



ADVENTURE HOOK JUNCTION I

100 ADVENTURE HOOKS AND CAMPAIGN SEEDS

Short Hooks can be easily squeezed into a single session.

Medium Hooks will take place over one to two sessions.

Long Hooks will take place over multiple sessions.

Very Long Hooks are extended adventures that take place over multiple levels.

And **Campaign Seeds** form the basis of an entire campaign.



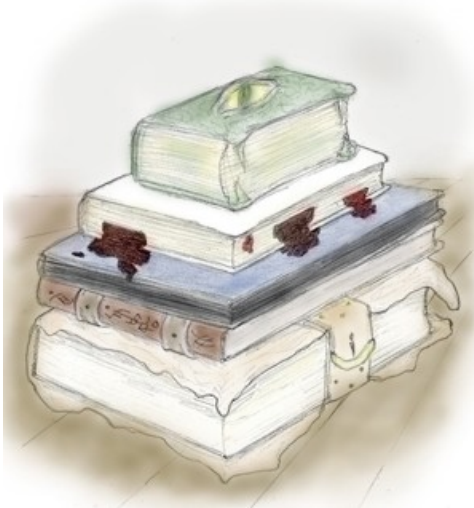
MISSIONARIES OF THE SILVER FLAME

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short

Clueless missionaries from the remote Prime World of Eberron have wandered into Sigil and are busy calling everyone they meet either an infidel or a heretic. Good PCs' have to get the missionaries to shut up and go home before they get bobbed or dead-booked. Evil PCs may well decide to bob or dead-book the missionaries themselves.

GEHENNA OR BUS+

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short



A planar merchant by the name of Fliv has been wounded by Khaasta on the Outlands and is stuck in the Gatetown of Ribcage unable to travel. Unfortunately, he has a shipment of eldritch tomes that is due in the Crawling City in an hour. The PCs are tasked with getting the books to their Yugoloth buyer before they are all hunted and killed.

HERMIT OF EVERCHANGEING ORDER

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short to Medium

And old hermit that preaches from the Book of Everchangeing Order (from **Tales from Infinite Staircase**) is traveling the streets of Sigil, searching for a portal to a Prime where he will continue his mission to preach on the connections between Law and Chaos. In the meantime, extremists from both the Xaositects and the Fraternity of Order want to shut the man up for good. The PCs may either help the old hermit or they may try to stop him.


THE TSOCHARI INVASION

Author: [ripvanwormer](#)
Long to Campaign

A group of tsochari (from **Lords of Madness**) discover a portal to Sigil and become determined to infiltrate and conquer it. The first few adventures involve their efforts to worm their way into Sigil's high society and make things difficult before the PCs manage to unmask them with the aid of possibly sinister and self-interested "allies" - or maybe just celestials with their own agenda that doesn't correspond with the PCs' - if they aren't able to figure things out on their own. The PCs gain some new allies from the incident, both helpful and unhelpful, and they feel like they've accomplished something major.

Then things shift.





As soon as the capable and experienced cutters of Sigil are aware of the tsochari, they come up with effective means of rooting them out, and soon the tsochari are consigned to the Hive Ward, where only the absence of effective law enforcement keeps them alive. Their only hosts are the poor and destitute. A group of psurlons, who have lived securely in the Clerk's Ward for generations, approach them and offer them sanctuary in the name of their common patron, Mak Thuum Ngatha. There are nilshai, too, and their high priest is a garmorm. They teach the tsochari that as long as they don't rock the boat too much and don't threaten the authorities, then they can accomplish whatever they want in Sigil. They can use the city's portals to invade other worlds, for example. What they really want right now, though, is revenge on the PCs who caused their fall. And with their new allies, they just might get it.

Alternate idea: The cult of Mak Thuum Ngatha is growing in Sigil as once Aoskar's more benign cult did, but the Lady of Pain isn't doing anything about it. A dabus has even converted to the faith, sacrificing Fell to his new master in a symbolic show of devotion, and still She does not act. The PCs must figure out what triggered Her intervention the last time, and hope it works again.

INSECTILE INVADERS

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short to Long

A hive of formians, including their queen, has moved into Undersigil leaving some in the city worried that the bugs are going to steal their jobs, eat their children, or do something equally dastardly. The PCs are tasked by the Advisory Council, one of the Factions, or simply concerned locals to find out what the formians want and, if possible, how to make them go away.

PE+ L⊕S+, REWARD +⊕ FINDER

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short


A night hag has lost her favorite pet and she is looking for help from the PCs. She has presented herself in disguise as an old sweet granny, failing to mention that her "pet" is a mean tempered nightmare who ran away because the hag mistreated her in the first place.

SENS⊕RY S+⊕NE TRAP

Author: [Trias](#)
Short

An otherwise innocuous sensory stone is actually a portal and key to a demi-plane. Aside from the local dangers of the plane, the PCs are left to deal with the existential question of whether or not they have actually been transported to the new location, or are simply experiencing the stone's recordings of the place.





THE IRON(IC) GIANT

Author: [Azure](#)
Short

A wizard's spell goes awry, trapping the wizard's soul in the body of an iron golem he had recently been working on. Unused to the new body, the wizard crushes "himself" and is trapped unless he can resurrect the body and find someone to reverse his spell. Unfortunately, the golem can't talk, so all anyone sees is a clumsy renegade golem carrying around the body of a wizard, causing more and more devastation as his frustration grows.

A CAPITAL VENTURE

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Long

The Planar Trade Consortium has recently acquired a very large and very valuable object from Pandemonium which is only valuable as long as it remains intact and undamaged. The PCs are tasked with finding a secure portal or series of portals from the object's current resting place to the destination of a buyer in the Paraelemental Plane of Ice. The Consortium is very vague as to the identity of the item, but any portals used must be large enough to accommodate an object at least 17 feet on a side, and the path must avoid any area with a temperature in excess of 100 degrees and any area saturated with the presence of Law.

A LOST LOVE

Author: [Kay](#)
Short

An inventive though not very powerful wizard from some insignificant Prime has gained access to a portal to Sigil after the Tempest of Doors. His apprentice and lover has recently vanished. He suspects her family - who want to give the fair lady to some wealthy noble. Since magic does not have a good reputation on this world, the match is an ill-suited one. The wizard consequentially wants to retrieve his apprentice from the estate of her family, and hires the PC due to their reputation in the ward near "his" portal. A simple deed - if something else hadn't slipped through the wizard's portal along with them. At the DM's discretion, this something "else" may be anything from Tanarri recruits to Xaositect wild mages.

MAIL FOR MOLOCH

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short

The PCs have been tasked by an individual of their acquaintance with a message bound for Moloch, the former lord of Malbolge. The PCs must track down the location of the disgraced Baatezu lord or, more likely one of his servants, and bring the letter to him unopened. If they succeed, they will be richly rewarded.



T⊕⊕ M̄ANY TEE+H!

Author: [Hymneth](#)

Short

A member of the party is given a tooth by a member of the Ring Givers. The reasons for this are entirely up to the DM. Unfortunately, every morning when the PC wakes up, there are more teeth. Everywhere. They're in his shoes, they're in his soup, they're in his scabbard or spellbook. How do you get rid of the blasted things? Where are they coming from? Who does the original tooth belong to? And why do they need so many teeth?



BRING HIM̄ BACK UNHARMED

Author: [Trias](#)
Short to Long

An especially unpleasant fiend that gives new meaning to the word "hostility" must be captured and bought to the PCs employer for jink, items, or information. The catch: the fiend must not be harmed. Not even scratched. Of course, the fiend is in hiding and disguised, and quite a planehopper, thus the PCs will be led on a wild goose chase throughout the planes. Fiend or not, the target is generally unpleasant enough to attack the PCs on sight. Therefore, traditional diplomacy, intimidation or the "come with us for your good" approach are out of the question.

