



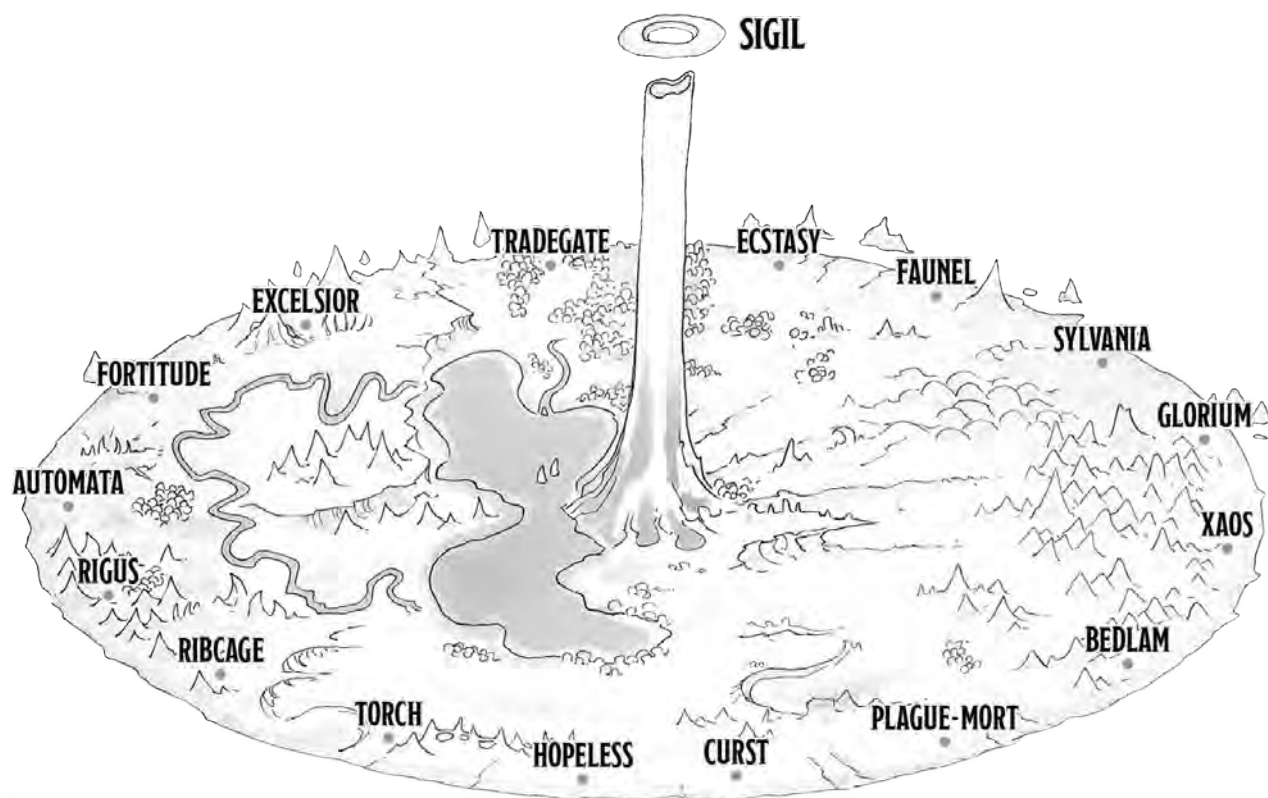
SIGIL AND THE OUTLANDS™

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®

Planar rules, locations, and character options for
THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROLEPLAYING GAME™

INTRODUCTION: INFINITE DOORS TO ADVENTURE

The multiverse is everything known and everything beyond. Encompassing worlds, planes, life, and death, the multiverse's infinite infinities brim with wonder, terror, secrets, and—above all—possibility. Every D&D adventure takes place in the multiverse. Beyond the lone worlds of the Material Plane are countless other realities and the paths and portals that connect every edge of eternity. Those who seek the wonders of the planes take their first step into the endless possibilities of a Planescape campaign.



Sigil and the Outlands with Gate-Towns

✍ Max Dunbar

WHAT IS PLANESCAPE?

Planescape is the D&D multiverse and so much more. Beyond the Great Wheel cosmology (detailed in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*), Planescape focuses on reality-bending adventures and aesthetics unbound from those of mortal worlds. Just as other D&D settings highlight certain concepts but can host any genre of adventure or style of play, the same is true of Planescape. Adventures in Planescape campaigns often focus on the following themes:

Backstage of Reality. Planescape adventures provide glimpses of the daily lives of unfathomable beings—like gods, angels, and demons—and how they act (and interact) when mortals aren't their primary concern. The mysteries of life and the afterlife are widely known to these creatures.

Everywhere at Once. Planescape adventures span worlds, planes, and possibilities. Travel between incredible realms is common, especially via portal-rich locales like Sigil and the Outlands (detailed in this book). Adventurers are likely to see multiple impossible sights every day.

Multiversal Scale. In Planescape adventures, dangers might threaten countless worlds, or the fate of the multiverse might hang in the balance. By the same token, wonders are commonplace, and true marvels are often wild in the extreme.

No Single Truth. The multiverse makes room for everything, and beliefs manifest as fantastic creatures. Planescape adventures often pit philosophies against one another and highlight subjective views. Situations might encourage characters to reexamine their beliefs in the face of plane-spanning philosophies, conflicts, and revelations.

Power and Possibility. The planes are home to beings of phenomenal power, yet the smallest things make a difference. Although adventurers might seem insignificant in the grand scheme of the multiverse, their choices hold the power to change reality.

Stage of Contradictions. In Planescape adventures, Celestials might be evil, Fiends might be apathetic, and yetis might sell snow cones. What you do defines you, not what others assume about you.

Everything D&D. Anything from any D&D setting and anything you can imagine might appear in Planescape adventures. Characters might encounter D&D's greatest characters and monsters in situations where they're not pitted against one another.

You'll see these concepts highlighted throughout this book and its companions. Use these themes as guides and encouragement as you explore Sigil and the Outlands, and as you develop your own wonderfully wild Planescape adventures.

Mimirs: Guides to the Planes

Mimirs—magical, skull-shaped, fact-collecting devices—will accompany you through this product. These magic items are detailed in chapter 1 of this book, and they offer details about remarkable realms and candid snippets from residents of the planes. The various mimir images that appear in these books denote recorded quotes that include widely agreed-upon facts and the personal—though perhaps inaccurate—opinions of the attributed planar travelers. Use these insights to inform your understanding of the planes or as quotes to share via mimirs in your game.

USING THIS BOOK

This book is a gateway to adventures across the multiverse, with a focus on two thresholds to the planes: Sigil, also called the City of Doors, and the Outlands, which acts as the hub of the Outer Planes. Consult the *Dungeon Master's Guide* for general details about the planes and their organization.

DMs can determine how much of this book they want to share with their players. Characters native to a Material Plane world might know nothing of the details herein, while experienced planar explorers could know everything in this book.

This introduction presents an overview of information vital to all who wander the planes.

Chapter 1 provides players with details on how to create characters suited to a Planescape campaign. It presents the Gate Warden and Planar Philosopher backgrounds, feats inspired by the planes, and a collection of spells and magic items appropriate for planar travelers.

Chapter 2 introduces the mind-boggling city of Sigil, the enigmatic Lady of Pain, and various other city inhabitants.

Chapter 3 presents the Outlands, a neutral plane at the center of the Great Wheel, along with details on the gate-towns—communities at the thresholds to the Outer Planes—and other incredible realms.



Angels, devils, and all manner of planar creatures relax in the Smoldering Corpse Bar in Sigil

 Mike Pape

THREE TRUTHS

Infinite possibility doesn't mean infinite complexity. The residents of Sigil and planar travelers know the multiverse follows three basic principles. Reality's vast complexity and the limits of individual perspective might obscure these principles, but those with the time and patience to learn from the multiverse's cycles eventually realize these truths.

CENTER OF THE MULTIVERSE

What's at the center of the multiverse? Nothing—and everything.

The multiverse is an infinite expanse, and nothing can literally be at the center of infinity. Nevertheless, countless worlds, faiths, and narcissists consider themselves the center of everything. They're correct, in a sense: wherever you stand is the most important place in existence—at least, for you.

UNITY OF RINGS

Systems, cycles, orbits, planes, lives, even the city of Sigil itself—the multiverse is composed of infinite rings. Whether these are physical or philosophical rings, the elements of the multiverse have no beginning or end, and if you follow any for long enough, you'll return to where you started.

RULE OF THREES

When things happen, they happen in threes. You might not always be able to perceive or understand how events are related, but somewhere, sometime, or somehow, every action has two partners. Often this isn't worth worrying about. Other times, nothing matters more.

"Things happen in threes. Simple enough? It's not logical, but it's almost always true."

— Ronassic of Sigil, planar scholar

CHAPTER 1: CHARACTER OPTIONS

When you create a character for adventures set in Sigil or the Outlands, you can choose from any options the D&D game provides, including those described in this chapter. As always, check with your DM before creating a character to make sure the options you prefer are available.



Planar adventurers flee Mercykiller enforcers over the roofs of Sigil

Kai Carpenter

BACKGROUNDS

This section presents two backgrounds for 1st-level characters with strong ties to Sigil, the Outlands, or both: the Gate Warden and the Planar Philosopher.

If you select either of these backgrounds, you gain the feat specified in its description. If the background you choose doesn't provide a feat, you gain a bonus feat of your choice from the options below (both described in the Player's Handbook):

- Skilled
- Tough

FEATS

This section introduces feats related to the forces of the planes. These feats are available to you whenever you normally choose a feat, and they follow the feat rules in the Player's Handbook.

These feats are presented below.

- Agent of Order
- Baleful Scion

- Cohort of Chaos
- Outlands Envoy
- Planar Wanderer
- Righteous Heritor
- Scion of the Outer Planes



In the struggle between chaos and order, two gith warriors battle slaadi on the plane of Limbo

Warren Mahy

MAGIC

Magic on the planes largely functions as it does in other D&D settings, though some exceptions exist in Sigil (see chapter 2). The following sections present spells and magic items the DM can provide for planar travelers.

SPELLS

The Spells table shows which classes can cast the spells in this section and the levels of those spells. The table also notes the school of magic of each spell.

Spells				
Level	Spell	School	Class	
2nd	Warp sense	Divination	Sorcerer, warlock, wizard	
4th	Gate seal	Abjuration	Sorcerer, warlock, wizard	

MAGIC ITEMS

This section describes magic items likely to be found in Sigil and the Outlands.

- Mimir
- Sensory Stone
- Portal Compass

CHAPTER 2: SIGIL, THE CITY OF DOORS

Sigil is the crossroads of the multiverse, a city at the center of the Great Wheel. Connected to every plane of existence and the infinite worlds among them, the City of Doors brims with commerce, travel, schemes, and adventure. Sigil is commonly referred to as the Cage because the only way into or out of the city is through one of its countless portals—pathways controlled by the enigmatic Lady of Pain.



Dabus—floating, silent servants of the Lady of Pain found only in Sigil—protect the City of Doors

 Terraform Studios

WHERE IS SIGIL?

Sigil simultaneously exists at the center of the Great Wheel and nowhere. In the middle of the Outlands, an impossibly tall needle of a mountain, the Spire, rises into the sky. Sigil floats above the apex of the Spire, barely visible from the ground, constructed on the inside of a massive stone torus. Attempts to ascend to the city by climbing or flight are futile, as are efforts to reach the top of the Spire.

SIGIL AT A GLANCE

Once inside the city, a visitor is greeted by a vast urban tangle of bladed buildings in a wild array of architectural styles. Built within a great ring, the city curves before and behind observers, as if they stood in a bowl or valley, stretching upward and disappearing into an industrial haze. On a clear day, a creature that looks upward sees the other side of the city, curving far overhead. Visitors can find this reality unsettling. There are no suns, moons, stars, or other celestial bodies in the sky above Sigil, though city lights twinkle above in the darkest hours.

Sigil is built to the edges of the ring, forming a wall of structures along its border. Anyone who climbs atop this outer wall of buildings can look out over the edge into an empty sky. Few who cross the edge are ever heard from again. Those who pass over the edge don't end up in the Outlands; rather, they are flung to random corners of the planes.

SIGIL POSTER MAP

Included with this product is a poster map of Sigil. The city's ever-changing nature and its myriad portals render concepts like distance, size, and travel time irrelevant. How long it takes to get from point to point in Sigil is up to the DM. Prominent sites of interest are noted on the map, but countless other locations fill the city's ever-shifting streets, which the DM can detail.

FEATURES OF SIGIL

Sigil has the following features:

Day and Night. Sigil observes a 24-hour day-night cycle. The sky gradually fills with luminescence during the day and fades into deep darkness at night. This light isn't sunlight. Sigil's brightest and darkest points in time are known as peak and antipeak.

Gravity. Objects are pulled toward whichever section of the city's ground is closest.

Weather. Fog, smog, and drizzle—the most weather variation Sigil sees—gather at ground level and limit visibility to 1d6 × 50 feet on the murkiest of days. The temperature varies between balmy and chilly year-round and rarely nears extremes.

ALTERATIONS TO MAGIC

Planar magic works differently in Sigil. The following magical restrictions apply there:

Banishment. Effects that banish a target from Sigil treat the target as if Sigil were its home plane.

Extradimensional Space. Extradimensional spaces, demiplanes, and pocket dimensions—such as those created by a bag of holding or the rope trick spell—function within Sigil, but those spaces follow all these restrictions as if they were part of the city.

Planar Travel. Effects that allow interplanar travel, such as astral projection or plane shift, fail if used to try to enter or leave Sigil, with one exception (see the "Teleportation Circles" section below).

Summoning. Spells, magic items, and effects that summon creatures or objects from other planes, such as a ring of djinni summoning, instead summon targets from within Sigil if possible or otherwise fail. Effects that summon a specific target from outside Sigil, as with a Leomund's secret chest spell, fail automatically.

Teleportation. Attempts to teleport into or out of Sigil fail, but such magic functions normally when used to teleport within the city.

Teleportation Circles. Permanent teleportation circles exist within Sigil, but attempts to create new ones fail. Those with permission can use them to enter the city via the plane shift spell but not to leave.

Summoning in the Cage

With the exception of permanent teleportation circles, the Lady of Pain prevents spells and other powers from allowing anything to enter the City of Doors. That means creatures and objects from outside in the multiverse can't be summoned or conjured into Sigil by any means. Summoning abilities a character might have, such as the conjure elemental spell or a class feature that summons a companion, still function as normal with these features calling only creatures that exist somewhere within Sigil itself.

The unique planar geography of Sigil should create interesting, even if sometimes confounding, twists, but it shouldn't prevent a character from doing what they do best.

LIFE IN SIGIL

Creatures from every corner of the planes live and toil in the City of Doors, bringing fragments of their cultures to the multiversal hub. Over eons, these cultural tenets have blended and evolved into a unique way of life made possible by the myriad portals that exist at the Lady of Pain's sufferance.

INHABITANTS

Sigil is the backstage of the multiverse. Celestials and Fiends share drinks in genie-owned taverns, agents of evil gods trot through the streets astride nightmares, and hags stable faerie steeds alongside pegasi and beasts of living stone. As a result of this mingling, fundamentally incompatible parts of the multiverse come into direct contact. They don't always clash, but when they do, authorities maintain order and stifle cosmic peril. Only when these eruptions threaten the city on a grand scale does the Lady of Pain intervene.

Humans are the earliest known inhabitants of the City of Doors. Some sages track the existence and spread of humans back to Sigil itself, rather than to a deity or its creations.

Various factions handle the day-to-day governance of Sigil, enforcement of laws, and maintenance of civic infrastructure. These groups each follow a philosophy inspired by a cosmic aspect of the multiverse, and they actively recruit visitors and citizens into their ranks.

Gods and godlike figures—including archdevils and demon lords—can't enter Sigil by any means. However, their schemes and influence still find their way into the city through their agents.

CURRENCY AND TRADE

Neither port nor proximity dictates trade in the City of Doors, granting its merchants and artisans access to the planes and their wondrous offerings. Woodcarvers whittle toys from golden trees toppled in Arborea, blacksmiths forge weapons from infernal ingots, and tavern chefs cook halfling recipes passed down on worlds of the Material Plane. With enough time, connections, and coin, one can find anything in Sigil's markets.

A dizzying array of coinage flows through Sigil. It doesn't matter where a coin was minted—if it's made of precious metal and the weight is right, the money is usually good. However, some traders are particular about the currencies they accept. An efreeti merchant selling instruments from the City of Brass might accept only rainbow sapphires from the Elemental Plane of Earth. Perhaps a night hag hawking rare spell components refuses all currency but fresh larvae from Hades, while a bone devil might siphon years off the buyer's life as payment for a diabolical blade.

Buyers can find goods of every shape, size, and sort in one of Sigil's many marketplaces, the largest of which is the Great Bazaar (see the "Market Ward" section later in this chapter), though individual businesses lie scattered among the wards.

SERVICES

Any and every service is for sale in the Cage. Courier services staffed by mephits, imps, and lantern archons (see Morte's Planar Parade) carry messages across planar boundaries. Brave exterminators rid buildings of cranium rats, curses, and dangerous afflictions. Clandestine agencies offer escape from infernal debt collectors or other looming perils by killing their clients, keeping the bodies safe and preserved, and resurrecting them when trouble has died down, sometimes years or decades later.

Travelers from across the multiverse flood the city, whose establishments cater to a diverse clientele. Taverns and inns are common, their taprooms shaped by the fantastical folk who own them—angels, githzerai, and a host of friendly monsters who scrape by in the City of Doors. No matter where a visitor is from, they can find familiar comforts in Sigil.

GETTING AROUND

Knowing where to look for something one needs is made challenging by Sigil's prodigious sprawl. Without the aid of magic or in-depth knowledge of portals within the city and their destinations, navigating the Cage is a dizzying affair.

Fortunately, two services exist throughout Sigil to help travelers find their way: sedan chairs and touts. Visitors to the Clerks' Ward can also hire the cabs of Tea Street Transit (see the "Clerks' Ward" section).

SEDAN CHAIRS

Sedan chairs are comfortable chairs carried by burly types, Humanoid or otherwise. Sedan chairs act as a citywide taxi service, lingering near civic buildings, municipal hubs, and marketplaces.

A typical sedan chair ride costs 1 sp per passenger and can carry two Medium or smaller creatures to a destination in Sigil, but there are some places they simply won't go—like Undersigil or unsafe parts of the Hive Ward. Heavier chairs that ferry larger customers or groups exist, carried by brawny creatures such as ogres or umber hulks. These deluxe chairs cost more, a minimum of 1 gp per passenger, and those who carry them might be willing to travel to dangerous areas of the city for an extra fee.

TOUTS

Touts are independent local guides and translators who know the ins and outs of Sigil's wards. The best touts know shortcuts through the city to hidden gems off the beaten paths.

A typical tout charges 2 sp per hour of guidance. More reliable touts vetted by influential clients charge premium prices, starting at 2 gp per hour. Touts who speak more esoteric languages, who have connections with one or more factions, or who can provide magical assistance can command upward of 20 gp per hour.

LANGUAGE

As people and beings from everywhere find their way to Sigil, every conceivable language comes with them. Common is the most frequently spoken language. The fact that Common-speaking travelers from different worlds can meet in Sigil and understand one another perplexes linguists and suggests that the language originated in Sigil. Creatures native to Sigil are typically fluent in Common and one other language.

Visitors who need help communicating can always find touts willing to translate for a price. This service extends to the Cant, a complex local slang heard in some corners of the city.



Citizens of Sigil make their voices heard in the Hall of Speakers, a magnificent public forum in the Clerks' Ward

One Pixel Brush

LOCAL NUISANCES

While Sigil's inhabitants potentially pose the greatest threat to those exploring the city, two dangers pervade Sigil: cranium rats and razorvine.

CRANIUM RATS

Rats thrive on the garbage that gathers in Sigil's alleys and sewers. Common and giant rats are found throughout the Cage, as are variant cranium rats known as squeakers (further detailed in Morte's Planar Parade). Adapted to the city, squeakers share their psionic abilities with citizens to create a citywide communication network, though some cranium rat swarms have agendas of their own.

RAZORVINE

Farming in Sigil is virtually nonexistent due to the scarcity of arable land. Outside of private gardens and the occasional community plot, the only plant that flourishes in the City of Doors is razorvine, a prickly hazard native to the Lower Planes. This black, creeping ivy has broad, glossy leaves with razor-sharp stems and thorns. Work crews fight the rapidly growing weed from overrunning the city. Others use razorvine strategically to deter intruders by letting it grow along estate walls or as carefully cultivated hedges. Rules for razorvine can be found in the Dungeon Master's Guide.

PORTALS

Sigil boasts more planar portals than any other location in the multiverse. These innumerable doors link locations in Sigil to destinations on other planes or elsewhere in the city. Any opening in the City of Doors might be one of these magic gateways. Fundamental to any Planescape campaign, portals are further detailed in the Dungeon Master's Guide and the sections below.

PORTAL BASICS

Most portals aren't always open. Instead, they open at certain times, when a particular condition is met, in response to a command word or phrase, or when a traveler is holding a particular object called a portal key. When a creature with a portal's key crosses a portal's threshold, the portal remains open until the start of that creature's next turn.

Portals are usually invisible when they're inactive (including to detect magic spells), but they can be detected by the true seeing or warp sense spell (see chapter 1 of this book for a description of the latter). When a portal activates, it typically becomes outlined in light with its destination visible beyond.

PORTAL KEYS

A portal key can be any sort of object or a particular key created for that portal. Keys often bear some symbolic connection to their destination, such as a silver sphere for the Astral Plane, a length of chain for Carceri, or a white lily for Elysium. The key functions on either side of a portal, be it in Sigil or its destination.

Far rarer are portal keys that aren't objects. These can be simple or strange: a type of creature, a memory in the traveler's mind, or a whistled tune.

PORTAL QUIRKS

Some portals have strange magical quirks. If you want to dress up a standard portal, roll on the Portal Quirks table or choose from its examples.

Portal Quirks

d6	Portal Quirk
1	One-Way. The portal functions only one way, either into or out of Sigil. The portal isn't visible or detectable from the exit side.
2	Shifting. One end of the portal moves in a pattern between different locations in Sigil or the destination plane.
3	Slow. After a creature enters the portal, 2d4 days pass before the creature appears at its destination, during which time the creature is trapped in a stasis and is unaware of the passage of time.
4	Taxing. The portal's energy is unstable. A creature that passes through the portal must succeed on a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or gain 1 level of exhaustion.
5	Temporary. The portal allows only 1d6 + 6 travelers to pass through in either direction, then vanishes.
6	Tumbling Lock. Every time the portal is opened, it requires a different portal key.

"WARNING: Based on publicly available municipal data, the portal in front of which you are standing leads to a vertical drop of approximately calibrating... calibrating... two hundred feet. Proceed with caution."

— A mimic to a planar traveler

CREATING A PORTAL

You can create portals quickly by choosing or rolling on the Planar Portals table. First, decide whether the portal's destination resides in Sigil or on another plane. Then, roll on the table twice: once to generate a portal anchor—the physical location in Sigil where the portal exists—and again for a destination and its thematically related portal keys.

Sigil destinations appear in the "Sigil Gazetteer" section later in this chapter. The planes of existence are detailed in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*.

Planar Portals

d100	Portal Anchor	Destination		Sample Keys
		Sigil	Other Plane	
01-03	Carved wooden arch	Bottle and Jug	Ysgard	Stein, war horn
04-06	Revolving door	Face of Gith	Limbo	Melting ice, red slaad egg
07-09	Shattered window	Nowhere	Pandemonium	Brick from an infirmary, tattered paper fan
10-12	Sewer pipe	Infinite Well	The Abyss	Celestial blood, demon ichor
13-15	Cell door	Prison	Carceri	Broken key, length of chain
16-18	Open grave	Dead Nations	Hades	Faceless mask, scrap of gray cloth
19-21	Trapdoor	Grease Pit	Gehenna	Bloody knife, lava rock
22-24	Furnace door	Bank of Abbathor	The Nine Hells	Pinch of sulfur, signed contract
25-27	Iron gate	Armory	Acheron	Broken blade, medal
28-30	Clock tower face	High Courts	Mechanus	Metal cog, perfectly balanced scales
31-33	Razorvine trellis	Great Foundry	Arcadia	Rune-inscribed ingot, sprig of grapes
34-36	Temple window	Heart's Fire	Mount Celestia	Angel feather, holy water
37-39	Ornate mirror	Hall of Speakers	Bytopia	Garden trowel, pair of twins
40-42	Reflecting pool	Gatehouse	Elysium	Tears of joy, white lily
43-45	Stable gate	Flame Pits	The Beastlands	Animal tooth, fresh wildflower
46-48	Garden arch	Civic Festhall	Arborea	Boisterous laughter, pinprick from a thorn
49-58	Courtyard gate	Fortune's Wheel	The Outlands	Stone from the Spire, spoked wheel
59-63	Bedroom closet	Planar Energy Cooperative	Ethereal Plane	Burial shroud, phase spider mandible
64-68	Skylight	Shattered Temple	Astral Plane	Scrap of githyanki armor, silver sphere
69-71	Chimney	Great Bazaar	Elemental Plane of Air	Incense smoke, silken scarf

		Destination		
d100	Portal Anchor	Sigil	Other Plane	Sample Keys
72-74	Cellar door	Tower Sorcerous	Elemental Plane of Earth	Granite cube, metal ore
75-77	Blazing hearth	Smoldering Corpse Bar	Elemental Plane of Fire	Brass brazier, burning coal
78-80	Crumbling well	The Ditch	Elemental Plane of Water	Pearl, pure water
81-90	Mausoleum entrance	Mortuary	Shadowfell	Grave dirt, mourner's veil
91-94	Yew wardrobe	Parted Veil	Feywild	Book of limericks, toadstool
95-98	Human-shaped hole	Gastrognome	Far Realm	Alien fossil, bezoar
99-00	Inn room door	Ubiquitous Wayfarer	Material Plane	Childhood toy, map scroll



An orc wizard uses the gate seal spell to close a portal to the howling darkness of Pandemonium in Sigil

 Martin Mottet

THE LADY OF PAIN

The greatest entity in Sigil is the Lady of Pain, an eternal being who watches over the Cage. She appears almost human, although she most definitely isn't. She wears ornate robes that shroud her body, and a mantle of blades coated in blue-green verdigris surrounds her masklike face. No one is certain who or what exactly the Lady of Pain is, but it's widely accepted she's a being on par with deities. Strong enough to bar gods and their ilk from entering her city, the Lady of Pain forbids followers of her own. To worship her is more than taboo; it is an unforgivable crime punishable by imprisonment in the Mazes.

The Lady maintains the cosmic neutrality of Sigil. The city doesn't take part in the Blood War, it doesn't throw its weight behind the shining righteousness of Mount Celestia or contracts originating in the Nine Hells, and it's never a battleground for the conflicts of Material Plane worlds. On rare occasions, the Lady of Pain drifts through the streets, hovering above the ground. Creatures that interfere with her are flayed by her stare or vanish into nothingness as she turns to face them. Wise travelers give the Lady a wide berth, finding pressing business elsewhere as she passes by. Some locals claim that the Lady's features occasionally take on a golden or steely sheen. Whether this is in response to threats to her city or other influences is a mystery.

Residents of Sigil view the Lady of Pain with fearful awe. A distant guardian, she leaves the city's daily governance to the many factions that call it home. She has no residence, and no temples to her exist within the city.

The Lady's means of protecting Sigil are the dabus, the Mazes, and her complete control over the city's portals.



The eternal Lady of Pain drifts through the City of Doors, extinguishing any who question her will

✍ Martin Mottet

DABUS

Dabus are silent, floating beings who serve the Lady of Pain. Found only in Sigil, dabus communicate through visual rebuses, conjured illusory images that convey their thoughts.

Dabus maintain Sigil's infrastructure, repairing crumbling buildings, ensuring portals function properly, cutting back rampant razorvine, and patching city streets. To most citizens of Sigil, dabus are nothing more than cryptic workers, yet these mysterious beings also punish those who disrupt city life. Whatever opposes the Lady's edicts or the smooth functioning of Sigil, dabus work to correct.

For more details on dabus, see Morte's Planar Parade.

THE MAZES

The Mazes are demiplanar cages created by the Lady of Pain. Reserved for would-be power mongers and dissidents who threaten the city on a grand scale—or foolishly target the Lady herself—the Mazes swallow their prisoners in an instant. The Mazes resemble a dense labyrinth of empty streets and alleys in Sigil but are devoid of life and repeat endlessly.

No magic allows a creature banished to the Mazes to escape or communicate with the planes beyond. Creatures in the Mazes don't require food, drink, or sleep and are cursed to an indefinite, isolated existence. An urban legend states the Lady of Pain leaves a single portal in every Maze, but finding the escape route is all but impossible for the imprisoned, as even if such portals exist, they can't be detected through magical means. The few who claim to have escaped the Mazes are quickly branded as liars.

LOCKING THE CAGE

Sigil's portals operate at the Lady of Pain's will, as do the few permanent teleportation circles hidden among the city's wards. Her influence stops spells and other features from allowing creatures to enter or leave the city. She even bars gods from stepping foot in the city—a ban she can extend to anyone at any time. The Lady knows when any creature uses a portal and can block that creature from entering or leaving, but she reserves this intervention for extreme circumstances.

During times of great strife, notably when Sigil's factions war openly against one another, the Lady can cause all the city's portals to cease functioning. This grinds the city to a halt; food and drink can't enter the city, sewage and refuse pool in the streets, and corpses stack in the Mortuary with no hope of being interred. This compels the factions to quickly resolve their conflicts.

INTERFERING WITH THE LADY

The Lady of Pain is omnipresent, unknowable, and invincible. With a look, she can flense troublesome creatures to within an inch of their lives. Any creature that targets her with an attack, a spell, or any other hostile or prying effect—in some cases so much as speaking to her—is assailed by overwhelming pain and immediately drops to 1 hit point. If the creature hasn't learned its lesson, the Lady sends it to the Mazes in the next blink.

Similar to other godlike beings, the Lady of Pain has no stat block. She is beyond the ability of characters to defeat by conventional means.

FACTIONS OF SIGIL

On the Outer Planes, belief shapes reality. Cosmic concepts such as law and chaos can imbue true believers with newfound power, and when enough creatures unite under one ideology, their beliefs can remold the planes themselves. In Sigil, this power rests with the factions, like-minded philosophers guided by cosmic truths about the multiverse and its workings. Their philosophies are often associated with a plane or realm.

Factions control aspects of civic existence in Sigil, governing the day-to-day needs of a thriving metropolis, such as entertainment or law enforcement. Despite their influence within the city, factions have been erased from the city in the past, and current factions tread carefully to avoid that fate for themselves. They actively recruit new members from citizenry, travelers, and even the ranks of other factions. In the meantime, they vie for power in the Cage in a way that doesn't upset Sigil's order or provoke the Lady of Pain.

