

DESIRE AND THE DEAD

A PLANESCAPE SCENARIO FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 1-3

BY
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DESIRE AND THE DEAD

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C O N T E N T S

BACKGROUND & SYNOPSIS	3
<i>In which the history of events is related, including several possible means for a party of new Player Characters to arrive upon the scene</i>	
ACT I: THE WHISPERED WORD	10
<i>In which our heroes encounter their employers, acquire a new abode, and get to work</i>	
ACT II: HITTING THE STREETS	21
<i>In which the heroes explore the Grey District and investigates a sudden turbulence among its inhabitants</i>	
ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES	46
<i>In which the heroes investigate the item at the heart of their troubles, and perhaps make the unwelcome acquaintance of a former Factotum</i>	
ACT IV: THE CIVIC FESTHALL	61
<i>In which the villain behind the plot may be confronted</i>	
ACT V: ONE LAST JOB.....	68
<i>In which true heroes must step forth to defend the Grey District from the depredations of fiends</i>	
APPENDIX I: THE PYRE DISTRICT.....	84
<i>In which are found details of that most perilous and ruinous district called ‘The Pyres’, two locations of potential interest to adventures, and many deadly encounters to be had while wondering about it</i>	
APPENDIX II:THE GREY DISTRICT	118
<i>In which is detailed part of the Grey District, its architecture, characters, and potential adventures</i>	
APPENDIX III: HANDOUTS	147
<i>In which are several pieces of paper for use in baffling or enlightening the Player Characters: Images of the Voices of Wailer’s Square, a player map of the Grey District, Protector Nymon’s business pamphlet, and the Jocular Note (both babbling and translated versions)</i>	

DESIRE AND THE DEAD is a Planescape adventure designed for 3rd level characters, either native planars or newly arrived primes. It is particularly suitable for use as the starting adventure of a new campaign, and could easily be run with 1st or 2nd level characters. Many opponents will be humanoids with class levels rather than monsters, and this adventure involves a more talking and investigation than fighting (see 'SCALING THE ADVENTURE' for extensive suggestions on this). The adventure is set entirely within Sigil, mostly in Hive Ward, specifically in the area near the Mortuary known as the Grey District. It has a freeform design and aside from a few key scenes the actions of the player characters will significantly influence how things play out. Much of the action is comparatively dangerous, but the party will usually have plenty of opportunity to retreat and rest between encounters: These are city streets after all, not a dungeon. The party will rarely be in a situation where they cannot flee from trouble, although this is not without occasional consequences.

This supplement was designed with three main objectives: To provide extensive guidance for novice Dungeon Masters - both those new to the setting and those new to *Dungeons & Dragons*; to create a 'living setting' where the characters' actions have long-lasting effects, which will continue to exist after the adventure is done; and to produce an adventure that's as different from a 'dungeon bash' as possible. Potential DMs should bare those facts in mind when reading and running this pack.

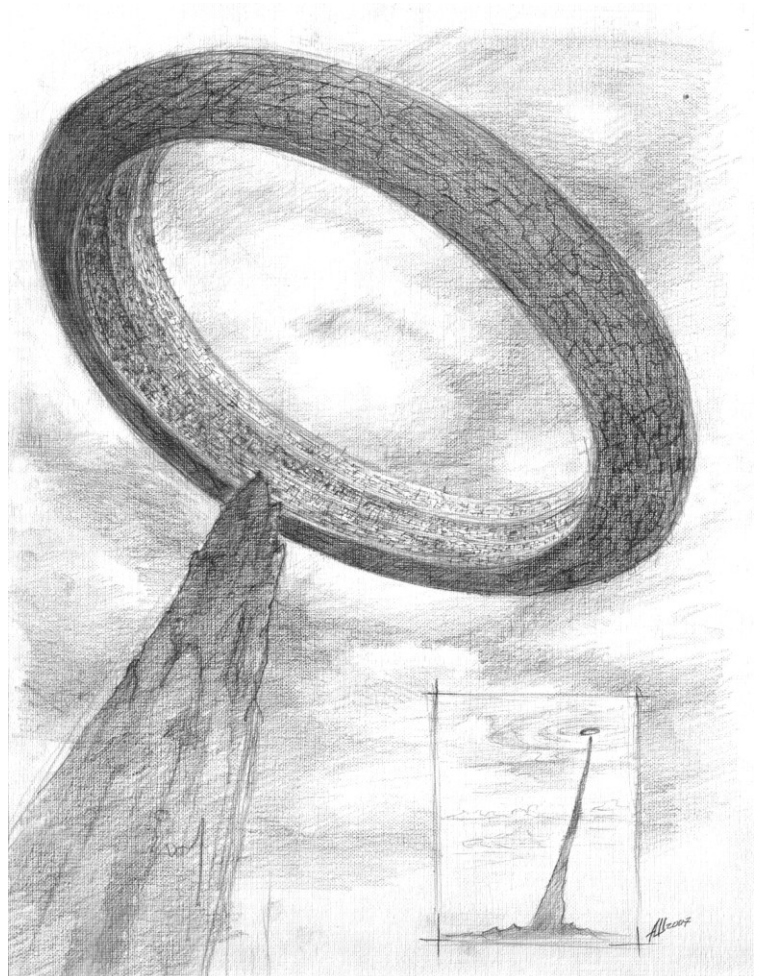
The scenario is set post-Faction War using the PSCS material, but notes are provided to adapt it to other time periods. Whenever possible, the adventure utilizes information taken only from the three core *Dungeons & Dragons 3.5* books and the *planewalker.com* website. Occasional references are made to other sources, but these are certainly not essential to play.


