. Some aphasia apparently breaks the link between the sight of the higher modron and what it actually is. This blindness leads to an interesting conclusion, as each rank believes that those immediately above it are the highest form of life and the fountainhead of supreme logic. Thus, Primus's lordship is secret from all modrons but the four secundi, who pass his edicts on to the nine tertians, who in turn pass these to the quartons (who have no knowledge or understanding of either the secundi or Primus), and so on.

There is an awareness of all ranks below a modron's station, yet communication is exclusively limited to adjacent ranks. It would seem that the monodrone is almost as alien to the tridrone as the tridrone is to the monodrone. This is not the result of elitism. Rather, the strict order observed by the race completely negates the slightest necessity for communication beyond immediate inferiors and superiors.

A modron's perception of its immediate superiors should not be mistaken for deification, either. What others might call a god, the modrons cannot imagine, for they are unable to conceive of such an individual existence. Instead, all life and direction spring from a pool of logical action – all that is right happens because it must inescapably be, and all that is wrong is that which must *not* be. These mental limitations make dealings with modrons a challenge. Within each rank there is no individuality, either in form or thought. All modrons call themselves "we," and a character has no way of knowing if the pentadrone he spoke to today is the same as the one who held the same post yesterday. This would be minor if the modrons weren't so bureaucratically driven, requiring strangers to appear and reappear before clerks, courts, and boards. Some travelers solve the problem with a brush and paint, marking modrons with runes simply to tell them apart. Unless instructed to remove these marks, a modron may wear a splash of color or a strange sigil for the rest of its life, for they don't seem to notice the markings themselves.

Even the size of modron society is rigidly fixed. In each rank there are only a set number of modrons. Should a modron of any rank die, an available candidate from the next lowest rank is promoted, and then the gap in the lower rank is filled by promoting from the still lower rank. This continues until the rank of monodrone is reached. With no lower ranks, the creatures at this level reproduce by fission, as one of their members mysteriously divides into two. (Given this, the claim that all modrons are one might be truer than it first seems.)

Promotion occurs seemingly by accident. As soon as a vacancy occurs, the nearest modron of the next lowest rank is recruited to ascend. Since they have no individuality, there's no point in trying to promote the "best and the brightest"; all modrons of a given rank are deemed equal. Promotion is traumatic – not only does the chosen modron undergo a wrenching change of shape to the new rank's form, but it suddenly gains an understanding of a world previously veiled to it: the existence of a yet superior rank. Imagine the shock of a duodrone, who knew only of monodrones, duodrones, and tridrones, when it suddenly discovers those inexplicable creatures around it are quadrones and members of its own race! On the other hand, the newly promoted modron seems to adapt to its new form instantly, and it is the humanoid observer who is often most shaken by the experience.

From greatest to least, the castes of the modrons are listed below. Numbers are not given for the modrons, since no scholar has yet produced the definitive organization chart of these creatures. After each name is a brief description of that rank's duties in their realm of Mechanus.

Primus: Absolute ruler of all modrons

Hierarch Modrons

Secundi:	Viceroy of the four quarters
Tertians:	Judges
Quartons:	Rulers of the four regions of the four quarters
Quintons:	Bureau chiefs and records keepers
Hextons:	Generals of the armies of modrons
Septons:	Inspectors
Octons:	Governors of the four sectors of the four regions of the four quarters
Nonatons:	Police supervision
Decatons:	Physical welfare of base modrons

Base Modrons

Pentadrones:	Lesser police, law enforcement
Quadrones:	Multiple complex tasks, supervision
Tridrones:	Multiple tasks, minor supervision
Duodrones:	Complex tasks
Monodrones:	General laborers

The realm of the modrons occupies 64 of Mechanus's coglike wheels, called sectors, and each is governed by an octon. The sectors in turn are grouped into four-sector regions, overseen by the 16 quartons, and each group of four regions, called quarters, is supervised by one of the four secundi. And, of course, all of it is ruled by Primus.

Born through parthenogenesis, modrons have no family, tribe, or clan. Instead they live in rigid numerical units called, for lack of a better word, battalions. This makes them sound more warlike than they really are, although modrons have standing armies that are not to be trifled with.

Although some less-informed scholars state that no modron acts except by the orders of a superior, this is not perfectly accurate. In general, a modron can act and react to a situation on its own, *provided* the situation falls within the range of its purpose. Thus, monodrones, who can only fulfill a single task at any given time, are rightly seen as incapable of reacting. As one moves higher through the ranks, the range of choices and reactions available to any given modron increases. Even so, modrons are notorious for their predictable and rigid reactions to events.

It should be no surprise that the goal and purpose of every modron is to organize Mechanus in the most orderly fashion possible; but their goal is not limited to only their 64 wheels or even Mechanus itself. Given the opportunity, they would spread their rigid pattern of organization over the entire multiverse. Fortunately for the rest of the planes, order is constantly challenged by chaos, even in the clockwork vastness of Mechanus. Since even the slightest imperfection to order is enough to disturb the harmony modrons seek, they seldom find the time or resources to carry their crusade to other realms or planes.

Modrons speak their own precise, mathematical language, but those of duodrone or greater can manage at least some of the trade tongue found throughout the planes.

ECOLOGY: Modrons fulfill many roles within Mechanus. They maintain parts of the sphere and are maintained by it. They make war with their enemies and trade with their neighbors. Together, they are one living social entity. Those few that venture outside their plane (on orders from their superiors) will always attempt to bring order out of chaos, sense out of nonsense.

Modrons are not completely without their uses to the rest of the multiverse. Their single-minded pursuit of order has a certain usefulness in some fields. On rare occasions, nonmodrons can hire members of this race for particular tasks. The process is never simple, since the potential employee can never make the decision itself – all requests must be approved by its superiors.

Usually the request has to pass through several ranks before an answer is given.

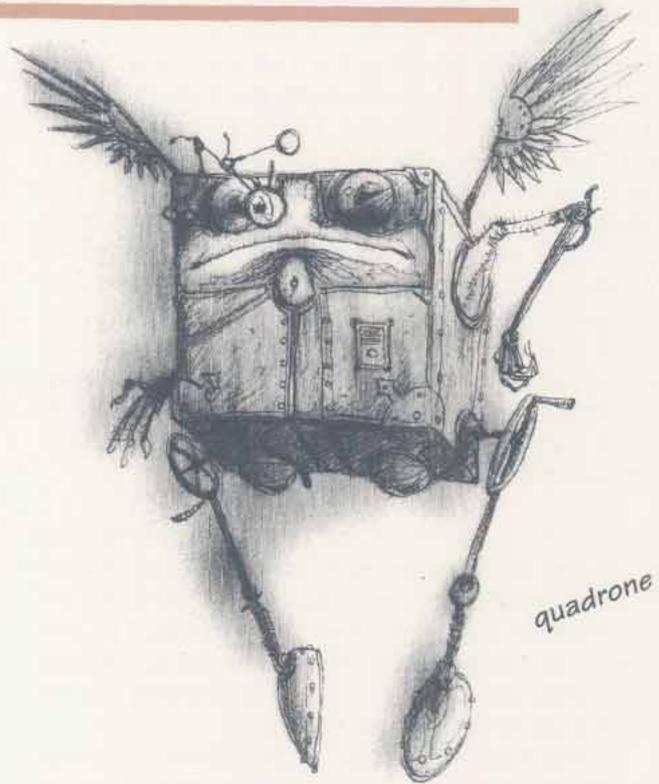
If permission is granted, some wizards find modrons to be amazingly useful as librarians, and merchants may retain them as bookkeepers, although such modrons must always be watched for overzealousness. Sometimes their understanding of order, far deeper than that of most other beings, defies human understanding. In one library, all the books might be arranged by subject, in another by the first letter of the first word, and in yet a third by the page where the last diagram appears. All three might be vital keys in the overall order of the modron universe. Order, after all, does not necessarily need to be understandable.

The bodies of modrons slain anywhere immediately disintegrate. It is suspected that whatever energies were trapped within the creature's mortal form find their way back to Mechanus and merge with the energy field of the plane. This field is what sustains the modron race. Although modrons eat physical food, it is not the substance that sustains them, but the energy essence contained therein. So long as the modrons are able to draw upon this essence, they can continue to split and perpetuate their kind. In fact, it is speculated that the only means to truly crush this race is to cut it off from this energy pool. Given the impossibility of this feat, it is fortunate that modrons are not a particularly aggressive race. Who, after all, could withstand a single-minded army that constantly regenerated itself?

MONODRONE (BASE MODRON): These creatures make up the bulk of Mechanus's population. They are small spheres with a single eye, wings, and two arm/legs. Monodrones are single-function modrons, assigned to simple labor or service in the regiments of the modron army. Thousands of the spherical monodrones, armed with spears, fouchards, and crossbows are impressive when marshaled against a foe with their unswerving, single-minded performance. They exist only for their work.

Monodrones are barely intelligent. They are unable to speak or read, but can understand commands spoken in the tongue of their race (although they will heed only a duodrone). Monodrones are capable of just one action at a time. Tell them to attack and they do so until slain, even if that means attacking each other after the enemy has been obliterated. Order them to guard and they guard without food or sleep. It is fortunate that they feed on the very substance of air around them; otherwise, it would be necessary to order them to eat every day.

DUODRONE (BASE MODRON): Duodrones are bifunctional modrons that supervise 12 units of monodrones or perform complex tasks beyond the abilities of the monodrones. They are blocky, rectangular creatures of great strength. Like all modrons, they are absolutely loyal to



the commands of their immediate superiors.

Capable of interpreting two commands at once, duodrones serve in the forces of the modron army as corporals and sergeants, or as special shock troops armed with thrusting and crushing weapons. Typically, they are given only a single command at a time, allowing them the limited ability to react. If ordered to attack, for example, they will do so until the enemy is slain and then seek out a new enemy, rather than attacking each other. Duodrones have limited conversational ability, but they can report their operations and observations clearly and completely. Duodrones have 90-foot infravision.

TRIDRONE (BASE MODRON): Tridrones appear as three-sided pyramids with spidery arms and legs. They supervise squads of 12 duodrones, who in turn pass their orders to the monodrones. Tridrones can carry out multiple-task projects on their own. Typically, they receive a general order, which they divide into smaller tasks to be fulfilled by the duodrones. In the modron army, tridrones serve in special companies, equipped with three javelins per being, which they hurl before entering melee.

Tridrones are capable of reporting actions and observations and actually planning limited objectives on the battlefield. They speak their own language and the trade tongue of the multiverse.

QUADRONE (BASE MODRON): The cubic quadrones comprise the upper level of worker modrons. They serve as field

officers, and each battalion has a special “dozen-unit,” containing nothing but quadrone warriors. With their four arms, they are capable of wielding two bows at the same time. Some quadrones are winged (the wings replace one set of arms and negate the use of one bow) which are used for special missions or for aerial combat. As four-function creatures, quadrones can report actions and observations, make plans, react to unexpected occurrences, and act to remedy them.

All quadrones have senses equal to 150% of normal human standards. They enjoy 180-foot-range infravision. Equipped with sensory organs on all six sides of their cubic bodies, quadrones are never surprised under normal circumstances.

PENTADRONE (BASE MODRON): The highest of base modrons, pentadrones serve as the police of the base population and as intermediaries between the base modrons and the godlike (in their view) decaton hierarchs. The pentadrones receive instructions passed down by the rules of Mechanus and see that they are implemented by the quadrones, policing them as necessary.

As five-function beings, these creatures can communicate, operate, monitor, plan, and manage. They can also react to unplanned situations. In the armies of the modrons, a dozen of them are always assigned to each regimental headquarters as an elite unit, while others actually command the regiment.

These five-armed creatures resemble starfish on thin, stiltlike legs. In addition to powerful arm attacks and an effective 18/00 Strength score, pentadrones have a paralysis gas which they emit in a stream 2 feet in diameter and 5 feet in length. Any creature caught within this stream must successfully save vs. paralysis or remain immobile for five rounds. Pentadrones can use this gas stream no more than once every five turns, with a maximum of five uses per day. Alternately, the pentadrones can use this gas to levitate (as 5th-level wizards).

Pentadrones can survive virtually any environment, withstanding temperature extremes from 210 degrees to -100°F without discomfort. Cold, fire, and acid attacks receive a -2 modifier per die of damage. They are immune to illusion and mind-affecting magic, and only weapons of +1 or better enchantment will harm them.

Pentadrones have double human senses and double normal infravision (180-foot range).

DECATON (HIERARCH MODRON): The decatons are the lowest order of officials found in modron society. These creatures appear as 10-tentacled spheres on stumpy legs. They are the overseers of the physical welfare of the base modrons, the voice of the great power to the working class. One decaton is assigned to each sector of the

realm, while the remaining 36 serve on the staffs of the 36 legions of the modron army.

Decatons have spell ability equal to that of a 10th-level cleric, but they lack the ability to turn undead. They also have the following spell-like powers, which apply only to other modrons: *cure 1 point of damage* for all modrons within 144 feet, *cure disease* in a 12-foot radius, *heal* by touch up to 10 modrons per round, and *remove paralysis* by touch for up to 10 modrons per round. These powers are usable one at a time, at will, once per round. Curiously (as are most things modron), the powers affect all modrons whether the decaton recognizes the rank or not.

The spherical decatons fly by generating a light gas within their bodies, rendering them lighter than air. Generally they only rise into the air in order to get an overview of the situation when commanding modron armies.

NONATON (HIERARCH MODRON): There are at least 81 nonaton posts identified in modron society, and there may be more. These cylindrical modrons act as commissars and chief inspectors of the modron universe. Nine nonatons carry the orders of the octons, 64 regulate the actions of the decatons on the 64 wheels of the realm, and eight monitor the loyalties of the decatons of the army. Each nonaton has ten decaton lieutenants, who in turn have five pentadrones to serve them.

Nonatons have the spell powers of 11th-level clerics, plus the following spell-like abilities, usable at will, once per round: *ESP*, *mirror image*, *slow*, *web*, *detect good/evil*, *detect lie*, and *detect charm*. They may use *power word*, *stun* once per day.

Nonatons usually head investigations of rogue modron units and handle small-party invasions from other planes. In the latter case, they first attempt to detect the invaders' intentions, then act accordingly.

OCTON (HIERARCH MODRON): There are at least 64 octons, one in charge of each sector of the plane in the modron realm. These creatures govern the wheels and can command any armies stationed there. The lesser modrons of each cogwheel are considered wards of the octons, who guard their sectors quite rigidly and see that regulations are obeyed, routine is observed, and reports are invariably correct.

An octon moves through air and water by means of a circular collar at shoulder level which is part of the octon's body. It forces air or liquid through the collar, giving the creature lift, propulsion, and a high amount of maneuverability. Eight tentacle-arms are attached to the outside of this collar.

Octons use spells as 12th-level clerics. They can also employ the following spell-like abilities at will, once per round, one at a time: *water walking* (as the ring of that

name), *haste*, *detect good/evil*, and *telekinesis* (3,500-gp-weight maximum). They are immune to psionics.

Each octon has a personal staff of one nonaton, who in turn commands one decaton, who controls five pentadrones, then 16 quadrones, 81 tridrones, 256 duodrones, and 1,728 monodrones through the chain of command. These forces maintain towers which are smaller versions of the towers of the quartons, the secundi, and Primus, although they do not understand who built those structures.

SEPTON (HIERARCH MODRON): Septons are officials who maintain order and see that all regulations have been obeyed. Seven of them serve each hexton assigned to the quintons. The septons travel from place to place as inspectors and examiners of work and records, and they are charged with transferral of information from outlying areas to the towers of the regions, quarters, and the capitol tower itself.

Septons appear as humanoids with large bald heads. They have shoulder collars similar to those of octons, although they are smaller and, while insufficient to propel them through the air, they provide excellent transport underwater.

In order to assure the proper performance of their duties, each septon has seven senses which operate continuously: hearing, sight, smell, taste, touch, *ESP* (30-foot range), and *detect magic*. They also are powerful spellcasters, having the abilities of a 13th-level priest and a 12th-level wizard.

Septons, as with all hierarchs that do not have psionic ability, are completely immune to psionic attacks and combat.

HEXTON (HIERARCH MODRON): The hextons fulfill several roles in modron life. First, they are the generals of the 36 modron armies. Second, six are attached to each of the wheels of the realm, where they maintain the chain of command in modron life. Another six serve at the tower of Primus, although they are not aware of his existence. There are undoubtedly more hextons, although no one has ever logged all their posts.

Hextons appear as humanoids with six arms – two large human arms with six fingers and four tentacles tipped with sharp claws below. They have thin, fanlike folded wings, joined at the shoulders.

Hextons use spells as 14th-level priests, but they have no special spell-like abilities other than those noted for all hierarch modrons. They are immune to all psionic attacks.

There is a 75% chance that any hexton will be accompanied by its personal guard: a staff of one septon, two octons, three nonatons, five decatons, and 25 pentadrones, all fanatic in their dedication to their orders.

QUINTON (HIERARCH MODRON): Quintons are the major bureau chiefs and records keepers of Mechanus. Each has a sexton assistant, seven septons, and one octon as its staff. There are bureaus in each of the sectors and quarter towers, five main bureaus in Primus's tower at the capitol, and each of these bureaus is headed by a quinton.

Quintons look like tall, stocky humanoids with four flexible arms jutting out from the shoulders. Prehensile tails serve as the creatures' fifth arms. They have fanlike wings similar to those of the hextons. As a symbol of rank, the quintons have a diamond inscribed in their foreheads.

Quintons are capable of casting *legend lore* as if the questioned object or person were at hand (1d4 rounds). They may *detect good/evil* at will and may cast spells as 15th-level priests.

QUARTON (HIERARCH MODRON): Quartons administer the 16 sectors of the modron realm and oversee the operation of the bureau, sector governors, and army units attached to their regions. Each quarton has a personal staff of those hierarchs assigned to his command, plus 36 pentadrones that act as a guard unit. (These pentadrones can only be told to guard the object resembling the quarton, without ever understanding its role or purpose in their lives.)

Quartons are 12-foot-tall humanoids with four jointed arms and fanlike wings. They cast spells as 16th-level priests.

TERTIAN (HIERARCH MODRON): Trial, judgment, and sentencing of all creatures in the modron realm is the province of the nine tertians. They supervise the quartons and hear all crimes brought against the rigid orthodoxy of the realm. For the bulk of the modron population, the tertians are alien and unfamiliar, the ultimate impartial judges. If presented with a case against a duodrone, the base modron can only imagine (if it can imagine at all) the tertian to be some incomprehensible manifestation of the supreme logic – a “super-tridrone” so to speak.

Most judgments deal with modron rogues, i.e., any modron who strays from the proper order. In addition, the tertians pass on the orders of the secundi, to whom they all report.

Tertians look fairly human, except for their 12-foot height, the horns jutting from the sides of their bald heads, and their long prehensile tails that end in a macelike ball. Anyone struck by this ball must successfully save vs. paralysis with a –4 penalty to the roll or fall paralyzed until the tertian releases them. In addition, tertians may cast spells as 17th-level priests and 20th-level wizards. As with other hierarchs, they cannot use psionics, but they are also immune to them.

SECUNDUS (HIERARCH MODRON): The four secundi, viceroys of the quarters, are the virtual rulers of Mechanus, reporting only to Primus. Each secundus has a staff of two tertians, who in turn command other hierarchs.

The secundi appear as incredibly thin and tall humanoids with long, narrow faces and deep-set eyes. They cast spells as 18th-level priests and 20th-level wizards. If a secundus's attack roll exceeds the number needed to hit by 5 or more, the victim is stunned until the secundus releases him, unless the victim is of demigod or higher status.

The secundi live in great towered cities near the centers of their quarters. They always live in harmony with one another, except during those extremely rare times when a new Primus must be chosen (see below).

PRIMUS (THE ONE AND THE PRIME): Primus is the ruler of all the modron realm. It and it alone understands the whole structure of the modron race, since it sits at its pinnacle. From there it decrees what is order, writes the laws, and establishes the rules and regulations. All other modrons exist to carry out the plans and obey the rules of Primus. Failure to meet this powerful creature's standards will result in a modron being declared rogue and sentenced accordingly.

Primus is a huge being who rises from an energy pool in the central part of its great tower at the center of the plane (although Primus also may appear as a normal androgynous human). In giant form Primus's hands are unseen, for the right one is swathed in bright rainbow hues and the left is covered with inky dark clouds.

Within Mechanus, Primus has the status of a greater power, except it is possible for Primus to die, albeit only under near-impossible conditions. Its sole concern is for the modrons. It does not send avatars to other planes or even take part in the normal bickering and wars of the planar powers. All modrons with priestly powers gain their spells directly from it.

The death of Primus does not break the link in modron society, for like all gaps, the vacancy is filled by promotion of the one of the secundi. However, the process usually creates turmoil since, without a Primus, chaos is allowed to enter into the perfection of modron society. Some scholars have mistakenly interpreted this chaos as civil war within this orderly race. The first act of the new Primus is to return order to its race, a process which can take some time.

R⊕GUE UNITS

Even in the perfect modron world there is disorder, and sometimes this disorder strikes at the very fabric of the

modron society. When this happens, a modron may go rogue. This is most common in the base modrons, although there are cases of a few hierarchs being affected this way (but certainly never any hierarch of quarton status or higher!). Rogue modrons do not act in accordance with Primus's wishes and directives, but break laws, disobey orders, and sometime become violent. These rogues are hunted down, usually by the pentadrones under the command of the nonatons.

