

Dungeons & Dragons

FANTASY... TAKEN TO THE EDGE

# PLANESCAPE™

CAMPAIGN

PLANESCAPE CONSPICUOUS





If you're ready to survive in worlds of extremes, if you're ready to explore whe

# GREETINGS, AND W

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!

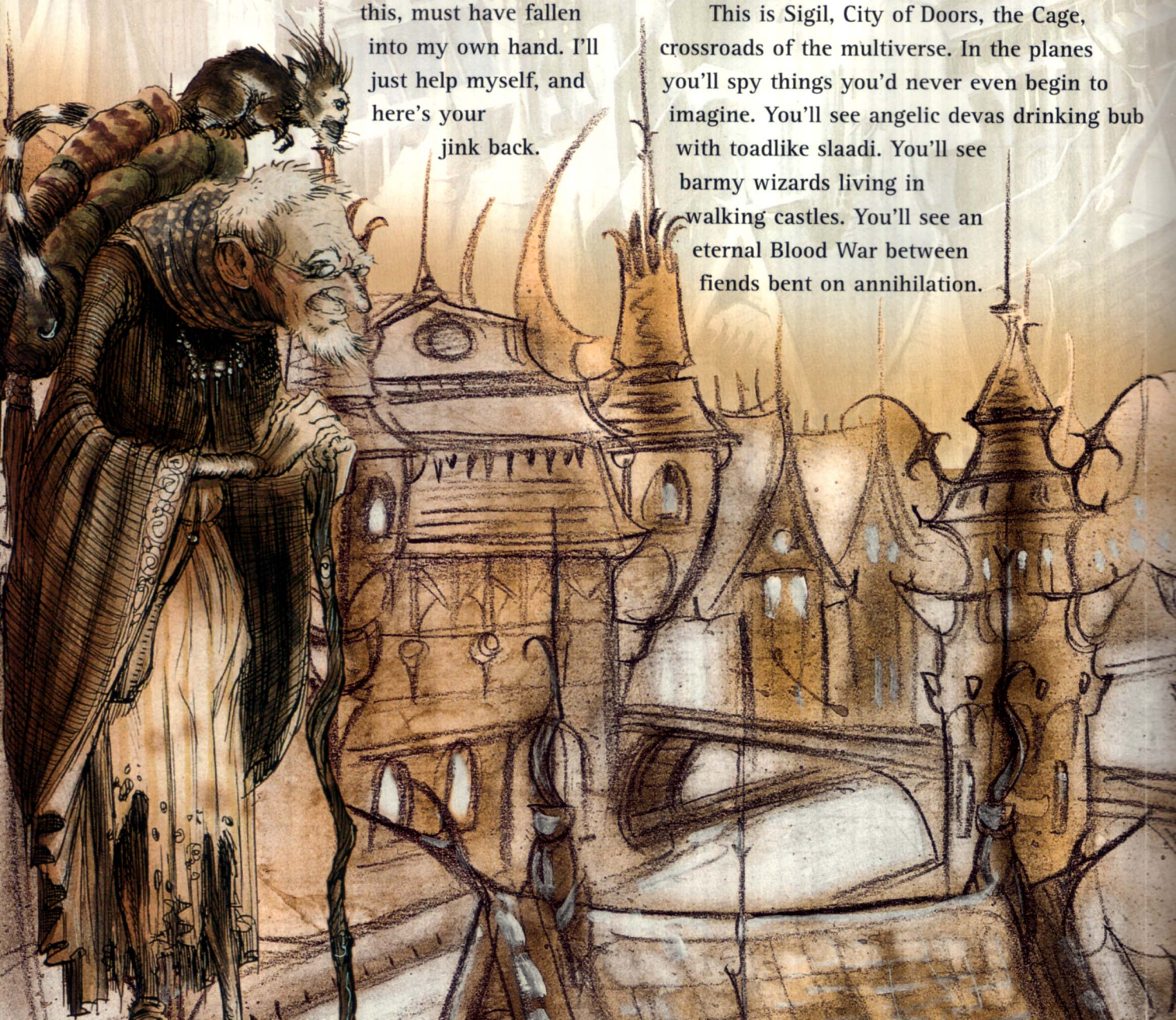
Formalities first. Just 12 silvers, berk, and we'll be off on a tour that'll make your guts crawl.