Factions are led by individuals known as factols. These leaders embody their groups' philosophies and serve different roles depending on their factions' needs. Factols and their delegates also represent their factions in a council that debates and passes laws in the Hall of Speakers (see the "Clerks' Ward" section later in this chapter). Most factions also have a physical headquarters in Sigil where they carry out aspects of civic governance. Within these areas, both geographical and influential, dedicated midranking faction members called factotums act as officers, furthering the interests of their factions within the city as clerks, squad leaders, and tutors. Factotums also keep an eye out for promising recruits to their philosophy.

ASCENDANT FACTIONS

Factions wax and wane, shifting the balance of power in Sigil. The most influential factions are known as ascendant factions, widely recognized groups that oversee aspects of daily life in the city. Currently Sigil has twelve ascendant factions.

The following sections present these factions, along with notes on their leaders, sites in Sigil that serve as their headquarters (detailed later in this chapter), planes on which they operate, common members, common nicknames, and their roles in the City of Doors.

ATHAR

Who Claim the Gods Are Frauds

Factol: Terrance

Headquarters: Shattered Temple

Aligned Plane: Astral Plane

Members: Disillusioned worshipers, skeptics

Epithet: Defiers

The Athar believe that the gods are impostors. For all their might, the so-called deities are merely mortals who have accumulated enough power to convince the rest of the multiverse otherwise. With enough time, talent, and dedication, anyone could ascend to godhood.

Defiers accept that there might be true deities that oversee everything, but such beings are beyond comprehension. They assert that worshipers of the gods draw their power from unknowable sources—false gods simply take the credit.



 Alix Branwyn

The Athar aren't fools. They let the powers that be call themselves gods, while the faction works subtly to discover the secret behind the curtain of the multiverse and look on the unknowable.

The Athar are led by Factol Terrance (neutral good, human Athar null; see Morte's Planar Parade). While many Defiers become bitter, Terrance remains compassionate, pointing wayward souls toward truth like a friendly guide—a guardian and shepherd of priests who fall from their previous devotions. Terrance reveres an entity known as the Greater Unknown, which he believes is the source of all divine power.

Faction Attire. Defiers wear geometric, starry fabrics that hint at their astral ties. They adorn their outfits with silver chains and broken holy symbols.

Role in Sigil. The Athar gather in the Shattered Temple, a place once dedicated to Aoskar, a now-dead god of portals. Rather than serve in Sigil's government, the Athar's self-appointed spy network closely surveils the city's faiths. When a temple pushes a god's influence too strongly, the Athar either deal with the problem themselves or leak the information to a faction that will, such as the Harmonium. The Athar regard members of the Mind's Eye as allies.

BLEAK CABAL

Who Find No Sense in the Multiverse

Factol: Lhar

Headquarters: Gatehouse

Aligned Plane: Pandemonium

Members: Consolers, healers, nihilists

Epithet: Bleakers

To the Bleak Cabal, the quest for cosmic meaning is futile—the multiverse doesn't make sense, and it isn't supposed to. With no greater truth, individuals must derive their own meaning from the multiverse. This introspection kindles empathy and kindness in many Bleakers, who commit themselves to easing the suffering of others. Existence is merciless, so the Bleak Cabal must show mercy in its stead.

Bleakers tend to those overcome by the strange realities of the Outer Planes, which exert their influence on travelers who wander past their boundaries. The Bleak Cabal rehabilitates creatures that have been stricken with planar curses, glimpsed mind-shattering expanses, or ventured into the howling darkness of Pandemonium.



 Alix Branwyn

Factol Lhar (chaotic good, orc gladiator) surveys the citizens of Sigil with growing concern. Lhar works to expand the Bleak Cabal's charitable influence. Under his direction, the Bleak Cabal has opened community kitchens throughout the city where hungry citizens can get a free hot meal. However, some factions don't view this expansion as benevolent. Lhar moves carefully, always looking for like-minded individuals to further his cause.

Faction Attire. Bleakers dress in gloomy, drab color schemes. Frayed clothing and weather-beaten gear are common.

Role in Sigil. The Bleak Cabal's headquarters is the Gatehouse, a fortress of healing and respite in the Hive Ward. Bleakers offer sanctuary to anyone in need, notably to those afflicted by planar maladies. The Bleak Cabal's philosophy puts them at odds with the Fraternity of Order, Harmonium, and Mercykillers—if there's no meaning, there can't be order. Conversely, the Doomguard, Hands of Havoc, and Heralds of Dust all find enough common points with Bleakers to call them allies.

DOOMGUARD

Who Celebrate Destruction and Decay

Factol: Pentar

Headquarters: Armory

Aligned Plane: Elemental Chaos

Members: Entropists, soldiers, weaponsmiths

Epithet: Sinkers

The Doomguard understands the purpose of everything is to crumble. Existence inevitably falls into ruin—nothing lasts forever, not even the gods. Sinkers don't stand in the way of the multiverse's destruction. They see decay and entropy as entirely natural, something to be fostered in its own time. They don't recklessly hasten destruction or oppose creation. Instead, they see that every act of creation is intrinsically tied to destruction. Trees must be felled and stone cut to build a house, and the house must eventually burn, rot, or wither away.

The highest-ranking Doomguard members aside from the factol are the doom lords, who each oversee a faction citadel built at the edge of the Elemental Chaos.



 Alix Branwyn

The Doomguard's leader is the fearless Factol Pentar (human Doomguard doom lord; see Morte's Planar Parade), who revels in danger and decay. Pentar has come to blows with Harmonium patrols on many occasions. She toys with the idea of aligning with the Hands of Havoc, hoping to toss a spark into the mass of dry razorvine that is Sigil.

Faction Attire. Members of the Doomguard garb themselves in the bones of long-dead creatures and deliberately allow their weapons and gear to rust. Sinkers display their scars proudly.

Role in Sigil. The Doomguard controls the Armory in Sigil and oversees the production and sale of weapons in the city. Thanks to the quality and number of armaments required by the factions, the Doomguard holds leverage in many interfactional negotiations. The Doomguard bears a long, bitter, mutual enmity toward the Harmonium, and the Fraternity of Order rejects the Doomguard's philosophy entirely. Sinkers have strong allies in both the Bleak Cabal and the Heralds of Dust.

FATED

Who Take All They Can and More

Factol: Duke Rowan Darkwood

Headquarters: Hall of Records

Aligned Plane: Ysgard

Members: Bullies, moguls, warlords

Epithet: Takers

To the Fated, the multiverse belongs to those with the strength to take it. Destiny and the will of the gods are poor excuses used by folk too weak to go after what they want—everyone makes their own fate. At the same time, nothing's free. It takes work, dedication, and sometimes blood to seize greatness.

There's no inherent malice in the Fated's philosophy. It takes more than material wealth to provide for one's needs, and not everything worth having can be taken by force. Respect and happiness, for example, must be earned (or bought). Still, Takers are branded as callous and selfish, if not outright feared, and they never offer assistance willingly unless it benefits them in some way.



 Alix Branwyn

Factol Rowan Darkwood (chaotic neutral, human archmage) holds the reins of the Fated in his tightfisted grip. "Duke" Darkwood, as he's sometimes known, is a commanding presence whose every step is an implacable stride toward his next prize. With brutal efficiency, he exploits the financial stranglehold his faction has over Sigil, richly rewarding informants for secrets that might give the Fated leverage over the other factions.

Faction Attire. Takers dress in ostentatious outfits marked by heavy embroidery. They sport elaborate hairstyles, and each member carries an hourglass of golden sand—a reminder that time is money.

Role in Sigil. Secure in the Hall of Records, the Fated cement their role as the tax collectors of the Cage. Their ruthless debt collection efforts and aggressive foreclosures earn them a heaping share of animosity. They have bad blood with the Harmonium, who view the Fated as wrongheaded and dangerous, and Factol Darkwood and Factol Montgomery of the Society of Sensation are bitter rivals.

FRATERNITY OF ORDER

Who Discover Laws to Find Truth

Factol: Hashkar

Headquarters: High Courts

Aligned Plane: Mechanus

Members: Con artists, lawyers, spellcasters

Epithet: Guvners

The Fraternity of Order examines existence through the lens of three tenets: laws are representations of power, knowledge is power, and knowledge of law is the ultimate power. By understanding those laws, individuals can exploit them—or break them under the right circumstances.



 Alix Branwyn

According to the Guvners, there are three types of regulations. The lowest of these are Rules, the laws that govern people's behavior. Next come Laws, such as the laws of nature or the edicts of gods. Ultimate authority descends from Axioms, overarching laws that govern existence and give gods their immense power. Guvners theorize about Axioms but know few of them. A being who masters all Axioms can rule the multiverse.

Factol Hashkar (lawful neutral, dwarf Fraternity of Order law bender; see Morte's Planar Parade) is the highest authority in Sigil's court system, though he casts verdicts in only the most important cases. Hashkar is as long winded as he is knowledgeable, and any inquiry sparks an impromptu lecture. Outside legal matters, the factol splits his time between learning and lecturing. He has mastered at least one Axiom, from which he derives his magical abilities.

Faction Attire. Guvners wear distinctive tall hats and matching robes. They are often accompanied by small attendants—mephits, imps, and homunculi who carry their tomes of order.

Role in Sigil. The Fraternity of Order reviews, studies, and adjudicates the laws of Sigil, all the while searching for hidden truths that dictate reality. Guvners gather detailed records of every portal and key they find in Sigil and pay well for such information. Unsurprisingly, the Guvners are staunch allies of the Harmonium and Mercykillers and bitterly oppose the Hands of Havoc.

HANDS OF HAVOC

Who Free Society through Chaos

Factol: None

Headquarters: Various warehouses

Aligned Plane: Limbo

Members: Anarchists, arsonists, freedom fighters

Epithet: Wreakers

The Hands of Havoc are a controlled burn. A collection of radical individualists united under the banner of change, they set fire to outdated and oppressive institutions, letting the ashes pave the way for something new.

Wreakers vehemently oppose rigid laws, especially those that serve bureaucracies more than they do people. The Hands of Havoc convene in secret and mobilize as one—a wildfire that burns away crumbling structures and systems alike to create sanctuaries for those in need.



 Alix Branwyn

No one individual leads the Hands of Havoc. To confuse enforcers, the mantle of factol is passed between members. Whenever it seems the faction's leader is on the verge of arrest or death, another nonconformist rises from the ranks to light the path forward.

The Hands of Havoc are champions of freedom and self-expression. Wreaker artists decorate bland buildings and forlorn structures throughout Sigil with bold murals in avant-garde styles. The passion of their ideology fuels artistic innovation, sparking trends in writing, music, and dance that spread throughout the city.

Faction Attire. Wreakers prepare for every possibility in their battles against entrenched institutions. Medical supplies and smoking lanterns dangle from their singed clothing. Members typically hide their identities behind masks, goggles, and scarves.

Role in Sigil. An official role in Sigil is inimical to the faction's philosophy. Instead, Wreakers masquerade as members of other factions, keeping tabs in case those factions grow too powerful and need dismantlement. The Bleak Cabal and Doomguard work well with the Hands of Havoc in short bursts.

HARMONIUM

Who Enforce Peace through Might

Factol: Sarin

Headquarters: Barracks

Aligned Plane: Arcadia

Members: Authoritarians, guards, mediators

Epithet: Hardheads

The Harmonium looks at existence and sees only two states: war and peace. Where neighbors share the same views, there's peace—the perfect state of the multiverse—but disagreements breed conflict and instability. Members of the Harmonium believe their purpose is to unify the multiverse into peace, no matter the cost.

The Harmonium seeks to eliminate discord by any means necessary. Hardheads use education and enforcement to convert others to their philosophy, extolling the virtues of peace as they crack down on chaos in all its forms.



 Alix Branwyn

Many members are good-natured protectors who protect all citizens, even those who disagree with the faction's philosophy. However, some among the ranks pursue unity at any cost. Cruel martinets who earn the Hardheads their nickname, they enforce laws ruthlessly, without flexibility or compassion.

Factol Sarin (lawful neutral, human Harmonium captain; see Morte's Planar Parade) commands the Harmonium. His devotion to his fellows, particularly new recruits, is renowned, and he takes a personal interest in all members who cross his path. Tough as steel, Sarin is a decisive factol who promotes honor, dignity, and peace in word and deed.

Faction Attire. Most Hardheads wear the faction's standard-issue armor, a distinctive suit of red plate with bladed pauldrons. Under their helms, they sport short, no-nonsense hairstyles.

Role in Sigil. In the Barracks, Hardheads train, plan patrol routes, and keep records of every arrest in the Cage. The Harmonium works closely with the Fraternity of Order and the Mercykillers as Sigil's tripartite of justice, cycling criminals through arrest, trial, and punishment. They staunchly oppose the Hands of Havoc and others who defy authority.

HERALDS OF DUST

Who Believe Everyone Is Already Dead

Factol: Skall

Headquarters: Mortuary

Aligned Plane: Hades

Members: Corpse collectors, the grief stricken, Undead

Epithet: Dusters

The Heralds of Dust believe the multiverse itself is an afterlife—a shadow of some other existence now gone—and every creature is already dead. The "life" that beings cling to is simply the first stage of death.

Dusters seek to understand and experience the stages of death, the last of which they hold is True Death: a transcendence to a state of being beyond the multiverse. In their quest for True Death, the Heralds of Dust slowly set aside the hope and passion that chain a soul to this false life.



The Heralds of Dust have a macabre fascination with Undead. They believe undeath is a precursor to True Death and count many Undead among their ranks. Skeletons and zombies serve the faction in droves, and sapient Undead—such as ghosts, vampires, and liches—rise to factotums.

Factol Skall (neutral evil lich) is the oldest factol in Sigil. The founder of the Heralds of Dust, Skall has yet to transcend his current existence, lingering to guide as many souls as possible along the path to True Death. Skall strives to know everything and feel nothing. He makes generous use of adventurers to gather knowledge or help lay the dead to rest with dignity.

Faction Attire. Dusters dress in grim clothes associated with the work of the dead. An individual member might be mistaken for—or actually be—a gravedigger, a mortician, or a ghoul in tattered rags.

Role in Sigil. Part morgue, funeral home, and tomb, the Mortuary is the destination for Sigil's dead. There, the Heralds of Dust count the Bleak Cabal and the Doomguard as allies. Conversely, the Mind's Eye bristles at the Dusters' fatalistic dismissal of life, and the Society of Sensation viscerally opposes their rejection of passion.

MERCYKILLERS

Who Bring Justice to the Deserving

Factol: Alisohn Nilesia

Headquarters: Prison

Aligned Plane: Acheron

Members: Bounty hunters, executioners, vigilantes

Epithet: Jailers

The Mercykillers believe that cold, relentless justice is absolute and that no one is above it. To the Jailers, a perfect multiverse is one purged of injustice.

Mercykillers earned their name for their ruthlessness. They've killed their own mercy, viewing it as an exploitable weakness. Criminals may beg as they please, but their sentences are carried out with unshakable fervor.

Jailers don't make laws or pass judgment. Similarly, they don't arrest lawbreakers—that's the Harmonium's job. Mercykillers act only after a verdict has been made, administering punishment without leniency. Members believe they answer to a higher cosmic law that absolves them of any wrongdoing during their unabating pursuit of justice.



 *Alix Branwyn*

Factol Alisohn Nilesia (lawful evil, tiefling mage), a young and cunning leader raised in Sigil's penitentiary, was born to head the Mercykillers. She's a strict warden, using divination magic to track down fugitives and deploy agents to retrieve them. Somehow, she finds time to personally sign off on every punishment in the Cage. Mercykillers whisper that justice never sleeps, and neither does Nilesia.

Faction Attire. Mercykillers are the picture of vengeance. Manacles rattle against their bladed armor, and masks or hoods obscure their expressions, ensuring the face of justice is detached from its duty.

Role in Sigil. The Mercykillers headquarter in the Prison, an imposing gray fortress that holds criminals sentenced by the courts of Sigil. Non-Mercykillers can gain entry under certain circumstances, such as to present evidence that might exonerate an inmate or visit a low-risk prisoner. Jailers clash with factions that elevate individual freedom, most notably the Hands of Havoc, Mind's Eye, and Society of Sensation.

MIND'S EYE

Who Grow to Godhood

Factol: Saladryn

Headquarters: Great Foundry

Aligned Plane: The Outlands

Members: Crafters, guides, wanderers

Epithet: Seekers

The Mind's Eye sees experience and exploration as the means of fully realizing one's own potential. By taking in the challenges and wonders of the multiverse, individuals can leverage their perspectives and insights not only to improve themselves, but also to shape reality as they see fit.



 Alix Branwyn

Growth and understanding are the keys to the Mind's Eye philosophy. Members advocate for experiential learning based on observation and experimentation instead of formal study. Every Seeker practices some craft to shape their experiences into something new and refine themselves in turn.

The Mind's Eye arose when two former factions, the Believers in the Source and the Sign of One, merged their philosophies together into a formula by which individuals seek to transcend their potential and attain the power of gods. Even still, Seekers suspect that divinity isn't the ultimate expression of their core beliefs, but rather a stepping stone to an unknowable state of superior being.

Factol Saladryn (neutral, elf archmage) guides the relatively young faction. She rarely sojourns beyond Sigil anymore, sacrificing her own journey of personal discovery to lead the Mind's Eye. Saladryn focuses her energy on creation, practicing many crafts she's learned in her centuries of life.

Faction Attire. Members of the Mind's Eye dress in sleek, opalescent robes and ornament their bodies with delicate, metalwork embellishments.

Role in Sigil. In the Great Foundry, the Mind's Eye oversees the creation of tools and parts that most take for granted. The Athar and the Fraternity of Order both relate to the Seekers, while the Bleak Cabal and Heralds of Dust oppose them.

SOCIETY OF SENSATION

Who Find Truth Only in Experience

Factol: Erin Darkflame Montgomery

Headquarters: Civic Festhall

Aligned Plane: Arborea

Members: Artists, entertainers, revelers

Epithet: Sensates

The Society of Sensation perceives the multiverse through experiences—the more varied, the better. By experiencing all there is—every sensation, emotion, thought, everything—one can learn and understand the entirety of existence.



 Alix Branwyn

Sensates live each moment as if it were the only one that ever mattered, drinking it in to know another sliver of reality. Many Sensates, particularly new members, focus only on experiences that delight the senses, but as Sensates grow, they aim to experience every facet of existence, even the bad ones. Sweet fragrances and savory bites must be balanced with the sting of failure, the weight of responsibility, and the gnawing ache of grief.

The Society of Sensation pays a price for its lack of inhibition. Outsiders view Sensates as flighty, lascivious, or untrustworthy, always jumping from one event to the next. For a Sensate, to dwell on one endeavor is to deny the truth of existence.

Factol Erin Darkflame Montgomery (lawful good, human Society of Sensation Muse; see Morte's Planar Parade) guides the society through every lingering exploration. Factol Montgomery ensures that Sensates maintain a balance of cerebral pursuits, physical experiences, and deliberate contemplation, knowing the harm that pleasure-seeking alone can cause.

Faction Attire. Sensates garb themselves in flowing, colorful fashions that emphasize their free-spirited natures. Floral elements and glasswork embellishments are common.

Role in Sigil. The Society of Sensation provides joy and diversion to the people of Sigil, temporarily freeing them from the everyday struggles of the Cage. Sensates and members of the Mind's Eye find common ground. Factol Montgomery's rivalry with Duke Rowan Darkwood of the Fated sparks trouble between the two factions.

TRANSCENDENT ORDER

Who Act Unfettered by Thought

Factol: Rhys

Headquarters: Great Gymnasium

Aligned Plane: Elysium

Members: Athletes, daredevils, rescuers

Epithet: Ciphers

The Transcendent Order holds that for a person to attain a higher state of being, they must unify their mind and body until thought and action are one. Those who act on instinct alone can achieve perfect harmony with the multiverse.



 *Alix Branwyn*

Members of the Transcendent Order rigorously train every aspect of self to align with the cadence of the multiverse. Ciphers are encouraged toward athletic regiments, but many also pursue artistic endeavors to perfection, becoming dancers, virtuosos, or abstract painters. Whatever resonates with a Cipher's path, they must practice until the body no longer requires the mind to guide it.

Factol Rhys (neutral, tiefling Transcendent Order conduit; see Morte's Planar Parade) stepped up to take control of the Transcendent Order when the last factol achieved perfect understanding and vanished right in front of Rhys and other ranking Ciphers. Rhys is an enlightening coach, providing direction to trainees with choice remarks.

Faction Attire. Athletes and acrobats of all shapes and sizes, Ciphers dress in simple clothing that allows for agility and flexibility.

Role in Sigil. The Transcendent Order headquarters in the Great Gymnasium in the Market Ward. There, the Ciphers train their bodies to attune to their minds and the multiverse's ebb and flow. The Transcendent Order looks inward for meaning, and thus it tends not to form alliances with other factions. Its members are generally well liked, and no ascendant faction opposes the Ciphers outright.

MINOR FACTIONS

In addition to the ascendant factions, Sigil contains a host of minor factions—up-and-coming philosophies, those that have seen a resurgence of members, and once-ascendant factions whose ideologies have since entered a period of decline. The following are three examples of minor factions currently in Sigil.

FREE LEAGUE

Who Prize the Individual Foremost

Factol: None

Headquarters: Great Bazaar

Aligned Plane: The Outlands

Members: Merchants, mercenaries, nonconformists

Epithet: Indeps

The Free League is a loose collection of individuals and remnants of disbanded or fractured factions. Merchants, individualists, and dissociated citizens, the Indeps eschew factions and other organizations, simply wishing to choose their own paths.

INCANTERIUM

Who Consume Magic and Its Secrets

Factol: Unknown

Headquarters: Tower Sorcerous

Aligned Plane: Astral Plane

Members: Mages, lore seekers, scribes

Epithet: Incantifers

The Incanterium was a faction thought dead when its headquarters, the Tower Sorcerous in the Clerks' Ward, vanished along with all known Incantifers. Most thought the tower was banished to the Mazes, but it has since returned, rematerializing in the vacant lot where it once stood, bringing with it the return of the Incantifers. Members of the Incanterium siphon magic from items, spells, and those who wield them to lengthen their own lifespans. They believe that by absorbing magic and mastering its rules, one can rewrite reality.

RING GIVERS

Who Give as Much as They Get

Factol: Jeremo the Natterer

Headquarters: None

Aligned Plane: Ysgard

Members: Altruists, beggars, philanthropists

Epithet: Bargainers

A direct foil to the selfish Fated, the Ring Givers hold a philosophy of charity and giving as the path to enlightenment. The Bargainers give away all they have and redistribute the hoards of greedy tycoons to the poor and needy. A common superstition in Sigil holds that any gift to the Ring Givers comes back to the donor tenfold.

SIGIL GAZETTEER

The City of Doors is divided into wards that are as varied as their inhabitants, from the polished heights of the bureaucratic Clerks' Ward to the musty anarchy of Undersigil, the city's forsaken warrens. Each ward contains one or more faction headquarters: grand buildings where Sigil's philosophers convene and divide the city's functions. Establishments near one of these hubs tend to align with the faction's character. Shops clustered around the Civic Festhall, for example, cater to the pleasure-seeking tendencies of the Society of Sensation—wine shops, concert halls, and vendors hawking one-and-done novelties.

The Sigil Wards table outlines each of the wards and the ascendant factions that headquarter within them, as well as six minor factions, which are marked with an asterisk (*).

Sigil Wards

Ward	Prominent Factions
Clerks' Ward	Fated, Incanterium,* Society of Sensation
Hive Ward	Bleak Cabal, Hands of Havoc, Heralds of Dust
Lady's Ward	Doomguard, Fraternity of Order, Harmonium, Mercykillers
Lower Ward	Athar, Ring Givers,* Mind's Eye
Market Ward	Free League,* Transcendent Order
Undersigil	Coterie of Cakes,* Revolutionary League,* Undivided* (see the "Undersigil" section later in this chapter for these factions)

The sections that follow present each of the wards in greater detail. They share the following format:

Ward Encounters. A table after the introduction presents interactions that characters might have while adventuring in the ward.

Factions. This section details the factions that are headquartered in the ward and their operations.

Locations. A sampling of the ward's notable sites, including any faction headquarters, are provided here. Locations mentioned in these sections are designated on the poster map of Sigil.

Megastructures. Most sections also include a map to one of Sigil's megastructures. Often the headquarters of a faction, a megastructure can host countless adventures. The map provides an overview of some important areas within the location but doesn't represent the megastructure in totality. To accommodate your adventures, locations can be detailed as needed, and their scales are flexible.

CLERKS' WARD

The wheels of bureaucracy turn steadily in the Clerks' Ward, an administrative haven for bookkeepers, scribes, and petty officials. Like oil to a machine, the Clerks' Ward provides a necessary conformity to Sigil's turbulent streets under the fastidious eyes of the Fated.

The pristine buildings within this affluent ward are well maintained and regularly patrolled by officers of the Harmonium. Residents of the Clerks' Ward claim it's the safest and most honest ward in Sigil. Conflict usually occurs on paper, and structured forums for debate allow folks to resolve disagreements without resorting to violence.

Despite its rigidity, the Clerks' Ward is a place of beauty and wonder, due in large part to the presence of the Society of Sensation. For each strict fact-checker, policy maker, and enforcer in the ward, there is an open-minded artisan, entertainer, or thrill-seeker to match. Locals routinely direct inquisitive newcomers to the Hall of Information, where visitors can ask questions, hail a sedan chair, or pester a tout for directions.

Clerks' Ward Encounters

d8	Encounter
1	A cocky bariaur wanderer (see Morte's Planar Parade) offers their services to the party as a tout.
2	A stiff-necked Fated tax collector (noble), flanked by two guards, smugly informs the characters they must each pay a "promenade toll" of 1 sp to proceed in their current direction.
3	Out of breath and clearly hiding something on their person, a teenage tiefling spy begs the characters to help them avoid two oncoming Harmonium peacekeepers (see Morte's Planar Parade).
4	A drunk elf commoner stumbles out of an onion-shaped cab pulled by a sweet and gullible unicorn named Corny. The unicorn asks the characters if they need a ride.
5	A wizened, purple-robed Incantifer (archmage) passes through the streets, eliciting nervous whispers from a crowd of onlookers.
6	A Society of Sensation Muse (see Morte's Planar Parade) dazzles the characters with a street-side performance.
7	Olga, a bookish frost giant, trips before the characters as she hurries to the Hall of Records, sending a stack of titanic papers into the air.
8	An obnoxious equinal guardinal (see Morte's Planar Parade) brays atop a street-side soapbox. They attempt to goad a character into a cynical debate about the future of Sigil.



Creatures from every plane converge in Sigil, the crossroads of the multiverse

 Terraform Studios

CLERKS' WARD FACTIONS

The following factions are headquartered in the Clerks' Ward:

Fated. The Fated earn widespread ire as Sigil's tax collectors, leveraging their administrative position to serve their insatiable greed. Takers record financial agreements in the Hall of Records and revel in seizing properties at bargain-basement prices when owners default on payments. The Fated regularly hires adventurers as debt collectors.

Incanterium. Long thought to have been banished to the Mazes by the Lady of Pain along with their base of operations, members of the Incanterium are slowly trickling back into the Cage. Called "mage drinkers" by the few who remember them, the aged Incantifers siphon magic to sustain their ancient power. Disturbed residents murmur about the Incanterium's newly returned tower (see the "Tower Sorcerous" section). Rumor has it Duke Rowan Darkwood pays handsomely for information about his reclusive neighbors and their fortress.

Society of Sensation. Sensates pepper Sigil's otherwise drab streets with entertainment, tempting pedestrians with curiosity and excitement. All of Sigil is a stage to the Society of Sensation, but the greatest attraction is the Civic Festhall. Factol Erin Montgomery weaves masterful arguments in the Hall of Speakers, where she sways naysayers with one guiding principle: they might not recall what you said, but they always remember how you made them feel.

CLERKS' WARD LOCATIONS

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in the Clerks' Ward.

CIVIC FESTHALL



Map 2.1: Elloweth Theater in the Civic Festhall

✍ Jared Blando

Creativity blossoms in the Civic Festhall, the headquarters of the Society of Sensation. Sensates spared no expense constructing this majestic building, which reaches nearly one thousand feet in height. Visitors find all manner of sensory delights within: gastronomic masterpieces served by innovative chefs; halls lined with fragrant, scratch-and-sniff statuary; and pitch-black deprivation chambers bathed in supernatural silence.

Artistic Amenities. The Civic Festhall boasts a panoply of arts available to the public. Galleries, concert and lecture halls, museums, and exhibits too eccentric to describe fill the festhall and its satellite buildings. Contests and duels are held at the Northumber, an outdoor amphitheater, while magical light checkers the stages of its two indoor theaters: the intimate Elloweth Theater and the prodigious Ren Hall. Elloweth Theater is renowned as Sigil's preeminent venue for high-brow performance art, and performers from across the Great Wheel flock to Elloweth Theater to take their shot at interplanar fame. Map 2.1 depicts Elloweth Theater and its promenade.

Sensoriums. The most popular offerings in the Civic Festhall are the Sensoriums, semiprivate rooms where creatures can record and relive one another's sensory experiences through sensory stones (see chapter 1 of this book). For a price of 10 gp, a client can feel the thrill of a researcher's epiphany, the weight of a widow's grief, or the warm bite of a flaky pastry. Memories and longer, more complex sensations tend to cost more, but the lure of nostalgia draws repeat customers.

The Society of Sensation pays well for sensations not contained in its extensive collection. Sensates reward adventurers for delivering sensory stones that contain coveted yet dangerous experiences, such as the thrill of stealing a coin from a sleeping dragon's hoard. Rumors say the sensates also keep a collection of sensory stones containing unspeakable insights and experiences disruptive to multiversal peace. Sensates sequester these and other restricted sensations in a demiplanar sanctum accessible only to trusted members.



Intricately carved fountains and crystal pools decorate the grounds leading to the opulent Civic Festhall

✍ Calder Moore

GREENGAGE

Sensates quench their thirst at the Greengage, a humble cider shop across the street from the Civic Festhall that's popular among gnomes, halflings, and anyone else who can tolerate its four-foot ceilings. To stay in business, the establishment's owner, a chipper sprite named Clea Appleblossom, updates its menu daily. Clea sends adventurers to gather supplies from the Market Ward or, for especially rare ingredients, the Outer Planes.

HALL OF INFORMATION

Located between the Hall of Records and Hall of Speakers, the Hall of Information is a gleaming, blue-domed repository of knowledge that serves as Sigil's de facto welcome center. Sedan chair drivers, touts, and translators loiter nearby, hollering their services at pedestrians.

Public notices and odd jobs are posted to a board outside the hall. For more information, interested parties can consult a directory of municipal departments and pay any applicable fee to meet with an officer of the appropriate ministry. Inside, stewards warn visitors against touching the hall's many polished surfaces, lest they anger Chief Bordon Mok, a no-nonsense, lawful good bariaur wanderer (see Morte's Planar Parade) who extinguishes misconduct with a crack of her silvered whip.

