

PLANESCAPE CAMPAIGN SETTING

CHAPTER 7: SIGIL

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The man sat at his desk, a pile of scrolls to one side illuminated by the flickering amber glow of candles. Slowly and deliberately, he dipped a quill into a small inkbottle and began to write. At first there was only gibberish, but soon words began to form themselves as he scratched more ink across the parchment, words that held meaning to few but himself. They came to him in a torrent of information that he struggled to pluck sense from, but from the chaos that spilled into his skull from unseen sources he crafted reason and purpose. Names, places, events, possibilities. Meaning took shape in the splatters of ink, growing more defined and more deliberate as he reached the end of the page. With a scatter of sand and a cantrip, the ink was dried, allowing him to place it atop the stack of the others. Three more and he would glean some sense from the day's work and the coming potential of the next few weeks. Decisions would be made and he would task others to the goals he formulated. Sense and purpose would come of it all.

His solace was interrupted then by a series of hesitant knocks upon the door. He'd already placed down his pen and waited for the intrusion patiently, knowing it would come before it happened as with so many other things.

"Enter Sarifel, I've been expecting you." The candle flames danced in a gust of warm wind as the door to his chamber slid open and a waiflike tiefling entered. Out of some nervous habit Sarifel brushed a strand of brown hair away from his olive-toned forehead, replacing it behind the thin, curling ram horns that grew back from his skull. He paused and waited for the man behind the desk to address him. "Considering your time on this errand was spent within Sigil I have little insight into how your progress went. It remains dark, even to me. Tell me. Did you do as I requested?" His face remained an unreadable mask as he crossed his hands and waited for a response.

"It went well. The information was sold for a pretty piece of jink and I managed to drop it into the ears of a few other berks who'll do their own thing with it as well."

"Does the arcanaloth suspect you?" There was a weight placed upon the question, for the first time showing some vague irritation behind those brilliant green eyes that seemed to look through his servitor like he was a glass case in a shop, spilling his secret contents out into the open.

"No...at least I don't think so. As hounded for details as I was, I said what you told me to say, nothing more, nothing less. It seemed to have worked, though I didn't get as much as my initial asking price. The jackal talked me down."

"The jink is meaningless. The 'loth has more where that came from I would assume. More than we do, but that's unimportant when we trade in secrets and things of belief." He gave a knowing smile, but an approving one cast towards the tiefling. "I have another task for you, a package to deliver to another of the select, this time within Limbo. But I'll have the details given to you later. For the moment you deserve some rest. You've done well, Sarifel."

The tiefling smiled with renewed pride, "I'm glad you approve. As before I'll write down everything that happened and have it in your hands by the morning." He turned to leave, only muttering to himself after the door had closed heavily behind him, "Not that you likely won't already know everything before I've written it down. Damned if I can tumble to how you snatch it out of my mind, or out of thin air."

Back inside the room, the tiefling's footsteps growing distant now and receding down the hallway, the man smiled darkly. "Indeed, and not that you even have a clue yourself to what it is you've been doing. Secrets are like that my friend; they hide themselves behind dark little veils of obscurity or, far too often, our own unwillingness to face their reality. Follow that same self-deception and it turns to disbelief, and then see where that gets you. Look if



you have but eyes to look and ears to listen. But you don't, and that's why you follow me. When you and they finally do open your eyes, by then you may wish you hadn't. But now I only have need to watch the effects of your actions on my behalf. I do think I'll be pleased."

Sigil: The City of Doors

Greetings cutter and allow me to further introduce myself on these pages stained with ink and effort, blood and betrayal, and my own honest toil. In the event that this work is separated from its companion volumes of lore and darks, advice and wit, allow me to preface these pages that bare the mark of my pen once more. To those of you who have made my acquaintance before, well met again, and for those of you fresh to my words, greetings. I've written a good number of things in my past, foremost among them the Factol's Manifesto. And indeed, that volume earned me a death sentence from the Mercykillers.

But here I am, still alive, the Red Death split in twain and my sentence forgotten. Who then has had the last laugh on the matter I ask?

My purpose for that volume was the same as my purpose now and forever more: The objective dissemination of the truth. Undeniably, many of you will doubt my words as fully accurate, or suspect it of having some underpinnings of falsehood or slander, seeking to manipulate events and opinions. But I assure you that is not the case. I exist outside the games of politics, personalities and creeds within the City of Doors, now and forever more. Take me as your personal guide to the storied places, persons and legends of Sigil.

Herein this volume, unchecked by censor or judge, lays the everyday knowledge of The Cage as well as some deeper tales known heretofore only by graybeards and those golden lords and knights of the post who prowl the gutters of the city, both gilded and foul. Her Dread Majesty indeed may perhaps sanction my work, as she has done me no harm in my efforts thus far.

Newly arrived as one of the clueless to the City of Doors? Then read well and learn of the city you find yourself within. My words might save your life, or lead to some foolishly squandering theirs. Call the city kip already? Still, you might find a thing or two within new to you in all your self-professed knowledge of The Cage and its inhabitants.

Do what you will with the information penned upon these pages; my goal is simply to state the facts unsullied by those who would twist the truth to their own ends. My words before have always rung true. Find fault in me there if you can, for here do they ring true once more. Learn well from me. As always, your servant of the truth. - The Editor.

First Impression for the Clueless

Stepping into Sigil, regardless of which ward you enter, is always a unique, and not always an altogether pleasant experience. Be that as it may, it is always remarkable and not easily forgotten. The first thing you'll probably notice is the sting in your eyes as you cough, and maybe struggle for your first breath of the thin, soot-laden air mixed with the sounds and smells of a thousand worlds, planes, and their inhabitants. And then you start to marvel at the place despite the dense blanket of haze that hovers like fog, mixed with the low hanging clouds that form the city's own weather. In a word: Sigil can be utterly dreary at the same time it amazes and confounds.

That nearly constant haze and high hanging fog very well constitutes the average weather of Sigil. While the city isn't truly large enough to create its own weather patterns, a presumed number of portals exist that link it to the Elemental Plane of Air, as well as the Paraelemental Plane of Steam, and perhaps even the Quasielemental Planes of Lightning and Smoke. All of this, in combination with the influx of air from all other portals in the city, and the combined



cooking fires, exhalations of the residents, and any other similar things combine to form the unique atmosphere of the City of Doors. It isn't exactly pretty berk, even by a fiend's ideals. While the air in The Lady's Ward might be a bit clearer most days, down towards the Lower Ward the exhaust and smoke from the Great Foundry and all the other myriad workshops and forges combine to form a yellowish, sickening blanket of smog over the city that spreads out to the other wards.

Now if this all kept up, eventually the air in the city would be unbreathable, or so the graybeards say. Every so often when the smog seems like it can't get any worse, it all improves in the space of a day; the air seems cleaner, a blood can see further up into the "sky", and the ring opposite seems much more detailed than before. At these intervals the air is downright pleasant to breathe too. Not that it lasts all that long, but the chant is that either winds blowing up off the Spire purge Sigil of its worst smog, or the Lady opens the portals in such a fashion as to flush the air and replenish it anew when needed.

But I've gone down quite a tangent, and forgotten the scene at hand. Past the mildly acidic drizzle from overhead on most every other day, you can stand and gawk at both deva and fiend conversing with one another as they stride past you on the wide cobblestone street between two high eaved buildings. Glancing at the surrounding structures themselves, you will notice the blades and ornate spikes that might decorate the surrounding walls and terraces from which ravens and pigeons, among more exotic beasts, might roost or lie skewered. As you walk you might be jostled by a passing bariaur, or a human and a golden skinned aasimar speaking at length, and then notice that the buildings, regardless of grandeur or condition, all tend to bear a unique and common style.

You see, Sigil's buildings, from its most glorious and gilded structures of the wealthy and powerful to the rotting ramshackle shanties of its slums, all have a distinct style and appearance in common. Several features typify Sigil's architectural tradition: blades, spiked fences, iron and stone ornamentation, and razorvine. Of these features, the first three have practical uses for the buildings they decorate, while the last is a widespread nuisance that is dealt with and has accommodated some function only in order to put a positive spin on the hellish vegetation. While some of the racial enclaves and ghettos may deviate from this typical architectural style, a building from Sigil is recognizable and distinct from most anywhere else on the planes.

Blades sprout from many of the buildings in Sigil, rising up as razor-edged fingers to glimmer in the hazy light. These ornaments likely originate in imitation of, and deference to the blades of Sigil's enigmatic ruler and protector, Her Dread Majesty, the Lady of Pain. But besides this likely origin, the blades are just as much for protection against thieves and intruders.

The spiked fences common to most of the larger buildings in Sigil, and to a lesser extent the smaller and less cared for buildings of the poorer wards of the city, have both a decorative function as well as practical ones for the buildings they grace. Thieves find their grips and potential handholds topped by spikes, and windows and shutters girded with iron. The spikes also deter some of Sigil's indigenous birds such as executioner's ravens and some types of grayish green pigeons from roosting atop a berk's kip. [To say nothing of mephits... - The Editor]

Ornamentation in the form of either abstract designs or carved imitations of perched figures and gargoyles in both iron and worked stone is common. The more prominent the building or the more wealthy the occupant, the more elaborate the ornamentation. Decorative waterspouts, eaves and gables are common in the more wealthy areas of Sigil, but are not restricted to them. Iron and stone are the most common building material used because they can be created through magic, rather than imported at great expense by way of Sigil's portals. However, in the richer wards of the Cage, special and unique varieties of stone, metal and wood have been imported from places ranging from Mount Celestia, to Gehenna, to the



Quasielemental Plane of Mineral. But most commonly used as building materials across all of Sigil are varieties of simple grayish or white stone, iron, slate, and rough-hewn wood.

Razorvine

As you're examining the city's architecture, you're bound to find a wall or two covered and overgrown by a creep hedge or carpet of twisting, but oddly fitting black vine snaking up the stone. Mind your hands, lest you draw back and find your fingers lacerated and dripping blood upon the vines, yourself, and the cobblestones under your feet.

Razorvine, considered a blight upon the planes by many, is a dark, nearly black twisting vine that infests parts of Sigil and proves nearly impossible to completely kill. The thin, twisting vines are dotted with dense clusters of heart shaped leaves, which grow atop thin, triangular stems that are themselves as sharp as razors. It can grow several feet a day, and the twists and knots of the vine make it near impossible to find the roots.

This inability to purge the Cage of the vine is certainly not for any lack of trying on the behalf of many of Sigil's citizens. The vine is routinely hacked down, trimmed, poisoned, and burnt in an effort to kill it, or more commonly to keep its rampant growth under control. Razorvine is likely of Abyssal origin, possibly having been imported from the gate-town of Plague-Mort, though there is little proof to support this claim. Sigil's residents have adapted to using it as both a decoration and a security device on the walls and roofs of buildings. Grown up and into elegant latticework on the sides of a cutter's kip, the razor-edged plant will prevent most any thief from daring to scale the wall. A single fall could eviscerate even the hardest knight of the post.

Finally, the vine itself can be used as cheap sustenance for certain grazing animals, and bundles of the dried, trimmed vine are sold as such both inside and outside of Sigil. When properly prepared, razorvine can also be used as a source of fuel for wood burning stoves and fireplaces. Faced with their inability to rid themselves of the creeping plague, Sigil has sought to profit from the plant as best it can.

Location

Everyone seems to take at face value the chant that Sigil sits atop the great Spire in the exact center of the Outlands. This'd place Sigil at arguably the very center of the Outer Planes, and, by some cutters' reckoning, the center of the multiverse. Any resident of Sigil however will dismiss this notion as pure screed, despite its attractiveness. Nothing is at the center of everything. Ask any planewalker and they'll tell you the same: that it's the rule of the Center of All showing through. Every point in the multiverse sits in the midst of a sea of everything, infinite and vast. From that perspective, every point is the same and at the center of everything as far as it's concerned. It's just the fact that Sigil's portals connect it to every plane of existence that leads to the mistaken idea that it sits at the center of everything.

Of course, some even question the assumption that it sits atop the Spire in the first place. Thing is, the Spire is supposedly infinitely tall. So how then can there be a top of the Spire for something to be placed at? [Indeed, Sigil is a mystery among mysteries. Some would even say THE mystery. - The Editor]

Entering and Leaving the Cage

Getting to and from Sigil is at the same time both simple and complex. The lowliest prime can slip into and out of the city with but the Lady's whimsy and the right key, while the gods themselves are barred from entering no matter how long they rage in impotence at doorways



forever sealed to them. There's something poetic about the reality of Sigil, with so many things stark and definite, but coexisting with the enigmatic and unknown.

That said; Sigil's hallmark is the nigh uncountable portals that are the reason behind its name, the City of Doors. A door, a window, a flagstone, a tracing of cracks in a stone wall, a painted circle left by a barmy Xaositect on the side of a tree. All of these are bounded spaces, and all of them potentially portals. Any bound space within Sigil has the potential to be a portal to effectively anywhere in existence from the Outer to Inner planes, the Prime, even demiplanes hidden throughout the multiverse. All that matters is having the correct key.

A portal key can be anything. A leaf from a cutting of razorvine, a golden ring, a silver rose dipped in blood. All of these could be portals keys. And indeed a portal key need not be material. It could be a certain song hummed while walking backwards through the bound space, or even a thought in passing while crossing the portal's threshold. At the will of Her Serenity, all of these could be the keys to activating any of Sigil's portals.

Indeed, the portals of Sigil are the only way in or out. Without the knowledge of the proper portal, and the proper key to that portal, a body can't enter or exit Sigil. There is no other way to enter or leave the city, though some have attempted to do so by leaping from Sigil's ring in the spot called 'Suicide Alley' where the outer wall is low enough to climb over. What happens to those is dark; none have ever been proven to return. If Sigil sits atop the infinite Spire, one might simply fall for infinity after jumping clear from the ring to eventually die of starvation or thirst. Some have even suggested that the poor sods might be thrown to a random plane, but again this is unproven. Curious? Try to look over the walls and see what lies beyond. Some have done so, especially those cutters who have the ability to fly, and they see neither the Spire, nor even a void. *Nothingness*. Try as they might, those who've seen over Sigil's walls say only that nothing lies beyond them, and leave it at that, words failing to fully describe the concept. The multiverse has its mysteries, and Sigil lies at the heart of many of them.

The portals of Sigil have an even more unique, and humbling feature. The powers may not enter Sigil. Powers, deities, gods, whatever your name for them, they are barred from entering the City of Doors. Rage though they might to take the gateway to the planes, they may not so much as step a foot through a portal into Sigil. Of everything on the planes, little may be held as a true constant save this: Gods may not enter Sigil. Perhaps this is a byproduct of Sigil's location atop the spire, or its place at the so-called center of the planes, but most graybeards acknowledge but one answer to this dark: Her Serenity, the Lady of Pain.

There is no way around the limitations imposed upon Sigil, though many have tried. Sigil is coexistent upon the Astral Plane, though planewalkers upon the Astral have said that the city is surrounded by a palely luminescent, and utterly impenetrable bubble that sears the mind and defies proper explanation. This astral barrier wholly prevents passage into Sigil through the Astral Plane, leaving only the Lady's portals as viable entry. Still, the city isn't so much separated as, well, *caged* off from the Astral. Spells and even psionics that work by connecting to that plane do work within Sigil. It's just impossible to enter or exit the city, or even observe anything but its mysterious shielded boundary by means of the Silver Void.

Other spells such as summoning and similar conjuration magic fail spectacularly within Sigil, although some wizards are said to know of spots within the city where by chance, or more likely the Lady's will, such spells do work, within limitation. *Plane shift* spells fail, though teleportation works within the confines of the city. Again such spells work, but nothing may cross into or out of the city, except by way of the portals. Even such powerful spells as *gate* and *wish* fail to breach the limitations imposed upon Sigil. Indeed, if even the powers cannot breach the wards set around the City of Doors, what hope does mortal magic hold to accomplish the same?



Some say that the portals of Sigil appear at the whimsy of the Lady, others that they are all random and She only controls the keys to open them. Others still say that nothing is random and indeed, She creates Her portals not at whimsy but with deft, measured strokes of will. As with most things regarding the Bladed Queen, the matter remains dark. But what is known is that the Lady of Pain has the ability to shut down the portals of the city, even all of them at once. She has done so before, and could do so again. And with that, mind this: the City of Doors has but so much air.

Shape and Direction

The City of Doors, being built along the inside of a great torus atop the Spire, has a rather unique shape. Indeed standing upon any of the streets of the burg, given enough clear space to see for any decent stretch, one can see the city curving up and along the circumference of the ring. Looking up at night, when a basher can see through the perpetual haze, you can see the twinkling lamps, fires and other lights from the streets and buildings clear across the ring on the other side of the city. One big ring sitting at the very center of the Great Wheel of the Outer Planes. Coincidence, or the Unity of Rings shining through? Let graybeards ponder over that question. Allow the clueless to stare and wonder. The rest of us just accept it and live out our days without giving it much thought.

Shape aside, the size of Sigil, from one end to the other, as determined in the past by Harmonium and Guvner surveys, places the Cage at roughly five miles across, and twenty miles in circumference. However, these are simply approximations and an average of the myriad values they found. See, the actual size of Sigil is not set to any value. The Lady can alter the size of the City of Doors at Her whim, making it larger or smaller for whatever mysterious reasons and purposes She has. Likely if the population of Sigil exceeded a certain amount Her Serenity might simply allow the city to grow in size to accommodate these changes, with her servants, the dabus, creating new buildings and paving new streets.

Another artifact of the unique ring shape of Sigil is that, like most planes, there's no easy way to orient yourself for directions. There's no north and south, no east or west. All directions end up being relative to specific points in the city and to the Spire (not that it can be seen from within Sigil, but it's assumed to be there, somewhere). In this manner, you give direction by which wards to pass through or go towards. For instance, to get to the Gatehouse from the Lower Ward, you would travel to the Hive. With the ring "laying on its side" above the Spire, there also exist up and down, commonly known as spireward and downward, corresponding to up and down respectively, which govern direction to the edges of the city.

Modrons and certain lawful cutters, such as the former members of the Fraternity of Order, break from this system of relative direction and favor a system of radial and chord wise coordinates. Most bloods don't tend to bother with this exact system, favoring the more common, and while less exact, easier to use methods of giving directions relative to the wards and the spire.

Telling Time

Time in the City of Doors is measured along a convention that's been in place for about as long as anyone can remember. Though admittedly, records of the history of Sigil itself are rather sketchy beyond a thousand years or so, and grow even dimmer the further back a cutter delves. Now, while most Primes will tell you that their own worlds are ruled by a clear cut day and night, alternating between a blazing star in the day sky and various numbers of moons at night, Sigil has no real sky with heavenly bodies by which to tell the time. Yet there still exists something akin to day and night in the burg. Here it's called peak and antipeak, for the times when the dim, hazy light that seems to spring out of the very air above the ring of Sigil is waxing or waning to its highest or lowest points. That said it's never truly bright in the city



save for the hours surrounding peak. Otherwise, it's usually a subdued glow of early morning or growing twilight, filtering through the haze, or, during the hours around antipeak, when the sky is a more or less an artificial night. And although Sigil has no sun or moon or stars, being that the city is ring shaped, during the hours around antipeak, a cutter looking up can see the faint twinkle and glimmer of lights on the streets and in buildings clear opposite of them on the other side of Sigil. Well, when the air is suitably clear of fog or haze anyways.

The roll of years is something of a mixed bag in Sigil and frequently comes to confuse the clueless and graybeard alike. For while Sigil is, or is presumed to be, eternal in every sense of the word, written records of history in the City of Doors are hard to come by the further back one looks. Without accurate and longstanding historical records there exists nothing by which to judge the flow of time, or by which to date against. The latest convention for keeping track of the years has been, until recent history, giving the date by the number of the year of the current factol of the Fraternity of Order. With the assassination of Factol Hashkar, and the flight of the Guvners from Sigil after the Faction War, there has been no standard convention in place for the roll of years since then. In common usage until recently have been to label the years since then as the 5th year of the Faction War, the 5th year of the Factions' Fall, and the 5th year of the Liberated Sigil. While still not official, the most commonly used method, now increasingly seen in documents relating to city business, is to label the years relative to the Lady's edict banishing the factions. Thus a year would be described as the 5th year of the Lady's Edict.

Debate is currently ongoing within the Sigil Advisory Council that would establish an official convention for the roll of years as a standard, but with other myriad issues facing them it is unlikely to be pushed to the forefront of debate. For now the unofficial official convention works as well as any other.

Inhabitants

Being the nominal center of the Outer Planes (at least from the Cagers' perspective), and with links to points across the multiverse, the Cage is populated by members of nearly every race and culture imaginable. While the list of different races is much too exhausting to write down in this limited space, suffice to say, the exemplars and planar branches of the prime races abound and form the majority of the population of Sigil. The planetouched races are represented largely by aasimar and tieflings within the City of Doors. While there also exists a smaller and visible amount of the various genasi races, any of the more exotic planetouched races are a small minority collectively. Also of note is the fact that the Outer Planar races vastly outnumber the natives of the Inner Planes, despite Sigil's portals to every plane in the multiverse.

From ward to ward, the population of the City of Doors varies with respect to composition by both planars or primes, as well as the types of bashers that populate the ward. Many of the more exotic races, and those who have been historically more insular, persecuted within Sigil, or across the planes in general, tend to accumulate among themselves in their own racially distinct neighborhoods. Indeed, a number of racial enclaves across Sigil have grown large enough to merit distinction as districts of their own within a given ward.

The Lady's Ward is nearly free of the fiendish races, and relatively few tieflings grace its streets or call the ward kip except for the touts of the city, which number many tieflings among their number. Humans, half-elves, various genasi (particularly air genasi, who appreciate the cleaner air of the ward), aasimar, zenythri, and bariaur make up the stock of the ward in number from largest to smallest. The powerful and the opportunistic reside in this ward alongside the honest and the upstanding. By crime or by the law, a blood may find themselves fleeced of his jink one way or the other if they're not careful within the ward. Alongside the crosstrade, the wealthy, and the knights of the post are the various members of



the clergy. They abound in The Lady's Ward in numbers larger than in any other section of the city, with even the occasional divine proxy traversing the wide avenues.

Within the Lower Ward a cutter will find the most diverse collection of racial types within Sigil, though true to its name, the number of portals to the Lower Planar tends to skew this mix of races towards a more fiendish bent. Regardless, humans are the largest group, followed almost equally by tieflings, githzerai, and bariaur. Less numerous, but still represented in numbers one cannot dismiss, are elves, dwarves, gnomes, half-elves, and rogue modron. Indeed, the Lower Ward, unbeknownst to many, was ages ago called the Prime Ward, for the ghettos of the Clueless herded and sequestered there. [An idea which Cirily of the Sigil Advisory Council would likely find attractive once again. - The Editor] And here, within the racially diverse atmosphere of the ward, most bashers tend towards common labor, most of them having little training in sorcery or swordplay. Forge workers, pot menders, and tailors have little use for such crafts. More often than not the populace trends more to mundane means than in most wards.

In the Hive, the poorest and most crime-ridden ward of all of Sigil, the racial mix becomes much different from the other wards. Humans are hardly the most common race, and are a considerable minority when compared with the number of tieflings, githzerai, chaonds, bariaur, half-elves, monstrous humanoids, giant-kin, and full-blown fiends. Celestials and aasimar are virtually a rarity within the ward, for good reason with the number of fiends and bashers of a criminal nature.

Within the utter squalor of the Hive, the masses of living detritus tend towards little to no education, and so the educated and the rich tend to be a rarity in most areas, except for those few who have moved into the ward either to exploit, employ, or preach to the population. Some berks find that they can make a name for themselves with their skill or magical prowess in the ward's criminal circles. The unorganized, or organized and less powerful, criminal elements of Sigil reside in the Hive. Here thievery can allow even a relatively unskilled leatherhead to make quite a living for themselves inside the ward, or to venture outside, make their jink, and then flee back to avoid the rule of law outside the Hive.

The Clerk's Ward, home of the bureaucracy that daily greases the wheels of Sigil's government, tends to be rather drab when compared to the other wards of Sigil. Its citizens comprise a population made up largely of humans, with smaller numbers of githzerai, tieflings, zenythri, bariaur, dwarves and halflings. Most exemplars tend to avoid the ward for whatever reason, maybe considering the mundane lot of little importance in their schemes.

The citizens of the Clerk's Ward tend to be a bit higher educated than in many of the other wards, with more skill using a pen than a sword for many. However, that's not to say that the unskilled have no use in the ward. They simply won't have any chance of gaining much influence, but they can, and do manage to make a living serving as guards, servants, and laborers.

The Guildhall Ward stands in marked contrast to the Lower Ward, but also in startling similarity in terms of racial complexion. While the ward is just as diverse as the Lower Ward, the population tends towards a mirror opposite of it, with the fiends and fiend-touched races replaced by celestials and aasimar; and here, even more so than in the Clerk's Ward, a large number of spellslingers and magical artisans call the ward kip.

The Market Ward is fairly diverse with regards to racial composition, though much of the diversity comes from the daily influx of buyers. After all, every cutter in Sigil has things they like or need to purchase, and the Great Bazaar of the Market Ward has the largest selection of merchants and vendors within all of Sigil. Among the merchants themselves, there's more than a fair share of bariaur and half-elves along with the human population. Here, fiends can be seen passing by celestials on a daily basis, and none seem to give it much a second thought.



Still, the occasional fight between passing Baatezu and Tanar'ri makes way for an opening in any crowd within the ward.

Most cutters of any background can find a use for themselves within the ward, be it for the security of the merchants, creation of items, preaching to the crowds in the Bazaar, or bobbing some sod for his coin. The ward takes all kinds and passes little judgment upon them. This facet of daily life remains one of the most lingering influences of the Free League. [Though admittedly they never officially existed as a faction, so it's unfair to say that they no longer exist with the Lady's Edict in place. They're still here with the same faces and the same social and business circles, but no longer by the same name in public. - The Editor]

Buying/Selling/Services

Sigil, as with any other city of its size and population, has a wide variety of services hawked by those canny bloods with skills, ranging from the common to rare, and abilities, ranging from unskilled to masters of their craft. From the portals come flooding into the burg a vast diversity of products, wares, and raw goods from all corners of the planes. From street corner vendors' carts, to shops, to whatever a berk can hold in his hands, the wares of commerce are to be had by those with the jink for it, or the quickness to bob it off those who do.

Most of the business within Sigil, or at least the vast bulk of it, takes place within the Great Bazaar inside the appropriately named Market Ward. Of course, to find something within the ward isn't always quite so easy. One must consider the size of the area it occupies and that most of the shops are pitched upon the ground in a haphazardly manner and may change position slightly depending on the circumstances and the goods they sell. [Illegal goods move fast, in every sense of the word. - The Editor] Most products sold in the Market Ward are on the up and up, though other areas such as the Night Market within the Hive sell to customers unconcerned with prior ownership or price.

Other shops are dotted throughout Sigil, in each and every ward, with the wards in turn giving a bit of flavor to each shop, and the shops themselves giving something back to their districts. Poignant examples that serve to exemplify this range from the Friendly Fiend in the Lower Ward, Parts & Pieces in the Market Ward [With the ever so added benefit of being run by Seamusxanthuszenus, Slayer of Fiends and Merchant Most Excellent! Aka 'That Mephit with the Hat'. (N male dust mephit). Need I say more? - The Editor], Tivvum's Antiquities in the Market Ward, and Traban's Forge within The Lady's Ward. All of these shops have their own unique flavor that adds to, and derives itself from their ward of residence. Indeed, so do most of the small, independent merchants within Sigil to an extent.

But shops aside, all manner of services are available within the City of Doors, such as tours of the city available from the Tout and Escorts guild, entertainment provided by the Civic Festhall and Entertainers Guild, and the location of desired portals provided by the members of the Doorsnoop's Guild. Since the fall of the factions, many of Sigil's guilds hold far more influence in the city, and consequently offer more services and benefits to their members than in the previous seven centuries of their existence.

Across the city, a blood can find sedan chair rides or Arcadian pony drawn carriages to ferry him over or through the crowds, and young scaps called light boys carry glowing staves to light the way for a cutter walking in Sigil after dark. Life is much easier for those with jink to freely spend on their own luxury.