BACKGROUND & SYNOPSIS

The Factions may have been banished from Sigil, but the *Kreigstanz* goes on. Disputes of philosophy continue as they have for centuries, and one cutter unwilling to abandon the struggle no matter what Her Serenity says is *Eyes Desire*, a member of the Society of Sensation.

Although she uses the words guild hall rather than Faction headquarters to refer to the Civic Festhall these days, *Eyes Desire* has changed very little in the aftermath of the Faction War. A minor but dedicated plotter in various Sensate schemes, *Desire* has recently set plans into motion to harm the remaining Dustmen of Sigil, whom she fears are rebuilding their Faction in all but name. Convinced that the Factions will one day get back into the Cage, she is already laying the groundwork for the Society of Sensation's glorious return, and trying to evict what remains of the others.

Eyes Desire recently contracted the services





of Brunathel the Worthy, an artificer formerly of the Believers in the Source. Brunathel created an enchanted censor for her, named the *Thurible of Desire*. This device enchants any incense burning within it, lacing its smell with an effect similar to a *Suggestion* spell. This stirs up the emotions of those exposed to the incense, especially passions long denied or lost; the more severed the victim is from his passions, the stronger the effect - so strong in fact, that it can even effect the undead. While Desire told Brunathel that the *Thurible* was to be used to heal Sensates whose passions had been lost on the Grey Waste, her true targets are the Dustmen.

Desire's minions then contacted a band of Xaosetic jesters called the *Joculators*, suggesting that it might be fun to prance around the Mortuary District "*making fun of all those stuffy black robes and grim faces.*" She even had her agents provide them with a disguise - a selection of Dustman robes and some funerary gear (included the magical censor). The chaotic trio have been causing trouble in the area ever since. Although she hopes that they plague the area for a good long time, Desire is actually happy to see them disposed of by the locals, because (she hopes) the Dustmen will carry the troupe's obviously stolen funerary gear back into the Great Mortuary, where her *Thurible* might cause even greater damage.

The *Thurible of Desire* is currently filled with a particularly cloying and persistent incense from Arcadia (also supplied by Desire's agent) called *Three Suns Prayer*. The smell of this incense clings to the skin and clothes of anyone in proximity to it, carrying with it the magical effect. Because the Xaosetics have been running around swinging the *Thurible* for days, its lingering smell (and magic) is scattered all over them, their victims, and the Grey District in general. As a result almost everyone is finding themselves ill-tempered, passionate, or full of old longings, with the Dustmen and undead most severely affected. Eyes Desire hopes that the emotions inspired by the *Thurible* will cause many Dustmen to have a crisis of faith and perhaps even abandon their order, and that marauding undead will damage the reputation of the so-called 'Funerary Guild' with Sigil's new authorities. To Eye Desire, this is a mere diversion and an exercise in the philosophical warfare that has existed between Factions for millennia, but her actions are potentially disastrous to those who live in or near the Mortuary, many of whom have urges best suppressed. One such victim of the *Thurible* is a recently arrived primer ghast known as *Fingers*, who had begun to follow Dustmen beliefs and fight his hunger for living flesh. If the PCs do not do something quickly, he won't be able to restrain his murderous urges much longer.