HALL OF RECORDS



Dapper giants stand guard outside the Hall of Records, headquarters of the Fated

 Oksana Kerro

Once a thriving college, the Hall of Records was foreclosed on for a slightly overdue debt to the Fated centuries ago. The Fated has since repurposed the building as its headquarters. The campus consists of six stately towers—originally seven, but the library was sold and walled off—and a sprawling network of underground archives linked to each of the academy's founding structures.

Records. Inside the guarded complex, members of the Fated conduct all manner of documentation. Clerks file property deeds, issue birth and death certificates, and maintain extensive financial records, while scribes meticulously prepare official proclamations for posting.

In theory, anyone in Sigil with proper approval can request a specific document or wade through the hall's dusty stacks, but the process is mired in bureaucratic entanglements. More often, a bribe can accomplish as much in half the time, and hefty sums can convince a Taker to lose or even alter a document in the Hall of Records.

Vaults. Valuable tomes are stored in vaults beneath the campus, including *The Secret History of Sigil*, a detailed account of the Fated's activities and the secrets its agents have learned. Volumes of this ongoing research project, especially recent ones, fetch a high price with opposing factions.

Unsurprisingly, the underground compound is heavily defended. Within the campus lies a thrumming portal to Ysgard, a plane where might makes right and the Takers hoard their spoils. Giants stomp out of the portal to squash intruders in the name of the Fated, causing books and scrolls to quake in their lumbering wake.

HALL OF SPEAKERS

The voices of Sigil ring out within the Hall of Speakers, where everyday complaints plant the seeds of laws. Formerly the headquarters of the faction known as the Sign of One, the Hall of Speakers is an orrery-like arrangement of rings and domed structures that beckon onlookers to make themselves heard. Before the hall stands a massive iron statue of a woman heaving a world on her shoulders with power and grace, a Signer remnant turned local landmark named *The Power of One*.

Debates. Public hearings take place within the Speaker's Podium, a spacious chamber named after the wooden lecterns that dominate its stage. Though anyone can spectate, only the Council of Speakers can participate in these debates. Each ascendant faction in Sigil has at least one speaker: typically the factol and one or two other high-ranking members. However, speakers sometimes delegate their time behind the podium to an eloquent representative whom they trust to represent the faction's interests. The debates are largely performative affairs—hour-long bouts where faction representatives embarrass each other and themselves with thinly veiled insults, boasting, and magniloquent rhetoric. The factions of Sigil are rarely in agreement, and the few proposals voted into law by the Council of Speakers are either inconsequential or quickly overturned in favor of the status quo.

Trionym. Citizens can voice their opinions freely at the Trionym, a public forum located a block from the Hall of Speakers. The Trionym consists of three cylindrical platforms with seating for scribes and spectators to witness the exchanges. Locals reward shrewd debaters by tossing coins to them, reserving fistfuls of garbage for truly awful orators. The Trionym is more than a glorified soapbox—the thoughts that ferment in the Trionym pave the way for new factions and ways of thinking.

TEA STREET TRANSIT

The onion-shaped cabs of Tea Street Transit shuttle customers throughout the Clerks' Ward. The proprietor is Kyl Silkfoot (lawful neutral, elf druid), a crotchety elf with a raspy voice, easily spotted by the nauseating cloud of smoke that issues from his tarweed cigars. Kyl's cabs are always clean and comfortable. Fantastic mounts—such as displacer beasts, unicorns, and bizarre ponies warped by the magic of the Outer Planes—pull the bulbous carriages.

Trusted by the ward's wealthy elite, the cabdrivers of Tea Street Transit are a reliable source of information pertaining to government officials, esteemed intellectuals, and known criminals.

TOWER SORCEROUS

The Tower Sorcerous is a spiny spire of unknown material, its surface shifting like a puddle of oil. The structure has no visible doors or windows save for eight balconies that jut from its twisting frame. Although the tower's surfaces are impenetrable to most, Incantifers step into the tower as if it were porous, leaving ripples behind them as they enter and emerge.

When the Tower Sorcerous disappeared from Sigil, it left behind an empty lot. The business that went up in its place, Fretter's Fetters and Fritters, was destroyed when the tower suddenly reappeared. Until recently, most folk believed the Lady of Pain consigned the tower and its inhabitants to the Mazes. Few know the circumstances of the tower's disappearance and reappearance, or what machinations brew within.

HIVE WARD

Neglected by the dabus and the generosity of other wards, the Hive Ward has fallen into disrepair. Its buildings are lopsided hodgepodes of architectural styles and materials, their floors haphazardly stacked atop one another to conserve space. The crooked high-rises darken cramped alleys, many of which are dead ends in more ways than one. Many residents of the city avoid the ward when possible, but those willing to risk the Hive can partake in its seedy establishments and hidden gems.

Crime is commonplace in the Hive. Grifters, cutpurses, and miscreants band together in the moldering streets, preying on the desperate and downtrodden. Pickpockets masquerade as touts, eager to pilfer coin from stumbling sots and newcomers. Professions not outwardly criminal in nature are often morally suspect, such as corpse collectors, opportunistic scavengers who scrape out a living by gathering bodies throughout the ward and delivering them to the Mortuary for meager payouts.

Rain is more frequent in the Hive than elsewhere in Sigil, reflecting the ward's dismal mood. When it falls, gutters ooze sludge into brackish pools of oil and rainwater, their surfaces disturbed by scurrying cranium rats. Damp rags and swollen planks cover broken windows, blotting what little light ekes through the ward's perpetual fog.

Of all the wards in Sigil, the Hive Ward has the least oversight. Harmonium patrols are less frequent here, and peacekeepers have been known to avert their gaze from disreputable establishments. Though crime runs rampant, so do creativity and trade, and opportunities abound for those ready to seize them. Residents live unhampered by bureaucracy or judgment, free to pursue their deepest passions or indulge their guiltiest pleasures.

Hive Ward Encounters

d8	Encounter
1	A Hands of Havoc fire starter (see Morte's Planar Parade), flame in hand and a wild look in their eyes, stands outside an abandoned building. "Care to help?" they ask the characters.
2	A kelubar demodand (see Morte's Planar Parade) street food vendor pushes a rusty cart down a nearby alley. Charred, sausage-link manacles dangle from the cart's torn awning. The demodand offers the characters anything on the cart for 5 cp.

d8	Encounter
3	Two chaotic neutral trolls in sleeveless vests strut up to the characters, eager to show off their matching tattoos, courtesy of the dabus Fell.
4	Pugdug, a kind-eyed orc Bleak Cabal void soother (see Morte's Planar Parade), offers to heal the characters, asking only that they pay the deed forward.
5	Two out-of-breath githzerai ratcatchers (guards) in pink skullcaps chase a nimble cranium rat squeaker (see Morte's Planar Parade). "Get 'em!" they cry as the rat darts toward the characters.
6	A droopy-eyed corpse collector (dwarf commoner) in tattered clothing dumps a rotten body into the back of a wooden wagon. "If ye need a ride to the Mortuary, there's room in the back!" he laughs.
7	A thieving musteval guardinal (see Morte's Planar Parade) snatches a bag from a desperate human commoner and flees into a nearby alley. The victim cries for help from the characters.
8	Two ettercaps hiss at the characters from an abandoned tenement building cocooned in thick webbing. The building belongs to the Spite Spinners, a gang of arachnid bandits and their boss, a darkweaver (see Morte's Planar Parade).

HIVE WARD FACTIONS

The following factions are headquartered in the Hive Ward:

Bleak Cabal. Within the Gatehouse, members of the Bleak Cabal reject the philosophies of other factions, believing the multiverse is devoid of meaning. Bleakers combat their existential dread with optimism and compassion, enriching the lives of those in and around the Hive through small acts of service. The faction maintains a network of safe havens throughout the ward where those in need can find refuge and a warm meal.

Hands of Havoc. Arson and vandalism are tools of the trade for the Hands of Havoc, a faction of rebels. In other wards, the Wreakers' destructive activities pave the way for reconstruction and renewal. In the Hive, however, Wreaker activity sometimes compounds the miseries of everyday life when their fires—vain attempts to garner attention from the movers and shakers of Sigil or burn away detritus within the ward—engulf the innocent. Rather than maintain a single base of operations, the Hands of Havoc operate out of warehouses strewn throughout the ward, moving constantly to evade Sigil's enforcers.

Heralds of Dust. The Heralds of Dust are Sigil's undertakers. They conduct funerary rites for creatures from all places, ensuring their souls pass to the next stage of death undeterred. The bulk of the faction's workforce consists of skeletons, zombies, and other dull-minded Undead whose bodies were donated to the Mortuary by their owners in life. The Dusters rely on corpse collectors—grim-faced laborers found primarily in the Hive—to deliver a steady stream of bodies to them for interment.

HIVE WARD LOCATIONS

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in the Hive Ward.

BOTTLE AND JUG

Raucous, booze-fueled brawls take place in the back room of the Bottle and Jug, one of the Hive's most infamous drinkeries. This mass of steel, barbed wire, and black granite is owned by Beatrice Bazlan, a flightless erinyes who won the joint but lost her wings in a high-stakes match against its previous owner and his two trolls. Beatrice is tough as nails and loves a good laugh at someone else's expense. Anyone's welcome in her taproom.

A portal to a massive pit-fighting arena rests at the back of the Bottle and Jug, disguised as the door to an always-out-of-order lavatory for big and tall creatures. Gabel, a retired pit fiend judge, guards the entrance, but most entrants respectfully call him "Your Honor." On the other side of the door lies a bloodstained amphitheater where spectators place bets and combatants test their mettle. The current heavyweight champion is a bloodthirsty cyclops named Akra.

In addition to the typical variety of cheap swill peddled throughout the Hive, Beatrice keeps a selection of top-shelf liquors in a chilled demiplane behind the bar for scoundrels with coin to spare:

Beverages available at the Bottle and Jug include the following offerings:

Annam's Blood. Barreled on Ysgard, this crimson mead swirls with scenes of battle. A war cry bellows from the tap when a mug of Annam's Blood is poured.

Chaos Frog. This distilled spirit constantly shifts in color. Made from a plant harvested on Limbo, each bottle contains a dead slaad tadpole.

Eight Squared. This small-batch, amber hooch comes in a rectangular bottle with a tiny cog for a cap. When placed on a flat surface, the cap rotates like the gears of Mechanus.

Golden Gout. Imported from the Nine Hells, this spiced whiskey burns all the way down. Imbibers often belch a small flame after taking a shot.

Swamp Water. Bottled locally by a green hag with six teeth and an infectious laugh, this murky, sour gin causes the drinker to break out in a harmless rash of purple warts that vanish within minutes.



Fell

✍ Claudio Pozas

FELL'S TATTOOS

Fell, a dabus (see Morte's Planar Parade), runs a tattoo parlor in the Hive. From a distance, he looks like any other of his kind—a lean, purple-skinned figure in flowing robes, his horns protruding from a voluminous tuft of white hair atop his head. Shunned by the Lady of Pain and ostracized by his kin for declaring himself a priest of Aoskar, the dead god of portals, Fell now walks on the ground instead of floating above it. However, some of the dabus's magic remains, evident in the indelible designs he weaves into his visual rebuses.

Fell's Tattoos is a modest, oblong shack down the street from the Smoldering Corpse Bar (detailed below). A pearl lightning bolt above the door marks the parlor's entrance. Inside, the quiet artist lets his handiwork speak for itself. Fell nods and smiles at his clients, producing wispy images that hang in the air and adjusting the shapes to their liking. The dabus applies each tattoo with a wave of his hand, wafting the design toward the client's skin where it grafts itself in vibrant ink.

Magic Tattoos. The dabus's tattoos are tinged with magic. Most effects are minor—a temporary glow or shifting pattern—but some designs function as spell scrolls that burn away once used, singeing hair, fur, or scales in the process. As a devotee of Aoskar and longtime resident of Sigil, Fell knows the locations of hundreds of portals throughout the City of Doors and their keys.

At the DM's discretion, Fell can reproduce any of the magic tattoos detailed in Tasha's Cauldron of Everything that are common, uncommon, or rare. He charges 60 gp for a common one, 600 gp for an uncommon one, and 6,000 gp for a rare one.

GATEHOUSE

The Bleak Cabal's headquarters is the Gatehouse, a fortress of rehabilitation and renewal. The tiered, ivory sanctuary rests on a hill at the end of Bedlam Run, a curved road that rises to meet the headquarters above the Hive. Calming fountains cascade over its chalk-white balconies, which radiate from its central tower. The Gatehouse specializes in treating planar afflictions. Inside, Bleakers tend to those harmed by the planes and by the creatures that inhabit them.

House of Rehabilitation. Members of the Bleak Cabal find solace in existence by relieving the burdens of others. Bleakers in the Gatehouse restore creatures warped by demon ichor, research and remove complex curses, and comfort those who have glimpsed otherworldly horrors of sinister realms.

Althax Darkfleece (bariaur wanderer with an Intelligence of 17; see Morte's Planar Parade), serves as the Gatehouse's resident expert on the negative effects of planar magic. Hailing from the gate-town of Bedlam (detailed in chapter 3 of this book), Althax is a wise and compassionate academic who keeps unreasonable hours. To aid her ongoing research, she occasionally hires adventurers to investigate locations suffused with planar magic—or collect samples from the planes themselves.

GATEHOUSE NIGHT MARKET

Honest shoppers stick to the Market Ward, where prices are firm and goods can easily be traced back to their sources. Customers interested in less reputable wares, however, haunt the after-hours stalls of the Gatehouse Night Market just a few blocks from the Gatehouse. Booths unfold from pocket dimensions at last light, their dealers lit by the neon glow of indifferent will-o'-wisps: devils pawning stolen souls to rule-bending angels, interplanar fences selling stolen modron parts, demodands advertising jars of their liquefied cohorts as instant bodyguards, and the like. The night market relies on adventurers to settle disputes between vendors and their unrepentant clientele.

GREASE PIT



Hungry planar creatures gather in the Grease Pit, a streetfood alley where the flavors of the multiverse collide

 Vicki Pangestu

The flavors of the multiverse converge at the Grease Pit, a noisy alley brimming with planar street food. Creatures come from far and wide to sample its delights or hawk them to hungry customers over the hubbub of the daily crowds.

The Grease Pit offers patrons a taste of the Outer Planes. Deep-fried meat skewers sizzle in bubbling oil taken from the battlefields of Acheron, marinating in a bath of rage and zeal. Meanwhile spicy dishes rise to infernal heats in devil-owned rotisseries, where sadistic pitmasters boast literal kicks that sear the taste buds of the uninitiated. Sobbing patrons cool their mouths on heavenly snow cones sold by dessert-loving devas, then later shred their tongues on face-puckering sour candies topped with caustic, gelatinous ooze. Portions range from bite-sized nibbles to bottomless portal buffets worthy of a giant's appetite.

Grease Pit Grub. The following are some of the vendors one might encounter in the Grease Pit:

Bog Standard. Prepared by a court of not-so-noble bullywugs, the patties served up at this unfussy shack were described by one Sigil food critic as "damp—with an unexpected crunch."

Humongous Fungus. Located in an enormous toadstool, this myconid-operated sandwich parlor specializes in fungal creations. Customers rave about the Mushroom Meld, a spore-topped melt that allows eaters within 30 feet of each other to communicate telepathically for 1 hour.

Make It Snappy. This rolling seafood cart sports a bottomless tank linked to an aquatic demiplane. Buyers who fish their own catch from the aquarium pay half price for the cooked dish, but at Make It Snappy, the seafood snaps back.

Slim Pickens. Owned by a wake of buzzard-looking aarakocra, this tin-roofed barbecue joint serves up "sustainably sourced" roadkill, scavenged fresh daily from arid stretches of inhospitable realms.

Sugar and Spice. This candy shop is co-owned by a faerie dragon named Pancake and an imp named Qribbig. Their saccharine concoctions are sweet enough to rot a lich's teeth.

The Vine. Purveyors of plant-based cuisines cluster in the Vine, a vegetarian oasis nestled in the corner of the grimy spittoon. It's home to the Gentle Mug, a humble shack where musteval guardinals (see Morte's Planar Parade) offer magical teas and throat-scratching razorvine wraps.

MORTUARY



Map 2.2: Hall of Vigils in the Mortuary

Jared Blando

The Heralds of Dust look after Sigil's dead in the Mortuary, the city's morgue. Situated between Blackshade Lane and Ragpicker's Square, the menacing stone structure rises above the Hive like a corpse from the grave. The Mortuary's towers bear low, gloomy domes with buttresses bristling with blades and windowless vaults clustered around the structure's base. Its dark, mournful halls reek of embalming fluids, their sterile tang sparing nostrils from viler odors trapped within the musty tombs.

Grim Workforce. The Dusters who run the Mortuary are the visage of death—slack jawed and bony framed, with unblinking eyes sunken into their gaunt, skeletal faces. Corpse collectors are often heard before they're seen, as their creaking wooden barrows are engulfed in clouds of buzzing insects. They wheel wagonfuls of bodies to Death's Door, a metal chute supervised by joyless undertakers, who pay collectors a pittance for each corpse they round up.

The Mortuary's uninviting halls echo with the moans of the Undead. Skeletons and zombies perform menial tasks, such as cleaning or guard duty, while more intelligent Undead—such as wights, vampires, and death knights—serve the Heralds of Dust in high-ranking positions under their factol, the dreaded lich Skall.

Hall of Vigils. As Sigil's mirthless morticians, the Heralds of Dust are afforded the secrets of life and undeath. In the Mortuary's research area known as the Hall of Vigils, Dusters study deceased wayfarers from across the planes, preparing the corpses in accordance with an ever-widening archive of funeral rites before sending them through planar portals to distant burial grounds, faraway family crypts, or elemental planes for storage or cremation.

The funerary process often uncovers a creature's cause of death—and possibly the knowledge of how to kill others like it in the future. Assassins, poisoners, and hunters regularly attempt to infiltrate the Hall of Vigils in search of these secrets, only to die at the hands of the faction's Undead guards and be reanimated into their ranks. Map 2.2 depicts the Hall of Vigils.

"Without passion, a body has no pain. Divest yourself of all passions, and you will achieve the final stage of death."

— Skall, Factol of the Heralds of Dust



Crematory smoke wafts from the Mortuary's gloomy domes at all hours—evidence of the Dusters' tireless work of processing Sigil's dead

✍ Calder Moore

PARAKK PEST

In the Cage, rat catching is a family business. Over the years, Parakk Pest has become a household name in the City of Doors. The tiered shack stands out from the rest of the ward thanks to the giant rat skull that sits atop its roof. Generations of exterminators follow in the footsteps of its githzerai founder, Parakk—whose name means both "servant" and "master." They adopt both his name and the duties that come with it. The githzerai eradicators, individually referred to as Parakks, service every ward in Sigil and are easily identified by their bright-pink skullcaps.

Sigil is a delicate ecosystem, and cranium rats play an important role in it. But while individual cranium rats are mostly harmless, swarms can rapidly become local menaces. The largest of these is the Us, a hyperintelligent hivemind based in Undersigil (detailed later in this chapter). When cranium rat populations grow to dangerous sizes, the Parakks step in to cull their numbers. However, some conspiracy theorists claim the ratcatchers secretly serve the rats, collecting rodents to add to the horde.

Particularly malignant infestations call for outside help. In such cases, Parakk Pest offers as much as 1 gp for a single cranium rat tail and larger sums to clear out entire swarms.

SANDSTONE STRIP

A sliver of tightly clustered buildings stands between the orderly Clerks' Ward and the chaos of the Hive. Named for its granular, red cobblestone streets, the Sandstone Strip shelters charlatans and scoundrels who take care of their own, along with anyone else burned by administrative backlash from Sigil's more powerful residents. When bureaucrats abuse their stations, the ward's rank and file rely on adventurers to even the scales and ensure Sigil's laws apply to all its citizens, not just those at the bottom.

THE SLAGS

The Slags were just another part of the Hive until a portal to the front lines of the Blood War, the eternal conflict between devils and demons, opened in the middle of the neighborhood. For weeks, weapons of war tore through the fragile shacks, reducing them to smoldering piles of rubble, and demons massacred anything with a pulse. Save for a few stragglers, the portal and its invaders are long gone, but their devastation remains. Scavengers scour the ashen wasteland for infernal supply caches, clashing with enforcers on the lookout for fugitives. Repeated calls for reconstruction go ignored in the Hall of Speakers.

"*You are all tallow for my flames.*"

— Ignus, Hands of Havoc arsonist

SMOLDERING CORPSE BAR

The wrought-iron walls of the Smoldering Corpse Bar muffle the mayhem of the Hive. Locals wet their whistles in the dive bar, raising dented mugs to angels and devils, off the clock and shooting the breeze with each other. Heat rises through vents in the taproom's drab-tiled floors to warm banged-up metal tables, their surfaces marred by blades and stained with dried blood. The watering hole's jaded proprietor, Barkis (chaotic neutral, human veteran), can usually be found behind the patchwork fusion of rusted metal that passes for a bar top.

Ignus. The Smoldering Corpse Bar is named for the perpetually burning mage named Ignus who hovers within. Once a pyromaniacal Wrecker who tried to reduce the Hive to ash, Ignus was imprisoned in flame as a sardonic punishment for his crimes, transforming him into a living portal to the Elemental Plane of Fire. Since then, he's become a fiery mascot for the bar he attempted to destroy, suspended above its torrid taproom. If doused with a decanter of endless water, Ignus rouses from his stupor as a chaotic neutral, human mage.

Settling Tabs. The establishment has earned a reputation for reliable, albeit unremarkable, service. If the coin keeps flowing, so does the "bub"—a blanket term locals apply to cheap liquor. When a customer can't settle their tab, Barkis asks for collateral until the debt is paid. His backroom is filled with belongings left behind by drinkers who never returned. Most of it is junk, but Barkis lets interested parties rummage through it in exchange for completing odd jobs or serving as temporary bouncers.

LADY'S WARD

Distinguished and elegant, the Lady's Ward is home to the city's movers and shakers. The regal edifices of the Lady's Ward epitomize the wealth and influence of their inhabitants. Intrigue and treachery abound, blanketed behind the sumptuous veils of high society: masked balls, gambling houses, and private banquets. The Lady of Pain doesn't reside in the ward that bears her name, but power does—the power to influence, administer, and evade the rule of law.

Despite its luxuries and breathtaking vistas, the Lady's Ward is quieter than other wards, its solemn streets frequented by members of the Fraternity of Order, the Harmonium, and the Mercykillers. Immovable monuments to order, these factions' imposing headquarters tower over the city blocks they occupy, surrounded by a smattering of smaller buildings that support their cycle of enforcement, adjudication, and punishment. Residents of other wards rarely visit the Lady's Ward without official business.

Fortunes are won and lost in the gambling houses of the Lady's Ward, where secret crime lords mingle with judges and off-duty guards. Greased palms lead to flimsy sentences and sudden pardons; such corruption goes ignored in the upper echelons of Sigil in favor of persecuting petty crimes elsewhere in the ward.

As if to balance its corruption, the Lady's Ward contains over half of Sigil's temples. Deities from every pantheon find worshipers in the City of Doors. No temples to the Lady of Pain exist in the ward; to construct one is an offense worthy of banishment to the Mazes.

*"It's the **Lady's Ward**, not the **Ladies' Ward**!"*

— Vrex Rexel, pedantic Harmonium officer

Lady's Ward Encounters

d8	Encounter
1	A tiefling wastrel (noble) flicks a gambling chip from Fortune's Wheel at the party, lamenting, "May your luck be better than mine."
2	A deluxe sedan chair carried by four veterans stops in front of the characters. A gloved Humanoid hand parts its privacy curtain, extending them an invitation to a masked ball.
3	A cheery drider skitters toward the party. A cultist of Lolth, the drider hands the party a pamphlet advertising an upcoming ritual at the Infinite Well (see the "Lady's Ward Locations" section).
4	A desperate commoner from a faction of your choice has an impending trial in the High Courts of Sigil (see the "Lady's Ward Locations" section). Unable to secure an advocate, they plead with the characters to represent them in court.
5	When the coast is clear, a shady-looking Doomguard rot blade (see Morte's Planar Parade) opens their long overcoat in front of the characters to reveal a slew of finely crafted weapons available for purchase.
6	Three Harmonium peacekeepers escort a manacled githzerai uniter to the Prison (both stat blocks are in Morte's Planar Parade). As they pass the characters, the githzerai drops a crumpled note asserting their innocence.
7	A character spots a notice from the Mercykillers for an escaped prisoner who bears an uncanny resemblance to someone in the party.
8	Atop a low building, a githyanki warrior proselytizes furiously to the characters about Aoskar, the Keeper of Gateways, claiming to have seen the dead god alive and well on the Astral Plane. As Harmonium officers move to arrest the githyanki, he mysteriously vanishes.

LADY'S WARD FACTIONS

The following factions are headquartered in the Lady's Ward:

Doomguard. The Doomguard controls the Armory, overseeing the production and sale of weapons in Sigil. Independent smiths are free to craft and sell their own weapons, but most of the city's weapons are produced and sold by Sinkers. When it comes to providing the quality and number of armaments required by organized forces and other factions in the Cage, the Doomguard is unmatched.

Fraternity of Order. Consisting of judges, lawyers, and legislators, the Fraternity of Order abides by the letter of the law—and exploits it to further their interests. Dispassionate and impartial, Guvners run the city courts, ruling on everything from petty disputes in other wards to groundbreaking cases in the High Courts. They adjudicate, review, and study the rules of Sigil, maintaining order according to the law as they interpret it.

Harmonium. A faction of rugged peacekeepers, the Harmonium occupies the Barracks and serves as the city watch. Noble do-gooders and vengeful chastisers alike join their ranks, eager to quash crime. Thousands of crimson-plated Harmonium officers patrol Sigil's wards daily, vowing to keep their streets clean. However, the Hardheads' uncompromising vision of order sometimes leads to wrongful arrests.

Mercykillers. When the Fraternity of Order deems a citizen guilty of a crime, the Mercykillers carry out the punishment. Citizens give these emotionless executioners a wide berth, fearful of obstructing justice and becoming the next target. Though most of their work occurs in the Prison, members of the faction regularly mete out discipline in public for all to see.

LADY'S WARD LOCATIONS



Sigil citizens prepare for trial on the steps of the High Courts, where the law is sacred

✍ Robson Michel

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in the Lady's Ward.

ARMORY

The Doomguard is headquartered in the Armory, a foreboding stronghold at the ward's border with the Lower Ward. Deliberately grown razorvine creeps along the structure's bladed balconies and lower walls, deterring thieves who seek to steal the weapons within. Heavy metal gates bar its few windows, and a relief of a menacing horned skull—the faction's symbol—hangs over its main entrance within. Day and night, the Armory's chimneys belch smoke and flame.

Forge of Doom. A colossal forge dominates the first floor of the Armory, which is open to the public. Mercenaries, mongers, and other curious buyers gawk at industrious smithies accustomed to the forge's unbearable temperatures. Azers, fire elementals, and chain devils number among the Armory's blacksmiths, along with dwarves and other Doomguard smiths.

Aslan Ashfang, a lawful neutral efreeti merchant from the City of Brass, emerges from the forge's coals to greet potential buyers. A clever and convincing salesman, Aslan brokers deals between the Doomguard and interested parties. The dapper efreeti knows every weapon in the Sinker catalog and its price, from delicate jeweled daggers to massive siege weapons. Items small enough to display—or their replicas if too precious or dangerous—are showcased in an exhibition hall just inside the Armory.

Doom Lords. Beyond the forge lie four heavily guarded chambers, each containing a portal to a fortress on the edge of one of the Inner Planes. Within these citadels, the four doom lords—high-ranking faction lieutenants with powers of entropy and destruction—observe the multiverse and its beautiful decay. From these citadels, members of the Doomguard launch expeditions to hunt or capture destructive monsters across the multiverse, testing their skills against terrifying creatures and deadly extremes.

Buying Armor and Weapons. The Armory sells every weapon, shield, and armor in the Player's Handbook at normal cost. At the DM's discretion, the Armory might have other armaments available for sale, such as +1 weapons for 300 gp apiece.

BARRACKS



Factol Sarin of the Harmonium

✍ Riccardo Moscatello

Hushed streets surround the Barracks, a wide compound of cold granite at the opposite end of the Lady's Ward from the Armory. Stoic and impenetrable, the lofty fortress houses the rank and file of the Harmonium, Sigil's militant guards and enforcers. Taciturn sentries march along its spiked, gray-slate roof, gazing over a largely deserted precinct. Life this close to the Hardheads is a double-edged sword. While local businesses—of which there are few—enjoy on-demand security, their proprietors must be spotless in the eyes of the law or suffer crackdowns from overzealous disciplinarians in the faction, who enforce Factol Sarin's orders without question.

Entering the Barracks. The Barracks are open to all enthusiastic peacekeepers, though Hardheads stop and interrogate anyone who ventures past the clasped stone hands over the stronghold's arched entrance. Straitlaced recruiters pressure visitors without a clear faction allegiance to enlist in the Harmonium and reap its benefits.

Parade Grounds. Composed of four identical sections and the squat towers that join them, the Barracks surround a wide parade ground. The Harmonium shows its strength within the quad through drills, marches, and other ceremonial displays. Beyond the grounds lie classrooms and living quarters, along with the faction's archives, which include current and past Harmonium patrol routes, active members and their ranks, and official arrest records.

Recruiting the Harmonium. With an official writ from Factol Sarin, the factol of an allied faction, or an influential figure in Sigil, one can gain temporary protection services or extra muscle in the form of a few reliable guards who stubbornly obey every city ordinance.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL

Luck abounds at Fortune's Wheel, an extravagant casino and favored hotspot in the Lady's Ward. It's run by Shemeshka (see Morte's Planar Parade), a vain and ambitious yugoloth crime lord of multiversal renown. Rarely spotted in the common areas of the gambling hall, the arcanaloth is the picture of wealth, power, and influence, always dressed to the nines and crowned with a spidery razorvine headdress. In Shemeshka's eyes, the establishment's profits pale in comparison to its true spoils: secrets gleaned by her web of spies, both those employed in the casino and others enacting her far-reaching schemes.

Dragon Bar. Like moths to a candle, risk takers gravitate to the buzzing marquee of Fortune's Wheel. The polished revolving door of this recently renovated building opens into the historic Dragon Bar, a modest tavern named for the carved dragon head that watches over it. Beyond this reception area and its alert bouncers lies the casino proper.

Casino. Games of chance line the luxurious carpeted casino hall, which thrums with a chorus of shuffling cards, rattling dice, and whirring clockwork slot machines. These games take razorleaf gambling chips, golden tokens that bear a stylized razorvine emblem.

Every evening, performances grace an ornate, curtained stage, but the real star of the casino is its namesake: the fortune's wheel, a three-tiered, standing roulette wheel where inheritances are squandered and made. Weapons and luck-altering magic are prohibited within the casino, but the staff enforces the policy only in the most blatant of violations.