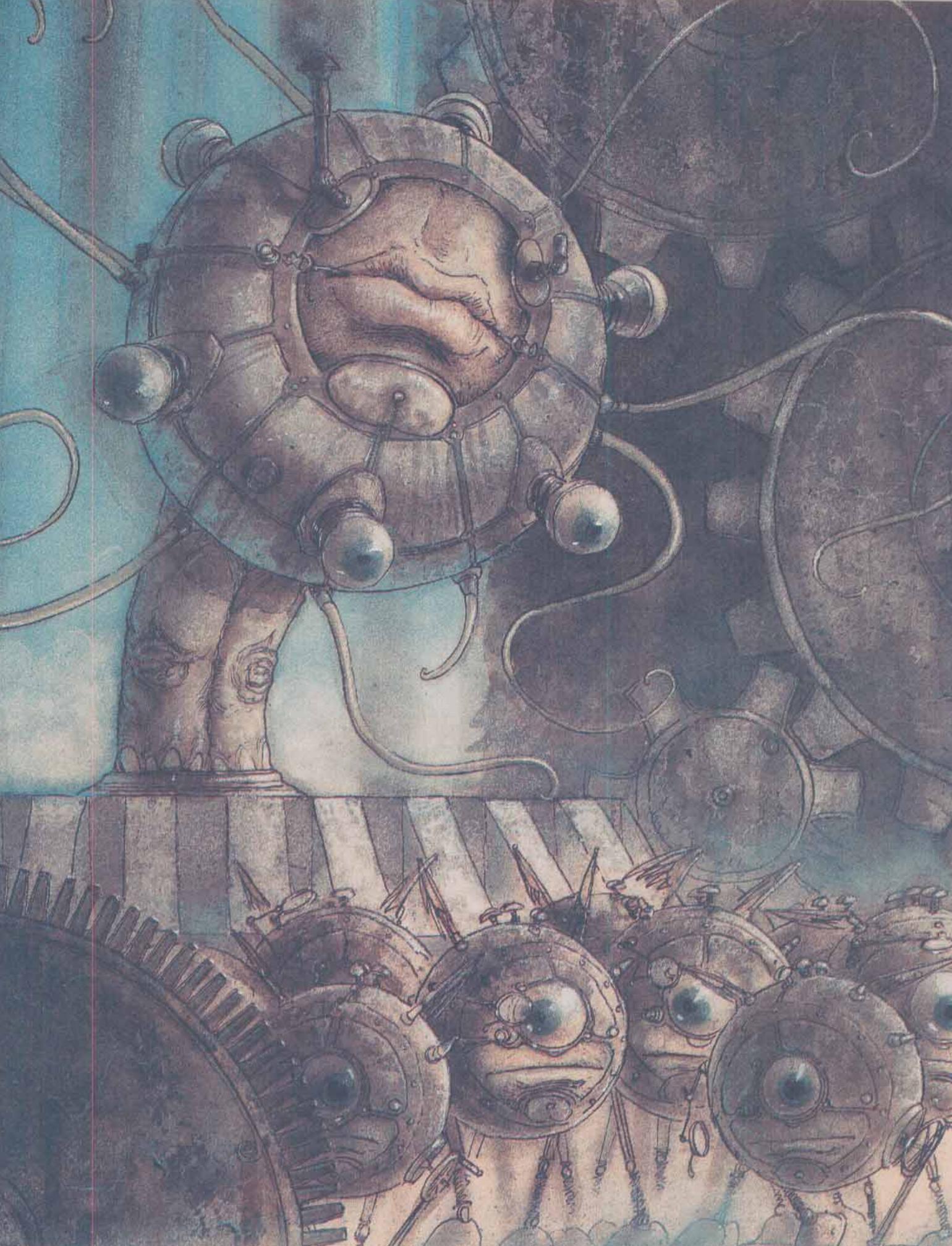
Once captured, the rogue is tried and sentenced according to the laws of Primus. For a lowly base modron, this is a bewildering series of events, as strange beings (hierarch modrons) describe the crimes committed and the punishment that is due. It can only seem like the judgment of angels upon a hapless mortal, and many sages would dearly love to know just what modron theology makes of the whole thing.

THE ARMIES OF THE MODRONS

There are 36 great armies in the realm of the modrons, each a powerful fighting force. Each of the 16 regions of the plane has its own army, and the secundi have two armies each, in addition to their regional forces. The tertians have three to aid in law enforcement and punishment. The final nine armies are stationed outside of Primus's tower and serve as a reserve force, should they be needed.

Each army is commanded by a hexton and is comprised of four corps. Each corps is led by 40 pentadrones in a telepathic hook-up with the hexton general. Each corps has two divisions commanded by 20 pentadrones, and each division has four brigades led by 10 pentadrones. Each brigade has four regiments, each one being the standard tactical unit, led by five pentadrones. There are 70 officers, 192 NCOs, 252 messengers, and 2,628 line troops in a brigade, for a total of 3,142.

A regiment consists of two "battles" plus a squad of winged monodrone messengers and a special squad of 12 pentadrones. Each battle is led by four quadrones and consists of six companies of monodrones, two companies of duodrones, a special company of tridrones, a squad of quadrones, and another squad of messengers. The eight regular companies are each divided into two wings plus a headquarters unit. Each company consists of 12 squads and three officers. A squad numbers 12 troops and will contain an NCO of the same type as the troops. Special units of messengers, "shock troops," and the like may be attached to the headquarters' units of brigades, divisions, and corps.



NIC'EPONA

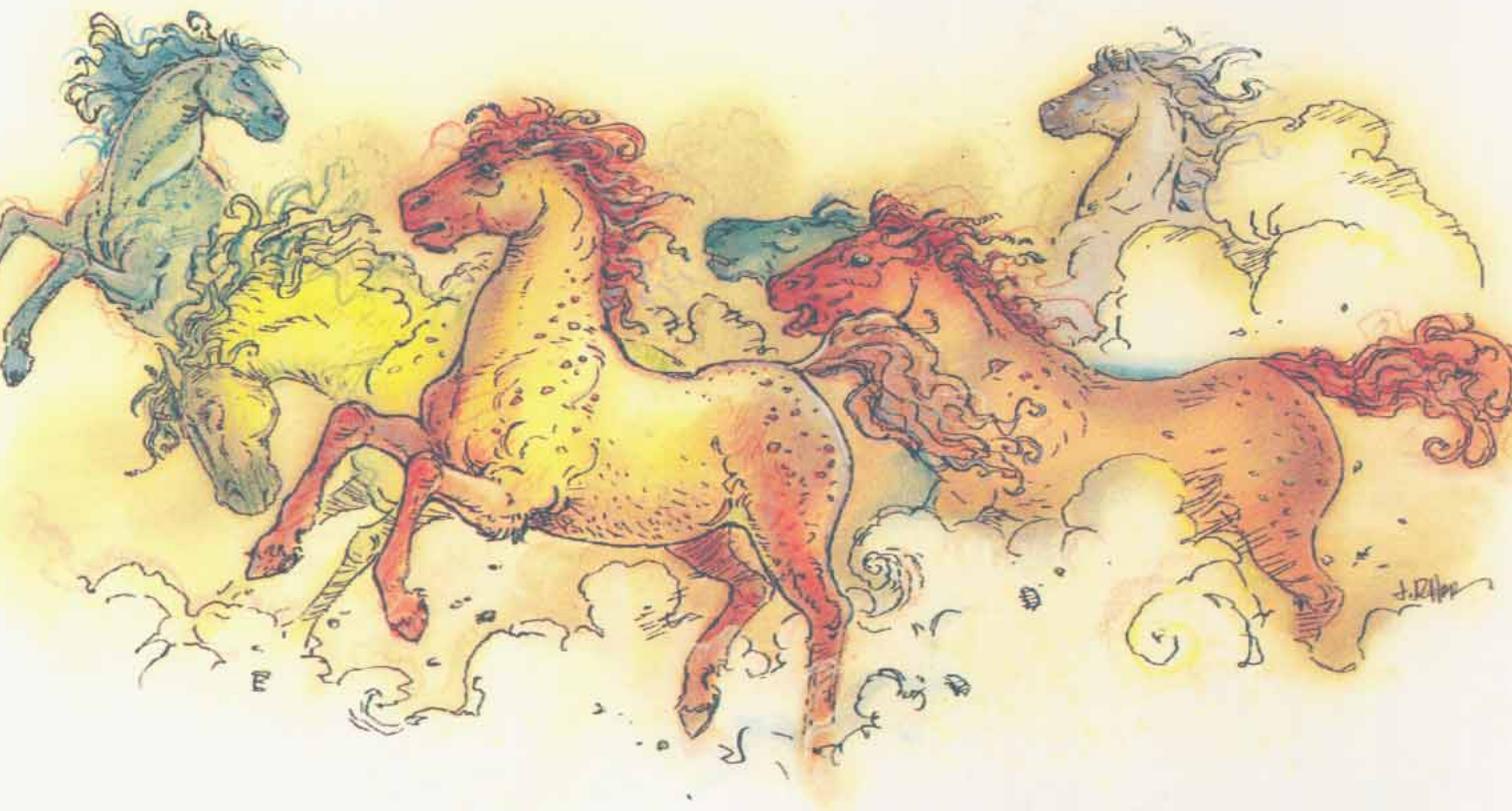
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any plane
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary or herd
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Herbivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1 or 5d10
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	24
HIT DICE:	7
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (hoof/hoof/bite) or 1 (back kick)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8/1d8/1d4 or 3d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	L
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	2,000

Nic'Epona, also known as Epona's daughters, are among a few creatures with the ability to move between the planes at will. They are, rumor says, direct descendants of the horse-goddess Epona, and they derive their power from her. They are the defenders of her realm, Tir na Og (on the Outlands), and they ride in massive waves to overwhelm those who would threaten her.

The nic'Epona resemble ordinary horses almost exactly, although there is a sparkle of intelligence behind their eyes that belies the aspect of a common animal. They can appear in any color of the rainbow (stories are told of those whose color is beyond the deepest violet or above the brightest red), and they have an innate ability to change their coloration at will. Usually they adopt one color or color-pattern as their favorite, but they can change their hide to any hue as the mood takes them.

COMBAT: The nic'Epona, as the defenders of Epona's realm, are naturally fierce foes in combat. Each uses her hooves and her powerful teeth to good effect. They willingly bite those foolish enough to come close without permission, and their sharp forehooves can strike as powerfully as a battle axe. If there is an opponent behind



her, a nic'Epona may choose to deliver a powerful kick with her hind legs. (However, this means the nic'Epona forgoes any other attack that round, as she spends the round bracing and balancing herself for the delivery of this mighty blow.) A nic'Epona attacks as though her entire body were a +2 weapon, allowing her to hit those beings that take damage only from magic or silver. Note that the nic'Epona do not actually gain the +2 bonus to hit or damage, but merely have the ability to hit creatures immune to lesser weapons.

When in a herd of 20 or greater, the nic'Epona can also create a *stampede* to sweep over their enemies. The stampede is 20 yards wide and at least two nic'Epona deep (one nic'Epona every two yards). Each additional group of 10 nic'Epona widens the stampede by 20 yards or adds another rank of the creatures – they spread out according to the number of opponents arrayed against them. The steeds charge without fear and never need to check Morale in a stampede. They require 50 yards to build up good speed, at which point anyone in their path suffers 10d6 points of damage per round for a number of rounds equal to the number of ranks of nic'Epona, divided by 4 (round up). For example, if there are three ranks of nic'Epona, anyone in their path suffers 10d6 points of damage for a single round. If there are eight ranks, opponents suffer 10d6 points for two rounds. Victims are allowed a save vs. spell for half damage.

The nic'Epona also boast an impressive defense. They can be hit only by weapons of +2 or greater power, or by those whose innate abilities allow them to strike as a +2 weapon, like themselves.

They are also completely immune to *charm*-related spells, and they're aware of it when someone attempts to use magic to gain their trust. Even magical items that charm animals have no effect on the nic'Epona, for they are not normal horses. However, since this immunity is not widely known, the nic'Epona delight in pretending to fall under the sway of such magic, then abandoning the caster on an unfriendly plane, often in a bad situation.

The most striking feature of the nic'Epona defense is their ability to *plane shift* (as the spell) at will, requiring but a few steps in which to work the magic. They can travel to any point in any of the Outer Planes that they have seen, although realms of unfriendly powers are closed to them unless they're specifically invited. If combat is not going her way, a nic'Epona takes a few steps back, charges at her foe, and plane shifts just before contact, leaving a rainbow silhouette that fades after a few moments. Her hooves glow with a faint purple fire when she activates this power.

Finally, nic'Epona are able to keep their footing on any surface, from water to quicksand to air. Their hooves create an momentary causeway upon which they gallop, giving the impression that they are flying,

running across water, or performing some other apparently impossible feat. They can even run up vertical surfaces, treating the transition from horizontal to vertical as just another step. (This can be a bit jarring for riders who are unused to it.) The nic'Epona can activate this "fleeting causeway" for one turn/hour; when they do so, their hooves flare with a bright blue flame. No creature other than the nic'Epona can use the causeway (except a rider).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Though they appear to be solitary creatures, nic'Epona gather in great herds in the realm of Tir na Og, on the Outlands. Though they have free rein through the planes, they call Tir na Og home because it is the home of their patron power, Epona. When they are at home, they have little to do with the planars, primes, and petitioners who come to them for favors or transport through the planes. Since they have the company of their own kind in Tir na Og, they do not need that of ordinary mortals. They break this rule only for those they call friends, or for those whom they owe a debt of honor.

ECOLOGY: Nic'Epona are all female, despite persistent rumors of male nic'Epona. They are produced by the union of a nic'Epona with a male equine (a horse, pegasus, or unicorn). The offspring of such a union are nic'Epona if female, but take after the father if they are male. The herd is extremely protective of its foals and will turn en masse on anyone who attempts the theft of one, harrying the thief through the planes if necessary.

Epona's daughters are gregarious, enjoying the company and attentions of other beings. Occasionally they will come into contact with adventurer-types, engaging them in conversation in an attempt to learn interesting gossip and places to travel. If treated well and entertained, each nic'Epona may offer to carry a person from one plane to another.

Those who would ride one of Epona's daughters should have fine gifts and flattering words to court her affections. They must first win her trust, for if she has faith in the rider, she will provide transport – one time and one time only – to the destination of the rider's choice. If the rider does something to betray this trust, the nic'Epona can easily deposit the rider in some inhospitable plane. Baator is a favorite stopping point for nic'Epona burdened with irksome riders.

If the nic'Epona is particularly well-treated, or learns devotion for a being, she will allow that being to name her. Thereafter, she will respond to the name, treating it as a summons up to three times (more at the DM's discretion, though DMs should be advised that even three times is an exceptional number). She will arrive within 1d10 rounds, galloping across the planes to bear her friend away from whatever danger menaces.

SPIRIT OF THE AIR

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Average
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1d10
ARMOR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 24(C)
HIT DICE:	11 (50 hp)
THACO:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d10 (x2)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Initiative bonus, control winds
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+1 or better weapon needed to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (8' tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	4,000

Spirits of the air are minions of powers associated with wind and air – most of these deities are elemental in nature, but any god who can create and control the wind can create and control a spirit of the air. These creatures are fierce in their desires to obey and serve. They may be mere messengers or full-fledged proxies.

Spirits of the air appear to be large batlike creatures with black skin, large wings, clawed feet, and tusked monkey heads. They dress in resplendent, shimmering fabric that would put the finest silk or spider thread to shame. Their clothes are more colorful than the rainbow, in ever-shifting hues that are impossible to name. Their voices are melodiously sweet or gratingly harsh, but never are the same at once.

Spirits of the air are born white as the chills of winter, but each endless day under the sun loads their essences with the colors of the world. At night their colors wash away in the silver of the moon. The cleansing tickles their spirits until their laughter is heard wafting through the night. With the dawn their burdensome colors return like the sighs of the morning breeze.

COMBAT: Spirits of the air fight as 11-HD creatures. Their range of weaponry is broad, but a typical choice is a longbow or darts for missile attacks and a two-handed sword or footman's mace for melee combat. Although these weapons have no magical bonuses, they are imbued with the might of their patron and can strike creatures requiring +3 weapons or better to hit. This property is inherent, so no such power is gained by other creatures who would wield their weapons.

Their greatest combat advantage is in their maneuverability. They live in the air, constantly and forever. Even when they fight their feet never touch ground. When battling "landlings," spirits of the air enjoy a –2 modifier on all initiative rolls. When fighting flying creatures of maneuverability class B or less, they have a –1 initiative modifier. It is only when faced with a creature as maneuverable as themselves that the spirits of the air lose their combat advantage.

Every spirit of the air radiates a 30-yard-radius magical aura in which the spirit can *control winds* at will, provided its attention is not occupied by combat. Beyond this restriction, the spirit of the air can control winds while performing virtually any other activity.

Spirits of the air can be struck only by weapons of +1 or greater enchantment.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Spirits of the air are not aggressive beings. Unshackled by their own pleasures, they would ignore the world to revel in the sheer joy of flight, for they have no need of anything else. They are, however, not so free. The spirits of the air serve the powers – good, evil, lawful, chaotic, or neutral – without question. It is their duty, bound upon them by forces long forgotten.

An ancient legend describes their lot in life:

When the powers made the multiverse, they looked at all the work they had done and knew that it was complete, except for its final destruction. The annihilation of their work was all that remained to be done in eternity, the last thing left to "create." This eventuality was a sad fact for them, and yet it made them happy, and they said, "Truly we are omniscient, for we can visualize the end of all we have made. Since we have foreseen this end, we do not need to create it, and our creation will live incomplete forever."

But the powers were *not truly omniscient*, for they had never seen the source of their *own* creation. This error hid many others from their eyes, yet it soon grew plain to them that they had erred, for after they spoke, they realized the very breath of their words had given life to the air around them. Before they could stop them, the creators' words took shape and flight, becoming silvery little beings who mocked their parents' hubris.

Such disrespect by their children angered the powers who, still being powerful, (but not omniscient) drew in their breaths, stealing back some the life they had given. Thus, the spirits of the air were bound by the will of the powers. Hence, the wispy children forever hear within themselves the breathing of the gods, whose rhythmic sighs carry secret messages to their aerial messengers.

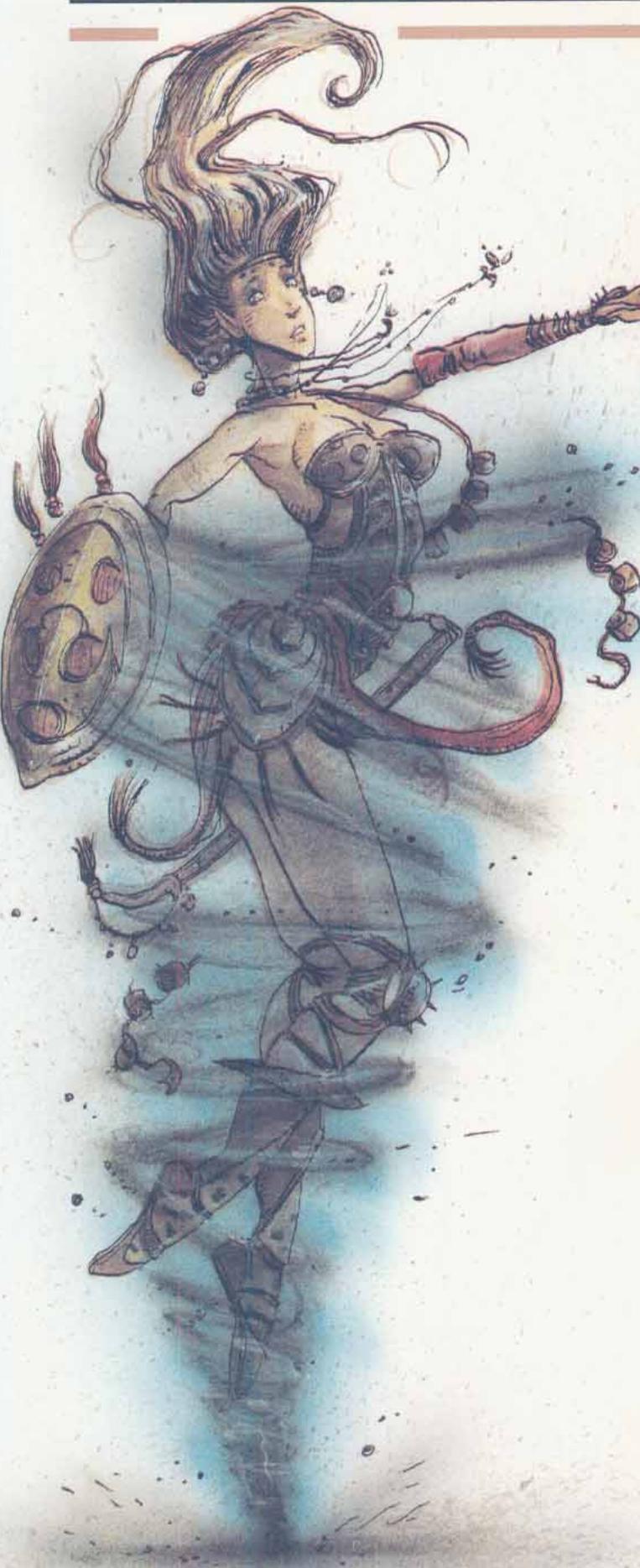
Although they live free and follow no single power, the spirits exist to carry out the will of the wind gods, the breath of all creation. Any power related to the winds, be it good, evil, or otherwise, can demand obedience from a spirit of the air. Refusal is impossible, for the spirits are no more than the breath of the gods. On the other hand, spirits of the air are as free as a breath released from the lips. Sent like a heavy sigh on its mission, a spirit of the air finds its own time and means to fulfill its master's desire.

It is said that in the small space between the drawing and releasing of a single breath, the spirits of the air are free of their bonds. In that space, quicker than the hand can follow the eye, they plot and rage against their parents, forming thoughts, word by word, and preparing deeds, thought by thought, for their chance to break free. It is said that in this way they live two lives hidden from each other – slave and freeman, all in one. Each spirit imagines it courts and marries, builds cities, and fights great wars in those collected instants, believing their servile existence is nothing but a dream. Each life is as rich and detailed as the others, so who can say which is the lie?

It is in the midst of these dreams that a spirit of the air reaches out to adventurers, sometimes including them in a bittersweet and surrealistic vision of a life that never was, and sometimes begging them to save it from the power who would kill it with a word – or rather, with the withdrawal of a word.

ECOLOGY: Creatures of the gods, the spirits of the air have no ecology that mortals can understand. They feed upon the happiness of others, sharing it like bread freely broken at the meal, and they sleep amongst the sunbeams. When they die, their bodies release the burdensome colors trapped within, arcing out rainbows to paint all things around. The colors give forth bright implings full of play and mirth, who last no more than a hour or two. These can't be commanded or charmed, nor can glass contain them. Born without knowledge of the world, they have no interest in it. They merely play parts in the spirits' dreams of another life or whirl about adventurers' heads, gibbering and laughing in high-pitched, high-speed voices.





CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Sky/Plane of Air
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Unknown
INTELLIGENCE:	Non
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	2 + 2
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	Variable
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	270

Those few who have seen them usually think vortexes are miniature whirlwinds, little dust devils about the size of a small jug, but what they see is not the vortex itself. Rather, it's the air wrapped like a second skin around the being within. Peel the airy element away, still the mad motion, and underneath is a small round thing, a sphere the size of child's ball, which is the color of frozen mist. That's the true vortex.