S̄MI++EN

Author: [Azure](#)
Short to Long


The PCs rescue a young and attractive member of the opposite sex from some dastardly fate, and she/he falls for one of the PCs. His/her affections are genuine, but there's a hitch. The rescued is a noble (or elf / aasimar / very rich / already married / immortal exemplar / whatever), and the family does NOT approve of "Tomb Robbers, Planewalkers, Mercenaries and Adventurers". There may or may not be another suitor or arranged marriage back home. If the PC is good (twist: the true love is of an evil aligned race) and cares for the person in question, some of the family may side with the PC. This may be even worse than the otherwise hostile situation, considering how virulent feuds between close relatives can get on occasion.

T⊕ +HE E+ERNAL RES+

Author: [Kestral](#)
Short

The PCs are tasked with robbing the grave of a particularly well known cutter soon after his funeral. Unfortunately, the cemetery / mausoleum / funerary structure holding the deceased





is very well guarded. The place may be operated by the Bleakers, Dusties, or a clergy of a god of death, so it's possible that a Power or a few of the Factions will be very annoyed by the PCs' actions. If they do manage to make it to the grave and dig up the corpse, they will find out that it is not in fact a corpse at all, and the "deceased" was using the funeral to fake their death. So now, they are in the know, and even if he doesn't kill them, whatever drove him to such an extreme deception might.

THANKS FØR ÷HE MEMØRIES

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Long

A wizardess in Sigil has discovered a new and better way to create sensory stones. The sensations are realer, deeper, and more amazing than ever. Not only that, but the stones she sells are not bound to a specific location and may be carried wherever the buyer desires. The downside? To store a memory, the original memory is completely wiped from the mind of the donor, along with a large portion of the rest of their memory. The Sensates are up in arms to protest the blatant disruption of so many experiences and want the wizardess's shop shut down. A second group of Sensates just want the wizardess shut down for good, in a permanent sort of fashion. And a third much quieter group only wants the details of the process.

THA÷ MØ÷HER IS CRAZY!

Author: [Azure](#)
Short

A hive mother beholder has recruited for herself a gang of beholders, who in turn are charming random berks on the street. The ever-expanding group are planning a protest march to the Hall of Speakers. While the beholders' ideas about "democracy" are a little skewed, their intentions are in fact peaceful, at least initially unless someone starts poking 'em with shivs. The growing army of humanoid "marchers" are not really willing participants, but at DM discretion the beholders may pick up a few citizens who will support the beholders' right to non-violent protest, or even the support of an appropriate Faction.


Unfortunately, the Hive Mother is a bit ... off. She's marching to expose some ridiculous conspiracy theory, or to demand that bodies should be banned throughout Sigil and everyone go around with just their heads in the name of equality, or some other perfectly nonsensical belief that she is perfectly serious about believing. The other beholders are 110% loyal of course, as is any humanoid that didn't make a Will save along the march route, which goes at least half-way across Sigil.

LIKE ÷HE BRØ÷HER I NEVER HAD

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Long

A rash of similar bouts of insanity are being accounted all over Sigil. Someone suddenly forgets all knowledge of one of their siblings / offspring / uncles / etc. and begins to believe that they are some form of imposter or household invader. It has been striking members of many races and walks of life, from the Lady's Ward to the Hive. The dark is, these forgotten relatives really *are* appearing out of nowhere, along with all the necessary evidence and





mental manipulation to “prove” that they've always been around. Who or what are the invaders and what is their plan? Is there a specific reason that only one relative can remember not having them around, or is it just a flaw in whatever the process is?

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short

A fledgling wizard by the name of Liffed has decided to join the Doomguard. Before he can join though, he has to truly demonstrate his commitment to entropy. To that end, Liffed is using Message spells to whisper creepily into people's ears in the hopes of making them go insane. The PCs are contacted by one of Liffed's targets who thinks he is haunted and are told they will be richly rewarded if they make the voices go away.

LOST IN THE ETHER

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Long

Someone the PCs know has gone missing on the Ethereal Plane, and the PCs are the only ones who can help. After the tricky business of getting to the right part of the Ethereal Plane, the PCs will have to search for answers among the local Nathri population and on various demiplanes while fending off the Etherguants that stalk the mists and the more exotic creatures that wander the Demiplanes. Once the PCs find out the location of their lost friend, they will face the even more daunting task of actually getting there.

LOST SOULS

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Very Long

The PCs start by trying to track down the soul of a dead friend, a devout worshiper of the Egyptian Pantheon. Upon reaching Heliopolis, they are informed that their friend's soul is "temporarily unavailable." After going to a considerable amount of effort, the PCs find out that their friend's soul, along with the souls of many others, never reached Heliopolis when they died, and the frantic Aasimon can't figure out why. Over the course of several sessions, the PCs journey across the Multiverse in search of their friend and uncover a sickness at the heart of the Egyptian Pantheon.

BIG BANG

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Campaign

The PCs, or one of them at least, are among the few survivors of an explosion that ripped apart their entire Prime, killing millions and leaving only a couple hundred survivors who were off-plane at the time. The PCs must find a new home for their people, keep them from tearing each other apart over old grudges, and find out what happened to their poor world. And, if possible, get revenge.





INDIGESTION

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short

Whilst travelling inside an Elsewhale from the River Oceanus to another body of water, something goes horribly wrong. The whale develops a severe intestinal disease and accidentally swallows the entire party. The PCs will have to deal with a slightly acidic environment and the fear of running out of breathable air while trying to escape the Elsewhale, hopefully without causing great harm to their hapless vessel. Internal parasites causing the illness may attack the PCs, and if they take too long the whale may have unintentionally dived to incredible depths in its pain, causing great trouble for the PCs on exit.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

Author: [bRAIN-bOX](#)
Short to Long

The body of some individual important to the PCs is taken by the Collectors before they can find it. They could require the body to retrieve an item, as part of final rites, or to resurrect the individual. Unfortunately, upon following the trail to the whereabouts of the body, they discover that the only one who knows is a Dustman but he is not present in Sigil. The PCs discover that for one reason or another, the Dustman is somewhere within the Bonecloud on the Astral. The PCs must really consider how important the body is to them. Has the body been taken to the Bonecloud too? Not good news, either way.

If one places this adventure Post-Faction War: Considering how portals became all confused in the Tempest of Doors the Mortuary's portals could have simply opened to the Bonecloud as the body was sent it on its way out the city.

A HELLS OF A PARTY

Author: [Kestral](#)
Short

The PCs have gotten an invite to a rather exclusive party hosted in the Nine Hells. Unfortunately, it's probably doubtful that they have any clue why they would have received such an invite. Now they must figure out why they got the invitation in the first place, as well as what they're going to do with it. Being a party in Baator, few choices are likely to be particularly healthy options.

HOSILE TAKEOVER

Author: [bRAIN-bOX](#)
Varies

The PCs encounter an employer who seeks their aid in a most urgent matter. As it turns out, this individual has tumbled to a plot involving fiendish creatures intent on slipping his home burg into another plane. The best way for the fiends to accomplish this is by gradually corrupting the populace to the same characteristics as the plane they are trying to slip it to. The burg and the planes involved are up to the DM. Perhaps the messenger is in fact



working to slip the burg over, and the ones the PCs are "thwarting" are actually trying to stop the burg from doing so.

Alternate idea: A proxy or other messenger of a deity, perhaps one that one of the PCs venerate, approaches the PCs with some dire news. A rival deity has taken it upon itself to slowly erode and claim parts of the patron deity's realm into its own. The PCs are not directly involved so that the interloper may not notice and automatically counter their efforts - unlike those of proxies and the like. Direct intervention is not possible, here, so the PCs are pretty much on their own. However, if successful at putting a stop to the matter they may gain the considerable good will of the deity they help, which can be significant in and of itself.

BRING ME A SHRUBBERY

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short

The merchant lord Ni, has acquired new toy: a "gardener golem" and he wants to put this machine to the test. The artificer who created the golem said that it can turn any plant into a work of art. So our lord Ni has hired adventurers to bring him a special plant for his golem to work with, and the plant is none other than Sigilian Razorvine.