Platinum Rooms. Known to few and hidden within the casino are the Platinum Rooms, a collection of demiplanar chambers where interplanar fat cats wager ancient artifacts, trapped souls, and the fates of entire worlds. Accessible only to bigwigs trusted with special portal keys, the Platinum Rooms feature a rogue's gallery of some of the multiverse's most dangerous players.

Fortune's Wheel is further detailed in the adventure *Turn of Fortune's Wheel*.

HEART'S FIRE

Sparkling rays converge on the stained-glass windows of Heart's Fire, a luminous temple devoted to gods of fire, truth, and light. Golden, wavy blades hover atop the house of worship like flames. Nicknamed the Sun of Sigil, it glows each day at dawn.

Recently, Heart's Fire has become the subject of gossip throughout the Temple District. The temple's former high priest, a deva named Ephemera, was called away on a divine errand. Before departing, the angel appointed a controversial replacement to guide the fane in their stead: Mihr, a lawful good horned devil who turned their back on the Nine Hells long ago. Kind and merciful, the new high priest hopes the congregation will see their redeemed nature, but some of the temple's clergy refuse to accept Mihr as the true high priest.

HIGH COURTS

The scales of justice are balanced at the High Courts of Sigil, headquarters of the Fraternity of Order. The courthouse is a dignified edifice hewn from flawless, white marble with towers that rise from the structure's bladed gables. Granite steps ascend the courthouse's elevated entrance, above which hangs a triangular pediment. Etched within the architrave is the faction's motto: "Knowledge is power."

Though absolute authority in Sigil belongs to the Lady of Pain, most legal matters are settled in the city's tribunals, often decided by a single, supposedly impartial magistrate appointed by the Guvners. Punishments are tailored to fit the crime, and advocates are strongly encouraged. Lawyers and orators, these civil servants include bards, faction agents, and devils with a knack for navigating the subtleties of the law.

While cheap advocates linger on the courthouse steps hoping to find work, their arguments are brittle. Brilliant barristers demand high retainers, but they're worth every coin when the alternative is a visit from the Mercykillers. One talented attorney is "Sly" Nye (chaotic neutral, tiefling noble), who claims to have never lost a case. Sly has been known to waive their astronomical fee for adventurers who help gather evidence relevant to other cases. Of course, the accused are always free to represent themselves.

Courts. The rear tower consists primarily of lesser courts, which resound with procedural bickering and the rapping of gavels. More serious offenses are prosecuted in the Grand Court, a noble chamber darkened by severe judges and their righteous verdicts. Any of the following three judges might preside over a trial in the Grand Court:

Dadras, a planetar with a powdered wig and a fiery temper. The angel detests lies.

Factol Hashkar, leader of the Fraternity of Order.

Madam Rule, a scornful pit fiend known for her harsh interjections and screeching metal gavel.



Kolyarut

✍ Matias Tapia

Hall of Concordance. Elsewhere within the High Courts lies the Hall of Concordance, an embassy of law where contracts are forged under the unblinking eyes of the inevitables, constructs created by the modron deity Primus to bring order to dealings between planar folk. Inside, the Kolyarut, an engine of absolute order, ratifies contracts on sheets of solid gold, leaving their enforcement to the inexorable maruts (detailed in *Mordenkainen Presents: Monsters of the Multiverse*) and truth-seeking components of itself, also dubbed kolyaruts (see Morte's Planar Parade). Rule breakers who violate these sacred contracts are tracked down and banished to a teleportation circle in the hall.

INFINITE WELL

Ominous chants echo in the Infinite Well, a temple to the Abyss and its untold layers. The temple hovers high above the surrounding houses of worship, floating above a seemingly bottomless pit. Tarnished blades jut from the Infinite Well like metal branches on a blackened tree. Rather than the blue-green verdigris common throughout the city, blood trickles down the temple's rusted spikes. The temple's interior is a gloomy sanctuary of stained altars, menacing iron chandeliers, and sputtering black candles.

Because there are infinite layers to the Abyss, there are infinite demon lords among them to be venerated. As a result, the cultists of the temple are a disorganized mess, and daily sacrifices sourced from among the faithful cause their numbers to dwindle. Intent on improving their reputation and converting new members to their sinister fold, the fanatics of the Infinite Well don insincere smiles and prove unflinchingly positive as they evangelize in public.

PRISON



Map 2.3: Spire of the Grixitt in the Prison

Jared Blando

A single grim blemish of gray stone and metal rises above Sigil's resplendent courthouses. Headquarters of the Mercykillers, the Prison is a warning to wrongdoers of the full penalty of law. The Prison's architecture is anathema to hope and light. During the dark and twilight hours, glaring searchlights affixed to the penitentiary's barbed watchtowers scan the ward below for runaways, but all that escapes its walls are the wails of the prisoners within.

Cells. Engineered to contain all manner of planar convicts, the Prison's cells vary by block. Fire elementals and arsonists are sealed in frigid cells, while giants are issued with magic collars that sap their might and reduce them to diminutive statures. Grudges fester in bleak cells, and fights regularly break out between inmates in mess halls and common areas.

Particularly dangerous criminals never leave their cells, which are suspended in high-security units that hang from the Prison's exterior like inverted buttresses. Map 2.3 depicts a section of the Prison that houses one such criminal, the infamous portal saboteur known as the Grixitt (neutral, human spy).

Cellars. Mercykillers torment rebellious inmates in the Cellars, the Prison's dark undercroft. Desperate scratches mar the dungeon's blood-red chambers, where prisoners are dragged to but sometimes never return. When an inmate proves especially resilient or dangerous, the Mercykillers banish them to the Hole, a cylindrical cell block of isolated demiplanes suffused with antimagic.

Prison Inmates. Notorious criminals, interplanar outlaws, cosmic warlords, and other threats to the multiverse are incarcerated in the Prison. Examples of inmates appear in the Prison Inmates table.

Prison Inmates

d12	Inmate
1	A chaotic evil storm giant conquerer who darkened Sigil's skies with storm clouds
2	A disheveled wizard named Gifad (chaotic neutral, human mage) who claims to hail from the future
3	Koe, a fiery-winged, chaotic neutral deva imprisoned for smuggling weapons forged on Mount Celestia to Fiends on both sides of the Blood War
4	A clone of Manshoon (lawful evil, human archmage), an infamous masked archwizard from the world of Toril, who insists he has been framed
5	A cuprilach rilmani (see Morte's Planar Parade) that killed a former factol to preserve the Balance
6	A malevolent cosmic force manifesting as a planar incarnate (see Morte's Planar Parade) that feeds on entire realities
7	A nameless, chaotic evil doppelganger who has impersonated every factol in Sigil
8	A supernatural assassin who targets only former mortals
9	A world-destroying Construct (use the kolyarut stat block) whose creator is still at large
10	A decaton modron (see Morte's Planar Parade) that turned itself in after a pentadrone under its command malfunctioned and abandoned its post
11	A darkweaver guilty of trying to eat a dabus (both stat blocks are in Morte's Planar Parade)
12	A kraken that briefly drowned one of Sigil's wards by using portals to aquatic planes

Wardens. Sigil is a big city, and the wheels of justice turn slowly. Factol Nilesia employs a number of wardens to keep prisoners in check. Creatures in the Prison might encounter any of the following wardens:

Allarind the Thin, a sadistic adult blue dracolich who died in the Prison long ago.

Buel, a stoic warden archon (see Morte's Planar Parade) who has thwarted countless jailbreaks.

Gazzengar, a calculating, neutral mind flayer who isn't afraid to crack a few skulls to keep inmates in line.

Olmulloz, a pasty shator demodand (see Morte's Planar Parade) accompanied by a pack of rabid hell hounds.



Looming over the Lady's Ward, the Prison is a grim reminder of the consequences of crime in the City of Doors

One Pixel Brush

LOWER WARD

Industrial smog and fumes blanket the Lower Ward, a noisy tangle of bellowing forges, magical refineries, and alchemical emissions. Cobblers, smiths, and smelters gravitate to the ward, along with anyone else with calloused hands or a passion for crafting. Locals are hardworking folk who can churn ingots from ore, press diamonds from coal, and turn a lump of nothing into something worth buying. Day in and day out, they wade through the ward's dreary miasma to trade shifts at workshops that never stop.

The Lower Ward is the beating heart of Sigil—an engine of creation that refines raw materials from every corner of the multiverse, transmuting them through sweat, heat, and magic into the components that allow Sigil to flourish. Over the years, civic fixtures like the Armory and Mortuary, which used to reside in the ward, have been bitten off by the neighboring Lady's and Hive Wards, respectively. Still, the Lower Ward remains a necessary industrial powerhouse in the City of Doors.

The Lower Ward gets its name from the proliferation of portals to the Lower Planes. Their insidious influence bleeds into the ward, choking residents with brimstone, smoke, and sulfuric ash. Statues and roofs erode in a few decades unless protected by magic or alchemical treatment, and locals often bear scars from exposure to these portals and the deadly realms beyond.

Lower Ward Encounters

d8	Encounter
1	A thunder-voiced Mind's Eye matter smith (see Morte's Planar Parade) admonishes passersby to realize the power inside themselves. As a demonstration, the matter smith reshapes material around one of the characters.
2	Two wererats in human form approach the characters, offering to sell them various junkyard baubles, while a third wererat uses the distraction to pick a character's pocket.
3	A bariaur wanderer (see Morte's Planar Parade) wearing a gold monocle and an embroidered vest asks the characters to pick up an order for him at a nearby pawnshop. He offers to pay them 10 gp for their trouble (and their discretion).
4	Two minotaur smiths argue with a goristro over the price of an expertly forged greataxe, turning to the characters to settle the debate.
5	An Athar null (see Morte's Planar Parade) warmly greets the characters and offers to show them to their destination—while subtly pitching Athar philosophy to them.
6	The ghost of a factory worker appears to the characters and asks them to retrieve its skull from the Bones of the Night (see the "Lower Ward Locations" section) so it can finally be laid to rest.
7	Two githzerai monks approach the characters, searching for a dangerous blue slaad that stole a mote of primordial chaos from the Face of Gith tavern (see the "Lower Ward Locations" section).
8	A soot-stained goblin mage uses fire magic to repair a damaged iron golem in the street. She tells the characters she needs two hundred pounds of iron to replace the construct's missing arm—even scrap will do.

LOWER WARD FACTIONS

The following factions are headquartered in the Lower Ward:

Athar. From the ruins of the Shattered Temple, the Athar keep tabs on the temples and god worshipers of the Cage, ensuring none of them grow too powerful. Propaganda tracts undermining the gods' divinity litter the broken streets near the Shattered Temple. Defiers sometimes seed these tracts with details of scandals to discredit clerics and other worshipers. The Athar accept custody of dangerous magic items, especially those created by other faiths, and they reward any who relinquish the relics.

Mind's Eye. The endless heat, smoke, and arcane embers of the Great Foundry shelter the Mind's Eye. The leaders of manufacturing in Sigil, the Seekers express their desire to reshape the multiverse through their crafts, creating tools and materials that in turn mold the Cage.

Ring Givers. An up-and-coming faction, the Ring Givers are still finding their place in Sigil. Having recently sold their previous headquarters, a sprawling palace in the affluent Lady's Ward, this philanthropic faction now gathers in the Lower Ward, where it provides charity to industrious folk in communal spaces, factories, and warehouses.



Home of the Athar, the Shattered Temple stands as a reminder that the power of gods isn't so permanent

 Sam Keiser

LOWER WARD LOCATIONS

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in the Lower Ward.

BONES OF THE NIGHT

Along the banks of the Ditch (detailed below), a fire-gutted building conceals a gaping hole into the ground with a single ladder leading down into darkness. Here lies the Bones of the Night, a cavern complex home to the Master of Bones: Lothar the Old (neutral, human priest). From the catacombs of Undersigil (detailed later in this chapter), Lothar gathers a macabre collection of skulls from various creatures, organizing them into a library of sorts. Ossuaries riddle the walls of his bizarre exhibit, their ledges richly decorated with grave goods paid to the departed.

The Master of Bones uses necromancy to commune with the skulls in his collection and draw on their shared knowledge. For a fee, Lothar can cast the speak with dead spell on any of his skulls, asking questions on the clients' behalf. He also trades and purchases new skulls. His prices range from 1 gp for a person who knew a single valuable story to upward of 10,000 gp for the skull of a factol or the high priest of a dead god.

The library is well guarded. Lothar is a capable combatant in his own right and can animate a host of skulls in his collection as flameskulls. To combat larger threats, the Master of Bones relies on a ghoul-shaped stone golem that answers to his command.

THE DITCH

The Ditch is Sigil's only body of water, a reeking morass where locals cast their refuse. Its corrosive waters lie along the rough border between the Lower Ward and the Hive, a prime ground for dumping bodies. Creatures cast into the acrid lake wash up on its shore a few hours later completely unrecognizable, their physical features smoothed over like those of wax dolls held to a flame.

Locals whisper the Ditch is a backwater tributary of the River Styx, but more likely its toxic waters are the result of industrial runoff coupled with the corruption of the Lower Planes leaking from nearby portals. On rare occasions, a portal to the River Oceanus, a celestial waterway that runs through the Upper Planes, opens within the Ditch, causing it to run clean, silvery, and sweet. These short-lived occasions are cause for celebration

among the folk of the Lower Ward, who spend the day bathing in the refreshing reservoir.

During the day, the banks of the Ditch are a gathering ground for trading guild workers, who ferry material from the Great Foundry to portals located within massive sewer pipes along its shores. When night falls, however, even these staunch souls are nowhere to be seen for fear of the Ditch Beast, a vicious monster that supposedly stalks the area.

Seat of the Rat King. Wererats frequent the Ditch, where they receive the orders from Tattersshade, King of the Rats. His territory is arranged entirely for defense, a tangle of tunnels adjacent to the Ditch that are big enough only for rats and shifting shadows. Tattersshade is a shadow demon that directs his wererat minions through wispy messages scrawled on passage walls. The King of the Rats spends his lonely hours obsessively counting the treasure the rats sift from the Ditch for him, from priceless baubles to worthless junk. Tattersshade lives in fear of something, but no two stories agree on what. It could be the Master of Bones, a powerful devil, or the Lady herself.

FACE OF GITH

Patrons drink silently in the Face of Gith, a gloomy tavern frequented by githzerai. A faded, dispassionate githzerai face marks the establishment, a smooth, oblong building shaped from a slab of adamantine. Although anyone is allowed into the bar, patrons and proprietor alike are skeptical of outsiders and willing to draw steel to keep their space safe.

The tavern's interior is subdued and dim. There are no rowdy drinking songs, and most conversations take place telepathically or in hushed tones. In the center of the main room hovers an amorphous blob of primordial chaos that shifts erratically. Taken from the roiling plane of Limbo, the glob endlessly changes from stone to fire, freezes into a fractalized diamond, melts into swirling clouds that smell strongly of lavender, and so on. Some psychic regulars exert their mental will over the chaotic glob, shaping it into objects, creatures, or sensory phenomena for the amusement of other patrons. Rumor has it that the blob can be shaped into a portal to Limbo but that the key constantly changes.

Ezmerath, a chaotic good githzerai uniter (see Morte's Planar Parade), owns and runs the Face of Gith. They have a good relationship with the Athar and are happy to call in a favor if anyone, especially god worshipers, disrupt their tavern. Ezmerath is also a secret member of the Sha'sal Khou, a faction of githyanki and githzerai who wish to unite their fractured people.

"There is no nobler act than creation. Anyone can break something, and many do. It is easy to destroy. But when you choose to turn something that wasn't into something that is—that is the stuff of gods."

— Saladryn, Factol of the Mind's Eye

GREAT FOUNDRY



Map 2.4: Mithral Tower in the Great Foundry

Jared Blando

The thrumming heart of industry in Sigil, the Great Foundry is the headquarters of the Mind's Eye. The foundry's a sprawling complex of workshops, warehouses, storage yards, and furnaces. Seekers work it tirelessly. By day, the foundry obscures the sky with smoke and steam, and by night, it illuminates entire city blocks with roaring fires.

The Mind's Eye makes many of the tools and metalcrafts used throughout Sigil. The foundry's most talented smiths are magical sculptors who require neither coal nor flame. They fashion strong yet delicate objects from minimal materials, shaping an ounce of ore into a lightweight yet trustworthy tool with a wave of their palms.

Gates. The Great Foundry's two wrought-iron main gates are as tall as the neighboring buildings. The intimidating guards minding the gates embellish their armor with iron spikes and jagged decoration scavenged from the foundry's scraps. Ogres, giants, and reformed devils in the Mind's Eye, they prevent the tools of creation from falling into the hands of destructive forces. Beyond lies the main yard, a sooty, gravel expanse heaped with piles of rubble and raw ore.

Mithral Tower. At the center of the Great Foundry is the Mithral Tower, a metalworks that stands over ten stories tall. Huge, iron-barred windows flood its interior with light, and enormous doors allow wagons full of ore to roll right in. It's unbearably hot, and the din of spouting furnaces and ringing anvils makes conversation difficult. Fiery-mouthed furnaces the size of barns yawn in every direction, and crucibles large enough to hold a fire giant brim with molten metal. Map 2.4 depicts one of the forges within the Mithral Tower.



The light of the Great Foundry's forges pierces the industrial smog that suffocates the Lower Ward

 Calder Moore

PARTED VEIL

Nearly every faction in Sigil keeps a secret hoard of knowledge available only to its members. Kesto Brighteyes (chaotic good, gnome Athar null; see Morte's Planar Parade), does his best to even out that imbalance. Kesto runs the Parted Veil, a bookstore on Forgotten Lane not far from the Shattered Temple. The shop contains a motley array of texts available for sale: histories, novels, atlases, dictionaries, maps, spellbooks, biographies, newspapers, and anything else printed or scribed.

A magic mouth spell over the front door of the Parted Veil welcomes visitors with short inspirational messages. Once inside, customers are greeted by a wondrous sight—the walls, ceilings, and floors are made of books. Shoppers tread across the spines of volumes underfoot as they peruse titles above and below. With no shelves or clear system of organization, the shop is a labyrinth of knowledge that only Kesto can navigate, but the shopkeep is always happy to help a customer find what they're after.

Kesto is a venerable gnome with round spectacles and a wiry, unkempt beard. A proud member of the Athar, the open-minded Kesto aims to empower his customers through knowledge. He is accompanied by the gaunt-faced Sir Cleave, a friendly, lawful good bodak (see Mordenkainen Presents: Monsters of the Multiverse; replace with a lawful good revenant if you don't have that book). Sir Cleave eagerly assists customers, regardless of how uncomfortable it makes them.

Spells for Sale. Kesto maintains a vast collection of scrolls and spellbooks. He allows wizards to copy spells from them at the cost listed in the Spells for Sale table. Spells marked with an asterisk (*) appear in chapter 1 of this book. He can have any of these scribed as a spell scroll for twice the listed cost for this service.

Spells for Sale

Spell	Cost per Spell
Comprehend languages, detect magic, disguise self, feather fall, illusory script, protection from evil and good, shield, Tenser's floating disk	25 gp
Arcane lock, darkvision, detect thoughts, hold person, invisibility, knock, Nystul's magic aura, warp sense*	75 gp
Dispel magic, fly, glyph of warding, magic circle, sending, tongues	150 gp
Dimension door, fabricate, gate seal,* locate creature	300 gp
Contact other plane, legend lore, planar binding, Rary's telepathic bond	750 gp

SHATTERED TEMPLE

A nameless street leads through a razed district to the Shattered Temple, headquarters of the Athar. Skeletal pillars climb from the rubble to surround the broken, domed structure on all sides. Once a temple to Aoskar, a now-dead god of portals, the Athar have rebuilt the temple just enough to serve their needs while leaving the rest in shambles—a solemn reminder that even gods can die.

Within the Shattered Temple, the Athar collect information on the every faith in Sigil to publicly prove their falsity and lessen their influence. In heavily guarded vaults beneath the temple, Defiers house a staggering arsenal of magic items, weapons, and armor, ready to use if they come into open conflict with gods or their servants.

Forgotten God. The Shattered Temple was originally called the Great Temple of Doors. It was the heart of worship for Aoskar, whose name has been all but forgotten in the City of Doors. In life, Aoskar subtly spread his worship through every portal in the Cage. Aoskar foolishly sought to seize control of Sigil from the Lady of Pain, but now the god and his followers are dead, devastated along with the temple that once bore his name.

Inside the Shattered Temple, a portal to the Astral Plane has recently reawakened, leading to a gigantic, petrified corpse drifting through the silver void. Some who know of the deteriorating husk claim it's what remains of Aoskar, while others assert the god lives still.

Luminous Arbor. A remarkable tree grows within the temple's central sanctuary. The tree's bark shines with the luster of bronze and gold, and its branches are laden with ruby-red fruits. This tree, the Luminous Arbor, gathers the captured magic released when the Athar carry out rites to destroy magic items created by priests of those they consider false gods. The divine energy concentrates within the tree and its fruit, which are the source of power for Athar priests of the Greater Unknown, an entity whose power is rumored to be beyond the so-called gods.

UBIQUITOUS WAYFARER

The Ubiquitous Wayfarer is a reputable three-story tavern whose taproom contains over two dozen portals to other parts of Sigil and beyond. The tavern sits in the Lower Ward, but some folks believe it's in whatever ward they happen to live in. The Wayfarer is popular among planar explorers and adventurers who use its portals to get around the city. It offers a quick path across the city if one knows the right portals, though its proprietor, a gray-haired bartender named Riaen Blackhome (lawful neutral, human veteran), takes exception to people using her place as a shortcut without stopping for a drink.

MARKET WARD

Sigil boasts a market so vast it constitutes its own ward. Nestled between the bureaucratic Clerks' Ward and the dignified Lady's Ward, the Market Ward buzzes with business at all hours. Portals to trade cities across the planes lie scattered throughout its districts and the innumerable businesses among them.

The Market Ward was once two wards, the other being the Guildhall Ward. However, in a city dominated by ideological factions, trade guilds hold little sway, and most factions—except for the Free League and Society of Sensation—discourage members from joining guilds, believing such associations foster splitting loyalties.

The Market Ward is a largely middle-class ward, apart from a small percentage of rich entrepreneurs and magnates. Its most notable residents are titans of industry: long-lived moguls, merchant royalty, and aged wyrms who hoard the wealth of worlds. Their homes are spotless mansions dwarfed only by the regal headquarters of planes-spanning franchises and distinguished interplanar institutions.

Like any commercial hub, the Market Ward has its problems. Shopkeepers from every plane compete in its marketplaces, and petty quarrels between business owners can develop into violent, centuries-long feuds between planar entities. Some vendors stubbornly refuse traditional currencies, guffawing at the notion that gold, of all things, has any value at all—in the grand scheme of the multiverse, few minerals are as rare as their worth might suggest. They might accept favors or prefer to barter instead. Pickpockets and thieves flock to the ward in droves, keen to pilfer the pockets of heedless consumers distracted by eye-catching wares.



Planar travelers store their hoards within the Bank of Abbathor, a worlds-spanning financial institution

✍️ Alfvén Ato

"Sure, Sigil's got everything you could ever want—if you can find it! My advice? Hire a tout to do your shopping. Last time I visited the Great Bazaar, it took me so long to find my way out that my avocados went bad. What a mess."

— Digny Vots, Market Ward shopper

Market Ward Encounters

d8	Encounter
1	A Transcendent Order instinct (see Morte's Planar Parade) asks to spar with the characters, promising a reward if the character wins the fight.
2	A neutral good manticores acupuncturist brushes past the characters, accidentally poking one of them with its spiny tail. As a token of apology, the manticores gifts the party a voucher for one free spa treatment at the Flame Pits (see the "Market Ward Locations" section).
3	Wheeze Whistletooth, a night hag with a persistent hacking cough, offers the party free samples of her famous mystery meat pies.
4	Clearly troubled, a human commoner in the Free League asks the party which faction, if any, they believe is right about the truths of the multiverse.
5	Two Harmonium peacekeepers (see Morte's Planar Parade) question the characters about the whereabouts of a red-furred bariaur who reportedly stole a potion of invisibility from an alchemical shop.
6	A tiny copper soldier fashioned by a pentadrome toymaker marches up to the party, salutes them, and then stops functioning.
7	A hill giant stumbles toward the characters, pointing at his throat in worry but not saying a word. He's choking on an entire spit-roasted hog.
8	Disguised as Rowan Darkwood, a barlgura mastermind attempts to recruit the characters with a lucrative opportunity: robbing the Bank of Abbathor (see the "Market Ward Locations" section).

MARKET WARD FACTIONS

The following factions are headquartered in the Market Ward:

Free League. Many without a strong connection to Sigil's ascendant factions join the Free League, an informal association of pragmatic citizens who keep their options open when it comes to the truths of the multiverse. Members of the Free League occupy a wide spectrum of roles in Sigil, but they tend toward autonomous ventures, acting as merchants, mercenaries, and even spies for other factions. Indeps keep to themselves and generally abstain from conflict, but they rally to defend their own when necessary.

Transcendent Order. Headquartered in the Great Gymnasium, the Transcendent Order strives for harmony in all things. Members hone their bodies and minds through rigorous conditioning, and they regularly challenge others in the Market Ward to contests of artistic, athletic, or spiritual prowess. Because Ciphers tend to avoid making allies or enemies, they regularly offer their balanced perspectives to other factions as neutral advisors and mediators.

MARKET WARD LOCATIONS

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in the Market Ward.

BANK OF ABBATHOR INC.

Dedicated to the dwarven god of greed, the Bank of Abbathor is one of the largest financial institutions in the multiverse, with branches in several of the Outer Planes and countless material worlds. The bank's principal office is a monument to opulence and stability: a palatial building constructed from marble. Elite private security, the best that money can buy, protects the bank and its grounds at all hours.

Within, a princely statue of Abbathor oversees the main banking hall. Massive emeralds form his eyes, which glint with every transaction, no matter how small. The bank's tellers are snarky imps, business-savvy dwarves, and xorn that delight in eating their pay. Leveraging a trusted network of official portals, the tellers process transactions throughout the multiverse. Modron analysts closely monitor exchange rates to ensure funds don't disrupt the stability of the economies in which they are administered.

Bank Vaults. When creatures amass hoards too large to defend, they can store excess treasure in secure vaults beneath the Bank of Abbathor. The guarded rows of armored doors are pure theater, empty repositories designed to comfort investors and confuse would-be plunderers. Only the doors themselves matter, for the true vaults lie beyond the portals they contain. Accessible only by account owners, authorized bank personnel, or creatures in possession of the corresponding portal key, each vault door leads to a demiplanar dungeon that guards the riches deposited within.

Hoard of Directors. Ancient dragons, mighty devils, and immortal merchants make up the bank's board of directors, who ensure the institution's reach continues to widen. They seek power through profit, conquering worlds without armies of their own by bankrolling like-minded groups in conflicts across the multiverse.



Laril Zazzkos

 Nikki Dawes

FLAME PITS

Creatures of every kind take a soak in the Flame Pits, a planar bathhouse whose pools swirl with bubbling acid, molten lava, and liquid shadow. Unicorns, bariaurs, and various Fiends get their hooves trimmed in grooming rooms, and galeb duhr sigh as they settle into boiling tubs of mud. Patrons dry off in front of warm vents tied to windy desert realms or the chilling gales of Pandemonium.

The baths are run by Laril Zazzkos, a githzerai uniter (see Morte's Planar Parade), and her staff of rough-scrubbing mephits. Abrasive as a wiry brush, the eagle-eyed githzerai spends her days berating patrons who fail to observe the bathhouse's strict "no running" policy or warning those who get too close to the wrong tubs—an occasionally fatal mistake. At heart, Laril is a rebel. Many of the tubs in her bathhouse have false bottoms for harboring fugitives or smuggling contraband. At least one of her tubs hides a passage into the depths of Undersigil (detailed later in this chapter).

GASTROGNOME

Diners never know what to expect from the Gastrognome, an intimate, upscale eatery that looks like a giant metal olive. Distinguished and inventive, its proprietor, Celci Nugglebelly (chaotic good, gnome mage), is a worlds-class chef who never cooks the same dish twice. They cater to adventurous taste buds and deep appetites, challenging expectations about food and the forms it takes. A three-course dinner at the Gastrognome might consist of a gravity-defying salad cloud, a whispering Shadowfell steak topped with bioluminescent blight, and a deceptively simple chocolate tart that carries the sweet taste of revenge. The owner frequently hires adventurers to track down rare ingredients to delight and impress future diners.

GREAT BAZAAR

The chief attraction of the ward is the Great Bazaar, a vast plaza of shops where anything and everything can be found. Boisterous throngs of shoppers crowd its bustling avenues at all hours, doing business with vendors from every corner of the multiverse.

The Great Bazaar is a cosmopolitan sampling of the planes and the goods they have to offer. Though more scandalous merchandise typically finds its way to the Gatehouse Night Market (see the "Hive Ward" section), the bazaar has anything a traveler could want, so long as they can find it in the open market's constant commotion. Scents collide in the winding stalls: warm, right-angled bread loaves prepared fresh by modron bakers; spotted mushrooms hocked by bullywug grocers; and perfumed holy water sold by winged Celestials. Vibrant produce dangles from the leafy awnings of living plant stalls, and masterwork armors forged from rare metals bear insignias from blacksmiths on other worlds.

Free League Presence. The Free League congregates in the Great Bazaar. Although the Harmonium patrols the bazaar's busy avenues, it's the members of the Free League who capture thieves and decide whether to turn them over to justice. With no formal meetinghouse, members of the free-willed faction hold impromptu assemblies in cramped market tents or unused warehouses.

Shopping in the Bazaar. Characters can purchase any adventuring gear in the Player's Handbook at normal cost in the Great Bazaar, though shrewd bargainers can secure their purchases for less. The Bazaar Shops table details a few vendors one might encounter in the bazaar.

Bazaar Shops

d8	Vendor
1	Boastful human hunter (assassin) who sells hides and armors made from creatures she has slain—such as ankheg breastplates, angel-feathered cloaks, and horned gorgon shields
2	Celestial-owned bookstall carrying holy texts, illuminated manuscripts, and divine stationary
3	Boutique where a darkweaver (see Morte's Planar Parade) with an eye for fashion weaves the latest styles out of pure shadow
4	Food stall catering to creatures of a specific type
5	Sweltering iron shack where a fire giant blacksmith and his two magmin helpers craft sturdy weapons with harmlessly smoldering pommels
6	Pawn shop that specializes in portal keys
7	Souvenir shop full of chintzy planar trinkets that might all be Tiny mimics
8	Contractor hiring monsters to defend dungeons on other worlds

GREAT GYMNASIUM

The Transcendent Order's headquarters is the Great Gymnasium, a temple to body, mind, and spirit, hewed from marble and veined with gold. In addition to exercise fields and gymnastic equipment, the Great Gymnasium's luxurious halls hold bountiful comforts: lemon-scented baths, refreshing saunas, and meditation rooms perfumed with rose. The facility is designed to eliminate distractions, promote mindfulness, and encourage self-improvement.