Magical items of all types and manufacture may be bought from the merchants or spell-slingers of the city. At the same time, arcane knowledge itself can be found in both the Great Library, the Sensory stones of the Civic Festhall, and smaller and more private groups like the Society of Luminiferous Aether.



And bub... a hundred different alehouses, bub taps, and watering holes can be found across the breadth of the city. Each of them with their own unique atmosphere, clientele, and price range, to say nothing of other entertainment provided to the patrons. [The Fortunes Wheel in The Lady's Ward, and the Bottle and Jug in the Hive are perhaps the two most polar opposites in this regard, though under the surface they have much more in common than the patrons of the former are likely to admit. - The Editor]

Keepers of the City

The Lady

The planes have mysteries cutter, and not all of them have answers. Walk the planes long enough and that's something you'll take to heart. Some things just ARE. You don't question them, you don't fight them, and you don't so much as stand in their way. They just exist and you accept it.

Not the lady of pain, no, the Lady of Pain. Her Serenity, Her Dread Majesty, and the ultimate power in Sigil (perhaps anywhere else, it's reckoned by some). She keeps and controls the portals of the City of Doors, and She bars the powers from entering. Appearing as a tall, robed woman with Her face sprouting a halo and headdress of blades from Her very flesh, She floats silently above the streets of Sigil. She is the protector of Sigil and, by that, all of its inhabitants, not that She likely cares one way or another for anyone in the city. But any threats to Sigil itself or to Her own power and She reacts. During these select few times in Sigil's history, terrible Her fury has been, and most Cagers prefer to forget such occurrences.

From time to time, She may randomly float down an avenue, passively observing before vanishing around a corner without a trace. Wise bloods look away and avert their eyes, or quickly find business elsewhere. She never speaks; never has in the history of Sigil as far as any know. In the scant few times She's needed to make Her will known directly She's done so through one of Her servants, the dabus, as She floats silently behind them, never a mark of emotion crossing Her face. Not that it's wise to stare into that continence.

She's not a god, get that straight. She's something else, more or less; none know the dark of it. But never worship Her, not even in jest. Those who do are found dead; their skin flayed from their bones, seen walking through Sigil when the Lady appears and Her shadow reaches out to strike them. Wherever Her bladed, serrated shadow touches, their body erupts with slashes, wounds and gouges as if from a storm of knives and razors. None have ever survived the touch of Her shadow, nor even been successfully resurrected afterwards. They die, that is certain, for when She acts, She acts with certainty.

The chant even goes that centuries ago, before the Great Upheaval, the Lady penned a true deity into the dead book, Aoskar, the self-proclaimed Portal Father and patron of planewalkers and opportunity. She killed him, simple as that. They say for one reason or another he offended Her, or plotted to take the City of Doors for himself.

The Portal Father

Long ago, before the Shattered Temple District gained its name and the Athar claimed the ruins as their own, the Shattered Temple was the High Temple of Aoskar. At its height, Aoskar claimed nearly half of the residents of the Cage as his worshippers, with many of them whispering a prayer to him before passing into or out of a portal to Sigil. In fact, eventually the worship of Aoskar become nearly synonymous with the City of Doors itself, and a time came when berks began to worship the Lady of Pain as an aspect of him.



Whatever his ultimate reasons, Aoskar's final offense to the Lady was when one of the dabus took up the robes of his priesthood and endorsed the worship of the Father of Portals, forsaking Her Serenity in doing so. That dabus, still alive and forsaken by his own kind, is known as Fell. None besides him and the Lady know the true dark of what exactly happened, save that the temple, and all within were obliterated in what would be called by some graybeards as the Day of Blades and Fury. The temple was reduced to rubble along with the city surrounding it, and Aoskar, along with all of his mortal worshippers throughout the multiverse, were killed by the lancing shadow of Her Serenity in a single moment of horror. Some claim to have seen the withered husk of Aoskar upon the Astral, its stony face locked into a gasp of terror, one petrified arm raised as if to ward off some attack, and pierced through with glimmering, metallic blades.

The symbols and trappings of the faith of Aoskar have since then been considered anathema within Sigil, such was Her fury that day to not only kill a greater power but all of his mortal host as well. Such are the lengths that the Lady will go to protect Her city and Her position within.

Speculation on the true nature of the Lady is rife among scholars, sages, and the common folks of Sigil alike. But answers are never forthcoming from any source. Still, the common chant, most likely all screed without a shred of proof, holds a number of common myths. Some say that the Lady is a mortal who found Sigil and used it to grant Herself immeasurable power. Other rumors hold that She is a renegade, or risen, Tanar'ri lord from the Abyss. Others say that she was hatched from a dabus egg [Whatever that is - The Editor] by Io, the draconic overpower. A few even suggest She may simply be an illusion of the dabus themselves, or their queen, much like that among bees in a hive. Now dead sages, rumored mazed or flayed, have claimed that the Lady is not the ruler of Sigil, but its ultimate prisoner. After all, why else might Sigil be called the Cage? Some have compared the Lady to an overpower, or some unique, but nondivine being, so ancient as to defy mortal definitions. A being who exists to keep Sigil free of any and all divine influences, perhaps in an attempt to balance the planes themselves.

Of course, not a shred of proof exists to shed a light upon the mystery. And those who seek to delve too deeply into the Lady's secrets tend to vanish without a trace, gone, whisked away on the winds of oblivion.

DM's Dark: Using the Lady

The Lady of Pain is less an NPC than a setting mechanic. She transcends any game mechanic and has no stats. Should She be directly challenged by PC's or NPC's, nothing they do should be capable of hitting or harming Her. Not a *wish*, not a *miracle*, not even epic spells. Even the overpowers cannot defy the barriers preventing powers from entering the Cage (not that such beings tend to have interests beyond their sphere of influence anyways). Within Sigil, the Lady of Pain should be considered as close to all powerful as needed. That said, the Lady should not be overexposed or used outside of rare occasions lest She lose the mystique and grandeur that surrounds Her, along with the unknown details of Her history and true connection to Sigil or indeed roll within the multiverse itself.

Those who challenge the Lady are mazed or flayed with no sympathy, malice, or quarter given by Her Serenity. Those who harm Sigil or disrupt the life of the city in grand fashion will suffer the same fate, as will those who seek to delve too deeply into the secrets of the Lady (if they manage to escape insanity in their quest). Some things are beyond the scope of the PC's in the

setting, and interacting with the Lady in all but the most rare and unique fashion should be avoided. At most, a character may see the Lady floating silently down a street in Sigil, or perhaps once in the course of a long and well-developed campaign a PC may witness a flaying or an edict given by the Lady to them or others. Such edicts should be reserved for campaign defining events with major ramifications within Sigil.

Considering all this, the Lady is not omnipotent (not completely, anyways). In terms of the metaplot, certain "weaknesses" have been exploited in the past, and the rare NPC has seemingly come close to gaining some victory over Her, only to ultimately fail (and sometimes with evidence such attempts were merely part of the Lady's design). In any case, the Lady should always remain above and beyond the ambitions of the PCs.

The Mazes

Those who act against the Lady, such as by planning rebellion against Her, destroying portions of the city, harming the dabus, or causing any large scale disruptions are typically not flayed, but mazed. Such offenders to Her rule simple vanish. They may take a walk, or step away from companions for but a second, and find themselves walking down a deserted street or empty hallway they don't recall having been there moments before. Regardless, when they poor sods turn around, the street or hall has looped back upon itself and they are trapped. It seems that Her Serenity has a way of spinning portions of Sigil itself out and replicating them back upon themselves. These fragments grow into one of the Mazes, ethereal demiplanes flung into the darkest depths of the Deep Ethereal. Once inside, a berk doesn't age, or so it seems, and food simply appears for them thrice daily. There's always said to be one single exit, though the source of this dark is unknown. Perhaps it allows the determined to find their freedom, or simply a way to taunt the condemned with one final ephemeral carrot as they rot alone for eternity.

In truth, the Mazes are not quite so cut off from the multiverse as one might think. It's possible to find the Mazes out in the deeps of the Ethereal Plane, wrapped round with strings and filaments of congealed protomatter, the maze itself a dimly glowing bubble containing the excised portions of the city multiplied a hundred fold. One can enter the maze much like any other demiplane, but getting out is another matter entirely. Once inside, the trespassers are trapped likewise and must find the solitary exit portal themselves or die of slow starvation, for they are not fed by the maze.

It's also possible to find a portal into one of the Mazes. In fact it's said this was done a number of years back to retrieve the mazed factol of a faction dead for nearly a millennia. Chant is he emerged from the Mazes not a day older than when he was consigned by Her Serenity. It's also said he left the Cage by the closest possible portal, not wanting to tempt the Lady to send him back again, or have Her shadow cross his path. [Good old Vartus Timlin, Factol of the Expansionists. And not having aged a day since the first time I met him so many, many years ago. - The Editor]

The Dabus

Commonly seen in most every part of Sigil, existing as the silent caretakers of the City of Doors and servants of the Lady of Pain are the dabus. The dabus appear as humanoids of average height, robed and nearly indistinguishable from one another, with two sets of horns, one ram and one goat, sprouting from their foreheads just below a shock of upstanding white hair. It is



nearly impossible to tell one dabus from another, and due to their physical similarity it remains impossible to estimate the true number of dabus that inhabit the city.

The dabus act as the caretakers of Sigil, floating, rather than walking above the streets in small groups to repair the roads, trim razorvine back from buildings, and keep the streets clean of debris and detritus. Of late, the dabus have also taken upon themselves the duties of magistrates within the City Courts in order to restore unbiased justice to Sigil, untainted by the suspect work of the magistrates formerly of the Fraternity of Order.

This recent act has also appeared to diminish the number of dabus observed upon the streets of Sigil, and led to the formation of the Sanitation Guild to pick up the duties formerly held solely by the dabus themselves. This has led some graybeards within Sigil to postulate that there is a set number of Dabus in existence at any point in time. The answer remains dark.

Within Sigil, legend has always held that the dabus reside within hidden warrens deep beneath the city streets. However, none have ever observed the dabus entering these fabled retreats of theirs. At most, when dusk falls over the city the dabus have been seen floating down into openings to the Great Below, or simply turning corners and vanishing from the streets.

Perhaps the most defining, and the most perplexing, feature of the dabus is the peculiar manner of communication they possess. The dabus are mute, and while they can apparently listen to and understand any known method of communication, they possess neither audible nor telepathic modes of speech. Rather, the dabus project above their heads a string of illusory symbols and pictures that form words. The so-called dabus rebuses can be confusing and difficult to translate to those unfamiliar with their chosen method of speech, though the rebuses are always phrased to translate into the favored language of whomever the dabus are speaking to.

Those seeking aid in understanding the dabus might do well to purchase one of the many guidebooks to Rebus speech, commonly available across the city in bookshops or street vendors in the Market Ward. Most of the books are based off the groundbreaking work of the linguist Milori (CG female lilland Brd 2), a lilland who spends most of her time within Sigil speaking to newcomers and cataloging any language, or variant of a language, new to her. Based out of the Clerk's Ward, her swansong, *The Dabus-Common Phrasebook*, also known by its alternate name, *The Dark Revealed*, can be purchased or her services bought for the same purpose. [Milori's work is more reliable, if a bit more expensive, than most of the other books sold under similar names within Sigil. She's quite a pleasant person to hold company with as well, though I understand the dabus nearly as well as she, and thus have only had occasion to speak with her a scant few times. - The Editor]

A dabus have never been observed outside of Sigil, and indeed it would seem that perhaps they are tied to the city in some way. When asked, the dabus have answered that they were born of Sigil itself. Whatever they mean by that, when asked who they serve, they respond back with a single rebus: that of the bladed head of the Lady of Pain. No other answer is appropriate, or forthcoming. Additionally, some graybeards have speculated that there may exist some link between the dabus, and the phirblas, denizens of their own ethereal demiplanes who bare distinct resemblances to the dabus in some of their modes of speech, society, and appearance. But the links are tenuous, and with no proof of this connection the idea has fallen out of acceptance by most scholars. Both races dismiss the idea as screed, for what its worth.

The dabus are utterly loyal to Her Serenity, and any harm or molestation of the dabus is taken as a threat to Sigil itself. Those guilty of this crime are, if not immediately, often sent to the mazes within a short period of time. On those rare occasions when a dabus has been killed, the murderer has been seen transfixed by the razor edged shadow of the Lady in full view of the public, flayed alive as punishment, their screams lasting minutes before death takes them.



The loyalty of the dabus however holds but one known caveat. And that is Fell, the fallen Dabus, whose pitiable and enigmatic story is penned elsewhere within this volume.

The final role the dabus play within Sigil is that of spokesmen for the Lady. Any proclamation of the Lady's will arrives through the dabus who in the past have appeared, one floating before Her, to serve as mouthpiece to their silent, enigmatic queen. The Lady, at most, points a sleeve in the direction of the intended target of Her message. The dabus then speaks with a rebus, headed typically by 'It is the will of the Lady that...'

But even when not speaking on behalf of the Lady, the word of the dabus can be taken and accepted as truth. They will not lie, and they will answer questions posed to them. Even questions as simple as 'Which way to the Great Bazaar?' will be answered, though the dabus have their duties, and repeated questioning may reward the berk with a cold shoulder as they ignore him. Of course, some questions the dabus may simply refuse to answer, or their answer may simply come as an enigmatic symbol or phrase with no further explanation. When asking them, 'What is the Lady?' for example, they respond once more with only the haunting image of the bladed aspect of Her Serenity, and nothing more. For them, and perhaps for us all, there is no further answer to be had.

The City Council

After the Faction War and the subsequent edict of the Lady of Pain declaring that the factions must relinquish their political power in its entirety, the citizens of the Cage were left with a sudden power vacuum and cessation of an actual organized body to undertake the day-to-day running of vital civil services. Thus was the Sigil Advisory Council established.

The Sigil Advisory Council is charged with the running of Sigil in the face of the absence of the factions, since the guilds of Sigil do not at present have the numbers or the popular support of the population for the task. The current nine-member council is elected on three-year terms, with the council chair elected for a four-year term herself. The chairman, or chairwoman as the current case may be, is elected from within the council itself rather than put to popular vote. Voting for the council is run and overseen by the City Courts, with the dabus serving as impartial vote counters, and a single vote is given to every property owner within Sigil, without regards to the amount or value of the property. This last stipulation prevents the stacking of votes by some of the more powerful and wealthy landowners in the Cage such as Zadara the Titan, Shemeska the Marauder, Timmon d'Arlen, and Jeremo the Natterer.

And so, while not truly representative of the city, those paying taxes upon their property are represented considering that by and large their gold supports the city hierarchy. As well, despite the council's name, it has much more than an advisory role in the City of Doors. All of its declarations and rulings are backed by the City Courts, the agreement of the vast majority of the guilds, and by the City Guard if need be.

As of the Fifth Year of the Lady's Edict, the nine-member council is currently composed of:

Rhys (N female tiefling Mnk15/Sorc10 Transcendent Order) - Council Chairwoman and former factol of the Transcendent Order. Rhys has been the main balancing force on the advisory council in the years following the Faction War, able to uncannily head off tension and most open conflict between members or groups within the city arguing for certain actions on the part of the council. She has been walking a fine line between her influence over the council and her influence within the former members of the Transcendent Order. For this matter, combined with her having been the sole surviving factol from the Faction War, many of the council members have both respect and unease regarding her. In meetings she often displays a calm aloofness and uncannily perfect timing to interject with points during public hearings



before the collective council. Chairwoman Rhys is, more than any other council member, assured of re-election when the current term is over.

Cirily (CN female firre eladrin Brd1/Ftr2 Planarists) - An alarming and polarizing choice to sit upon the council, Cirily also serves as public spokeswoman and leader of the Planarists. This Sigil based sect would do nothing more than exclude Prime Material natives from Sigil, and then from the planes entirely. Her impromptu speeches nearly caused a riot on one occasion, and would have done so far more often if not for Rhys deftly heading her off by procedural means or simply matching her on a matter of will before the other councilwoman stood down. It is very likely that Cirily and Rhys will come to more than simply ideological blows against the other if Cirily is continually blunted in her aspirations on the Council as she has been so far, with some small, but notable exceptions.

Elahassa Merem of the Order of Master Clerks and Scribes (LN female human Exp12 Fraternity of Order) - Councilwoman Merem has been a relatively quite and benign presence upon the council for most of her term, swaying towards the positions of Chairwoman Rhys as well as those of Councilwoman Cirily at times. Though she has been relatively fickle in her votes on the council, most think she is assured of re-election, mostly because the other members on the council feel that she is not tied down ideologically to any one of the other members. However, she has, on a number of occasions, quarreled with Councilman Hatchis, more for his views on the Clerk's Ward, which in a way she exemplifies, than for his voting record.

Estavan (LE male ogre mage Sorc5 Fraternity of Order) - Sigil's representative within the vast Planar Trade Consortium, his election was something of a surprise, even to himself. He has been largely quiet on the council, allying neither with any group nor with council member, which is unsurprising considering his own personal ambitions stretching outside of Sigil at the moment.

Gregory Holmin (LN male human Wiz6 Fraternity of Order) - The former Magistrate of the Bureau of Commerce within the Hall of Information under the Fraternity of Order, Holmin is respected among the business leaders of Sigil, but is also, uncharacteristically for a Guvner, something of a hothead and loose cannon at times. He has been a relatively independent voice on the council, with no allegiances to any other particular members except for perhaps Ustisha Cambris, and occasionally Estavan.

Harys Hatchis (NG male human Wiz8 Free League) - Another unusual pick for the council, Hatchis has been a popular choice, especially among the smaller property owners and businesses of Sigil. Second only to Jeena Ealy in popularity as a standard council member, he has used his position to advocate a number of reductions on the legislative red tape within the Clerk's Ward, as well as many of the restrictions placed upon merchants within the Market Ward during the pre-Faction War period. He has also been openly uneasy about the public positions of Councilwoman Cirily.

Jeena Ealy (CG female human Ftr9 Society of Sensation) - The elderly councilwoman has more popular support than any but Chairwoman Rhys, and for good reason. For decades now, since her adventuring career with her late husband left her rich and drunk upon the sensations of the planes, Jeena has lived in the Clerk's Ward as a philanthropist and author. Her greatest work, *Of Darkest Sigil*, exposed to many the truly inhuman conditions within the Hive, and the need to do something about them as a matter of conscience. Her influence in aiding Sigil's less privileged has been marked since her election. Due to age, it is uncertain if she will pursue a second term after her first ends in a year's time. She has been adamantly against the positions advocated by Councilwoman Cirily, and has voted time and time again for every piece of legislation put forward by Council Chairwoman Rhys.



Ustisha Cambris of the Builders' Fellowship (NG male human Ftr3 Fated) - Ustisha has the support of many of the guilds, and along with councilwoman Merem, is responsible for all of the established guilds, and most of the new guilds, falling behind the council in public support. He has been deftly wielding his current position on the council to lower the city tariffs levied against the importation of building materials within Sigil, and has fallen into agreement heavily with Councilman Estavan on this matter.

Utadas Tensar (LG male human Clr10 Fraternity of Order) - Considered one of the most honest men in Sigil, he has for years run the most respected and sought after employment service in all of Sigil from his office within the Clerk's Ward. His honesty and propensity for finding equally honest and skilled labor has given him a good name within the business community and thus a spot upon the council. He has however, indicated that he is likely to step down after his current term.

The City Guard

The Sigil City Guard is a relatively new organization that in many ways has yet to mature. Until they reach that point, they cannot hope to equal the level of service to the city that was provided by the combined forces of the Mercykillers and the Harmonium in the days of the factions.

While official and sponsored by the Sigil Advisory Council, more often than not the Guard find themselves outmatched by the semi-official Minder's Guild and the unofficial but tolerated Sons of Mercy. The latter two groups have a habit of apprehending lawbreakers and turning them in to the City Guard for incarceration and trial before the actual City Guard have managed to catch the particular lawbreakers themselves.

At current, the City Guard has numbers approaching around three hundred, roughly the same as a medium-sized guild. However, the guards are paid for their loyalty, and are little more than civilized mercenaries earning a pittance for their labors. It's very likely that the Guard may well be a ripe target for the ideologies of either the Sodkillers or the Sons of Mercy, and eventually may fall under some manner of control by one group or the other.

The City Guard is currently based out of the Barracks, with eventual plans to possibly expand out to the Prison and split their numbers between the two strongholds. Currently the Guard is lead by Watch captain Danthis Highmoon (LN male aasimar Ftr12), who is currently trying to recruit more soldiers as well as train those he has for the varied activities of patrolling, riot control, and prison duties.

Most citizens of the Cage have an overall favorable opinion of the Guard, though many long for the days of the Harmonium's order, if not their heavy-handed methods and ideology. The Guard is trusted by most however for an even application of the law, with neither the enjoyment of force nor the starry eyed idealism that the Sodkillers and Sons of Mercy are known for, respectively.

The Guard is still attempting to define itself though, but it appears that Chairwoman Rhys has influenced Watch captain Highmoon considerably into an evenhanded upholding of the law, striking a functional and ideological balance between the Sons of Mercy and the Sodkillers as best he can impress it upon his charges. [Ever the Cipher and still listening to her Cadence. Rhys hasn't much changed. - The Editor]

The Sons of Mercy

With the sundering of the Red Death during the Faction War, Arwyl Swanson and many of the good-aligned members of the Mercykillers reformed the Sons of Mercy. Still small, but now



officially a faction as they once were before the Great Upheaval, the Sons of Mercy with their white regalia and symbols have become something of a common sight in parts of Sigil.

Within the Lady's Ward and spreading outwards from there, the Sons of Mercy have gained the reputation as proud and honest bashers, but at times ineffective and naively idealistic. The latter, and widespread, impression has led to a number of public plays and common jokes to which they are the punch line. The Sons for their own part do their best to ignore this and continue on their genuinely noble task, even if as yet their activity can at best be termed unsanctioned and at worst vigilantism.

The group works as an unofficial adjunct to the City Guard, and they seek most likely to ensconce themselves in the Prison as the wardens and caretakers of Sigil's criminals. They feel that any job they do would be better than allowing the Sodkillers any chance to rise to the same office. [Many former victims of the Mercykillers would be quick to agree with them too. - The Editor]

The Sodkillers

During the disintegration of the Mercykillers during the waning hours of the Faction War, the Sodkillers split with the Sons of Mercy, existing as perhaps a darkly pragmatic reflection of their former compatriots. Having grown from initially a waxing sect, the Sodkillers exist now as a full-fledged faction. Since that time however, the faction is still wary of the Lady's Edict, and as such, the Sodkillers exist as the driving force behind the Minder's Guild. The guild, officially numbered among those of Sigil and recognized by the Sigil Advisory Council, operates out of the Clerk's Ward as a private service of thugs, mercenaries, and bodyguards for hire. Staffed and run by the faction behind the scenes, there is little to separate the two except on paper.

They have a reputation as being ruthlessly pragmatic, rough, and at times evil. The use of force in whatever form and methods needed to enforce order, regardless of its moral aspect, is common. That, by itself, sums up the group's creed nicely. The opinion of most tends to be that both the guild and the faction are honest, but only when paid for their service, and that they tend to enjoy the use of brutality more than to most cutters' taste. Those on the receiving end of the guild or faction's dispensations of justice to the highest bidder are likely to hold a much less sterling opinion.

Unlike the Sons of Mercy, the Sodkillers, fronted by a legitimate guild, possess a growing fraction of official power. The Sons of Mercy are still struggling to find official recognition of their efforts, but for the moment their harder nosed and more ruthless former compatriots hold the upper edge.

Nijul P'iuy (LN female aasimar Rng10/Justiciar5) is the current factol of the Sodkillers, surrounded by a small group of ex-Mercykillers who comprised Alisohn Nilesia's personal guard. Under her leadership, and based out of the Tower of the Wyrms, adjacent to the Prison, the faction has grown rapidly to its current status. The formation of the Minder's Guild has been her greatest triumph in her short time as factol, and she is unlikely to relinquish this current advantage over the Sons of Mercy, attempting instead to further use the guild to leverage the faction into the halls of power within Sigil. [Again, the line between faction and guild runs razor sharp, and so does the shadow of Her Serenity. The faction treads upon dangerous ground. - The Editor]

The Daughters of Light

The Daughters of Light is a small sect of paranoid bashers based inside a former butcher's shop in the Clerk's Ward, upon Sandstone Row called The Filleted Fiend [And are we surprised that



based solely on its name the butcher's shop was set on fire no less than three times before the owner called it a loss and left town? - The Editor]

Following the Lady's Edict, the sect seemed to bubble up out of nowhere, though in truth they have existed for some long years, serving to hinder the activity of the former Revolutionary League. But with the ending of faction power in Sigil they rose up, their purpose renewed and expanded, and claimed official backing, perhaps even by Her Serenity as they began to ruthlessly hunt down lingering faction activity within the Cage. The group seems to view everything around them through a lens of grand conspiracy by the factions. The tiefling on the corner hawking pickled eggs might be a former Athar member seeking to spread his creed of disbelief by writing messages upon the eggshells of his product for sale. Stranger claims by the Daughters of Light have been proclaimed publicly.

And in fact, the group may itself have been initially a front by the Anarchists themselves. But regardless of their past, the sect now seems to be seeing its ranks thin as the factions have either officially disbanded or moved out of Sigil entirely. This lessening of their presence and activity within Sigil has been seemingly abrupt of late. [One does not claim the backing of Her Serenity in vain... - The Editor] But, if you would suspect that they've all been mazed, or otherwise removed from the picture, you'd likely be wrong for, as the *kreigstanz* has changed, so too it seems have the Daughters of Light. Certain chant has the group simply shifting its focus out of Sigil, and out onto the planes to follow the factions.

It may be convenient to claim the Daughters of Light as suddenly gaining a hard and capable edge, and, like the Anarchists, attempting to infiltrate and negatively influence the factions, spread out onto the planes as many of them are. Certainly the infighting among the former Anarchists, coupled with the increasing friction between the Order of the Planes Militant and the Guardians and Sons of Mercy might indeed be an attractive target for influence from The Daughters. Or it might simply be more conspiratorial talk as barmy as anything the Daughters ever produced themselves.

[Be that as it may, the Daughters had and may still retain financial backing, and tentative, but unspoken support from both certain members of Sigil's elite, and from other groups outside of Sigil with something to gain themselves from a lessening of faction influence, even the unofficial influence they might have had following the Lady's edict. The who of this remains speculation at present, even on my part. - The Editor]

Guilds of Sigil

Builders Fellowship - Currently the largest of the original, pre-Upheaval guilds of Sigil, the Builders Fellowship has well over three hundred members including skilled masons, carpenters, stonecutters, and roofers. The reason for the guild's existence even through the centuries of faction dominance within Sigil is simple: the guild provided something the factions needed and something that would have been too costly, or awkward, to provide for themselves by the labors of their own members.

The guildhall of the Builders Fellowship is a large, ornate, black and white checkered stone kip with a copper plated roof that shines like new. In line with their trades, not a dent in the shingles or a chip in the stone is tolerated by the guild's members and the burden of centuries is simply nonexistent upon the structure. The building resides several blocks from the Great Gymnasium, spikeward from Dancers Court.

The current guild master is Ustisha Cambris, who has governed the guild for close to seven years. Cambris seems unlikely to face stiff competition from any up and coming members since he performs his job admirably and has acquired a number of hefty and profitable building contracts for the guild. Of those is the reconstruction of the Armory, remodeling of the Hall of



Speakers to remove some of the old faction iconography, and the proposed demolition of the Shattered Temple to make way for a grand sanctuary to Pluto in the Lower Ward. [If the construction ever takes place that is. The Athar will not go quietly in this battle. - The Editor]

Three bright copper bands worn on their left wrist can identify members, and monthly dues of 3 gold pieces go to pay for the upkeep of the guildhall, as well as paying for small pensions for long time and elderly members as well as those injured in accidents while working on a given contract.