THE TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND GODS

Author: [TheSky](#)

Campaign


Within a grand temple on the Planes, thousands of clerics worship thousands of Powers. It is almost the size of a city, with travelers coming from across the planes to see its glory. The clerics themselves fill all the common urban roles, clerics of wealth are merchants and clerics of battle act as guards, clerics of healing are doctors and midwives, and clerics of agriculture and the hearth grow gardens and run the inns. While the PCs are visiting town, the cleric of Many-Worlds-Night is found dead, her body covered in savage bites. Can the heroes solve the crime when every suspect is backed by a Power?

THE PALLID CROWN

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short

The PCs find a crown that can command, as they discover, any group of powerful beings including devils, demons and celestials. What do they choose to do with this power? Once they choose





their actions, they discover that as soon as they found the crown, they fell into a deep slumber, and that all that happened afterwards has been a test by an ancient creature of Good.

TWΘ BRΘ+HERS

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

Generations ago, a young man once found a map to a treasure. He told his elder brother and they set out to find it. After a long journey, they came across the chest the map told of, and the chest was full of gold. The elder killed the younger and took it all. The grandson of the younger now wants what is rightfully his and asks the PCs to steal from the elder's family.

THE PA+H ΘF +HE THRASHING DRAGΘN

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

There is said to be an ancient woman that does not die through old age, illness or injury. She is in Sigil. She spends her time screaming, chanting, killing, and stealing. The Lady of Pain does nothing and none know why. The PCs are hired to put an end to her, either by the Doomguard or by those she has disturbed. Old darks say the immortal stole the first Phoenix's egg and demanded to know its power. The distraught mother told her everything. If only the PCs could find a phoenix to learn the whole story.

THE REMΘVAL ΘF WAXEN S+REET+

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short

On Waxen Street, the PCs take rest in an inn. Suddenly, uncountable Dabus hover over the street and begin taking it apart brick by brick. Within five hours, the whole street will be gone, walls built around where it once stood. Unfortunately, the street houses a hospital, do the PCs wish to save the patients before they themselves flee, and can they?

BΘUND TΘ BE TRΘUBLE

Author: [bRAIN-bOX](#)
Long to Campaign

The heroes are approached by a desperate woman, looking for the means to lift a curse placed on her. Nothing of the usual sort works on the woman. Further adventure and research leads them to a startling discovery: the woman is actually a plane bound into human form. Who bound this plane? Why? Is she an entire layer of the Abyss cursed by an Abyssal Lord? The lost, tenth layer of Baator? How can the curse be lifted? And more importantly, *should* the heroes lift it?





VISI+ SUNNY NEMAUSUS!

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short to Long

Someone, probably the Xaositects or the Revolutionary League, has been printing out fake travel brochures and distributing them among the Clueless. The brochures, which are printed on cheap card stock but have unusually good pictures, urge the Clueless to "visit sunny Nemausus," a "planar paradise of rest and relaxation," and gives them directions to several portals to Arcadia's lost third layer. The flowery words and bright, cheery (and somewhat outdated) pictures make no mention of the Harmonium re-education camps, the layer's collapse into Mechanus, or the fact that it is the battleground for the second largest war in the Multiverse. The PCs come across one of these pamphlets and have to find the source and shut it down before any more Prime tourists get sent to certain doom.

YAWNING MEMORIES OF WAR

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short

Garouman, a wolf that can take human form, lives deep within the most razorvine covered part of the Hive. He is one of the few berks to not only survive the Blood War, but still have his wits about him too. He wants the PCs to help him gather the arcane materials needed to create a sensory stone to record his experiences in, so that others might never want to be part of that great *ceaseless* evil.

THE CLOAK OF HALF-BEING

Author: [weishan](#)
Short to Long

A PC discovers a grayish and insubstantial magical cloak that causes powerful physical attacks to pass right through him, while his powerful physical attacks do the same to others. Weaker attacks by both the PC and his enemies still make contact and have their usual effects. Gradually, this cloak begins to weaken the PC and make him incorporeal at inconvenient times - though it also provides many other benefits, such as the ability to float a few inches off the ground at all times. The PC soon finds that he is pursued by other figures wearing similar grey cloaks who seem dead set on killing the PC and fade into puffs of smoke when they are slain.

THE SHATTERING

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

Several corpses are found in the Lady's Ward. Their heads are all bashed in, which wouldn't be so bad - but a particular healer claims that when she examined the bodies, she discovered that the deadly blows came from inside the skulls. This mystery now has many in the city worried whenever they get a headache.





A TOWN CALLED PLEN+Y

Author: [TheSky](#)
Very Long

Tradegate, the gate-town, has finally slipped to Bytopia. In its place stands Plenty, a city shaped like two half moons back-to-back, one side filled with brilliant towers and the other covered with humble farms. The town is in its youth, with many of its houses still empty, but seems to be doing well. However there are forces at work trying to swing Plenty away from the dream of Bytopia - to possibly change its gate to lead to somewhere else entirely!

CRADLE OF PROBABILITY

Author: [TheSky](#)
Very Long

In the outlands a colossal peak has risen from the earth. Around it all manner of spells can be performed, even by the lowliest of hedge wizard. Many claim it is the egg of a god, but just what is this rock? And if belief can shape the very planes - should the overzealous preachers who are flocking to it be allowed near this thing?

IN THE DEAD B@@K

Author: [TheSky](#)
Campaign

The PCs travel deep into the Hinterlands and return to find years upon years have passed. They are thought dead and their bodies buried with great ceremony in wealthy tombs. They apparently lived to become powerful members of Sigil's elite and cultivated a vast fortune in jink and many powerful artifacts. But they are not how the PCs themselves would have wished to have been, as if imposters had stepped into their shoes when they journeyed out to the Hinterlands. Just who lived in their place? What can they do with the legacy they left? And is there a way back to the present?

SKIN DANCERS

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

A famous illusionist has died of old age. He was buried in a glass coffin and everyone saw his frail lifeless body. The problem though, is that he was a known doppelganger. His apprentice, an incubus, believes he is still alive. He says the illusionist has fled leaving him with all of his debts to pay. The daughter of the illusionist was said to gain the illusionists equally famous wand upon his death but it has gone missing. She thinks the apprentice has stolen it to pay her father's debts. Can the PCs find the truth, when so many people surrounding the illusionist have a thousand faces at their disposal?





THE RENEWAL OF THE LORD

Author: [TheSky](#)
Campaign

An Abyssal Lord has learned a great secret: Every being that calls the Abyss home will one day fall into a place called the Deeper Light. A layer of the plane, numbered upon discovery as 7777, the Deeper Light devours and destroys the very essence of those beings that fall to it, a final judgment for the wicked. The Lord thinks it's almost his time and wants out before it is too late. He has been seen close to the Spire, speaking with the Norns. They have told him to come to the PCs for guidance on the matter. Meanwhile, every archon and adventurer in the planes wants the glory of his death, regardless of innocent bystanders!

THE LADY'S LAUGH

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

The portals of Sigil are closed. None of the old keys work and every proxy and servant of a deity or devil is getting very, very pissed. Can peace in Sigil last long with modrons and angels stuck so far from home? Just how important to trade are the portals? Can they be reopened, and why were they closed in the first place?

GIVE ME A CLUE!

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

The PCs are famous, powerful... and clueless? Someone has spiked their drinks with water from a... some river? I forget. And so do they. Old foes attack the PCs in their vulnerable state. Can they find the cure before they forget everything from their skills to each other?

DEATH OF DEMIPLANE

Author: [Squaff](#)
Long to Very Long


Some villain has cast the "Antigenesis" spell or psionic power on Neth, the Living Demiplane. But spell has manifested in the form of wasting illness. Neth is slowly dying and the PCs must find a cure. If they save it they could gain a permanent friend in the living demiplane.

