Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

FANTASY . . . TAKEN TO THE EDGE

PLANESCAPE™ CAMPAIGN

PLANESCAPE CONSPECTUS

TSR

If you're ready to survive in worlds of extremes, if you're ready to explore where raw power lies within your grasp, you're ready for the PLANESCAPE™ campaign.

GREETINGS, AND WELCOME TO SIGIL!

Don't look so surprised, sir prime: You're standing there with an addle-coved look on your face and your bone-box wide open. You're practically crying 'bob me' to the peelers around here. Allow me to introduce myself: I'm Etain the Quick, professional tout: Best guide in the multiverse!

Formalities first. Just 12 silvers, berk, and we'll be off on a tour that'll make your guts crawl. What? You can't find your purse? Well, look at this, must have fallen into my own hand. I'll just help myself, and here's your jink back. Best keep your hand on it from now on—you can't be too peery around here.

Try not to look up if you're feeling a bit queasy. It takes some time before most Clueless get used to seeing the city curve away overhead. No doubt Sigil's different from any place you've ever been—it's like the city's wrapped inside the curve of a hollowed-out wagon wheel, if you get my meaning. Step lively now, 'cause we've got lots to see and I don't have all day.

This is Sigil, City of Doors, the Cage, crossroads of the multiverse. In the planes you'll spy things you'd never even begin to imagine. You'll see angelic devas drinking bub with toadlike slaadi. You'll see barmy wizards living in walking castles. You'll see an eternal Blood War between fiends bent on annihilation. And you'll see gods. All you have to do is walk through the right kind of portal, and you can go anywhere.

But don't worry about bumping into a god on the street in the Cage—the Lady keeps them out of Sigil. That's the Lady of Pain: She runs Sigil, and keeps a serene and watchful gaze on things in whole. She's the one who creates and removes the portals—more on those later. All a body need remember is that she's not to be peeled—not to be crossed. The Lady keeps Sigil out of the politics and bloodshed that rage through the planes, and she does it with an active hand. Those who defy her rule end up alone in the Mazes—their own little prison demiplanes—with her compliments. Or else they're flayed alive, just by her gaze!

Watch your step—that street's closing in! Looks like the Lady's doing some more rearranging. Think of it this way: Sigil's not some third-rate burg somewhere. It's alive. Sometimes at night, or when the smoke and drizzle ain't so bad, a cutter can almost feel the city breathing. It grows, it shrinks, whole streets disappear, and true Cagers don't skip a beat. Yes, it's alive... But that don't mean its got a heart.

We've got lots to cover yet: dabus, factions, those pesky cranium rats...if you're a good Clueless I may even tell you a few darks—that's secrets to you. Where do I begin? Quick, hand me another bit of jink; it helps to put my brain-box to work...

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The multiverse is a big place, and I don't think I can even count high enough to tally all the types of bashers out there. But you'll see a few of each of them in the Cage. If nothing else, it's a cross-section of the planes.

See, a cutter gets to places through the *portals*. Could be anything: a door, window, hole in the street…anything a basher can jump through. If he's got the right key, he finds himself on the other side—wherever the portal leads to. The Lady makes them, the Lady takes them. Why? I'm no philosopher. I just know that Sigil's got portals to everyplace in the multiverse, and that's why a body can find anything and everything here!

Spy those cutters? Bet you've never seen people floating above the street like that, eh? They're the dabus; the Lady's agents. You'll never see them anywhere but here. Fact is, some bashers think they're actually living manifestations of the city itself. I couldn't say, since they're as likely to ignore you as look you in the eye. Those pictures above their heads are how they talk—visual word puzzles.

Most of the time the dabus keep the city running: cutting back the razorvine, cleaning the sewers, patching the streets, and so on. They also scrag berks that don't behave themselves. Sometimes they take 'em to the Lady...

Th+ S —s
m+ + A —t+zzz,
n+ th+ tr+
2 h+ +d th+ +s+
1,3,5...+lee th+ s+
S A F

Rats! See 'em? Right over there, a whole pack of them. They're *cranium rats*. Smart as blades, fast as knives. Most of the rats around here are just the normal type, but some of these bashers have gotten the smarts. Chant is they've got a collective brain that gets smarter the more of them gather in a pack. Now they're waging a little blood war of their own against the ratcatchers. Why, just the other day some sod was found dead in an alley, flocks of those buggers on top of him. Chant is he clove his own head open with an axe, and those rats made him do it. Don't know if I quite believe it myself...

If you're into chaos, this one's for you: the *Xaositects*, called the Chaosmen on the street. They think everything is Chaos—mind you, not everything is *in* Chaos; but *is* Chaos. So no two act the same: one'll be silly, one'll be grim. They're the tools of Chaos—who knows what they'll do? They're into serious Chaos, and don't ask them to prove it.

That cutter over there is a recruiter for the Free League. Heh har, I'm making a joke, there. The Indeps *don't* recruit. They don't think any faction's got it right. They're 'free thinkers,' and their only motivation is for themselves. They don't claim any allegiances. Many of 'em are merchants. I call 'em mercenaries.

Aye, there's one to talk about! She's a *Sensate*, from the Society of Sensation. They think a basher don't exist if he doesn't have experiences. 'Try everything once'; that's their motto. They run most of the funhouses in the Cage—theaters, taverns, festhalls, and so on.