Fortunately the PCs are on the scene, having been hired to keep the peace in a suddenly emotionally-charged district. They likely become involved with the plot after encountering *Fingers*, marauding *Joculators*, or by being exposed to the *Thurible* themselves. They may or may not discover Eyes Desire's involvement, but regardless of their success against the Sensate plot the party will also face a climactic battle against a fiend gang seeking to exploit all the chaos.

PLAYING PRE-FAC+ION WAR

This adventure can easily be set before the Faction War if the DM so desires. Only a few changes will be necessary, and these are outlined below:

The Grey District is inhabited mostly by Dustmen, although many of these are *namers* with little more than a badge to prove their beliefs. The recent influx of strangers is not due to the tempest of portals, but to a crackdown by the Harmonium in more respectable areas of the city - many Indeps and 'free spirits' (both good and bad) have been forced into the Hive by Hardhead persecution and are now struggling to make a new life for themselves in the Mortuary's shadow.

The Factions will be more prominent, though mainly as a source of gossip and scandal. Of course the Dustmen will dominate the whole area and every *Dustman Store* (location 24) is also a recruiting station and source of faction touts. The *Kriegstanz* is constantly in the background of Sigillian life, and it shouldn't take too long for someone to suggest that maybe one of the Dustmen's enemies is behind things.



Eyes Desire and **Quartermaster Ambergris** are just two of many warriors in the ongoing *kriegstanz*. Before the Faction War, Eyes is still an up and coming Factotum looking to make a name for herself (with this plot), while Ambergris is the local Dustmen enforcer charged with keeping the Grey District secure. The plot is just one of countless minor battles going on in the Cage, and both Factotums will be far more open and proud about their scheming (though not on the specifics); to them the events are just the latest round in the age-old war of philosophy.

People in general will be more likely to believe that events are part of a larger plot in the Faction conflict. Characters described as having left their faction (Brunathel, Granny Marduk, and Jaime Foul tongue) will be *highly unusual* and a constant source of much gossip. Use their opinions to help foreshadow the various problems that eventually cause the Faction War.

The Voices will employ the PCs to avoid the attention of the Harmonium and Mercykillers, rather than the Sons of Mercy and Sodkillers. The non-Dustmen of the area are also wary of undead patrolling the district if they ask that Faction for help. **Bald Grum** is openly a member of the Fated, and will be wearing their heraldry with pride. **Silent Brom** is an *Indep*. Between them these two ensure that the concerns of non-Dustmen in the area aren't just swept aside.

Sougad Sodkiller will be a member of the Mercykillers, although his attitude and aims won't have changed. If set before *Harbinger House*, then Sougad's name has no infamy but he's been hauled in three times by the Hardheads *and his own Faction* for questioning about some murders going on. He's no idea why everyone seems to suspect him of being a murderous barmy all of a sudden...

The Pyres: Use the background as written, but its destruction wasn't part of the Faction War, just the usual Hardhead-Anarchist struggle. This is a big part of the reason why the *Voices* don't want the Hardheads involved in their district again.

Faction-run authorities will promise to look into the situation, but will use it as an excuse to follow through on their own agendas. If the PCs actually manage to convince someone to act in the district, they will descend on it in exactly the heavy-handed way that the Voices didn't want: Mercykillers will be waving naked swords looking for berks to smite and Hardheads will be stomping up and down the streets arresting just about everybody. Ridding the district of these bashers might very well be the PCs' next task; after all with Faction-backed reinforcements on the scene, they're out of a job!

More than likely however, the PCs will simply be told by other the Factions that the Grey District is 'Dustman turf' and they should take any problems to them. PCs who do will eventually be directed to Ambergris.


One other significant change is that some of the Factions and their opinions on the matter are different in the pre-War era. See 'GETTING THE PARTY LINE' in ACT I for information on what the various Factions think before the war.

SCALING THE ADVENTURE

Desire & the Dead is designed primarily for 3rd level characters, as this allows players to select PCs from the ECL +2 races found in the Planescape campaign setting information at planewalker.com. Below are extensive notes for DMs wanting to run *Desire & the Dead* with lower or higher level groups.