SUN IN SIGIL

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short

A poor thieving berk found a sensory stone, a ancient and vivid one. It seems to have been made by Ra, the sun god himself, and carries the deity's memories. Unfortunately, they were strong enough to block his brain-box and now *he* thinks he is Ra. But his sister just wants the old Bobat back. Now a high ranking member of the Sign of One wants him dead





and a bunch of barmy Believers of the Source want to further his belief in his godly nature. The PCs must stop the poor berk from getting himself killed, and convince him he's just a lowly thief named Bobat to gain a jink reward. Or perhaps he's better off as "Ra".

EDUCA+ING +HE IGNØRAN+

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short to Medium

A clueless archmage of relatively high power, but with very little knowledge of the Dark of the planes has recently joined one of the PCs factions. The leaders of the faction decide that as great an ally as he is, he will only embarrass the faction if he isn't shown the truth. The PC is assigned to be his 'Tour Guide' and to teach him as much as is possible about Sigil, the Inner and Outer Planes, and whatever else he's mistaken about. Just imagine the PCs trying to balance correcting his errors with avoiding his wrath by angering him. And just wait until he manages to insult a room full of Tanar'ri by calling them Devils or some such. While they may not be much of a threat to him, the PCs will be in trouble...

DE+ØUR

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short to Long

A Baatezu Blood War detachment tried to steal a march on their Tanar'ri foes by routing through a couple of conduit portals through an Upper Plane. They were mostly Cornugons with a Pit Fiend in command. This was an elite aerial detachment, perhaps 40 or 50 strong. (*For this to work, 3.5 edition teleport rules have to be in force or this must be set after the events of **Squaring the Circle**, so that the fiends can't simply Teleport without Error home.*) Unfortunately, demonic sappers destroyed the portals while the devils were marching to the second portal. So now they're stranded on the Upper Planes. The Pit Fiend commander doesn't really want to fight Celestials, so now the PCs have an opportunity to defuse the situation before there is bloodshed and get the detachment where it was going.

E+HICS

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short to Long

The PCs overhear an argument between a Guardinal and an Archon. It seems that a small group of Guardinals entered into a contractual agreement with a similar group of Archons. The Archons delivered their end of the bargain, but now the Guardinals say that they won't be following through on their side, because unforeseen circumstances have made it much more difficult than anticipated, beyond their abilities to perform. They offer to perform some other service, but the Lawful Archon isn't too pleased with the whole thing. The PCs have an opportunity to get the two calmed down (or riled up, depending on party alignments). Once the two report back to their respective superiors, the PCs may have a similar opportunity between the groups as a whole.





GREATER GOOD?

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Long to Very Long

Representatives of Graz'zt hire the PCs to remove a powerful relic of good from the Abyssal realm Occipitus. Minions of Orcus and Demogorgon try to stop the PCs from doing this. Removing the relic seems likely to advance Graz'zt's plans to take control of the layer. Is it better for the PCs to claim the relic for use against Evil, or should they try to sabotage Graz'zt's plans?

HARMONY IN CHAOS

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Long to Very Long

The Harmonium carves out a small fiefdom in the Abyss. They will get destroyed eventually; they cannot possibly stand against the full fury of the Demons in their home plane. What's so valuable to them that they're willing to have their followers risk near certain death in the Abyss?

RUMORS OF THE SLAAD LORDS I

Author: [sciborg2](#)
Long

Ygorl is working with Doomguard to determine what Shiva is waiting for before he attempts to destroy the multiverse. Ygorl of course does not plan to be destroyed, but rather become the most powerful being in the multiverse by drawing on the rapid influx of entropy. If successful, Ygorl would only have to destroy Shiva before being able to recreate everything in his own image.

RUMORS OF THE SLAAD LORDS II

Author: [sciborg2](#)
Short to Long

Gatehouse barmies are dreaming about Ssendam, Tolly Salmon was said to have muttered something about the "golden shape" before she departed the gatehouse.

RUMORS ON THE SLAAD LORDS III

Author: [sciborg2](#)
Short to Long

The slaad lord Chourst apparently plans to look into the well of the Norns, to see what his future may be. Those who venerate the triple goddess represented in the crones, as well as those who believe in destiny, are rather worried over the prospect. Chourst himself believes that the well won't be able to show his future, as he is the personification of Randomness. In fact, the Slaad Lord hopes the well's power will be destroyed in the attempt, and the sect known as the Fate-Breakers are more than willing to help him out.



RUMORS ON THE SLAAD LORDS IV

Author: [sciborg2](#)
Short to Long

Having recently been seen in the Court of Color on Radiance, Renbuu commented at the time that the multiverse has the wrong color scheme. Additionally, that there ought to be a lot more orange dragons around, as the Slaad Lord felt they were under-represented on the multiverse. However, whether Renbuu can naturally shift the chromatic dragons between species at will as he can with the slaadi ranks is unclear. Regardless, Tiamat is believed to be rather upset with even the suggestion and has dispatched one of her consorts to assassinate the Lord of Color. Unless, of course, Renbuu started that rumor for his own enjoyment as well.

ROD OF WONDER

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short to Long

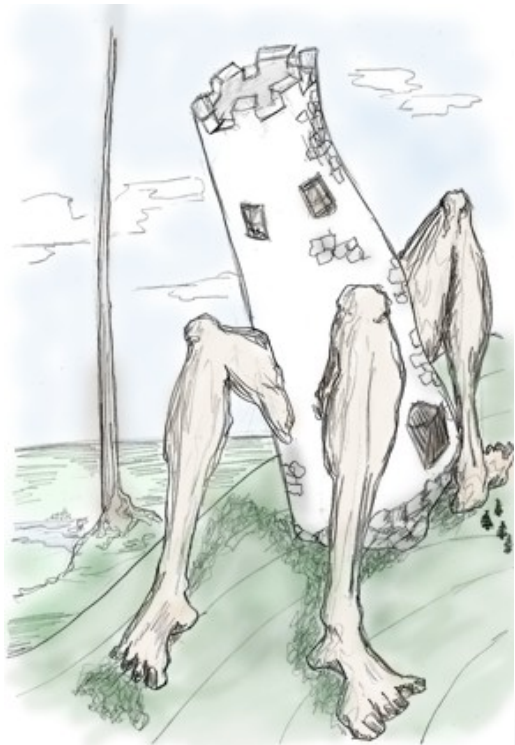
A Chaositect adventurer returns from a trip to Pandemonium with a Rod of Wonder. He promptly puts it to use to spread a little chaos around Sigil. On its own, this would simply be slightly annoying, however the PCs come to find out - possibly from the Chaositect himself as he's the chatty type - that the Rod was found in one of the sealed caverns of Agathion. Things don't usually wind up down there unless there's a reason for it. Just how worried should the PCs be? And just what else can that Rod do?

STOP THAT TOWER!

Author: [Hymneth](#)

Short

The PCs require the assistance of Merrist Three-hoof, a Bariaur scholar of some renown who has procured his own walking tower in the Outlands. Unfortunately, he's accidentally locked himself out and has been chasing it across the Plane for a week now. He agrees to help with whatever the PCs need, just as long as they can get him back inside the tower, or even just stop it from moving long enough for him to catch his breath.




TARANTULA CALLS

Author: [TheSky](#)
Very Long to Campaign

Deep within the green heart of the Beastlands, Tarantula, the first of all eight-legged kind, pondered. She hated to leave her lair, but the goddess of the drow had taken many of her kin and tainted them with evil. Something had to be done!





Tarantula asks the PCs to aid her to free her children by traveling to the Demon Web Pits to steal Lolth's power over them. She offers them an epic spell she has crafted, which will grant Tarantula full godhood over her children. But Raven has secretly been watching Tarantula for years and has sent word to the ravens Hugin and Munin, and they are whispering in the ears of Odin All-Father tales of this spell. And all the while the Anansi, King of All Stories, wakes from a long, long slumber.

A REAL KNOWER MAN

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short to Long

The PCs are sitting in a rundown bar when they over-hear a conversation between two canny berks. One man says, "Perhaps the Lady represents mental anguish... and she gets power from the Factions, from people who ask *why?*... But worshippers wouldn't offer this, since worshippers never *question*..."