Is it alive? The answer is: who knows? It has no eyes, no mouth, no features that reveal a spirit. It shows few signs of intelligence or consciousness. The vortex only spins, bobbles, and weaves like a sublime dervish. Perhaps it dreams only of the endless gyrations of the worlds. Or perhaps it is only mindless energy.

COMBAT: The vortex poses a far greater threat than its small size would portend. It is far from malevolent – indeed, it seems blind to the presence of others – but in that blindness it is dangerous. Not surprisingly, straight lines are foreign to the creature, and when it moves, it changes directions quickly and without any discernable pattern. Spinning so randomly, there is a chance the vortex will hit any one creature within 5 feet of it. If there are multiple targets, the DM should randomly determine which one will be struck.

A vortex spins into a target by making an attack roll, ignoring the armor worn by the target. Only natural Armor Class and Dexterity bonuses are applied. If the hit is successful and the target is man-sized or smaller, the vortex engulfs the victim. Creatures larger than man sized are not enveloped, although the winds still swirl partially around them. If a character is engulfed by a vortex, he or she suffers no immediate damage, but is caught in the whirling cone of air and begins to spin with it.

The victim usually remains trapped until the vortex is killed. After the first round, the victim suffers 1d3 points of damage per round. There is also a 5% cumulative chance per round that the spinning victim will be instantly killed by a particularly violent current or by crashing into a solid object.

If the target too large and is struck but not engulfed, the vortex causes no damage. However, the whirling winds effectively prevent action for 1d4 rounds, as all effort is spent staying balanced and upright against the mini-cyclone. Creatures of huge size or greater are completely unaffected by the vortex's attack.

A victim trapped inside the whirlwind cannot break free of the winds without some form of outside anchor, like the hand of a companion or a tree limb. Securing a grip requires a successful attack roll with a -4 penalty, and once the anchor is seized, a bend bars/lift gates roll must be successfully rolled to break free of the vortex.

Alternatively, the victim can attempt to slay the vortex, thus ending the whirlwind. Only small weapons such as a dagger can be used. Using spells, scrolls, potions, and most magical items is impossible. All attempts by the trapped person to hit the vortex suffer a -2 penalty on the attack roll. Those outside the whirlwind can also attack (without the penalty), but if any blow misses, a second attack roll must be made against the trapped character.

A vortex can hold only one victim at a time. Should it strike a second target after the first has been engulfed, another attack roll is made as described above. If the attack succeeds, the vortex “spits out” its previous victim and engulfs (if possible) the new target.

Its small size and speed of movement make the vortex difficult to hit, hence the low Armor Class.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: It can be said with confidence that vortexes are drawn from the Elemental Plane of Air, but are they living creatures there? Some argue that these pests are nothing but bubbles of elemental force, carrying in them all the energy of their plane. After all, they do not eat anything that can be seen, nor do they reproduce and spread their numbers.

Not so, claim others, who believe that the vortexes are the spawn of the plane itself, cast out to create a home of their own. Those sages argue that this is the act of an ungrateful parent, like Cronus devouring his children, for the plane must certainly know the vortexes will die in the void. For others it is an act of unfulfilled faith, that the impossible shall spawn and spread anew.

A more practical matter to consider is how the vortex escapes the prison of ether that binds its plane in the Inner regions. The secret may lie in the dervish-like whirling, as the vortex spins through the gaps in the web of the planes. Theoretically, if one twirls endlessly and perfectly, then one may suddenly be not *there*, but *here*.

ECOLOGY: Unable to separate force from life, there can be no understanding of where these things belong. It is only certain that they cannot be summoned.



Sage observing
dead vortex

YUGOLOTH, LESSER —



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Lower Planes
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Any
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional
TREASURE:	I
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	10 + 20 hp
THACO:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Gaze inspires <i>fear</i>
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	80% to 1st-level spells
SIZE:	M (5' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	7,000

The marraenoloths are a special type of yugoloth. The thin, gray, pale-eyed humanoids are easily identified by their skeletal faces, somber hooded robes, and eyes that glow red when they are angry. They are a cold species, mercenary at heart, like all yugoloths. They are telepathic and, in addition to speaking all languages, maintain mental contact with others of their race at all times.

COMBAT: Marraenoloths have all the standard powers of the yugoloths, but also use the following powers at will: *alter self*, *animate dead*, *cause disease*, *charm person*, *improved phantasmal force*, *produce flame*, and *teleport without error*. In addition, marraenoloths can *gate* in 1d6 hydroloths (75% chance), should the need arise.

These yugoloths are not great warriors, attacking only with their bony fangs. When angered, a marraenoloth's eyes glow fiery red, and anyone confronted by this horrifying gaze must successfully save vs. spell or be affected as by a *fear* spell: The marraenoloth will then summon hydroloths to fight for it.

Marraenoloths have 80% magic resistance to 1st-level spells. This resistance decreases by 5% for each higher level of spell. (Thus, a marraenoloth's resistance to 7th-level spells is only 50%.) They are immune to acid, fire, and poison, and they suffer only half damage from gases. Their greatest weakness is cold-based attacks, which inflict double damage upon them.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Marraenoloths are unique among the yugoloths in that they have an established task: They are boatmen who pilot small skiffs on the black waters of the River Styx. Unlike many other fiends, the marraenoloths can pass from plane to plane without arousing suspicion in the minds of others. They are ferrymen and ferrymen only. Other fiends would love to subvert the marraenoloths to spy on their Blood War enemies, but these creatures are only concerned with their passengers.

Marraenoloths have an innate understanding of the twists and bends of the River Styx's channels, so they never get lost (unless it's convenient to do so). These creatures also can pilot their crafts through the Astral Plane and to the boundary of the Prime Material Plane. They can actually enter the Prime Material, too, but they must leave their skiffs behind. A marraenoloth without a vessel is lost and useless, so they are naturally reluctant to venture far from their crafts. Occasionally they are summoned or sent to the Prime, anyway, to transport some being to or from the Lower Planes (using a special *plane shift* ability that works for this task only).

Marraenoloths carry passengers but never cargo, always demanding immediate payment for their services. (Greater fiends may ignore this, forcing the marraenoloth to serve them.) They may demand a magical item, a bag of 10 platinum coins, or two gems of 50 gp value (or more). If not paid, the marraenoloth will seek to prevent the would-be passenger from entering its boat, and it will *teleport* itself and its craft away at the first opportunity.

Even if a marraenoloth is paid (as opposed to being sent by a higher evil force), there is still a 15% chance that the creature will betray the passenger, either by delivering him to the incorrect destination or plane (85% chance), or by leading the summoner into an ambush (15% chance). This chance of betrayal can be reduced by making additional contributions to the marraenoloth's hoard (-5% per additional payment listed above).

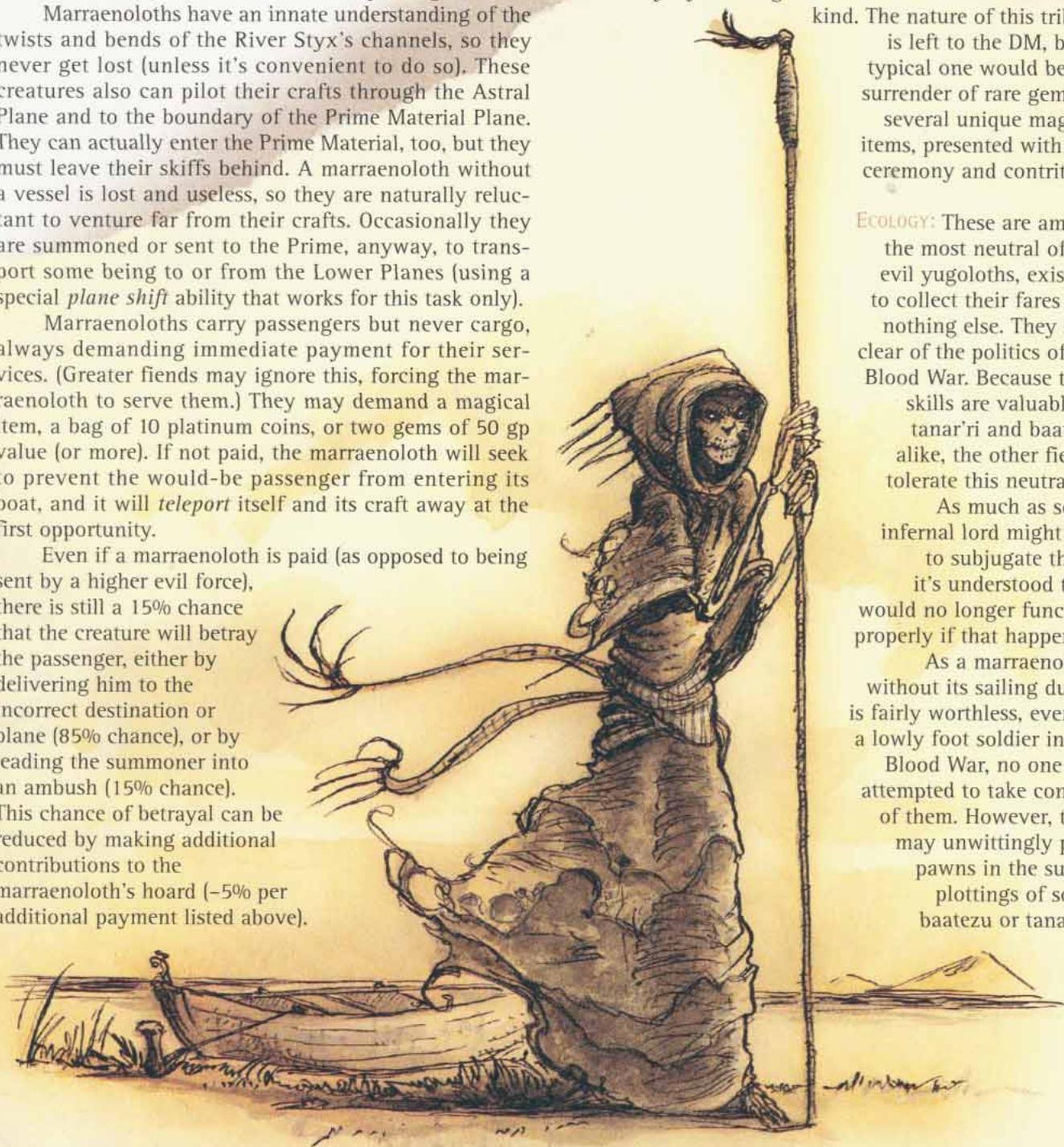
Since all marraenoloths are aware of each other, all know of any person who cheats or harms anyone of their kind. They won't come to each other's aid (that would indicate concern for their fellows), but the identity of the transgressor is noted, and future services from any of these yugoloths will require greater payments and incur a significantly higher risk of treachery. The cheater can return to the good graces of the boatmen only by making a suitable sacrifice to all their

kind. The nature of this tribute is left to the DM, but a typical one would be the surrender of rare gems or several unique magical items, presented with due ceremony and contrition.

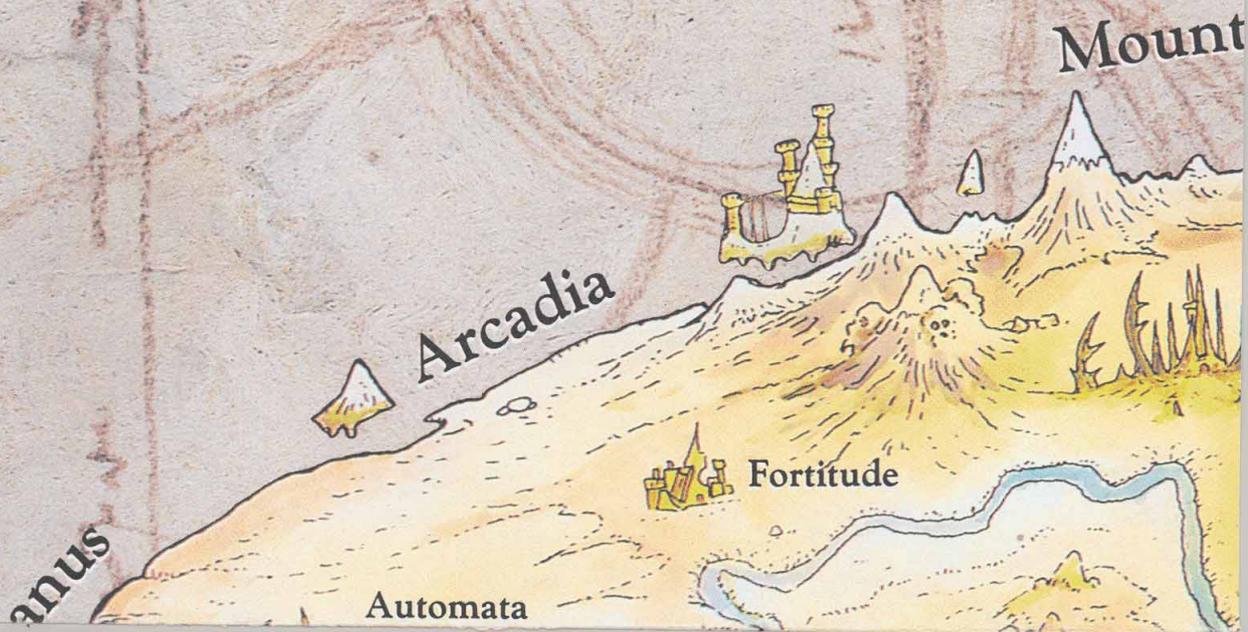
ECOLOGY: These are among the most neutral of the evil yugoloths, existing to collect their fares and nothing else. They stay clear of the politics of the Blood War. Because their skills are valuable to tanar'ri and baatezu alike, the other fiends tolerate this neutrality.

As much as some infernal lord might like to subjugate them, it's understood they would no longer function properly if that happened.

As a marraenoloth without its sailing duties is fairly worthless, even as a lowly foot soldier in the Blood War, no one has attempted to take control of them. However, they may unwittingly play pawns in the subtle plottings of some baatezu or tanar'ri.



THE OUTLANDS



Mech

Acheron

Baator

Gehe

Thoth's Estate

Thebestys

Rigus

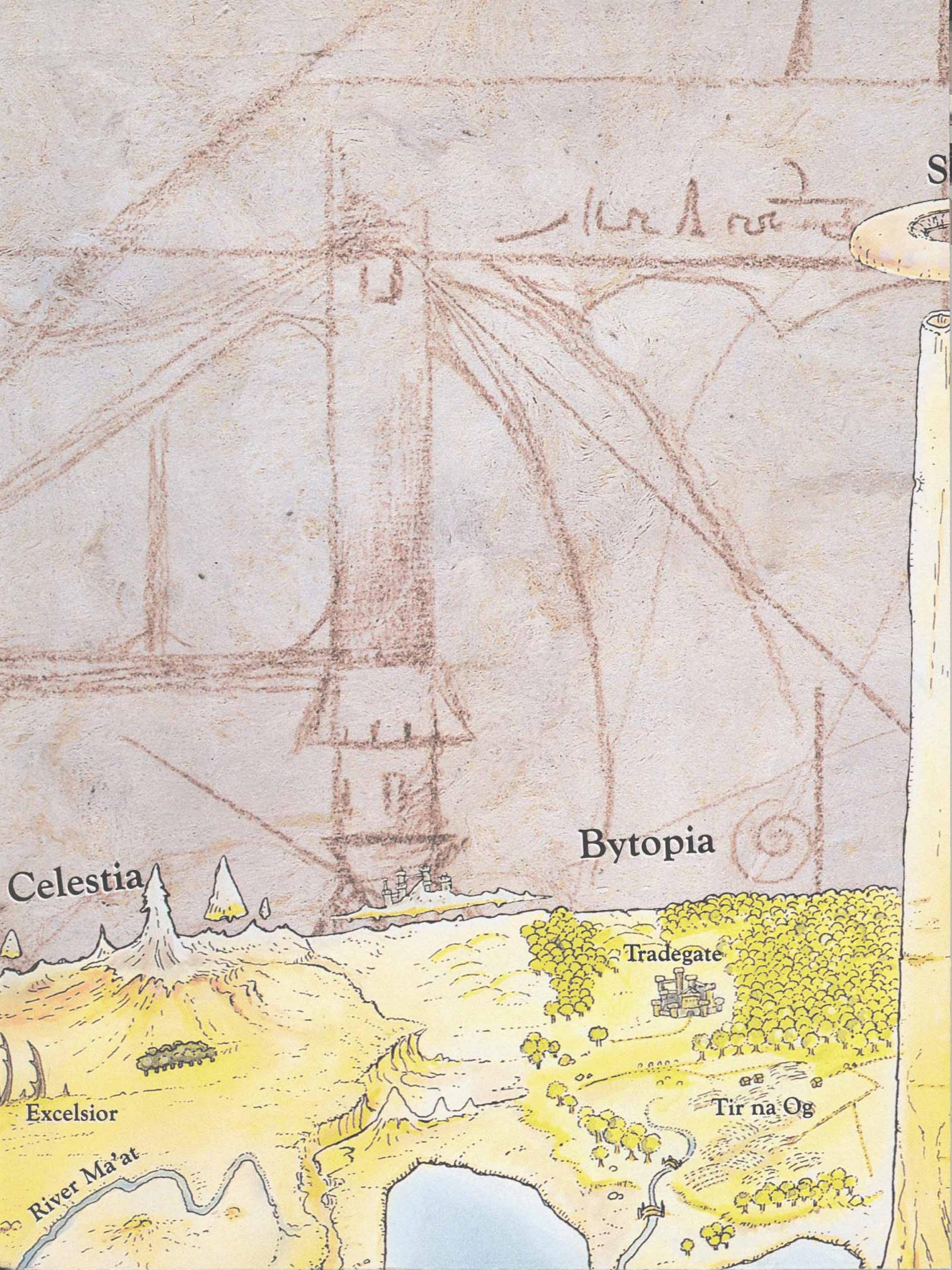
The Great Pass

Ribcage

Vale of the Spine

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Handwritten signature or name