HIGHER LEVEL GROUPS

Slightly higher level groups can run through the adventure as written, but will obviously have an easier time of things and need less rest between encounters. Many of the random encounters can be left as written,



providing the DM wants to give the characters an easy challenge (it feels good to be big fish in a small pond now and again, especially in Sigil), others will need adjusting to make them a fun challenge for your group.

With characters of significantly higher level the adventure becomes more of a diversion - mere 'background noise' for their visit to the Cage. Characters who are interested in helping out their neighbours are likely to be drawn in but mercenary bashers simply won't be impressed by the rewards on offer. It's also unlikely that higher level groups will be calling kip right outside the Mortuary.

An easy way to increase the difficulty is to make the Grey District more monstrous - replace the listed NPCs in a random encounter with monstrous humanoids or intelligent undead, add class levels or the half-fiend template, etc. A few key encounters will also need scaling up to give the party an appropriate challenge: The *Joculators*, *Ambergris*, *Eyes Desire*, *Fingers*, and the *Pariahs* should all be significantly beefed up. *Deathmonger* and *Deadwick* are also designed to be significantly threatening to the average group: Compare the EL of each encounter against the default PC of level of 3 to work out how much of a challenge they should be. See the *Dungeon Master's Guide*, p49 for more details.

LOWER LEVEL GROUPS

Characters of level 1 or 2 should be able to attempt the scenario largely as written (with the changes noted below). DMs should be aware however that such groups will probably need longer to recover between encounters, and perhaps more active assistance from the district's NPCs. Feel free to space out the events further for lower level PCs.

DMs should also beware of 'high damage' encounters such as *Deathmonger*, the *ogre brothers*, the *Tentacle of Doom*, and even some of the *Hive Ward Hazards* - all of these can kill a low-level PC in a single blow. This is especially relevant for player characters with a high ECL race (githyanki, rogue modrons, etc), who will have low hit point totals compared to an ECL zero race of the same overall level. Specific notes on running 1st and 2nd level group are given below:

ACT II: HITTING THE STREETS

A Tale of Blood & Gold: During the 'ASSAULT AT ANTIPEAK' encounter, if the party are level 2, remove one Allip (for an EL 5 encounter). If playing with 1ST level adventures, remove two allips (for an EL 3 fight).

Dance Of The Joculators: Three *Joculators* together make an EL 6 encounter. If *Grimjaw the Githzerai* is also present, the EL becomes 7. Parties with an average level below 3 will probably find them invincible. The DM should either split the *Joculators* up into two or three separate encounters, or re-create them from scratch to better suit his or her group - but remember that these *Xaosetics* are major opponents and PCs should find defeating them hard work.


ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLES WITH THURIBLES

Nothing's Ever Easy: The number of *Githyanki* in each squad should be equal to the party's average level.

ACT IV: EYES DESIRE

Adjust the number/level of *Eyes* and her bodyguards so that their EL is a formidable 4 levels higher than the ECL of the group. On the other hand, they don't have to *physically* defeat *Eyes* and her minions to disrupt the lady's plans (and earn the XP for doing so); DMs can leave the encounter as it is if they wish.

ACT V: ONE LAST JOB



Modify the Proud Pariah roster into an appropriate challenge rating for the group, using ACT V and the DMG as a guide. The Encounter Level of THE BATTLE OF SHUFFLE STREET should be about three levels above the group, as befits a major villain).

The easiest way to accommodate lower-level PCs is simply to make sure that their characters reach *at least* 3rd level before the proud pariahs arrive. Use additional encounters during ACT II to beef up PC experience points, and maybe give out the Voices' reward items *before* the battle rather than after it, if the PCs need better weapons and items. Also remember that PC allies can weaken enemies before they make it to the PCs, but don't let the NPCs steal the limelight - by the end of the fight it should *definitely* be the PCs and Rash squaring off for the climactic battle.

APPENDIX I: THE PRYE DISTRICT

Bugbear Bobbers: If the party is only 1st or 2nd level, a single Bugbear should be a moderate challenge unless the group is very well equipped or combat orientated.

Torqued-off Wolf: If the party is only 1st or 2nd level the DM should substitute a Worg (or two) for the Barguest instead

Challenge of the Nathri: Since the primary aim of the encounter isn't to kill the PCs, the DM can actually run the encounter as it is. Bear in mind however that at CR 4, Naxur is probably a match for a whole lower level group. Thankfully the champion isn't out to *kill* anyone - just turn a profit and demonstrate the power of his tribe.