Then he was flayed. Guts and bones thrown off him and he slumped against the bar, blood spilling everywhere. Since then every sod's been after this man's notes, dairies, anything, anything that was his...because he must of know something, he must of been onto something, right? The Lady doesn't just flay people, right?

Right? Right.

MILITIA

Author: [TheSky](#)
Long

Caught between two fronts of the Blood War - the PCs have one week to train a town of commoners to prepare for the coming battle.

I, GYSA

Author: [TheSky](#)
Short

Gysa is a half-orc and he loves fire and fire loves him. It grants him *powers*. But he is conflicted over his faith. He asks the PCs what they think fire means, what it wants, then after a quick grunt he'll walk on... but what the PCs say holds weight on the young man.

Does he worship the renewing flame? Or does it wish to consume all? Is it the forge he respects? Or does fire have no will, it merely is? Or if the PCs are charismatic enough, perhaps fire isn't worth the worship?

WHY THAT'S EASY, IT'S A ... UH...

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short

A well-to-do Sigilan lady buys a little pet from a planar merchant. Of course, she wants to know what it is, but the question's been stumping graybeards across Sigil. Sounds like a question for some experienced planewalkers, hmm? So? What is it?





THE SUCCESSION OF GI+H

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short to Long

In the waning days of Valkilith CLVII's mortal reign, a far sighted githyanki warlock named Duth'Njuk placed records concerning the full succession* of the githyanki throne in the care of a powerful construct, a Living Vault, and launched it into the gulfs of the Astral Plane. After a thousand years of obscurity, records concerning the Vault of Duth'Njuk have at last been revealed in secluded githyanki libraries, and parties of githyanki have set forth to reclaim the lost records. The vault does not simply open up for any githyanki who approaches it, instead it must be entrapped or somehow destroyed. Further complicating matters, it is capable of using Plane Shift or Greater Teleport once every 1d10 rounds.

This can concern the PCs in two ways. First, the PCs become involved in the search, either on behalf of the githyanki, or on behalf of those who do not wish to see a new Queen on the Red Dragon Throne. Second, the Vault may simply appear near the PCs or something they care about, with a horde of zealous githyanki seconds behind.

**Incidentally, the succession records the descendants of various high officers of the Rising, and their order of precedence, providing clear guidance on inheritance questions.*

ARM WRESTLING

Author: [Darkness Elemental](#)
Short

A Slaad has stolen something, and the PCs have been hired to get it back. The Slaad in question has an affection for arm wrestling, fey wine, and bawdy songs no more than 14 verses long.

MIRROR, MIRROR

Author: [Squaff](#)
Campaign

The rilmani are unsatisfied with the current balance of good and evil on certain Prime worlds. So they have engaged in a unique project with the nerra, of the demiplane of mirrors. The rilmani want the nerra to create mirror versions of those worlds where champions of good clearly outmatch forces of evil. So the nerra create an evil version of Toril where the greatest heroes (Elminster, Drizzt, etc...) of the world are insane, power hungry, and evil to the core maniacs bent on world domination.

But Dark-Toril soon suffers from the ambitions of its "heroes" and starts to break apart. Not wanting to suffer the fate of their world, the "heroes" of Dark Toril turn envious eyes to the rest of the multiverse, and slowly but surely hatch their plans against it.





FELL BUSINESS

Author: [Lord Xcapobl](#)
Short

The PCs receive notice that a Dabus named Fell needs their services. For an appropriate reward they are to enter a portal, seek a rare plant, and take a sample of its juice which might become a special ingredient for a new tattoo ink. Of course, the portal leads to a very inhospitable place. For example, an undead-demon-infested swampland on an obscure layer of the Abyss.

GR⊕UNDH⊕G DAY

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short to Very Long

The PCs defeat monsters in the forest and go to sell the loot in a nearby typical village, just like any other day. After they have completed their business they go to sleep. When they wake up they find they are back in the forest and the same monsters are attacking them, and in the nearby village the people are also doing the same things they did yesterday. The next day is the same, and the next... PC enter a time loop that repeats over and over again, except the PCs retain their memories of the past day.

Behind this problem is a genial, if a little crackpot, gnomish inventor who invented a time gate. The gate jammed when he was testing it and is now stuck. And he along with it. The PCs must find a way to save the gnome who is the only one who knows how to shut the machine down. Simply smashing it will not work.

DAY LAB⊕R

Author: [Azure](#)
Short

A wizard or sorcerer PC sees an ad or encounters a crier looking for someone with alchemy skill. The job is for one day, peak to peak, and pays fairly well. The PC will be mixing large batches of alchemist's fire, in a frenzied, 24-hour effort to churn out as much of the stuff as possible. There are several other spellcasters there, of a variety of races who may or may not get along. So much fiery death might be going to a good cause, or not-such-a-good cause, or its destination might remain a mystery. Sometime well past antipeak, mental fatigue should start coming into play, and making an error in measurement while mixing batches of arcane napalm would not be good.

On the plus side, the PC might learn how to make various alchemical weapons, or pick up a contact or cohort, or more mundanely just get paid and go home.

PHAN+⊕MS ⊕F +HE ⊕PERA

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short to Long

It has always been rumored that Civic Festhall is haunted, but in recent days sightings of strange apparitions are increasing, especially during opera performance. Of course, the strange shimmering apparitions are attracting lots of patrons and customers who want to



see what is this all about, but some Sensate factotums are still worried about the strange happenings, so they hire the PCs to do some ghost hunting.

Except the "ghosts" are not ghosts, but beings of living sound that have been stranded in Sigil and are searching for a way home. They come from a plane where sounds have color, shape, and weight, and where song is act of creation and a scream is used as weapon of destruction.

TRICK ⊕ R TREA+

Author: [Mask](#)
Short to Long

Some new sort of "rare chocolate" is sold by a shop in Sigil. Unfortunately the chocolate is filled with liquid that has been made from waters of the river Styx. A lot of Sensates have run out and tried this "new experience" before knowing about the side effects. Now the faction is in some disorder and the PCs are asked to find out the dark behind all of this.

ELEC+I⊕N DAZE

Author: [Azure](#)
Short to Long

Every three years, a Ward votes for its representative on the Sigil Advisory Council. Many other lesser office elections, for judgeships, guild officers, public advocates, city watchmen, etc., are also held at or around this time. Technically, all actual citizens of Sigil in a particular Ward (2 each year, on opposite sides of the ring) vote. In reality few residents are officially citizens, and those that are often have somebody else cast their vote for them, especially if they are in a faction, guild, sect, temple, etc.

In order to be a citizen, one must meet one of the following criteria:

- a. Own Property.
- b. Be an officer-level member (factotum or above) of a property-owning organization recognized by the city. This includes factions, guilds, temples of Powers of Intermediate or greater rank, certain recognized sects, and so forth.

The PCs, if any are eligible, are called upon to make their choice in the elections, as every vote is valued by those running for election. There are several Sub-adventures that can be set in the crazy, chaotic, cut-throat world of Sigilan street-level politics.

KNIGHTS ⊕ F ⊕ HE P⊕LL

Author: [Azure](#)
Short

Due to fears of corruption, some polling places are hiring poll watchers to guard certain vote-counts in their districts. The PCs are hired to guard boxes of paper ballots. Gee wiz, how exciting, they think, and their sarcasm lasts until one or more of the following show up:

- A VERY drunk Xaositect fire-mage.



- A mob of angry craftsmen armed with tools, whose guild master sold their votes for cash then turned 'em stag to lemon trees. "Sorry, guys but it's too late, they've been counted." is not what they want to hear.
- A flamboyant high priest with a hundred followers in tow, only a few of whom can legally vote. This works really nice if this are a temple of a god, or a priesthood, the PCs have clashed with before. The PCs must hold themselves in check, but they may notice some voting irregularities by the priests.
- A group of professional housebreakers, either under the mistaken belief there'd be cash here, or carrying their own box full of rigged votes.
- A barmy protester who missed the vote by about sixteen hours.