Craftsmens Guild - After the disintegration of both the Sign of One and the Believers of the Source, the subsequent merging of the two factions into the Mind's Eye, absorbed many of the former members of both factions. However, the newly formed faction left behind many of the namers of both groups. When the Great Foundry ceased its smelting, forging, and production of metalwork, many of the former craftsmen of the Lower Ward found themselves without the organizing power and benefits of a faction that the Godsmen had previously provided to many of them. After all, what good is a philosophy when you scrape each and every day mending pots and pans to earn your coppers and a few silvers at best? Thus was formed the Craftsmens Guild.

The Craftsmens Guild was organized perhaps a year after the end of the Faction War and has served as a melting pot for the various talented craftsmen of the Lower Ward. It has given them an organization and rallying point with which to advertise their services, and a place to learn from more talented members to better their skills in their own and other areas.

Perhaps even more so, the guild has been able, by collecting dues of 2 silver pieces per month from members, to provide a small number of pensions to older members, or to surviving relatives of members who meet an early death by accident or foul means. By pooling the buying power of its members, the guild has secured lower prices on certain bulk raw materials such as metals and tools from the bladelings now running the great foundry, and other raw goods imported into Sigil. Advertising deals with Harys Hatchis of the Clerk's Ward have managed to increase their sales of indigenous products within both the Great Bazaar and Market Ward as a whole as well.

The guild symbol, usually worn as a patch, is a ring of tools containing a hammer, awl, drill, and others surrounding an open hand. Most members wear the symbol prominently so as to display it to customers who, upon recognizing it, are more likely to treat the guild's members as competent at the least, and more often than not highly skilled at their chosen craft.

The current guild master, and the one most responsible for the rapid growth and success of the guild, is Garrison Ironshanks (NG male gnome Clr6 of Flandal Steelskin), a former member of the Believers of the Source. Under his guidance, the guild is likely to expand more in the coming years and make it into one of the most influential guilds in Sigil.

Council of Innkeepers - The Council of Innkeepers holds as members the operators and owners of most of the inns and many of the alehouses within Sigil, with the notable exception of a select few. [For whatever convenient reason, the Bottle and Jug and the Styx Oarsman were left off their list of potential members. - The Editor]

The council headquarters is housed on the top floor of the expensive and selective alehouse, the Pixie Drake's Flagon, several blocks downwards from the Great Gymnasium. Headed by guild master Bryn Ohme (LG male bariaur Ftr2), guild members are identified by a crimson waist sash edged with golden lace, and for a fee of 10 gold pieces monthly gather to meet and discuss orders of mutual business. Such business tends to be confined to ordering ale and other spirits in bulk for the guild members' use in their own taprooms, as well as ways to keep wages for workers low and standardized.



Daylaborers Guild - Much to the initial chagrin of many within the Workers District of the Clerk's Ward and many within the slums of the Hive, the Daylaborers Guild was set up within months after the end of the Faction War. With branch offices in the Marble District of the Hive, and at the outskirts of the Workers District in the Clerk's Ward, the guild promised an honest day's labor to those with any physical ability at all and the desire to work for a few coins at whatever task the guild might set them upon. For many, this spoke of some opportunistic carpetbagger from The Lady's Ward trying to make good coin off the backs of the desperate sods of the Hive. And who's to say it's not?

The guild is more or less an employment agency for the unskilled labor of Sigil. Those it employs are now in greater demand than ever by private citizens and businesses to clean the streets, trim the razorvine, and remove the rubble of falling buildings in a number of wards as the city has slowly removed itself from the ashes of the Faction War and the events of recent years. The guild is headed by Borkman Highshadow (LN male stone giant Ftr 2 Merkhant), whose last name very much belies his method of keeping control of the uneducated sods he employs on a daily basis: out and out intimidation by his sheer size and presence, even if he does nothing threatening to back it up.

Those wishing to gain employment simply queue at the gates of the two guild offices and gather a number. If that number is called, they simply come forward and say yes or no to the offer. If they say yes, they're sent off to whatever task the guild has found for them and work for their coin. Repeat workers are given the chance to become full members of the guild. A full member has more choice in what activities they are assigned, the hours they work, and tends to garner a slightly higher wage based simply on their reliability. Repeat workers are less likely to be unavailable for a job because they're passed out in the street from spending the previous days work on cheap bub.

The guild charges its members no dues, but it does collect a healthy amount of fees from employers for the use of its chattel on a daily basis, and a portion of the coin paid to a worker is skimmed off the top to the guild's coffers. As such, the guild has soaked up a shockingly high amount of jink in the past two years as its workers labor both in and out of Sigil. In the future, with the ongoing decrease in dabus activity in the Cage, the availability of work is unlikely to decrease.

As for the charges of opportunistic carpetbagging, it is rumored that the guild is financed and run by none other than Zadara the Titan. The endeavor allows her to line her pockets with even more jink, and gain a toehold into the labor market in two different wards through her puppet guild master Borkman who is also a fellow member of the Merkhant sect.

Entertainers Guild & Civic Festhall - As with the Undertakers Guild, the Entertainers Guild has changed in little more than name from the former faction whose members swell its current ranks. More than nine of every ten members of the guild count themselves as Sensates. Currently, the guild is headed by Annali Webspinner (CN female bariaur Ftr7 Society of Sensation), a Sensate herself, and still in a nearly identical position as she held within the faction.

The guild operates directly out of the former Sensate faction headquarters, the Civic Festhall within the Clerk's Ward. Some have openly questioned the wisdom of having the guild cooperate so closely with its former skein as the Sensate faction, fearing that the official nature of the guild will run afoul of the Lady's Edict. Guild members have pointed to the Dustmen and their similarly close association of the Undertakers Guild, however, and that nothing dire has come of such associations. [Pushing boundaries; something a true Sensate could always be counted on to do. But continue and one might find a sensate wise to wonder to himself, 'I wonder what mazing feels like...' - The Editor]



The guild symbol is an abstract pattern resembling the exterior of the Civic Festhall, though some members also have symbols that denote their specific trade such as music, dance, art, and theatre. Each member pays the guild a fee of 1 gold piece per month in dues, though they typically see a vast return on their investment as a guild member since their guild is the single most popular in all of Sigil, assuring them of a constant stream of customers for their talents.

Since the chaos of the Faction War, the Sensate faction has reformed, but moved out of Sigil to the Gilded Hall upon Arborea. Annali herself is not factol, but a high-ranking member within the faction, and more or less their representative within Sigil as guildmistress of the Entertainer's Guild.

Escorts and Touts Guild - The upstart Escorts and Touts Guild has formed in the past two years from the combination of the pre-existing Escorts Guild and the group of independent touts headed by Kylie the Tout (N female tiefling Rog8 Free League). By pooling their resources, the groups have been able to form a sizable guild in a relatively short amount of time. Since Kylie's election as guild mistress the group has seen fewer and fewer attempts to bob or otherwise harm their members while taking customers through some of the more crime ridden sections of Sigil. Many chalk this up to Kylie's citywide popularity, as well as rumors that she may run for a position on the Sigil Advisory Council in the next elections. [That same popularity got her a guild in the first place. But there's more to any story than surface appearances. She has benefactors unknown even to herself. - The Editor]

The guildhall sits on the end of Turtle Lane, just spikeward of the Great Gymnasium, a two-story kip of simple white stone and a vaguely blue slate roof skirted across with razorvine. Members are identified by a mark of three concentric blue circles tattooed on forehead or painted daily. Most prefer for a permanent mark since Kylie's election as guild mistress. Kylie herself has the guild symbol tattooed atop her own symbol of the Free League's abstract self-devouring dragon.

Currently, members are responsible for a 2 silver pieces monthly due to the guild, that pays for training members, to pay off gangs in certain areas of the city to let them and their clients pass unharmed, and other such payoffs.

Guild of Doorsnoops - Formed shortly after the disintegration of the factions by the prime mage and Anarchist Lissandra the Gateseeker (NG female human Wiz 11). Already well versed in many of the portals of Sigil, she and her associates became invaluable in the months after the Tempest of Doors. During that period, they spent their time discovering the fates of older portals, and the locations, destinations, and keys for innumerable new portals. With the factions no longer present to bar the public sale of portal logs (as was common practice when they gave themselves a monopoly on the knowledge of most any but the commonly known and widely used portals) there is a rising business in the trade of knowledge and upkeep of that knowledge regarding the portals of the Cage. As this business waxes, Lissandra and her colleagues are riding its coattails more so than any other.

The guild symbol is a ring or broach detailed with a silver doorway, usually with a swirling pattern inside it. Members pay a fee of 5 silver pieces monthly, and in return are given access to portal keys at cost, or for free when investigating the details of portals on guild sponsored business.

The current guild headquarters is situated within the former tavern known as the Ubiquitous Wayfarer, formerly the site of a number of extremely popular and well-trafficked portals. Shortly after the Tempest of Doors, most of its portals ceased functioning and its business plummeted. Despite its attempt to prosper in the face of the loss of its main draw, and in the process renaming itself Portal Schmortal, it went bankrupt and was eventually sold to Lissandra herself. A certain irony perhaps, but the site has served the guild well in their short stay within



their new home, though Lissandra herself is usually off on some foray, despite being the group's guild mistress.

Guild of Teamsters and Lightboys - This rather eclectic guild has formed in recent years with the organization of the teams of staff-wielding lightboys common to many of Sigil's wards. Too small to form a true guild of their own, the lightboys approached the already extant Guild of Teamsters who they often found themselves working with. At present, the joining of their groups has benefited both to a degree, the lightboys having an organization to call home as well as having protection in the numbers of a larger guild. The Teamsters on the other hand have more jink flowing into their coffers monthly as well as lower to no charges for the lightboys' labor during nighttime tasks.

The guild headquarters is located on the second floor of a tenement at the edge of Tea Street in the Clerk's Ward, near to Tea Street Transit where many of the group's members have found frequent employment. Members are identified by a leather epaulet on the right shoulder, with a small length of rope descending from the epaulet and looping under the right arm. In addition, the lightboys have a small yellow glass bubble attached to or braided into the rope on their guild symbol.

For a monthly due of 3 silver pieces, members are afforded the benefits of the guild which include frequent work on the contracts for guiding and keeping the animals which draw barges of cargo along the Ditch to many of the portals to the gate-towns upon the Outlands. For most members, the steady work is all they need and require from the guild. Under the current guild master, a frugal basher by the name of Duritz Crow (CN Male Human, Exp 2 / Fighter 1), they are unlikely to garner much more than that.

Lawyers Guild - The Sigil Lawyers Guild, or Brotherhood of Advocates as it is sometimes known, is headquartered in their tall, marble faced demesne two blocks from the City Courts. It sits just at the edge of the sprawl of wandering advocates peddling their services, the cues of those awaiting the commencement of trials, and the inns and alehouses who cater to the crowds of onlookers, accused, and lawmen alike.

Members pay dues of 3 gold pieces on a monthly basis, and in turn the guild defends members against grievances upon failure of cases, or successful cases as the varying parties react to a given verdict. The guild also has standardized the fees that an advocate may charge for his services dependant upon his experience before the courts, and seniority within the guild itself. The guild symbol is a silver signet ring baring the stylized portico of the City Courts engraved in copper.

The former Guvner Yohannis Granniger (LG male aasimar Wiz7) was elected guild master, though the process took a good bit of time as the potential members spent nearly a year in various committees and subcommittees, debating every small part of the guild charter. Chant seems to be brewing that, as odd as it might seem, once Granniger's term is completed in the next two years, the Xaositect Sly Nye might throw in his own bid for guild master.

Certainly a number of hearts raced and heads throbbed when the chaos-touched tiefling applied for membership. But finding no reason to disallow him into the guild, he joined and has been a productive and charismatic member. His methods aside, Nye is extremely capable and his record of winning cases before the City Courts, both before and after the Faction War, is indeed impressive. [Whether he does run and wins, then laughs and steps down on principle is another matter. - The Editor]

Minders Guild - The Minders Guild is known for its rough and cutthroat pursuit of law and order, always to the highest bidder. Ruthlessly pragmatic in their approach to keeping the



peace, they offer the services of their members as bodyguards, bouncers, community patrols and guardsmen for merchants, shopkeepers, and rich bloods throughout the Cage.

In reality, they exist as little more than a public and official front for the Sodkillers, who make up the majority of the members of the guild itself. The guild operates out of the Clerk's Ward and the Lady's Ward, with two separate offices on Pride Street and Lords Row respectively. It's no small secret that the guild high ups may actually meet back within the Tower of the Wyrms to discuss most guild business. The current guild master, as much as the term makes much sense in light of the thin line between guild and faction, is Nagaro (LE female human xPal7/Ftr7), a known high up within the Sodkillers.

Under Nagaro's tutelage, guild members pay a due of 5 silver pieces a month, and in return receive training in the various ways to deliver justice, or most commonly how to simply pummel a sod into submission or appear threatening enough to avoid a fight. Members commonly wear a standardized gray uniform with a rust red fist emblazoned upon one shirtsleeve, and a rust red sword emblazoned upon the other. [All they need to do it seems is to add a green Wyrms symbol and we can be done with them when they're mazed. - The Editor]

Sanitation Guild - Faced with the apparent thinning of the ranks of the dabus, who removed the daily waste that accumulated in the streets and gutters of Sigil, the Sanitation guild was formed to handle the problem. The guild was started by a group of bloods from the Worker's District within the Clerk's Ward, and financed by a number of unnamed cutters from the Lady's Ward. While it cannot be proven, those unnamed financiers are widely thought to include Jeremo the Natterer, Jeena Ealy, and perhaps one other well-meaning cutter.

The guild, based within a two story kip along Newt Street in the Clerk's Ward, employs a wide range of workers to haul off the trash and filth that accumulates in the streets and trash heaps of the city. The trash is disposed of through a number of portals to the Elemental Plane of Fire, the Quasielemental Plane of Vacuum, and the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. Other times, if the distance is not too far, the trash is simply dumped into the Ditch between the Lower Ward and the Hive where the periodic rush of water from a portal to the river Oceanus flushes the channel clean.

Guild members pay no fee, but abide by the guild rules and statutes, and their area of work and daily tasks are more or less set for them by the demands of the businesses, individuals, and neighborhoods within Sigil that have signed contracts with the guild to pay them for the services of their members. Based upon the money gained by these contracts, each guild member is paid a weekly wage. Each member however wears, and is identified by a small copper shovel worn upon a chain around their necks or upon a belt.

Under the guidance of guildmaster Erasmus Coalbrush (NG male dwarf Ftr3), the guild has thus far faced little competition in their work from the Daylaborers Guild, and the two guilds have studiously avoided impinging upon the others typical means of business. Meanwhile rumors are high that the Sigil Advisory Council may take up legislation to levy a citywide tax upon property owners to pay for the services of the guild on a Cage-wide basis.

Order of Master Clerks and Scribes - Located in their longstanding guildhall on Dancer's Court in the Clerk's Ward, the Order of Master Clerks and Scribes has existed before, during, and now after the rise and fall of the factions. For many years, the guild trained and supplied clerks and scribes to the Hall of Information, the City Courts, and the Hall of Records. With all of the factions grabbing for power, the guild provided a needed commodity and stayed neutral in faction politics. With that combination of need and proper political stance, it prospered.

The guild is currently run by Elahassa Merem (LN female human Exp 12 Fraternity of Order), and for a fee of 1 gold piece per month provides steady employment, insured wage scales, and



fair treatment by employers for its members. The symbol of guild members is to have the fingernail of their right-hand pinky painted silver.

Even with the guilds gaining in importance within Sigil of late, the Order of Master Clerks and Scribes is unlikely to grow or shrink. After all, it has endured the years since the Great Upheaval with little variation for good or ill, and there seems little reason to have such happen now.

Runners and Messengers Guild - Mostly unchanged in its structure and hierarchy from before the Faction War, except for the small bit of becoming an official guild, the runners and messengers guild operates out of the Palace of the Jester in The Lady's Ward. The guildmaster is a bitter but driven blood by the name of Autochon the Bellringer (NE male human Ftr12 Free League), a tyrant of his own petty kingdom that he built upon his own labors, and his own sacrifices. Autochon's own rise in power is detailed later herein.

The guild itself charges but a pittance of a single copper each month from each of its runners and messengers, while providing them with protection and other services that it seemingly pays no one to provide. However, each of the runners, in line with their time spent in service to the guild, pays an increasingly high fraction of their garnered wages to the guild, though the amount is never unreasonable considering the benefits they gain in return. Few members give a passing thought of leaving the guild, given its now official status within Sigil, and the unspoken reputation of its guild master.

The Bellringer's originally harsh and driven methods towards his charges has become even worse, and it is likely he holds his position as much from fear by the guild members as to his supreme prowess in protecting them and garnering them ever better pay and benefits for membership.

Undertakers/Ragpickers/Funerary Guild - Most commonly, and officially, called the Funerary Guild, it is located in the Grey District of the Hive, composed primarily of Dustmen who have, as yet, found no reason to not simply continue their same daily tasks as before the Faction War. In association with this dour lot are the gangs of ragpickers and dead collectors whose carts still ply the Hive, and, in more refined form, gather the dead from the other wards of the city. Usually this task of body collection only occurs for victims of calamity, random violence, and when no relatives or associates immediately claim the corpse for disposal or resurrection.

Most of the members of the guild are the lower and mid-ranked of the Dustmen hierarchy. Most of the faction's high-ranking members have gone on to other pursuits, left for parts unknown in Sigil or elsewhere, or in the case of Skall, were mazed. Rumors abound that the guild may be keen upon leaving the Mortuary and Grey District altogether, and have been canvassing other suitable locations within Sigil for the proper number of portals for their use. The former Hall of Speakers has been mentioned, but with its purchase by a group of buyers including the indomitable Harys Hatchis, this seems more and more unlikely.

Most recent chant about the guild has actually hinted that the Dead have in many ways reorganized as a faction, with a much looser hierarchy than before, but have avoided taking up any official role in Sigil's government or politics. No harm has seemingly come of this, and word is that Oridi Malefin (N female tiefling Clr18 of Death) has returned to both guild and faction, apart from her duties at the planned Temple of Hades within the Lower Ward's Shattered Temple District. [Much more interesting though, are the whispers and rumors of the guild having seen or heard faint images and phantasms of Skall within the Mortuary. For a mazed deader, he certainly gets around. Unless of course, all is screed or an imposter is afoot. - The Editor]



The Planewalkers Guild - Irony is in no small supply since the end of the Faction War. Perhaps no greater example exists than the reemergence of the Planewalkers Guild within Sigil.

The guild first originated in Sigil over nine centuries ago, and at its height it held over three thousand members under its aegis. But, as with all the guilds after the Great Upheaval, the factions growing power within Sigil caused them to diminish in their influence. Even though it predated many of the then-ruling factions, the Planewalkers Guild saw itself threatened by remaining in Sigil; so the organization simply left to reestablish itself elsewhere.

The guild has existed as a thriving, but ever moving, organization upon the Infinite Staircase since its departure from the City of Doors. But now, with the factions gone, it has seen fit to abandon what was never really seen as a permanent home, given the ever-changing nature of the Staircase. The guild has now returned to Sigil and set up their headquarters within what some graybeards claim was once their original guildhall within the Market Ward.

With the group returning to Sigil, however, they do so without their former guild master and his kyrie consort, the Krynnish Minotaur Hav'run Thain and Vagis. Without their former leaders, the guild has since elected Balthasar Thames (CG male human Wiz13) as guild master.

The guild's symbol is that of a golden doorway over a silver staircase, at the base of which lies a blue enamel river and brown enamel tree roots. The symbol is often embroidered upon a sash or worn upon a belt, amulet, ring, or most commonly a broach. The guild charges a monthly fee of 6 silver pieces which it uses to commission the exploration and mapping of certain planar locations, as well as to supply these maps and all relevant information to members at a nominal fee, or typically no further cost. The guild has also managed to strike deals with various merchants in the Cage to offer a discount on certain supplies useful to a planewalker such as spell components, weapons, mundane travelers goods, and certain magical items.

People of Importance

Outside of Her Serenity, the Lady of Pain, all others pale in comparison. But others hold power and influence within Sigil nonetheless. Some of these figures hold more influence than others, and some wield their power within public scrutiny, while others do so out of the public eye, the so-called knights of the post. Rather than hold elected or appointed office, these figures pull strings from the shadowed underside of society in the City of Doors in a dangerous, but ultimately profitable game. To steer events within Sigil is to guide events across the multiverse, and so a small pull of a metaphorical string could have vast consequences. It is precisely this reason why the politics of Sigil now more than ever, with weakening of the factions' *kreigstanz* within Sigil, are a hotly contested, and oftentimes dangerous game to play.

Here are listed and detailed a number of those cutters who rose above the ashes of the factions to take places of power, both official and not, within the City of Doors, for reasons and motivations both benevolent and dire.

Arwyl Swan's Son (LG male human Pal17 Sons of Mercy) - "Unity-Of-Rings has it right when he says that he serves Justice above all else, and to perform good, justice is what you must first provide. I feel much the same.

"Justice led me to the Red Death, and my search for justice made me dissolve the faction as well to stave off the internal rot of evil it had filled with over the years. My justice is not unduly harsh, but fitting for both criminal and victim, tailored for the good of society. I seek justice to promote good, not simply to enforce a harsh, dispassionate order. If that is what you seek, then with pity I would direct you to the Sodkillers." - Arwyl Swan's Son



What can be said of Arwyl Swan's Son aside from the fact the he has become the poster child of the clueless prime, as well as a symbol of a well-meaning but hopelessly idealistic paladin? [He is idealistic, but he is NOT inept, make no mistake. - The Editor] As leader of the Sons of Mercy, the good-aligned splinter group of the Mercykillers, Arwyl has struggled to bring his vision of true justice to the people of Sigil. Unfortunately, his paladins are few in number and hopelessly outmatched by their more pragmatic, and ruthless, former allies the Sodkillers.

Arwyl has been through much in his life, and he will likely persevere through his current troubles. In fact, he first came to join the Mercykillers when, as a young paladin from the Prime world of Toril, he chased a succubus from his world onto the Outlands. He killed his target, but nearly died in the process himself, only managing to survive his wounds by the aid of a Justiciar of the Mercykillers. Impressed by the stranger's help, and the tales he told of his own bringing of justice to the multiverse, the young and zealous Arwyl traveled to Sigil and joined the faction as well.

His years within the Red Death tempered his zeal but also exposed him to that faction's use of ruthlessness and somewhat evil practices in their search for justice. His own nature rebelled against this, and despite his own attempts to swell the ranks of the Mercykillers with like-minded lawful good paladins to reform the group from within, he was only marginally successful before the faction was split in twain following the disappearance of Factol Alisohn Nilesia.

Since the Faction War, Arwyl and his band of white-armored paladins have taken to patrolling the city, and Arwyl himself can be seen partaking in their daily work, not one to use rank to avoid the same duties he gives out to his charges. His passion, and more so, his compassion has endeared him and his group with many Cagers, and once the group grows to handle the tasks they seek to do, it is likely they will lose their reputation as bumbling do-gooders that playwrights and bubbers have labeled them with.

Autochon the Bellringer (NE male human Ftr12 Free League): "I don't care that the message needs to be delivered twenty minutes from now on the other side of the Hive. You can run the long way around the sodding Cage if you have to. Do you see me complain about sitting here in this armor, day and night, in hot and cold, when all you have to do is dodge past those hill giants in the edge of the Hive? No.

"Now move, you've only got seventeen minutes left to get there. Do I make myself clear?" - Autochon the Bellringer

The guild master of the Runners and Messengers Guild is a bitter, but driven, blood who strikes as much a sight as he does a sound. Formerly the owner, organizer, and taskmaster of Sigil's largest, most profitable, and trusted messenger service, his ambition is rumored to have gotten the best of him when he struck a deal for the protection of his charges with the Temple of the Abyss. Somehow the deal went sour and between a number of assassination attempts upon his life, and his claim of hearing the constant maddening peal of the Bells of Baphomet from the towers of the temple, he neared the brink of insanity before appealing to the blood who had urged him to make his demon's deal in the first place: Shemeska the Marauder. The details of the deal are unknown, but likely harsh, and it's widely assumed that the Bellringer owes her his life, and likely much more. In the end, the attacks ceased, and the peal of the bells dulled to a far off chime, but he was forced to wear at all times a suit of full plate armor of metal from the Grey Waste, magically formed to silence the curse set upon him by Noshtoreth of the UMBER SCALES. The armor, whenever Autochon moves, gives a faint tinkling or chiming noise as if from the ringing of a dozen tiny bells; hence his name.

The poor wretch's back is now bent from the constant weight of the armor, and he dares not shed the metal despite the weight, heat, and discomfort for fear of the curse hanging over him



like some dangling saber. Despite his circumstances and debt to the King of the Crosstrade (or perhaps because of it), his business has since grown in size and now constitutes an actual guild. [Autochon is but a twisted shell of a man, tamed and broken by his mistress Shemeska. I feel nothing but abject pity for him, but he is neither the first, nor the last she will bring low. - The Editor]

Cirily [CN female firre eladrin Brd1/Ftr2 Planarists] - "I will not hide behind painted words or padded notions that the primes who flock to Sigil are anything else than what I know them to be by all the evidence yet seen. The trickle now threatens to inundate, and surely one can always smell a wagonload of dung and filth from the smell and the few flies that precede it.

"I will not hold my tongue, despite the threats to my person on a daily basis, nor will my allies and fellow-minded planars. Our growing following is only evidenced by my position upon the Sigil Advisory Council. We know the truth, and for the good of the planes, we shall state it clearly. If a prime seeks to travel to the Outer Planes, then let him die and flock here naturally and not before come to where he was never meant to be." - Cirily of the Planarists

Public mouthpiece, and some would say philosophical leader, of the newly risen sect known as the Planarists. Cirily, as a firre eladrin, appears as an elf or more so half-elf, with smooth, milky-white skin dotted with freckles in some places that at the right angle or correct light shimmer with a ruddy complexion. Her eyes are two featureless, glowing, crimson orbs within their sockets and her hair is a brilliant red that seems to waver and crackle on its own like a living flame. Sometimes her hair does burn as if afire, particularly when the arrogant and self-assured Cirily becomes incensed with those arguing against her positions on primes, or when a prime in her presence fails to give her the proper level of respect she feels she deserves as both a planar native and mouthpiece of the waxing Planarists.

The Planarists philosophy could be summed up as the following: The planes should be for planars. Prime Material clueless have no place outside their own plane and have despoiled the City of Doors for too long, spreading stupidity wherever they go. They utilize resources and space that could be given to a planar resident of the city, or indeed, to whichever plane a given prime defiles by their presence. Cirily can often be found preaching her thinly veiled philosophy of planar superiority and anti-prime hatred in the Hall of Speakers or at the Trianym, never failing to attract a crowd. While an incredibly passionate, gifted, and charismatic speaker, some of her enemies have suggested her guilty of actually attempting to magically charm her crowds to incite them even further into believing her creed. Fellow eladrin have been rather loathe to discuss her in particular, and a few fiends have chuckled and mused over the fact that she may already have fallen from her natural alignment and inclination to chaotic good, and may be setting herself up for a true and total fall to chaotic evil.

In the wake of the Faction War, subsequent public investigations found the details of Duke Rowan Darkwood's personal involvement in setting the factions at each others' throats. Cirily jumped upon Darkwood's status as a Prime Material native, despite his long years in fiendish slavery on the Lower Planes, his decades of life in Ysgard, and his tumultuous time within Sigil itself. She posited him as the prototypical example of prime excess and the dangers of allowing more than a token population of primes within Sigil at all. All the more need to segway them off to their own ghetto within the Lower Ward or the Hive.

At present, Cirily finds herself elected to the Sigil Advisory Council, a dream come true for her as it stands. Many are unhappy with her new power but her followers are likely to see that she keeps her position for the present at least, and it would appear that she has backing behind the scenes as well by those with a keen interest either on her beliefs or keeping others off the council.