Wild Dogs: For 2nd level groups, use 8 dogs. For 1st level groups use only 4 dogs.

Mad Tiefling Beggars: For 2nd level parties use 8 beggars, for 1st level parties use 6 beggars

Gnarlybone's Lair

The Otyugh Pit: For lower level parties, have signs of the Otyugh present but not the creature itself. Include enough effluent and soft muck to *halve* the damage of falling into the pit.

Blighthouse

See the notes for DANCE OF THE JOCULATOR above for more information. Adjust the Joculator treasure horde in Blighthouse for the party's level.

The Midden: Two zombies per EL of the group should be about right.

APPENDIX II: THE GREY DISTRICT

The Damsel's Decent (Location 22): Remove *Lusthook the Kyton* and replace him with a pack of *Lemures* (3 for a second level party, 2 for a first level party). Reduce the treasure accordingly but definitely include a cold iron weapon of some kind.

GETTING STARTED

In the aftermath of the Faction War, those living in the area around the Mortuary were more fortunate than most. The district had always been fairly quiet, a somber place where few bravos, drunkards, and ne'er-dowells wished to congregate. Most gangs didn't consider the area rich or fashionable enough to stake a claim on, and thieves found better (and safer) pickings elsewhere. Even in the absence of the Harmonium, the inhabitants of Shuffle Street, Rattling Alley, and Wailer's Square have managed to get by, but things have suddenly begun to degenerate and they need some reliable protection. Wanting nothing to do with either the Sodkillers or Sons of Mercy (both equally barmy in their eyes) the inhabitants have decided to risk their jink on some hired adventurers instead, luring them to the district with promises of friendly faces and free lodgings.



There are numerous ways in which the DM can bring the PCs together, several of which are outlined below. The PCs might be hired as group or - if this is their first adventure - taken on individually and introduced to the people they'll be working with as the adventure starts:

PLANAR STARTING IDEAS

Newcomers to the Cage may well be attracted by word of free lodgings being offered to honorable mercenaries. Finding a decent kip is notoriously expensive in Sigil (especially for adventurers), so the DM should point out that free food and board is no small offer.


*"THERE ARE WORSE DEALS OUT THERE THAN A MEAL AND A KIP. *MUCH* WORSE."*

~ WYCK, BARIAUR ADVENTURER

Harmonium, Guvnors, and Dustmen all have an interest in keeping the area quiet and productive, as do the City Guard, Minder's Guild, and Funerary Guild. Each of these groups might also wish to expand their influence over the district - or just make sure that rival groups *don't*. See ACT II: HITTING THE STREETS for more information on what the Factions think about the situation.

The PCs owes a debt to one of the NPCs in the area, or to a Fated who has traded their debt to Bald Grum - a particularly suitable start for Fated characters.

A Dustmen PC could have been working to induct Fingers the ghastr into the Faction, but he's disappeared and now the PC is searching for him.



Planars native to the Cage might actually have grown up in the area, and have decided that now is the moment for them to begin their career as a hired sword.

The character crossed paths with Jeremo the Natterer (Factol of the Ring-Givers), who offered to send them off on a grand adventure. Taking a simple-looking gold ring and passing through the portal it activates, the PC finds him or herself in the *Whispered Word* just as the adventure begins...

PRIMER STARTING IDEAS

The Primer stumbled through a portal a few days, weeks, or months ago (depending on which is most appropriate to the *player's* knowledge of Sigil) and arrived in a local house or business. New to the City of Doors, the PC has been asked to keep the district safe in exchange for a place to stay and information on the Outer Planes and how to get home.

"APPARENTLY I WAS CONEY-EYED AND BEGGING TO BE SLIPPED A BLIND AND SHIV TICKLED... WHATEVER THE HELL THAT MEANS."

- PETUBASTIS, CLERIC OF RA

The Primer was cohort/henchman to a much more powerful adventurer, who was scribed into the Dead Book while visiting Sigil. The PC has seen to their cremation in the Mortuary but now has no way of getting home.

