

<p>Sigil is often referred to as "The Cage" because it is impossible for gods, primordials, devil lords or demon princes to enter by any means, although thier agents and exarchs can do so, and it is common to see the fiendish, divine, barberous, and civilized races comingling in Sigil. Residents in Sigil are called sometimes "Cagers"</p>	<p>Sigil is often called "The City of Doors" because within its bounds are an untold number of portals leading to every corner of existance. Some portals are permanent and well documented, while others are only open at certain times and sometimes move places. Certain portals also require a "key" though this need not be a literal key, it can be any object or even a passphrase. In addition to portals leading out, many pocket dimensions, especially "The Mazes" have portals in Sigil.</p>
<p>Sigil is Divided into six wards: the Lady's Ward, the Market Ward, the Guild Ward, the Clerk's Ward, the Lower ward, and the Hive.</p>	<p>Sigil has no natural resources, and must import everything from building materials to food and wine. Most notably, access to fresh water is rare and valuable, and taverns will often spring up around a portal that grants easy access to fresh water to profit from it.</p>
<p>Sigil is home to a massive network of information exchange sometimes called "The Chant" which is shorthand for rumors, gossip, and sensitive information. People come to Sigil to learn anything and everything, or to profit when they have discovered something valuable. Gold and secrets are often used interchangably as currency, though the value of information crashes rapidly as more people learn it. Beggars and street urchins may trade old hearsay for pieces of silver that a a powerful few paid piles of gold to learn months earlier if word gets out.</p>	<p>Sigil is a torus, with the city on the inside of the shape. Nobody knows what's on the outside and it's impossible to dig through the ground to the outside. Most sewers, basements, and other subterannean rooms are actually pocket dimensions created long ago. From where you stand to immediately above you is roughly 1.5 miles. The whole of it is said to have a circumference of 20 miles and a diameter of 6.4 miles.</p>
<p>Sigil is a major economic center. Large amounts of goods are traded from all corners of the multiverse. Its status as an interplanar crossroads means that trade and travel in the city is constant and hectic. Various organizations operating within Sigil and across the larger multiverse help regulate and protect the interests of merchants, caravans, and tradesmen. Despite this, Sigil is only the 2nd largest economic hub in existance, being surpassed by The City of Brass in the elemental chaos.</p>	<p>Sigil has no natural resources, and must import everything from fresh water to food and wine. This has the unique effect of causing Sigil to appear immediately cosmopoliton. Communities around major gates and portals will take on the look of the world on the other side due to importing construction materials. Places near feywild portals will be made from magically shaped wood while areas near portals to astral dominions will have the same archetiecture.</p>

<p>Sigil is staffed by a veritable army of floating, silent servitors called the Dabus. The Dabus do most, but not all, of the cleaning and construction in Sigil. They are somehow linked to the Lady of Pain, and are almost as uncommunicative. When the Lady does need to convey a message, she often does so through a Dabus, who in turn uses a combination of sign language and pictographs to speak.</p>	<p>Sigil is covered in many places by an incredibly sharp and resilient plant called Razorvine. The servitors of Sigil, the Dabus, work tirelessly to trim the stuff, but it seems to be everywhere and grow constantly. Some wealthy folks will intentionally plant razorvine along their walls to deter cat burglars.</p>
<p>The Lower Ward is the source of most of the manufactured goods in Sigil. While raw materials must be imported, smithies and refineries are packed tightly around furnaces powered by portals to the elemental chaos. This, and the elemental chaos being commonly known as "the plane below", lends the lower ward its name. This proximity also means that many elementals and archons take up residence in the lower ward. While those living in Sigil are less destructive, they are nevertheless still very temperamental.</p>	<p>The Lower Ward is the source of most of the manufactured goods in Sigil. The smoke and smog belched from this ward make the entire city foggy. In addition, when in the ward one must be careful as the smoke can sometimes be so concentrated as to be toxic. Exerting great effort in these parts of the lower ward can greatly drain the body, and bandits take advantage of particularly choking pockets of smog to run down targets.</p>
<p>The Hive is the most destitute of the wards. Some consider it to be the lack of a ward. Only the most foolhardy or hardened adventurers step into the hive, where any semblance of law is conspicuously absent. The Hive is prone to riots at the drop of a hat, though unless the cause is serious they quickly disperse for fear of incurring the Lady's Wrath.</p>	<p>The Clerk's Ward is perhaps the calmest of the wards, though it is not without its intrigue. Halls of records as well as bureaus dedicated to the various administrative tasks and processing of forms for the city occur here. The ward also hosts civic activities for those not wealthy enough to do so in the Lady's Ward, including Forums and public festivals.</p>
<p>The Guild Ward is the home for most skilled tradesmen and merchants working in Sigil. Blacksmiths and merchants with stalls will migrate to the Lower and Market ward respectively while carpenters, stonemasons, and other professional guilds will continue to work within the Guild Ward.</p>	<p>The Market Ward is the commercial center of Sigil, where almost anything imaginable can be bought and sold. Although shops are everywhere, a tight cluster of major plazas and thoroughfares is known as "The Grand Bazaar". In the darker hours of Sigil's day/night cycle, the "Night Market" emerges where goods and services of questionable nature and legality can be found.</p>
<p>The Lady's Ward is the seat of the wealthy in Sigil. Gated communities and mansions are interspersed with lavish gardens, parks, and plazas invariably laid out with a checkerboard pattern, which is the source of the ward's most common nickname (In addition to the notion that many residents in Sigil are but chess pieces in the machinations of the residents of this ward).</p>	<p>The Hive is the most destitute of the wards. In the absence of authority many of the darker and dangerous elements of the city congregate here. In addition, what few portals to the abyss and the nine hells exist invariably pop up in The Hive. Thus run-ins with newly arrived demons and devils, and their inevitably destructive squabbles, are common.</p>