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.





ore where raw power lies within your grasp, you're ready for the PLANESCAPE™ campaign.

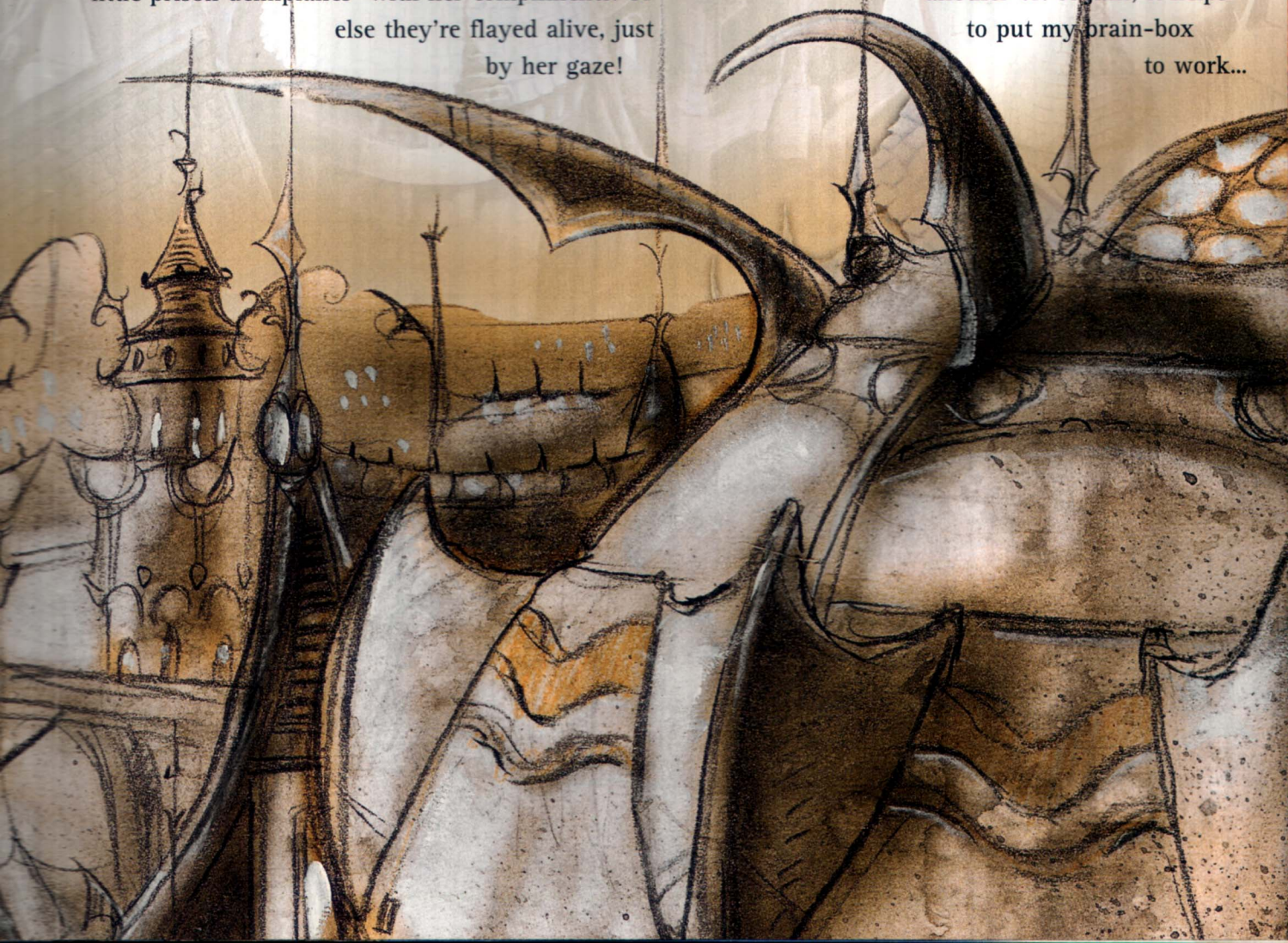
# WELCOME TO SIGIL!

can't 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...