Celestia

Bytopia

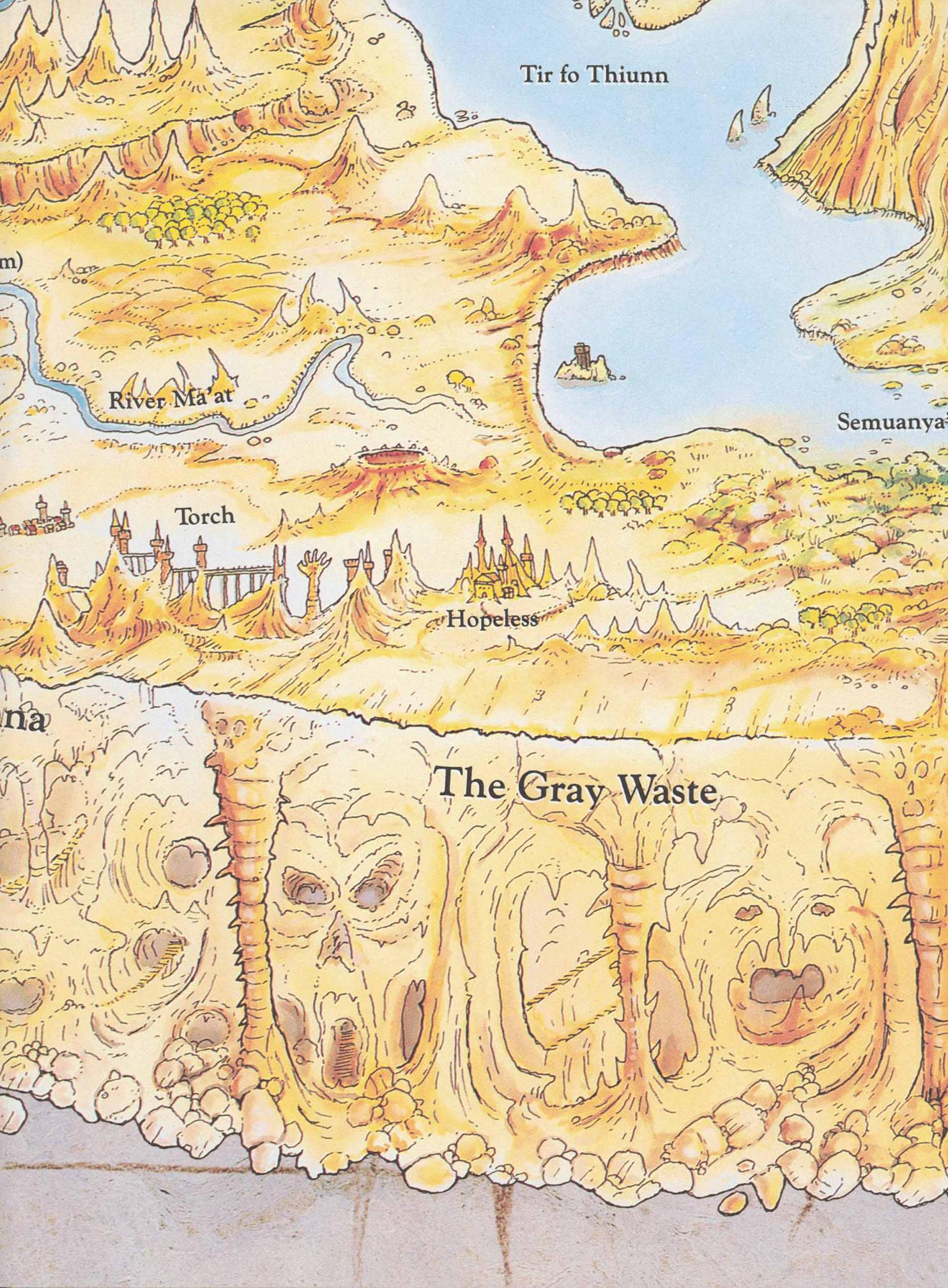
Excelsior

Tradegate

River Ma'at

Tir na Og

Tir fo Thiunn



River Ma'at

Torch

Hopeless

The Gray Waste

Semuanya

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PLAN

Elysium

The Beas

Ecstasy

Faunel

Sheela Peryroyl's Realm

Realm of the Norns





Mauso

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Palace of Judgment

Bog

Court of Light

Curst

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Carceri

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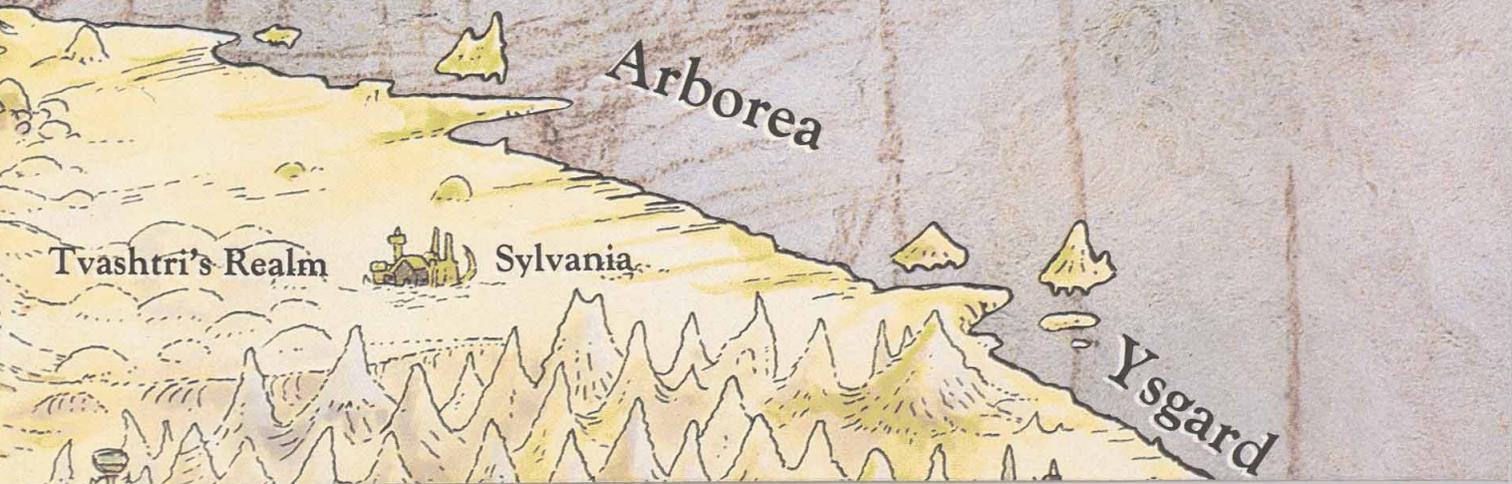
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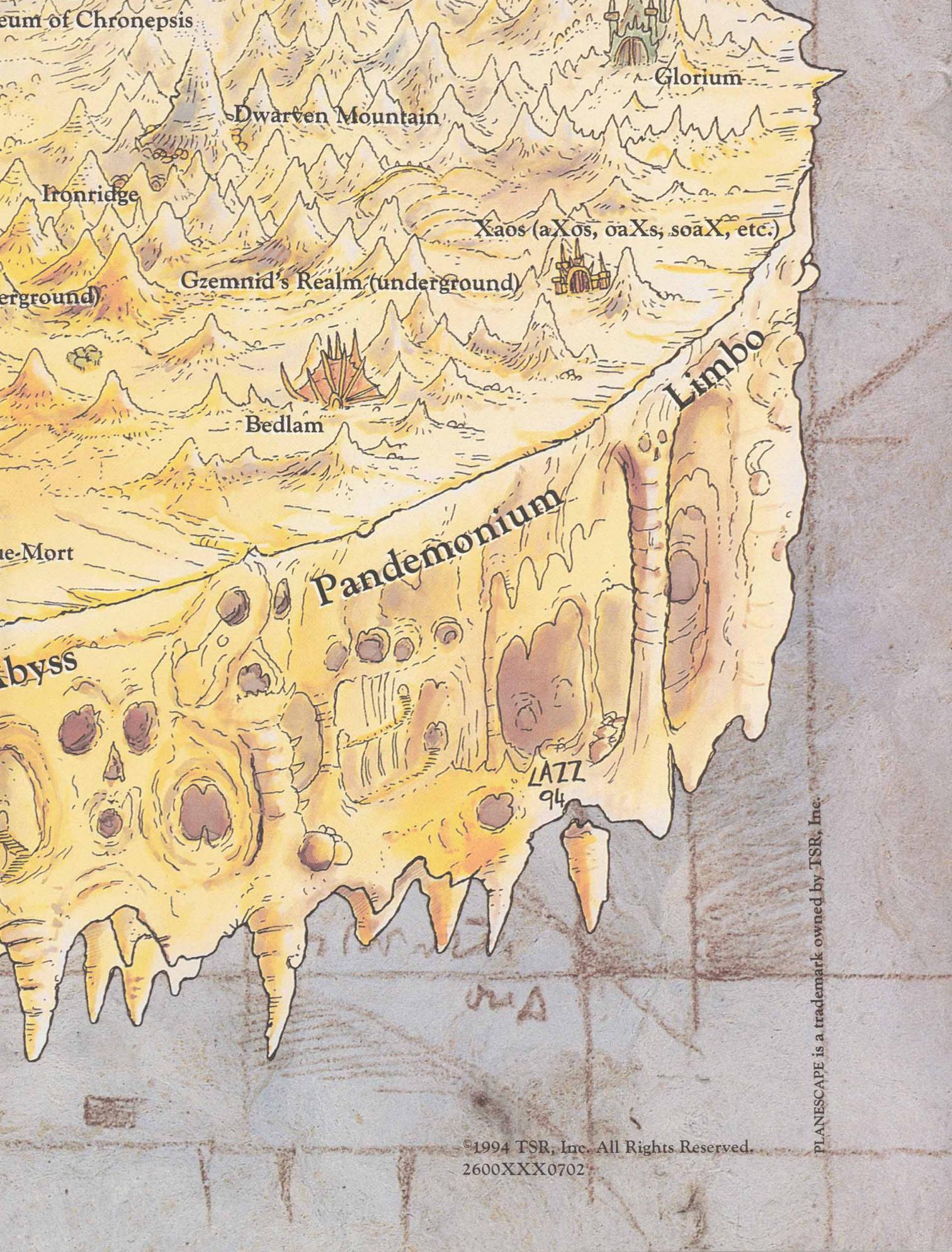
Arborea

Tvashti's Realm

Sylvania

Ysgard





Glorium

Dwarven Mountain

Ironridge

Xaos (aXos, oaXs, soaX, etc.)

Gzemnid's Realm (underground)

erground)

Bedlam

Limbo

Pandemonium

ie-Mort

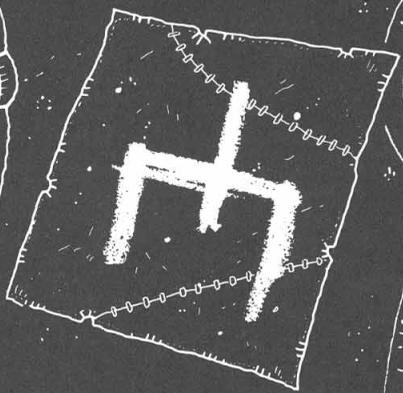
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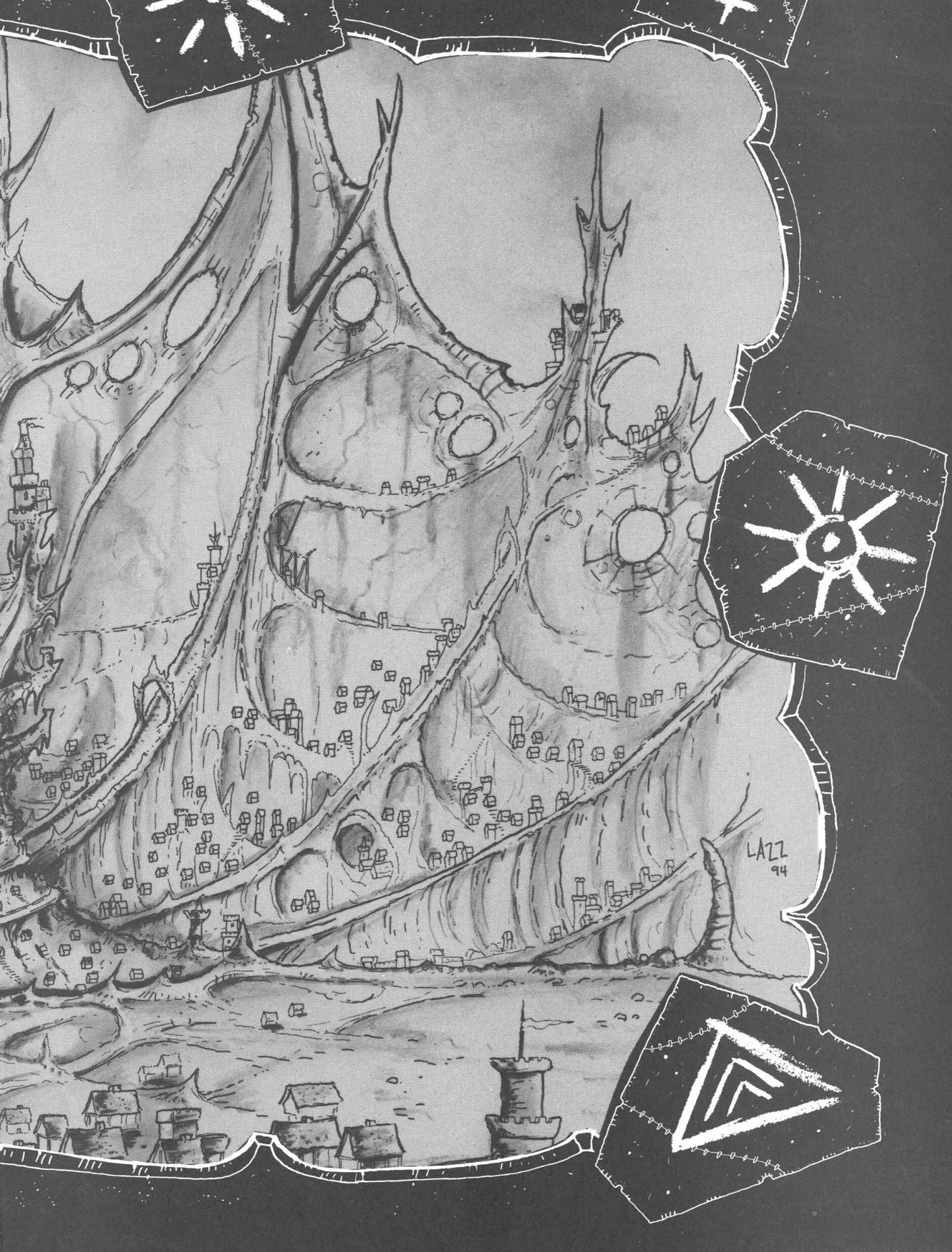
Torch — Gate Town to Gehenna



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Bedlam



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Sheela Peryroyl's Realm

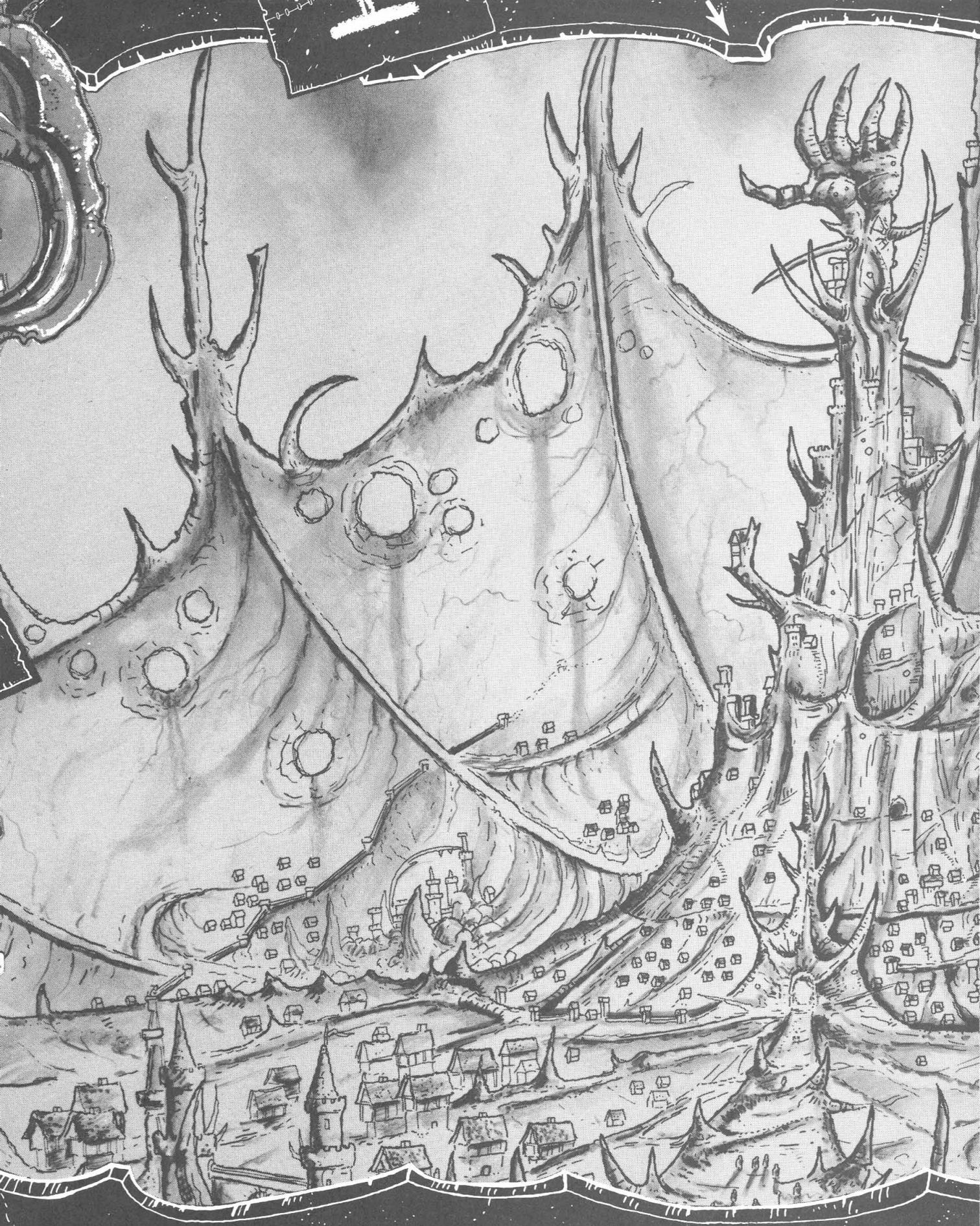




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Astral Citadel

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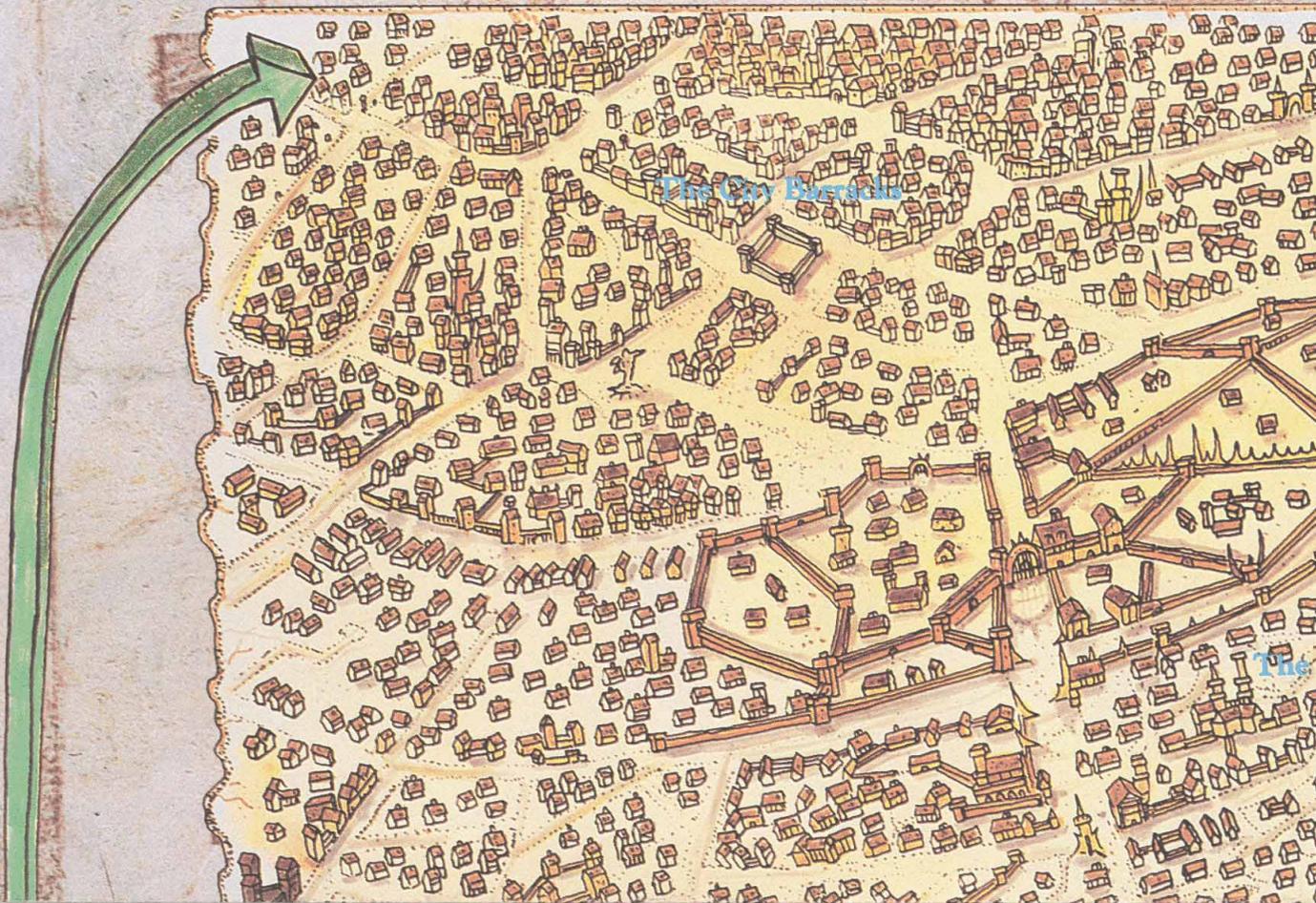




Mausoleum of Chronopsis

SIGIL CITY DOORS

Overlap Zone



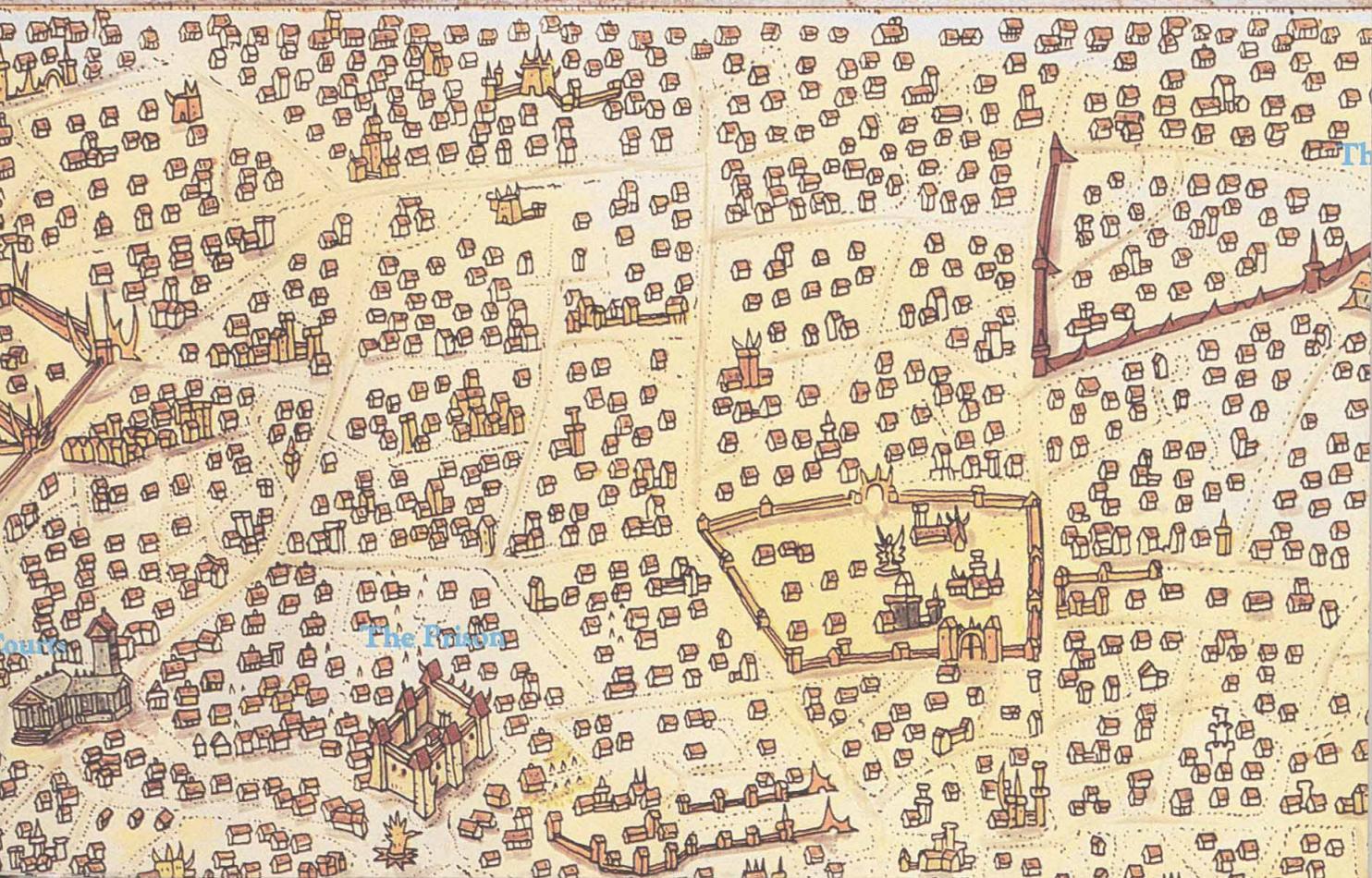
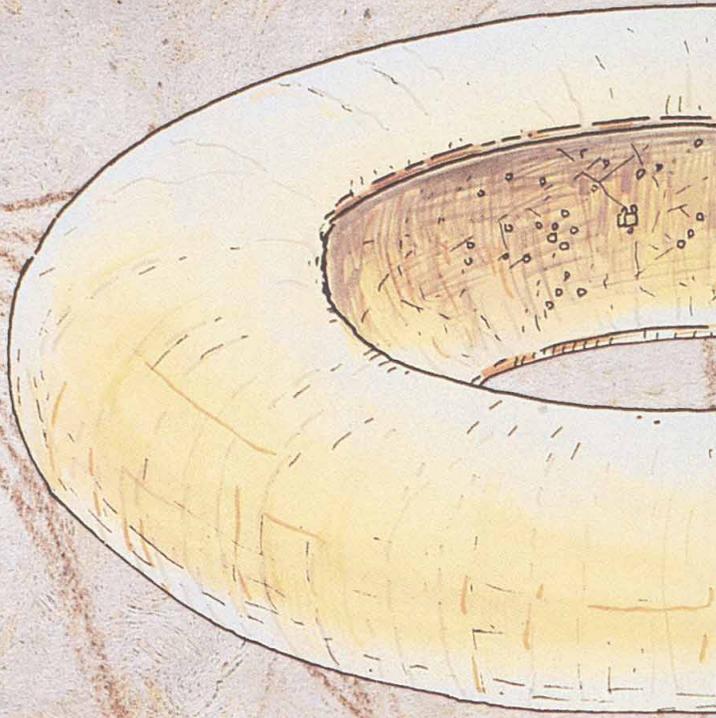