<p>The Lady of Pain is the silent, enigmatic ruler of Sigil. Her origin is unknown, and her power is unfathomable. Many believe it is her will alone that banishes gods and devils alike from Sigil. Despite this, it has been learned through trial and error that she is most certainly NOT a god, and a trail of flayed bodies have made it abundantly understood that one of her silent mandates is she not be worshipped.</p>	<p>The Lady of Pain is the silent, enigmatic ruler of Sigil. Simply looking at her cause physical discomfort and paranoia. Standing too close to her results in small wounds and light cuts forming all over the body. If the Lady of Pain gazes directly at someone, depending on the duration, they could suffer anything ranging from a gashing wound to having their entire body flayed of skin.</p>
<p>The Lady of Pain is the silent, enigmatic ruler of Sigil. She accepts no tribute, and collects no taxes, though some organizations have successfully levied taxes to maintain and improve the city. It is understood that if a tax is collected long enough, it has the Lady's tacit approval, as those who lack it often disappear inexplicably or are found in the middle of the night, flayed to ribbons.</p>	<p>The Lady of Pain is the silent, enigmatic ruler of Sigil. She is the only true authority in the city, though many organizations are permitted to operate on behalf of keeping the city in order, and do so dilligently for fear of drawing her penetrating gaze upon them. There is a good deal of leeway in how they operate, as the Lady rarely, if ever, speaks or offers clear mandates.</p>
<p>In the past Sigil was ruled by 15 philosophical factions. The Dustmen were one such faction, believing that all people were ultimately dead, and often employing assassins to seek out those who escaped death. After the faction war, they became exclusively focused on their role as morticians and undertakes, with "Dustman" becoming synonymous with those jobs, though it's said some Dustmen seek to revive the old ways.</p>	<p>In the past Sigil was ruled by 15 philosophical factions. The Mercykillers were a conglomerate of two competing ideas in pursuit of justice, and after the faction war they were split once again. The Sons of Mercy were permitted to continue to act as the police force of Sigil, though they must enforce the law through sheer strength. Rumors persist that the Sodkillers still operate in secret, slaying criminals in the dark of the night.</p>
<p>In the past Sigil was ruled by 15 philosophical factions. Naturally, one philosophy was the lack of philosophy, or more specifically opposition to the concept of factions, as espoused by the Council of Anarchists, also called the Xaosmen. It could be said their desires were fulfilled in the aftermath of the faction war, but small pockets of their members still sow chaos in Sigil. Wherever disrupted supply lines, discord, and riots are found you can bet there's a Xaosman lurking nearby.</p>	<p>In the past Sigil was ruled by 15 philosophical factions. Today, much less tightly knit groups take up the work of keeping the city operational. One such group is the Planar Trade Consortium, headed by 3 powerful merchants. Estavan, an oni mage, shares power with his former competitors Shemeshka the Marauder and Zadara the Storm Titan.</p>
<p>Many powerful beings residing in Sigil pay out handsome rewards to achieve their goals. Estavan, an Oni Mage and part of the Planar Trade Consortium, often pays out large sums in order to protect his supply lines throughout the city. Whenever there are a series of attacks on caravans or couriers, he usually offers handsome investigation fees, though he often contracts multiple investigative teams and only pays the 2nd half of the bounty to the first to solve the case.</p>	<p>Many powerful beings residing in Sigil pay out handsome rewards to achieve their goals. Zadara, a storm titan and part of the Planar Trade Consortium, has a reputation of financing expeditions by bold adventurers. She is known to be remarkably discerning. It is said she has never financed a failed expedition, and this fact has often struck fear into the hearts of those she rejects.</p>