I see that your sharp eye's admiring the scenery. Aye, te architecture's something unique, all right. See, nothing grows in Sigil (except Sigil herself and that bleeding razorvine). So everything a basher needs to build a house has to come from somewhere else. That's not so tough, with portals that lead everywhere; but it means that you're gonna see a house of Carcerian cracked marble next to some blockhouse made of Elyian glory pine. And then there's the poor folks, who have to scavenge what's already about. Most of them just build a shack on the roof of another building, anyway. Most bigers think space is more important than beauty.

Hush now! There's a Hardhead—a member of the Harmonium. They're one of the factions in Sigil—each faction has its own outlook on what it's all about, and each has a role in the city. The Hardheads are in charge of keeping the peace. Thing is, they do it *their own* way. You're as likely to get scragged for nothing as for something, if you catch their eye. Just a word for you: Spy one of these bloods, walk the other way.

Now you've got your jink's worth, but you're not nearly a blood yet. I can give you an overview of the planes for a few silvers more, and I know what your purse weighs...

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ABOUT THE RING IN THE
POSITIONED
THE REST ARE
THAT'S WHERE SIGIL IS.
THE OUTLANDS
SYMBOL FO
THE CENTER SHOWS THE
FRIENDLY TO STRANGERS.
THAT THEY AIN'T ALWAYS THAT
BUT THEY BEST BE WARNED
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GREAT RING OF THE PLANES A BODY CAN
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ALIGNED GROUPS LAW ON THE
LIFE CHAOS ON THE RIGHT
GOOD ON THE
THE EVIL ON THE
PLANES OF
CONFLICT CAUGHT IN BETWEEN
MECHANUS
Lawful Neutral – Immortable Cogs
It's called Mechanus, or the Clockwork Universe.
It's a world of giant cogs and gears, a land of ultimate law. Within, good or evil. Bloods from here are very logical and very literal.
ARCADIA
Lawful Neutral Good
Three Layers
BYTOPIA
Neutral Good Lawful
Two Layers
MOUNT CELESTIA
Lawful Good – Seven Layers
Ah, the Seven Heavens, Mount Celestia, Bastion of the Upper Planes. Still, I think it's a hell. Everything is in perfect harmony there. Seven layers move up the mountain, and the whole goal is to become one with the plane. Don't know about you, but it's not for me.
BAATOR
Lawful Evil – Nine Layers
The Big One, the Nine Hells, the Pit of Darkness: Baator.
This is the home of ultimate evil, the baatezu.
They're the fiends fighting the tanar'ri in the Blood War—an eternal conflict for domination of the planes. Don't go here if you value life, bark.
ACHERON
Lawful Neutral Evil
Four Layers
GEHENNA
Neutral Evil Lawful
Four Layers
GRAY WASTE
Neutral Evil
Three Layers
CARCERI
Neutral Chaotic Evil – Six Layers
It's known as the Red Prison. A land of exiles, where the outcast, the overthrown, and the defeated come and plot for the day they'll return.
Its six layers nest inside of each other like wooden dolls—one inside the other, inside the other, and so on.
PANDEMONIUM
Chaotic Evil Neutral
Four Layers
ABYSS
Chaotic Evil – Infinite Layers
This one's a warning, prime. The Abyss is completely inhospitable, and has countless layers.
This is the home of the tanar'ri—watch out for them.
They often put berks in the dead-book, simply because they can—and they really can.
YSGARD
Chaotic Good Neutral
Three Layers
LIMBO
Chaotic Neutral – Layers Undefined
This is Limbo—go ahead, try to pick chaos as you'll find anywhere. Take a bunk from each of the tree Planes, mix them with a few primevental landscapes, give the whole thing an extra tumble, and you've got Limbo on a quiet day.
ARBOREA
Chaotic Good
Three Layers
Neutral Good Chaotic – Three Layers
These are happy hunting grounds—more often known as the Beastlands. There aren't many people here, just wild animals. A basher on safari can bag quite a trophy—if the beast doesn't make a trophy out of him, first.
ELYSIUM
Neutral Good
Four Layers
BEASTLANDS
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Aye, now I've given you the chant. The rest is up to you. One last word (not that it'll help you): If you can't beat 'em, you're as good as dead! (Heh har.) Welcome to the planes, berk. Good luck to you!

Now you're at the extreme edge of fantasy. Here's what you'll need to go beyond.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons® GAME

PLANESCAPE™ Campaign Setting
TSR #2600

Sigil and the Outlands

- Harbinger House Adventure TSR #2614
- The Eternal Boundary Adventure TSR #2601
- In the Cage: A Guide to Sigil Accessory TSR #2609
- Uncaged: Faces of Sigil Accessory* TSR #2624
- A Player's Primer to the Outlands Audio CD Accessory TSR #2610

General Reference

- On Hallowed Ground Accessory* TSR #2623
- Planewalker's Handbook Accessory* TSR #2620
- The Factol's Manifesto Accessory TSR #2611
- MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® PLANESCAPE Appendix TSR #2602
- MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM PLANESCAPE Appendix II TSR #2613

Adventure Anthologies

- Hellbound: The Blood War Accessory and Adventure* TSR #2621
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