Market Ward

The
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The Grand Bazaar

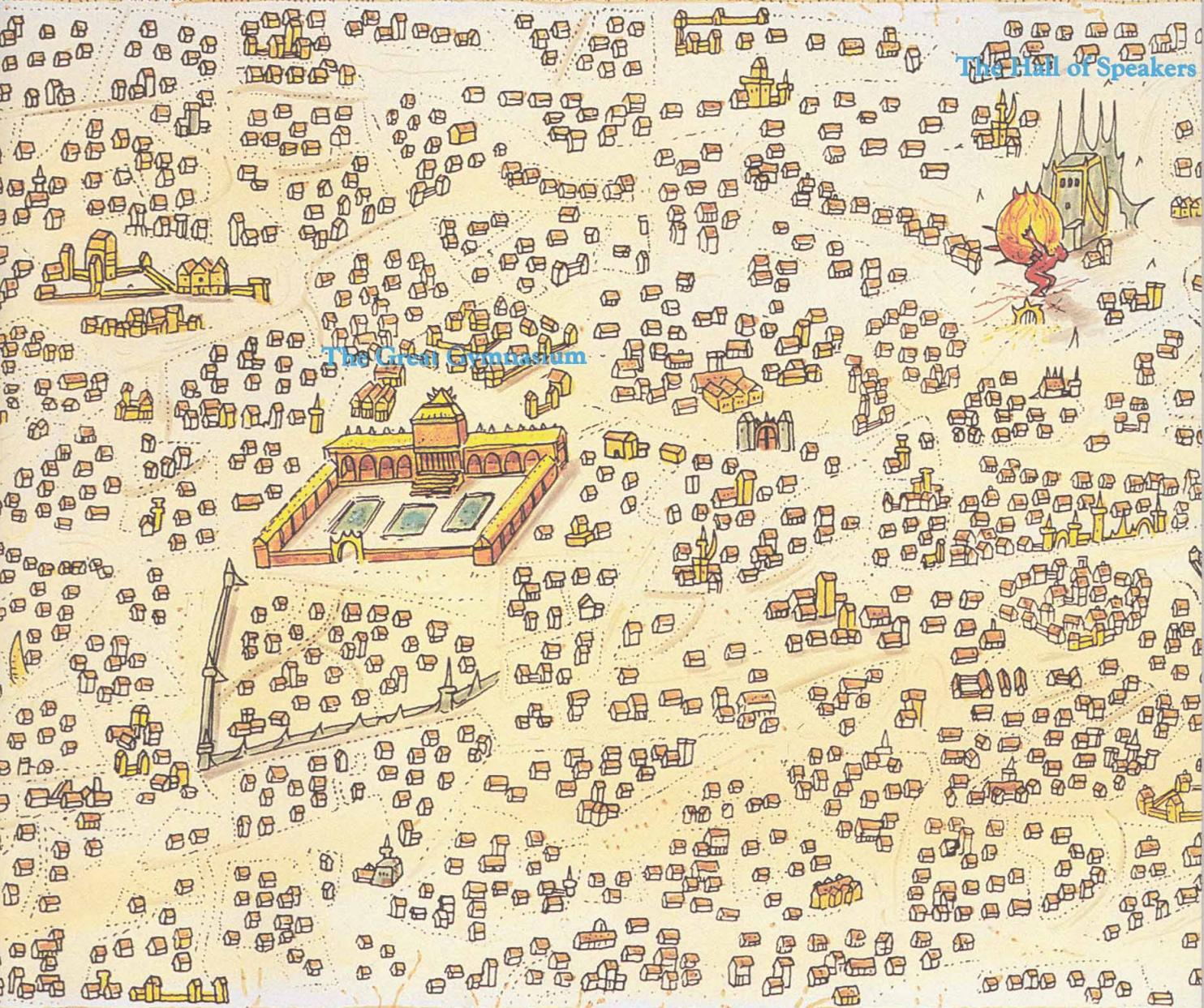
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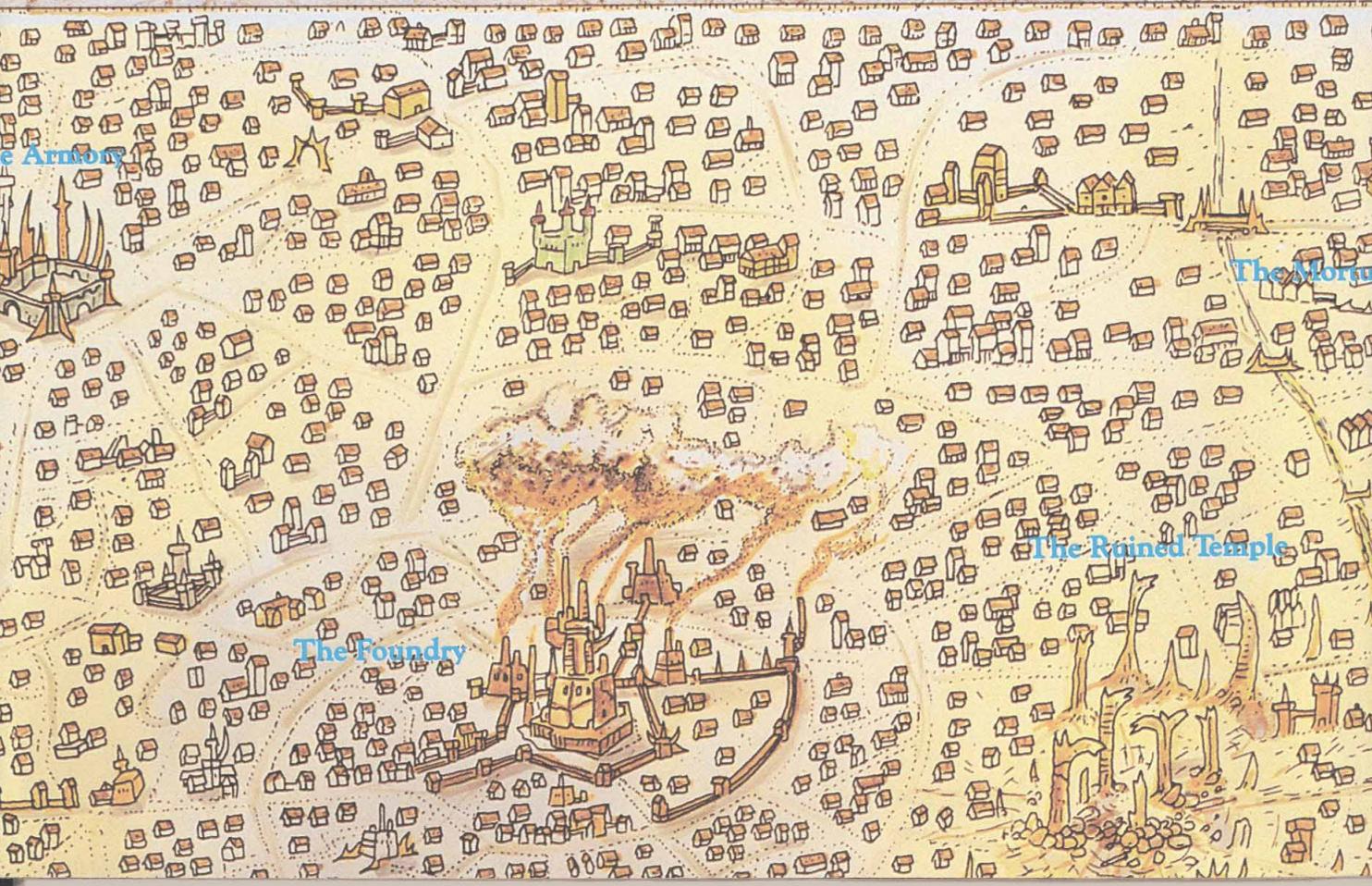
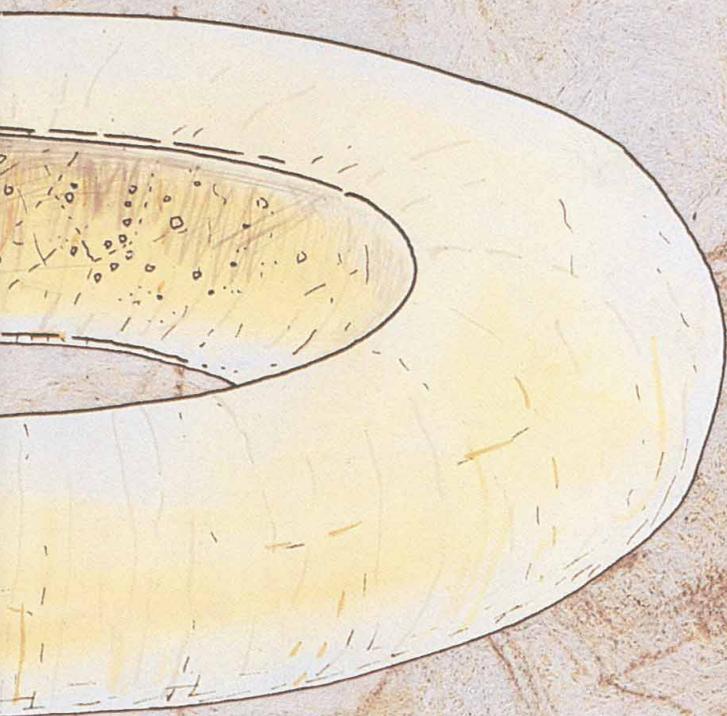
Lady's Ward

Idhall Ward

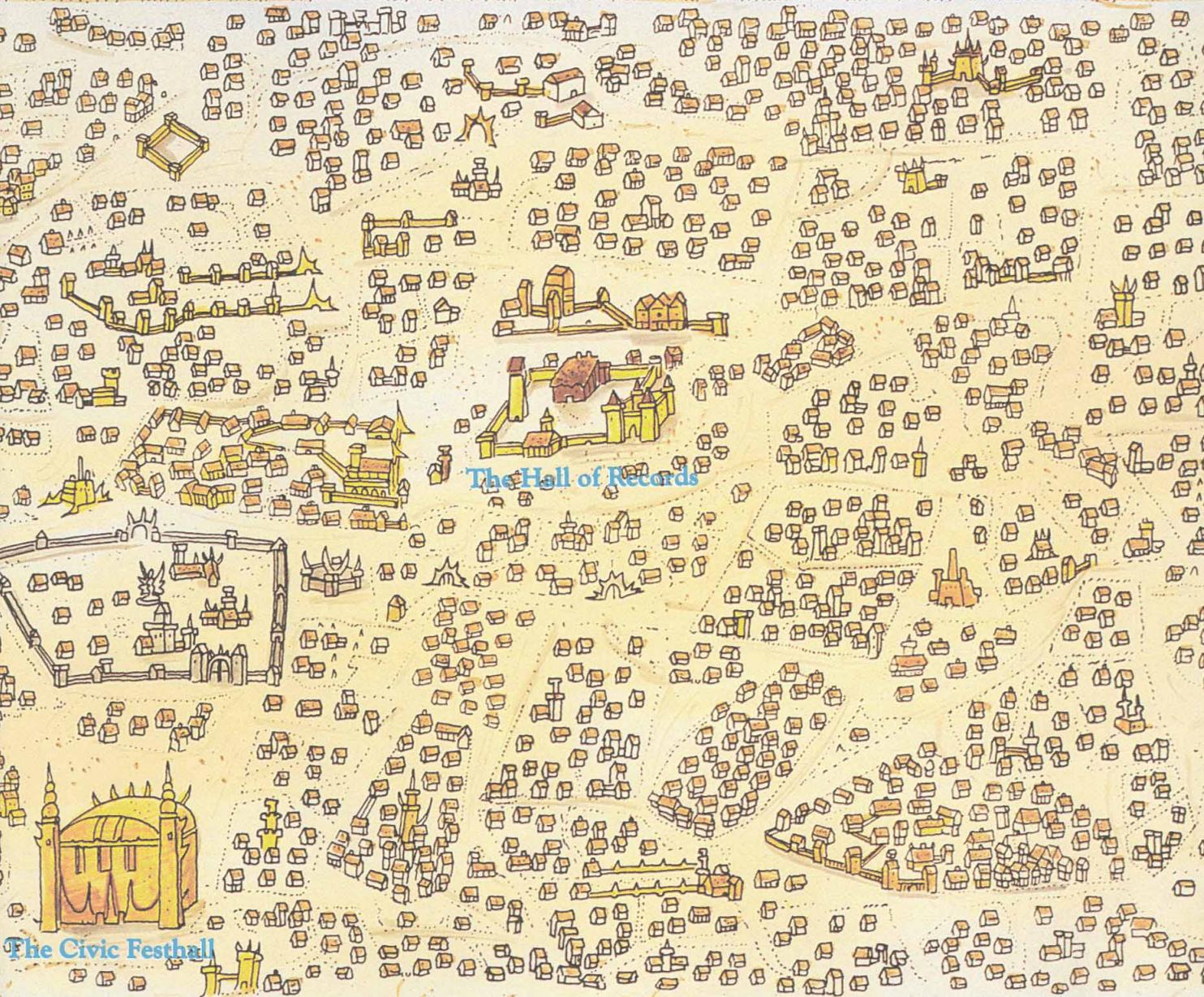
Clerk's Ward



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Lower Ward



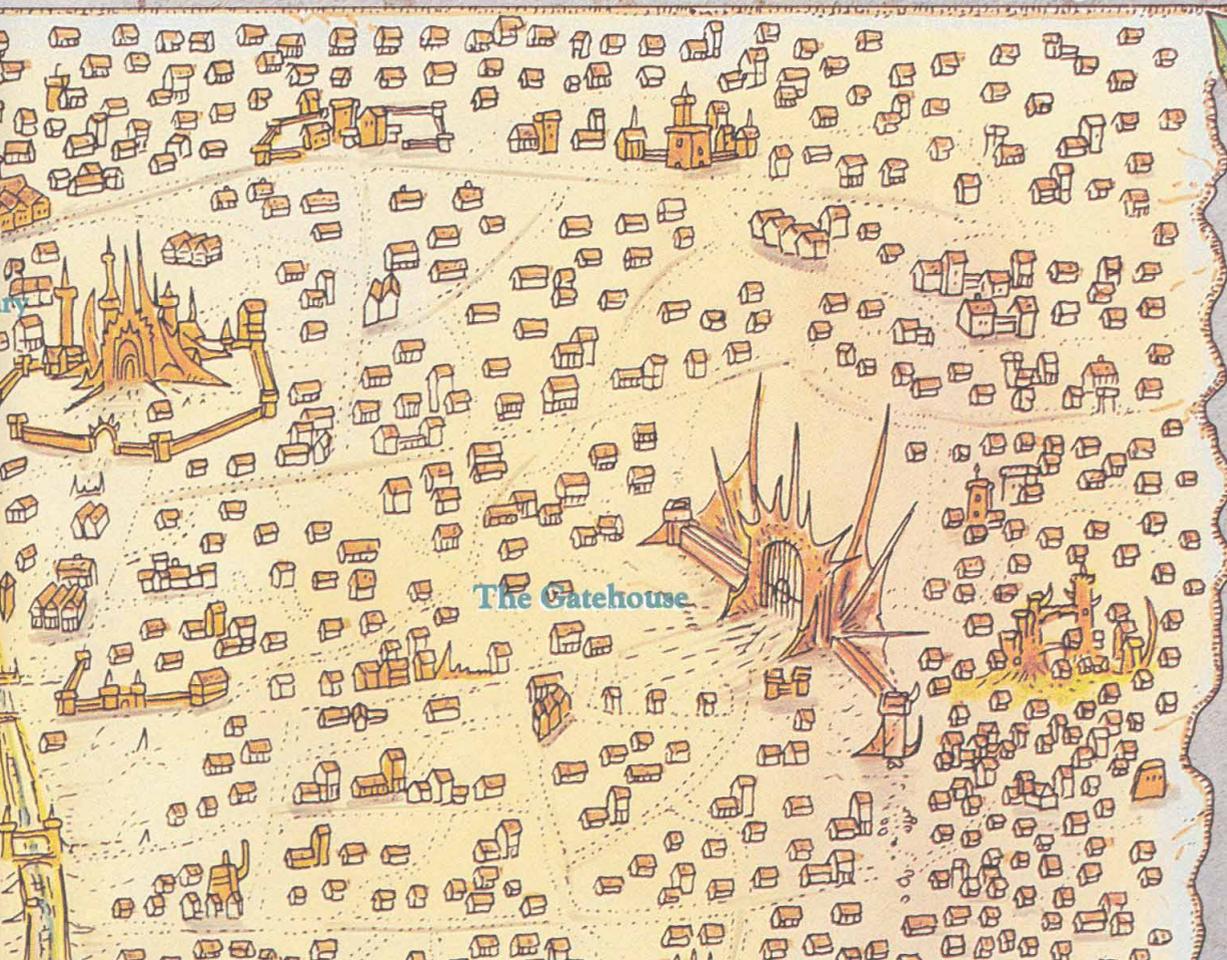
The Hall of Records

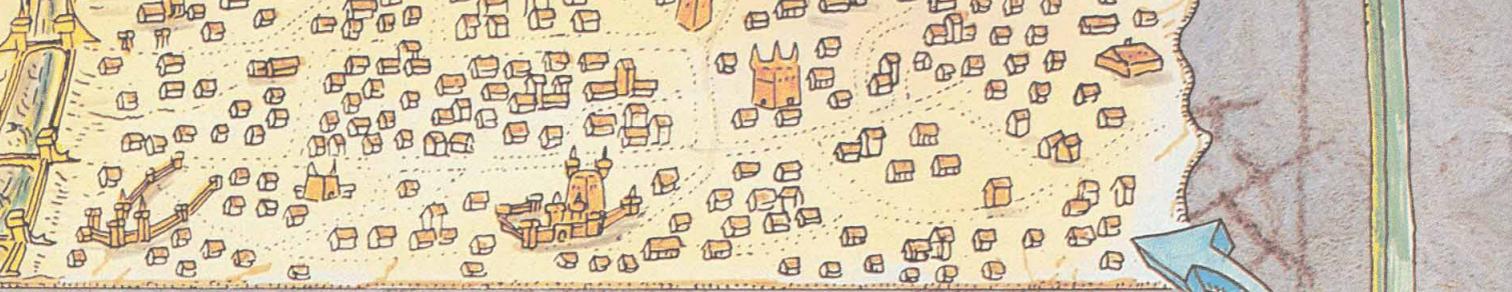
The Civic Festhall

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Campaign Setting

Overlap Zone





The Hive



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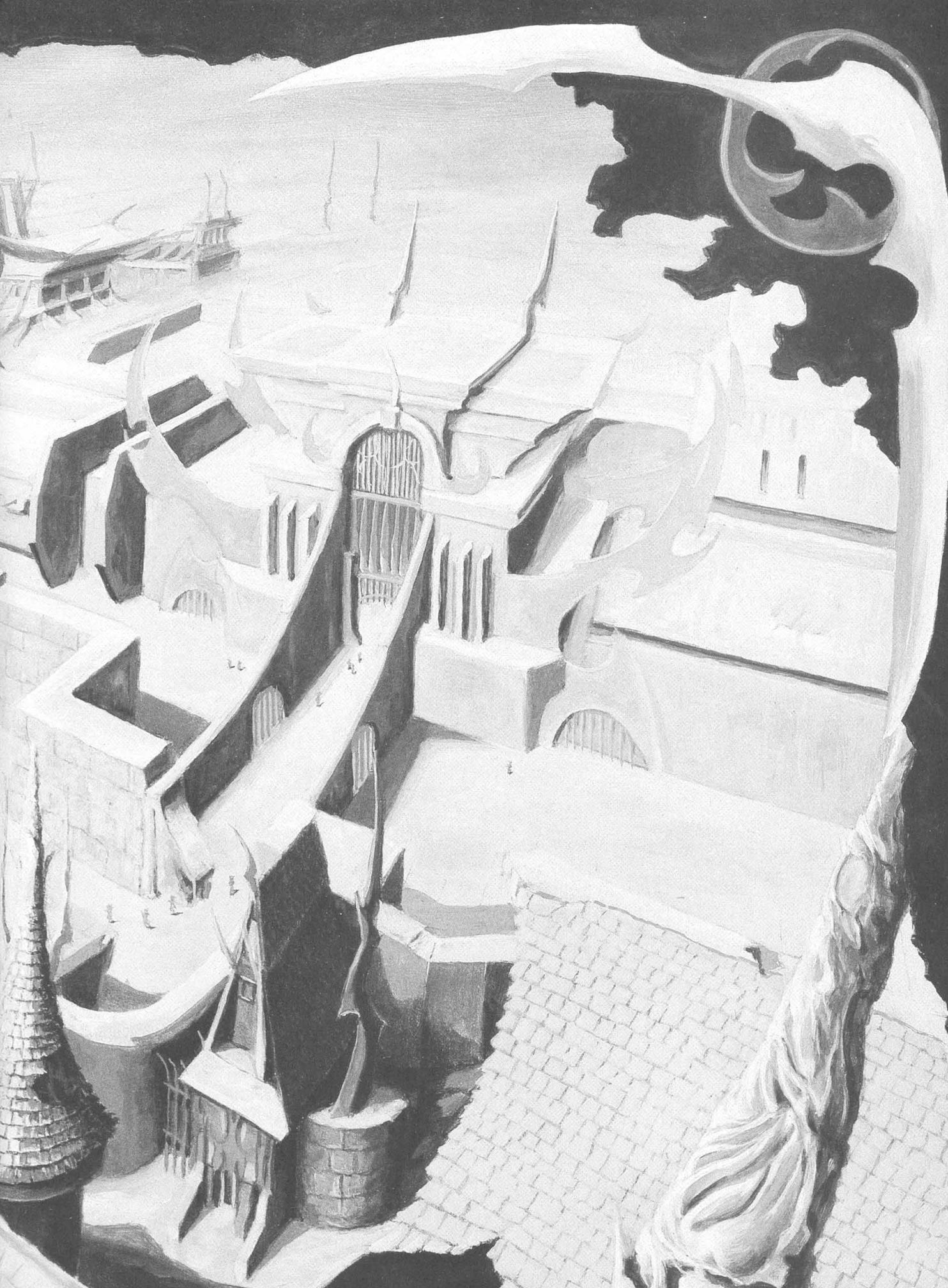