<p>Many powerful beings residing in Sigil pay out handsome rewards to achieve their goals. Lissandra the gate seeker, though backed financially by Zadara the storm titan, often has fair rewards for anyone with information about the gates and portals of Sigil that she can add to the compendium she is composing. The dark is that she is paying an especially large bounty to anyone willing to “obtain” a similar text authored by Ramandar the Wise so that she can compare notes.</p>	<p>Many powerful beings residing in Sigil pay out handsome rewards to achieve their goals. Ramandar the Wise has gained a good deal of wealth by discovering portals and quickly buying the rights to the property, often before the original owners realize what they have. He is always on the lookout for new opportunities to take control of important gates in order to then collect exorbitant usage fees, ignoring the complaints of his “clients”</p>
<p>Many powerful beings residing in Sigil pay out handsome rewards to achieve their goals. Shemeshka the Marauder is a ravaasta, a member of the Planar Trade Consortium, and self-styled “King of the Cross-Trade”. She is known to have opulent taste in clothes and finery, often paying a fair price for objects others would consider garish. She is otherwise a ruthless trickster and has an infamous habit of casually mentioning incriminating evidence she has against people in order to extort favors from them.</p>	<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. Kesto Brighteyes is the proprietor of the Parted Veil, a well-stocked bookstore full of ancient texts in. If you need information and are comfortable navigating a store literally packed with books, Kesto and his bookstore can serve as a springboard to a wealth of information. the shop is in the Lower ward, just a few blocks from the Shattered temple.</p>
<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. Lissandra the gate keeper is often willing to trade quid pro quo. If you ever find out information about a gate she hasn’t heard before, she may be willing to tell you something about a gate she knows. Rumor has it lately she’s been particularly interested in portals to the natural world.</p>	<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. Lothar the Old is perhaps not the first person you should ask, but if you need chant that’s darker than the main room of the Styx Oarsman, he’s your man. The so-called Master of Bones maintains a menagerie of the dead beneath the Hive, supposedly in a series of catacombs entered via The Ditch. In exchange for a hefty fee he can find you the right deader from Sigil’s past to ask questions of and find what you need. It’s not a pretty or cheap journey to him, but you’re sure to get results.</p>
<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. Alluvius Ruskin, or Lu for short, runs Tivvum’s antiquities, a shop specializing in the keys needed to activate the gates of Sigil. Folks who know the old tiefling also note that she has a hobby of magic and enjoys “talking shop”. If you’re in need of a gate key, there’s no better place to go, though Lu doesn’t keep records on where the corresponding portal to a key may be.</p>	<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. A’kin is a polite and cultured ravaasta who runs an exceptional magical trinket shop, the Friendly Fiend.</p> <p>Beyond being a helpful shopkeep, A’kin seems to know the secrets of everyone’s business, made more convincing by the fact that nobody dares mention his name around Shemeshka the marauder (though nobody knows exactly why she hates him so much).</p>