Estavan (LE male ogre mage Sor5 Fraternity of Order) - "In all my long years here in Sigil, so much has changed, and recently with the Tempest of Doors that change has seen to spite me. My own power has eroded in the Cage, while that of the Planar Trade Consortium only rises outside of it. If Her Serenity has seen to make Sigil less attractive to merchants and traders, then so be it, I will simply find alternate routes, and the competition be damned." - Estavan of the Planar Trade Consortium

Estavan, like his fellow Golden Lord, Zadara the Titan, is rarely seen traveling the streets of Sigil. As Sigil's representative within the vast Planar Trading Consortium, the blue-skinned ogre mage maintains a number of offices across the city, usually inhabiting his personal office on the second story of a building in the Clerk's Ward, within view of the ruins of the Hall of Records. [It's quite possible, given the rare occasions he is seen outside one of his offices, that each office contains a portal leading to another of his offices, a series of demiplanes linked to each, or likely to the Consortium's main office within the gate-town of Tradegate. - The Editor]

Like most others of his stature and wealth, Estavan keeps an immaculate appearance, from his rich blue and crimson robes, to the gold decorations upon his nubs of horns and tusks. Estavan has held his position for nearly as long as any in Sigil can remember, cowing merchants to join his consortium, or attempting to gain a larger market share for his imported goods from across the planes in the Market Ward. In his endeavors he has been mostly opposed by Zadara the Titan, who herself holds the wealth needed to render his entreaties irrelevant, and Shemeska the Marauder who not only rebuffed him but laughed in his face. Aside from individuals in Sigil, the Free League, with their own holdings in the gate-town of Tradegate and their own villages on the Outlands, has always prevented him from full access to the Great Bazaar for his products. They have simply never trusted him, nor his approach to individual merchants who he uses once he has them under his control, no longer abasing himself and treating them as equals as he is wont to do when luring a potential client. [In fact, Estevan has held his position for several centuries; far longer than the average lifespan for a member of his species. I leave conjecture up to my readers. - The Editor]

Since the Faction War, Estavan's situation has changed greatly. The Tempest of Doors alienated many within the Planar Trade Consortium and he has had to change many of his long-standing trade routes away from Sigil and out to other crossplanar pathways. His move to the Outlands for much of his shipping is likely to provoke a trade war between himself and the Free League as time progresses. Secondly, he has found himself oddly elected to the Sigil Advisory Council. This grasp at official power within the City of Doors has ostensibly garnered howls of fury from Shemeska and Zadara, among others, but perhaps also by giving him further duties in the city prevented him from fully spending his time in pursuit of his acquisition of power outside of it. [Both Zadara and Shemeska would greatly like to ensure a presence upon the council, either as councilors themselves, or having one or more of the current council in their pockets. The power plays to come shall be interesting, and equally so will be Rhys's dance to foil both of them and keep the Council free of undue influence. - The Editor]

Fell (N dabus Clr10 Proxy of Aoskar, Will of the One)

Little is known of Fell, save that he is shunned by the other dabus and given a wide berth by most every other cutter within the City of Doors. It is widely assumed that he is a fallen dabus, condemned by the Lady for some transgression or slight against Her will.

Unlike the other dabus, Fell walks upon the ground, his feet clearly treading upon the earth. It is common to have seen him trip or stumble in his walks through the Market Ward, where he keeps a small shop on Redwind Road. His chosen vocation is the crafting of tattoos, which he forms from his own picture symbols above his head and then somehow transfers to the skin of his clients. Some have whispered that he also offers magical tattoos, but only to customers of his choosing.



When not in his shop, Fell frequents the back alleys of the Hive, usually seen bricking over the randomly appearing ooze portals of the ward, perhaps to reclaim some fraction of his old life in service to Her Serenity. He has no need of guards or protection when walking in even the Hive by himself. Not even the gangs and barmies within that ward are willing to take the chance of being close by should the Lady's shadow come passing over him, which many figure is only a matter of time.

Fact is, the reason for Fell's expulsion from the ranks of the Dabus is both valid and chilling. Since the death of his patron power and the shattering of the Cathedral of Aoskar in the Lower Ward, Fell has remained an outcast and pariah to his own kind and to most of Sigil. But until that day, Fell remains a sad, silent image that even the chosen servants of Her Serenity are not immune to Her wrath or the temptation of other forces.

While even Aoskar himself died that day, Fell yet lives. Perhaps he cannot die as a punishment by the Lady for his betrayal of her and his own kind. Perhaps Fell was so invested with a portion of Aoskar's power that by some virtue of this, the Lady could not kill him. Indeed, Fell can still cast divine spells, though he does so rarely. And some claim that this gives rise to the idea that Aoskar may have invested Fell as his own proxy before the power's death, or that the Portal Father may not be entirely dead. [And if the latter, I hold that Her Dread Majesty is not yet finished with Aoskar. For if Aoskar is not truly dead, and were to one day rise from his astral grave, I say he would not do so in defiance of the Lady, but at Her allowance in some vast and unknown plan that formed at or before his death at Her hand. A convenient, if frightening, portent. - The Editor]

Fell will not openly speak of his fall from grace, but if asked in secret he will profess his faith in Aoskar still, unrepentant, and full of conviction. In conjunction with the Will of the One, a radical split from the Sign of One, he may in fact be attempting to light the spark of worship in Aoskar once more, seeking still to raise his dead patron from the grave.

Harys Hatchis (NG male human Wiz11 Free League) "I'll sell my clients' products, and Lady's grace, I'll even sell my clients if it's personal promotion they want. Everything has a price, some things just cost more than others, but I work as hard as most bashers for even the lowest of my fares. I'm not above rubbing a spin onto the truth a bit, but that'll cost you, and I won't lie to harm your buyers if it's a dangerous thing.

"But you'll find no better honest purse peeler in all of Sigil. There's no one better at convincing a berk or a blood alike to parting with his jink with a smile on his face and your product in their hands. So what say you? Is it a deal?" - Harys Hatchis

Harys Hatchis, pitchman extraordinaire, hawker of services, and promoter of a thousand different products, businesses, and personages in the Cage. Born into poverty and the true epitome of a self-made man, one might think him more akin to the philosophy of the Fated. But not so, for he numbers himself a fellow freethinking member of the Free League.

Harys will promote anything if he thinks there's a future in it or a profit to be made, or even if he simply considers the promotion of it a challenge. Flyers and posters advertising products, and bearing his seal can be found in Sigil from streetlamps in The Lady's Ward, to broken walls in the Hive, to everywhere in the Market Ward. He does his job, and he does it better than any other in the Cage.

Of late, Harys sits upon the Sigil Advisory Council, an odd thing considering the man's unabashed loathing of the bureaucracy of the Clerk's Ward. From the way he tells it, many of the problems early on in his life for him and his family stemmed from the constricting group thinkers in that ward. Having succeeded in spite of their best efforts to stymie him, he's found



a niche for himself in the independence-promoting freethinkers of the Indepts. On top of that, he may have accepted the position on the Council simply to keep another *off* the council, knowing some of those in the running as well. What greater revenge is there for a man who, rather than violence, could daily show in the face of his detractors the fact that he holds some measure of power over them in their own bureaucracy, or to have the irony of changing from within that which he has always admonished.

As a highly placed member of the Free League, Harys has a great deal of contacts, not the least of who is Kylie the Tout, who may herself possess political aspirations during the next election cycle. The interplay of unofficial faction power shall grow more interesting as he delves deeper into the politics of Sigil, perhaps warily treading the same line that Council Chairwoman Rhys herself treads.

Jeremo the Natterer (CN male human Ftr6/Rog12 Ring-Givers) - "You get back what you give to others. Your wealth and prestige is measured only in how much of it you can pass on to those around you. And for every action you take, in the end it returns to bless you or haunt you. In this grand ring of things and events and actions, let's just say I like to stack the deck in my own favor. Ingwe taught me well, and no matter what I do and give, it all seems to come back to me ten fold.

"You look thirsty, care for a drink cutter? Consider it on me." - Jeremo the Natterer

Rarely is an individual so incredibly mercurial, wealthier than most high priests of powers of wealth, and popular despite the air of mystery that surrounds most of his motivations and intentions. Jeremo the Natterer fills all of these positions with the ease of a born natural. For such a high standing individual, he has his quirks and then some. He fashions himself as the Lady's Jester, and indeed he makes his home and his faction headquarters within Sigil's enigmatic Palace of the Jester. The name may well be associated with it, or of his own devising, but regardless, he dresses the part. Garish, often clashing clothing, always of rich cloths and expensive materials as befitting royalty, make up the Natter's typical attire. Atop his often-disheveled head sits a tarnished brass or bronze crown, missing jewels and usually tilted off angle, a curious artifact for so wealthy a man. Oddly enough, some magic or item about his person allows him to converse with dabus in their own manner of Rebus speech, something that gives him a great deference from the dabus that seem to frequent the older portions of his Palace. However, the aspect of his personality and mannerisms that makes clear his name is his constant yammering to those around him. Mercurial hardly describes his flighty, whimsical demeanor at nearly all times. It's either a brilliant act or the man lingers close to being barmy and thrown into the cells of the Gatehouse, were it not for his power and influence.

As befitting his position within the Ring-Givers, Jeremo fashions himself as a consummate philanthropist, but he always seems to reap more than he sews. Either something about his faction belief, or simply the work of a conniving and shrewd mind, he makes off like a fiend in most anything he does. Despite his peculiarities, Jeremo is highly charismatic and very much liked and respected by most. Of course, there is also the lingering question surrounding the departure of Ingwe, the previous factol of the Ring-Givers to consider. No small amount of chant surrounds that, but none of the more wicked aspects seem to cling to Jeremo despite the tone they may be hurled at him in. [Public face aside, Jeremo would have been a better member of the Fated than of the Ring-Givers, despite his rise to factol of the latter. True, he gives. But he expects to have his gifts returned ten-fold to himself. He knows this, and he uses it to his advantage. - The Editor]

Kylie the Tout (N female tiefling Rog8 Free League/Touts Guild) - "Pike off you sodding berk! Mistake me for an alu-fiend I think you do! I give tours of the city, not tours of anything else! Well, not to a leatherhead like yourself anyways!" - Kylie the Tout



The flamboyant tiefling, and head of the Escort and Tout's Guild, is never a mundane sight as she walks through the streets of Sigil. Kylie appears mostly human, with only the leather wrapped and spike ended tail hiding behind her to give her away as a tiefling. But to give her a more exotic look her brilliant red hair is tied into a tail at the top that blossoms up like some sky-seeking flower to cascade out and slightly down. A small, thin white scar extends over her left cheek and eyebrow, next to a small ring piercing the same. But aside from her own personal appearance, her clothing attracts just as much attention, being an exotic ensemble of blue-black leather that tightly hugs her slim body and generally leaves little to the imagination. Despite the garish and tempting appearance, the spiked tip of her tail is typically ready to lash out at any berk with too audacious a hand.

Usually riding atop Kylie's shoulder or trotting along beside her is her pet, companion, or some say familiar, known as Dib. Dib is an ethyk, one of a species hailing from Arborea that appears somewhat like a spider monkey with one eye and a long tail somewhat like a black and white raccoon. As far as creatures go, he's smart and utterly loyal to Kylie, and she's been known to use him to get leatherheads off her back, divert them from her trail, or distract them long enough to bob them for their jink. As an ethyk, Dib has the ability to incite sudden blinding anger in a blood, usually in such a manner as to get a group to quarrel amongst themselves rather than attack him, or Kylie, and he uses this ability with remarkable discretion and ability.

Kylie is renowned as perhaps the most knowledgeable and sharp tout in all of Sigil, and has cultivated for herself a reputation of knowing a vast number of contacts, and even a secret method of communication to them when she wanders around the streets of Sigil. Her movements, from the sway of her tail to the twitch of her hands or expression on her face at times can go through a remarkable dance of gestures when passing by a random cutter or meeting another. Perhaps they have a meaning, or perhaps it's simply a way of cultivating the idea that she's in touch with far more people than she actually is. With the growing number of former faction touts and independent cutters flocking to work under the banner of the guild she now finds herself heading, if her actions are indeed just a masterful bluff, they needn't be much longer.

Her earlier history, however, was much more tumultuous than her current. She first began work as a messenger under the employ of Autochon the Bellringer, current guild master of the Messengers and Runners guild. According to members of the Runners guild, during one mission for him she simply took her payment, as well as the object she was tasked to deliver, and ran off to make her own profit with it. Autochon was enraged and would likely have killed her, had his own minder in the guise of Shemeska the Marauder not stepped in and told him to not just ignore her treachery, but to protect her and her growing group of independent touts she had been forming since leaving his employ. While baffled, Autochon responded to the tug at his metaphorical leash and did as he was told.

In fact, it may be that much of Kylie's current success is owed at least in part to Autochon's continued protection of her and her touts. Furthermore, the King of the Crosstrade may be a silent, unspoken backer of the young tiefling guild mistress, letting her build up her own guild and ring of contacts for reasons unknown. It's been known that Shemeska has professed admiration for Kylie, and in glowing terms mentioned how much of herself she sees reflected back in Kylie. This at the moment bodes well for Kylie, but the Marauder may very well be seeking to eventually sink her talons deeper into the guild, or into Kylie herself and take the group out from under her entirely once the fiend has finished fattening it up to her content. [Even Autochon himself doubts entirely that this is the reason his taskmistress has him protect Kylie and her own. Some other reason exists in his opinion that warrants Shemeska's personal interest. And myself, I feel that with the number of persons Kylie has trafficked with in recent years, who I will not mention here, that the Marauder may be simply waiting for her to drag



one of them out into the light. The guild itself exists as only a juicy secondary prize compared to this other person, whoever they may be. - The Editor]

Lissandra the Gate-Seeker (NG female human Wiz 11) - "The portals of Sigil are the breath and bread of we, its citizens. No longer can the factions hold monopoly upon the location, means of activation, and destinations of the portals of the Cage. Not as long as the Guild of Doorsnoops maintains its records of such and distributes this information without bias to all for a fair price. Information was meant to be free from the corrupt weight of corrupt organizations." - Lissandra the Gate-Seeker

Lissandra has come far since her first days in Sigil. One of the many clueless primes who stumbled their way into the City of Doors, she had little to no money, no friends, and only a passing idea of undertaking a study of the Lady's portals.

Indeed she has progressed a long ways since those first awkward moments. She first began her work simply by examining bounded spaces within the city for the owners of the property they stood upon, casting an *analyze portal* upon them and being paid a pittance for her efforts. From there she progressed to being funded into actual exploration of portals and their portal keys, and producing a log of her efforts. Most such logs were banned from public distribution by order of the Fraternity of Order in the City Courts, with tacit agreement by the other factions. Her efforts were financed in all likelihood by two sources, one of them rumored and one of them based upon some fact. Likely factual is the financing of her efforts, as well as possession of her log books, by Zadara the Titan, one of the Golden Lords of The Lady's Ward. The more rumored involvement is that of the Anarchists, of which Lissandra was apparently a former member before the group's supposed disintegration following the Faction War.

Since the formation of the Doorsnoop's Guild, with Lissandra at the helm as guild mistress, her links to Zadara are likely still in place due to the considerable amount of jink the titan poured into the investigative efforts, and protection of Lissandra and her fellow portal mappers. [Lissandra herself admits to nothing, only stating with a smile upon her face that her information is accurate and available to the public with no strings attached, unlike the scraps of information the factions let fall to the public of Sigil before. I say the Anarchist still rings true within her, pretty face aside. - The Editor]

Ramander the Wise, "Master of Portals" (NE male human Wiz 18) - "Nonsense! I do not charge for the use of my portals, and MY portals they are. What I am doing is simply examining and logging what you, sir, are importing into our fair city, and levying my own inspection fee. You may direct your complaints to me." - Ramander the Wise 'Master of Portals'

Never let it be said that a planar cannot be as stupid as they are ruthless. Ramander the Wise very much satisfies this statement. The self-proclaimed Master of Portals, this wizard and former member of the Fated has taken to buying property containing often-used portals. When the owners are willing to sell for his asking price he then determines the proper portal key or keys to any portals and sells those portal keys. A profitable business within Sigil, but Ramander takes this scheme one dangerous step further. Not only does he charge for portal keys, he charges for actual use of the portals upon his properties. Every poor sod in Sigil's past that has attempted this has eventually been mazed, or worse, and the act is so much of an anathema to Sigil property owners that the actual practice hasn't occurred within the Cage in some number of years.

Apparently, that chant never crossed Ramander's ears, or registered as dangerous. He appears to have simply thought it an ingenious scheme fit to make him wealthier than the Golden Lords of The Lady's Ward. It also didn't hurt that Shemeska the Marauder approached him during the initial stages of his scheme with an offer of protection. She claimed she could shield him from the Lady's anger over charging access to "his" portals. Of course, she lied through her teeth



and hasn't so much as lifted a finger to help him, simply skimming her fraction of his profits. Likely the fiend is merely waiting for the time when he's removed from the picture entirely by his own stupidity. At that point it's likely she'll simply assume control of his properties and either sell them off, or more likely revert back to the much safer route of selling the portal keys and allowing otherwise unrestricted access to the portals themselves. It may not be surprising to note that Ramander may or may not have hatched the scheme himself, but rather been given the idea directly, or filtered down to him from his shrewish so called protector and business partner. [Shemeska's own past, and intimate, involvement with Mantello the Jeweler, a master thief, forger, confidence man and fellow member of the Fated along with Ramander, makes this all the more likely. But who can say what is dark and what is screed? - The Editor]

Rhys (N female tiefling Mnk 15/Sorc 10 Transcendent Order) - "When action is thought, and thought is action, I will act in harmony with myself and the multiverse. There is no greater goal but harmony with oneself and one's surroundings in all things. Listen within, but do not shut out the whisperings of the planes, for the Cadence speaks, and I act." - Rhys

The enigmatic and serene tiefling Rhys, former factol of the Transcendent Order, stands as the current chairwoman of the Sigil Advisory Council. A tiefling of uncertain heritage, she typically appears dressed in the flowing monk robes of a member of the Transcendent Order, though she has played this down since the Faction War. Like many tieflings, she has a tail, but unlike most her legs end in cloven hooves, much like the hind legs of a goat, below the knee. Her long black hair also tends to move, shift, and writhe like it is constantly tousled by some unseen wind, and her ears resemble nothing so much as exaggerated elven or half-elven ears.

All of these traits combine to give her an otherworldly air, combined with her own, at times, surreal sense of her surroundings and others' actions. Her traits as a former factol of the Transcendent Order make her seem to react to situations almost before it should be physically possible. Two former assassination attempts saw the tiefling turn to dodge perhaps a moment or two before the arrows had even fired from the bows. On one occasion, rather than dodge the attack she calmly stepped to one side, plucked the arrow out of the air mid-flight, and turned to calmly gaze at the would be killer who bolted without hesitation.

Her current position is likely owed to two qualities. First, she and her faction's reputation of acting as mediators between the other factions. It has been said before that the Ciphers would be reserve to a Sensate, mercy to a Taker, and order to a Xaositect; all actions to bring themselves and their surroundings into balance. As so with her faction, so with Rhys. Her leadership of the Ciphers saw them mediate a number of conflicts within the Cage, and while they could not prevent the Faction War from occurring, they did not exacerbate the conflict, and many of them aided in settling the chaos after the war had ended.

The second quality Rhys possesses, that none other in existence may say, is that she in some manner foresaw or felt the coming storm of the Faction War, and quietly left the city. She stands as the only factol to have survived the war that is not presumed dead, mazed, or flayed. That she did this and returned has given her an air of mystery and prestige that makes her normally serene and distant impression upon others seem all that more imposing. She claims, as do other high-ranking Ciphers, to be able to listen to and hear some sublime heartbeat of the planes themselves that Ciphers terms the Cadence of the Planes. It was this, she claims, that warned her of the brewing Faction War and of every other situation she reacts towards.

Upon the formation of the Sigil Advisory Council, Rhys, having already stepped down from the Transcendent Order, accepted her appointment as chairwoman of the Council, but dissuaded the remaining members of the Council from making her former faction hall, the Great Gymnasium, the council's meeting place. Such would, in her eyes, come too close to violating the Lady's Edict on the factions, and give an impression to the average citizen of Sigil that she herself, as well as her faction, might be wielding too much power and influence within the



city. Rhys has much to do in her current position, and has been doing a wonderful job at it from all accounts. The city has seemingly recovered from the Faction War, the guilds have stepped up to fill the power vacuum, and no large-scale conflicts have arisen thus far under her watch.

[More information regarding Councilwoman Rhys would have been included, however my attempts to gain an interview with her remain abortive. Upon meeting her and asking my first question, she simply stared at me for a few moments before nodding and walking off. We know that I simply wish to speak the truth and allow the common person to view it in order to decide for themselves. I have no other agenda. So what then might Rhys wish to not speak of? Is our esteemed chairwoman hiding something? I cannot know until she speaks to me. - The Editor]

Rule-Of-Three (CE male marquis cambion Rog6/Sorc 6/Thrall of Grazzt 3) - "Talking in riddles, speaking in rhymes, babbling three-fold cipher. Chaos is sweet, evil is sweeter, combined they're everything. Such am I, and much more, don't you see?" - Rule-Of-Three

Rule-Of-Three is nearly a figure of legend within the Lower Ward and the Hive, appearing as a wizened githzerai with his missing left eye replaced by the glowing orb of a pale green gem, reputedly a *gem of seeing*. Of the tales spun about him, most of them place Rule-Of-Three as a genius of the crosstrade, perhaps one of the most powerful bloods among the tanar'ri or tanar'ri-influenced portions of Sigil. Others place him as having the ear of a number of Abyssal Lords, perhaps serving as their personal agent within the City of Doors. Still, others call him an opportunistic blood who nearly two decades previous was the sole survivor of a successful attempt to enter and rob the neighboring mansions of two of Sigil's Golden Lords, their names not public, or the crimes mentioned at large to prevent their own embarrassment. [He lost that one eye somehow, but one does have to wonder what truly killed his fellow burglars. If the story holds a scrap of truth that is. - The Editor]

None of the tales however mention that he is not what he appears to be. It's strongly suspected that he is nothing other than a marquis cambion, though his Abyssal sire is not publicly known. His response to questions of the truth of this are a three parsed phrase of yes, no, and maybe. All said with a smile, a bow, and a glimmer of his magical eye.

Rule-Of-Three can most often be found lingering in the downwards sections of the Lower Ward near or within the Styx Oarsman. He's usually in one of the upstairs rooms, eating or drinking alone, speaking with a visitor seeking advice, or meeting a client in the pursuit of illegal activities. Many times the enigmatic blood can be seen wandering the streets of the Hive or Armory District of The Lady's ward, oddly close to a number of unusually large and bloody razorvine patches. [To engage in my own rendition of his often-cryptic ramblings, more than he claims to be, the walls have ears, and he listens. - The Editor]

Shemeska the Marauder (NE female arcanaloth Sor7) - "It's hard being a voice of reason isn't it? I mean, so much in Sigil would go so much better, and it'd no longer be the cesspool of corrupt dealings, bubbers, and berks that it so often is, if only I got *my* way. Simple as that, I tell you." - Shemeska the Marauder

The disarmingly charming, self-titled King of the Crosstrade has amassed more personal power in the aftermath of the Tempest of Doors than any other cutter in Sigil. Her spies and informants within the factions have rapidly mutated, almost overnight, into a wide-ranging and deep network of contacts within the new and growing organizations in a still rebuilding and reorganizing Sigil. In the confusion that followed the Faction War, with a mixture of threats, garnish, and outright blackmail, the fiend has secured even more individuals squarely in the palm of her furry, taloned hand.



Shemeska appears as do most arcanaloths, only she is more vain and pretentious if it were at all possible. Her tawny, coppery-colored fur is kept impeccably groomed by a cadre of tiefling groomer-guards that surround her at all times, each of them trained as no mere toady, but as assassins of the highest order. She keeps herself adorned with a nearly garish array of rings, bracelets, earrings, and other adornments, each of them fit for royalty. She normally wraps her body in a tight, slender strapless gown supposedly given to her by a former, and long dead, lover within the Sensates. The fabric appears to shimmer a mix of blue, green, and violet and makes a delicate tinkling noise as it shifts whenever she moves. In fact, the cloth is composed of thousands of tiny colored glass beads strung upon ultra-fine wire and spun together as cloth. The fiend's most trademark apparel, however, is the tiara of still living razorvine she wears upon her head, perched between her two ears that coils in brambles like some evilly twisted crown. [Yes, she's honestly trying to give allusions between her own appearance and that of the Lady. Ask her why she doesn't call herself the Queen of the Crosstrade, and step over the line just a bit more, and you'll see her launch into a fit. - The Editor]

She is self-serving above all, can appear gracious and polite if needed, but always enters any discussion or bargaining from a position of power. She may toss out at random in a conversation some damaging or closely held secret of a visitor just to garner a reaction or impress upon them just how far her ears, and claws, reach into Sigil's society on so many levels. At times, she may simply ignore someone speaking to her and admire her own reflection as she or one of her groomers adjusts some minor feature on her tiara, or a bit of fur out of place. She might break off a conversation mid point to probe the speaker about their feelings on a new ring or earring of hers, maybe even if the color of a gown or sash she's wearing matches best with her eye color that day. But the mercurial Arcanaloth has a temper to match her vanity, and the slightest displeasure has been known to cause her to fly into one of her famed public temper tantrums, which typically end poorly for the sod that caused her to become unhinged. [Her public vanity is likely nothing more than a guise to make potential enemies underestimate her ability or personality. She is ruthless, utterly evil, and brilliant, even for her kind, make no mistake of this. - The Editor]

All of her power runs just below the surface of polite society, and while her status and order of business is the single worst kept secret in Sigil, she longs to have some actual pull in the Sigil advisory council, especially as how Estavan the Ogre Mage managed to get himself elected to it. Currently she's wooing and playing the infernal temptress to both representative Holmin and Cirily of the Council, offering advancement of their ideas both inside and outside of official city business in ways only she can offer, the price negotiable of course. Her dance with Cirily is more cautious, what with the eladrin's natural suspicion of the fiend, but Shemeska plays enough to the ideals of the nearly fallen celestial that a working relationship may soon be more than a pipedream.

Aside from the advisory council, the Marauder has been the force behind the rise of Kylie the Tout in the newly formed Escorts Guild and Touts Guild. It seems the fiend has an interest in keeping Kylie safe. Rumor has it the tiefling may even be related to Shemeska by way of couplings best left to rumor, but it's more likely that Shemeska simply intends to snag power from her once the guild grows and reaches the level of competence she desires.

As an aside, Shemeska used to be called ShemesHka. It seems recently the fickle and self-obsessed arcanaloth up and changed the spelling and pronunciation of her name and, without spreading the word of the change, has expected everyone to call her properly by the new version. She's lately been taking a nearly perverse pleasure in correcting and at times mocking those sods that say it wrong by accident, and in one case had the offending berk who called her the wrong name on purpose taken behind the Fortunes Wheel gambling hall and beaten to within an inch of his life. Inside she acted as if nothing untoward had happened at all, and returned to her dinner and any callers seeking to buy or sell information.



Unity-Of-Rings (LG male movanic deva Proxy of Tyr) - "There is no need to pay me for my aid, but I will not decline if you are insistent, there is much I may do with such to better another. A small word here, a small action there. All which promotes that which is so often lacked within Sigil. In a word: Justice. From Justice all good flows, and it is what I seek and whom I serve. Give justice, and justice you will receive as all comes full circle." - Unity-Of-Rings

Whether it be walking through the streets of The Lady's Ward, the gutters of the Hive, or flying amid the smoke laden clouds of the Lower ward, most every citizen of Sigil takes notice, and some measure of respect, reverence, or good enough sense to not cause trouble when Unity-Of-Rings graces their path. The blue-skinned, white-winged Deva is often seen simply patrolling the streets of Sigil, a task he has taken upon himself to perform more and more since the Faction War and the lack of much official policing of some of the wards. But wherever he goes, he always attempts to selflessly help those in genuine need. Be it simply helping a drunken bubbler find his way home, or prevent a gang of thieves from peeling a clueless newly arrived to Sigil, he does what he can without imposing himself.

Beyond such obviously good-natured actions, Unity-Of-Rings has a habit of dispensing advice from the profound to the mundane. Always his advice takes a roundabout way of explaining itself or its meaning; meandering into seemingly pointless avenues before eventually, and always, returning to his original point. True to his name, the deva acts in accordance with the multiversal law that all things eventually come full circle, whether it be acts or events.