The Great Gymnasium is a mental and spiritual oasis, a place of peace and safety where occupants can forget their burdens. Visitors must surrender their weapons before entering the gymnasium, and spellcasting is allowed only in sanctioned areas. Sigil's factions regard the Great Gymnasium as neutral ground, and numerous treaties have been penned within.



Map 2.5: Grounds of the Great Gymnasium

Jared Blando

Training Grounds. The gymnasium's training grounds welcome visitors to hone their strength, agility, and coordination. There, Factol Rhys conducts regular training sessions, where she pushes her students to the limit. Calm but fierce, she regularly spars with Transcendent Order members, encouraging them to act without thinking.

Map 2.5 depicts the Great Gymnasium and its training grounds.

"Achieve understanding of self. Play music or dance. Paint or fight. Find your own way. And practice. Keep practicing until your body knows what to do. You've had years to learn the wrong way to do things, and it may take you years to learn the right way. The key is to act."

— Rhys, factol of the Transcendent Order



With countless competition fields and luxurious spas, the Great Gymnasium promotes self-improvement in body and mind

Calder Moore

INSTITUTE FOR INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCE

The Institute for Intellectual Excellence is a prestigious planar academy. Renowned for the rigor of its curriculum and high expectations from faculty, the institute numbers among the best places to learn about the cosmos and its wonders. Professors are experts on subject matter that can be appreciated only in the City of Doors: portal theory, the prolonged effects of planar travel on physiology, and multiversal philosophy, just to name a few.

Enoll Eva, a septon modron (see Morte's Planar Parade), is the institute's dean. A distinguished authority on planar cosmology, mathematics, and wizardry, Enoll has made unmatched strides in the practical applications of algebra on magic.

PLANAR ENERGY COOPERATIVE

Forked chrome spires hum atop the Planar Energy Cooperative, a cylindrical tower isolated from the commerce of the ward. Founded by a circle of archmages whose home worlds succumbed to destructive magic, the fortress serves as a seismograph for magical activity. Inside, mages monitor the flow of magic throughout the multiverse on an array of planar orreries, scanning them for arcane anomalies—hotspots, dead zones, and areas teeming with antimagic. The collective seeks to maintain a steady flow of magic across the cosmos and concentrate or divert it when necessary to ensure the survival of worlds.

In times of great planar unrest, the members of the Planar Energy Cooperative can combine their powers to siphon magic from entire worlds to dampen dangerous artifacts or prevent malicious spellcasters from unleashing catastrophic magic. Despite their influence, the mages are few, and their efforts require them to maintain intense concentration in the cooperative. As a result, they often assign worthy adventurers to deal with threats at their sources.

UNDERSIGIL

Chaos thrives beneath the streets of Sigil. Also known as the Realm Below, the snaking labyrinth of ancient tunnels binds long-standing city structures to subterranean criminal crossroads, flooded cisterns, and seemingly endless catacombs. Seasoned touts usually know of a few entrances to the Realm Below and can, for a fee, point eager explorers toward them, but few guides agree to accompany fools on their descent for cheap.

Monsters and unusual pests plague Undersigil and its inhabitants. Screams of terror echo in its deserted halls, muffled by the leathery wings of vargouilles—flapping, severed heads spawned from the Abyss—chasing their prey. Cranium rats scurry through the tunnels, telepathically relaying their findings to their hivemind. Alone, these spies are little more than barking nuisances, but in swarms their combined intelligence is an ever-present danger. Meanwhile restless souls rise from musty family crypts serve Undead monarchs and contend with the living. Undersigil's forlorn archways become their next tombs, entangled in gnarled roots of razorvine. The wretched weed assumes their shapes and creeps to the surface as thorny razorvine blights (see Morte's Planar Parade).

The Lady of Pain pays little attention to what goes down in Undersigil, though nothing in or under the City of Doors is beyond her reach. Dead factions, banished from the city above, cling to life in the darkness, searching the underground for secrets that could lead to their ascension.

Undersigil Encounters

d6	Encounter
1	A vargouille reflection (see Morte's Planar Parade) sprouts from a nearby corpse.
2	Putrice, a night hag, cackles as she fishes a wriggling larva (see the Dungeon Master's Guide) from a vent underneath a fiend-owned restaurant.
3	Two cranium rat squeakers (see Morte's Planar Parade) gnaw on the bones of a skeleton, which reaches out toward the characters for help.
4	Two dabus (see Morte's Planar Parade) prune back a mass of razorvine that has spread through a barred grate to the busy street above. As they trim its barbed branches, something shudders within.
5	Three sahuagin emerge from a wide pipe. "Polluters!" shouts one of them, addressing the characters.
6	A warm sponge cake cools on a dusty stone ledge. Its sweet, strawberry aroma wafts through the otherwise dingy passage. A note reading "DO NOT EAT" rests below its porcelain serving dish.

UNDERSIGIL LOCATIONS

Presented here are some noteworthy sites in Undersigil.

DEAD NATIONS

Bathed in leaden mist, the Dead Nations are an expanse of derelict necropolises and forgotten tombs, their inscriptions worn by decades of neglect. The treasures of these vacant sepulchers seem ripe for the taking, but here the dead are more organized than they might appear.

A decrepit monarch, the Silent King, presides over the Dead Nations and their undead populace, but his throne is also his prison. The Silent King's throne bestows a mantle of authority on its occupant, but it demands a grim toll. Only the living can sit on the mirthless, high-backed chair, and only death can free them from its numbing grip. Ghouls, skeletons, and zombies pledge fealty to the Silent King and enforce his will in the Realm Below. They are bound to serve their ruler until either he's killed or he wastes into oblivion—leaving his seat available for its next ruler.

DROWNED NATIONS

Sigil's sewers converge on the Drowned Nations, a flooded expanse of rank, lukewarm reservoirs and the swampy tunnels that connect them. An enormous drain linked to the Elemental Plane of Water rests in the turbid depths. It's perpetually clogged with some amount of planar refuse, but sewage rarely backs up enough to flood well-to-do wards.

Kuo-toa, troglodytes, and other aquatic folk live in the Drowned Nations, as do land dwellers who navigate the sewers by boat. Denizens of the Plane of Water don't take kindly to Sigil polluting their home. Grat the Glass-Jawed, a sahuagin baron whose gums are jammed with sharpened gems, periodically surfaces to skewer Undersigil's residents from the back of his mutated shark, Ripper (a hunter shark with a walking speed of 30 feet). Others, like the aboleth Abadoom, carve out lairs in the pungent meres. Ancient and unknowing, Abadoom harbors some of Sigil's darkest secrets.

THE LOOP

Even Undersigil has portals, and the worst of them dump their quarries into the Loop. This region is a graveyard for the lost: a closed, circular tunnel connected to dozens of one-way, hidden portals scattered throughout Undersigil. At first glance, the Loop appears no different from the tunnels that pour into it. However, after repeatedly passing the same doom-filled messages scrawled onto its walls, travelers often begin to panic.

The Loop isn't beholden to the laws of time or space. At certain points along its mind-bending circumference, imprisoned creatures might spot their own backs or torchlight in the distance.

Rarely, through determination or sheer luck, creatures do escape the Loop. However, seconds spent in the Loop might equate to years outside, and some absconders emerge only to find they've been hurled into the distant past or future. Some members of long-dead factions in Undersigil know how to navigate the Loop, darting through it in desperate moments to trap threats and leave them to die.

NOWHERE

When a faction falls apart or Sigil tolerates it no longer, its members can join the ranks of another faction, abandon the city entirely—or flee to Nowhere. The huddled welter of ramshackle tenements lies deep in the bowels of Undersigil, a doleful refuge for criminals and stubborn believers who refuse to renounce their allegiances. Within Nowhere's dark warrens, criminals peddle seedy wares to dwindling factions, some consisting of just one member. Grungy alleys become impromptu forums as desperate factols hope to rekindle interest in outdated ideologies and poach each other's members.



Dead factions cling to life in Nowhere, a depressing refuge beneath the streets of Sigil

One Pixel Brush

The following are just a few of the non-ascendant factions headquartered in Nowhere:

The Coterie of Cakes (Cakers) is a destitute band of rosy-cheeked bullies who assert the multiverse is a great, multilayered cake and that baked goods are its fundamental unit of trade.

The Revolutionary League (Anarchists) were once a popular faction that fell away to disorganization. This mishmash of misfits and outcasts vows to dismantle society.

The Undivided (Deniers) is a faction composed wholly of creatures native to Sigil. They believe those who pass through planar portals are destroyed and replaced with clones.

WARRENS OF THOUGHT

The Warrens of Thought are a maze of dripping catacombs beneath the Hive. They are home to the largest cranium rat collective in Sigil: the Us. Occasionally called Many-as-One by its multitude of wererat thralls, the hive mind's combined intellect rivals that of a god. If the Us was ever connected to an elder brain, its psychic link has long been severed. Left to their own devices, the cranium rats have evolved into a neural network that grows in influence with each passing day. Whenever a citizen relays a message through a cranium rat squeaker (see Morte's Planar Parade) connected to the Us, the hive mind stores and analyzes that data. Their collective desires are a deeply troubling enigma.

ADVENTURES IN SIGIL

With Sigil's place at the center of the Outer Planes, any plot or threat from across the multiverse has a chance of finding its way to the City of Doors. Many inhabitants of the Cage also have planes-spanning ambitions, contributing to countless homegrown opportunities for adventure. Use this section to generate ideas for adventures stemming from Sigil's unique locations and residents.

"Living in Sigil, we've probably seen everything... but the beauty and terror of it is that the planes always make more."

— Erin Montgomery, factol of the Society of Sensation

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Use the following table to launch adventures anywhere in Sigil.

Sigil Adventure Hooks

d10	Adventure Hook
1	A lost soul asks the party to escort them to the home of their deity—who no one's ever heard of.
2	A barrister begs the characters to serve as witnesses during a trial in the High Courts, but the characters have no memory of witnessing a crime.

d10

Adventure Hook

- 3 A cranium rat squeaker (see Morte's Planar Parade) with an important secret needs help avoiding foes and finding its swarm elsewhere in Sigil.
- 4 Refugees entreat the characters to help them find a safe new home in Sigil.
- 5 The characters learn that a terrifying war machine is being transported through Sigil for use in conquering a Material Plane world.
- 6 A shop or tavern owner hires the characters to track down a deadbeat patron—a solar, a pit fiend, a death knight, or other powerful being.
- 7 A group tries to kidnap a character, as the character is the key to a portal the group plans to use.
- 8 A villain looks remarkably like one of the characters, enough so that a kolyarut or cuprilach rilmani (both detailed in Morte's Planar Parade) mistakes the character for the scoundrel.
- 9 An archmage new to the city offers to reward the characters with a magic item if they serve as their touts and sedan chair carriers for a day.
- 10 A dabus (see Morte's Planar Parade) requests the characters' aid in removing someone or someplace from Sigil before the Lady of Pain learns of it.



Not all planar wanderers travel to Sigil intentionally.

Pindurski

Faction Missions

Use the plots on the Faction Missions table to help deepen the characters' ties with any faction in Sigil.

Faction Missions

d6	Mission
1	A factol hires the characters to dig up dirt on a rival faction leader.
2	The characters must infiltrate another faction's headquarters and steal a priceless item.
3	A faction leader hires the characters as bodyguards for an important city event at the Hall of Speakers.
4	Suspicious of their own ranks, a factol hires the characters to root out a spy.
5	A factotum secretly offers the characters a hefty reward to break someone out of the Prison.
6	After a public spat with another faction leader, a factol goes missing. Their second-in-command hires the characters to investigate.

SIGIL CALAMITIES

All manner of multiversal threats might unfold in Sigil. The Sigil Calamities table suggests plots for grand adventures in the City of Doors.

Sigil Calamities

d8	Calamity
1	Sigil begins to shudder daily at peak and antipeak, causing a citywide panic.
2	Waves of arcane blackouts sweep across Sigil. During these events, magic items have their effects suppressed, spells behave unpredictably, and portals cease to function. The Incanterium is to blame.
3	Without warning, the Lady of Pain sends two-thirds of Sigil's population to the Mazes. It's up to the characters to figure out why.
4	Reliable portals throughout Sigil begin to malfunction. Chaos ensues as citizens vanish to unknown planes in a mass.
5	A portal to the front lines of the Blood War opens in the Lower Ward, bringing the conflict to the city.
6	Dozens of dead factions unite in Undersigil. They mount an uprising on the surface and attempt to oust several factions.
7	The Lady of Pain locks the Cage without warning, barring anything and anyone from entering or exiting the City of Doors.
8	The Lady of Pain decrees that Sigil tolerates its factions no longer. They must disband or risk her wrath. Three factols come together and hire the characters to change the Lady's mind.

ENCOUNTERS IN SIGIL

The following table present random encounters that might occur anywhere in Sigil. Creatures marked with an asterisk (*) appear in Morte's Planar Parade, while the rest are described in the Monster Manual. Most creatures are initially indifferent to characters.

Encounters in Sigil

d100	Encounter
01-03	1 noble pedestrian distractedly talking to 1 cranium rat squeaker*
04-07	1d4 dabus*
08-10	1 scout tumbling through a portal from the Material Plane
11-14	1d4 nightmares recklessly pulling a sedan chair
15-17	1d10 bariaur wanderers*
18-22	1d6 Harmonium peacekeepers* on patrol
23-25	1d6 dust mephit messengers
26-28	1d4 razorvine blights*
29-32	1d4 Society of Sensation muses*
33-36	1d6 quadrones
37-39	1d4 cranium rat squeaker swarms*
40-43	1 Herald of Dust remnant* and 1d4 zombies collecting bodies
44-46	1 young copper dragon sightseer
47-49	1 Mind's Eye matter smith* carrying a rare gizmo
50-54	1 night hag street vendor
55-57	1d8 Bleak Cabal void soothers* assisting locals
58-60	1d4 vrock on a shopping trip
61-63	1d6 equinal guardinals*
64-66	1d6 Transcendent Order instincts* parkouring through the crowd
67-69	1d4 green slaad
70-72	1d4 Fated shakers* collecting taxes
73-74	1 bone devil late for a meeting
75-76	1 mage who's overwhelmed, having just arrived from the Material Plane
77-79	1d4 Mercykiller bloodhounds* tracking a criminal

d100	Encounter
80-81	1d8 githzerai travelers*
82-83	1d4 maelephant* mercenaries
84-85	1d6 Doomguard rot blade* monster hunters
86-87	1 planetar looking for a shop
88-89	1 cuprilach rilmani* spying on a target
90-91	1 Fraternity of Order law bender*
92-93	1d4 cloud giants who've become lost
94-95	1 aboleth in an aquarium sedan chair
96-97	1 kolyarut*
98-99	A famous archmage, like Bigby, Evard, Mordenkainen, or Tasha
00	The Lady of Pain and 2d4 dabus*

CHAPTER 3: THE OUTLANDS

The Outlands are a plane of concordant opposition—a disk-shaped plane of perfect neutrality at the center of the Outer Planes. Anything and everything can flourish on the impartial and balanced canvas of the Outlands: a broad region whose boundless terrain blends to match the extreme forces that shape it. Arid, flame-scarred plains give way to heroic mountain ranges sculpted in the likenesses of gods, moldy caverns ruled by sapient fungi, bottomless seas, and anything else that makes for great adventures.

This chapter provides information for the Dungeon Master about the extraplanar realms of the Outlands, their inhabitants, and life at the center of the Great Wheel.



LIFE IN THE OUTLANDS

This section details facets of everyday life in the Outlands.

COSMIC REALIGNMENT

Save for the domains of gods, realms in the Outlands are subject to a planar phenomenon known as cosmic realignment. When a location embodies the nature of one of the Outer Planes too closely, that plane absorbs the location and its inhabitants, restoring balance to the Outlands and expanding that plane. Some creatures combat cosmic realignment by acting in direct opposition to the linked plane's temperament, while others gladly welcome this fate or pursue it outright.

CURRENCY AND TRADE

Bartering is common in the vast and varied realms of the Outlands. When money exchanges hands, it often takes the form of a lodestar—a weakly magnetic, cobalt coin stamped on both sides with a five-point star. Minted in the gate-town of Tradegate (detailed later in this chapter), a lodestar is valued at 1 gp elsewhere.

LANGUAGE

Like Sigil, the Outlands are home to speakers of every language, but creatures generally speak Common. Still, certain locations attract those who favor a particular tongue. For example, residents of towns with high concentrations of devils tend to also speak Infernal, while those in locales frequented by angels prefer to trumpet their holy praise in Celestial.

RELIGION AND THE GODS

Creatures in the Outlands revere gods as folk do anywhere else. At the center of the Great Wheel, faiths are as diverse as their worshipers, who hail from neighboring planes and distant Material Plane worlds. The Outlands contain the domains of several gods, such as the hidden tower of Annam the All-Father, creator of giants, and the gaseous realm of the beholder god Gzemnid. Devout worshipers, whether alive or dead, gravitate to their gods and carry out their will.

TIME AND DIRECTIONS

Though the plane has no apparent suns, moons, or stars, the Outlands experience day and night cycles, sometimes referred to as peak and antipeak, respectively. In the morning, the sky gradually brightens, darkening to night 12 hours later. In the absence of clearly visible celestial bodies, travelers orient themselves based on the direction of the Spire, known as spireward. The opposite of spireward is brinkward.

OUTLANDS POSTER MAP

The poster map included with this product depicts the Outlands and some of the locations found on the plane. Distances in the Outlands are impossible to gauge, fluctuating along with travel times as determined by the DM. The map displays pictorial impressions of locations that only hint at their arrangement and distances from one another, making no claims about the wondrous sites that might lie between them. A journey in the Outlands could take minutes or days, leading to a popular saying among locals: "It takes as long as it takes."

GATE-TOWNS

A ring of sixteen evenly spaced towns, equidistant to the Spire, lies at the edge of the Outlands. Each is constructed around a portal to one of the Outer Planes, and these gate-towns are dramatically influenced by the realms they border. The towns and their inhabitants vary wildly from each other, mirroring many of the extreme characteristics of their respective planes of influence. Details on the planes can be found in the Dungeon Master's Guide.

The following sections present each of the gate-towns in alphabetical order.

AUTOMATA

Gate Destination: Clockwork Nirvana of Mechanus

Primary Citizens: Modrons

Rulers: Council of Order

Automata is a machine of law and order. The town's geography is as rigid as its bureaucracy, its buildings meticulously maintained and erected with mathematical precision. The gate-town's right-angled, nearly identical establishments flummox visitors, but the friendly modron residents that make up the bulk of its population navigate the "intuitive" grid of numbered streets with ease.

Automata obeys a strict hierarchy of law overseen by the Council of Order, a triumvirate of officials representing three fulcrums of society. Every major decision is subject to the council's scrutiny, but not before running a bureaucratic gauntlet of forms and minor approvals to earn its coveted final stamp. The Council of Order has the following members:

Aristimus, a lawful neutral githzerai futurist (see Morte's Planar Parade), captains the town guard.

Juliett-314, a cheery but unforgiving octon modron (see Morte's Planar Parade), oversees local commerce and acts as Automata's supreme auditor.

Serafil, a sanctimonious tiefling priest (lawful good), speaks on behalf of the gate-town's temples.

Beneath Automata's polished streets, citizens escape the rule of law. Criminals, fugitives, and disgruntled townsfolk conduct their business in the gate-town's vibrant underground, the Inverse, free from the gate-town's endless regulations but not from authority altogether. A fractious trio of lawful evil decaton modrons (see Morte's Planar Parade), the Council of Anarchy, presides over the Inverse and administers its own twisted brand of justice.

GATE

An enormous, toothed gear rises out of the center of town, turning slowly. Creatures can enter and exit the portal from either side of the standing disc, which lies at the end of Modron Way—a wide, spireward-facing road paved with shimmering metal plates. Constructed around the opposite side of the gate is Concord Terminus, an interplanar train station. To use the portal, a creature must first be cleared for gate travel by an authorized modron.

"I've been trying to find a bakery for the past three hours. Every building looks the same, and the street numbers don't help—some of them have decimals! What a nightmare."

— Quen Tooday, planar courier

GREAT MODRON MARCH

Every 289 years, thousands of modrons emerge from Automata's gate in an event known as the Great Modron March, a planar parade of epic proportions in which the modrons travel through each of the gate-towns and the Outer Planes. Although the modrons' motivation is unknown, planar cosmologists theorize the march is a massive form of data collection or a means of calibrating the multiverse. The Great Modron March coincides with every seventeenth Grand Cycle, the time it takes for the largest gear in Mechanus to complete a single rotation. However, on at least one occasion, the march came early, and legions of modrons wreaked widespread havoc as they trampled across the planes and their unsuspecting residents.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Automata's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Mechanus, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Mechanical Metronome. The gate ticks as it turns in time with the gears of Mechanus. Repetitive sounds—a bird tweeting, a worker hammering a nail, or a guard marching down the street—are synchronized to the gate's beat.

Ordered Environment. Buildings, rock formations, and vegetation in Automata are perfectly symmetrical, and the town's climate is always temperate.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Automata is divided into regimented blocks arranged by category and function. Rather than scatter businesses throughout the town, council mandates require that related establishments be grouped within the same block. Rows of near-identical shops confound visitors.

CONCORD TERMINUS

This resplendent train station belongs to the Concordant Express, an interplanar train dutifully operated by modrons. The clockwork behemoth chugs along the planes, leveraging a network of portals—to which the train functions as a key—to deliver its cargo and passengers across the multiverse on a tight schedule. The train originates in Regulus, the largest realm in Mechanus, and frequently pulls into Concord Terminus via Automata's gate.

Planar travelers, tickets in hand, hustle to and from the ever-bustling platforms as buzzing modron work crews unload freight cars. A nonaton modron (see Morte's Planar Parade) called the Timekeeper oversees all operations within Concord Terminus. Backed by a cadre of pentadrone enforcers, the Timekeeper ensures the train always departs on time and without interruption.



A planar locomotive, the Concordant Express, pulls into Concord Terminus via Automata's gate to Mechanus

✍️ Bruce Brenneise

DIVINE MACHINE

The Divine Machine is Automata's most popular tavern, owned by a shrewd and fussy businesswoman named Belda Beanfoot (lawful neutral, halfling commoner). The Machine's comfortable, basic rooms cater to visitors awaiting clearance for gate travel. In addition to lodging, tavern guests can fuel up at its first-floor coffee shop, the Congruent Café, where monodrone baristas prepare piping-hot beverages at exact temperatures. Much to the dismay of her employees, which can reliably perform just one task at a time, Belda expects a lot from her workers. The café has a high staff turnover.

HALL OF ORDER

The Hall of Order is a three-story government building that features three twisting pillars of intricately arranged gears. Inside the maze of courts and administrative offices, members of the Council of Order authorize stacks of paperwork and rule on escalated matters. Unbeknown to the council, a farcical court lurks below the seat of government: the Hall of Disorder. Denizens of the Inverse make their pleas in the ramshackle courthouse before the Council of Anarchy and a raucous jury that revels in each trial. The council judges the accused based on the absurdity of their defense—the more illogical the argument, the lighter the penalty.

ADVENTURES IN AUTOMATA

The Automata Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories involving the gate-town.

Automata Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	Fleeing interplanar bounty hunters, a three-horned tiefling named Romerillo (chaotic good, tiefling spy) seeks refuge on one of the Upper Planes. Romerillo asks the characters to sneak them aboard the Concordant Express.
2	Disguised as Serafil, a shator demodand (see Morte's Planar Parade) assumes the council member's position and has the "impostor" arrested. Serafil's disheveled secretary beseeches the characters for aid.
3	A chaotic evil quadrone tampers with the street numbers at night, causing widespread gridlock as modrons leave for work each morning. The Council of Order asks the characters to investigate.
4	A marid fruit vendor is arrested in the Inverse for color-coordinating the produce in their stall. The genie petitions the characters to defend them in the nonsensical courts of the Hall of Discord.

BEDLAM

Gate Destination: Windswept Depths of Pandemonium

Primary Citizens: Humanoids

Ruler: Gatekeeper Cirrus

Nestled in a yawning crater wracked by howling winds, Bedlam is a bowl of runaways and insufferable nobodies. Its windswept districts attract those who don't want to be bothered or found. Outlaws, recluses, and wastrels who squandered their fortunes elsewhere eke out a miserable existence in the decaying cavity. A typical Bedlam greeting involves spitting at another's feet—presuming the greeter is upwind—followed by a curt yet creative insult.

An obsidian tower protrudes from the bottom of the gloomy basin, its pinnacle an elongated hand extending skyward. Known as Sablreach, the tower is rumored to be the petrified arm of a forgotten, dead god. Inside its palm dwells the gatekeeper, Bedlam's distant ruler. Day and night, shrieking winds erupt from six arched pores at the tower's base—the blastgates—which render conversation impossible in the town's lowest district. Bedlam's spiteful residents plug their ears and communicate through shouts or irritated, nonverbal gestures.

The bitter winds of Pandemonium erode the gate-town inside and out. Repairs to wind-blasted buildings are constant, and anything not nailed or tethered down is as good as lost. The gusts gnaw at Bedlam's residents just as they do its structures. The citizens' patience, manners, and joy dwindle in the wake of the gate-town's ceaseless gales. Nowhere is safe from the winds. Even when the gusts are dampened, their whispers slip through the cracks and magically encourage townsfolk to commit dark deeds against their neighbors.



Howling winds erupt from Sablreach, an obsidian tower that claws above the miserable bowl that is Bedlam

 One Pixel Brush

GATE

Bedlam's blustering gate resides at the base of Sablreach. Six iron blastgates bore through the ebony arm, each spewing a constant jet of bitingly cold wind that wails as it exits. Those stalwart enough to reach a blastgate can eventually push their way to the gate chamber: a pressurized obsidian hall adorned with rattling iron hand rings. Entrants must grasp the rings or be sent tumbling backward by the squalls that spew from the gate. A massive chain, tethered to the floor and held stiff by a thick layer of muddy ice, extends up into the howling portal set within the chamber's vaulted ceiling.

POWER VACUUM

Bedlam was nearly destroyed by its last gatekeeper, a foolish wizard named Tharick Bleakshadow. Driven by reckless curiosity, Tharick sought to plug the gate with a magical seal and stop its gales. To his surprise, the violent winds merely changed direction, engulfing the mage before resuming their normal outward flow.

When the winds reversed, they spat out Bedlam's current gatekeeper: Cirrus the Silent, a chaotic neutral cloud giant born in the unforgiving darkness of Pandemonium. None have heard Cirrus speak. The giant's words are carried on the winds as eerie voices that invade the minds of her subjects.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Bedlam's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Pandemonium, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Howling Winds. Rank winds screech from Bedlam's gate at all hours. Creatures within 1,000 feet of the gate have the deafened condition.

Mind-Controlling Murmurs. Bedlam's winds infect townsfolk with a contagious spite. Occasionally, the planar gales dominate longstanding residents, compelling them to commit evil acts.

"What? What did you say?"

— Beck Bitterflute, resident of the Gatemouth district

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Bedlam is split into three layers. The noisy Gatemouth district rests at the basin's lowest point, while the Bleakheights loom over the basin's lip and cling to its steep edge. They are separated by Midtown, a sloped district partway up the crater.

EYE AND DAGGER

Cranky residents of the Gatemouth district can take a much-needed rest at the Eye and Dagger, Bedlam's most popular hotel. Sheets of worn nickel coat the exterior of the narrow, triangular building, which cuts through Bedlam's winds with its knifelike edge. The Eye and Dagger is mostly windowless—many establishments in Bedlam's lower districts forgo windows altogether, lest they be shattered by hazardous debris hurled by the winds—and the hotel's roof comes to a sharp point. From outside, the joint looks like a giant, upturned blade.

A silence spell blankets the interior of the Eye and Dagger, shielding its patrons from the gate-town's belligerent gales. Weary guests occasionally weep on entering the establishment, awash in the catharsis of its muted comforts. But this silence is a double-edged sword. Thieves, cutthroats, and other malevolent opportunists skulk the hotel's hushed halls. Returning guests have learned to sleep with one eye open.

WAILING HOLLOWS

The Wailing Hollows are a network of wind-eroded tunnels that originate in the Gatemouth district and extend into Midtown. A haunting whistle pervades the pitch-black caverns, which mimic the ecosystem of Pandemonium. Although darkweavers (see Morte's Planar Parade) prowl the Hollows, ambitious miners flock to caves in search of Bedlamite, a highly coveted black ore that fumes with malice.

WITHERBEAK OBSERVATORY

Scholars eager to study Bedlam's winds seek out Witherbeak Observatory, a clifftop outpost located in the Bleakheights. Founded by a rambunctious inventor named Professor Orby's Bumblewing (chaotic good, gnome mage), the facility is a hub of aeolian research and invention. Within the domed observatory, Bumblewing and her colleagues aim to harness Pandemonium's chaotic winds for good, but the plane's malicious gales corrupt her inventions, possessing them like evil spirits. Bumblewing is always looking for willing guinea pigs to test out her contraptions, which include dubious parachutes and precariously constructed gliders.

Bumblewing's wind-powered inventions have piqued the interest of the Nimbus Knives, a gang of air genasi (see Monsters of the Multiverse) who ride icy clouds spun from the town's unstable winds. Their leader, Dust Devil (chaotic evil, air genasi bandit captain), derives sick satisfaction from tormenting citizens in the Bleakheights and using Bumblewing's machines for vandalism, robbery, and violence.

ADVENTURES IN BEDLAM

The Bedlam Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Bedlam Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	The winds puppeteer the contents of an armory in the Bleakheights. A goblin shopkeep pays the characters to defend their shop's wind chimes from rampaging suits of animated armor.
2	Each night, a darkweaver (see Morte's Planar Parade) snatches a resident of Midtown and drags them into the Wailing Hollows. Gatekeeper Cirrus calls for the creature's capture or extermination.
3	Orby's Bumblewing asks the characters to test a dubious new flying machine. During their flight, Nimbus Knife bandits attempt to steal it.
4	A wave of murder sweeps through Midtown, caused by a malevolent breeze (use the ghost stat block) that possesses the townsfolk.

CURST

Gate Destination: Tarterian Depths of Carceri

Primary Citizens: Exiled Humanoids

Ruler: Burgomaster Villigus Bazengar

Curst is a menagerie of exiles and outcasts. Fugitives, traitors, and runaways trade one punishment for another in the poisonous town, a dismal burg chained to the prison plane of Carceri. Betrayers and backstabbers ruminate on their pasts in captivity, agonizing over their mistakes or counting down the days until they can exact vengeance on those who wronged them. Cracked, dried-up soil pervades the town and its rusted structures, rising as clouds of dust with every step.