<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. Black Marian is a human fortuneteller who hangs around the singing fountain in the Lady's ward. Marian can hear the future of any cutter who drinks from the fountain. When she's not telling fortunes, Marian often sings for the crowds and sometimes passes along hidden messages within her metaphor-laden lyrics, much to the chagrin of Autochron the Bellringer.</p>	<p>You can find out anything in Sigil if you know who to ask. A body would have to be barmy to try and ask Vocar the disobedient. The old berk wanders from hovel to hovel in The Hive, claiming to be a former priest of Vecna and trying to ruin the secrets of his former god. The missing eye and arm makes the story credible, as does the fact that hired thugs and fiends seem to keep popping up to try and box him. Beyond that, berks that have lived to tell the tale say he's utterly mad.</p>
<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Autochon the Bellringer runs a legitimate business as the pre-eminent employer of couriers and touts. Despite begrudgingly tolerating a band of rivals led by a young tiefling named Kylie, Autochon boasts a large share of the courier market. The dark of it is: some say he paid a terrible price to be the top dog, but nobody knows what, and thus no one is sure if he can afford to pay it again to be the only game in town.</p>	<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Tarholt the dwarven merchant never runs out of crazy plans. Styling himself a captain after his recent acquisition of an astral skiff, he plans to use the cheaper portals from Sigil to Astral Domains in tandem with sailing the astral sea to find other useful portals. Aside from delivering goods along The well-lanned posit he hopes to profit from circumventing the exorbitant 1000gp per head price of Tradegate.</p>
<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. the annual festival of doors is often a watershed of jink for the merchants who supply revelers with firewine and other commodities. Unfortunately, supplies have been hard to come by this year, and with only a few days before the festival, the merchant lords are getting worried. They have no way of knowing if the Lady of Pain would blame the inevitable riots from lack of supplies on them. In Sigil, it seems, there is an even greater cost to not turning a profit.</p>	<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. For some time, The Grixit has been a thorn in the side of Lissandra the Gateseeker and Ramander the Wise. Each seeks portals for their own reasons, but the Grixit is a strange lost soul, seemingly trapped between worlds, who works tirelessly to shut down gates throughout Sigil. Miraculously, after all these years, she has evaded the wrath of the Lady of Pain despite being to source of much chaos in the Cage.</p>
<p>There's no ends to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Like most things in Sigil, even simple nuisances find a way to become major danger in the City of Doors. The vermin of Sigil exhibit light psychic abilities, and sufficiently large groups in close proximity become a linked hive mind called cranium rats. The largest collection calls themselves "The Us" and employs a number of psychic thralls and proxies to enact destructive agendas throughout Sigil. Their true motivation is total dark, but seems to involve utterly dominating Sigil.</p>	<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Kylie is an upstart tiefling trying to build a rival courier and tout service. She and her crew have earned a reputation for taking on seemingly impossible and dangerous jobs for very little in order to prove themselves. Much to the dismay of Kylie's rival, Autochon the Bellringer, Estavan the Oni mage has taken to employing one of Kylie's men to carry to key to Tradegate each day.</p>

<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Couriers are big business in Sigil, transporting message and simple objects across the city with a low profile. For those willing to spend money, "silent couriers" come equipped with magic items that will only speak their message to the intended recipient. For especially important objects and messages (and an exorbitant fee) the most renowned couriers will perform rituals to bind their own lifeforce to the delivery of the object. Failure to complete the task will cause them to wither and die.</p>	<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. Ramandar the Wise has stepped up his efforts to take control of properties with portals on them as of late. There are whispers that when he was unable to buyout canny property owners, band of bashers showed up a few days later to stir up trouble. This is perhaps the most public display by Ramander, who is normally purported to be quite secretive about his methods, to the point that nobody knows just how much he has done in order to gain control of portal properties</p>
<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. A collapsed warehouse in the Lower Ward conceals a hidden arena where rowdy bashers can prove their worth for a pile of jink. Most brawls between bodies aren't to the death, but the organizers occasionally find wild and exotic beasts for berks who are looking for a real challenge.</p>	<p>There's no end to plots, schemes, and danger in Sigil. The main thoroughfare to the natural world is tradegate. Estavan, the Oni mage holds the key that activates the portal, and charges 1000gp per head to use the portal. Despite this exorbitant price, numerous merchants and caravans seem willing to pay the price, although activity has dropped dramatically the past few days, an unusual occurrence with the festival of doors just around a few days away.</p>
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Name: Battlement Ward: Level: Nearby: Description:	Name: Tivvum's Antiquities Ward: Level: Nearby: Description:
Name: The Parted Veil Ward: Level: Nearby: Description:	Name: Tradegate Ward: Level: Nearby: Description:
Name: Planar Trade Consortium HQ Ward: Level: Nearby: Description:	Name: Hall of Records Ward: Clerk's ward Level: Nearby: Description:

Name: Shattered Temple Ward: Lower Ward Level: Nearby: Description:	Name: Bones of Night Ward: Lower Ward Level: Nearby: the ditch Description:
Name: The Ditch Ward: The Hive/ Lower Ward Level: Nearby: Bones of Night Description:	Name: The Parted Veil Ward: Lower Ward Level: Nearby: Description:
Name: The Friendly Fiend Ward: Market Ward Level: Nearby: Description:	Name: Singing Fountain Ward: Lady's Ward Level: Nearby: Description:
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