[It makes one wonder, what link if any, does the blood have to his seeming moral counterbalance, the cambion Rule-Of-Three? And who, or what, then would be represented by the third such rule, Center-Of-All? Mysteries abound. - The Editor]

Zadara the Titan (N female titan Merkhant) - "There is no greater force in this multiverse than coin. Jink, money, gold, stingers, coppers, all terms for the same almighty moving force. They say the Outer Planes are moved by belief alone. That belief shapes the planes themselves. But take a single coin to a starving beggar, or a bag of it to a mercenary and you can have them forsake their beliefs in an instant for the feel of a coin upon their palm. Jink oils the wheels of every society and race upon the planes, from celestial to fiend, and nothing moves or stays still without the motivation of it as well. Control the flow of jink; hoard it or spend it; and you control the planes themselves. All that stands in my way are those others with it who envision things counter to myself, and those who prefer to use other subtle methods, inferior methods, besides jink itself. The ogre mage, Estavan; he understands my methods and views quite well, and indeed he might be swayed to them eventually. The Golden Lords of Sigil as well, many of them find it appealing to themselves and their means. That dog-headed harpy of a Yugoloth however, Shemeska; she will require more than words to be removed from the picture. Money and the prestige it brings versus fiendish fear and manipulation, it shall be a thing to watch..." - Zadara the Titan

Of all the Golden Lords of Sigil, Zadara rises head and shoulders above them all in every sense of the world. Nearly some ten yards tall, the chocolate-skinned titan dresses like a goddess and acts the part in most of her business dealings. In terms of jink, she is likely second only to Jeremo the Natterer, factol of the Ring-Givers, in the sheer amount of gold filling her titan-sized coffers. A member of the Merkhant sect, who believe in money as the single most powerful moving force in the multiverse, Zadara personifies that belief in the way that she wields her finances like the maul of the titans she keeps at her side at all times.

Barely ever leaving her immense razorvine-encrusted mansion in the center of the Noble's District in The Lady's Ward, her pair of fallen sword archons, Kubriel and Gog, keep away visitors they deem unlikely to garner the interest of their mistress. Zadara rarely speaks to others in person, content to allow her money to speak for itself in her personal feuds with the other Golden Lords of the ward. In fact, some have noticed that she seems apprehensive about



leaving her home, and more often than not seemed nervous in a crowd, frequently looking over her shoulder. It is likely that something in her murky past is still lingering on the edges, or even the forefront of her mind that keeps her a shut-in within her own walls despite her own power. [Acting like a goddess is vanity, but claiming to actually be one while on a Prime world to the point of detracting from the worship of a genuine one is folly. - The Editor] But within her refuge, bedecked like the queen she would be, playing with the fortunes of emperors, Zadara has set herself up as a patron of other peoples' ideas, schemes, efforts to make jink, and plans to make things happen. While Estavan binds people with contracts; Shemeska with blackmail, fear and intimidation; Zadara binds them to herself with money and a person's greed for more.

Perhaps more so than with any other two persons within Sigil, there is conflict brewing between Zadara and Shemeska the Marauder. Hatred is too small a word to describe Shemeska's feelings towards Zadara, while Zadara views the shrewish fiend as an insect, but one with a poisonous sting and burrows hidden all over the city filled with its fellow vermin bought by treachery or malice. Since the Faction War, both women have expanded their unofficial power and influence in Sigil, with Shemeska perhaps having the current advantage. [It's my feeling that Zadara would not elicit so much contempt and loathing from the Marauder if not for the damning fact that she too is female. - The Editor]

Wards

The City of Doors is proportioned into several different regions, or wards, as goes the terminology used in the Cage. There are six wards in all, and what makes one ward distinct from another is primarily the type of buildings therein, the cutters who live there and the manner of work that occurs within. The boundaries of the wards are somewhat hazy at times, and the exact borders are prone to shift ever so slightly over time as some neighborhoods expand or decline in size and certain types of residents set up kip or move. But regardless of their expanse, the wards are named as The Lady's Ward, the Clerk's Ward, the Guildhall Ward, the Market Ward, the Lower Ward, and the Hive.

The Lady's Ward

"The Lady's Ward...what to say besides that I appreciate the name. Reflects well on me and my growing influence here in the Cage and the ward I spend the most of my time within. Oh don't think me crass or presumptive at all, that's simply the way of things now. Everything falling into place, rearranged where I dictate and when I dictate. The factions fell didn't they?

"But enough about me...well, as if you could ever say enough about me. But back to your question about The Lady's Ward. Let me start with this: the intrigues of the Blood War and the constant shifts of power, allegiance and betrayal within my old haunts on Gehenna and Khin-Oin upon the Waste...they pale in comparison oftentimes to the web of treachery, selfishness and greed that permeates the hidden side of The Lady's Ward.

"From the High Houses of the Golden Lords to the knights of the post willing to sell out anyone to anyone in the back alleys and taverns of the ward, more moral filth and depredation goes on in a single day than in the bowels of the Lower Planes in an equal time. But I would know nothing of such things being but a wealthy landowner and chant broker of Sigil; nothing at all. I simply sell what falls to my ears and crosses my palms. Why sully myself in the muck when I can pluck the gold from the surface with a discrete, well-groomed hand?"

[Here the fiend paused abruptly to admire her own reflection in a mirror held by one of her groomer-guards; preening and playing with the fur atop her head and her razorvine tiara for nearly twenty minutes before returning to the interview. - The Editor]



"The ward has its colorful share of inhabitants, for instance there's that scheming and inept ogre mage who somehow managed to get himself elected to the council. I assure you he won't make a second term. Then there's that bitch of a titan. I needn't mention her name either. Hiding in her mansion and trying to pull the same strings I pluck like a harpist. She plucks them with the hands of a day laborer, using her money like a sledgehammer when a deft and talented hand such as mine knows which notes to play to make a song and not a broken instrument.

"So step back and watch the game here in The Lady's Ward, see how it extends over the entire Cage, with everyone playing their parts, and a few self-appointed directors competing for the role of the maestro. It is nothing if not amusing. Now talk with me some more and you might as well have a handbill for the latest performance." - Shemeska the Marauder

The Lady's Ward stands among the wards as the home of the rich and powerful, a shining beacon of purity and decency among the other wards but with an underside kept out of the public eye, which many a Hive dweller would pass by and complain of the stink. All in all, the ward combines the best and the worst of Sigil if a blood knows where to look.

When a tout speaks to a clueless, prime or planar, about the ward, know that they're speaking of *The Lady's Ward*, not *the Lady's Ward*. There's something of an implied ownership of the ward in name and in spirit to Her Serenity. And while some more delusional clueless have asked for directions in the ward to actually visit and hold audience with Her Serenity, the Lady doesn't have such a place in the ward, or the entire city, rather those tools of Her power within Sigil reside in The Lady's Ward. The established ruling order of the city, from the Sigil Advisory Council, to the Courts, Prison and Barracks, all reside within the Ward. Of course, since the end of the Faction War, the factions who ran the Prison, Barracks, and city courts all had to officially step down and relinquish their lofty holdings in the hierarchy of the city. Since that time their spots have been filled by able and not so able replacements, many of them being former members of the factions who held the positions. Old members of the Fraternity of Order who chose not to return to Mechanus with their faction naturally gravitated towards the courts. Equally, a similar situation occurred when the Mercykillers dissolved after their factol, Alisohn Nilesia vanished, and split into their original components of the Sodkillers and Sons of Mercy. The Sodkillers formed the Minder's guild to hire themselves out into the roles formerly taken by the Mercykillers, and to some extent the Harmonium. The Sons of Mercy have attempted to do the same thing, and their tabards have become more and more accepted, if occasionally ridiculed among the avenues and streets of The Lady's Ward.

While the ward's wide, immaculate streets tend to be paved with high quality stone, kept free of refuse and ruffraff, it is hardly homogenous in any sense of the word. Several districts exist, some officially, others only by common convention among the residents. The Nobles District holds most of the high houses of the so-called Golden Lords of Sigil, those bloods holding a tremendous amount of wealth and many with more than their fair share of influence. The area around the Barracks, Prison, and City Courts, is known as the Triad District and has taken up a distinct flavor. Meanwhile, the Armory District has drifted slightly to present itself as more an open sore in the midst of the ward since the Armory's destruction during the Faction War, and its subsequent ruin and further collapse in the Vecna incursion some years afterwards.

Nobles District

The Nobles District is so named for the prevalence of the richest of the rich of Sigil who call the district home: a concentration of jink and power to make a power of wealth blink. The district itself is bounded more or less within the ranges of Portal Close, Harmonium Street, and Lords' Row, give or take a block or two.



Sitting on large tracts of land, the so-called High Houses of Sigil sprawl out within their fenced in compounds, separated from the grime and trudge of Sigil's residents. In fact, some of the houses are so set apart that the residents could die within and it likely wouldn't be discovered for years if they had already paid their guards and servants.

The more noted residents of the ward, those who can be called genuine golden lords and not just underground power brokers, include: Zadara the Titan, Jeremo the Natterer of the Ring-Givers, Wei Minh Lee the Proxy of Shou-Hsing and dealer in potions of longevity, High Priest of Puchan the self-titled Lord of Wealth, Duprak Jarneesh, Timmon d'Arlen of the d'Arlen family, and the planar arms merchant Spiral Hal'Oight. In fact, with their waxing importance in Sigil, the first two of this list shall be detailed further in this volume. Of course, those underground power brokers and royalty of the cross trade can have as much, or more, power than the true Golden Lords.

Palace of the Jester - Situated near the Triad District, and forming the defining boundary between it and the Nobles District, sits the Palace of the Jester. The palace stands as the single largest structure in all of Sigil, its courtyards and the palace itself covering an area as large as any other three structures in the City of Doors combined. The alternate name for the Palace is the Court of Pain, and the entire sprawling structure serves as a neutral meeting ground for the intrigues and plotting of the various high houses and nobles from the district and even across Sigil.

Besides its immense size, the palace is likely the oldest surviving structure in all of Sigil as well. As far back as records go, the Palace of the Jester has been there in The Lady's Ward, predating even the City Courts it lies adjacent from, and the Singing Fountain that separates the two edifices. The reason for the structure's name, which it has always been called, has been lost to the passage of time, and even the purpose of the massive palace is forgotten. What is remarkable, however, is that the palace, for its size and grandeur, has sat for many years nearly vacant, with only the grounds surrounding the palace serving any real public function as a meeting ground for the prestigious and wealthy within cager high society. Inside the palace is mostly deserted, a confusing tangle of mazelike passages, chambers and galleries that fill the palace to the tips of its bladed spires and descend down to the ancient vaults and tunnels below street level. No known map of the interior exists, and so visitors are advised to limit the extent of their wanderings to the inhabited portions of the halls. The further down into the palace the stranger the architecture becomes. The lower levels appear as if they were designed by a genius or a madman, with a similarity that some have compared to the odd architecture of Harbinger House, the former Godsmen Asylum of equally unknown past history. Passages dead end, stairwells ascend to ceilings, windows open up to blank walls far below ground level, and chambers may be sealed shut from all sides but one while a maze of hidden passages winds through it all, filled with the dust of centuries. Oddly enough, the dabus themselves seem peery about the palace, and those seen wandering its halls (having ascended from below?) are often described as acting...nervous...almost as if they're being observed. One must wonder what could disturb the dabus so within their own city?

In recent history, the Palace of the Jester has been the residence of Jeremo the Natterer and the Ring-Givers. Jeremo has been called the Lady's Jester, and speculation is abundant that the lord of the Palace of the Jester simply has taken the name out of irony for his home, and his own quixotic attitude. Others have suggested that the title is somehow linked to the palace itself, a hereditary moniker linked to whoever owns the palace. That in itself raises questions about the original purpose of the palace if that bit of dark holds true.

Of late, it seems that Jeremo has become increasingly worried of something within his own halls. The chant mongers among the taverns and gambling halls of the Lady's Ward spread the word, for no small bit of jink, that the palace underhalls have become overrun with an infestation of Cranium rats. If the chant rings true, and isn't a pack of self-serving lies by the



chant brokers, among them Shemeska the Marauder, it begs the question: are the rats the cause of the long lingering problems within the palace, are they themselves seeking something below, or are they bubbling up into the palace after having fled from something deeper below the foundations?

Armory District

The district surrounding the Armory has always been a spot of contention among Lady's Ward residents, some claiming passionately that the Armory and the neighborhoods surrounding it belong in the Lower Ward, while others have cried out with equal vehemence that it is, and always has been, part of The Lady's Ward.

The contention arose in the past to the general appearance of the Armory with its smoke belching forges and razorvine encrusted lower portions, and to the seedy neighborhoods that arose around it. The former Doomguard, in their philosophical disagreement with the Harmonium, and to a lesser extent the Mercykillers and Fraternity of Order, made life difficult around their faction headquarters for the Harmonium and their allies. Hence, the Harmonium patrolled the district less and less, crime rose and knights of the post sprung from the woodwork. This did not bode well for its status in the eyes of the Golden Lords and power brokers in The Lady's Ward.

The destruction of the Armory in recent years and the events that swirled around it soon after only added to the contentions of some. The recent rebuilding of the Armory, the changing of its outward appearance, and the general improvements these have produced in the district have more or less negated its chances of being legislated off into the Lower Ward. Old feelings die-hard however, and some folks are still a bit peery walking around this section of the city, half expecting the Doomguard to harangue them in passing.

Still, the district has cleaned up in recent years with the attentions of Faith and her followers and is now solidly part of the Lady's ward once again, much to the approval of the patrons of the Golden Bariaur Inn. This inn at the very spireward end of the district, roughly three blocks from the shadow of the Armory, is a frequent and popular spot for celestials of all alignments, as well as for the occasional fiends from the Lower Ward who stop in to make trouble.

In contrast however, situated between Cobbles Lane and Doomguard Walk, next to the Park of the Infernal and the Divine stands the silver bladed, black stone, Temple of the Abyss. Typically festooned with the previous nights sacrificial victims, the temple is only tolerated by many of the ward simply because of the number of nobles who've done business therein. It has a reputation of solving problems one way or another.

Armory - For almost a full four years after the Faction War, the Armory of Sigil sat abandoned after its collapse during the battle between the Harmonium and the Doomguard and their respective allies. The persistent rumors, not entirely unfounded, which held that within the shattered pile of occasionally smoking rubble lurked a number of small and completely uncontrolled spheres of annihilation tended to keep away scavengers and vagrants. [And, for that matter, developers. - The Editor]

In its original incarnation by the Doomguard, the Armory was graced with a massive bas-relief symbol of their faction upon the front exterior of the structure, four sprawling iron latticework flying buttresses, and encrusted along the lower levels with razorvine. Four towers, each strangely free of crawling razorvine, flanked the corners of the building, each corresponding to the four negative touched Quasielemental Planes, and indeed it appears that the towers were nothing more than empty stone husks from the exterior. But from the inside each contained a portal leading to an actual tower that stood within one of the four Doomguard strongholds in



the plane it occupied. Starting at the northeast tower and circling clockwise, the portals lead to Citadel Alluvius, Citadel Sealt, Citadel Exhalus, and finally the Crumbling Citadel.

From here, the Doomguard sold weapons created within the massive forges located inside, along with siege engines if the buyer had the jink for it, as well as stocks of unsold or defective weapons.

In the aftermath of the Tempest of Doors and the collapse of the Armory, the portals vanished and the former Doomguard members fleeing to their strongholds on those planes had to do so the long way in their exodus to the Inner Planes. The weapons stored within that had not already been handed out freely by the entropy obsessed faction members and their weapons master, the recently deceased cambion Ely Cromlich, were looted from the ruins or buried within in the subsequent collapse of the building.

In the past two years, the Armory has been rebuilt from its long languishing ruins in the corner of The Lady's Ward that threatened to cause the neighboring district to be claimed as part of the Lower Ward. The exterior is actually much the same, though it lacks the forges and weapons storage chambers, now being devoted to a much different moral and philosophical ethos than before. The rebuilding and conversion of the Armory has been orchestrated by Faith, the Harmonium factol. She has indeed not given up on Sigil, unofficially, and has seen to it that a blood by the name of Nicolai Mabru (LG male tiefling Rog5/Ftr7 Harmonium), a reformed chaotic evil tiefling and one of the Harmonium's success stories, has taken over the administration of the Armory. Mabru, as much an opposite to the now mazed Factol Pentar as two bloods could be, has designed the Armory for the use of like-minded followers from Arcadia, and anyone within Sigil who would learn from him the lessons he professes on a daily basis on the nature of harmony. His relationship with Faith and the Harmonium itself is kept strictly separate, and while he is certainly influenced by common ideals with the other Harmonium outside of Sigil, he has no direct links to the faction and is certain to keep it so, else he anger the Lady.

With a sense of irony, the rebuilt Armory has taken on many of the same roles of the Great Gymnasium, though with an emphasis on external harmony, law, and moral redemption through training and cooperation with others rather than personal harmony and enlightenment espoused by the Cipher's former faction hall.

During the long process of the Armory's reconstruction several things were oddly missing. None of the spheres of annihilation present during the Armory's original collapse were found buried in the rubble, nor were most of the weapons. Apparently the ruins give evidence of having been looted from beneath in secret in the past several years, with the Doomguards' long held secret, the so-called Chamber of Bones simply gone, hollowed out like a bubble in the stone. This chamber, used as a monument to Entropy and a meeting place of the four Doomlords of the Doomguard, was built and paved from floor to ceiling with the bones of dead former Doomlords and supported by a ring of pillars built of their skulls. The chamber located deep beneath the street level of Sigil, and directly beneath the main forge, was simply gone, not a knucklebone remaining. [Make what you will of this. The actions of one of the Doomguard splinter factions? Perhaps stolen as a treasure trove of information for interested persons such as Lothar the Master of the Bones, or some other as yet unknown party? - The Editor]

Triad District

The Triad District, so named for the confluence of the three seats of law and order in Sigil, namely the City Courts, the City Barracks, and the Prison; sits as the central district of The Lady's Ward, sandwiched between the Nobles District and Armory District.



This district has always, and for the most part, continues to be the most sterile and homogenized of the districts in The Lady's Ward. Sometimes referred to as having the houses of law rather than the houses of gold in the ward, it is more the seat of official government within Sigil rather than the seat of oftentimes more influential cutters from the Noble's District. With the possible exception of the area immediately around the City Courts, most of the businesses are orderly, calm, and devoid of the chaos one might expect in the other wards, with the sometimes volatile mixing of races and philosophies. There are, however, some notable exceptions if a blood knows where to look.

One of the largest draws of the nobles and hoi polloi of The Lady's Ward, as well as every knight of the post and crosstrader in Sigil is the Fortune's Wheel inn, tavern, and gambling hall situated at the crook of Dossy street in the center of the Triad District.

The Fortune's Wheel is comprised of several related establishments such as the Dragon Bar, the Dicing Cup, the Bear-Baiting room, and the Fortune's Wheel as well as a small inn above the gambling houses named the Azure Iris Inn. Night in and night out, the tavern is home to those seeking their fortune at the tables, seeking someone else's fortune at the same tables, to spend money with little regards to winning or losing, and more often than not to engage in the petty and often treacherous plotting of the Lady's Ward. The gambling hall, for this reason and this reason alone, is one of the principal haunts of the so-called King of the Crosstrade, Shemeska the Marauder, who dines at the Wheel nightly to broker information, both true and false.

Also nestled along Dossy Street, spireward of the Prison, is the Twelve Factols, an underground restaurant and tavern, that while not nearly as exclusive and a place of intrigue as the Fortune's Wheel, has its own draw in its history and its rumored connection to both UnderSigil and the Dabus warrens. [The recent business conflict between the Twelve Factols and the Portal Jammer within the Clerk's Ward is something to watch. The Twelve Factols claim infringement upon their own draw, the ancient factol statues in their lower chambers, versus the Jammer's animated dolls of the most recently mazed or killed Factols purchased from the Friendly Fiend in the Lower Ward. The fiend himself, A'kin, apparently blushed when asked to comment on the problems arising from the whimsical creations. - The Editor]

City Courts - Another leg of the triad of law and order within The Lady's Ward, the Courts have always in the past and now in the present served to determine guilt and innocence of those sods found to have broken one of the laws of Sigil. The Courts themselves did not make the laws of Sigil, but they did interpret them and determine guilt or innocence under those laws and pass sentence. From there the former Mercykillers, the Red Death at the Prison and Tower of the Wyrms, carried out the sentence. The Fraternity of Order, the faction which until recently called the City Courts both their place of business and faction headquarters, deigned not to design the laws they operated under in the courts.

The Courts sit in the center of the ward, downward from the Singing Fountain and the Palace of the Jester. The typical sterile, clean, and to some extent rigid environment of The Lady's Ward might indeed take its cue from the Courts, which after all upheld the laws of The Lady's Ward that actually restricted the building codes and architecture for new buildings to a defined set of terms. However, that stereotypical environment has never really held true around the courts themselves. The paragons of law within Sigil are surrounded in the immediate neighborhood, to say nothing of the courtyards surrounding the Palace of the Jester, by numerous businesses that serve those who work for the courts directly or indirectly, and those hawking their wares and services to those going before the courts and the families of those same. Taverns and bub halls abound as well as morticians and undertakers, scribes, and most importantly, advocates to plead the case of the accused before the courts.



Especially so with the advocates, the Courts and the plaza surrounding it along with the public waiting halls just inside are abuzz with competing lawyers and other court servants to where it seems as if chaos might be reigning in the place of laws. A bit of unique irony in the heart of Sigil.

Within the Courts, besides the courtrooms of law themselves, a number of different former Guvner halls, record chambers and the law library of Sigil reside. Many of the Guvner records and books left with them, but the library itself is comprehensive in the extreme if a blood doesn't mind sitting down and doing a bit of research. The answer to most any question is there in the stacks if one but has the patience to equal one of the Guvners who wrote most everything there.

The Courts still hold the same function and purpose as before now with the resolution of the Faction War, but shortly after the war, and with the death of the Guvners' factol, Hashkar, the majority of the faction members picked up their belongings and departed the Cage for the faction holdings on the plane of Mechanus. Understandably, this left Sigil in the position of having very few qualified judges left in place to keep the courts and relevant bureaucracy in operation.

The seeming conundrum was solved in short order by the most unexpected of cutters, the dabus. Explaining their eagerness to help fill the positions vacated by the Guvners, yet without actually stating this to be the directions of Her Serenity, they took up the positions of judges left vacant. As judges, the dabus are incorruptible since they don't take bribes, can't truthfully be threatened or cowed into a particular decision, and are fair in their judgments. The trick, however, is that being dabus, they don't speak except through Rebus, and this requires skilled, professional translators, of which few in Sigil existed before recently. Now it seems that along with lawyers, professional dabus translators are required for both plaintiff and defendant, since an outcome of guilt or innocence may hinge on the exact, and not always unambiguous meaning of a string of illusory letters and symbols. A sentence may be passed with both sides declaring victory based on their own interpretation.

After only a year however, the dabus serving in the courts made it known that while they could perform their new jobs, qualified former judges, even those who had been Guvners, which is to say, nearly all of them, would be welcomed back in their former positions. The caveat was that any returning judges would have to hold themselves to the same standards as the dabus, and couldn't act as arms of their former faction and its philosophy in carrying out the business of the courts. Recently, former judges have been returning to their positions, but not yet enough of them have done so to relieve the dabus completely.

In any event, the judgments of the court might range from a fine, public service, imprisonment, or rarely execution. The latter has been rarely enacted, likely due to lingering memory of the public spectacles that the former Mercykillers under Alisoehn Nilesia made of such death sentences.

The sequence of justice is fairly simple. The City Guard apprehends the accused officially, though just as many are brought in by the Sons of Mercy, and to a lesser degree the Minders Guild. While awaiting trial the accused may be incarcerated at the City Barracks, and any future incarceration takes place there as well, though in the future this may change to the Prison depending on the petitions of the Sons of Mercy. Following judgment, criminals are punished by officials within, or hired by the Guard, especially in the case of executions.

City Barracks - Forming a rough triad of law and order along with the Prison and the City Courts, and a stone's throw from the rebuilt Armory, the utilitarian hulk of the City Barracks stands in The Lady's Ward. The stark, many would say ugly, structure sits as a great square of heavy gray stone situated between the Boulevard of the Fist and Harmonium Street.



During the heyday of the Harmonium the City Barracks was a constant and orderly place filled with the ubiquitous pounding of stiff, heavy boots on equally stiff and heavy stone. Four towers and four walls with a dull, slate tiled roof looking like some bland, apathetic artistic work of a petitioner of Hades, the lawful nature of the place tended to suck the more lively aspects from the blocks surrounding the building. The constant Harmonium patrols ensured that the least infraction of Sigil's laws around the faction headquarters would not be overlooked, but rather be made an example of. After all, they were the Harmonium, and their might made right. But that was then, and times have changed.

The ground level of the Barracks comprised the public areas of the building as well as the massive central courtyard, itself used primarily for the training and drilling of Harmonium novitiates. The lower levels comprised auditoriums, classrooms, a mess hall for faction members, numerous training rooms, and the faction dormitories.

The second level of the Barracks held the officers' quarters as well as the factol's office and the residence of their family. Many of the faction records herein, including the bulk of the arrest records dating back over two hundred years, simply vanished during the period immediately after the Faction War. While the bulk was discovered strewn in the streets or for sale by knights of the post in the months later, the current location of a number of them, including a period comprising twenty years from the previous century have yet to be recovered.

Since the assassination of Factol Sarin during the Faction War, and the destruction of the Armory during which a great number of the Harmonium within Sigil died, the faction has picked up and mostly abandoned the City of Doors. The barracks has been reclaimed by the new City Guard, but with neither the stiff efficiency nor tough zeal of the former occupants. And to the same extent law and order in the city suffered for some time, and still does with the Minders guild and the Son's of Mercy attempting, and mostly failing, in some ways to pick up where the Harmonium left off. Some would rejoice at this, others long for the days of the Hardheads, but it's unlikely they'll return en masse in the near future.

Prison - Comprising two distinct and once connected structures, the Prison proper and the nearby Tower of the Wurm, the former faction headquarters of the Mercykillers, stands just spireward of the intersection of Prison Row, Rotten Row, and Guvner's Mile at Couriers' Square.

Fully three times the size of the City Barracks, the Prison stands 1,100 feet on a side between each of the four corner towers, with a further four towers of smaller stature arranged within each exterior wall. The walls stand seven stories high, and while the building looks solid enough from the exterior, the interior of the Prison is mostly a single giant courtyard. The interior of featureless gray and brown dirt is marked only by the two walkways that hang above the pit and allow for watching of prisoners on exercise.

Beyond the main gate of the Prison, which faces Courtiers' Square, are the chambers formerly devoted to faction business, while the rest of the interior of the prison is composed mainly of cells for prisoners. While the prison has divested itself of many of the prisoners, it held formerly during the reign of Factol Alisohn Nilesia, the cells are slowly filling once more with the lawbreakers of Sigil, among them the more violent ones released on the misguided but good intentions of Arwyl Swan's Son during the last days of the Faction War.

As dreary and oppressive as the main aboveground bulk of the Prison may appear to inmates or even a passerby, similar to the City Barracks, the worst was mostly unseen and unknown by the public 'till recent years. It seems that below street level, carved out of the stone of Sigil's ring, sat an underground level filled with solitary confinement cells for hardened prisoners as well as for random intimidation and psychological torture of simple inmates. The so-called



Cellars, along with dining halls, laundry rooms, and other chambers for work detail for prisoners, were filled with the torture and sentencing chambers of the condemned and a poor sod had no way of knowing when on a daily basis he'd be descending to the Cellars for simple work detail, or to face the gallows.

The Prison is slowly being refit and rebuilt, and there are indications that the Sons of Mercy may attempt to officially petition to run the facility and to handle the incarceration of prisoners now currently being held in the Barracks and its adjacent buildings. This, of course, raises the hackles of more than a few council members, both for the giving of that official power to a faction and the proximity to the Sodkillers.