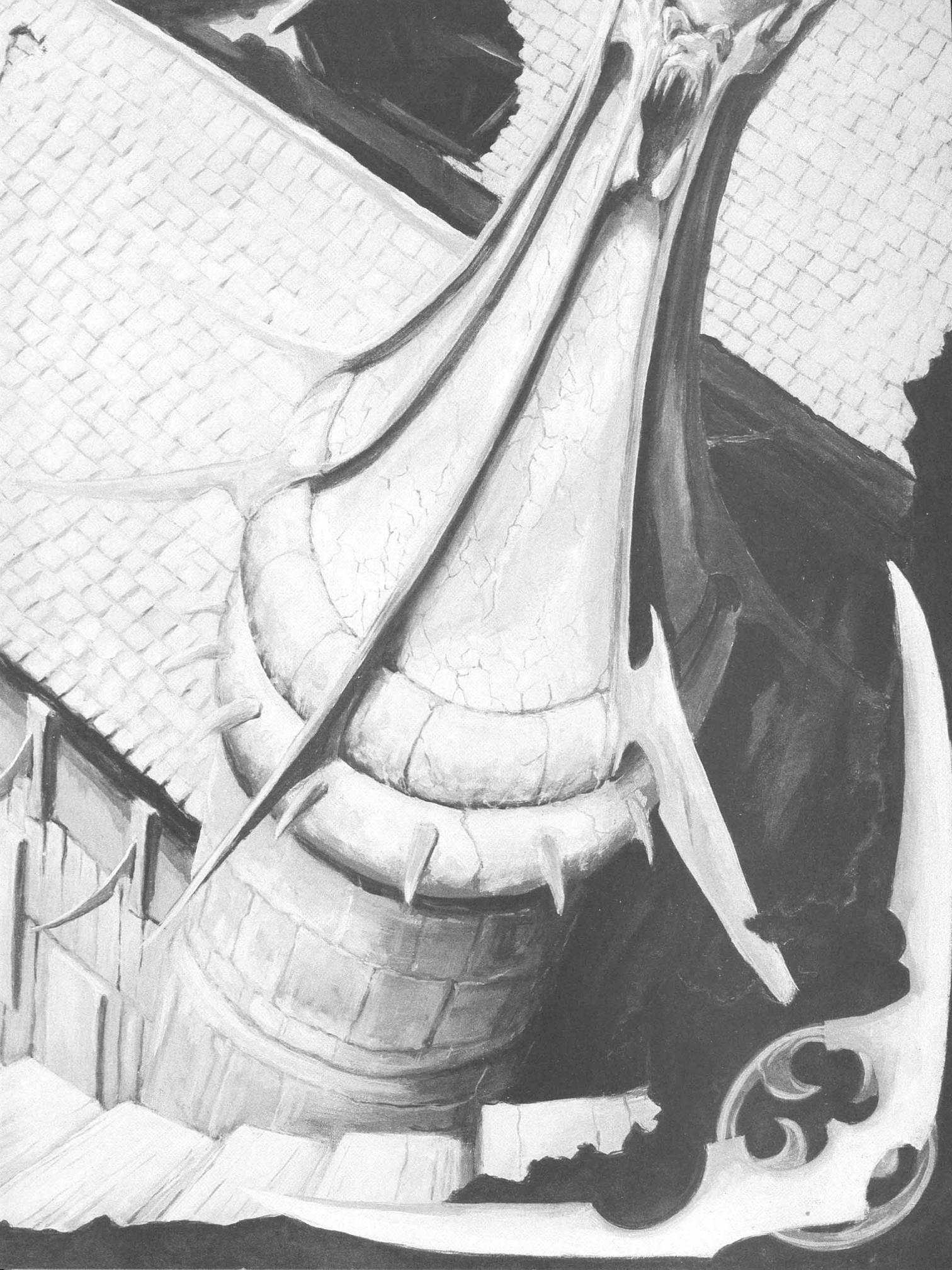














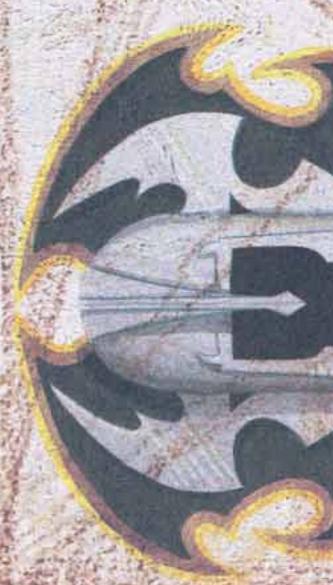
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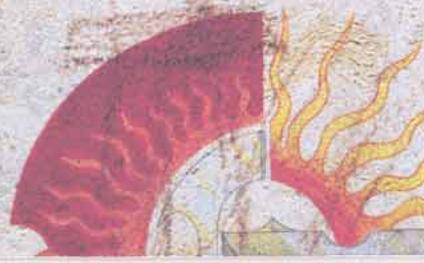
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TM

ESCAPE

Campaign Setting





BLEAK CABAL



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S OF THE
RCE



HMEN

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BELIEVER
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A+HAR



DOOMGUARD



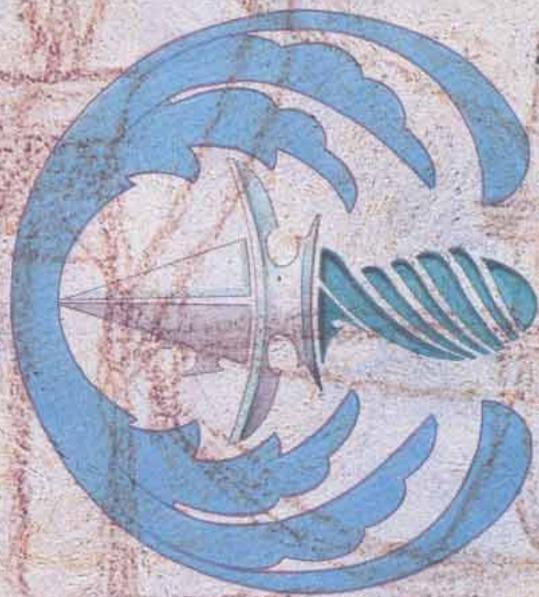


HARMONIIUM



EAGUE





FRA+ERNITY OF ORDER

FREE





SIGN OF ONE



XAΘSIHETS



IARY LEAGUE



DENT+ORDER



MERCYKILLERS



REVOLUTION



SOCIETY OF SENSATION



TRANSCEND

of the world
and

⊕KE

(paraelemental lord)

ANDERING

- r Cloakshadow (gnome)
- baris (halfling)
- r (lycanthrope; Lower Planes only)
- stra (giant)
- ki-rin; Upper Planes only)
- nan Duathal (dwarf)
- Court: Caoimhin, Damh, Eachthighern, Emmantiensien, Fionnghuala, thair Sgiathach, Oberon, The Queen of Air and Darkness, Skerrit, uelaiche, Titania, Verenestra (Beastlands/Arborea/Ysgard only)
- as Stonebones (stone giant)
- (all goblinoid races; Lower Planes only)
- .ion (any sea creature; Upper Planes only)
- (Krynn)

⊕ER

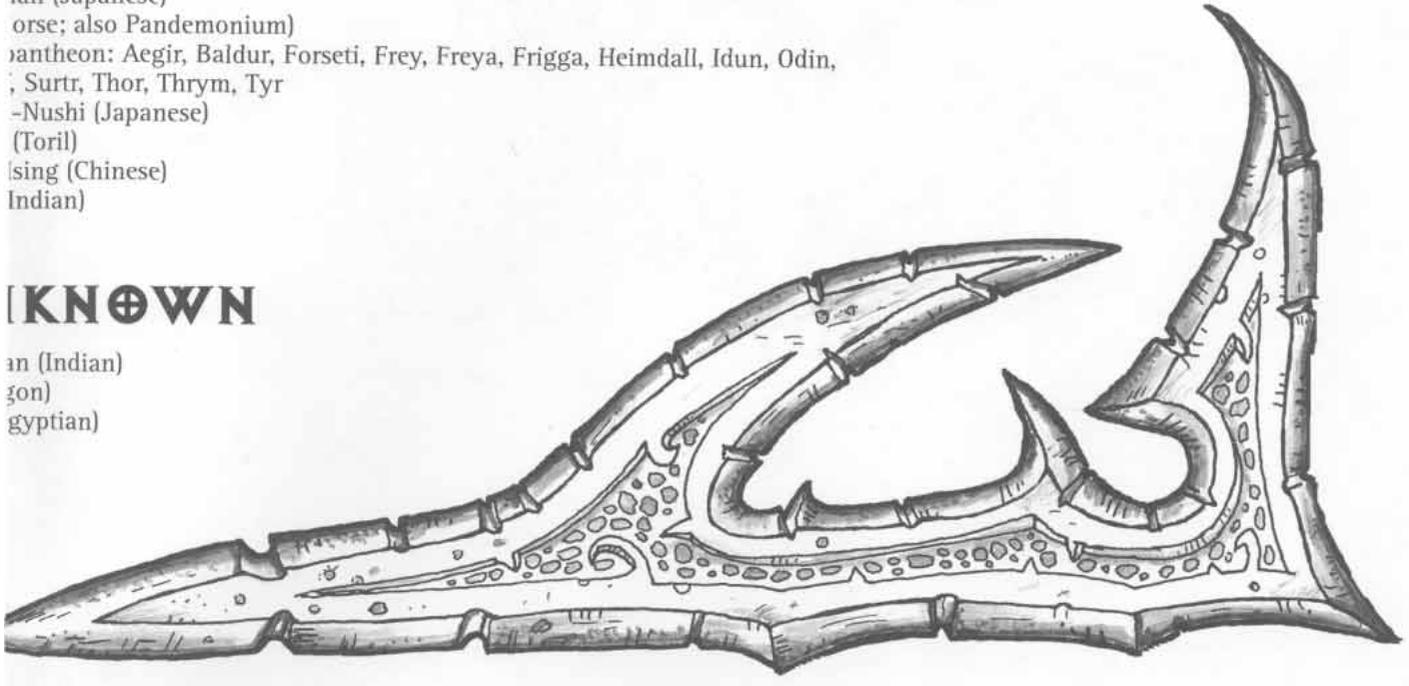
- olpoolp (kuo-toa)
- locathah/merman)
- (elemental lord)
- a (evil water creatures)
- i Kalbari (marid)
- a (triton)

GARD

- nian (dragon)
- Faenya (elf; also Arborea)
- (Egyptian)
- gyptian)
- ala (Krynn)
- ian (Japanese)
- orse; also Pandemonium)
- pantheon: Aegir, Baldur, Forseti, Frey, Freya, Frigga, Heimdall, Idun, Odin,
- ; Surtr, Thor, Thrym, Tyr
- Nushi (Japanese)
- (Toril)
- (sing (Chinese)
- Indian)

[KN⊕WN

- an (Indian)
- gon)
- gyptian)



THE ⊕U⊕LANDS

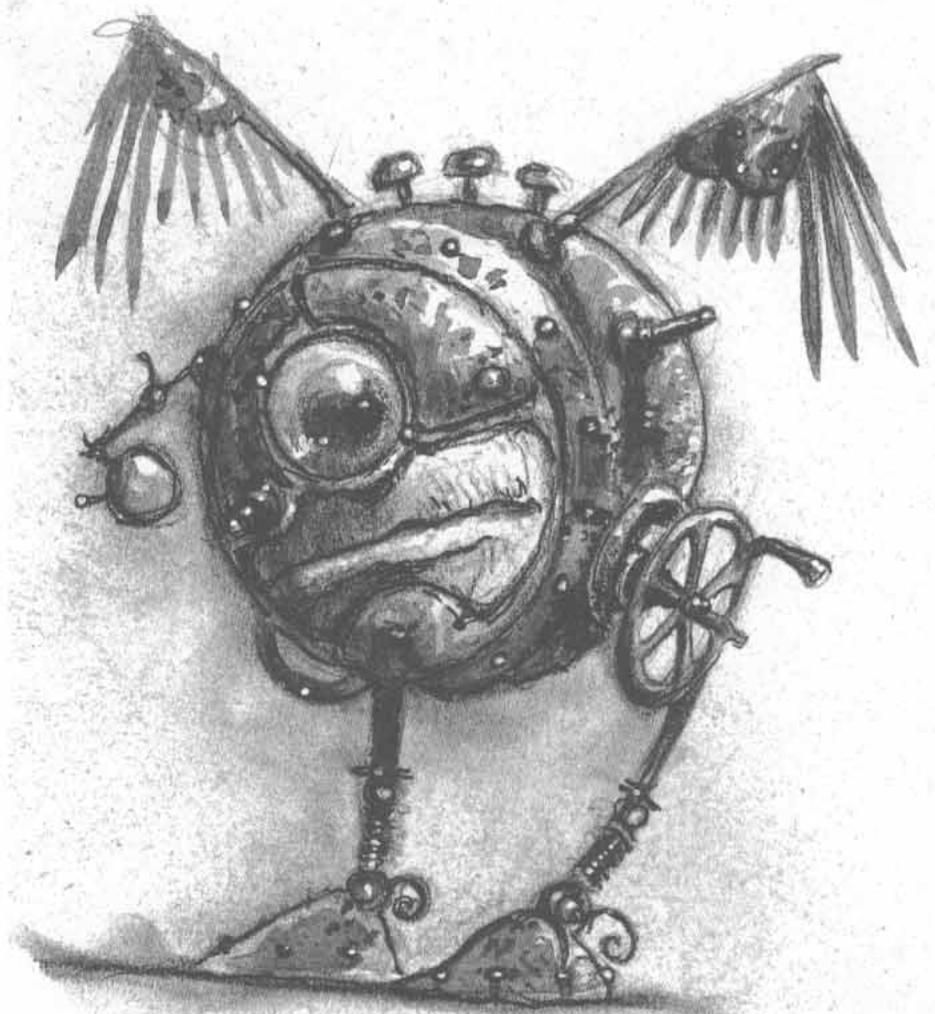
m (giant, hidden)
pantheon: Daghdha, Diancecht, Goibhniu, Lugh, Manannan mac Lir,
Morrigan, Oghma
nepsis (dragon)
naren Brightmantle (dwarf)
nthoin (dwarf)
n (Krynn)
(Toril)
nid (beholder)
ine (illithid)
s (Norse)
a (Toril)
anya (lizard man)
a Peryroyl (halfling)
nester (naga)
re (Krynn)
nus (Toril)
(Egyptian)
atri (Indian)
dain (dwarf)
ang-Yeh (Chinese)

LNDEM⊕NIUM

(Toril)
ka (derro)
lik (gnoll)
asubi (Japanese)
gek (bugbear)
also Ysgard)
n of Air and Darkness (fairy)
(Toril)
m (Krynn)

IME MA⊕ERIAL

pantheon: Axayacatl, Centeotl, Chalchihuitlicue, Huitzilopochtli, Ixtlilton,
Metzli, Mictanchihuatl, Mictlantecuhtli, Nezahualcoytl, Nezahuldilli, Ometeotl,
Quetzalcoatl, Tezcatlipoca, Tlaloc, Tlazolteotl, Xochipilli, Xochiquetzal
g Huang (Chinese)
on Kings (Chinese)
(Amerindian)
mother (Toril)
n (Toril)
cles (Greek)
kki (Toril)
(Toril)
Hunt (Celtic)
rena (drow)



monodrone

AS BY PLANE

Known Deities
(and/or Worshipers)

FIRE

Imix (evil fire creatures)
Kossuth (elemental lord)
Sultan Marrake (efreeti)

GEHENNA

Gaknulak (kobold)
Kanchelsis (vampire)
Loviatar (Toril)
Maanzecorian (illithid)
Math Mathonwy (Celtic)
Mellifleur (lich)
Memnor (cloud giant)
Sargonnas (Krynn)
Shargaas (orc)
Squerrik (ratman)
Sung Chiang (Chinese)

THE GRAY WASTE

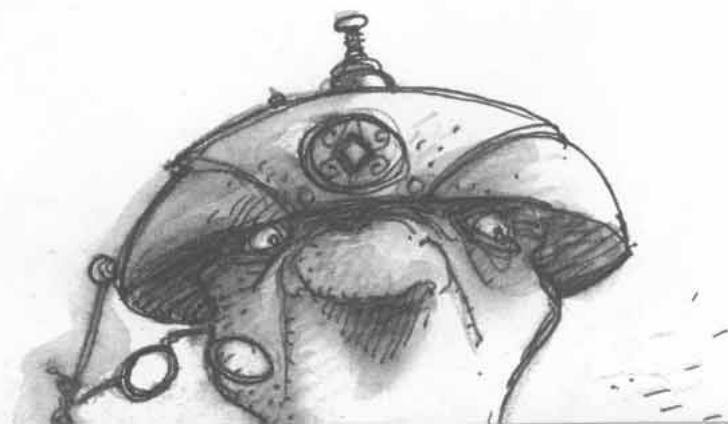
Abbathor (dwarf)
Arawn (Celtic)
Cegilune (hag)
Cyrlic (Toril)
Furies (Greek)
Hades (Greek)
Hel (Norse)
Kuraulyek (urd)
Mask (Toril)
Morgion (Krynn)
Panzuriel (any sea creature)
Ratri (Indian)
Shar (Toril)
Yurtrus (orc)

ICE

Cyronax (paraelemental lord)

LIMBO

Agni (Indian)
Fenmarel Mestarine (elf)
Indra (Indian)
Shina Ten Hiko (Japanese)



TI

Ann
Celti

Chro
Dug
Dum
Gilea
Gonc
Gzer
Ilsen
Nor
Ogh
Sem
Shee
Shek
Shin
Silva
Thot
Tvas
Verg
Yen-

PA

Auri
Diiri
Gore
Ho M
Hrug
Loki
Quee
Talos
Zebd

PR

Azte
Ch'e
Drag
Earth
Earth
Eldar
Hera
Miel
Torm
Wild
Zinz

Sirion (Krynn)
Ssendam (slaad)
Susanoo (Japanese)
Tempus (Toril)
Vayu (Indian)
Ygorl (slaad)

MAGMA

Chilimba (paraelemental lord)

MECHANUS

Helm (Toril)
Horus (Egyptian)
Mystra (Toril)
Nai No Kami (Japanese)
Primus (modron)
Psilofyr (myconid)
Rudra (Indian)
Shang-ti (Chinese)
Varuna (Indian)
Yama (Indian)

MOUNT CELESTIA

Amaterasu (Japanese)
Bahamut (dragon)
Berronar Truesilver (dwarf)
Brihaspati (Indian)
Chung Kuel (Chinese)
Halfling pantheon: Arvoreen, Cyrrollalee, Yondalla
Jazirian (couatl)
Kuan Yin (Chinese)
Mitra (Indian)
Moradin (dwarf)
Paladine (Krynn)
Shifukujin (Japanese)
Surya (Indian)
Trishina (dolphin/sea elf; also Elysium)
Tyr (Toril)

NEGATIVE ENERGY

Siva (Indian)

OOZE

Bwimb (paraelemental lord)



quinton

SD

Ehka

W

Barav
Branc
Darag
Dianc
Korie
Muar
Seelie
N
S
Skora
Stalk
Wate
Zivly

W

Blibd
Eadro
Istish
Olhye
Padis
Persa

YS

Aaste
Aerd
Anhu
Bast
Branc
Hach
Loki
Norse
S
O-Ku
Selur
Shou
Soma

U

Brah
Io (dr
Ptah

THE POWER

A Guide to the
(With Their Origin

ASTRAL

Bane (Toril; dead)
Bhaal (Toril; dead)
Dark God (none; dying)
Leira (Toril; dead)
Myrkul (Toril; dead)

BAA+ΘR

Bargrivyek (goblin)
Hecate (Greek)
Kurtulmak (kobold)
Sekolah (sahuagin)
Set (Egyptian)
Takhisis (Krynn)
Tiamat (dragon)