PLANESCAPE  
CONSPICUOUS





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.**

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POSITIONED

ABOUT THE RING IN

ALIGNED GROUPS LAW

THE NO

LEFT CHAOS

ON THE RIGHT

CEED

THE RIGHT





THE REST ARE

THAT'S WHERE SIGIL IS.

THE OUTLANDS

Lawful Good - Seven Layers  
Ah, the Seven Heavens. Mount Celestia; in perfect harmony here  
still think it's a hell. Everything is in perfect harmony here  
Seven layers move up the mountain, and the whole goal  
but it's not for me.  
is to become one with the plane. Don't know about you.

# MOUNT CELESTIA

BYTØPIA  
Neutral Good Lawful  
Two Layers

ARCADIA  
Lawful Neutral Good  
Three Layers

# MECHANUS

Lawful Neutral - Innumerable Cogs  
Some primes call this place Nirvana, but more o  
it's called Mechanus, or the Clockwork Universe  
It's a world of giant cogs and gears; a land of uttin  
law with no good or evil. Bloods from here are very l  
and very litera





# BEASTLANDS

Neutral Good  
Four Layers



GARD  
Good Neutral  
e Layers

# CHAOTIC GOOD - THREE LAYERS

on Arborea: The elven pantheon lives here, too.  
the Greeks. But they're not the only powers  
of the local powers—they call themselves  
Aye, here's one you'll know, primes call  
part of it Olympus because you know some

ers Undefined  
chaos as you'll  
each of the Inner  
erial landscapes, give  
I've got Limbo on a  
quiet day.

Neutral Good Chaotic - Three Layers  
These are the 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.

THE CENTER SHOWS THE  
SYMBOL FOR

STANGERS.





STRANGERS

FRIENDLY TO

AIN'T ALWAYS THAT

THEY

BUT HED BEST BE WARNED

ANY OF THESE PLACES



HE FOR FALL ON THE

FROM PLANES OF

CONFLICT

CAUGHT IN BETWEEN





**ACHERON**  
Lawful Neutral Evil  
Four Layers

**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, berk.

**GEHENNA**  
Neutral Evil Lawful  
Four Layers

**GRAY WASTELAND**  
Neutral Evil  
Three Layers

**CARMA**  
Neutral  
It's known  
where the

**PLANE**



# PRISON

## Chaotic Evil - Six Layers

Known as the Red Prison. A land of exiles, 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.