Adjacent to the Prison and standing within Petitioners' Square rises the Tower of the Wyrm, a relic of Sigil's past now serving as the headquarters of the Sodkillers and emblazoned on all sides still with the crimson dragon symbol of the Red Death. Inside, the tower was once filled with petty prisoners and interrogation rooms as well as the tower's namesake, the Wyrm, or Cage Serpent. The Wyrm was a specially bred wyvern, magically enhanced by the Mercykillers to produce venom that induced delirium in prisoners when extracting confessions. Executions by hanging, as well as being simply devoured alive by the Wyrm, were commonplace during the reign of Nilesia, but since then the tower has not seen a public execution. It is unlikely that the Sigil Advisory Council will sanction any such actions by the Sodkillers.

The Wyrm itself was slain during the peak days of the Tempest of Doors, though the body was never found and some say that it was either secreted back to Acheron by those still faithful to the faction's ideals under Nilesia or to Nilesia herself, wherever she herself vanished to during the Faction War itself. [I dare say that we may not have seen the last of that girl... - The Editor]

The Clerk's Ward

"Gold and the misers that hoard it lie in The Lady's Ward, along with the seats of power within the Cage and the means to enforce it as well. But in the Clerk's Ward lies the bureaucracy that oils the wheels of that great machine called Sigil, and it is within the Clerk's Ward that the voices of the citizens of the Cage have been always heard. Control what the sources of those voices hear and believe, and you then control what direction that great machine moves, for better or for worse.

"A message and ears to listen to it, is that all that is required for power? No. You must still have a charismatic voice and a face to present that message to the masses. I give of myself freely. I do and say what the people ask of me. The citizens of the Cage call out to me and how can I not act to clean their city of the living filth and refuse heaped upon them from the Prime? I listen and I act." - Cirily of the Planarists

Where The Lady's Ward represents the principal seats of power and influence in Sigil that operate under the ostensible authority and permission of Her Serenity, every seat of power requires a bureaucracy. Present in the Clerk's Ward are those clerks, ministers, and petty officials that carry out, plan and order the points of business that are determined from The Lady's Ward.

The Clerk's Ward has, in the past, been referred to as the Ward of Masks. Some archaic references to it still exist, but the term has been defunct for thousands of years. The origin of the name is lost in time, unlike the reasons behind the former name for the Lower Ward as the Prime Ward, itself explained in the details of that ward elsewhere in this volume.

Administrator's District



Within the appropriately named Administrator's District, spireward of Tea Street, the elite of the Clerk's Ward congregate. Mostly separated from those in the more common Workers District by status as much as money, they enjoy a slightly higher standard of living, typically with servants, personal cooks, and most of their household goods and food delivered for them as needed.

Around the borders of the Administrative District, near the Hall of Information and Hall of Speakers alike, are a number of inns and eating houses, among them the Tear of the Barghest, the Whole Note Inn, and the Portal Jammer. The last of these inns is known mostly for the Mercane spelljamming vessel brought into the city, part by part, and reconstructed to appear as if it crashed into the upper stories of the building. Part of the helm serves as the bar, while other sections serve as rooms available for rent. Adding to its name recognition is its recent business spat with The Lady's Ward tavern the Twelve Factols over the Jammer's animated dolls of the late mazed or otherwise dead factols.

Hall of Speakers - The Hall of Speakers was formerly the faction hall of the Sign of One and the forum in which the factions met to spout their arguments over philosophy, city business, and to preach their take on the world to everyone who would listen. More often, those who were there to listen were bound by their own factions to do so in order to wait their own turn to speak.

Externally, the Hall of Speakers is a thing of beauty, a great oblong curved dome, topped by a carved, tall, graceful spire. Other smaller, but equally elegant spires rise from the lower sides of the dome, many of them of different colored stone or magically ornamented. Standing near to the dome rises a great iron statue called the Power of One, depicting a woman smiling and holding aloft a sphere of a Prime world cradled in one hand. Yet another lingering remnant of the now dead faction.

Inside the Hall, the central hollow is filled with a well-tended garden, still cared for by former faction members and paid gardeners employed by the new owners of the structure seeking to keep it as attractive as the Signers kept it in previous years. Beyond the garden, an area previously off limits to non-faction members, stands the private meeting halls of the Sign of One as well as the chambers of former ex-Factol Darius, herself consigned to the Mazes. [Factol Darius, 'The Veyl', went to the Mazes and her faction has disintegrated without her leadership. However, she left us not without lingering friends in high places. Friends who owed her debts. Friends such as Bel, the Lord of the First Layer of Baator. If Bel yet considers himself to owe Darius his debt, she may not linger in the Mazes forever. - The Editor]

Additionally, and of great public interest of late, is the oval tomb of the founder of the Sign of One, Rilith. Her remains are said to rest within an urn carved from a single milky pearl. In the past, Signers would gather here to 'imagine' the tomb's existence, keeping it a reality, for they claimed if they ever stopped imagining her as having existed, they too would cease to exist. Contrary to their beliefs perhaps, the tomb still exists, under guard, with none to constantly sit and believe in it.

For years, however, the hall, while ostensibly open for debate by anyone in the public body politic, was used exclusively by members of Sigil's factions. To combat the seeming powerlessness of the general public in Sigil to speak and have their words actually heard, there stands the Trianym, similar in function, if not at all in form, to the Hall of Speakers. Three brick columns allow for speakers to stand and debate, while three large benches allow for onlookers and spectators to listen and as appropriate hurl coins or refuse at those speaking.

Just a short distance and within easy sight of the Hall of Speakers, stands a great statue, the largest such in Sigil, of a rearing, three eyed Nic'Epona. Called the Trioptic Nic'Epona, or by locals as the Triona, the statue is a genuine thing of beauty. While not actually the property of



the Hall of Speakers' owner, it has long been associated with the Hall for aesthetic reasons. It was long protected and kempt by the members of the defunct faction of the Doomguard, and held a number of portals to the Prime, Elysium, and Mount Celestia within the bound spaces of the platforms before the Tempest of Doors.

Recently now, with the cessation of faction business in the Hall, the new owners have taken to renting out space to the numerous private meeting chambers and even the old council chambers and podium of the speaker. Public interest has remained high in the place, despite it no longer having the task of carrying out the official business of the city government, a task now undertaken by the Sigil Advisory Council.

Workers District

Most of the lower ranking clerks, craftsman, and common laborers of the ward, those without rank, wealth, or both, tend to settle in the aptly named Workers District. This large district, roughly downward of the blue and green painted Hull Road opposite the Festhall District, is filled largely with small, single family kips and larger but clean and well kept tenements. The place is orderly enough compared to the Hive, which is too easily within walking distance for most workers, but it lacks the luxuries common to the homes in the Administrators District.

Sandstone District

For all the order and cleanliness imposed by law upon the Clerk's Ward, a blood wouldn't commonly suspect that in the midst of it all, tucked away in all the order would be a community composed almost entirely of tieflings; and a respectable community at that. The Sandstone District is located between Crystal Dew lane, Founder's Fence, and the edges of the Slags as they abut near the Clerk's Ward. The name of the district is derived from the red sandstone paving stones used to line the streets of the district. The tieflings, many of them sick of their reputations, have holed up here among themselves and largely ignore the rest of the ward. Otherwise, the district largely resembles the Workers District in atmosphere and living conditions, if largely differing in the faces on the street.

Hall of Records - What existed once as a private university within Sigil known as Bigby's College of Academic Arts and was subsequently repossessed by the Fated, now exists as only a pile of rubble atop the cluster of hills it once occupied before the Faction War. Shortly after the war ended and the Fated fled Sigil for their old faction headquarters upon Ysgard, the building and all the vast number of public records, including debt notices, were ransacked by the curious, the greedy, and those seeking to erase their very existence in the records of the purse pickers of Sigil. Nothing remained sacrosanct, and from the vaults of records to the very furniture, the entire building was looted clean.

Years of tunneling beneath the buildings to build secret vaults in which to store the supposedly public records, as well as ex-Factol Rowan Darkwood's reams of research into Sigil's past history, left the ground under the entire complex weakened and under the constant threat of collapse. Faced with the danger to the surrounding blocks in the ward, the entire edifice was picked clean of any remaining records or usable goods, and the building was torn to the ground and many of the tunnels purposefully collapsed. Undisclosed parties have since purchased the site, and to date it has yet to be developed, remaining a jumble of brick and marble surrounded by the wooded campus that originally surrounded the Hall.

Despite the demolition of the Hall of Records, the five other largest and most important buildings on the old faction grounds still exist. The Halls of Property Records and Census Records, the Faction Dormitory, Faction Hall, and the Rowan Academy of Training yet stand on the grounds, though each was ransacked in turn just like the Hall of Records.



Though presently unoccupied aside from squatters, the campus sits within its walled confines at the intersections of Scholar Row and Crystal Dew Lane in the eastern ends of the Clerk's Ward near to the Sandstone District on one side and the Administrators District on the other.

Festhall District

Surrounding the Civic Festhall, in the rough triangle of the ward between Crystal Dew Lane, Hull Road, and Thistlewind Way, the Festhall District does its best to enliven the orderly and sometimes bland Clerk's Ward.

Even with the official cessation of organized activity by the Sensates within Sigil, the vast majority of the bloods retain their old positions as a matter of habit, comfort, and ability. In that respect, little has changed in the Festhall District since the Faction War. Shops selling fine wines, curios, and artwork, as well upscale taverns and the like dot the district like many a street in portions of The Lady's Ward. The Civic Festhall's proximity ensures frequent street festivals, live musical performances in the outdoor arenas in the district that can be heard for blocks away, and wandering performers along the wide district streets.

Spieward from the Civic Festhall and further adding to the festive atmosphere of the district is the Lazz School of Vivid Unpleasantness, a more avant-garde center for the graphic and performing arts in Sigil. Former members of the Bleak Cabal and Free League tend to be attracted to the school and its frequent, often controversial performances.

A scant few blocks from the Civic Festhall lies the fenced in kip and surrounding grounds of Jeena Ealy, the former adventurer and famous author of *In Darkest Sigil*. One of the ward's more famous citizens, she found herself elected to the Sigil Advisory Council in large part because of the ward's citizens themselves. Despite her position, she can still be found in her kip from time to time, though at her advancing age she prefers her own company more than in earlier years.

The Greengage tavern, across the street from the Civic Festhall, caters to Sigil's gnome and halfling communities; most others have a hard time simply squeezing through the doors. The famous Greengage cider has become such a commodity in the past year that the owner, Marda Farambler (CG female halfling Exp 1), has built a outdoor patio for larger customers to keep up with the booming demand. [And to keep them from packing the inside of her inn. From Pennyroyal's Orchards to your tankard, she serves a fine cider. - The Editor]

Civic Festhall - Along with the Great Gymnasium and the Hall of Speakers, which all sit within walking distance of each other in adjacent wards, the Civic Festhall stands as one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture within all of Sigil. Like the Great Gymnasium, it has seen little outward change in its operations since the Faction War, despite the disbanding of the Society of Sensation, which built and operated the Festhall.

Situated in the Clerk's Ward at the corner of Crystal Dew Lane and Festive Way, the elegantly spired and gloriously decorated building has stood for over six hundred years and was built and planned over the course of a further century. The Society of Sensation left nothing to whimsy in the construction of the Festhall. Everything from the mineral veins present in the marble blocks used to construct the outer façade, which details in mosaic the five senses, to the color of the ore used to build the bladed spikes, spires, and flying buttresses that radiate from the building like the spines of a great ocean mollusk was carefully planned. The interior walls with their alternating rough and smooth patches, the tiny carvings playing like crawling vines across the corner of a tile in even the remotest corner of the main hall's expanse, every bit of the Festhall has something for one to experience and ply the senses with. Nothing was left to chance; all was planned for years as a single great and wondrous artistic expression of the experiences to be had by a cutter in Sigil and across the multiverse.



Once past the elaborate doors of the main entrance, each over ninety feet tall, the grand hall is filled with the scents of a hundred perfumes drifting on the air flowing from any number of people or classrooms throughout the first floor of the building. Off to either side the space is filled with classrooms and lecture halls that concentrate on any of a hundred topics that are never the same two days in a row. Lecture topics may range from mundane topics of academia such as the types of githyanki Astral Carracks over the past century, to a free for all food fight within a closed room with baatezu cuisine just because they threw tanar'ri food the other day.

While the Sensates have officially abandoned Sigil, its members left only in name as most of those running the Festhall today are Sensates. They continue to perform their duties even without the official backing of the faction. [At least the public backing of it anyways. - The Editor] Most of the entertainment and scheduling of performances within the Festhall is arranged by a cutter by the name of Annali Webspinner (CN female bariaur Ftr7 Society of Sensation). She still retains the position in the Festhall she had before the Faction War, losing none of her purpose or ideals with the fall of her faction's power.

Aside from the lecture halls, there are rooms that had previously been reserved for Sensates to use once devoted to training new and old techniques in magic, combat styles, and roguery. All manner of styles and techniques are trained therein, and now since the Faction War they've ostensibly been open to the public, though for a charge, and for a lower cost if a blood has donated experiences to the public or the sensoriums before. The sensoriums themselves are one of the key draws of the Festhall, being a collection of experiences encompassing emotions, sights, touches, smells, and tastes. All of the collected experiences are the memories of those same experiences drawn and given freely from a cutter's mind with the purpose of sharing them with others.

Outside the Festhall and set on adjacent hillsides stand two auditoriums, the Northumber Amphitheatre which is in open air and the Elloweth Theatre which is shielded by a translucent covering of capiz shell to allow in light. Both are used for live performances of musical and theatric presentations, typically in daylight hours. Other concerts, plays, and the like are held within Ren Hall inside the Festhall itself to packed crowds regardless of the price of admission. These larger scale events are held twice a night with staggered styles of performances between evenings.

Also within the Festhall are numerous guest quarters as well as the previously private chambers of former Factol Erin 'Darkflame' Montgomery. Since the factol's disappearance during the Faction War, presumably to one of the Lady's Mazes, the chambers have lain undisturbed and her former faction members have done their best to keep away prying eyes from this and supposedly deeper chamber within the bowels of the Festhall. Little known except to Sensates, the interior dimensions of the hall are significantly smaller than the outside dimensions would allow for, suggesting unused spaces or chambers concealed to the public. One such chamber is said to be a hall of portals to various planes called the Sanctum Sanctorum at the very heart of the Festhall. There is also rumored to be a now collapsed tunnel that led from that hidden chamber to the depths of the former archives beneath the now destroyed Hall of Records.

Little Arcadia

Once a common squat for those members of the Harmonium involved in the constant patrols that monitored the Clerk's Ward, this neighborhood has taken a downturn since most of the faction pulled up their roots and gave the Cage the slip after the Faction War. The pristine streets are still clean, clear, and well lit, but more for the increase in activity of the aasimon who have in fluxed into the district than to the now waning patrols of any city officials of the law.



Here, more than most areas of Sigil, celestials are commonplace and randomly observing a deva or similar being traversing the streets is not shocking, though the higher-ranking celestials tend to congregate among themselves. Indeed more than a few establishments in the area cater only to full-blooded creatures of the upper planes, gently turning away even bariaur as not "good" enough. [Woe be to the fiend who tries to push the issue for a drink inside one of these inns... - The Editor]

The Guildhall Ward

"Well you've paid your jink, and show you the Guildhall Ward I shall. The name itself says as much as most cutters can, and in many ways it's not too different from me home, the Market Ward. But power I tell you, it's creeping into the ward from the gutters on up.

"Eh? Me? Well I've got my own opinions on the ward certainly. The way I see it, things'll be coming full circle eventually, and influence is fleeing the factions like cranium rats in an astral storm and piling up high with the guilds. Of course, I'm the head of one of them, so me views a bit slanted you might say.

"But a good bunch of people the ward has, and I like to think I know most of them. So don't be surprised if I happen to nod and wave to half of them as we start this little walk." - Kylie the Tout

The Guildhall Ward, in its storied past was once, in the years before the Great Upheaval, the center of real power in Sigil. Then, before the Lady reduced the number of factions to fifteen from the hundreds of squabbling, competing ones before, the real powers in Sigil were the talented groupings of workers and craftsmen of the Guildhall Ward. By pooling their numbers and power, they could out maneuver the ever-fighting factions. But the consolidation of the factions after the Great Upheaval saw to the decline and eventual end to the guilds grip on Sigil, and indeed many of them ceased to exist in time as the factions took control of more and more of the Cage's institutions.

Since the fall of the factions as organized or official powers within Sigil, it would appear that the guilds have been making a resurgence in importance and visibility. Most of the guild houses lay in a rough circle around the center of the ward, clustered near to the Great Gymnasium. Among other examples, both the Escort and Touts Guild and the Builders Fellowship lie at opposite ends of Turtle Lane. Downwards some five blocks from the Gymnasium stands the Council of Innkeepers on Shallowglass Lane, while the Order of Master Clerks and Scribes sits nestled at the end of Dancer's Court.

Gymnasium District

Surrounding the Great Gymnasium, the blocks immediately near to the former faction hall of the Ciphers lays the Gymnasium District. Most of the members of the Transcendent Order still live here within walking distance of the Gymnasium which most of them still visit on a daily basis. Most of the businesses in the area tend to provide whatever is needed by those visiting the Gymnasium, including a number of smaller bathhouses, saunas, and gyms for those wishing a quieter, less frequented place than the former faction hall. In addition, many of the ward's guilds already exist or are rapidly establishing both a presence and organized guildhall within the district.

Great Gymnasium - Situated roughly in the center of the Guildhall Ward, the Great Gymnasium did, and still does, function primarily as what its name implies. The calm beauty of the Great Gymnasium in many ways rivals or exceeds the laurels given to the glory of other buildings of the ward, and indeed the city. The gymnasium's entire outer façade, and much of the inner structure, is built of a unique and evocative black marble laced throughout with veins of gold



and rose colored minerals. While before the Faction War the Great Gymnasium was also the home of the Transcendent Order, it was and still is a place where most any basher can go to improve their body by a great variety of physical activities.

The structure is composed of a grand front portico that rises up to front the central tower of the gymnasium. The first level extends to both sides of the tower and back, while the second floor comprises the tower and a top layer to the front of the left and right wings. The third and least frequented floor is that which comprises the top of the tower.

Dominating one of the exterior walls of the Great Gymnasium is a gigantic painted mural, gifted without any request for it nearly six years prior by a member of the Xaositects. Called simply the Painter, she tiedling up and decided to paint the wall one day, following her winds of whimsy. In the end, she created one of the most moving and beautiful paintings in all of Sigil. Abstract in nature, and as varied as the whims of the Painter herself, two different bloods can look at it and claim to see a different pattern within its chaotic - or perhaps simply complex - depths. Regardless of what one claims to see within it, it is evocative to most all that look upon it, and the Ciphers were not in the least ungracious to the Xaositect who took it upon herself to gift it to them for naught.

The first floor is dominated by the exercise field used for various martial arts and combat skills. The center of the field also sports three pools, one hot, one warm, and one cold. Beyond the field is an inner portico used for musical and other public artistic demonstrations and lectures. Past the portico are a number of separated rooms for music, dancing, sculpting, and other artistic endeavors as well as sealed and warded rooms for spellslingers to practice their arts without harming themselves or others in the process. Those who frequented the old building still come for much the same, and aside from some of the faction high-ups wandering and giving token words to those training or practicing (especially Rhys, who rarely says a word, but then usually something profound), the former members of the Transcendent Order hold no more sway over the place than any others.

The second level was previously filled with a number of meditation chambers, including one taking up most of the floor called the Shared Meditation Chamber, and a few additional training rooms for use of faction members only. Now open to the public, old members and new bashers seeking some calm from the bustle of Sigil and their own lives frequent the chambers for quiet contemplation.

The Cadence of the Planes Chamber, a mysterious room once open only to highly placed Ciphers, is located at the apex of the Gymnasium's tower and now sits open to the public. Be that as it may, few besides those Ciphers and those seeking them for training in the philosophy of the Transcendent Order frequently arrive to utilize the room. It's not advertised in the least by the new operators of the Gymnasium, seemingly out of respect for the former owners, as a rush of berks seeking it out for their own ignorant curiosity would defeat the purpose of the chamber. The chamber itself functions as a total sensory deprivation chamber. Inside, the light is extinguished, temperature is held constant and cool, and slight, regulated air movements within keep the atmosphere pleasant and calm. The Ciphers used some manner of magic to produce a constant levitation field within, allowing a single user of the chamber to sit floating and undisturbed from everything but their own heartbeat and thoughts. Or isolated from thoughts, as the Ciphers might say. Indeed some non-Ciphers who have entered the chamber claim that not only does the Cadence Chamber seal off the user from sight and sounds outside the room, but also isolates them from stray thoughts detectable by psionic individuals. Others say they have sensed a dulling of magic within the chamber. Not quite an actual *antimagic field*, but something removing the influence of any spells outside the chamber from being expressed within.



The Ciphers themselves claim to be able to use the Cadence of the Planes Chamber to remove the sounds, influence, and distractions of the multiverse to let them listen to the Cadence of the Planes. By listening to the heartbeat of the Cadence in time with their own inner rhythm, they can act in harmony with the multiverse, knowing what to do at any given instant. The Cadence chamber still stands, and while many dismiss the metaphysical philosophy of the Ciphers, clearly there's *something* to the Cadence or the chamber itself. After all, that same something apparently told former Factol Rhys to simply leave Sigil in order to avoid the the Faction War. [Makes a cutter think... but then again, that's just what the Ciphers say holds you back. - The Editor]

The Forest

Along Ritman Street, also termed Long Lane by some touts, lays a small conclave of elves, the one elven racial conclave within the city. The same touts have come to jokingly refer to the squat as the "Forest". The community remains small, largely because most elves can't stand the air and odd nature of the city's geography. Little exists to distinguish the area from the other neighborhoods of the city, save the population of elves, though in the recent years they have taken to planting, without much success, a large number of trees to surround the area.

Ghundarhavel

Yet another of Sigil's racial enclaves is Ghundarhavel, the bariaur term for "home without grass". The area and its residents are remarkably cool to non-bariaur, and in response to their less than welcoming attitude, the area has gained a second name from the ward's touts: "Hoof Park". The area has little draw for those of other races, since most of the shops and inns cater to the tastes specifically of their bariaur clients, and thus the food, spirits and even clothing offered is either unpalatable or unfeasible for others.

Curly-Top

This squat of halflings in the Guildhall Ward, run by the Cipher halfling Talun Underfoot (NG male halfling Ftr3), surrounds an artificial burrow at its center. The burrow, built by Talun himself within several tons of soil imported from some Prime world, serves as a nostalgic draw to the local halflings. The area is known for its wide variety of restaurants including a nearby kip known as the Cutter's Vineyard. The name for the restaurant comes from a clever play upon words; the inn sits as the center building within a cluster of vacant and razorvine choked kips. Diners eat upon the terraced roof overlooking the expanse of Curly-Top, surrounded by the wild growing, as well as pruned and trimmed razorvine along the actual terraces of the Vineyard itself.

Git'Riban / Githariban

The githyanki squat of Git'Riban, or Githariban, sits sheltered away within the Guildhall Ward. Most of the residents keep to themselves, and even when venturing out they tend to travel in self-segregated groups. This exaggerated cloistering of the githyanki of the district is likely due to the relative proximity of the githzerai squat of Darkwell Court, or even rumors that the entire community consists of rogue githyanki from the Astral in dereliction of their duties or having forsworn the Lich-Queen. [As the githyanki are typically neither stupid, nor suicidal, I find it unlikely the squat forswore their queen. I find it more likely, given that the community's numbers have changed little over the years, that it may exist as nothing more than a grand scheme to draw in and eliminate true rogue githyanki. Alas, I cannot prove this with any certainty. As well, the recently reported death of the Lich-Queen Vlaakith may foreshadow coming changes to the community. - The Editor]

Market Ward



"What marks the Market Ward, and separates it from the Guildhall Ward? Simple. The Market Ward is filled with my type of people, and the Guildhall Ward a little less so. Here in the Market Ward we make our way as much on our own labor as we do on our intellect. I like that.

"I've been seeing less of the Ward lately though. And with that I've been seeing less of the bustle of the traders, merchants and vendors, half of them paying me to hawk their own products for them. I've been cooped up in the Clerk's Ward, penned in with eight other cutters and berks. There only to speak my mind and to make sure that those berks in the same ward get less chance to speak theirs with a bully pulpit under them. Some say it suits me, but I still look forward to going back to my own kip down from the Great Bazaar at the end of the day." - Harys Hatchis

Two things dominate the Market Ward: money and the actions that make it flow between and grace the palms of those making it. Buying, selling, and bargaining. Such is the language of the Market Ward.

The ward itself is less diverse than the other wards of the city, in terms of districts, anyways. Really only two distinct districts exist in the Market Ward, which is sometimes grouped together with the Guildhall Ward, despite the rising prominence of the latter.

The Market Ward, while smaller in size itself than other wards, is of such financial importance to the city it has remained separate. Since the Tempest of Doors, however, much of the interplanar trading, especially that handled by Estavan of the Planar Trading Consortium, has moved out of Sigil to the Outlands and other routes free from the potential for the Lady's disruption.

Copperman Way, cutting its way through the Market Ward from the Lady's Ward, is the home of most of the wealthier merchants and shopkeepers operating out of the Great Bazaar. In reality, it's an imitation of the Noble's District one ward over, and most of the merchants along the street would dearly love to one day be able to call the Noble's District, or even another of the districts within the Lady's Ward, home.

Dominating the ward itself is the Great Bazaar, sometimes erroneously called the Grand Bazaar. This sprawling, open-air market serves as the heart of the ward and of most commerce in Sigil itself. Previously the bazaar was the center of activity of the Free League. Many of the members of the league left Sigil following the Tempest of Doors, but a large enough amount yet remain in the city that perhaps one in every three sellers in the bazaar has some tie to the League or was a former member themselves. Even without actual faction hierarchy, the loose network of the League yet exists and allows for the quick flow of information and favorable business deals among associates within the League. This has made it difficult for those not associated with the League from hedging their way into many contracts and trade agreements in the ward. Primarily this has complicated issues not for smaller and individually owned businesses and craftsmen, but for larger planar trade groups such as the Merkhant sect and the Planar Trade Consortium under Estavan the Ogre Mage. This is likely to lead to fiercer conflict both in and out of the city in the coming years. [Estavan still has ambition, fiercely so, despite his quite nature within Sigil of late, despite his goals within the City of Doors effectively mangled by the manipulations of Zadara and Shemeska - The Editor]

The Great Bazaar, despite the efforts of both the Harmonium and the Fraternity of Order in the past, remains a cluttered, sometimes confusing, ramshackle collection of merchants selling their wares and hawking their products from established buildings, tents, pushcarts, and even from their own hands at a street corner. This mercantile free-for-all sometimes may seem to be more than a bit chaotic, and if a cutter is searching for a particular merchant or item, the best option is to seek out one of the many touts that wander the district, many of them Free



League members themselves. Even without a tout, with but a minimum of wandering through the huge expanse of the Bazaar, one can find most anything from across the planes for the right amount of jink. Everything can be found, from mundane foodstuffs from Bytopia, to the skull of a howler from the third layer of Pandemonium, or a shard of black ice from Ocanthus in Acheron. But with the amount of jink passing from palm to palm, and purse to purse, pickpockets from across the Cage are eager to help themselves to their own portion of it, and a large number of them prey upon unwary shoppers to the ward using either elaborate scams or simple pouch pilfering.

Warehouse District

The Warehouse District lies downwards from the Great Bazaar and consists of a twenty block by six-block range, roughly speaking, of warehouses. Since the Tempest of Doors, the warehouses, once full to the brim with trade goods and merchandise from a thousand different planar locales, now sit barely half full, their holdings diverted to alternate trade routes in the Outlands and other planar trading burgs. With many of the warehouses no longer in use, some have been abandoned or demolished and the district has been slowly gaining in squatters and vagrants, holing themselves up in the empty buildings. The Free League has left well enough alone for the most part, but a number of independent merchants have begun to move their own hired thugs, including sizable contingents of those under the Aegis of the Minder's Guild, into the area for the purpose of flushing the unwanted and undesired out. It seems likely that this issue will be brought before the Sigil Advisory Council in the near future, with the Minder's Guild tasting blood on the water, and other mercantile interests in Sigil, including more than one Golden Lord, eager to use it to slander the former members of the Free League.

The Lower Ward

"Sadly enough, the Lower Ward has been slipping in stature in the recent years and decades. Now with the fall of the factions, especially with the Godsmen for the most part departing the city, the ward is liable to fall into lower import as well.