P⊕WER ⊕⊕ ⊕HE PERS⊕N

Author: [Azure](#)
Medium to Long

The upcoming elections are expected to be hotly contested. The PCs meet the candidate that they support, perhaps a current member of the Council, and she/he makes an impression. Their opponent is unsavory, but has jink, votes, and the support of well-placed individuals. Opponents could be any of the following:

- A Minder's Guild member (of the Sodkiller bent)
- A priest or paladin of unwavering Law
- A money-grubbing Taker
- A yugoloth , perhaps in disguise, perhaps not

In the run-up to the big election are smaller judgships and the like, and the unsavory opponent is rigging these to gain more power to win the big vote, perhaps even eliminating the candidates that oppose him. The PCs must either get proof of wrongdoing or find some other way of opposing the nefarious schemes of the opposition.

THE CENT⊕ER D⊕ES N⊕⊕ H⊕LD

Author: [Azure](#)
Short to Medium

The Hive is one major problem in Sigilan elections. Who are the rightful citizens? Who actually owns property? The Xaositects are a faction, but are they an organization with officers? No definitive census even exists for The Hive. Some districts are more stable than others within the Hive, but how does the Hive Ward as a whole choose a representative to the council?

The answer was a bit of legal trickery that ended up tricking the tricksters. When the Council was set up, it was agreed that if a district could organize its affairs enough to prove the Advisory Council's criteria for citizenship, those votes could be submitted. In those areas of the hive populated by naught but gutter runners, street-pillows, and slum-shackers, the population would have to submit a voting plan and approve it by eight out of every nine votes counted.

Now, many districts in the Hive are denied a vote because not enough berks can agree even when to have a vote about how to vote. In some districts, however, they have a lot of fun



with it. They might hold a footrace, or a silly song contest, or a giant poker game, or a duel to the death between candidates.

MØVING DAY

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Short

The PCs have been asked by a client to move some furniture while her dining room is being remodeled. Sounds simple, right? While, it would be if that client weren't Zadara the Titan, the dining room wasn't half an acre, and the chairs in her solid gold dining set didn't weigh a ton each (and that's not even counting the table). Somehow the PCs must find a way to move the furniture before the construction crew shows up and without wasting the sack of jink Zadara is giving them as payment.

GØING ØU+ ØF BUSINESS SALE

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short

A powerful wild mage living in the City of Brass has gotten it into his mind that somehow he will die in exactly 11 days. He has the time figured out down to the minute. Since he will be dead anyway, he's decided to have fun with it by making a contest of the whole thing. Anyone who can break into his abode before he dies is entitled to keep anything they can steal, and if anyone can kill him before the 11 days are up, they can have the tower. However, the dangers of wandering around the home of a wild mage on the plane of fire are many and ludicrous. Not to mention that if the mage does not actually die after 11 days, he may decide to recollect anything he lost...

ALL RØADS LEAD +Ø +HE ABYSS

Author: [jareddm](#)
Medium

The recent destruction of a massive cult of Abyssal worshipers on a Prime has caused such an influx of souls into the Abyss that the surrounding section of the Astral has shifted, dragged along in the wake of the souls. The result is all forms of planer travel on the prime world and several others near it all lead to the Abyss. The only way to fix the cosmic shift is through the planer orrery on Mechanus. But where is one to find a portal to Mechanus in the Abyss?

WHØ'S HAND IS THA+, AND WHY IS I+ ØN MY WRIS+?

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short to Medium

After a long night of drinking (or other suitable activity) the PC awakens with a splitting headache and a **very** troubling problem. Apparently, while unconscious, an enterprising fleshcrafter scavenged their body for parts. At least the good doctor was kind enough to



replace what it took with suitable replacements, but are 2 left arms really suitable? Or a bugbear's feet? Or the liver of a lifetime alcoholic?

One of the only clues the PC has to the whereabouts of their parts are minor sensations from each one. But just how does a person go about retrieving stolen body parts? Will they even be willing to take back their heart from the elderly grandfather that it is keeping alive? Or their eyes from a formerly blind child? Decisions, decisions...

I'M A MODRON, BUT THAT'S ALRIGHT

Author: [Squaff](#)
Medium to Long

A barmy girl has escaped from the Gatehouse and the Bleakers need help to find her before she gets hurt. The girl has unusual personality disorder: she thinks she is a modron. What is more unusual is that she has a strange effect on other modrons, even rouge ones. Each modron that the girl meets regards (and obeys) her as its superior. Things get complicated when a power hungry Guvner learns about her "ability" and wants to conduct an interesting experiment: he wants to test if Primus will obey the orders of the "little modron girl".

KNOWING THE UNKNOWABLE

Author: [BAAL the Goatlord](#)
Short to Medium

A Guvner scholar studying the ever swirling chaos of Limbo recently made a historic discovery. He found a book that explains how the apparent chaos of the plane is actually the result of extremely complex applications of universal laws. The Fraternity of Order rejoices at this news and sends a team to retrieve the scholar's research. Unfortunately, the Scholar has gone completely barmy. The Chaosmen don't believe a word of this screed and assume that the book is a powerful artifact of chaos. Both factions want the book for their own reasons, the Guvners to study it and the Chaosmen to spread chaos. Of course the Harmonium is concerned about what this item could do in the wrong hand so it has to get involved as well.

The PCs could be members of any of the above factions, or they could be sent by other factions to retrieve, destroy or investigate the book. Members of the Bleak Cabal could even seek out the Scholar to insure his new condition is treated, if they can work up the motivation that is.



IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST OR DRAGONSLAYING

Author: [Squaff](#)
Long

A rich tiefling merchant is very ill. His stomach hurts like the nine hells. After closer examination his doctor reaches a diagnosis: His patron has a rare form of parasite called "Gut Dragon". This parasite is like all dragons: resilient, crafty, and deadly.

An operation is out of question and healing spells won't work, so the PCs are

shrunk and must travel through the patient's body, interacting with various other denizens of a tiefling body, to find and slay the "beast" and then finally find a way out.

DØWN +HE DRAIN

Author: [Hymneth](#)

Short

Another member of some group one or more of the PCs belong to has a problem. They recently purchased an item of great value which they planned to present to their beloved as a proposal of sorts, but the courier that was to deliver it fell into an Ooze portal in the Hive and vanished. Now, the PCs must find the particular puddle the portal is located in, pass through, find the item and recover it from whatever has it now by any means necessary. Then get back before the Dabus manage to brick the puddle over. Possible encounters include greedy and lethargic ooze mephits, sentient otyughs, a very confused and distressed lost merfolk bard, and a (hopefully peaceful) disagreement with the Dabus.

CAMPAIN CØN+RIBU+IØN

Author: [Azure](#)

Short to Long


Sigilan law is really lax and practically unenforced anyway, when it comes to monetary support to candidates. Every Guild has its own bylaws, of course, though they tend to be stricter than the 'official' law. Judgeships are considered special, but members of the Sigilan Advisory Council, as well as district officers, constables, barristers, and a host of other minor and moderate public offices are bought and sold every election cycle. A 'good' politician is one that stays bought and remembers her friends (and their jink) once she's in office.

- The PCs learn about a large pay-off, in the form of a chest full of jinx and merts, that has to make it from one Ward to another. The pay-er is known to be a cheapskate who'll likely not pay a lot for security, so it *should* be a fairly easy grab...
- The PCs learn that the temple of, pick your favorite evil deity, is going to make a huge pay-off to an influential candidate. Stealing the pay-off is double-win, as not only can they thwart the evil temple's plans, but get paid in the process.
- Alternately, they may learn that there will be an assassination attempt on a (too) honest candidate with a lot of popular support. When they eliminate the assassin, they find a powerful item the assassin was carrying. In this scenario, the assassin's guild, while they harbor no ill will toward the PCs (occupational hazard), want their property back. They are also likely to try again (they already took the money for the hit), and if the PCs are still around will see them as a threat to be taken care of.

Follow-ups: Every action has a consequence...