The maelephants (see Morte's Planar Parade) of the Wall Watch patrol Curst's perimeter: a high, corroded barrier lined with saw-toothed barbs and search towers. The elephantine warders turn their gaze inward, ensuring no one escapes. Curst receives traitors and felonious folk with open arms, but to leave the gate-town, residents must receive approval from the burgomaster, a capricious shator demodand (see Morte's Planar Parade) named Villigus Bazengar. Susceptible to cajolery, the ruthless demodand has been known to spare those who stroke his insufferable ego.

When authorities from other gate-towns come knocking on their doors, residents feign ignorance or offer up false clues to throw off the nose of justice. Residents remain smugly aloof, fending off bounty hunters like bad suitors. Beneath their placid veneer, however, some prisoners seek to cause ruin and strife, such as the conniving burgomaster, who shelters secrets of his own. Others just want to be left alone.

"Mistakes are ghosts. I lost count of the days I've spent in this awful prison, but I've never been able to escape the faces of those I wronged to wind up here. I deserve this."

— Slab, prisoner of Curst

GATE

The gate to Carceri stands in a ringed courtyard in the center of town. The ruddy, four-pillared metal arch swirls with carmine sand and tortured cries. Creatures that step into the reddish squall emerge in Orthys, the torrid first layer of Carceri. Locals believe the gate is a one-way portal because no one recalls ever witnessing anything crawl out of it. The gate has no guards, as the gate's reputation is enough of a deterrent.



A maelephant in the Wall Watch stands guard outside Curst, ensuring no one escapes the prison town

 Vicki Pangestu

SECOND EXILE

Crimes from a previous life are forgotten in Curst, and citizens rarely inquire about one another's pasts. Such information is either volunteered willingly or loudly proclaimed by officials scouring the town for renegades. However, those who commit crimes within Curst risk a fate called Second Exile, in which the offender is bound and thrown into the gate, never to return. Second Exile is typically reserved for gruesome or otherwise unforgivable acts, and the burgomaster alone decides which transgressions warrant the sentence.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Curst's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Carceri, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Ball and Chain. Creatures in Curst feel as though they're dragging a ball and chain behind themselves and have their speed reduced by 5 feet.

Extradimensional Prison. Creatures can't leave Curst using teleportation or by extradimensional or interplanar means other than the town's gate to Carceri. Any attempt to do so is wasted.

As an action, the burgomaster can suppress either of these effects for any number of creatures of the burgomaster's choice for 1 hour.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Curst is separated into six districts by five circular roads. Like ripples in a pond, they radiate from the gate to Carceri, each ring confining the last. Buildings in Curst are makeshift structures cobbled together from tarnished metal and weathered stone. Light ekes through glass windows, clouded and spiderwebbed with cracks, illuminating charmless abodes honeycombed with glorified prison cells.

BURGOMASTER'S ESTATE

The burgomaster's residence is a chamber of horrors dedicated to chastisement and correction. From the outside, the three-story manor looks like an elaborate, menacing cage. A reddish glow emanates from a pair of slanted windows above its spiked veranda, giving it the impression of a grimacing face. The estate's heavy doors screech on their hinges, and farastu demodands (see Morte's Planar Parade) creep along its iron-barred balusters.

Burgomaster Villigus Bazengar delights in spreading malaise and despair. The demodand and his moldy, overlapping hides slithered out of Carceri to usurp the town from its previous ruler, Tovus Gilaf (lawful evil githzerai zerth), who remains imprisoned somewhere within the fiendish manor. Villigus aims to divide and immiserate the populace with his cruelty, reeling Curst ever closer to the carceral pit from whence he came.

THE DUMP

Items lost across the multiverse sometimes find their way to Curst's dump, a sprawling junkyard managed by a crotchety green hag named Dolores who makes a living off the garbage and keeps it from spilling into the town. Dolores occasionally hires adventurers to clear her yard of dumpster divers and trespassers.

Roaming packs of rust monsters scavenge the mountains of scrap and refuse for metallic morsels. They've learned to avoid the metalwork sculptures that decorate the landfill—abstract, corroded statues created by Tudhog the Junk Wyrm, an eccentric adult copper dragon who reeks of garbage. The dump's artistic guardian, Tudhog fashions three-dimensional pieces from once-magic blades, battle-damaged suits of shimmering armor, and melted-down manacles and chains.

A cranium rat genius broods within the junk piles. Called the Node, the hairless rat claims to have escaped the Lady of Pain's Mazes—a feat that bestowed it a brain three times the size of its body and cost the rat its fur. The Node hovers above the ground, held aloft by its own intellect. The rat swears vengeance against the Lady of Pain, promising untold secrets about Sigil's enigmatic ruler to those who aid it.

TRAITOR'S GATE

Outcasts wet their tongues at the Traitor's Gate, a lamentable roadhouse inn that looks like a giant overturned bucket. It's run by a haggard, grim-faced man named Tainted Barse (chaotic neutral, human bandit). The tavern sees its share of lowlifes, but rebels, visionaries, and heroic outlaws also dot the taproom, finding common ground with others seeking to clear their names or drown their sorrows.

ADVENTURES IN CURST

The Curst Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Curst Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	Dolores (green hag) pays the characters to remove a group of bandits from her junkyard.
2	A disgraced githzerai uniter (see Morte's Planar Parade) in the Traitor's Gate pays the characters to free Tovus Gilaf from the burgomaster's estate.
3	A Mercykiller bloodhound (see Morte's Planar Parade) arrives in town, searching for a fugitive who looks exactly like one of the characters.
4	The gate to Carceri briefly ruptures, releasing a host of destructive fomorians on Curst.

ECSTASY

Gate Destination: Blessed Fields of Elysium

Primary Citizens: Guardinals and Humanoids

Rulers: The Lightcaller and the Nightwhisperer

The rolling hills of Ecstasy, the City of Plinths, rise from a serene stretch of the Outlands. Blanketed in peace and contentment, Ecstasy is a pastoral gate-town of quiet contemplation and simple pleasures. Hundreds of monoliths, shaped from a variety of materials, dot the idyllic landscape. Their origins unknown, the plinths are works of art: marble columns adorned with breathtaking sculptures, intricately carved wooden poles, natural standing stones, and refractive crystal pedestals. Like ghosts drawn to a shrine, petitioners perch atop the towering plinths, inviting townsfolk to ponder the multiverse's greatest mysteries with them.

Ecstasy's citizens are friendly, munificent folk who espouse benevolence and growth. They are governed by a pair of monarchs, the Lightcaller and the Nightwhisperer. These supposedly mortal rulers wear masks that reflect their demeanors: a flamboyant, golden disc for the Lightcaller and a closed, silver helmet for the coolly distant Nightwhisperer. The circadian monarchs swap places at dusk and dawn, and they're never seen together. They enforce the town's cardinal rule: "Do no evil."

Evil, as it stands, isn't as plain as day and night. Though violence is rare, musing spirits inspire townsfolk to push the boundaries of mortal life, gleaning vicarious fulfillment from watching residents justify unsavory acts as the path to spiritual enlightenment. Moreover, the gate-town doesn't eliminate negativity—it merely suppresses it. Ecstasy's cheeriest citizens are walking powder kegs of bitterness, bottling their feelings until they erupt in unbridled incidents.

GATE

A column of segmented ivory, the Bone Plinth, rises above the center of town. As one approaches the plinth, the fields and their flowers grow more vibrant, and all is awash with a sense of overwhelming tranquility. At the top of the spine is a fountain of quicksilver: Ecstasy's gate to Elysium. Creatures that submerge themselves in the reflective pool emerge in Amoria, the plane's innermost layer.

AURA OF TRANQUILITY

The gate to Elysium dulls the blades of anger and hostility in its vicinity. At all hours, a pacifying aura radiates from the Bone Plinth in a 300-foot radius. Any creature that starts its turn in this area is targeted by a calm emotions spell (save DC 15). A creature that succeeds on its saving throw is immune to the aura for the next 24 hours.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Ecstasy's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Elysium, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Ambient Benevolence. Residents in Ecstasy are friendly toward visitors that aren't hostile toward them.

Pervasive Tranquility. Creatures in Ecstasy have advantage on saving throws to avoid or end the frightened condition on themselves.



The gates of Solrise Tower open at dawn and close at dusk, while the opposite is true of Moondark Tower

✍️ Alfven Ato

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Ecstasy encompasses a scenic countryside of humble farms and rustic cottages scattered with plinths. Orchards blossom along the gate-town's roads, which branch from the Bone Plinth in the town center. The courts of the Lightcaller and Nightwhisperer face each other opposite the ivory fountain.

MOONDARK TOWER

The gates of Moondark Tower open as darkness falls. A dull husk of speckled iron during the day, the tower greets the night with twinkling constellations on its glossy black frame. Out rides the Nightwhisperer, an ancient silver dragon who takes the form of a valorous hero in silvery plate armor, their mirrored helm glowing like a bright, full moon. Atop their argent unicorn steed, the Nightwhisperer defends Ecstasy from waking nightmares that seek to corrupt the town in its lightless hours. When danger isn't imminent, the Nightwhisperer hears matters from sleepless citizens in their nocturnal court.

The Nightwhisperer is never seen in daylight. Just before dawn, they return to Moondark Tower, which shuts down until the next evening.

PHILOSOPHER'S COURT

Citizens vent their frustrations in the Philosopher's Court, an enclosed amphitheater covered in weathered rilmani symbols. Originally founded as a place of spirited debate, the court was hooded with an enchantment that prevented philosophers, petitioners, and priests from harming one another, ensuring only ideas clashed under its marble roof. However, the ward fell away when the court's last moderator—Kagorious, the so-called Philosopher King—vanished without crowning his replacement. Arguments frequently devolve into violent altercations.

"Was the sky above this realm always so empty, or did the sun and the moon simply tire of their endless cycle and abandon it for a more exciting existence?"

— A spirit musing atop a plinth in Ecstasy

REVELHOME

Spireward from the Bone Plinth, Revelhome is Ecstasy's most popular tavern. Mortals and petitioners alike enjoy its rich comforts, particularly its warm, spiced ciders and fruity wines. Thanks to Elysium's influence, vineyards in Ecstasy yield luscious grapes year-round, and apples plucked from orchards are eternally sweet and crisp. The tavern's veiled proprietor, a lawful neutral medusa named Madame Millani, serves drinks with a smile, but she's not afraid to silence rowdy patrons, turning them into fine statues for her garden.

SOLRISE TOWER

A glistening pillar flecked with amber mosaics, Solrise Tower shimmers with exaltation. The rooster's crow precedes the arrival of the Lightcaller, an ancient gold dragon who takes the form of an aureate monarch. The Lightcaller ushers in each new day with cheerful exuberance, spreading mirth from dawn to dusk. Since more citizens are awake during the day, the Lightcaller spends more time governing in their luminous court than their nightly counterpart. The Lightcaller typically delegates protection efforts to three solars, powerful angels who affirm the monarch's daily authority.

The Lightcaller is never seen at nighttime. At dusk, they return to Solrise Tower, which shuts down until the next morning.

ADVENTURES IN ECSTASY

The Ecstasy Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Ecstasy Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	A convincing petitioner (chaotic neutral ghost) pretends to be the long-lost relative of a character. The spirit aims to possess the character and live life to the fullest.
2	The Lightcaller holds a peace banquet in Solrise Tower, inviting powerful devils and demons in hopes of ending the Blood War. A solar requests the characters attend in case things turn ugly.
3	A green hag poisons Ecstasy's orchards daily at twilight, outside the jurisdiction of either monarch. After a string of illnesses at Revelhome, Madame Millani hires the characters to investigate.
4	Three evenings have passed since the gates of Moondark Tower last opened. An owl-like avoral guardinal (see Morte's Planar Parade) night merchant asks the party to solve the mystery.

EXCELSIOR

Gate Destination: Seven Heavens of Mount Celestia

Primary Citizens: Celestials and Humanoids

Ruler: High Chancellor Forough

Celestials and mortals live in harmony in Excelsior, the gate-town at the foot of Mount Celestia. Flecks of gold and silver sparkle in its radiant streets and towers, which climb ever upward to new heights of good and law. Archons, devout worshipers, and paragons of justice convene in floating citadels atop billowing clouds, and crystal falls of holy water cascade over their wispy edge to blessed fountains below.

Excelsior's divinely appointed high chancellor, Forough (lawful good, human archmage who can cast cleric spells), looks after the gate-town. The venerable human chancellor is a kind-hearted and patient soul, but beneath her calm exterior pumps the heart of a lion with a thunderous roar. The favored cleric of a deity of light, the Sunweaver, Forough is the voice of a god and can bring its might to bear. Those who mistake her mercy for

weakness don't do so twice. She stands resolute against evil invaders alongside the Cinderwings, a squadron of angelic defenders who heed her prayers.

There's a consequence to Excelsior's bliss. Once one has basked in the light of the Seven Heavens, everywhere else seems comparatively worse. Though archons regularly depart the gate-town on divine errands, Excelsior's privileged mortal residents hesitate to venture past its golden gates, where a dull existence awaits. However, the gate-town isn't a perfect paradise, and some scoundrels test the watchfulness of goodly gods and their servants, regardless of how close to them they dwell.

"O Lightbringer, Shine down on us so that we might see our flaws.

Chase away the darkness, And free us from its jaws.

Guide our swords until that fateful day, When we can bask beneath your rays."

— Excerpt from a prayer recited in Excelsior

GATE

Excelsior's gate rests in its tallest tower, the Godstrand. A lucent, alabaster pillar dwarfed only by the Spire, the tower is a beacon of virtue impervious to spell and sword. The Godstrand's pinnacle is obscured by soft, luminous clouds at all hours. Its peak isn't visible from any point in the Outlands, for the tower protrudes from the base of Mount Celestia.

Only one path ascends to the gate, and the tower's defenses harrow those who seek to corrupt it. Twisting staircases line the Godstrand's interior, branching and crossing endlessly, and its walls are adorned with intricate mosaics that shift to disorient trespassers. However, Celestials and those with pure hearts or intentions can hear the heavenly portal ringing out like a distant choir of angels. Seven gleaming steps precede the gate itself, hovering and flanked by a pair of unflinching warden archons (see Morte's Planar Parade).

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Excelsior's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Mount Celestia, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Beacon of Light. Excelsior's auriferous streets and temples produce a warm, ambient glow, even at night. Evil creatures find the light repulsive.

Euphoric Utopia. Excelsior is perfection incarnate. Fruits are ripe and sweet, fragrant perfumes replace everyday odors, and gentle breezes carry melodious tunes.

Floating Structures. Clouds as solid as earth drift through the skies above Excelsior. They support various buildings, such as businesses, keeps, and gaudy mansions. The owners of such structures control the clouds through magical means.



Excelsior's tallest tower, the Godstrand, extends into the sky, orbited by floating structures atop drifting clouds

✍ One Pixel Brush

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Excelsior's flightless residents primarily operate on the surface, while Celestials and other winged folk prefer the cloud-topped comforts of the Chandelier, the gate-town's aerial district. Winged chariots act as taxis between the two realms, ferrying townsfolk up to sky-dwelling businesses and hanging gardens.

CHANDELIER

Like motes of soft flame, gleaming structures orbit the Godstrand at varying heights, held aloft in the palms of feathery clouds by the faith of their devoted residents. Collectively referred to as the Chandelier, this district mainly consists of picket keeps—strongholds governed by pious champions of justice and mercy.

The Chandelier includes the following locations:

Nimbron, the castle of Thotastis (lawful good, human gladiator), a stiff-necked paladin of Tyr. He believes Excelsior requires a firmer hand than the current high chancellor offers.

Thunder's Reach, a rumbling storm cloud fortress that belongs to Tygrant, a reclusive empyrean banished from Mount Celestia for his pride.

Zephyr Stables, a floating pegasus ranch run by Cassandra Caeneus (lawful good, human knight). She lends her flying steeds to worthy riders.

FORUM

The forum is a hub of good-faith argument. A row of gilded podiums lines the stage of this wide amphitheater, where creatures debate concepts such as altruism, agency, or the gods and their portfolios. The forum is deliberately located on the surface district rather than the Chandelier—a reminder that the venue is more for Excelsior's worldly townsfolk and visitors than for Celestials. A hush washes over the crowd whenever an angel descends on the stage.

HEART'S FAITH

Once a quaint town at the base of Mount Celestia, Heart's Faith is now Excelsior's surface district. Among its unblemished structures, cheery citizens bid each other good tidings as they tend verdant orchards and perfect artistic pursuits. High Chancellor Forough conducts her business in the Godstrand, which rises from the center of the district.

The sheltered townsfolk of Heart's Faith seek to preserve their paradise. Nosy neighbors spy and tattle on visitors and each other, involving archons as mediators in insignificant squabbles. Some fanatical residents, like the Order of the Iron Lantern, take this protective behavior to extremes. This militant sect of righteous watchdogs seeks to uproot evil before it rears its ugly head, detaining innocent folk at the first whiff of suspicion.

ADVENTURES IN EXCELSIOR

The Excelsior Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories involving the gate-town.

Excelsior Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	An androsphinx arrives in Excelsior and declares itself the new high chancellor. Forough petitions the characters to help cement her authority.
2	The empyrean Tygrant receives a prophecy that he can return to Mount Celestia only if he is humbled through defeat. He challenges all of Excelsior, including the characters, to wrestling matches in his tower.
3	Allowed into the forum on an ancient contract, a silver-tongued pit fiend invites Excelsior's orators to debate the worth of a soul. An angel asks the characters to take the podium.
4	The faith of a divine champion (gladiator) begins to waver in the Chandelier, causing their cloud keep to shudder. A lantern archon (see Morte's Planar Parade) asks the characters to erase the warrior's doubt before their fortress falls from the sky.

FAUNEL

Gate Destination: Wilderness of the Beastlands

Primary Citizens: Awakened Beasts

Ruler: None

The Faunel the Outlands once knew is gone, its roar so mighty that the gate-town was absorbed by the Beastlands. Now the town must start anew, reestablished by stragglers, newcomers, and sapient animals who were away when their home disappeared. Old Faunel's ancient ruins remain, rejected by the plane that claimed their wild inhabitants. Lush vegetation sprouts from the cracked foundations of a crumbling, forgotten city. Grasping vines tug at travelers who stop to admire their vibrant flowers, and toothed plants wait patiently near stagnant drinking pools for their next meal to arrive. The air in Faunel is rich and humid, and the broad, waxy leaves of foliage along the forest floor glisten with dew.

Beasts are returning to Faunel, but who among them will rise to the top of the food chain? Three factions of awakened Beasts vie for control of the animal kingdom. The following leaders, all of whom speak Common, guide the packs:

Ebonclaw (lawful neutral saber-toothed tiger with an Intelligence of 12 and a Charisma of 12), a silken-furred feline with a notch on his fangs for every kill he's made, commands a vicious streak of predators.

Ophelia (lawful good; use the elephant stat block with an Intelligence of 10, a Wisdom of 14, and a Charisma of 14), a sard-hided elephant matriarch, guides Faunel's herbivores.

Parvaz (neutral; use the giant eagle stat block with an Intelligence of 16 and a Charisma of 14), a brooding albatross with golden tail feathers and razor-sharp talons, steers a flight of birds in the gate-town's dense, heliotropic canopy.

Faunel attracts its share of non-Beast visitors who seek the fruits of nature. Travelers gather in Camp Greenbriar, a tented outpost where foragers, explorers, and merchants mingle with awakened wildlife. Meanwhile, a despicable group of hunters, the Vile Hunt, hacks through the jungle in search of rare animal hides. Led by a gold-toothed poacher, Mick Mangehide (gnoll fang of Yeenoghu), the Vile Hunt whittles away at Faunel's bickering factions as Mick prepares his trophy wall for their mounted heads.

GATE

Deep in the vine-choked ruins rests Faunel's gate, a tranquil pool at the foot of a stone statue. The pool's waters replicate the effects of an awaken spell. Beasts that lap from its crystalline waters find their tongues capable of speech, and saplings weaned on the reservoir eventually uproot as wooden guardians that defend the town. Creatures that submerge themselves in the pond emerge in the untamed wilds of the Beastlands.



A gnoll poacher takes aim at a tapir near Faunel's planar gate, angering the stone colossus Wrath

✍️ Adrián Ibarra Lugo

GUARDIAN OF NATURE

A stone colossus kneels before the pool at the town's center, its weathered visage and mossy limbs reflected in the pool's sparkling ripples. Called Wrath by the animal kingdoms that came before, the guardian questions all who seek to enter the portal, asking whether they hunt for sport or sustenance. The titan alone decides who may enter—and who must meet a gruesome end.

Wrath disdains sport hunters and their ilk, vowing never to let them pass. To others, Wrath is a gentle giant, a curious protector who delights in birdsong and babbling brooks. Not much is known about the guardian's past, but clues etched in the ruins of Faunel suggest that Wrath was once a mortal being of cloud and mist who wished to live among the Beasts below.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Faunel's planar gate is influenced by the magic of the Beastlands, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Awakened Beasts. Beasts in Faunel are more intelligent than their worldly counterparts. At the DM's discretion, any given Beast has an Intelligence of 10 and can speak and understand Common.

Tropical Paradise. Frequent rainfall yields fruit and water in abundance. Wisdom (Survival) checks to forage in Faunel are made with advantage.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

The unbound wilds of Faunel have no districts or roads, save for the worn footpaths that snake between its dilapidated ruins and tropical overgrowth. The town's bestial residents make their dens near natural landmarks: waterfalls, rock formations, and the gnarled branches of magical trees.

CAMP GREENBRIAR

A spiked wooden palisade lines the perimeter of Camp Greenbriar, an assembly of tents, thatch-roofed huts, and mud-soaked caravans in the heart of the wilderness. Positioned in a balmy, spireward clearing, the encampment is a popular stop for explorers and hunters to gather supplies, trade, and sharpen their blades before trekking through the lightless thickets ahead.

A friendly three-toed sloth, Razak (neutral good; use the black bear stat block), likes to hang around the camp. A remnant of Old Faunel, Razak acts as a messenger for the gate-town's three splinter kingdoms in hopes of seeing the jungle united again.

"On average, it takes a sloth thirty days to digest a single leaf."

— A mimic spouting animal facts

EAGLES' AERIE

High in Faunel's golden canopies, a conference of birds convenes. Rickety tree houses and intricate nests, held together with rope and gluey spittle, make up Eagles' Aerie, a settlement for avian folk and awakened birds.

Hundreds of feet above the forest floor, Eagles' Aerie is removed from much of Faunel's conflict. But in recent months, egg poachers have grown bolder, scaling the jungle heights in the night. Worse yet, the gate-town of Rigus plunders Faunel for its natural resources, notably its lightweight timbers that are as strong as steel. As loggers topple sacred trees for their priceless lumber, the treetops' avian residents criticize their leader, the albatross Parvaz, who merely observes problems from a bird's eye view. The birds of Faunel can't afford to go to war by themselves. Until the jungle is one again, they must weather the storm.

RAZORTOOTH ROCK

Ebonclaw and his streak claim Razortooth Rock, a pointed stone overlook that resembles the mighty fangs of the awakened predators who call it home. Tall, leafy greenery surrounds the stony pillar and its vine-draped trees, making Razortooth Rock an ideal place for snakes and big cats to ambush their prey.

ADVENTURES IN FAUNEL

The Faunel Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Faunel Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	Mick Mangehide (gnoll fang of Yeenoghu) and his band of gnolls set out to claim the hides of Faunel's three pack leaders.
2	Commanded by a general in Rigus, a hobgoblin warlord attempts to capture Camp Greenbriar and convert it into a logging camp.
3	A musteval guardinal (see Morte's Planar Parade) explorer hires the characters to join an expedition to recover a lost treasure from Old Faunel.
4	An irate roc assails Eagles' Aerie, gobbling up its inhabitants and destroying their nests in search of its egg, which was stolen by the Vile Hunt.

FORTITUDE

Gate Destination: Peaceable Kingdoms of Arcadia

Primary Citizens: Celestials and Humanoids

Ruler: The Spotless Seven

Fortitude is a place of ordered beauty. Identical trees line its polished boulevards in neat rows, and each uniformly trimmed blade of grass in its public parks glistens with a single drop of morning dew. Fastened to Arcadia, a plane of law and virtue, Fortitude combines the rigidity of Automata with the puritanical attitudes of Excelsior, creating a pressure chamber of homogeneous moral rectitude.

The gate-town's residents are charitable people who pursue purity to a fault. At first, locals appear perfectly benign—smiling, hospitable folk in immaculate attire who look after their fold—but their veils of compassion slowly betray their obsessive natures. Townsfolk fixate on flaws, in themselves and in their surroundings, believing that abnormality is the precursor to evil. They fret over their appearances, chasing impossible standards of beauty and grace. Wracked by contempt, they smother what makes them truly unique, like gardeners pruning unsightly branches from their own personalities.

"Would you look at that. It's time to cut the grass again."

Fortitude is governed by the Spotless Seven, a group of politicians elected once every 289 years, or whenever the Great Modron March passes through the town. Its members are enduring angels, long-lived dwarves, and immortal public servants who keep their house clean. Although their terms are long, incumbents typically campaign for reelection between marches, defending their seats from challengers advocating similar platforms of goodness and law. Nevertheless, even exemplars of decency have sinister secrets, and the Spotless Seven aren't as clean as their title suggests.



Four elemental paragons, the Storm Lords, protect Fortitude's gate to Arcadia

Linda Lithen

GATE

An unquenchable green flame burns atop a low, circular ziggurat in one of Fortitude's scenic groves. The step pyramid consists of seven stacked tiers quartered by staircases that ascend to the gate to Arcadia. Cradled by four curved beams at its summit, the blazing, green portal gently envelops entrants and ushers them to a plane of peace and order. Evil creatures tend to avoid the flame, suspicious that its warmth can harm the wicked.

STORM LORDS

Four elemental servants of the demigods who control the skies of Arcadia stand vigilant at the bottom of the ziggurat's steps. Each sculpted from an element in its purest state, the lawful good guardians use stat blocks similar to those of genies: a diamond-skinned dao, a djinni of noble gas, a glacial marid, and an azure efreeti with a saber wreathed in blue flames. Known as the Storm Lords, the beings refuse entrance to anyone they believe would spoil the lands beyond.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Fortitude's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Arcadia, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Living Congruence. Creatures in Fortitude appear more beautiful and symmetrical than their typical counterparts.

Perfect Vitality. Creatures in Fortitude are immune to the poisoned condition and have resistance to poison damage. The effects of diseases are suppressed.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Nicknamed "the Egg" by some travelers for its white, oval-shaped town wall, Fortitude is a tirelessly maintained assortment of parks, orchards, and gardens balanced by pristine buildings and sparkling fountains. Honeycombed into hexagonal blocks, the town has not a hair out of place. The weather in Fortitude is always pleasant and predictable, pacified by the Storm Lords who defend the town's planar gate.

BEEHIVE BOUTIQUE

Part salon and part fashion store, the Beehive Boutique pampers residents with magical makeovers and fine outfits cut from the same cloth. The boutique is a domed, two-story edifice of blond stone with curtained, amber windows. Inside, buzzing beauticians help each resident's appearance reflect their inner beauty. Creatures that stumble through the parlor's hexagonal black door a disheveled mess emerge exquisite and graceful.

For a premium rejuvenating experience, patrons can visit the second floor, where the Beehive's proprietor—a mind flayer arcanist (a variant mind flayer) that uses a disguise self spell to appear as a grinning human cosmetician named Doctor Goodcheer—conducts special cleansing sessions. With the aid of illithid technology, the good doctor siphons "impurities" from his patients—hatred, malice, and other loathsome emotions—for use in foul experiments in a hidden laboratory beneath the boutique.

FILIGREE PARK

The fruity fragrances of blooming orchard trees waft through the clement air in Filigree Park, a public sanctuary teeming with metallic wildlife. Silver stags graze among buzzing brass-winged bees, while chittering copper squirrels sequester acorns for a winter that never comes. Adorable petitioners of goodly souls, the critters meticulously tend to the park's manicured garden trellises, ensuring every flower is exactly as it should be. Aspiring members of the Spotless Seven hold forums within the park, inviting constituents to voice their concerns. Vain and corruptible, these politicians regularly cast doubt on their opponents and hire mercenaries to bring shame to other candidates.

PAVILION OF PURITY

Opposite the town from Fortitude's gate stands a grand, milk-white arena: the Pavilion of Purity. Several times a week, locals admit their faults within the radiant stadium, confessing their wrongdoings on a stage for all to see. In addition to townsfolk, the audience always includes a least one member of the Spotless Seven.

Embedded in the stage are several thin grates. As citizens profess their guilt, darkness sloughs off them like melted shadow and into the drains at their feet. The crowd then passes judgment, with punishments ranging from light reprimands to exile or worse. Meanwhile, the exuded darkness festers beneath their feet and escapes into Fortitude as hostile dretches, Oozes, and shadows.

ADVENTURES IN FORTITUDE

The Fortitude Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Fortitude Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	A local politician (dwarf noble) pays the characters to dig up dirt on an opponent.
2	After a series of guilty admissions, black puddings begin to slither from the Pavilion of Purity at night, slaying their confessors one by one. The Spotless Seven hires the party to scrub the black puddings from the town.
3	One of the Storm Lords falls ill with a supernatural cold, plunging Fortitude into a sudden brutal winter. The remaining three elemental beings ask the characters to enter the gate in search of a cure.
4	A popular candidate for the Spotless Seven convinces several citizens that to achieve inner harmony, they must indulge themselves in one night of unchecked mayhem.

GLORIUM

Gate Destination: Heroic Domains of Ysgard

Primary Citizens: Giants and Humanoids

Ruler: Tyrza Bonebreaker

Blaring horns rally Glorium's residents to battle. Warriors are forged in the gate-town, a village of lodges, training fields, and farms arranged along the fertile slopes of an icy fjord. A colossal, serpentine statue towers over the gate-town, its coils arching along the peaks of a high mountain range. Glorium's rich, rugged shores are speckled with the blood of a thousand battles, shed by folk who revel in skirmishing and welcome death when it comes for them.

In Glorium, every resident owns a weapon and knows how to use it. A tight-knit fellowship of hardened warriors, locals revere gods of war and are distant toward visitors who have yet to prove themselves in combat or through feats of strength.

Glorium's leader is Tyrza Bonebreaker (chaotic good, human gladiator wearing a belt of giant strength [frost giant]), the daughter of the gate-town's previous ruler, Flatnose Grim. Loyal and tempestuous, she leaps into the fray with a thunderous cry. The one-armed warrior's face and body bear the scars of countless duels, and the gnarled haft of her trusty battleaxe is said to be a splinter from the World Tree. Off the field, she loves a strong drink and a good laugh with her comrades.

Invaders from far and wide seek to conquer Glorium. Surtur and Thrym—the mighty patron deities of fire and frost giants, respectively—regularly send hulking subjects to pillage the wintry camp, darkening its skies with ash and snow. Meanwhile, nomadic groups of mountain bariaurs hold back the alien armies of Gzemnid, a gaseous beholder god.

"Glory? Ha! What do any of us know of glory? We're still alive! You seek a reward that can be attained only in death."