"For a ward once known as the Prime Ward, back during the days of the Incanterium and the Clueless Rebellion, and once one of the largest wards in Sigil, the Lower Ward has certainly fallen far from what it once was. Now it seems it will be slowly absorbed in part by either the Hive or the Lady's Ward. The powers that be are seemingly eager to carve it apart like a roasted Quill at the dinner table, with all of them polishing their metaphorical knives in relish.

"But the future is never a certain thing, and the intrigues of Sigil are by far not a reliable topic for any diviner or sage, that is most definitely certain. What comes will come, and the workers, laborers, and shopkeepers of the ward will remain, regardless of the name and classification."
- The Editor

Great Foundry District

About twelve blocks from the Great Foundry sits one of the ward's curiosities, a small magic shop known as the Friendly Fiend. Or rather, within the shop itself is the larger curiosity, the Friendly Fiend himself, A'kin the Arcanoloth (N? male arcanoloth Sor6). A'kin, both proprietor and owner, tends to be as large a draw at times as the contents of his shop itself.

The shop sells everything from barely magical baubles to animated objects of great value, as well as random items gathered from across the planes to be used as spell components or simply because they look neat upon a shelf collecting dust. A'kin seems to be able to get his claws on nearly anything a cutter inquires about given some time, and he always does so with a smile.



That's what makes him an enigma; the fiend seems to be genuinely friendly with most anyone wandering through his shop. He'll greet a customer, recognize them by name and face if they ever walk in a second time, and he'll inevitably just give them some small trinket for stopping by if it strikes their fancy. His demeanor gets him customers just as much as his shop's contents, but it also gets him a great number of rumors and suspicious glares. After all, when was the last time ANYONE met a friendly fiend? It's all an act right? Well, maybe, and maybe not. None have ever in the centuries he's been in Sigil seen him act like a typical Yugoloth, even so much as see him act surly on a bad day. He's just always genuinely cheerful and talkative. It might just be a healthy way of spying on customers and their activities within the ward, or as some have suggested he may be an outcast of his own race for whatever reason, up to and even possibly including the fact that he may even be a risen fiend. A'kin doesn't like to talk about his past, or the rumors about himself, and inevitably he just shrugs and soon enough the conversation is slid back to the health of the questioner and current happenings in their life.

One thing is known however: for whatever reason, he's absolutely loathed by Sigil's other resident arcanoloth, Shemeska the Marauder. She's been known to fly into public fits if he's mentioned in the same breath as her. Fallen out compatriots? Former or current lovers? Siblings? Some combination of the above? Who knows, since neither is talking. She scowls and raves, and he just smiles as he dusts his shelves and asks about his customers. [A'kin didn't have anything much to say about the rumors that as always regard him, but he did manage to sell a number of animated dolls to his interviewer, and gave them a few Arcadian mints before sending the confused truth seeker on their way with a smile. - The Editor]

Moving on, just spireward of the Armory, but still a healthy number of blocks away, the neighborhoods grow seedier as the residents tend to be more worker than artisan, and more fiend than otherwise. Here, along Ironmonger Street, is the tavern and often riot in the making, the Styx Oarsman. Primarily a Tanar'ri bar, it also serves Yugoloths, but refuses to so much as let Baatezu through the heavily barred and guarded doors. The inn is the haunt of many a fiendish criminal, crosstrader, fence, and among the most famous of them is Rule-Of-Three. The wizened, one-eyed githzerai often finds his name associated, but never proven, with many a number of crimes and Tanar'ri plots in the ward and across the Cage. [Githzerai? He's more a fiend than half the patrons of the Oarsman. And he's not of the friendly variety, take my word. Though he gets things done if you don't mind listening to, or otherwise talking to him in patterns of three. - The Editor]

The Great Foundry - The source of the ever present dusting of ash, soot, and smog that blankets the majority of the Lower Ward in its ever present yellow haze, the Great Foundry continues to belch forth the wastes of the forges and furnaces within. It and the district that surrounds it sits at the very center of the Lower Ward, with everything else clustered around and usually in some way relating to the production, sale, and distribution of its smokestack birthed fruits.

By far the largest structure in the Lower Ward, the Great Foundry was formerly the faction headquarters of the Believers of the Source as well as the source of most of Sigil's indigenous metalwork and smithing. After the Faction War, the Believers of the Source, faced with their factol having been sent to the Mazes by the Lady, dissolved and many of them formed a new faction with members of the Sign of One called the Mind's Eye. As such, they abandoned their former faction hall and for a time the forges grew cold and silent, the first such occurrence in centuries, by the reckoning of the residents of the Lower Ward. Eventually the Foundry auctioned off by the Sigil Advisory Council to pay off lingering debts of the faction to its former creditors and suppliers. Interestingly, the Foundry was bought for an undisclosed sum, possibly fronted by a third party, by a group of bladelings from the city of Zoronor in Acheron. The enigmatic cutters promptly claimed the Foundry, rekindled the forge flames, and set about the same work the Godsmen had previously performed. Things have seemingly returned to business



as usual for the Lower Ward, if with a much altered face to it. The bladlings within the Foundry are rather insular, but their wares are at the least comparable to those that had produced by the Believers of the Source. Upon commission, the bladlings are willing to produce weapons and armor of the highest quality, each with a distinctive and alien quality in their engraved or forged designs.

The kips surrounding the foundry have suffered the majority of the pollution from the exhaust of the Foundry. The air quality is worse, and many of the residents here, excluding the fiends, inevitably suffer from respiratory problems due to living in such close proximity to the former Godsmen faction hall. The several month hiatus in the Foundry's operation did momentarily improve the surrounding air quality, but only about as much as the periodic opening of portals to the Elemental Plane of Air tend to do anyways. [Or winds off the Spire, depending on who you ask, not that the process is frequent enough regardless of its origin. - The Editor] The recent rekindling of the forges by an incoming bladeling clan has once more belched smoke back into the skies over the ward, giving it its familiar perpetual twilight haze.

Shattered Temple District

At the edge of the Lower Ward, situated close to the Hive and adjacent to the Ditch, stands the Shattered Temple District, so named for the former faction hall of the Athar and former cathedral of Aoskar. Twice now it appears Her Serenity has disposed of the residents of the district, most recently the Athar, but also, uncounted centuries ago, the clergy of Aoskar and the power of portals himself in a mere seconds long massacre of screams and blades amid Her flickering shadow...

The obliteration of the temple of Aoskar and the surrounding blocks in all directions gave the district a reputation as cursed and haunted, blighted by Her Serenity. As such, the district, aside from the former Athar occupation, was never redeveloped in following centuries. However, along the circumference of the district's edges a hearty number of boarding houses, inns, and shops sprung up to service the Lost and those seeking out the district for its resident faction or simply the legends surrounding it. These businesses yet survive, but time will tell if they can survive with the Athar banished from the Cage.

More activity has come to the district in the past year as Friar Muriov Garianis, of the Garianis family, has claimed the Shattered Temple grounds as his own and publicly stated his intent to demolish the structure and build a grand temple to his own power, Hades. [Much is likely to come of this. Truth be my word, conflict is coming to the ward. And to further educate my readers, a bit more on the history, past and present of the Shattered Temple - The Editor]

The Shattered Temple - Currently a flurry of activity in the ward surrounds the former Athar citadel known as the Shattered Temple, formerly the grand cathedral of the deity of planewalkers, portals, and opportunity known as Aoskar. After the mazing of Factol Terrance of the Athar, the majority of the Lost fled Sigil and now find themselves camped at the only other place of sanctuary in the multiverse from the wrath of the powers they railed against for so long: the base of the Spire in the Outlands. A few of the Athar remained, however, and work to inform their brethren in the Outlands of the events in Sigil as they attempt to regain control of their former headquarters in the City of Doors.

The Shattered Temple appears from the exterior as a broken and barely standing sanctuary of crumbling stone, ancient and fallen from the beauty it once held. Its stone arches and spires may once have reached up to the sky, but now reach up barely a few stories and end at broken or severed ends. Nevertheless, even in its state of apparent decay the place is still evocative of faded glory.



Within, the temple is anything but shattered, and multiple wardings support the exterior stone and grant it strength beyond what it may have possessed originally. The interior is splendid, if cramped, and the Athar utilized the former gallery and rectories as scribing chambers for producing the tracts and leaflets they used to attempt to undermine the faith of the inhabitants of the Cage in the powers they deemed false and unworthy of both worship and the title of divine.

Surrounding the Shattered Temple is a wasteland of abandoned buildings that appear much like the level of destruction present in the Slags further towards the Hive, across the Ditch that flows within sight of the Temple. Whatever force destroyed the surrounding blocks did so utterly, and as legend goes, did so in the space of seconds. The ruins have always been considered cursed or unhealthy and were mostly abandoned, much to the delight of the Athar who enjoyed the respite from their enemies among the faithful and their clergies within Sigil.

The layout of the temple is of a main sanctuary, ensconced with the crumbled listing buttresses at the center of four great terraces in the cardinal directions, and the old temple wings to the aft of the main entrance downwards from the sanctuary, each flanking left and right and used as refectory and scriptorium by the former faction.

Beyond the old temple wings, at the center of the ruins, lays the former grand sanctuary of Aoskar, now barren but for a crumbled husk that was once the great Tree of the Athar, the Bois Verdurous, and perhaps an object of their faith in something beyond the divine pretenders of the multiverse. After its apparent destruction in the heat of the Faction War it has withered away to its present state, though the entire area still glows with a diffuse but potent radiance of divine magic.

Surrounding the sanctuary are the libraries, offices, and chambers of the faction high-ups, including Factol Terrance himself. Flanking the sanctuary stand the Piebald Tower, Rust Tower, Glisten Tower, and the Fallen Tower, the origin of their names lost to the long stretch of years. It was here, between the Fallen and Glisten Towers, that the Athar possessed a portal that rumors suggest once went either to the Athar citadel in the Astral or actually opened upon the rocky godisle that is Aoskar's remains, also drifting through the Silvery Void.

Finding the Shattered Temple abandoned by the Athar, Friar Muriov Garianis, a cleric of Hades, and Oridi Malefin, a cleric of death and current factol of the Dustmen, have made known their plans to raze the temple to the ground and rebuild in its place a grand temple to Hades. Most of the trappings of the Athar have been set aside or destroyed by Friar Garianis, all of it a heresy in his views, and he soon intends to begin the destruction of the temple if there is no intervention. The Athar faithful (as much as that term can be applied to them) have not taken this news lightly, and something of a war may be brewing in the ward as some of the more hotheaded and reactionary Athar make themselves and their terrific displeasure at this affront known.

Beneath the ruins of the temple, workers in the employ of the friar have discovered a network of catacombs and tunnels, some apparently used by the Athar and others perhaps dating back to the time of the original worship of Aoskar. Little information has petered out from the excavations, perhaps for fear of evoking the Lady's wrath, attracting looters, or garnering further negative attention from the Lost.

[The planned destruction of the Shattered Temple has been put on hold it seems, perhaps either from threats of violence from the Lost, or perhaps following the reports of workers in the vaults beneath its sanctuary. It seems that they may have found something that the friar feels is important enough, or disturbing enough, to warrant a pause in his plans. Perhaps some relic from the time of Aoskar, or perhaps the roots of the Bois Verdurous grow deep, and still live beneath the flagstones of the temple. - The Editor]



Garianis District

Adjacent to the Shattered Temple District, running from roughly the Mortuary in the Hive to New Market and Gear Run in the Lower Ward, stands the Garianis District. Here the neighborhoods of workers and artisans fall less under the sway of Sigil's official peacekeepers, both the Harmonium in the past and the current juxtaposition of the City Watch, Minders Guild and Sons of Mercy. The district is so named for the Garianis family that provides "protection and security" to its locals in exchange for donations and security money. Sigil's establishment has long regarded the Garianis family as little better than common knights of the post seeking to establish themselves as true Golden Lords in the model of the crosstraders of the Lady's Ward. Indeed the family has grown wealthy in the past decades, especially under the patronage of their elder statesman, the Friar Muriov Garianis, but it is unlikely they will succeed as far as their expectations fly.

In any case, criminal or not, the local population appears to genuinely appreciate them to the point of keeping them safe largely from Sigil's business and crime authorities in the Lady's Ward. The district, with its large number of prime immigrants, situated between other small racially distinct enclaves, prides itself on a more insular nature, with residents keeping to themselves, and keeping loyalty to the cutters that hold local power under the Garianis family banner.

Little Bytopia

Situated on the spireward end of the Lower Ward sits a small sheltered community of gnomes known locally as Little Bytopia. The gnomes are friendlier to outsiders and non-gnomes than the nearby dwarven community, but can still be peery at times. Regardless, the district produces a fine number of local handicrafts including clockwork devices, alchemical products, and a variety of Bytopian style wines and spirits. [The latter of these products likely accounts for the amiable relations between adjacent gnome and dwarf enclaves. - The Editor]

Adjacent to Little Bytopia, just downwards several blocks, stands the brilliantly painted, yellow-green tavern the Green Mill, situated amid an actual grove of trees in the dark heart of the Lower Ward. Attracting many planar elves and Eladrin from across the Cage, as well as Prime Material humans, elves, half-elves, and even some Ysgardian bariaurs, the inn is a nostalgic relief to its customers. Famous for live bardic music and its extravagant and gorgeous interior decorated to look and smell like a Prime Material forest, it is one of the ward's more pleasant and unique spots. [Not that the fiends share the feelings on the place. - The Editor]

Gurincraag

Several blocks away from Little Bytopia stands a similar sized community composed primarily of dwarves. The community is extremely close knit, more so than most in the Cage, and even dwarves must integrate themselves into the community on their own efforts before being fully accepted. The dull gray stone of the mostly one or two story kips seems to make the name of the district a gnome's idea of a joke on the dwarves, for the name is loosely translated as "Dwarven Mountain". [Faced with little room for further kips in the district, more immigration from the Outlands, and a few Prime worlds, the dwarves simply built down instead of out... - The Editor]

Hellgate

This Baatezu neighborhood, formerly situated between three portals to Baator, has seen itself shrink in recent years as two of its portals vanished during the Tempest of Doors. The population was also hit hard from the locals' heavy involvement in the rioting and open street



warfare against the Tanar'ri residents of the ward during that same period. But the squat still exists, if smaller, and is still rife with the local political intrigues of the resident Baatezu. As old rumors die hard, the chant in the local taverns yet claims the presence of one or more pit fiends in the bowels of the district. [Amazing how the fiends' names change with each telling through the years. There can't be that many pit fiends in Nessus, by the way the locals babble their screed. - The Editor]

Gear Street

Gear Street, or Gear Run, as the district is sometimes called, is a rather unique neighborhood of a large number, relatively speaking, of rogue modrons that have taken up residence within the Cage. Alongside the rogue modrons are the largest concentrated grouping of zenythri within Sigil as well. Like attracts like, and the two similarly minded groups have prospered in recent years.

Looking much like a section of one of the great gears of Mechanus stuck into Sigil, outsiders, especially those with a chaotic bent, simply don't fit into the modrons', well, clockwork community. Aside from the curiosity of the squat, a basher can find a number of obscure clockwork machines and inventions peddled by the modrons, as well as other tooled items crafted to any exact specificity he could require. Being near paragons of Law, the modrons set prices in fair range for their needs, and exactly to their needs, no more, no less. Cheating simply isn't a lawful action to them; of course neither will a cutter find here the haggling ever present in the markets elsewhere in the ward and Cage at large.

The prime attraction within Gear Run however is the so-called Hands of Time, a piece of almost living clockwork complete with moving sections, gears, and pendulums. The modrons treat it half as a shop to outsiders to share the beauty of their clockwork devices and machines, and half as a temple to order, or to the plane of Mechanus itself. The shop is widely trafficked by lawful bloods of all variety as well, and oddly enough is run not by a modron, but by a prime human and former Guvner named Saddam Hasan Ibn Arvalas, who claims to hail from Toril. Any manner of construct can be obtained within, though his waiting list for potential customers is long indeed. [Ask him about his mentor Trobriand back on Toril. - The Editor]

The Temple of Pallid Doors - Somewhere in the back alleys of the Lower Ward there lays a small abandoned building, described by some who've seen it as a ruined, defaced temple. Thing is, none can seem to reliably find their way back there. It's almost as if the kip moves around within the district, or even the ward itself, when it doesn't want to be found. Mappers and portal seekers have walked around the ward for hours at a time without seeing anything reasonably similar to the site, or even the buildings it was said to have been found nestled between, usually at the end of a long blind alley. Most reports of the building have come from the drunk, barmy, or simply those lost among unfamiliar streets when the smog from the foundry gets too terribly thick to see very far.

The general description of these cutters details the building as being little more than a two-story tower or pagoda, the roof partially collapsed over time, and constructed from some unremarkable gray, whitewashed stone. A fine layer of ash usually coats the walls and floor inside the building and out into the alleyway. A symbol of sorts, possibly a holy symbol at one time, seems to have graced the lintel above the doorway, but has faded with time or due to purposeful defacement.

A sense of uneasy foreboding extends from the place, and animals are reportedly spooked and refuse to enter. Magical animals, such as familiars, share a similar feeling but at prodding of their masters have entered to no apparent ill effect. Inside, people report an empty sanctuary



with stone pews and a simple stone block of an altar below the collapsed portion of the tower. Two empty rooms branch off from the sanctuary, neither showing sign of recent usage. Others have reported dead insects and vermin at the doorways, always facing outwards as if they died running from something, but there are never markings of violence on the insect husks and desiccated animals.

One story is that the temple contains a number of curious permanent portals including those to the layer of Oinos on the Gray Waste, the layer of Mungoth on Gehenna, and to the layer of Belarian on Elysium. But as portal seekers never seem to find the kip to even confirm it exists, this remains unproven, even as to where this dark or screed concerning the portals first originated. In fact, aside from similar curious, and possibly spurious stories about random Cagers and clueless stumbling across the ruined kip, no official records indicate that it does now or ever has existed at any point in Sigil's history. Then again, Sigil's history gets very hazy the further back one searches, and the temple may be both so incredibly old that it has been forgotten along with whatever was once worshipped there. Whatever its origins, the place doesn't seem to not want to be found by those searching for it, and many have come to the conclusion it doesn't exist at all. [Truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction. Mark my word it does exist. - The Editor]

The Hive

"The Hive exists as an open sore upon the face of proud Sigil. And we, the better off residents of the Cage are like a bitter old woman, our years of glory beyond us now, but our vanity and pride still held high enough that we ignore the festering wound upon our countenance. We have none to blame for the very existence of the Hive but ourselves. Better off, we seem more apt to ignore it. Hide it from the light, seal it off and hope the problem, and the people trapped within its confines, simply vanish like so much cooking smoke. But like the smoke fires and belching pollution of the Great Foundry, it lingers in the air and permeates everything if ignored. It does not vanish, but spreads like acrid smog to blight us all, even in the high houses of the Golden Lords of The Lady's Ward. Even as Sigil opens itself to every plane of existence, the Hive is secreted away, sealed off as if it weren't truly a part of the City of Doors at all. Abandoned by all but a saintly few, it is cast aside with instruction to improve, yet with no way of bettering itself.

"A blind man cannot see nor a lame man walk of their own volition. The hand of an able passerby is needed for that inspiration or aid to return them to wellness so that they may finally fend for themselves. Too often we ignore them, and in our jaded hypocrisy expect them to walk unaided. The misery and human refuge of the Hive exists because we enable it to exist." - Jeena Ealy, author of *Of Darkest Sigil*.

The Slags

The Slags, even more so than the devastation surrounding the Shattered Temple within the Lower Ward, is a literal blighted wasteland within Sigil. Untold millennia ago a portal to Sigil opened into the heart of a Blood War battlefield upon the Grey Waste, and for whatever reason the Tanar'ri forces seemed to think the portal a purposeful gift to them leading to either a sanctuary for their forces or a depository of weapons and supplies. And so, utilizing typical Tanar'ri logic, they led their forces en masse through this unknown and uncalled for portal, directly into the heart of Sigil. The Baatezu involved in the battle, not to be denied a victory over their eternal foes, followed suit and both armies spilled out into the Cage. Thousands of fiends spilled over into the cities like a tide of blood, fire, and iron, and fell to butchering each other, as well as the horrified residents of the ward, and tearing apart the city in search of the weapons or other supposed stashed supplies.

The fighting raged for nearly a week before Her Serenity, in logic as elusive as that which allowed them within Sigil to begin with, ejected the warring armies back to the Lower Planes.



Still, the district was all but leveled, strewn with bodies, the twisted wrecks of fiendish siege engines, and the remnants of the armies that were not sent back for whatever reason, some of which linger to this day. The district has yet to be rebuilt in all that time, between the frequent cagequakes that make any attempted building repairs an exercise in futility, and the infestations of dretches, manes, vargouilles, cranium rats, and a mystery called Kadyx.

Kadyx, or The Kadyx, has existed in the Slags as something of a blood soaked enigma, given credit for infrequent and typically unique murders within the Slags. A body might enter the Slags and be found later with his bones picked clean and arranged into a play on words of his own name, or dressed in his own entrails, stitched together in a mockery of finery as if he were late for an evening dinner party. Thing is, none have seen Kadyx enough to give a reliable description other than fangs, claws, perhaps some ebony black scales, the scent of cinnamon, and that it appears to be able to burrow into the earth. It is also somehow capable of avoiding all manner of magical scrying and other such divinations. It might simply not exist, and be a legend used to mask the killings of criminals within the Hive and Lower Ward, perhaps the Garianis family even. Like many such tales, the answer is likely to remain dark. [More horrors beyond imagining have arisen in the midst of the Blood War, but when one is abandoned by its makers... - The Editor]

Of recent note is an upswing in the numbers of cranium rats seen in and around the Slags, and even more so, fights between small groups of them have been rumored as well. Inevitably, the original sources of such rumors never seem to be found. It is not uncommon to find the bodies of beggars or criminals found at the edges of the district, nearly drained of blood from a thousand tiny cuts and slashes as if from the bites of a swarm of vermin. Oddly enough are the fights between such groups of vermin as the beasts are said to share a common hivemind, linked to some unseen master. [Odd to think what this might bode within a house divided. - The Editor]

Marble District

Spikeward from the Gatehouse, just beyond the sprawl of beggars and slums that rings the Gatehouse for a number of blocks, the Hive actually contains a relatively well-kept district. Known as the Marble District, for its cluster of a few blocks of gray and white marble buildings, it's a spot of relative calm and civilization inside the ocean of urban wasteland it barely rises above.

Most official government buildings in the ward reside in the Marble District, as well as a branch of the Minder's Guild that has taken to selling their services to a number of alehouses and less reputable members of the Hive's so-called society. In addition, a number of shops and taverns that sell quality goods and ale, not the watered down swill popular elsewhere in the ward, and the walled in kips of several jink-laden bloods of the ward call the Marble District home. Principal among these businesses are Benni's Tap, a favorite drinking spot for the knights of the ward, eager to spend their jink and not have to sit next to unwashed, or in the case of some bars in the gray district, undead bubbers.

At the edge of the district, away from the official buildings, yet separated from the rest of the ward, a number of boarding houses and fairly well maintained tenement homes are called kip by most of the skilled craftsman and honest shopkeepers and peddlers of the ward at large. Near the spikeward end of the district lies Black Boot Walk, frequently better lit than the Marble District, if only for the Hivers' tendency to set abandoned kips on fire, typically within view of the high-ups in the Marble District. The Minders Guild may be set loose upon the area in force in coming months, fueled by the district's jink and their own harsh sense of order. [An island within a sea, and the deluge threatens to inundate... - The Editor]



The Mortuary - Perhaps the oldest of the former faction halls, the Great Mortuary sits like a great bladed and spiked scarab between Blackshade Lane and the so-called Raggpickers Square within the heart of the Grey District in Sigil's Hive. Appearing as a single great dome with several adjacent towers, it looks somber and uncaring just like the former faction that operated it, many of whom continue to operate it.

Adjacent to the Mortuary, sprouting off of its main bulk are a number of mostly featureless mausoleums only accessible from within the Mortuary itself, as well as a large public memorial. This memorial sits within a half-walled courtyard, in the center of which stands a single spike of flat black stone. Upon the stone, scratched, etched, and carved in tiny print are the names of the dead who have passed through the gates of the Mortuary. A dead cutter's relatives can pay a few coins to have the sod's name inscribed for all eternity upon the face of the stone, though this requires writing over some other berk's name at this point.

The Mortuary functioned then and now just as its name implies, it took in the corpses and remains of Sigil's dead, prepared them for claim by relatives of the deceased, and cremated the dead of the city's unclaimed. Prior to the Tempest of Doors a great portal to the Elemental Plane of Fire sat at the heart of the Mortuary, and it was through this that many of the unclaimed bodies of the city were hurled to be immolated and disposed of.

The first level of the Mortuary contained a great hall in which visitors waited to claim the bodies of the dead or attend funerary proceedings. The rest of the floor was dotted with a number of memorial halls for the presentation of noted dead awaiting burial. In the past some of the side chambers held a dormitory for faction members, as well as a chamber for faction records and the faction library.

The second floor contained preparation rooms for the dead, as well as the faction armory, further interment chambers, and the offices of the faction high-ups. These officiating chambers sit mostly empty now, their office holders either mazed, in Skall's case, or departed to the faction's citadel upon the Negative Energy Plane.

The highest chamber of the Mortuary contained the massive portal to the Elemental Plane of Fire, as well as a scattering of other portals, including one to the faction's citadel. Furthermore, the factol's private quarters and a laboratory remain here today, mostly unchanged since the war. After the Lady's Edict, most of the faction members, having little to no emotion, simply went about continuing their old business just as before, but now without calling themselves a faction proper.

Additionally, and only having become common knowledge recently, the lower levels of the Mortuary connected to a warren of catacombs of the entombed dead which also connected in parts to the uncounted miles of UnderSigil's tunnels, vaults, and forgotten passages. But of most interest in the bowels of the Mortuary were the great number of portals that allowed the Dustmen access to numerous planes throughout the multiverse. Through these portals the faction was able to ship out the bodies of those deceased who wished to be returned to life back on their planes of origin, as unnatural as many in the faction held such magics to be.

Some of the former Dustmen wandering the halls of the Mortuary have of late claimed to see an image of their former factol walking the quiet halls. Usually the witnesses claim to have seen his figure turning a corner, or passing just out of sight from the edges of their vision. Nevertheless these witnesses all swear upon the concept of the True Death that it was in fact Skall. Truth or screed? Skall was mazed, and it is unlikely any may escape from those personal hells without outside aid or the will of Her Dread Majesty. On the other hand, the Dead aren't exactly known for their motivation to make up a lie such as this, or to make up any other tale for that matter. [For being mazed, Skall certainly seems a spry old fellow. Be it truth or screed I cannot say, but within Sigil the impossible is witnessed everyday, so I will not pass judgment



here. Either Skull has found a way to project himself, or an image of himself, out of his maze, or there is a pretender within the Mortuary. Time will tell. - The Editor]

Gray District

Just spireward from the Mortuary lays the drab, and some say menacing, Gray District, home to many of the Dustmen that operate the Mortuary. Of course, with the changes in the portals within the Mortuary, it may not retain its use forever.

Common sights within this district are the sullen, emotionless Dustmen who linger still, not possessed of the motivation to do anything else, even after the “disbanding” of their faction. Zombies, skeletons, and even wights, among other undead are seen wandering the district as well, typically in tow with one of the yet living Mortuary workers.

For being in the Hive proper, and not the Lower Ward, the streets and kips populating the area are clean, well-tended and free of refuse and razorvine. Old habits die hard, and despite the bland and perhaps disturbing aspects of the buildings and residents, the area is much safer than most other areas of the Hive aside from some of the insular racial enclaves. Things appear to be deteriorating, however, in the wake of the Faction War some five years ago, and it is likely that in time the Grey District will be swallowed up by the rest of the Hive and lose its distinct flavor.