BEAST+LANDS

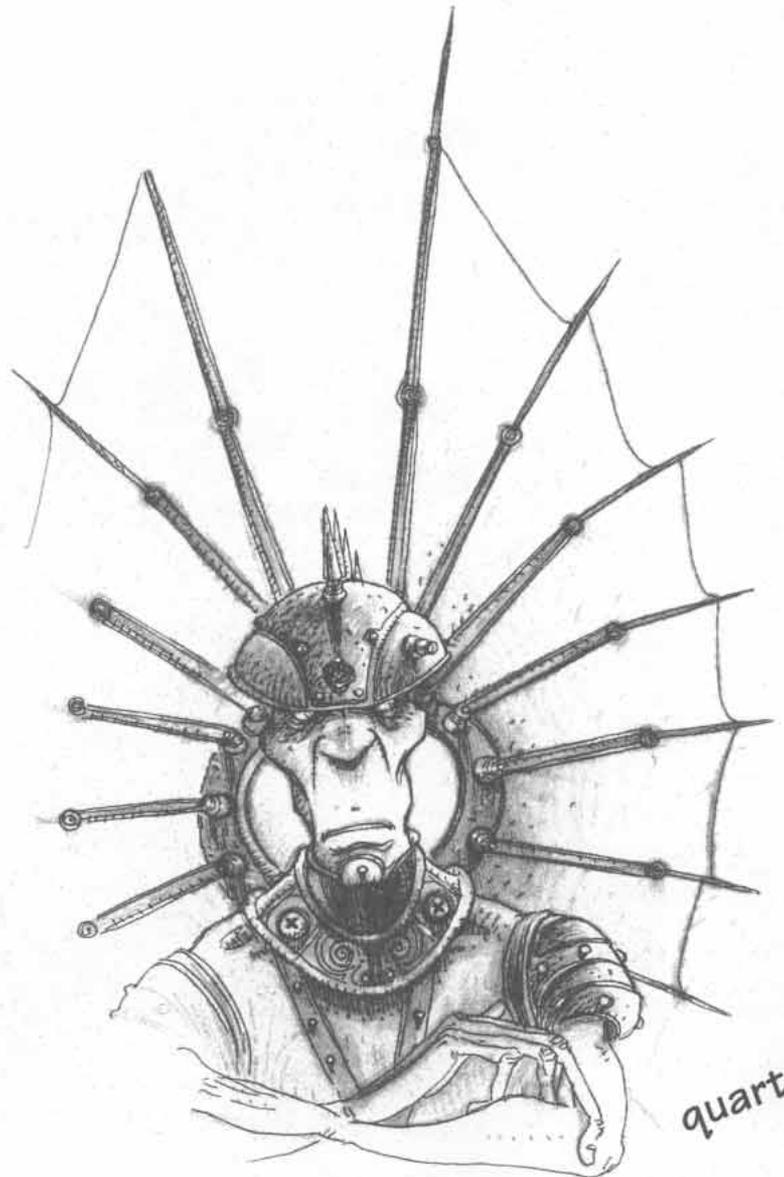
Balador (werebear)
Chislev (Krynn)
Deneir (Toril)
Ferrix (weretiger)
Generals of the Animal Spirits (Chinese)
Habbakuk (Krynn)
Kura Okami (Japanese)
Milil (Toril)
Puchan (Indian)
Quorlinn (kenku)
Remnis (eagle/sky creatures)
Skerrit (centaurs)
Stronmaus (cloud giant)

BY+ΘPIA

Ama-Tsu-Mara (Japanese)
Callarduran Smoothhands (svirfneblin)
Epimetheus (Titan)
Gnome pantheon: Baervan Wildwanderer, Garl Glittergold, Flandal Steelskin,
Gaerdal Ironhand, Segojan Earthcaller
Ilmater (Toril)
Inari (Japanese)
Kiri-Jolith (Krynn)
Tefnut (Egyptian)

CARCERI

Faluzure (dragon)



Gloriantor (mini giant)
Karontor (formorian giant)
Malar (Toril)
Parrafaire (any)
Raiden (Japanese)
Talona (Toril)
Titans: Cronus, Oceanus, Tethys, Hyperion, Mnemosyne, Themis, Iapetus, Coeus, Crius,
Phebe, Thea
Vhaerun (drow)

DEMIPLANES

Amerindian pantheon: Upper World and Lower World: Coyote, Fire, Great Spirit, Moon,
Morning Star, Raven, Snake, Sun, Thunder, Wind

Elder Elemental God (any)

Fu Hsing (Chinese; Land of the Immortals)

K'ung Fu-tzu (Chinese; Land of the Immortals)

Lao Tzu (Chinese; Land of the Immortals)

Pa Hsien (Chinese; Land of the Immortals)



EARTH

Geb (Egyptian)

Grumbar (elemental lord)

Kabril Khan (dao)

Ogrémoch (evil earth creatures)

ELYSIUM

Belenus (Celtic)

Bragi (Norse)

Brigantia (Celtic)

Chauntea (Toril)

Hiatea (firbolg/voadkyn)

Isis (Egyptian)

Kuan-ti (Chinese)

Lathander (Toril)

Liu (Chinese)

Majere (Krynn)

Mishakal (Krynn)

Nut (Egyptian)

O-Wata-Tsu-Mi (Japanese)

Savitri (Indian)

Surminare (selkie)

Trishina (dolphin/sea elf; also Mount Celestia)

Tsuki-Yomi (Japanese)

Urogalan (halfling)

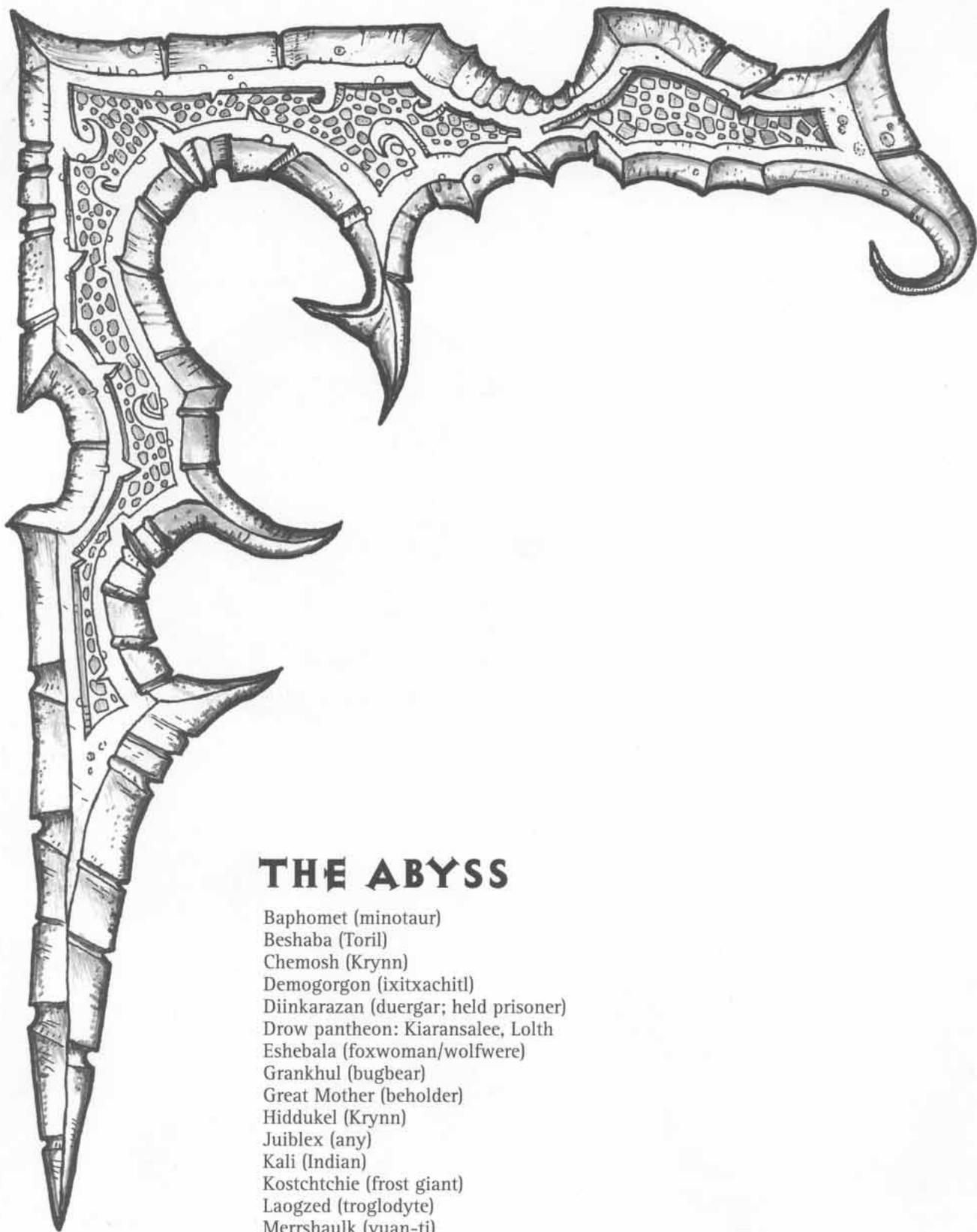
Ushas (Indian)

ETHEREAL

Lunitari (Krynn)

Nuitari (Krynn)

Solinari (Krynn)



THE ABYSS

Baphomet (minotaur)
Beshaba (Toril)
Chemosh (Krynn)
Demogorgon (ixitxachitl)
Diinkarazan (duergar; held prisoner)
Drow pantheon: Kiaransalee, Lolth
Eshebala (foxwoman/wolfwere)
Grankhul (bugbear)
Great Mother (beholder)
Hiddukel (Krynn)
Juiblex (any)
Kali (Indian)
Kostchtchie (frost giant)
Laogzed (troglodyte)
Merrshaulk (yuan-ti)
Ramenos (bullywug)
Sess'inek (lizard man)
Skiggaret (bugbear)
Umberlee (Toril)
Urdlen (gnome)
Vaprak (ogre/troll)
Yeenoghu (gnoll)

ACHERON

Amatsu-Mikaboshi (Japanese)
Bahgtru (orc)
Gruumsh (orc)
Ilneval (orc)
Khurgorbaeyag (goblin)
Laduguer (duergar)
Lei Kung (Chinese)
Luthic (orc)
Maglubiyet (goblin)
Nomog-Geaya (hobgoblin)

AIR

Akadi (elemental lord)
Caliph Husam (djinni)
Shu (Egyptian)
Stillsong (any)
Yan-C-Bin (evil aerial creatures)

ARBOREA

Aerdrie Faenya (elf; also Ysgard)
Chih-Nii (Chinese)
Elven pantheon: Corellon Larethian, Deep Sashelas, Erevan Ilesere, Hanali
Celanil, Labelas Enoreth, Sehanine, Solonor Thelandira
Greek pantheon: Aphrodite, Apollo, Ares, Artemis, Athena, Demeter,
Dionysus, Hephaestus, Hera, Hermes, Poseidon, Rhea, Zeus
Iallanis (stone giant)
Lliira (Toril)
Nebelun (gnome)
Nephythys (Egyptian)
Sune (Toril)
Syranita (aarakocra)
Tymora (Toril)

ARCADIA

Azuth (Toril)
Clangeddin Silverbeard (dwarf)
Izanagi and Izanami (Japanese)
Lu Hsing (Chinese)
Meriadar (mongrelman)
Osiris (Egyptian)
Ra (Egyptian)
Reorx (Krynn)

ASH

Vecna (Oerth)





1. Mechanus



2. Arcadia



3. Mount Celestia



and

but only



B

Radiance

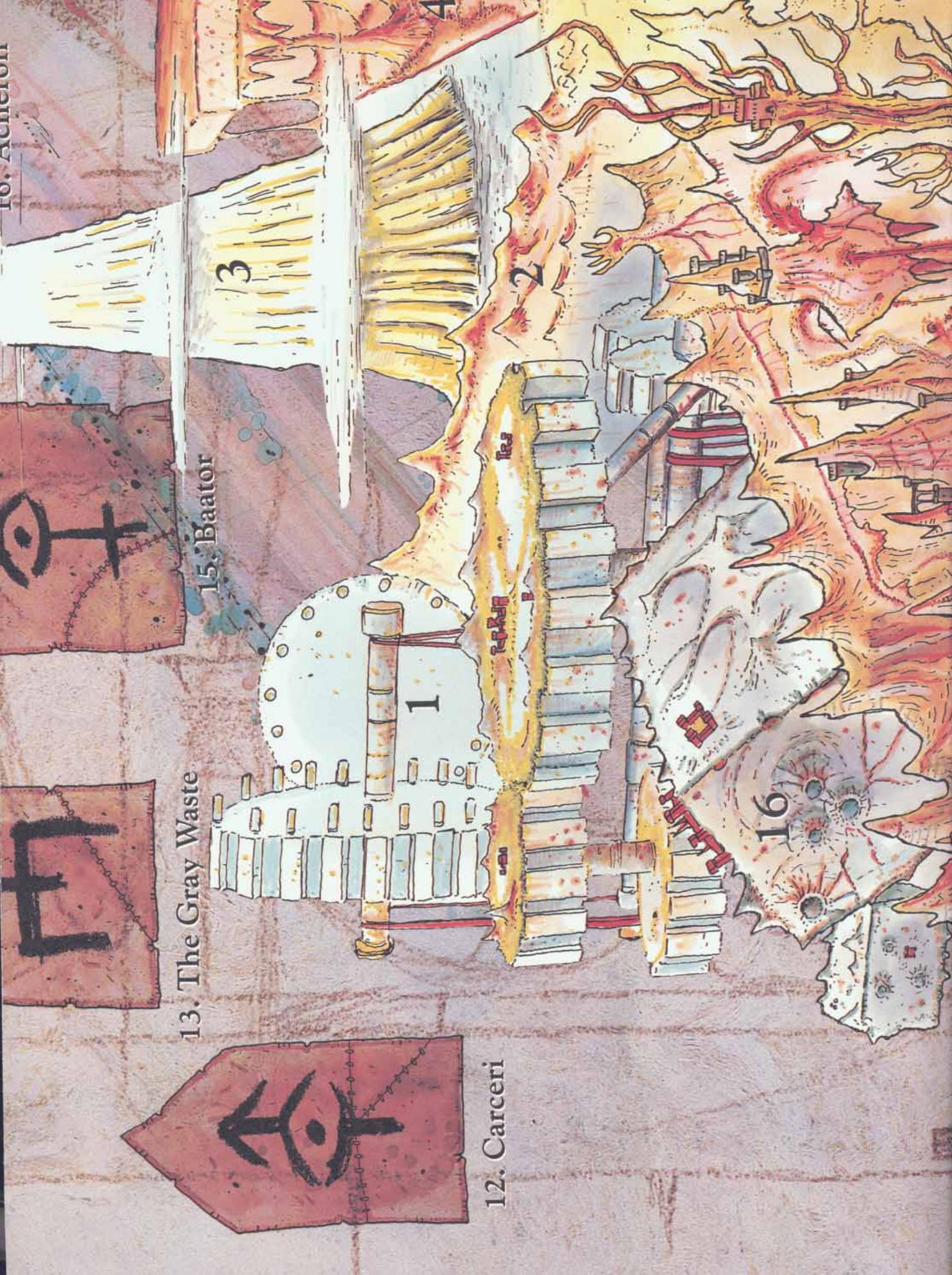
Mineral

Steam



THE INNER PLANES

14. Gehenna



13. The Gray Waste

15. Baator

12. Carceri

3

1

2

16

4



14

15



11. The Abyss

⊕ U H E R P



5. Elysium



4. Bytopia



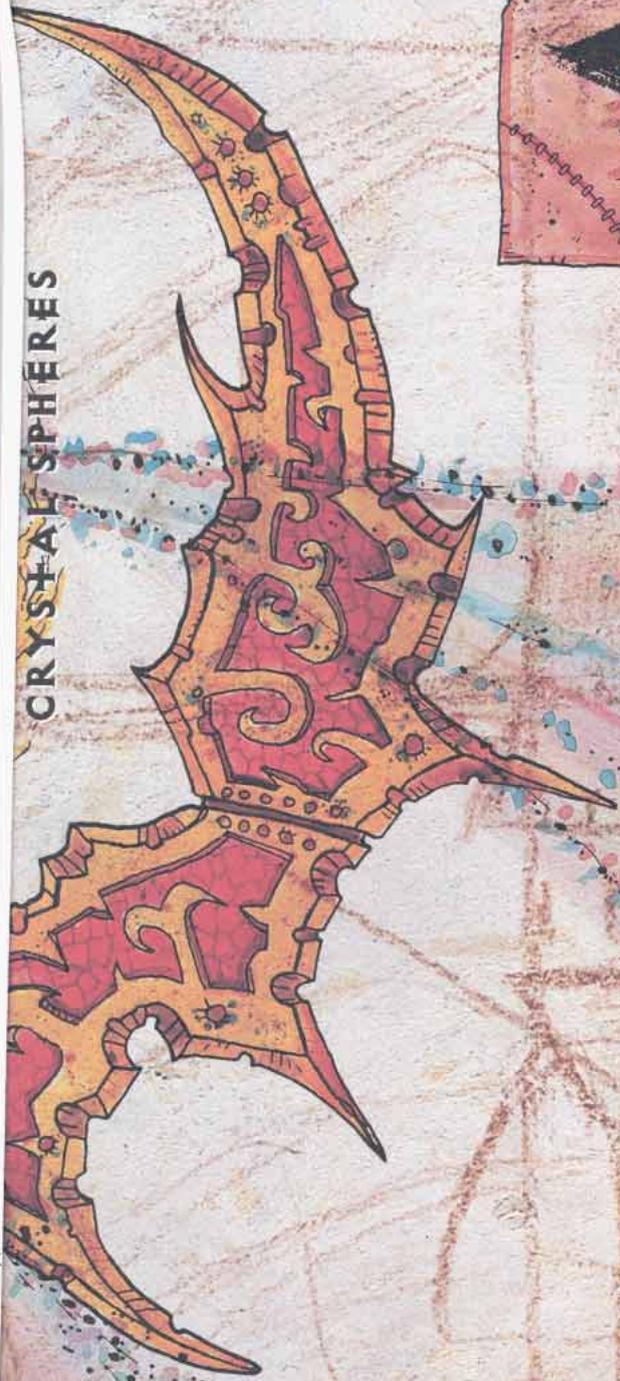
PRIME MATERIAL PLANE



6. The Beastlands

PLANES

CRYSTAL SPHERES



7. Arborea



17. The Outlands



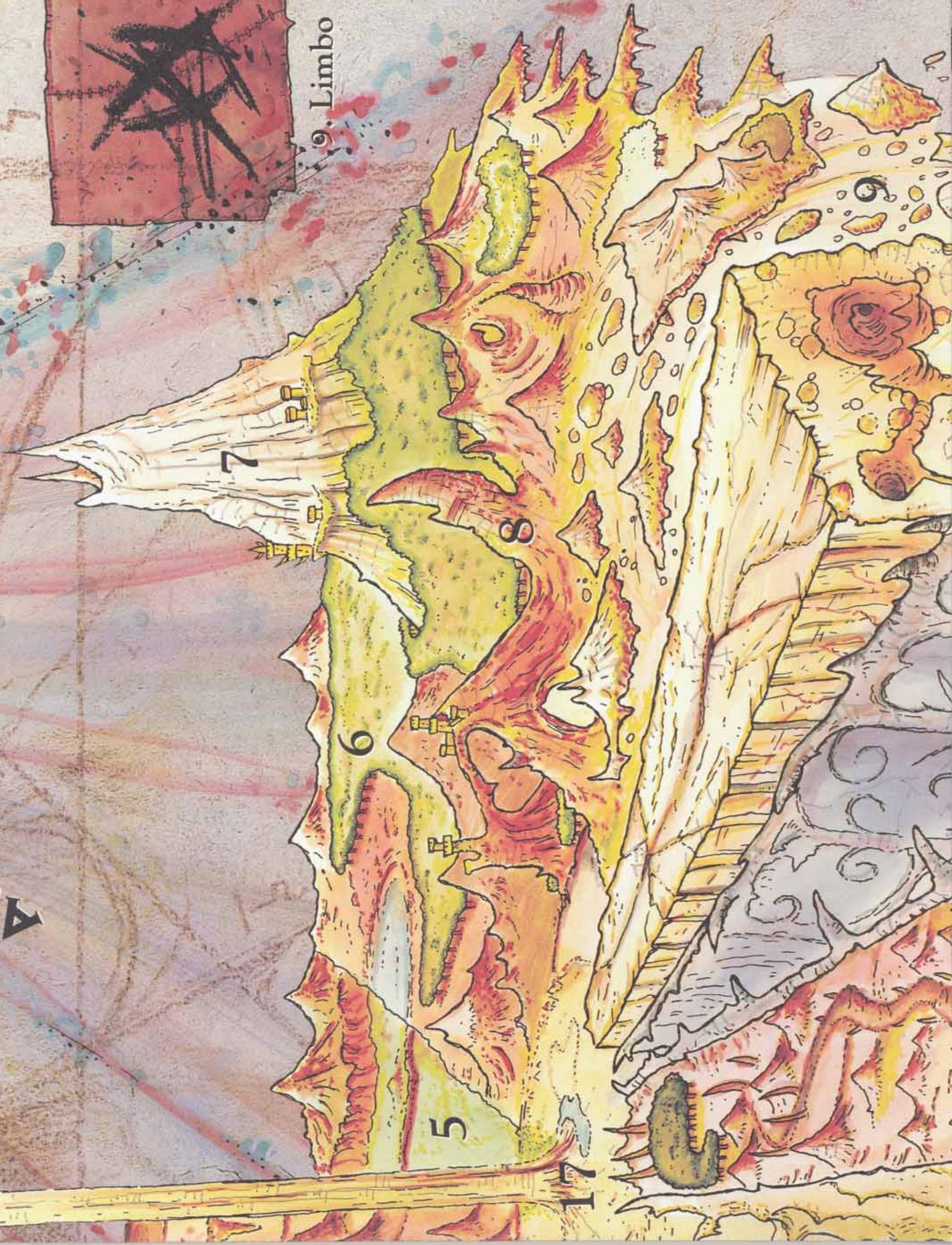
CRYSTAL SPHERES

8. Ysgard



9. Limbo

AS
SA





LANES

10. Pandemonium

- ◆ Ukainir
- ▲ Gates of the Moon (Selune's realm)
 - ◆ Mahogany
 - Infinite Staircase
- ▲ Merratet
 - ◆ Rumm
 - ◆ Eowr
 - ◆ Bremsiris
- ▲ Vanaheim
 - ◆ Noatun
 - Sussrumnir (Freya's hall)

LAYER 2: MUSPELHEIM

- ▲ Muspelheim
 - ◆ Njarlok
 - Spire of Surtr

LAYER 3: NIDAVELLIR

- ▲ Nidavellir (dwarf realm; gnome realm)
 - ◆ Ashbringer
- ▲ Svartalfheim (dark elf realm)
 - ◆ Dokkar
 - ◆ Yggwyrd

number of layers)

feature (highlighted by bold text)

number and name)

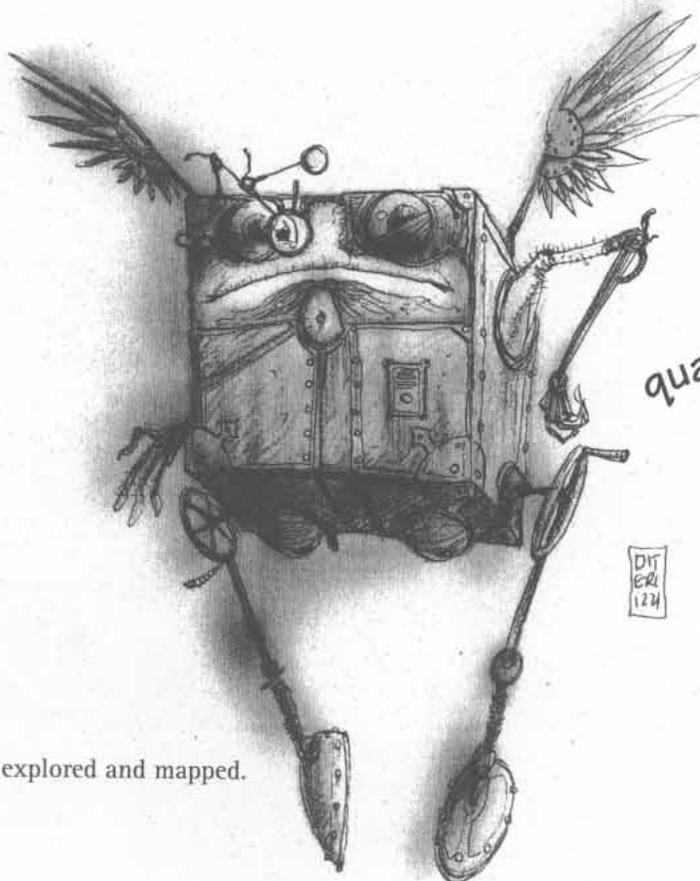
Realm (key power, powers, or inhabitants)

◆ Realm town (influenced by local powers)

● Site

independent town or independent site

maps will be expanded periodically as the multiverse is explored and mapped.