GATE

Unlike other gate-towns, Glorium has two planar gates. The first and most obvious is a whirlpool at the mouth of the fjord that connects to Ysgard. Wide enough to accommodate a frost giant longship, the watery gate reverses its tide twice each day, allowing boats to voyage to the chaotic plane and back again. Though the swirling portal allows Glorium to trade with settlements on Ysgard, it also makes them vulnerable to that plane's invaders.

The second gate is a legend deep within the gate-town's snow-capped mountains: a secret entrance to Yggdrasil, the cosmic tree that connects the Outer Planes. It appears as a mass of knotted, intertwined roots surrounded by softly drifting motes of light. The tangled roots part to form an arched portal to Ysgard, but with the corresponding portal key, it can take entrants almost anywhere in the multiverse.



Tyrza Bonebreaker addresses a young goliath warrior at Glorium's training grounds

 Linda Lithen

WORLDROOT CIRCLE

Agents of an ancient druidic circle of giants, the Worldroot Circle, tend to Glorium's hidden gate. Believing the sacred plant to be a seedling of Yggdrasil, they nurture the sapling and use it to commune with members of the circle on other worlds. A treant born from its roots, Yggatha, defends the gate chamber at all hours. The Worldroot Circle is further detailed in *Bigby Presents: Glory of the Giants*.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Glorium's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Ysgard, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Destined for Glory. Creatures in Glorium have advantage on death saving throws.

Horns of Battle. Whenever a conflict of any sort starts in Glorium, a horn can be heard within 300 feet of the conflict's origin.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Compared to its surroundings, Glorium is small and humble, nestled between glacial fjords, lofty mountains, and forested skerries. It boasts no inns or busy welcome centers, and when there are no battles, daily life is calm and mundane. Common pastimes in Glorium include blacksmithing, boatbuilding, farming, and training.

HOUSE OF GLORY

The sounds of drums erupt within the House of Glory, a mammoth of a gymnasium where warriors boast, revel, and train. Weapons of past heroes line its wooden halls: frayed hand wraps, fencing sabers, flagged spears, folding iron fans, and colorful wicker shields mounted beside trophies of battle. Among them hangs a magic tapestry adorned with a scene of charging warriors. Its image changes after each battle, reflecting any newly

fallen heroes.

A crackling firepit dominates a smoky chamber in another area of the lodge filled with the succulent scent of roasting meats. Magnificent feasts, given by gods of war to their followers, appear on long wooden tables throughout, imbuing warriors with the strength to fight again.

SACRED WELL

A prophetic hag coven lairs in the Sacred Well, a temple of fate at the edge of Glorium. Respected by the townsfolk, the hags greet visitors with twisted smiles, their eyes always obscured by ominous horned headdresses. For a price, the hags can interpret the grand tapestry of fate on another's behalf, glimpsing where the threads of destiny begin and end. Occasionally, the hags prophesize catastrophes yet to come, calling on heroes to rise and shape the future.

SERPENT'S RISE

Named for the stone serpent that arches over its snowy peaks, the mountains of Serpent's Rise are home to several bariaur communities. Jek Thanol, a bearded bariaur wanderer (see Morte's Planar Parade) with a jeweled eye patch, leads the largest tribe, which enjoys a tenuous alliance with Glorium. The bariaurs are sentinels who treat the serpent's coils as bridges between summits and strike down Gzemnid's forces wherever they pop up.

An absinthine-eyed human child, the so-called Lemming Boy, appears to mountain travelers, offering to guide them through the bluffs. Those who accept his services are quickly ambushed by Aberrations or left to die in avalanches or pits lined with glassy shards of permafrost. Survivors of the snickering child claim he's a disguised trickster god.

ADVENTURES IN GLORIUM

The Glorium Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Glorium Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	The town's deceased warriors rise to fight again as ghosts, but their resurgence creates headaches when the spirit of Flatnose Grim expects to be reinstated as the town's ruler.
2	After an argument with Tyrza, Jek Thanol refuses to shield Glorium from the armies of Gzemnid. With their treaty shattered, a death tyrant attacks the gate-town.
3	A frost giant jarl learns of the entrance to the World Tree within Serpent's Rise. Rather than attack Glorium, he sets out to find the root and use it to conquer untold worlds.
4	A sea hag in the Sacred Well tells one of the characters they will die at the hand of Gzemnid in five days.

HOPELESS

Gate Destination: Gray Wastes of Hades

Primary Citizens: Humanoids

Ruler: High Cardinal Thingol

Aptly named, Hopeless is a dreary town with but one entrance: the Screaming Gate, a garish archway of red stone carved in the shape of a howling face. Crimson streaks of chipping paint run from its wide, empty eyes like pained tears on either side of an elongated mouth. It's the only pop of color in the somber town, a spiral of weathered gray buildings in a pit under a perpetually overcast sky.

The residents of Hopeless are a gloomy lot—defeated folk with nowhere else to go and no energy to leave. They dress in drab, monotonous garments devoid of color or fashion, trudging listlessly down the gate-town's single, curling avenue like sewage to a drain. Too despondent to muster emotion, locals are neither friendly nor spiteful—they simply exist. Not surprisingly, they are easily conquered, as was the case when the town's current ruler, a mysterious Humanoid called High Cardinal Thingol, entered the Screaming Gate with a pack of beholders poised to enforce her will. Nicknamed the Maiden of Misery, Thingol floats through Hopeless adorned with an expressionless iron mask and a robe of rattling chains. The unfeeling tyrant's laws change by the day, but her disdain for color and emotion are constant. This joyless executioner compounds the sorrow of her subjects.

Some doubt the High Cardinal's claim that she was once a mage of a dying world, while others spurn the notion that she's mortal at all. Still, a glimmer of hope flickers among the townsfolk, who rebel against the high cardinal and her beholders in small ways while they gather the strength to put up a real fight.



A beholder interrogates a traveler at the Screaming Gate, the entrance to Hopeless

Zuzanna WuZyk

GATE

The gate-town's only road ends in the center of a pit in a circular courtyard where a bottomless well bubbles with thick, black gunk. Creatures who enter the squelching reservoir, known as the Wishless Well, arise in Hades covered in the sticky tar, which is said to be the same substance from which the ageless baernaloths sculpted the first demodand (both creatures are detailed in Morte's Planar Parade).

The gate is prone to overflowing. Oozes, yugoloths, and liquefied demodands gurgle to the surface and pour over its gray stone edge. Notices around the Wishless Well warn townsfolk against tossing coins into the well, which causes it to spurt a jet of inky sludge.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Hopeless's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Hades, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Lingering Apathy. The residents of Hopeless are cheerless and indifferent. Charisma (Performance and Persuasion) checks to influence them are made with disadvantage.

Wasting Pigments. Hopeless leeches the color from its inhabitants. Creatures' skin, scales, and fur fade to gray, and nonmagical clothing and equipment exhibit ashen tones.

"Let me guess. You're going to dance? Splendid. Be careful not to slip on the ashes. I've never cared for slapstick comedy."

— High Cardinal Thingol

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Arranged in a dizzying spiral around a lonely cobblestone avenue, Hopeless is composed of worn, leaden buildings and crooked towers. Visitors who plod down the main road from the Screaming Gate eventually come to the Wishless Well, passing a host of dull establishments selling even duller sundries.

CASTLE OF BONE

Said to be the quietest—or least depressing—inn in Hopeless, the Castle of Bone is run by Roric Witherblade (neutral good wight) and his modest staff of neutral skeletons. A Sensate in life, Roric perished in Hopeless while touring the planes, killed by a beholder's death ray for delighting townsfolk with his showy outfit and song. In undeath, he continues to rebel, hoping to overthrow the High Cardinal and her entourage of eleven-eyed tyrants.

On the first floor, Roric's skeleton crew serves unappetizing platters of bland food and chalky mugs of watered-down booze. But beneath the bar lies a Sensate speakeasy: a vibrant, elegant chamber filled with a cornucopia of pleasures banned in Hopeless. Far from the prying eyes of the cardinal's beholders, the townsfolk plot their rebellion and partake in rich food and drink. They are careful not to overindulge, however. Strong

emotion causes splotches of color to return to their faces, making them prime targets for the high cardinal's watchful servants.

GALLOWS

When townsfolk suspected of crimes aren't disintegrated on the spot, High Cardinal Thingol allows the accused a chance at salvation on an infamous stage called the Gallows. Before their executions, the Maiden of Misery grants criminals the chance to put on the performance of a lifetime. If their display makes her feel an ounce of emotion, the high cardinal vows to set them free. Thus far, she's never had to honor her word. The stage is littered with the ashen remains of disintegrated entertainers.

TOMDON MANOR

The dead dance in Tomdon Manor, a haunted mansion at the edge of town. The once-elegant three-story villa is in a state of disrepair. Dusty planks cover its broken windows, and shingles dangle from its slumping roof. The estate once belonged to the Tomdon twins, a pair of failed entrepreneurs who risked everything to save their dying business, even their souls. When a sudden and grisly accident claimed both of their lives in one fell swoop, the twins awoke as wraiths. They quickly preyed on their household staff, condemning them to serve the manor beyond death as specters.

Some nights, the manor comes to life, and music can be heard within. Free from their glum tethers, spirits gather for a supernatural soiree hosted by the phantom brothers. Will-o'-wisps appear on the balconies, tempting curious townsfolk to venture inside, where the Tomdon twins and their staff prepare to feed on the misery of their living guests.

ADVENTURES IN HOPELESS

The Hopeless Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Hopeless Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	The party is caught red-handed after a mean-spirited goblin makeup artist ambushes them with a splash of magic paint. Two beholders demand the characters perform at the Gallows or be disintegrated where they stand.
2	Commanded by its superiors in Hades, a nycaloth bubbles up through the Wishless Well and begins hunting members of the resistance in Hopeless.
3	High Cardinal Thingol hires the characters to catch the Jester, a costumed vigilante (mage) in possession of a wand that spreads joy.
4	A baernaloth (see Morte's Planar Parade) whispers to the characters through the Wishless Well, offering to trade ancient secrets for the Maiden of Misery's true identity.

PLAGUE-MORT

Gate Destination: Infinite Layers of the Abyss

Primary Citizens: Demons and Humanoids

Ruler: Archlector Bex

Might and treachery rule in Plague-Mort, an autocratic cesspool teetering on the unhallowed brink of the Abyss. Rotting shacks, crumbling stone edifices, and derelict streets lie in the shadow of a silvery keep atop a gray hill. An imposing fortress of demonic construction, Blightsteel Keep, towers over the broken town that encircles it, separated by a bubbling moat of black ichor. From within its walls, an iron-hoofed tyrant, Archlector Bex (lawful evil bariaur wanderer; see Morte's Planar Parade), lords over Plague-Mort and its despicable townsfolk, even as they plot against him.

Trust has no place here. The citizens of Plague-Mort are a sinister lot, traitors eagerly awaiting the chance to plunge their daggers into each other's backs. They vie against each other to supplant the archlector, a position prized for its access to demon lords and their dark gifts. The throne's despotic inheritor is doomed to defend the seat from an unending torrent of assassins and usurpers. Their pattern of betrayal has one exception. Periodically, the townsfolk band together to combat the demonic hordes birthed from Plague-Mort's festering gate.

Demon ichor—a malodorous reduction of blood, bodily fluids, and viscera left by slain demons—oozes from Plague-Mort's sewers and chokes local wildlife, transforming fauna into grotesque Fiends that prey on a wretched populace. Disease runs rampant, but those who succumb to illness or infection don't stay dead for long. Undead are a common nuisance, as pox-ridden corpses regularly return to confront their oppressors.

"The knife of betrayal is best twisted twice—once in the back and again in the grave. Trust no one, not even the dead."

— Alorio Nightriddle, archlector's adviser

GATE

Plague-Mort's gate is the Pit, an inky sinkhole that churns within a locked chamber in the archlector's keep. A mangled steel platform extends directly over the Pit, and walls of thick briars surround its swirling edge. A garrison of armored demons, the Hounds, defends the gate and its keep. Once human vassals who lived outside the keep, the Fiends swear tenuous fealty to Archlector Bex so long as he furthers the interests of the Abyss.

The whims of demon lords creep from the dark well to the ears of the archlector, an unwitting puppet who pines for their power. He does their bidding, and in turn, the Pit whispers the names of mutinous townsfolk and other rising threats. Known dissenters are marched up the platform and cast into the noxious void. Moments later, the Pit belches up a demon to serve in the ranks of the Hounds.



A grim fortress, Blightsteel Keep, looms over the demon-infested town of Plague-Mort

 One Pixel Brush

DEMONIC INCURSIONS

At any moment, a horde of demons could spill from the Pit and stain Plague-Mort's streets with chaos and bloodshed. Though these recurring events are largely unpredictable, many believe the demonic incursions are punishment for holiness within the town. Kindness and piety are met with hostility and horror, and townsfolk overwhelmingly view missionaries of good-aligned deities as ill omens that must be wrangled and pitched into the Pit.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Plague-Mort's planar gate is influenced by the magic of the Abyss, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Demon Ichor. Demon ichor pollutes nearby water sources. Local wildlife that come into direct contact with the unholy gunk acquire demonic attributes, such as multiple heads, leathery wings, or writhing tentacles.

Persistent Pestilence. Residents of Plague-Mort display various symptoms of supernatural illness. Townsfolk have sickly complexions and commonly cough up flies or wipe ichor from their dribbling noses.

Undead Townsfolk. Dead townsfolk periodically return as skeletons, zombies, and revenants.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Plague-Mort is a bleak town of cobblestone streets and simple buildings clustered around a colorless hill. Cursed farmlands lie beyond the town.

BLIGHTSTEEL KEEP

The archlector rules from an unyielding steel fortress on a barren hilltop. A moat of demon ichor surrounds the ash-gray hill, polluted by countless demons who gleefully bathe in the foul sludge. Living gargoyles adorn Blightsteel Keep's metallic eaves, and bloodthirsty demons roam its luxurious halls in service to Archlector Bex.

Bex's second-in-command is the sniveling Alorio Nightriddle (chaotic evil, human mage). Alorio acts as Bex's distrusted adviser and maintains the keep and its staff. It's an open secret that Alorio covets the throne, but he isn't above groveling to support his illusion of loyalty.

Plague-Mort isn't the first town founded on the gaping maw of the Abyss, and it won't be the last. In years past, the Pit has expanded suddenly and without warning, swallowing the town and its inhabitants into one of the plane's infinite layers. Each time, however, Blightsteel Keep remains, stubborn and eternal.

OUTLYING FARMS

The gate-town's desecrated farmlands lie at the edge of town. Given the gate-town's steady supply of corpses, some macabre farmers fertilize their crops with the dead. Bountiful harvests sprout from crooked stalks in forlorn farmlands, their red fruits plump, juicy, and delicious. However, some crops are marked by wrinkled, blood-hued pustules that burst and spoil adjacent harvests if not pruned in time. If allowed to seep into the soil, the pustules' liquid causes buried corpses to rise as hostile Undead. The cursed blight goads farmers to wade into the stalks and reap what they sow.

RAZED ALTAR

Believed to have once been a temple to a god of learning, Plague-Mort's abandoned cathedral has become a monument to malice: the Razed Altar. Vindictive townsfolk gather in its shattered stained-glass halls to plot against the archlector and trade cursed items.

ADVENTURES IN PLAGUE-MORT

The Plague-Mort Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories involving the gate-town.

Plague-Mort Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	Disguised as a cleric of a sun god, a deva from Excelsior begins proselytizing among hopeful townsfolk in secret. Archlector Bex commands the characters to capture the missionary and deliver them to the Pit.
2	A farmer pays the characters to prune a patch of pustules from a field before the harvest is spoiled. Dozens of zombies lurk within the maze of stalks.
3	Armed with a forked spear, the vindictive Martari Mayhem (lawful evil, tiefling gladiator) plans to storm Blightsteel Keep. At the Razed Altar, she hires the characters to infiltrate the stronghold and report on its defenses.
4	Alorio Nightriddle (chaotic evil, human mage) invites the characters to a clandestine meeting at A Pinch of Salt, a rundown tavern with a glabrezu proprietor. Alorio wants their help to oust the archlector.

RIBCAGE

Gate Destination: Nine Hells of Baator

Primary Citizens: Devils and Humanoids

Ruler: Duchess Zelza Zurkbane

Ribcage is the blackened heart of the Vale of the Spine, a jagged range of barren mountains whose peaks curve inward around a smoldering valley. Iron walls encircle the fortified town, and two rows of cracked, dry spires of rock curl over its arid sky—the earthen ribs from which the gate-town derives its name. Ribcage's menacing, arched gates, festooned with wings like those of a bat and forged from infernal steel, allude to the power of the Lords of the Nine Hells.

Bound to the Nine Hells and its rigid hierarchy of backstabbing Fiends, Ribcage obeys a strict but mobile caste system. Stratified by morality, residents climb the rungs of society through guile, treachery, and devilish deals to obtain power at any cost. As a result, the town's lowliest paupers exhibit redeemable qualities, while the nobility are all but soulless—vile individuals who spend their days in decadence until their infernal pacts come due.

To prevent the gate-town from becoming so evil that it experiences a cosmic realignment, Duchess Zelza Zurkbane (lawful evil succubus) and her senators have enacted a policy limiting the number of devils in Ribcage. A succubus in a suit and tie, Duchess Zurkbane masquerades as a tiefling arbiter. Severed unicorn horns support the soles of her clacking obsidian heels, and her briefcase—a subservient mimic—snaps open to reveal a drooling maw of jagged teeth. Her Excellency rarely shows her true form and keeps her abilities secret, preferring to drain her victims through legal proceedings and blackmail. Duchess Zurkbane wants nothing more than to plunge Ribcage into the Nine Hells and expects the Lords of the Nine will reward her for the accomplishment.



Devils rule the brimstone skies above Ribcage, a treacherous town chained to the Nine Hells of Baator

✍️ Alfven Ato

GATE

A column of roaring red flame swirls within the Citadel of Cinders, a walled structure in the center of town. Surrounded by silvery ash—said to be all that remains of those who challenged archdevils and lost—the fiery pillar transports entrants to the desolate wastelands of Avernus, the war-torn first layer of the Nine Hells. Clever Fiends and mages can change the gate's destination, warping the pillar into an icy mirror that leads to the glacial layer of Cania or a noxious cloud leading to the rotting bog of Minauros. Only Asmodeus, Archduke of Nessus, can link the pillar to the lowest layer of the Nine Hells.

In addition to the obsidian walls that surround the citadel, a garrison of devils defends Ribcage's gate. In times of invasion or other wide-scale conflicts, the duchess can beseech Avernus to deploy infernal armies and weapons of war through the portal.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Ribcage's planar gate is influenced by the magic of the Nine Hells, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Diabolical Surveillance. Fiendish, yellow eyes peer through windows, pools, and other reflective surfaces to judge citizens of Ribcage. Meanwhile, the duchess and her senators can listen in on any message and sending spells cast within Ribcage, occasionally intercepting them.

Insatiable Greed. Creatures in or near the gate-town crave power in all its forms, but their accomplishments are never enough. Thirsts for dominance are never quenched in the desiccated valley, where each victory feels hollower than the last.

"Who needs an iron fist when you have a contract?"

— Duchess Zelza Zurkbane

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Ribcage consists of five districts clustered around the Citadel of Cinders. Buildings are constructed from iron or hewn from sharp stones, with size and ornamentation varying by wealth and social status. The town's five senators preside over one district each.

BLEEDING HORN

Like molten blood, red-hot lava pours from a stony rib into the taproom of the Bleeding Horn, a devil-owned tavern located in one of Ribcage's wealthier districts. The duchess and her senators tolerate its proprietor, an ice devil named Sparax who helps dry-tongued locals quench their thirst with chilled cocktails. The heat from the glowing lava fall behind the bar keeps drink orders coming. Loose-lipped nobles regularly spill secrets and rumors to Sparax, who always keeps one antenna to the ground.

CITADEL OF CINDERS

A walled, ebony fortress rests on a dusty crag in the center of town. Considered Ribcage's exclusive sixth district, the Citadel of Cinders is the gate-town's seat of law and corruption. Here, Duchess Zurkbane's senators—an easily manipulated quintet of bloated, self-important sycophants—help her maintain the illusion of a just government.

An iron statue of Duchess Zurkbane stands in the citadel's courtyard, holding aloft a pair of burning scales. Behind it lies the Court of Cinders, an ornate house of law where devil magistrates administer justice on behalf of the diabolical courts of the Nine Hells. Their jurisdiction is loosely defined, however, and creatures that break laws elsewhere in the Outlands sometimes wind up in the Court of Cinders due to fine print in devil-authored legal codes.

GYMNASIUM OF STEAM

Located just outside the town walls, the Gymnasium of Steam provides respite to weary travelers who have business in Ribcage but want to avoid the duchess and her oligarchs. The resort leverages a network of scalding geysers and terraced volcanic springs to create a paradise of steam rooms, saunas, and luxurious baths. Nobles schmooze with mercenaries and sellswords in the gymnasium's humid, ruby-tiled chambers, plotting the demise or demotion of their neighbors. Meanwhile, invisible imps spy on the resort's patrons on behalf of high-ranking devils, gleaning the visitors' deepest secrets when their guards are lowered.

ADVENTURES IN RIBCAGE

The Ribcage Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Ribcage Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	One of the character's loved ones pledges their soul in an infernal contract. To win it back, the party must argue their case before a pit fiend judge in the Court of Cinders.
2	Commanded by a fallen angel (lawful evil planetar) who runs a rival tavern, a gaggle of imps begins vandalizing the Bleeding Horn. The ice devil Sparax pays characters to deal with the situation.
3	Thalamra Vanthampur, a deceased duke of Baldur's Gate, claws her way out of the depths of Avernus and emerges in Ribcage as a death knight. A vengeful conqueror, she calls on the characters to help topple Duchess Zurkbane and her cronies.
4	Duchess Zurkbane hires the characters to capture a supposedly dangerous criminal, who turns out to be an innocent commoner who saw Zurkbane's true form.

RIGUS

Gate Destination: Infinite Battlefield of Acheron

Primary Citizens: Humanoids

Rulers: The Crown Generals

Generals stoke the fires of war in Rigus, a permanent military encampment linked to a plane of battle and bloodshed. Constructed in tiers on a fortified hill, Rigus is a monument to military strength. Eight octagonal iron walls, menacing and impenetrable, divide the town into seven stacked rings festooned with banners of war. Advanced siege weapons are anchored to their angular battlements. Soldiers rise at the crack of dawn to the punctual call of brass horns, filling the gate-town's tented circuits with the drum of marching boots and cadence calls sung by warriors honing their bodies for an unending war.

Rigus follows a strict military hierarchy in which everyone has a rank. Commoners and green recruits come in as privates, the lowest designation in the gate-town save for prisoners of war. Their arms tire from saluting their superiors and thankless, menial work. Citizens are expected to comply with orders from commanding officers, who don't tolerate disobedience lightly. With time and dedication, ambitious cadets can graduate to respected positions. Accomplished adventurers quickly ascend the ladder, but unproven visitors—called "slates" after the blank, chalk-white badges they wear within the town—are paid little attention.

The six Crown Generals are the top brass in Rigus. Seasoned tacticians with centuries of battlefield experience between them, they command the armies of nations. Among them is General Braahg (lawful neutral hobgoblin warlord), a broad-shouldered, gray-haired commander from the world of Toril. Clad in crimson plate, the general pays homage to the Red Knight, a god of strategy whom he reveres. Deep down, Braahg hates war and all its destruction. Stern and contemplative, he moves the pawns in his war tent with deliberation, knowing each toppled piece represents thousands of casualties. The pensive general harbors many secrets, the darkest of which can end entire worlds. Braahg's disdain for the conflict he oversees is counter to the gate-town's warlike nature and tempers Rigus just enough to keep it in the Outlands.



Within the militaristic, ringed walls of Rigus, soldiers prepare for a war that never ends

Luca Banccone

GATE

The gate to Acheron rests in a spacious hangar deep beneath the tiered hill. In addition to natural underground tunnels, the chamber has two main entrances. One is a mile-long, wrought-iron staircase located in the gate-town's highest district: the Crown. The other lies in plain sight—a massive, octagonal elevator that comprises Rigus's penultimate ring. The platform responds only to the Crown Generals, who can lower the district—along with armies and weapons of war—to the gate chamber.

Nicknamed the Lion's Gate, the portal looks like an enormous feline eye within an arch of bones, a gaseous curtain bisected by a roaring black stripe.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Rigus's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Acheron, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Pulling Rank. Creatures in Rigus have advantage on Charisma (Intimidation) checks made to influence a creature of a lower rank. These creatures have disadvantage on Charisma (Intimidation) checks made to influence a creature of a higher rank.

Regimented Populace. Creatures in Rigus are marked with a magical symbol denoting their rank and station. At the DM's discretion, nonsapient creatures, such as certain Beasts or Plants, might not have a rank.

"Congratulations, slate! You've been enlisted in regiment 231. Take this mop and report to the second ring for latrine duty. Then, you're headed to the front lines. Casualties are high, but so are the opportunities for promotion."

— Koldrel, gate greeter

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Rigus is a fortified hill divided into seven districts, separated by thick iron walls and stratified by height. Tents, military buildings, and training camps line its ringed districts, overseen by guard towers equipped with siege weapons.

BUNKERS

Rigus largely forgoes inns and taverns in favor of its bunkers, an underground complex of barracks and mess halls connected to all but the gate-town's topmost ring. While there's plenty of room to quarter soldiers above ground, generals find the cramped tunnel conditions foster more aggressive warriors. Life in the bunkers is mandatory for the gate-town's rank and file, but visitors typically prefer to stay at the Broken Slate, an enduring surface tavern.

In addition to housing, the bunkers contain the gate-town's armory and vehicle-storage facilities, as well as secluded administrative chambers where officials negotiate and strategize. Fetchtatter—a contemptible arcanaloth loyal to Bel, a former archdevil—frequents the bunkers. He acts as an infernal arms broker, selling war machines to the Crown Generals of Rigus.

CROWN

While everyday soldiers are buried and honored in the Final Procession (detailed below), the generals of Acheron are entombed in the mausoleums of the Crown, Rigus's dignified topmost ring. While some Crown Generals are content to enjoy the early retirement that death brings, others refuse to rest, joining a shadowy cabal of Undead warriors. Reborn as ghosts, liches, and mummy lords, they guide the Crown Generals from beyond the grave. The most feared and respected among them is the death knight Nagaro, a former paladin from the world of Krynne who severed her oath in her pursuit of conquest. While the strategies of other Undead generals in her company have grown stale with their desiccation, General Nagaro remains as sharp and ruthless as ever.

FINAL PROCESSION

A monument of reflection amid a hungry machine of death, the Final Procession is dedicated to the countless lives sacrificed in conflicts across the multiverse. The memorial consists of upright sepulchres and tall, granite steles engraved with the names of fallen heroes. History is written by the victors, however, who don't always respect their enemies, no matter how brave or honorable those foes might have been.

The Final Procession is also a place of ceremony. Generals frequently award medals of bravery to valiant souls, whether living or dead, before an audience of their comrades at the memorial.

ADVENTURES IN RIGUS

The Rigus Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Rigus Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	The arcanaloth Fetchtatter pays the characters to steal an infernal war machine from Ribcage so it can be sold to a general in Rigus.
2	The avatar of an evil deity of war (use the planar incarnate stat block from Morte's Planar Parade) emerges from the Lion's Gate to destroy Rigus.
3	A mummy lord in the Crown commands General Braahg to implement an outdated strategy. Risking treason, the hobgoblin hires the characters to lay his superior to rest.
4	The ghost of a fallen warrior asks the party to investigate why their name isn't on the Final Procession. The culprit is a petty Crown General who took credit for the warrior's heroism.

SYLVANIA

Gate Destination: Olympian Glades of Arborea

Primary Citizens: Fey and Humanoids

Ruler: The Seven Spiritors

Sylvania is a nonstop party, a boisterous glade that thrums with revelry at all hours. Elves and hobgoblins dance together in glittering patches of magical light, serenaded by singing harpies and the drum of satyr hooves on hollow stumps. Locals treat every visitor like the celebration is just for them, adorning each guest's head with a flower crown and fashioning them garments in theme with the current festival, which changes by the day.

"Hey, everybody, watch this!"

— Dewie Doubledare (may he rest in peace)

The gate-town's buildings are enchanting structures intertwined with the forest around them. Toadstools sprout from the mossy roofs of squat hill homes, and tiered, open-air ballrooms soar into the sky on the alabaster branches of wise, old sycamores.

The Seven Spiritors, eidolons of revelry from the plane of Arborea, govern the gate-town. Neither living nor dead, these eternal beings act as Sylvania's party planners, peacekeepers, and gracious hosts. Virtues of celebration, the Spiritors are manifestations of nostalgia, passion, and relaxation, among other things. They have no known physical forms, instead preferring to roister along in commandeered vessels, such as willing party guests, animated statues, or meticulously trimmed topiary hedges.

Mystified by a panoply of delights, partygoers sometimes become prime targets for malevolent forces. Hags and other Fey lure gullible celebrants to eerie cottages. Other guests become so lost in the celebrations they never leave, stupefied in an unshakable trance of numb ecstasy.



A vampire revels with fey creatures and one of the Seven Spiritors during a nighttime rave in Sylvania

✍ Michele Giorgi

GATE

The gate to Arborea rests in the dense forest that encircles Sylvania. The woods nearest the town are jovial and bright, but farther out, they fill with darkness, mystery, and even violence. Unlike the portals in most other gate-towns, Sylvania's portal moves through the forest on a whim, opening in an aged tree hollow one day and a circle of stones the next. The Seven Spiritors always know the gate's current location, but the portal never stays there for long.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Sylvania's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Arborea, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Guest of Honor. Everyone in Sylvania knows each other's preferred name. Creatures that have never met recall small tidbits about each other like old acquaintances. This effect doesn't pierce magical disguises or false identities.

Life of the Party. Music and merriment pervade the town. Flowers and trees bob to the beat, and small birds and sentient teakettles whistle jaunty tunes.

Natural Remedy. Sylvania wards its guests from the negative effects of overindulgence. Creatures have advantage on saving throws against the poisoned condition.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Scent and sound are handy guides in Sylvania, a rustic hodgepodge of architectural styles joined by winding footpaths and noisy parades. Establishments are caricatures of the splendors within, from the bubbling chimneys of kettle-shaped teahouses to macabre ballrooms in the boughs of decaying pines.

GOODBERRY GROVE

Celebrations start small in Goodberry Grove. The idyllic thicket of charming shrubs abounds with nourishing berries produced by primal magic each dawn. Nestled amid the speckled shrubberies and vivid toadstools is Ewrendar, a pixie kingdom ruled by King Ewren III (chaotic neutral pixie), the Party Pixie. A miniature monarchy, Ewrendar crowns its leader based on how hard they can party in a tournament of unhinged jubilation.