Darkwell Court

The stretch of kips known as Darkwell Court lies between Whisper Way and Sandstone Row in the edge of the Hive closest to the Clerk’s Ward. This community and its peery-sounding name are home to the largest population of githzerai in Sigil, and true to form, the insular bashers have constructed a slice of their monastic society from Limbo within Sigil. None of the typical spiked, razorvine wrapped, bladed eaved kips common to the rest of Sigil. Instead, the homes are dull, flat-roofed, rarely over a single story high, and rounded in places. The wizened matriarch of the community, Divin Anesh (LN female githzerai Wiz10) controls everything within the tight-knit court, more or less, and those wishing to do much beyond simply walking through the court would do well to request to speak with her.

Khaasta Row

This small neighborhood, adjacent to Darkwell Court, is the home of a number of the reptilian Outlands species known as khaasta. The group, knowing full well their reputation among most Cagers as a race of mercenaries, barbarians, and raiders, rightly fears retribution from less than trusting neighbors. Faced with this local opinion they keep mainly to themselves and rarely bother others, especially the githzerai nearby, who at worst seem content with their neighbors who share the same “keep to themselves” attitude.

The Ditch

Sigil’s only body of water, if one can call it that most of the time, sits at the edge of the Lower Ward and the Hive, serving as a convenient boundary for the two. Refuse is constantly dumped into the waters that range from a bare, sluggish trickle at worst, to a clear running river when some hidden portal to Oceanus opens on random occasion and flushes the stagnant contents.

Normally, however, the ditch is filled with a slow moving, stagnant bilge, bobbing with rotting corpses, kitchen scraps, and all manner of refuse hurled into it for easy disposal by the neighboring residents. Rag pickers and dead collectors hover around the banks nightly to pick through the daily trash left upon the banks or bobbing near the surface in the hopes of making



a few copper from some trinket tossed into the mix or sell the bodies to the Mortuary, which still pays a pittance for the dead.

Some have described the Ditch as the *concept* of a river, some abstraction of the idea of a Prime Material body of flowing water. And being the Outer Planes, who's to say it's not correct? What ordinary body of water has mildly to heavily corrosive water five out of every six days, with the sixth day more likely than not being frozen over at the surface? It isn't ordinary or mundane by any stretch of the imagination. You won't find a single water genasi lingering around the Ditch either, though they flock like mice to cheese when the portal to Oceanus opens on those rare occasions. Some have postulated that it may be a tributary of the Styx itself, but none have ever reliably claimed to see a marraenoloth plying a skiff on its banks. [Not to say the Styx doesn't have any tributaries within Sigil, one just has to know where to look. - The Editor] Rumors also hold that each night the dabus congregate upon the banks of the Ditch to push trash and other such detritus into the river to be flushed in the periodic cleansing of the trough. Then, there is the Ditch Beast.

Some say the Ditch Beast is a legend and myth, a creation of the barmies and bubbers on the Hive side of the stinking waters. Others claim to have seen the creature just barely cresting over the water, devouring corpses and dragging in unwary sods, but only in the dim hours before and after anti-peak. Truth be told, the Beast may not exist at all and simply be an illusion, some sort of animated Rebus created by the Dabus who congregate upon its banks at night, all in order to keep locals from interfering with their necessary tasks.

Probably of more danger to the unwary who find themselves wandering close to the waters of the Ditch are the wererats who answer to Tattersshade (CE male human wererat Rog5/Ftr4) their self proclaimed king. Chant holds that he lives somewhere in a warren of tunnels within UnderSigil that open to the surface near the spireward end of the Ditch. Visitors to his realm beneath the streets, paid to repair the tunnels and ward them against intruders, have claimed that the passages in some places are formed of a different color rock than typical of the Great Below. They claim that the rock takes upon a marbled consistency and color, and proves impossible to damage or otherwise mold by hand or by spell. These areas seem to be riddled with small, branched chambers, much like the inner hollows of a human's lung, and give the uncomfortable sensation of walking within some vast, living, creature of stone.

The chant further claims that Tattersshade either took possession of parts of his underground realm from the dabus by force, or more commonly that he came across the realm, devoid of dabus or any other creatures and claimed it as his own. How this fits into the wererat king's current obsession with his own safety, his supposed hiding from something in fear of his mortal life, or his rumored search for *something* there in the catacombs of UnderSigil is unknown. [Why would the dabus abandon something? Perhaps they have not, or perhaps it has nothing to do with the dabus at all. UnderSigil is a largely unmapped and vast unknown. Some claim that the Realm Below is larger still than the streets of Sigil in size and scope. I will not dispute this claim. - The Editor]

Another site of interest, alternately described as existing on the Lower Ward or Hive side of the Ditch, is the Bones of Old Night, the dwelling place of Lothar, Master of the Bones (N male human Clr25 of Death). Public knowledge on the esteemed cutter is scant, save that he prides himself as a loremaster without peer in Sigil, likely willing to place himself against any given, Guvner, Sensate, or both in terms of the darks stored within his bonebox. Cutters in need of specific bits of dark may do well to seek him out. The entrance to his warren under the streets of Sigil appears as the burned out shell of a kip with a single, round stained glass window, perfect in form amid the shambles around it. But those seeking him out should not be surprised to find him asking a favor in return, usually of benefit to him more than the dark he provides. [He appreciates his privacy however, and so too will I respect it largely and end my descriptions here. - The Editor]



Madhouse District

Surrounding the Gatehouse stands the Madhouse District. The blocks of tenements and kips radiating out away from the hill atop which the Gatehouse stands are awash in the filth of the true aspects of the Hive: the poor, the hungry, the apathetic, and the barmy. The smell of human excrement and bub sting the nostrils, and an outsider wandering through the district is likely to be swarmed by beggars asking for food, drink, or coin for both. Pickpockets and thieves abound, eager to bob a cutter simply for having what they do not. [A display of arms can be useful in this section of the Hive - The Editor] This district epitomizes human misery at its worst. The sick, hungry, and hopeless still queue day in and day out to seek refuge and temporary respite from their ills with the Bleakers within the Gatehouse, and the lines may reach down from the hill and into the rest of the district. Their situation is unlikely to change soon, even with a cutter such as Jeena Ealy upon the Sigil Advisory Council.

One of the more notable, and utterly unofficial, spots within the district is the so-called Night Market, somewhere between Lot's Lane and Laughing Cat Alley. Just like the Great Bazaar, but with a darker side, the Night Market sells goods and services, but nothing therein has a name or a past. Don't inquire as to the origin of any of the goods, or the names of any who might be hired for a service. It's better that way. [Inquire about Retzz and ask if he still deals in inks and parchments. If you're aware of his trade already, you might seek him out. - The Editor]

Nearly in the Slags themselves, sitting on their edge along Shatterbone Street within the Madhouse District, sits the Weary Spirit Infirmary and the Boneyard Pond behind it. Within, Ridnir Tetch, a Bleaker, tends to the sick and injured for no cost, and even provides those awaiting his care with food and shelter. Tetch doesn't believe in magical healing, and maintains that the mundane surgical techniques developed mainly by his own random practice upon patients are the true panacea of healing. The Boneyard pond behind the Infirmary is piled high with those not surviving their injuries, or his 'care', 'till it is picked clean nightly by the collectors anyways. [What harm is it to kill a sod when he comes to you for help? And why shed a tear or even care when you firmly believe there is no meaning in the multiverse? That's Tetch's creed. - The Editor]

One of the other oddities of the district is the new feature near the center of Laughing Cat Alley, near the Night Market. A bowl-shaped depression roughly a hundred yards across that contains the street, and now one building sinking into it. The adjacent structure, a now collapsed flophouse, is a pile of rubble lining one side of the sinkhole. Travel along the street has been slowed, but not stopped. What bothers many is that the depression was once a slight rise in the middle of the street. As it goes, a number of years prior, there once stood a freestanding arch of black stone in the center of the street containing a portal to one of the layers of Baator. The frequent passing of hellhounds and other, less welcome, visitors to the ward finally became too much of a burden to the factions and so they toppled the archway and paved the current street over it. The latest feature of the alley begs the question: did the toppling of the archway cause the portal to cease its intermittent function, or has it remained active all these years, with perhaps something now lingering under the city streets biding its time. The factions no longer exist officially to investigate, and the Hive dwellers could care less until a gang of Baatezu rips their way up from below, so the status quo is likely to continue as the depression expands even more.

The Gatehouse - The Gatehouse, former faction hall of the Bleak Cabal, sits atop a slight hill in the Hive, rising above the reek and filth of the slums that sprawl out around it along the edges of Bedlam Run. This massive structure sits just at the edge of the Hive, on one side nearly overlooking the urban wasteland of the Slags, in range of the stink carried on the wind, if not actual sight. On the opposite side it sits adjacent the Marble District of the Hive, and



within actual sight of the Ditch, the filth-strewn canal that separates the Hive from the Lower Ward.

The center of the structure appears as a great semicircular, roofless tower with decorative, bladed spires that bubbers claim resembles the wings of some great slumbering beast. And to speak of great beasts, a titanic steel portcullis bars the entrance to the tower, its bars some five feet in diameter, each bar separated from the others by another fifteen feet. The gates no longer operate, having rusted in place uncounted centuries ago, but the sheer size of the gates make it not hindering in the least to the average size sod who wanders into the Gatehouse seeking the ministrations of the Bleakers.

Branching off from the gate are two large wings of the building, one of which serves as both hospital and poorhouse for the sick and hungry of the Hive. The Bleakers ask no questions of those who enter seeking aid, and give what they can, only spouting their philosophy of madness and inner meaning if asked by the curious or the desperate. The second main wing serves as both asylum and orphanage for the ward, a beginning and an end for many of the pitiful residents of the slums.

Behind the tower, and mostly out of the view of the rest of the ward, are two smaller wings. These serve as a madhouse for members of the Cabal, as well as the criminally and irretrievably insane. Several past factols of the Cabal, long ago descended into the madness of their calling, are housed within. They languish within, locked away for their own, and others' safety. In their madness, as rumors leaked by their caretakers tell, some have come to possess frightening mental or psionic abilities, and seem all too willing to share their madness with those around them. It is unlikely they will ever see the light of day again.

Finally, walled off from the rest of the Hive, situated between the wings of the Gatehouse are three forested courtyards, one for the poor and orphaned, one previously open only to the Bleakers themselves, and one for the use of the insane.

The current occupants of the Gatehouse, the Bleak Cabal, only took up residency in the past five centuries, though the original origin of the sprawling complex has been lost to time. In fact, the Bleak Cabal took their faction symbol from an obscure symbol found upon an ancient tiled mosaic deep within the Gatehouse, meaningless out of the context of its unknown history. They found irony, or some manner of comfort, in taking a meaningless symbol as their own, mirroring their own philosophy of meaninglessness in the multiverse at large.

Likely the building is one of the oldest in Sigil, though it is probably not as old as the Palace of the Jester. But it does beg the question as to what use the truly massive steel gates of the tower were ever used for. Merely decoration, or in the dim past did they require actual use in order to keep something out, or lock something away? Could something that massive have simply walked the streets of Sigil at some point?

Further rumored is that somehow the Gatehouse, mostly because of its name and age, is in some way connected to the Lady's Mazes. No real proof exists for this conjecture, but it doesn't stop the barmies of the Hive, and some of the Bleakers themselves, from spouting the screed that the Lady's Mazes bubble up all around the Gatehouse, and all one must do is simply find the elusive portals leading to each and every one of those personal hells...

Giant's District

In the past decade, almost unnoticed among the other major happenings within the Cage, a large number of giants and giant-kin have formed a small but growing district within the Hive. Many of them hailing from Ysgard, much to the chagrin of Sigil's bariar and dwarven communities, the giant community has settled into a district nestled at the edge of the Hive



adjacent to the Clerk's Ward. Many of the ramshackle structures that predated their arrival have since been demolished with zeal by the larger-sized beings, and architecture better suiting the giants' physical dimensions erected in their place.

Many of the community, however, are a decade later still adjusting to the planar cosmopolitan nature of the City of Doors. The Minders Guild is now in the unique position of having clients in two wards requesting aid in preventing the occasional raid by the giants into adjacent neighborhoods, while at the same time attempting to sway a number of the more lawful members of the giant community into joining the fold. [The giants are still adjusting to the concept of not hurling chunks of masonry at non-district dwellers passing through, much to the Sons of Mercy's dismay. - The Editor].

New Tyr

This small squat was settled by a number of bashers from a Prime world called Athas some years ago. The self-sufficient and tough bashers that call it home typify the area; they respect strength but seem mighty peery of wizards and gith of both varieties. In recent years, the residents have taken a great shine to the clerics of a number of Sigil's major temples that have preached to the community in order to gather converts. The concept of deities who exist and answer prayers seems almost a novel concept to the Athasians, and a growing minority of them have converted to several of Sigil's major faiths with gusto. Among the population, which is largely human, there are a number of half-giants, various genasi, and a number of odd human/dwarven half-breeds called muls by the locals. The citizens of New Tyr have attracted a large amount of attention from the Sodkillers for their seemingly inbred toughness, resilience, and work ethic. Thus far, however, the faction has had little success in persuading the Athasians to fall in any numbers towards their own philosophy.

[Oddly enough, elves have reported the distinctly unpleasant feeling of being watched when traveling the streets of New Tyr, as well as hearing a vaguely insect-like chattering. - The Editor]

Chaos District

Filled with more barmies than perhaps the Gatehouse's insane wings, the seemingly mad by choice residents of the chaos district are Xaositects to the core. The district itself sprawls out around the former main haunt of the Chaosmen, a building called the Hive. [the on Xaositects Count a confuse body to. - The Editor]

A jumbled mix of the naturally chaotic races and chaotic representatives of other races not normally given to overtly chaotic tendencies populate the entire area surrounding the former Xaositect headquarters. Among the freewheeling population are numbered humans, tieflings, chaonds, githzerai, half-elves, a few other prime races, and a very small minority of cambions and alufiends. Full-blooded Slaadi and Tanar'ri are common sights here, and the rare Eladrin may be found, but most of the exemplar transient.

Streets curl and twist at, well, random throughout the district, sometimes simply ending at a blank wall. Kips are built up and burned down in the space of a week, and little in the area has the bearing of the years about it. Nothing lasts; everything changes. [Above all, carry no expectations and remain wary. - The Editor] The district has most recently been splattered with paint, the hallmark of the Painter and her gaggle of groupies, admirers, and fellow self-appointed artists. Everything from buildings, to lampposts, to the street itself has been painted in anything ranging from beautiful renditions of scenes from a dozen different planes to random splashes of discordant colors. In any event, they're just as likely to continue their pigmented assault of the district as to attempt to burn it down the next day. In that, at least, they're predictable.



Goatswood

This quaint community of humans within the border area of the Lower Ward, spireward of the Ditch, has at times in its centuries-long history been swallowed up by the Hive and reclaimed by the Lower Ward innumerable times at the whim of the City Courts and mapmakers of Sigil. The inhabitants hail originally from a dead or dying Prime world named Ranais. Having suffered greatly themselves, they have traditionally been welcoming and respectful to those bashers who have been through strife and persevered. A blood has little to fear treading the streets within this district if he does the inhabitants no harm.

The Lotus Blossom District

The exact position of this district has been a matter of debate for the past decade, during which it has swelled in size, and likewise in importance. On the hazy border between the Clerk's Ward and the Hive, this district is more a cultural rather than a racial enclave, in comparison to other such small neighborhoods and districts. The Lotus Blossom District takes its name from its design in the shape of a Lotus Blossom, a common flower on those Prime worlds whose inhabitants make up most of the district's residents.

The style of the residents, and indeed, the architecture of the district in particular, breaks with Sigil's norms, as such enclaves are often noted for. The residents of the district primarily hail from those worlds worshipping the Chinese Pantheon or the Celestial Bureaucracy, such as the Torilian continent of Kara-Tur and the Prime world of Rokugan. Primarily human, there are also a smattering of other races not commonly seen elsewhere in Sigil such as ogre mage, nezumi, hengyokai, vanara, and a dwarven subrace called korobokuru. Other races emerge from time to time, but are not usually seen by outsiders.

The district is segmented into several subsections, each taking the rough shape of a lotus petal. The Red District is known for a high trade with the Hive in drugs and prostitution, with many illicit dealings happening underneath the ornate, gilded surface. [Reminds me of the Lady's Ward... - The Editor].

The Blue and Yellow Districts are populated by temples that cater to the district's residents, including a large temple currently being built to honor Sung Chiang, the Lord of Thieves. It has been speculated that a portal to the Teardrop Palace, or to somewhere else in Gehenna, exists in or near the new temple. None have determined whether this is fact or hearsay, however, and the Guild of Doorsnoops has had little luck in investigating this. The only difference between the Yellow and Blue Districts is the presence of more scribes in the Yellow, and more priests and temples in the Blue. They are structurally similar otherwise, with little transition between them obvious to an outsider. Oddly, Wei Minh Lee, a Golden Lord of The Lady's Ward has never once been seen inside the district, despite the presence of a temple to Shou Hsing, the power of longevity that he claims to be a proxy of...

A large number of members of the Mind's Eye have taken up residence within the Yellow District in the past year. Most of them have emigrated from outside, though some have arisen from members of the community that have taken up membership and belief in the faction's creed. The group seems to fit well with their surroundings, and if they continue to grow, though they may soon command more influence within the district than they currently can manage.

The Black District is a small but dense area closest to the Hive, crammed with tenement buildings and little else. The squalor here exceeds that in many areas of the Hive proper since there are all the more berks trying to squeeze into an area of similar culture. Crime is rampant and non-district residents are advised to avoid the area or travel with an armed escort. The



Minder's Guild would be more than happy to provide protection to those traveling through this district considering the lack of inroads they have had into the area in general among the residents.

Central to the Lotus Blossom District is the White District, home to the wealthiest and most influential of the district's community. Perhaps the most influential member of the district's elite is Xin Ming Ue (LN female crow-headed tengu Sohei11), a female tengu of extraordinary influence in the district for good and ill alike. Her kip and surrounding grounds in the center of the district are remarkably spacious for the area, including an orchard of cherry trees and rock gardens.

The number of fiends in the district, both baatezu and lesser yugoloth, has increased in the past year, and it has been speculated that either the supposed portal to Gehenna has garnered much traffic, or that a member of the district has had increasing dealings with the Lower Planes in a grab for power from the established district leaders. Within the area, the chant has either a secret member of the Illuminated from Plague-Mort residing in the district, or that an underground war is brewing between rival ninja clans seeking to establish a beachhead within Sigil from a common Prime home world. It's also been rumored that the ogre mage Estavan has been seen frequently in the district, speaking with a number of the residents of the White District. He likely seeks to establish connections inside the district, but as always with Sigil's powerful, his motivations remain dark. [Makes sense. He's faced extreme competition elsewhere from Zadara and Shemeska, and so it seems appropriate he would attempt to parley his cultural similarities into business relations. - The Editor]

The Ooze Portals

One of the more notable, and dangerous, features of the Hive are the preponderance of a certain types of portals leading to the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. These Ooze oddly shaped portals take the appearance of puddles in the winding streets of the ward from the shantytowns of the Gatehouse District to the monuments of the Gray District. Most take the appearance of puddles of the mildly acidic rainwater common to Sigil, others the appearance of pools of slime or sludge, and still others at the hours of antipeak have been seen to give a faint phosphor glow.

Unlike most portals within Sigil, the Ooze portals within the Hive are perpetually open to some extent. Stepping into one of them will result in falling bodily into the paraelemental plane itself, typically to one's death by drowning, if the victims are unable to catch themselves before falling fully through. Even those who blunder into the portals by accident are the minority of victims; the majority of those who vanish into the portals are grabbed and pulled through to the other side by the distended, blindly searching arms of ooze mephits that have the ability to reach through and grapple anything unwise enough to be in the vicinity. Whether the mephits are just curious, mischievous, hungry, or malevolent is largely unknown. Most sages are unwilling enough to suffer the presence of one of the muck-covered, reeking pests long enough to ask them their intentions.

Most Hive dwellers know enough to avoid the portals when they see them, those that can't either avoid all puddles in the ward or tend to fall victim to them. The clueless, on the other hand, are the prime victims to the portals that appear and vanish at uneven, seemingly random intervals. Many wonder why the ooze portals are allowed by the Lady to exist in Sigil, and then only in the Hive in their perpetually opened state. Aside from their danger to the unwary, the portals are used by residents to dispose of trash, refuse, and, according to rumors in The Lady's Ward, the corpses of victims of theft and murders in the ward. The only blood that seems to have much interest in the portals aside from their use as dumping grounds is Fell, the fallen Dabus who wanders the Hive, bricking them over to seal them off. Otherwise, they seem to exist for no reason except as a hazard, unless one desperately needs transport to the inner



planes. [Much cleaner and safer routes exist. Few would willingly subject themselves to the elemental realm of muck and mire beyond the portals. - The Editor]

UnderSigil

While not a ward or really a place known in any great detail to the vast majority of the citizens of Sigil, the networks of passages, tunnels, and caverns beneath the streets of the Cage are unique enough to warrant their own description.

UnderSigil is not a homogenous network of passages and tunnels, and indeed many of the known and suspected networks do not connect with one another. Many of the excavated passages are examples of vastly different points in Sigil's history. Some of the tunnels appear to be from recent centuries, such as the caverns underneath the neighborhood of Gurincraag in the Lower Ward. Other passages that have been found are from the largely unrecorded, mist shrouded past of the City of Doors, such as the unmapped labyrinth beneath the Palace of the Jester in The Lady's Ward.

Various parts of UnderSigil open up into all of the wards of the city, though precious little of the network is mapped in any detail. Many of the tunnels quarried out in Sigil's past have simply been forgotten as the years have passed and their creators passed away into dust and ink on forgotten and unread books. In fact, most of these formerly unknown vaults and passages have been found quite by accident by others digging in basements or deeper vaults beneath established buildings. [I suspect that less than 20% of the expanse of UnderSigil is publicly known. And I stress publicly known. Some within the Cage know far more than others on this matter. - The Editor]

The Twelve Factols Inn within The Lady's Ward is known to connect by tunnels into portions of the Realm Below, and the Dustmen also have excavated catacombs beneath portions of the Hive, especially under the Grey District near the Mortuary. These tunnels have added to the network of passages, and in places they have blundered into even older and deeper warrens under the feet of Sigil's residents.

The tunnels dug down into the great ring of Sigil are excavated through a rocky material which is present nowhere else in the multiverse. Sigil-rock, as it's called, makes up the base upon which the City of Doors is built atop the Infinite Spire. Thing is, no graybeard can really tell you just what it is. The material defies identification, and any dwarf, mason, or earth genasi can take one look at it and dismiss any idea that it's natural rock of any kind. Sigil-rock is hard and difficult to chip by tool or shape by magic, similar to granite in its natural state. However, any of the rock that is separated from the ring of the city begins to rapidly grow brittle and crumble to dust in a short period. This is why the base of Sigil has never been mined for building material, requiring that such foundations be imported from across the planes.

None know just how thick or deep the ring of Sigil is. Some graybeards believe that one could burrow down and reach the outer side of the ring, falling out much as is the case with a berk jumping over the wall in Suicide Alley. None have ever achieved the task, and it may in fact be impossible. Perhaps if one keeps digging they simply pass unknown through a portal, or maybe the ring adjusts size to accommodate the tunneling within it. Nothing is impossible, and it's known that Sigil has shrunk or expanded in size at times in the past, presumably at the will of Her Serenity.

Because of the uncommon, and unnatural, qualities of Sigil-rock, the few known attempted settlements by earth genasi within the Realm Below have all failed. None of them lasted more than a year or two before the residents moved aboveground to escape an environment that they claimed had "not the spirit of true stone". If even those with the essence of stone and



rock flowing through their veins felt uncomfortable within the depths below Sigil's streets, it casts a dim view upon the nature of the substance that the City of Doors supports itself upon.

Also common within the Realm Below are the Sigil-unique events known as cagequakes. Similar to an earthquake, these far too frequent events may cause the collapse of poorly constructed tunnels. Rarely do these events occur in such a magnitude that they manifest upon the surface, and even more rarely do they cause any more than public distress, rattled window panes and a few cracked walls or foundations. But within the bowels of UnderSigil such events are frighteningly common and more intense. Falling rock and shifting passages are common, especially the deeper down a blood travels or the poorer the construction of the tunnel. [The very existence of cagequakes poses interesting questions about the nature of Sigil. And even more questions arise if one were to approach the issue with the supposition that none of the cagequakes were by chance, but rather by design. Nothing of Her Dread Majesty's design is by fickle whim, nothing. - The Editor]

And it seems likely that to some extent, the tunnels and passages of the Realm Below do indeed subtly shift position or location over the years. Whether this is by the actions of cagequakes, or by some property of space within the ring of Sigil itself, the reason is unknown. [The mazes of elaborate, forgotten, and nigh incomprehensible tunnels deep under The Lady's Ward are perhaps the most drastic examples of this property, and, from what my own eyes have observed, I am not certain that all of that labyrinth resides within Sigil. - The Editor]

Many of the passages of UnderSigil are infested with such vermin as cranium rats, which themselves appear to have burrowed out their own networks of tunnels, fitted to their own diminutive size. Other passages have been known to contain or belch out to the surface such beings as lesser fiends, vargouilles, and the occasional undead. More commonly those passages and vaults closer to the surface serve as shelter and refuge for criminals, many of them running from their punishment at the hands of the City Guard, the Sodkillers, or the Sons of Mercy. The addle-coved and barmy are in no small abundance within the Realm Below as well, with likely as many, or more, dwelling unheard beneath the streets than within the Gatehouse itself.

In fact, within the second level of the Realm Below, in passages branching out and away from those excavated by Sigil's residents, there are many who call themselves Darkers, forgotten and unrecorded. Small isolated communities of these cutters exist, who for their own reasons have shuttered themselves away in the darkness and confined spaces of Sigil's underground. These groups have their own rules, laws, and conventions, and aside from the barmy and the criminal, some have spoken of groups of Darkers who have taken up a taste for the flesh of mortal sods who blunder into the tunnels they occupy. And some rumors tell of even stranger creatures within the darkness that these mortal ghouls themselves flee from in terror at even the hint of. Some speak of filth encrusted, tentacled beings, and of warring kingdoms of cranium rats known as the Four Great Minds. [But of this, I cannot prove a word aside to say that there are indeed massive numbers of cranium rats infesting the Realm Below, and that there is evidence to suggest at least two separate factions are at war with each other, especially in the regions burrowing down below the Slags. - The Editor]

One specific community calling itself the Dim Court exists in some of the shallower networks of tunnels beneath the Nobles District of The Lady's Ward. This small community is a microcosm for life within the Realm Below. They have a unique social structure, even their own terminology for themselves within their group. For example, those Darkers who possess low light or darkvision are known, within the Dim Court, as Seers. These bloods guide the others and almost never go aboveground since their eyes are so valuable to the rest of the community since no light, magical or mundane, are ever sparked within the hall of the court.

The court takes its name from the inky blackness it resides in and the pit at the center plaza of the underground community. Used as a dumping ground for refuse and trash, as well as a



punishment for crimes befitting death. None of the Darkers know just where it leads, or just how deep the Pit is. One might speculate it simply exits to a portal or to somewhere else within the depths, and attempts to judge the depth of the Pit have recorded over a half-mile of depth without reaching any material bottom. [But the ring of Sigil is only so deep is it not? An open question. - The Editor]

Perhaps the strangest, and one of the least supported rumors holds that deep beneath the Lower Ward lies the abandoned ruins of a Yugoloth citadel called the Temple of Darkness or the Temple of Eternal Darkness. The site was reportedly abandoned and destroyed by its occupants during the late stages of the Faction War, or destroyed by an outside agency during the same period of time. The area is still said to be cloaked in randomly failing shreds of *deeper darkness* spells, littered with broken black marble and the still smoking husk of a device known as the Nightmare Shaft. Of those who have announced their intentions to find the temple deep within UnderSigil those who have returned to the surface never found it. One of these groups however claim to have seen networks of elegant marble paved passages, emblazoned with runes of silver in a mix of Infernal and Abyssal. This last information is wholly unsubstantiated by any other reports, and the claimants either left Sigil shortly thereafter or fell heavily into their cups. But the stories do certainly suggest that at one point the 'loths did have a higher presence within the depths of Sigil. The current state of that presence is unknown in the face of scant evidence one way or the other.



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