LAYER 1: LUNIA

■ Heart's Faith

LAYER 2: MERCURIA

▲ Bahamut's Realm

▲ Vishnu's Realm

▲ Surya's Realm

LAYER 3: VENYA

▲ Yondalla's Realm

LAYER 4: SOLANIA

▲ Kuan Yin's Realm

▲ Moradin's Realm

LAYER 5: MERTION

LAYER 6: JOVAR

LAYER 7: CHRONIAS

THE ⊕U⊕LANDS (nine layers)

- Sigil (independent town)
- Excelsior (independent gate town to Mount Celestia)
- Tradegate (independent gate town to Bytopia)
- Fortitude (independent gate town to Arcadia)
- Ecstasy (independent gate town to Elysium)
- Faunel (independent gate town to the Beastlands)
- Sylvania (independent gate town to Arborea)
- Glorium (independent gate town to Ysgard)
- Automata (independent gate town to Mechanus)
- Rigus (independent gate town to Acheron)
- Chaos (independent gate town to Limbo)
- Bedlam (independent gate town to Pandemonium)
- Ribcage (independent gate town to Baator)
- Torch (independent gate town to Gehenna)
- Hopeless (independent gate town to the Gray Waste)
- Curst (independent gate town to Carceri)
- Plague-Mort (independent gate town to the Abyss)
- ▲ Tir na Og and Tir fo Thiunn (Celtic gods' realms)
- ▲ Realm of the Norns
- ▲ Sheela Peryroyl's Realm
- ▲ The Dwarven Mountain
 - ◆ Ironridge
- ▲ Semuanya's Bog
- ▲ Gzemnid's Realm (beholders)
- ▲ Caverns of Thought (Ilsensine's realm)
- ▲ The Palace of Judgment (Yen-Wang-Yeh's realm)
- ▲ Tvashtri's Lab
- ▲ Thoth's Estate
 - ◆ Thebestys
- ▲ Hidden Realm (Annam's realm)
- ▲ Mausoleum of Chronopsis
- ▲ The Court of Light (Shekinester's realm)

KEY:

PLANE
Special
LAYER (le

These tal

s realm)

ARBOREA (three layers)

River Oceanus
Mount Olympus

▲ Seelie Court (wandering realm)

LAYER 1: OLYMPUS

- Thrassos
- Gilded Hall (Sensate post)
- ▲ Arvandor (elf realm)
 - ◆ Grandfather Oak (treant independent town)
 - Pale Tree (Solonor)
 - Gnarl (Erevan)
 - Lolth's Grove (abandoned)
 - Roaring Gate (gate to the Beastlands)
 - Sparkling Sea (Deep Sashelas)
 - Ingmar Brook (gate to Alfheim in Ysgard)
 - Evergold/Canathas (Hanali/Aphrodite)
- ▲ Olympus (Greek realm)
 - ◆ Arkenos
 - ◆ Thalassia
 - ◆ Polykeptolon
 - Mount Olympus
 - Each Greek god's temple or hall
- ▲ Brightwater (Llira's, Sune's, and Tymora's realm)

LAYER 2: OSSA (AQUALLOR)

- Elshava
- ▲ Caletto (Poseidon's realm)
 - ◆ Corilla
 - ◆ Pearldrop
 - ◆ Coldcurrent

LAYER 3: PELION (MITHARDIR)

- ▲ Amun-thys (Nephythys's realm)
 - ◆ Bal-tiref

ARCADIA (three layers; two are unexplored)

LAYER 1: MARDUK

- ▲ Marduk
- ▲ Mt. Clangedin

CARCERI (six layers)

River Styx
Mount Olympus

LAYER 1: OTHRYS

- ▲ Titans' Realm

LAYER 2: CATHRYS

LAYER 3: MINETHYS

- Coeus's Temple

LAYER 4: COLOTHYS

- Gaola
- Straifling
- Crius's Temple
- ▲ Grolantor's Realm

LAYER 5: PORPHATYS

- Oceanus's Temple

LAYER 6: AGATHYS

ELYSIUM (four layers)

River Oceanus
Yggdrasil

LAYER 1: AMORIA

- Release From Care
- ▲ Isis's Realm
- ▲ City of the Star (Ishtar)

LAYER 2: ERONIA

- ▲ Enlil's Realm

LAYER 3: BELIERIN

LAYER 4: THALASIA

GEHENNA (four layers)

River Styx
Mount Olympus

LAYER 1: KHALAS

- ▲ Teardrop Palace (Sung Chiang)

LAYER 2: CHAMADA

LAYER 3: MUNGOTH

LAYER 4: KRANGATH

- ▲ Shargaas's Realm

River Styx

LAYER 1: AVALAS

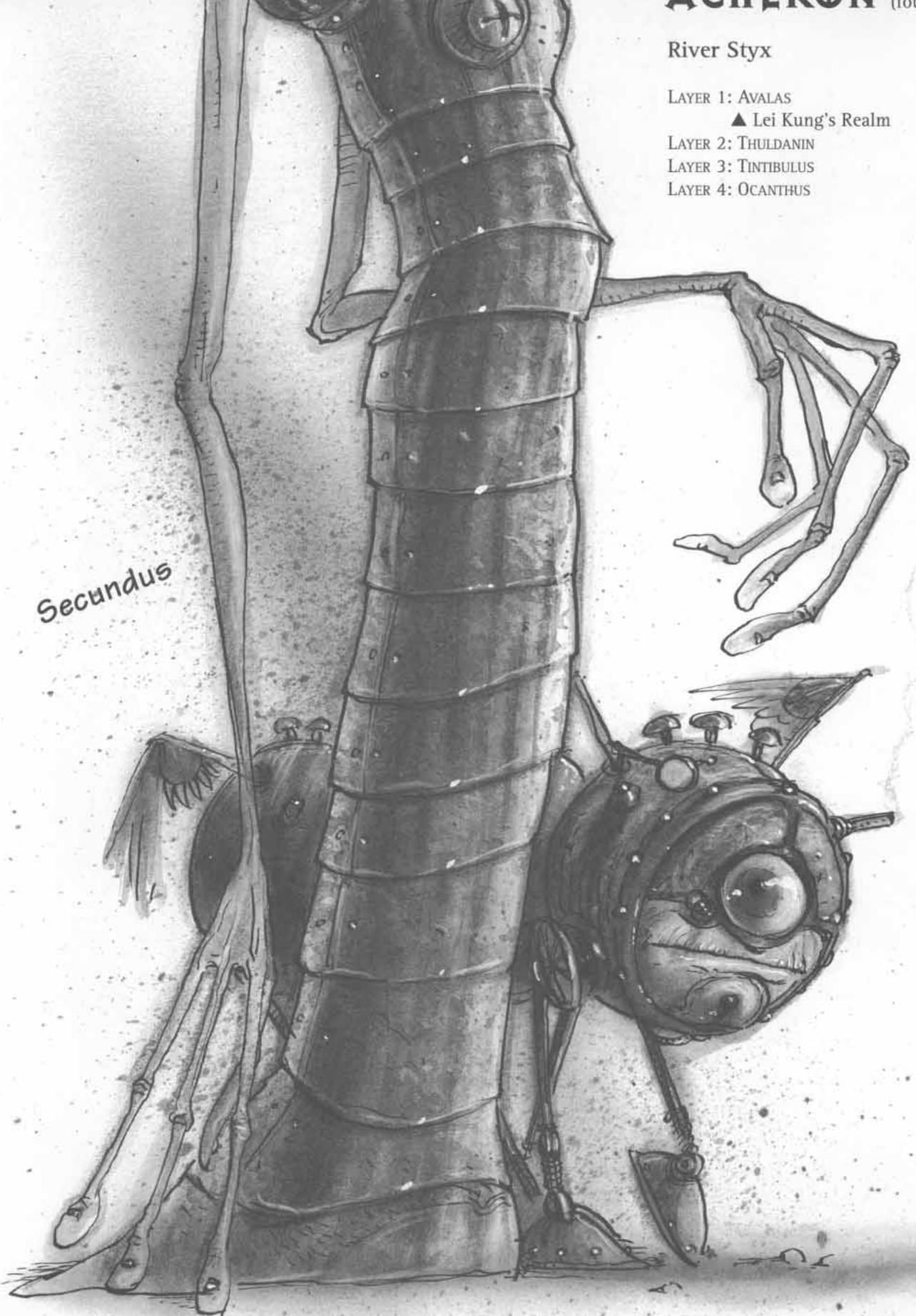
▲ Lei Kung's Realm

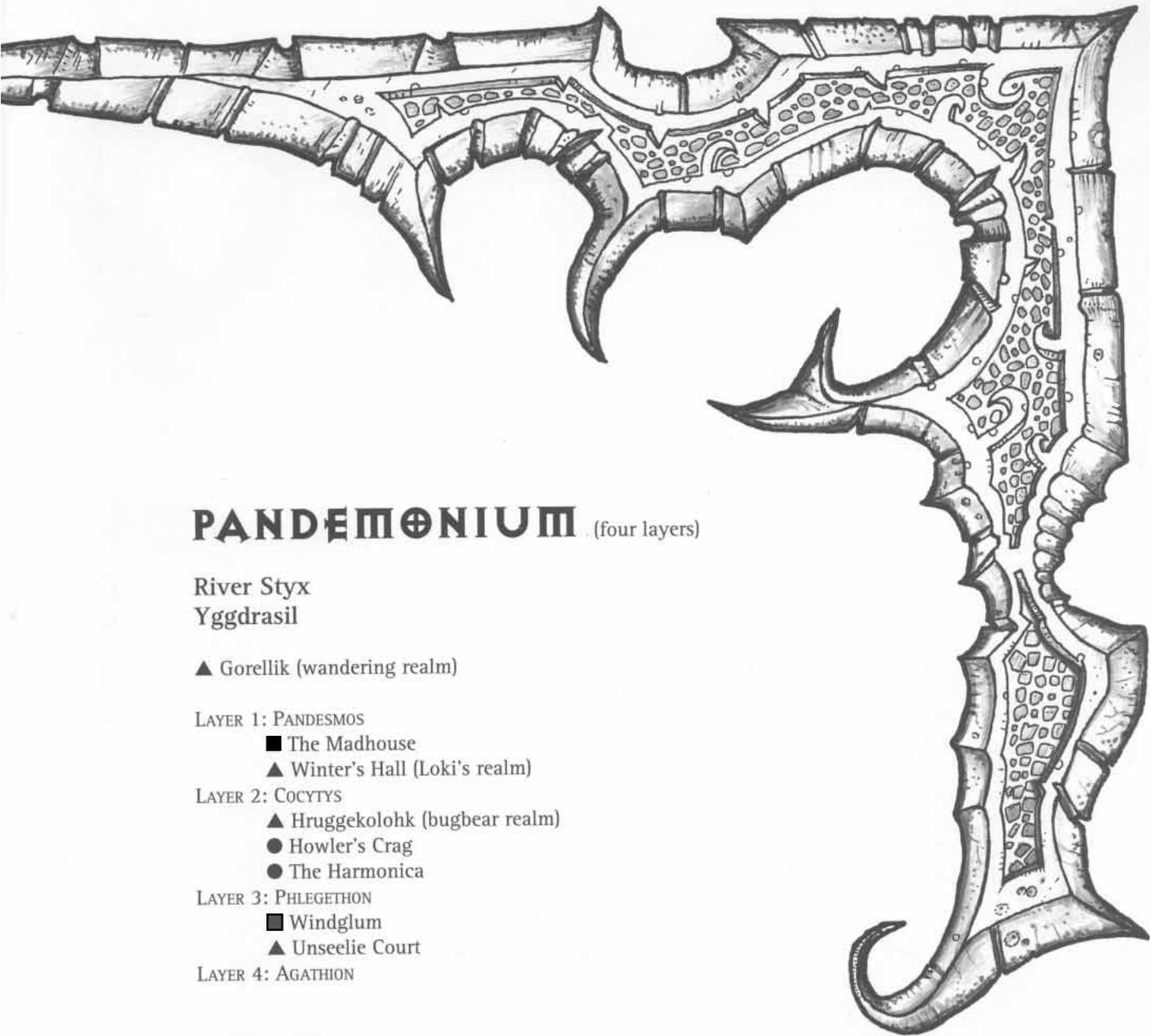
LAYER 2: THULDANIN

LAYER 3: TINTIBULUS

LAYER 4: OCANTHUS

Secundus





PANDEMŌNIUM (four layers)

River Styx
Yggdrasil

▲ Gorellik (wandering realm)

LAYER 1: PANDESMOS

- The Madhouse
- ▲ Winter's Hall (Loki's realm)

LAYER 2: COCYTYS

- ▲ Hruggekolohek (bugbear realm)
- Howler's Crag
- The Harmonica

LAYER 3: PHLEGETHON

- Windglum
- ▲ Unseelie Court

LAYER 4: AGATHION

YSGARD (three layers)

Yggdrasil

▲ Seelie Court (wandering realm)

LAYER 1: YSGARD

- Steadfast (independent bariaur town)
- Skeinheim (independent town of the Ring-givers)
- ▲ Alfheim
 - ◆ Frey's Hall
 - Xenon's Tower
 - High Grove
- ▲ Asgard
 - ◆ Himinborg
 - Norse gods' halls, including Valhalla and Gladsheim
 - Bifrost
- ▲ Jotunheim
 - ◆ Utgard
 - ◆ Meerrauk

SCAPE™

MICAL TABLES

Guide to the Planes
Towns Within Them

THE GRAY WASTE (three layers)

River Styx
Mount Olympus
Yggdrasil

LAYER 1: OINOS

▲ Khin-Oin (yugoloth realm)

LAYER 2: NIFLHEIM

▲ Hel's Realm

LAYER 3: PLUTON

▲ Hades' Realm

LIMB⊕ (layers undefined)

Yggdrasil

- Barnstable (independent halfling town)
- Floating City (independent githzerai town)
- Shra'kt'lor (independent githzerai town)
- Pinwheel
- Spawning Stone (slaadi)
- ▲ Fennimar (Fenmarel's realm)

DS (three layers)

M⊕ECHANUS (each realm is an individual cog; actual number un

- ▲ Regulus (modron realm)
- ▲ Anu
- ▲ Jade Palace (Shang-ti's realm)
- ▲ Varuna's Realm
- ▲ Rudra's Realm
- ▲ Yama's Realm

M⊕OUNT CELESTIA (seven layers)

PLANE COSMOGRAPHY

A Brief Reference
and the Realms and

ers & realms – numbers only refer to the order in which

der realm)
m)

Imberlée's realm)
ilm)
realm)

Ramenos's realm)
n's realm)
m)

m)
Zuggtmoy's realm)

ites' realm)
's realm)

karazan's realm)
s (Kali's realm)

BAA+ΘR (nine layers)

River Styx

LAYER 1: AVERNUS

- Bel's Fortress
- Pillar of Skulls

LAYER 2: DIS

- Dis (The Iron City)

LAYER 3: MINAUROS

- Minauros the Sinking

LAYER 4: PHLEGETHOS

- Abriymoch

LAYER 5: STYGIA

- Tantiln

LAYER 6: MALABOLGE

LAYER 7: MALADOMNI

- Malagard

LAYER 8: CANIA

- Mephistar

LAYER 9: NESSUS

THE BEAS+LAI

River Oceanus

Yggdrasil

▲ Seelie Court (wandering realm)

LAYER 1: KRIGALA

LAYER 2: BRUX

LAYER 3: KARASUTHRA

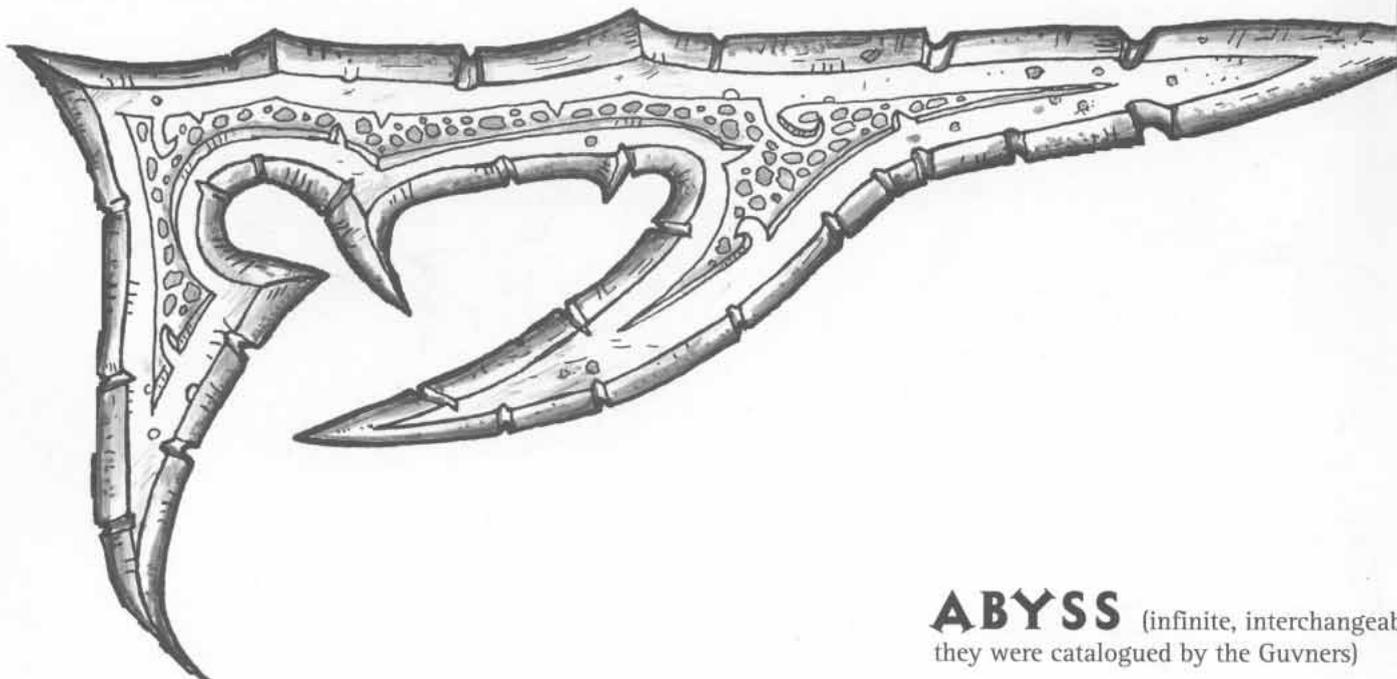
BY+ΘPIA (two layers)

LAYER 1: DOTHION

- Yeoman

- ▲ Dothion (gnome realm)

LAYER 2: SUDDROCK



ABYSS (infinite, interchangeable layers) they were catalogued by the Guvners)

River Styx

LAYER/REALM 1: PLAIN OF INFINITE PORTALS

- ◆ Gallowsgate
- ◆ Sryros
- ◆ Broken Reach
- Lakes of Molten Iron
- Tower of Chiryng (a succubus)

LAYER/REALM 6: REALM OF A MILLION EYES (b)

LAYER/REALM 7: PHANTOM PLANE (Sess'inik's)

LAYER/REALM 12: TWELVETREES

- Ship of Chaos

LAYER/REALM 13: BLOOD TOR (Beshaba's realm)

LAYER/REALM 23: IRON WASTES (Kostchtchie's)

LAYERS/REALMS 45, 46, 47: AZZAGRAT (Graz'ak's)

- ◆ Zelatar
- ◆ Argent Palace
- Zrintor, the Viper Forest

LAYER/REALM 66: DEMONWEB PITS (Lolth's realm)

LAYER/REALM 74: SMARAGD (Merrshaulk's realm)

LAYER/REALM 88: THE GAPING MAW (Demogorgon's)

LAYER/REALM 113: THATANOS (Kianansalee's)

- ◆ Naratyr
- ◆ Forbidden Citadel

LAYER/REALM 181: ROTTING PLAIN (Laogzed's)

LAYER/REALM 222: SHEDAKLAH (Juiblex's realm)

LAYER/REALM 274: DURAO (gateway layer)

LAYER/REALM 303: SULFANORUM (smoking realm)

LAYER/REALM 339: WORM REALM (Urdlen's realm)

LAYER/REALM 377: PLAINS OF GALLENSHU (Arcton's)

LAYER/REALM 400: WOEFUL ESCARAND (Nalfeshnee's)

LAYER/REALM 422: YEENOGHU'S REALM

LAYER/REALM 503: TORREMOR (Pazrael's realm)

- Onstrakker's Nest

LAYER/REALM 586: PRISON OF THE MAD GOD (I)

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