WIDOW'S HENGE

Deep in Sylvania's woods, a secluded arrangement of eight ancient menhirs looms over a silent clearing. Worn by time, the standing stones' inscriptions are inscrutable to wandering partygoers. Some believe the monument was once a cage for the Seven Spiritors or a prison for the ruler who preceded them. Others claim the monoliths denote a site for druidic rituals to an unknown nature god.

Not long ago, one of the stones collapsed inward, causing the entire forest to shudder. For a moment, the party stopped, its music briefly replaced by an ominous whisper heard by all. Locals quickly shrugged off the event and resumed the festivities, but since then, strange, sumptuous feasts have appeared on the toppled stone, covered end to end like a table of pale, calcified rock. Birds and woodland creatures avoid the lifeless site. Wayward travelers who partake of its temptations are never seen again.

YEARNING TIMBERS

The Yearning Timbers are the perfect party venue, a gaudy event hall carved from an enormous banyan tree that was once an elven temple. The hall's branches are graceful and pearl white, interlacing into bridges and pointed, symmetrical archways. Magic blankets the tree, allowing the Seven Spiritors to rearrange it to suit a variety of themes, right down to the weather: springtime garden parties lush with gossip and savory hors d'oeuvres, romantic balls beneath cascading autumn leaves, and psychedelic raves illuminated by glowing fungi.

To keep each celebration fresh, the Seven Spiritors maintain a constantly evolving list of special guests, renowned and infamous entities from across the multiverse. Many gods are invited to the Yearning Timbers, but few attend. Particularly polite deities, such as the drow god Eilistraee, send proxies to express their regrets. Only gods who love a good shindig—like Alobal Lorfiril, elven god of revelry and mirth—regularly accept. Clout-chasing empyreans routinely appear, eager to gain new followers or quench their foul moods. Party crashers are a common nuisance.

A nocturnal club nicknamed the Afterparty resides beneath the tree's roots. It's a who's who of Undead—liches, vampire lords, and skeletal folk of all shapes and sizes. Jergal, the apathetic former Lord of the End of Everything, regularly challenges visitors to a game of skull bocce. Legend has it he's been defeated only once.

ADVENTURES IN SYLVANIA

The Sylvania Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Sylvania Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	A vampire bachelorette invites the characters to a costumed ball at the Yearning Timbers, hoping to enlist their help in choosing her next partner.
2	A jolly halfling invites the characters to a tea party at their woodland cottage. The halfling is actually a green hag intent on eating her guests.
3	A blink dog gobbles up King Ewren III. As the kingdom descends into chaos, a pixie messenger asks the characters to help determine the next monarch.
4	One of the Seven Spiritors (use the ghost stat block) possesses a satyr and involves the characters in a scandal that must be remedied.

TORCH

Gate Destination: Bleak Eternity of Gehenna

Primary Citizens: Humanoids and yugoloths

Ruler: The Family

Torch is a den of thieves built on the slopes of three volcanic spires that rise from a blood-red marsh. Formed from hardened molten rock, the pillars alternate in spewing blazing streams of pyrophoric gas, providing light and heat to the town.

Clustered buildings retreat from the pestilent swamp, climbing each spire to its steep, walled-off heights. Notorious kingpins, brazen embezzlers, and brooding criminal masterminds look down on petty larcenists from their towering hideouts, but danger still looms even for those at the top. Without warning, the hollow peaks erupt with sporadic jets of lava and flaming rockslides, or as the locals say, "trouble above, trouble below."

The people of Torch are crooked, greedy, and cruel. Townsfolk eye each other with suspicion as they pass through the sloped alleys, clutching their purses in one hand and brandishing cautionary blades in the other. Grifters, bullies, and bandits serve as minions for Torch's numerous criminal syndicates, seedy organizations preoccupied with robbing each other and destroying rival guilds.

The gate-town is controlled by the Family, a tenebrous inner circle of crime bosses who enforce some semblance of honor among the thieves of Torch. Admission into the Family is by invite only. The full roster of members is shrouded in secrecy, as are the venues for their conclaves. Even so, some names in Torch carry more weight than others, and locals can't help but speculate about such folk's involvement in the town's hidden oligarchy.



Day and night, Torch's three volcanic spires belch fire and smoke, giving the gate-town its name

 Noor Rahman

GATE

Like a bloodshot eye gazing over the Outlands or a scarlet gemstone begging to be plucked from the sky, the gate to Gehenna floats a hundred feet above the walled upper slopes of Torch's middle spire, Maygel. The portal is difficult to reach without flight, but some ambitious creatures attempt the perilous climb to Maygel's highest point, a caustic precipice wracked by acrid fumes that ignite on exposure to the atmosphere. From there, it's a leap of faith.

OLD GOLDBELLY

A decrepit ancient red dragon, Old Goldbelly, slumbers in the fires of Maygel, his rumbling snores heard within the lambent pillar. An ill-tempered miser, the cranky wyrm wakes only to add to his hoard. Those who offer payment at his shrine, a gilded bowl near the spire's peak, can petition Old Goldbelly to ferry them to the gate. However, those who disturb him with paltry sums risk his ire.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Torch's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Gehenna, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Bottomless Greed. Equipment and lifestyle expenses in Torch are twice their normal cost.

Lure of Avarice. Visible coinage, jewelry, and magic items in Torch entice nearby creatures with faint, unintelligible whispers. The more valuable the item, the louder the whispers become.

"There's nothing more valuable than identity. Riches, once stolen, can be recouped, but reputations can be ruined beyond repair. Steal a name, and you steal everything it owns."

— The Mirrored Man, leader of the Lookalikes

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Torch is divided among its three volcanic pillars—Dohin, Karal, and Maygel—after which its districts are named. High walls along the top of each spire separate the rich from the riffraff, and two huge iron bridges connect Maygel to Dohin and Karal. Each district is divided into an upper and lower subdistrict. The gaudy buildings along the upper slopes are typically constructed from stone or metal, while the moldy piers of Torch's lowest districts feature glassless windows and rotten, waterlogged planks.

BANK OF ABBATHOR

Headquartered in the city of Sigil, the Bank of Abbathor (detailed in chapter 2) services customers across the planes. Account holders can visit a branch of the respected financial institution in the Outlands, just spireward of the bridge in Upper Dohin, but they might not like what they see.

The Bank of Abbathor in Torch is a cesspool of white-collar crime. Fraud, money laundering, and forgery run rampant within the once-shining branch, whose crumbling roof collapsed long ago. Pummeled and melted by fiery rockslides, the statue of Abbathor in the lobby is hardly recognizable. The bank's original tellers are gone, replaced by profiteers who skim a few coins off every transaction. They don't keep their ill-gotten gains for long, however. The branch gets robbed at least once a week.

BLOODIED MARSH

A sanguine marsh festers at Torch's lowest point. Sickly yugoloths row along its malodorous waters, reveling in the death and disease they bring. Like a seeping wound, the marsh engulfs the lower city in crimson murk, transforming it into a temporary playground for a slaad colony that dwells elsewhere in the bog. Residents exposed to the floods often fall ill, stricken with curses and supernatural plague if they aren't dragged away by croaking Aberrations.

GANG HIDEOUTS

Criminal organizations are plentiful in Torch. Their skeezy hideouts—ruled by monstrous ringleaders and their lieutenants—occupy the town's three spires.

The following gangs, among others, are headquartered in Torch:

The Lookalikes are a group of shapeshifting identity thieves led by an elusive doppelganger called the Mirrored Man. The group holes up in a wax museum in Lower Maygel.

The Severed Hands are a procession of grave robbers who collect hands from the corpses they plunder. Tricksters and charlatans, they masquerade as humble priests, swapping their robes for shovels come nightfall. The group gathers its spoils in a run-down temple in Lower Dohin.

The Stolen Glance is a society of fences and curators overseen by a callous, chain-smoking medusa named Zephesta. The group deals in precious art objects from an illegal gallery in Lower Karal.

ADVENTURES IN TORCH

The Torch Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Torch Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	When a buyer stiffes the Stolen Glance, Zephesta hires the characters to collect the debt and "rough him up a little bit." She fails to mention the buyer is a cloud giant.
2	A death tyrant claiming to be the deceased founder of the Xanathar's Guild on Toril hires the party to obtain an invitation to the Family on its behalf—or be destroyed.
3	The Bank of Abbathor hires the characters as security. The very same day, two maelephants (see Morte's Planar Parade) attempt to rob the bank.
4	Doppelgangers in the Lookalikes gang take on the characters' appearances and go on a crime spree, creating problems for the party at multiple locations.

TRADEGATE

Gate Destination: Twin Paradises of Bytopia

Primary Citizens: Humanoids

Ruler: The Five Star Guild

A hub of ethical trade, the gate-town to Bytopia brings a slice of Sigil's sprawling markets to the Outer Planes without the breakneck pace or cutthroat competition of that multiversal hub. Tradegate is a town of industrious laborers and gentle traders, buzzy plazas and quaint boutiques, and quiet crafts and wild inventions.

Tradegate's citizens are upright, productive, and optimistic. Dwarves and gnomes abound in the star-shaped town, acting as builders, merchants, and tinkers who aren't strangers to the daily grind. Under the guidance of the Five Star Guild—a council of entrepreneurs, innovators, and representatives from the town mint—Tradegate has risen to a mercantile powerhouse at the center of the Great Wheel.

Coinage from across the multiverse flows through Tradegate. The gate-town simplifies market exchanges by minting its own currency, a magnetic cobalt coin known as a lodestar. The lodestar has become a standard currency accepted in transactions throughout the Outlands. However, the currency isn't as stable as its prevalence suggests.

Due to its reputation for economic prosperity, Tradegate has become the target of raids, the worst of which is a recurring group of treasure-hungry xorn. Periodically, the voracious Elementals surface in the town, destroying buildings and devouring the town's plentiful reserves. Nevertheless, Tradegate's stouthearted folk remain undeterred, hastily rebuilding demolished businesses.



Tradegate's living portal to Bytopia, the Trade Master, inspects an offering from a pair of prospective travelers

Zuzanna WuZyk

GATE

Visitors struggle to locate the gate to Bytopia, a living portal that appears as a bearded bariaur called the Trade Master. His long, recurved horns are easy to spot, gilded appendages embellished with dangling coins from across the multiverse. Rumored to be an incarnation of a deity of commerce or a planar manifestation of trade itself, the Trade Master appears as a bariaur wanderer (see Morte's Planar Parade) who can cast the gate spell at will, requiring no material components.

Entrants must barter with the Trade Master to enter Bytopia. The many-horned bariaur knows everything an interested traveler owns down to the last coin, including abstract holdings and objects of sentimental value—memories, keepsakes, and songs. The Trade Master's price is high but fair, tailored to the individual's wealth. Those who attempt to swindle the Trade Master or threaten their way into Bytopia might be banished to some remote plane with a stamp of the bariaur's hoof.

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Tradegate's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Bytopia, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Crafty Town. The time and cost required to craft nonmagical objects, such as adventuring equipment, are halved in Tradegate.

Resilient Production. Damaged buildings, roads, and structures in Tradegate are repaired by its populace within 1d10 days.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Shaped like a star, Tradegate has five triangular districts, separated by industry and arranged around a pentagonal plaza of shops called the Everything Emporium. Creativity shines in the open-air marketplace, a break from the unfussy designs and gray-stone warehouses that make up much of the town.

EVERYTHING EMPORIUM

Built on a checkered pattern of glittering gold-and-violet tiles, the Everything Emporium is Tradegate's main attraction. The emporium features extraordinary wares from every corner of the planes, but despite the ever-present crowds, shoppers remain unusually polite. Buyers form orderly lines around businesses, which range from quaint curiosity shops with niche gnomish appliances to squat dwarven forges with their bellowing furnaces. No one shoves their way to the front of a queue, and no illegal market awaits contrabandists after sundown. Theft is rare, though guards are still present in the form of awakened Bytopian trees and lawful Celestials who know a lie when they hear one.

"Come on down to Forbi's Fixers, located across from Ooze Choose in the Everything Emporium! Apply just one coat of our award-winning Fixin' Polish, and your armor will be shinier than a modron's backside."

— Forbi Figglemendle, Tradegate entrepreneur

MANYROADS'S MAPS

The Outlands' most renowned cartographer is Melvin Manyroads, an energetic conjurer (chaotic good, gnome mage) who dwells in a turquoise tower with a marigold roof. Peppy and loquacious, he roams the planes for weeks at a time, intent on charting every square inch of the multiverse. He funds his explorations by selling maps to fellow wanderers and adventurers, as well as the occasional tourist.

Melvin's maps aren't always cheap—or accurate, for that matter—but his atlas is brimming at the seams. The hospitable gnome claims to have mapped hundreds of locations throughout the planes, including many of the gate-towns. Melvin offers discounts on older maps, but some of his earliest depictions are little more than interesting shapes with crude annotations.

Throughout his travels, Melvin has earned many enemies, having trespassed in the lairs of demon lords and hoodwinked gods to survey their domains. When he needs to skip town, the slippery cartographer collapses his tower into a magical map tube, slings it on his back, and sets up shop elsewhere.

TRADEMILL MINT

Unless they plan to barter with locals, visitors should stop at the Trademill Mint, a high-security building where Tradegate produces its currency. Run by a board of trustees consisting mainly of financially inclined dwarves, the mint is a cobalt fortress where traders can exchange virtually anything for its worth in lodestars.

The Trademill Mint's most senior board member—a nervous, monocled economist named Erasmus Astralbeard (neutral, dwarf noble)—is the source of the town's recent troubles. Not long ago, when Tradegate was overflowing with coin, Erasmus secretly opened a portal to the Elemental Plane of Earth, introducing an aggressive group of xorn to the Outlands in hopes of counterbalancing Tradegate's then-abundant wealth. However, the xorn's greed proved insatiable, and the Elementals continue to sack the town for all it's worth.

ADVENTURES IN TRADEGATE

The Tradegate Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Tradegate Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	While the characters are shopping, several hostile xorn attack the Trademill Mint.
2	During a demonstration for the characters, a gnome inventor's latest creation (use the iron golem stat block) runs amok, wreaking havoc.
3	Melvin Manyroads (chaotic good, gnome mage) asks the characters to help map one of the many sites in the Outlands (see the "Other Realms" section later in this chapter).
4	A local beekeeper wants to sell a special planar honey in the Everything Emporium. To help her get started, the beekeeper asks the characters to capture 1d10 live sunflies (see Morte's Planar Parade).

XAOS

Gate Destination: Ever-Changing Chaos of Limbo

Primary Citizens: Githzerai

Ruler: Varies

Chaos reigns supreme in Xaos, a gate-town tethered to the ever-turbulent plane of Limbo, where reality is only as stable as the thoughts that bind it. Xaos lies in a region of extreme climates and varied terrain—rugged mountains, muddy swamps, balmy coasts, and barren dunes. The town's fragile structures are hewn from obscure materials anchored to semi-stable foundations, and its roads are tumbling waves of cobblestone that upend and rearrange themselves without warning. Locals can't even agree on how to pronounce the town's name.

Xaos has no consistent ruler. The town's sovereign fluctuates, chosen at random by a diadem of shifting crystals that appears atop the current ruler's head. The crystal crown remains throughout a ruler's reign, which can last for months or fizzle before their coronation is done. The laws a ruler makes are similarly temporary and futile, and criminals rarely serve their full sentences. Because of this, residents tend to live by their own creeds, carving out some semblance of order from a settlement in eternal flux. Either way, locals humor their leader—be they a beloved monarch or a despised tyrant—by addressing them as "Your Majesty."

In recent years, Xaos has become a haven for the Sha'sal Khou, a group of githyanki and githzerai who fervently believe in the reunification of the gith. Considered radicals and outlaws by their fractured people, members of the Sha'sal Khou work secretly in their respective societies, subtly discouraging violence toward their gith kin while carefully recruiting like-minded individuals. As part of the organization's goals, the Sha'sal Khou has founded a fortified enclave in Xaos masquerading as a githzerai embassy.



Three modrons prepare to enter the Cube, a mechanical outpost corrupted by the disorder of Xaos

✍ Robson Michel

GATE

The gate to Limbo shifts with the town, changing shape and location at indeterminate intervals. In the morning, it might be the glaring eye of a cyclopean statue. By night, it could be a freestanding door, humming softly in the middle of a river of sluggish lava. Other times, the gate takes bizarre forms, such as a dull liquid in an antique chalice that must be sipped to transport creatures, or a sassy, sapient mouth that admits only those who reveal a titillating secret to it. Regardless of its form, the gate isn't hard to identify; chaos swells around the portal—the eye of a maelstrom of change.

“Chaos, much like order, begins in the mind. Refuse its entry into your thoughts, and Xaos is yours to mold.”

— Bruth, Sha'sal Khou diplomat

REGIONAL EFFECTS

The region containing Xaos's planar gate is influenced by the magic of Limbo, creating one or more of the following effects in and around the gate-town:

Chaotic Combustion. When a creature in Xaos casts a spell that deals acid, cold, fire, or lightning damage, the gate-town attempts to substitute that damage type for another. Roll a d4 for the new damage type, if any: (1) acid, (2) cold, (3) fire, or (4) lightning. This effect can change only one damage type per casting of a spell.

Spontaneous Deconstruction. Structures in Xaos dissolve and re-form at random. Glass gymnasiums melt into metallic puddles that give way to brick taverns with belching smokestacks of poison gas, and so on. These transformations don't harm Xaos's inhabitants.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Xaos has no defined districts and few steady landmarks. Aside from a handful of local anchors—structures built on stable, neutral-aligned areas that resist the town's volatile nature—nothing remains for long. Most homes and businesses are owned by githzerai, sculpted from currents of instability into ordered redoubts: towers of latticed diamond, domed obsidian taverns, and magnesium enclosures that shelter inhabitants from roiling storms of matter and energy.

THE CUBE

Recently, a unit of modrons from the far end of the Outlands set out to establish a degree of order in Xaos. The modrons' solution was a lawful outpost: a polished brass polygon called the Cube. However, the gate-town gradually corrupted the outpost, which collapsed in on its occupants. Now, the Cube exists in a constant state of flux, an undulating, four-dimensional mass of repeating fractals and micrified contours. Those who enter the Cube are rarely seen again, and the few creatures that claim to have been inside the structure describe it as a hostile realm of mathematical impossibilities, a clockwork house of horrors.

Some residents speculate the Cube is alive—a hovering, sapient Construct that feeds on Xaos's disorderly residents. Periodically, Automata deploys modrons to recover the lost unit, but they are swallowed just the same, absorbed into the belly of a massive, mechanical beast.

GITHZERAI EMBASSY

The githzerai embassy is an island of order amid a sea of chaos. The adamantine citadel floats above Xaos, held aloft by collective thought and focused meditation. A powerful sage named Almera (githzerai futurist; see Morte's Planar Parade) defends, sustains, and reshapes the embassy with her psionic prowess.

Though it sees its share of legitimate ambassadors, the citadel is a front for the Sha'sal Khou. Normally mortal enemies, githyanki and githzerai live in harmony within its walls, raising children who are simply called gith. Almera keeps in touch with the organization's covert leader, a powerful githyanki warlord named Zetch'r'r who has yet to visit the enclave.

The dread Lich-Queen Vlaakith, ruler of the githyanki, has issued a reward for the skulls of githyanki traitors, and she prizes those of the Sha'sal Khou above all others. As rumors drift through the Astral Sea of an enclave in the Outlands, some githyanki knights have begun poking their silver swords around Xaos in search of so-called radicals.

SLAADI NEST

The slaadi of Xaos drag their prey to a gooey nest on the edge of town. Cocooned within the bores of a mysterious geometric pillar, their victims become unwilling incubators for hideous slaad tadpoles that erupt from their hosts at birth.

ADVENTURES IN XAOS

The Xaos Adventures table offers suggestions for encounters and stories in the gate-town.

Xaos Adventures

d4	Adventure Hook
1	A team of four quadrones recruits the party on a rescue mission into the Cube.
2	Lazethon, a githzerai uniter (see Morte's Planar Parade), recruits the characters to defend the embassy from an approaching githyanki warship.
3	A merciless githyanki knight arrives in Xaos on the back of a young red dragon. He asks the characters to help him sniff out members of the Sha'sal Khou on behalf of Vlaakith the Lich-Queen.
4	Slaadi flock to their nest in Xaos for a ritual that occurs once every century. Afraid of becoming hosts for slaad tadpoles, townsfolk beseech the characters for aid.

OTHER REALMS

Outside the gate-towns lie walking castles, the lairs of timeless evils, and godly realms ruled by deities who dwell among their worshipers. The following realms exist in the Outlands.

CAVERNS OF THOUGHT

The spies of Ilsensine report to the Caverns of Thought, a hostile realm of alien tunnels deep beneath the Outlands. Cold and calculating, Ilsensine is a divine entity revered among illithids. Ilsensine's infinite tentacles pervade the otherworldly caverns, worming their way into untold worlds. Eaters of knowledge (see Morte's Planar Parade), along with mind flayers and their thralls, protect the hive mind, which intersects with Gzemnid's Realm (detailed below).

The Great Brain rarely entertains visitors. However, creatures who aspire to slay or supplant gods sometimes find themselves in Ilsensine's service, hoping to learn a fraction of the coveted secrets the deity has pried from the minds of the multiverse.

COURT OF LIGHT

The Court of Light is home to Shekinester, the Three-Faced Queen of the Nagas. Ramps and serpentine architecture pervade her deceptively small realm, a palatial stone nest where Shekinester purifies entrants through magical tests. Coiled around the court is the Loom, a dense tangle of poisonous brambles with thorns dripping like fangs. Nagas slither to the Court of Light not only to worship the Three-Faced Queen, but also to share stories around the Arching Flame—a cleansing, eternal fire that remembers the oldest tales in the multiverse.

DENDRADIS

One of several rilmani (see Morte's Planar Parade) communities, Dendradis is a vertical city of towers and bridges that knits across a fissure in the Spire. Rilmani number among the few who settle near the Spire, as most avoid the strange ambiance the impossibly tall mountain emanates. For the rilmani, the Spire is a sacred site—a manifestation of the multiverse in balance. Their metallic structures seal damage to the Spire and usually last for only a few hundred years before vanishing and leaving behind only smooth stone.

Dendradis is notable not only for its size but also because the slowly growing, lattice-like city works to cover a massive body entombed within the Spire. The rilmani who settle here know the massive corpse's identity but keep this knowledge secret, leaving outsiders to speculate whether the corpse is a dead god, a visitor from beyond the multiverse, or something else entirely.



From the secrecy of his hidden tower, the Father of Giants observes his children scattered throughout the multiverse

✍ Martin Mottet

FLOWERING HILL

Just spireward of Ecstasy lies the Flowering Hill, a kaleidoscopic orchard and the divine realm of Sheela Peryroyl, the halfling god of agriculture. Vibrant wildflowers sprout behind every step taken in this agrarian community of sturdy fences and mossy hill homes. Halfling farmers live carefree lives in the Flowering Hill, tending to quaint but fertile plots, far from the hustle and bustle of busier locales and their dangers. Harvests are plenty, so feasts are a regular occurrence, hosted by the god and open to any nature lover with an empty belly and a tale to tell.

THE GREAT PASS

Creatures who wish to travel from Ribcage to Rigus on foot must traverse the Great Pass, a bulwark of rugged mountains that mirror the unforgiving gate-towns they border. Choked by dust and volcanic ash, the jagged peaks conceal the lairs of demoted devils and remote camps of soldiers who deserted the infinite conflict on Acheron. Their names besmirched, the renegades prey on travelers seeking the pitiless homes the soldiers abandoned.

GZEMNID'S REALM

Tall, spindly mountains rise and curl above the noxious realm of Gzemnid the Gas Giant, the beholder god of deception, fumes, and fog. The offspring of the Great Mother—the eldritch matriarch from which all beholders descend—Gzemnid lurks within a deadly network of smooth tunnels, obscured by toxic clouds and laced with traps and illusions. Beholders prowl the gaseous labyrinth, furthering their god's duplicitous schemes.

Gzemnid's Realm is connected to the Caverns of Thought. The beholder god enjoys a tenuous alliance with Ilsensine, whose servants and aberrant thoughts haunt the depths of the subterranean maze.

HIDDEN REALM

After the decline of giants, Annam the All-Father disowned his children and left Ysgard, swearing never to answer the prayers of giants again until they restored their ancient kingdom and reclaimed their rightful place as mighty rulers. The All-Father now dwells in the Outlands, his realm hidden from divination magic and invisible to the naked eye. Though the Hidden Realm's location is unknown, divine oracles believe the Father of Giants

sits in a crystal tower atop an enormous mountain, silently watching over the multiverse and waiting for his children to rouse from their complacency. Some claim a portal to Annam's fortress lies spireward of the Great Pass.

LABYRINTH OF LIFE

Ubtao, Father of Dinosaurs, maintains a divine realm in the Outlands. The Labyrinth of Life is a tangled, meandering jungle where dinosaurs run rampant, including Ubtao himself, who roams his forest maze as a tyrannosaurus rex.

MAUSOLEUM OF CHRONEPSIS

The sands of time trickle in the Mausoleum of Chronepsis, a once-great city from the age of dragons that has long fallen to ruin. Here, surrounded by hundreds of hourglasses in a vast cavern beneath the dilapidated city resides Chronepsis, the dragon deity of time and fate. Chronepsis typically manifests as an ancient time dragon (see Morte's Planar Parade), though he sometimes takes the form of a black dragon with iridescent scales. Each hourglass within the dragon god's realm is said to represent the life of a dragon somewhere in the multiverse.

Chronepsis prefers to be left alone, and he seldom leaves his sanctum. In times of great need, he relies on seasoned adventurers to recover stolen hourglasses, speed the sands of a troublesome wyrm, or travel back in time to mend a past wrongdoing.

MORADIN'S ANVIL

Hammers ring out in Moradin's Anvil, a dwarven mining city tucked under the icy mountains spireward of Glorium. The realm is divided among three dwarven deities: Dugmaren Brightmantle, god of invention and discovery; Dumathoin, god of exploration and buried secrets; and Vergadain, god of luck and wealth.

Impeccable smiths, the dwarves of Moradin's Anvil produce some of the best armor and weapons in the Outlands. They regularly trade with the people of Ironridge, a small surface settlement nestled in less perilous peaks near Glorium.

REALM OF THE NORNS

Fates are spun and severed in the Realm of the Norns, a community of seers who divine meaning from mystical signs across the planes. On the horizon looms the sunset-like arch of a phenomenally huge spinning wheel that turns endlessly and can never be reached. Locals gather in a few village-sized hubs, but most keep to themselves in private hermitages, observatories, or other structures from which they ponder fate's particularities. Many people bearing magical curses also live in the area. While some hunt for ways to end the magic affecting them, most have accepted their conditions and live peacefully.

The region's best known inhabitants are a trio of fantastically old, fate-weaving witches who go by many names—the Norns, the Graeae, and the Fates among others. These seers are said to be able to see any creature's past, future, and true purpose with perfect clarity. However, since many of the realm's residents are aged, reclusive fortune tellers, none know who among them are the actual Norns, if indeed they exist.

RIVER MA'AT

The River Ma'at is a snaking waterway that flows spireward of the gate-towns from Torch to Excelsior. Boathouses float atop its gentle waters, and gnome-operated paddle steamers chug along the river's length, ferrying travelers between realms for a few lodestars. Stilt houses rise from the river's flooded banks, marshy expanses widened by countless tributaries and surges from other planes.

The River Ma'at is a delicate aquatic ecosystem molded by the wondrous creatures that inhabit it. Wild unicorns drink from sparkling streams, sea hags plot in dank river caves, and the river splits into branching sections of rapids near the dens of sleeping hydras.

SEMUANYA'S BOG

The domain of the lizardfolk deity Semuanya is a challenging paradise for hunters and others who embrace the god's philosophies of athleticism, survival, and self-improvement. Semuanya's followers believe in pushing their limits in the face of the most hostile conditions. Semuanya's realm reflects this: a vast, densely canopied swamp that is colorful, sweet smelling, and full of lethal natural hazards. Along with the servants of Semuanya—who eagerly encourage visitors and one another to strive toward ever-greater goals—all manner of giant Beasts and swamp monsters inhabit the bog. Dangerous plants are also common in the deepest parts of the mire, but among them grow fruits and herbs that can be used to brew some of the rarest elixirs in the Outlands.

THE SPIRE

The spoke at the center of the Great Wheel, the Spire is an infinitely tall pinnacle of rock that towers above the Outlands. Above its highest point hovers the city of Sigil, its streets lining the inside of a floating torus.

Pockets of antimagic radiate from the Spire. Though the gate-towns and most realms in the Outlands are beyond its reach, the Spire's intermittent magic-dampening effect is enough to bring archmages to their knees and reduce gods to mortals. Still, some creatures eke out an existence near the Spire, and others, such as rilmani, thrive in its shadow, seemingly immune to its nullifying properties.

THEBESTYS

Outside the gate-towns, Thebestys is one of the largest settlements in the Outlands. Deserts and marshes compete for dominance around the walled city, situated near the banks of the River Ma'at. Founded by a god of learning, Thebestys draws sages and scholars with the promise of knowledge, for its library is said to hold the answer to any question one could ask. However, finding answers within the endless repository can prove futile—some creatures die of old age in between its bookshelves only to continue their hunt as petitioners. More often, planar powers of knowledge come to Thebestys to throw down with one another in academic debates, hoping to assert a single truth for all of history.

VALE OF THE SPINE

The bony pillars from which the gate-town of Ribcage derives its name stem from the Vale of the Spine, a narrow valley of towering, curved mountains rumored to be the corpse of some ancient titan. Dried-up bones and rusted infernal scrap, eroded by acid rain and hellish temperatures, litter the barren vale. As one moves spireward, the landscape gradually gives way to dusty plains.

WALKING CASTLES

Outlanders are always on the move, and some like to take their strongholds with them. Whether powered by gnomish invention, bestowed on worshipers as godly boons, or animated with powerful magic, walking castles cause wildlife and other travelers to scatter as they tromp across the plane. The mobile fortresses range in size and construction, from sprawling palaces haunted by royal spirits to impregnable aquatic keeps on the shells of grumpy dragon turtles. Coveted by planar raiders, walking castles are capable of defending themselves from would-be conquerors.

WONDERHOME

The gears of innovation turn steadily in Wonderhome, a divine workshop belonging to Gond, a god of craft, smithing, and invention. Populated almost entirely by sapient Constructs, Wonderhome is a magnet for inventors seeking sparks of creativity, magical contraptions, or solutions to nagging problems.

POSTER MAP



The Outlands



(Player Version)



Sigil—The City of Doors



(Player Version)

COVER



On the Cover: Sigil's enigmatic ruler, the Lady of Pain, looms before the planar metropolis and its curving skyline in this painting by Tyler Jacobson.

✍ Tyler Jacobson



On the Alt-Cover: On this cover, Tony DiTerlizzi depicts the Lady of Pain in her iconic bladed headdress. The expressionless Lady's inner machinations are unknowable.

✍ Tony DiTerlizzi