- 1) The corrupt guild / evil temple / rival Faction or Sect is not happy that its jink disappeared. They are actively trying to find out who robbed them, and when they find out they plan to recoup the loss with interest.
- 2) Another group of bushwhackers had the same idea. They either run into the PCs while they are weakened from taking down the guards, or they find out soon after and come looking for the group that took 'their' jink.



- 
- 3) The pay-off was *highly* illegal, and the Authorities had a sting set up and ready to go, for a change. They are not too happy about 'their' evidence growing feet. A few gumshoes following the PCs' footprints makes for a fun time (for DMs and players, not PCs).

⊕H SUCH A PERFECT DAY! ⊕R GR⊕UNDH⊕G DAY PART 2

Author: [Squaff](#)
Medium to Long

The time loop is happening again and due to their previous experience with time loops the PCs are unaffected. (see *Groundhog Day* adventure seed). This time the PCs encounter Inevitables which are attempting to safeguard time. They say that they will obliterate loop and anyone and anything inside it unless the loop is fixed.

This time the "villain" behind the scenes is a time traveling wizard using time gate to generate the loop around a single event in his youth: the last perfect day with his love before she dies in a monster attack. This time PC have time limit on their hands, but they also have different solutions available. But they should hurry because the clock is ticking.

⊕NE WAY TICKETS ARE HARD ⊕ FIND

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short

One morning in Sigil, the PCs are surprised to awake to a woman crashing through their ceiling at an incredible speed, only to land safely on a pile of discarded cloaks and rations. She seems very annoyed to have survived, but when she finds out that they are somewhat skilled in the ways of the Planes she has a proposition for them.

Kill her.

Michaela, formerly of the Doomguard, has a problem. Several years ago she made a bet with a powerful entity that it is possible for anything to die. The entity accepted, and promptly 'blessed' Michaela with incredible luck at avoiding mishaps. Now, the only way that Michaela can win the bet is by dying herself, but it's proving difficult. Nooses snap, unexpected large birds save her from falls, swords dull, arrows miss, rampaging beasts choke on her and spit her out, and generous priests passing by decide to heal her wounds out of the kindness of their hearts when she does get close.

The stakes of the bet were quite high, and although she won't say what was wagered exactly, it is imperative that she wins this bet at all costs. Time is running out for Michaela, and only 10 days remain before the bet is called. Can the PCs find a way to kill someone who may actually be impossible to kill, and if they do find a way can they bring themselves to do it?





AS+RAL/E+HEREAL EMISSARIES

Author: [Squaff](#)
Long

A new "village" has appeared on the Astral plane. This village is located on a huge black sphere and its inhabitants are intelligent astral constructs. The new "race" wants to become part of the planar community and establish trade with the rest of the planes so they will welcome anyone to their home. But some guests have more sinister motives: they want to learn the secrets of these unusual new beings and profit from it.

The twist: The black sphere is actually a psionic artifact which encases the living remains of a powerful psion who was in life especially fond of astral constructs. Before he died he decided to give his creations the gift of life and sentience.

BIG BR⊕+HER

Author: [Boojum](#)
Short to Long

A young man asks the PCs for help: his elder brother is sick, and getting sicker. No healer can help him, so perhaps experienced planewalkers could find out what kind of curse he suffers? In truth, the brother couldn't be worse: he's been dead for three years. However, his younger brother's belief that he was strong and indestructible kept him moving and well. But as the young man's grows up and gets more mature, his belief in his brother's invulnerability starts to fade - thus the apparent sickness.

IMAGES ⊕F +HE FU+URE

Author: [Boojum](#)
Campaign

Who ever believed Fell's tattoos were just tattoos? The fact is, they are alive and they've been taking over their bearers slowly, very slowly, over the past decades. Now Fell's moved out of Sigil into a city that just appeared in the Outland. A man bearing one of his tattoos, featuring said city, was overcome by it and transformed into the place. There, in this place that obeys his every whim, he plots his revenge against Sigil. Every man bearing his tattoos will become one of his tools for this.

Of course, the PCs should be wearing Fell's tattoos. They have to fight him and win before they are totally dominated. As the time passes, they will lose more and more control - at times awakening in places they don't remember going, or seeing their tattoos taking substance.

And what if Fell is good? What if he wants to give the city to the forces of the Upper Planes? Sure, the PC have good reasons to dislike his methods, but might it not be worth it?





NEW KUΘ-TΘAN EMPIRE

Author: [Squaff](#)
Campaign

It is said that the kuo-toa once had a great empire on the Prime. Recently, a great undead kuo-toan warlock awoke from its ageless slumber, and he did not like what had happened to his race. He decided to recreate those days of glory.

Unfortunately, for the Prime Material that is, he found an ancient terraforming satellite in the Mines of Mersilin (*a place on Archeron where all destroyed objects end up*). So with the backing of this technological wonder and powerful magic, and his elemental and Prime allies he chooses his first world on which to raise the ocean level and end the age of humans.

Why should this concern the PCs? Well, lucky day, their world is targeted for this operation.

CΘLΘR BLIND

Author: [Duckluck](#)
Campaign

There are a few things Prime archmages should never be allowed to do. Messing up the essential fabric of the Multiverse is probably at the top of the list. Sadly though, it doesn't always work that way, as evidenced by the recent events concerning the Fizbush the Mad.

Lost and irritated on the Astral Plane, Fizbush made one fateful *Wish* that the Astral Plane "make more sense." Fizbush's spell did nothing to make him any less lost, but it did help him to finally remember what color pool went where. Mostly because every plane in the Multiverse had had its fundamental pigmentation changed to match that of its color pool.

Every layer and every demon of the Abyss was made purple. Thanatos was an ugly mauve, Pazuzu a nice shade of violet. Celestia was gold, Bytopia was amber (which is more than a little confusing), and Limbo was made a fearsome shade of Jet.

Now, even though nothing has *physically* changed, the shift caused an understandable upheaval. People's sense of individuality was shattered, artists went insane, and the slaadi got very, very confused. Fortunately, a handful of intrepid and brave heroes(?) have stepped forth to fix the problem, not that anyone is actually sure how to do that.

QUEEN'S RANDSΘIII

Author: [Squaff](#)
Long to Very Long

A formian city hive on Nemasus is invaded by the baatezu. With scalpel precision their queen is captured and held hostage, and the formians are forced to do the fiends' bidding. The queen's advisors are searching for outside help from any, including the PCs. Unfortunately time is running out because the old queen will soon lay her egg from which the new queen will hatch. Which is what the baatezu are after, to craft a new subspecies of infernal formians for the Blood War. To make things worse the baatezu are supported by the modrons, who are searching for any form of assistance to rid Mechanus of the invaders.



SØUL SMUGGLERS

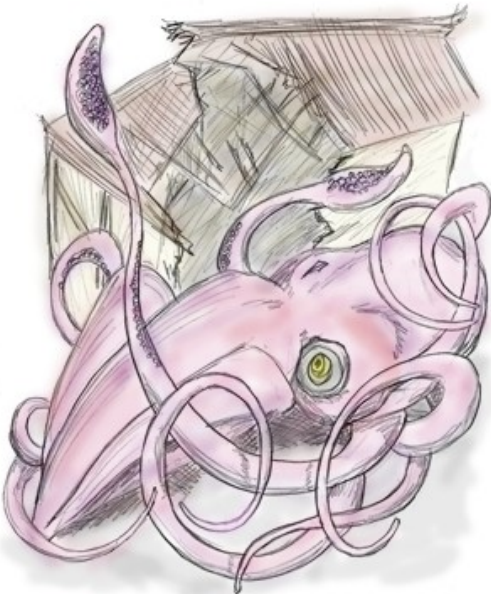
Author: [Squaff](#)
Campaign

There is new criminal empire forming on the Prime. And they deal in false Afterlives. These crooks sell the bliss of the Upper Planes to rich and corrupt individuals who least deserve the reward. The catch is this: for an evil soul to reside in the Upper Planes as a petitioner, they must "steal" its place in the afterlife from a good soul in the Upper Planes.