## CHAOTIC EVIL

### Chaotic Evil Neutral Four Layers

## THE 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.

## LIMBO

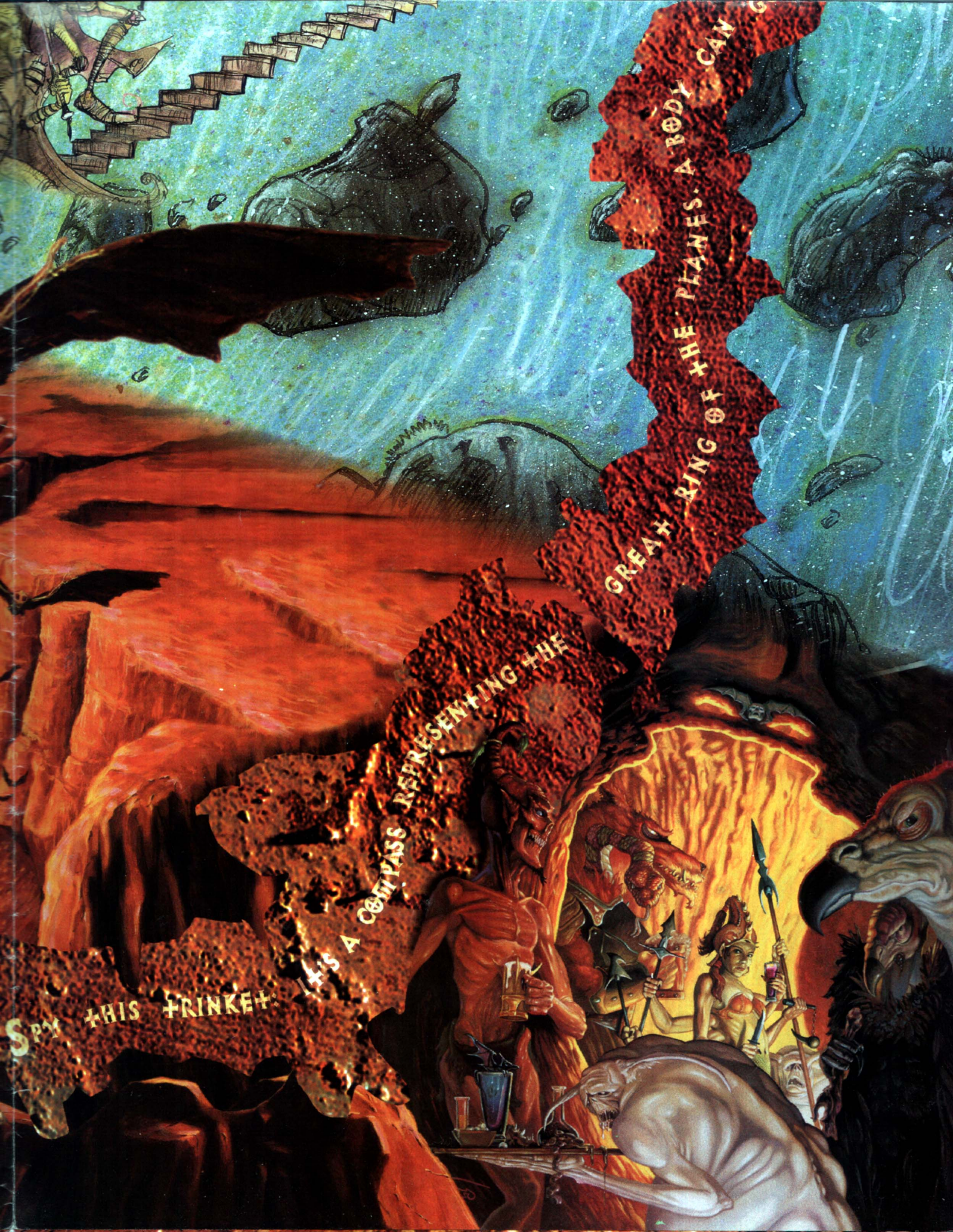
### Chaotic Neutral - Layers

This is Limbo—as close to pure chaos as you can find anywhere. Take a chunk from the Planes, mix them with a few prime-materials, and you've got the whole thing an extra tumble, and you



SCAPE  
CAMPAIGN





GREAT RING OF THE PLANES. A BODY CAN G

IS A COMPASS REPRESENTING THE

SPY THIS FRINKET



# Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

## PLANE

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, but just know that Sigil's got portals to every plane in the multiverse, and that's why a basher can find anything and everything here!

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

regions Chaos, and don't ask





# SCAPE

CAMPAIGN

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 razurvine, 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...

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 ratecatchers. 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...

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





serious Chaos, and don't ask them to prove it.

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.

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

I see that your sharp eye's admiring the scenery. Aye, the arch is a thing unique, all right. See, nothing grows here. So everything a basher needs to build a house is made of portals that lead everywhere; but it means to some blockhouse made of Elysian gold. You can't change what's already about. Most of the Cagers do it that way. Most Cagers

one of these bloods, walk the other way.







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.



architecture's some-  
ows in Sigil (except Sigil herself and that bleeding razorvine).  
ouse has to come from somewhere else. That's not so tough, with  
ans that you're gonna see a house of Carcerian cracked marble next  
an glory pine. And then there's the poor folks, who have to scav-  
of them just build a shack on the roof of another building, any-  
gers think space is more important than beauty.

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...