The PCs must infiltrate this organization, which is spreading like a weed, and destroy it at any cost, for it is possible that their own places in the afterlife could be "for sale".

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

Author: [Hymneth](#)
Short



The streets of Sigil hold many strange sights, but even here it's not often that one finds a kraken stuck in a tavern. The kraken, Oolwoolui, was traveling the planes polymorphed into a humanoid shape thanks to a special charm it carried. Unfortunately, it tripped while passing through the tavern and fell into a fireplace, destroying the charm. Within seconds the entire first and second floor of the tavern and much of the street outside were full of confused, angry, and suffocating kraken.

The job of the PCs in this case is pretty much up to them.

Do they just pass by and avoid the tendrils as best as they can? Kill the kraken before it can cause any more damage? Help the creature before it "drowns" in the air and then try to speak with it? Needless to say the owner of the tavern would be quite happy to recompense someone who would help him out, and most kraken are quite wealthy in their own right, although it may still be stingy as far as rewards go.


THE SIGILIAN CENSUS

Author: [Kestral](#)
Long

The Sigil Advisory Council has decided to take up a census of the residents of Sigil, supposedly to "better apportion out Council memberships," but really because a few groups have been complaining that they're unfairly represented and the Council's trying to shut them up.

But one barmy has suggested that the Council needs to account for the various dabus working around the city and adjust representation accordingly. Somehow, this idea has found traction among some groups, particularly those with an axe to grind who think they





can pick up some extra power without picking up extra votes, and the Xaositects, who just think it's funny and a fine practical joke on the Council.

Likewise, other particularly odd definitions of residents are being suggested, with similar goals. Worse, the Council's being pressured to accept them, so the census's categories of residents are incredibly bizarre, and seem to change from day to day. And to top it all off, each of the factions are trying to slant the "count" in such a way that they gain as much power as possible.

Unfortunately for the PCs, they have been tasked with going door to door in one of the Wards to complete the census. To ensure that the census-takers don't just make up some numbers, there are several teams working simultaneously in each Ward without being told who the other teams are and all teams are supposed have representation from multiple power groups in the city.

The PCs have a few options here: they can actually try to count the seemingly uncountable; find the other teams and then attempt to bribe, cajole, and otherwise persuade them to come up with similar numbers; or simply throw up their hands in frustration. The teams also have to find a way to deal with their superiors back at the Factions while this goes on.

- One group is pressuring the Council to count dead bodies as residents. They rationalize that there are undead who are residents, so counting the merely dead is not that much more difficult a hurdle, particularly as they're not up and moving around. Plus the dead could become undead, and would otherwise be disenfranchised.
- Another group is campaigning against the Census in general, and is attacking any census-takers they come across.
- One religion is claiming that their members should be exempted from the Census because the Council should accept the claims made by the priests as to their number of worshippers, and failing that, should accept that their adherents on the Prime are "Sigil residents in spirit."
- The Factions themselves are also active in this circus, as they are variously campaigning against the Census, campaigning for the Census, campaigning for and against the Census, and being generally pig-headed about the entire deal.

P.S. If this sounds Paranoia-esque, I'm glad. This is intentionally meant to be an adventure that drives the PCs up the wall, even before they consider trying to take a census of the Hive.

ACROSS THE PLANES IN 80 DAYS


Author: [Mask](#)

Series of Short to Campaign

A VERY rich and just about as clueless noble has read some books, describing parts of the Planes. Now he wants go to there, and see for himself. All the highlights of course. City of Brass, Demonweb Pits, Jangling Hiter, Sigil...

He bought a trip through a portal to Union, where he meets with the party that was hired to be his guides and guards. He even provides a (slightly inaccurate) list of portals and keys to use. Unfortunately he already planed his trip home through the portal in Union again, so there is a limited time for him to get through his sightseeing and back to Union.





Of course, the PCs have a limited amount of time to prepare for each stop. If you are a generous DM, the players may get whole lists of places to visit at once. Otherwise they are surprised with a new destination every time. This is a good way to show the characters around, taking them to special places that didn't fit into your normal campaign.

If you want to use this adventure as an introduction to the planes, then the PCs are hired just as guards and guides are brought along if needed. At almost any other time the noble prefers to use his books as guides.

GHØST IN THE SHELL

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short to Medium

Modrons in Sigil have contracted a strange "illness": they start acting odd, they sing, dance, break stuff and things like that. Then after some time they resume normal functions without any memories of what happened before. Of course the Guverners and the Pentadrone located in Sigil want to investigate this strange phenomenon, so they hire some more creative and risk-taking bloods to assist, the PCs that is.

Who is behind this? A ghost of a Xaositect who for some reason can only possess modron bodies though the lawful energies of modrons soon drive him out. The PCs have to figure first what is going on, then they have to figure how to lay this restless spirit, who can't stay focused for more than 5 minutes, to its final reward on Limbo.

I GØT TO GET ØUT ØF THIS PLACE

Author: [Wretch](#)
Medium

The Great Wizard Fnord has taken quite a bit of time on his latest summoning spell. He picked the perfect Prime Material sphere; he used the finest and strongest ingredients; and studied the perfect astrological conjunctions.

And then, he summoned the Party. Between the magical strain of his new version of the spell, too much rich food and the party's own intimidating appearance on being wrenched from their activities, he croaked of a heart attack within seconds.

Unfortunately, Fnord did not make a standard summoning spell: he made an Astral Vacuum. Like an astral conduit, it flails around; unlike it, it sucks anyone nearby into the connected Plane, not just the souls of the dead.

Most characters would consider this "Not My Problem", except that what gets drawn in stays drawn in until the spell is destroyed. An increasingly frustrated party may use spell after spell in the attempt to leave, to no avail. This is much more complicated than it seems as the castle is magical and floating, and the problem for which they were summoned, an invading army, is outside, while the interior of the castle is increasingly being filled with a wide assortment of Extra Planer riff raff of various power levels.





EAVESDRØPPER

Author: [Wretch](#)
Medium

Lex the Artist once made a portrait of one of the PCs. Then Lex died. The next thing the PC notices is that when someone talks to his portrait, he hears it and can respond... no matter where he is. The PC was unaware of the special aspects of this portrait, and perhaps was even unaware of its existence having somehow simply caught Lex's eye.

Of course, Lex left a lot of debts, as a starving artist, and his unclaimed portraits were sold off in an estate sale. If the PC blabs, several important people are going to want to analyze the effect and attempt to capture the painting and the subject. Lex's old paints, diaries and other portraits have suddenly jumped in value. Everyone is running down these things. Who has the most to gain? And certainly the PC who frequently has folks whispering in his ear at odd times can stand to profit from it.

ASYLUM BREAK

Author: [Squaff](#)
Short

A rich father has put his only son in the madhouse just because he joined the Xaositects. Until he is cured of his madness, the father is willing to pay. And he will pay extra for any method that will cure his son of his "madness". But understandably, the Xaositects want to help their new member and they hire the PCs to spring him out.

Only, there is a slight problem. This asylum is located in an old maze created by the Lady of Pain. So getting in is easy, simply by diving in from the Ethereal, but getting out is a little more difficult.

SEASØN'S TURN

Author: [Clueless](#)
Medium to Campaign

The party is hired to capture a young woman named Percy on her trip from Olympus to the realm of Hades on the third layer of the Grey Waste. They are given a warning that she is a werful wizardress and the only way to successfully restrain her from unleashing death and mayhem upon them is to quickly (within 1 round) bind her with a special rope provided by their employer. Then they may spirit her away from her other escorts.

The twist: "Percy" is Persephone, traveling from the domain of her mother, Demeter to that of her husband Hades for winter. The rope is made of parts of the thread that binds Fenris, a trap that may now be weakened with the loss, greatly increasing the risk of Ragnarok. A problem that may actually take more precedence than even the wrath of the Greek Pantheon.





CREDITS

All hooks contributed on Planewalker's forums may be found in their original format along with commentary here: <http://www.planewalker.com/forum/adventure-hook-junction>

[Duckluck](#) is ultimately responsible for starting this madness.

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