The Primer has no idea how he got here! His amnesia may be total (he has no idea who he is or where he's from) or could stretch for weeks or days. Options for their last memory include lying in a gutter with a Cranium Rat sat on their chest, a mind flayer with its tentacles buried in their scalp, or being shaken awake by Bald Grum in the *Whispered Word*, being told: *"That's enough styx-water for you, berk. Time you headed on home."*

The primer 'died' while on the Prime Material Plane, but mysteriously awoke on a slab in Mother Xero's mortuary (if the DM has a copy of *The Eternal Boundary*, this beginning might be modified to create a good lead in to that scenario).

The PCs fell through a portal from the Prime into the heart of the Pyres. Stumbling through the city confused and frightened, the PC was saved from a band of cut-throats by Silent Brom, who took the PC under his wing.





ACT I: THE WHISPERED WORD

The adventure begins as the PCs find themselves in the *Whispered Word*, a quiet bub-box populated by tired guildsmen, hoarse wailers, and relaxing Dustmen. Here they will officially meet their new employers and the people of the District, prepare for the work to come, and possibly meet each other for the first time:

The tavern called the Whispered Word is filled with a susurrus of quiet voices. The detail of these conversations is unheard but their subject is clear - you and your fellow adventurers. It's a poor and hard worked band of berks that regard you, still stained with the grime of a long day's toil: A mix of collectors, rag-pickers, coffin-makers, bearers, mourners, wailers, and morticians. Several of them wear the shapeless grey robes of Dustmen.

The décor of the place matches the funerary nature of the people and the street outside: Skull-shaped lanterns, tables made from coffin lids, and curtains of gauzy grey shroud surround you. A wrinkled old fellow with a blind eye gestures you to a table in front of the bar, where three figures await.

The three people sat at the table are collectively known as the *Voices*, unofficial leaders of the community and spokespeople for Wailer's Square. Show the PCs **HAND ⊕ U ⊕ ⊕ NE**, which shows their patrons.

Bald Grum is a heavy-set bald man with a wrinkled brown flesh and a wreck of a nose. Innkeeper of the *Whispered Word*, he is renowned as a miser and hard bargainer - but at least an honest one. He approaches the meeting with a brusque, business-like attitude and does not suffer fools. Grum is a member of the *Fated*, although he no longer wears the faction's badge or calls attention to his membership. He has *Diplomacy* +5 and *Sense Motive* +8.

Mother Xero is normally a kind and gentle old woman, despite skin like cracked red leather and small ivory horns. Recently affected by the *Thurible* however, she is visibly angry and may well snap at PCs during the meeting. She wears a holy symbol of Wee Jas over her grey robes, but is a mortician, not a priest. Mother Xero has *Diplomacy +11* and *Sense Motive +12*

Silent Brom talks rarely - for his actions speak louder than words. He is a dark haired, scarred, and skeletally thin basher, afflicted with rotting consumption and a wracking cough. Caught on the Lower Planes some years ago, this thankfully non-communicable disease is slowly withering him away. A retired adventurer and widower from the Prime, Brom is a fearless if careful man. He deeply regrets that he's too sickly to take up arms and sort this problem out personally, and so contents himself with guiding the PCs as best he can. Brom has a *Sense Motive* score of +1.




THE OFFER

Each PC can make a *Sense Motive* check during the meeting (DC 18, a little easier than usual since all the *Voices* pretty much wear their heart on their sleeve). Those who pass will initially sense no deception in their patrons, although both Brom and Glum are obviously sizing them up. If anyone gets a result of 21+ they will realize that *something* seems to be affecting Mother Xero's behavior, but they can't say exactly what (no roll is required to detect that she's clearly seething about *something*). A successful *Knowledge (Planes)* DC 15 or *Knowledge (Factions & Guilds)* DC 10 check will reveal that this state of agitation is rather unusual for a Dustman.

Once the PCs are all gathered, the *Voices* make their offer:

"I am known as Bald Grum," says the big man in taverner's robes. "This is Silent Brom and Mother Xero. We are known as the 'Voices of Wailer's Square' - we're not factols or jackals or golden lords, but we speak for the people here, and we need you. This used to be a quiet district, silent as the grave in fact! But trouble seems to have taken to walking our streets of late: Chaosmen, thugs, and worse. We would like this place to be quiet again - that'll be your job. Now we don't want the Sodkillers or Sons of Mercy running things here. We want to sort out our own affairs our own way, and we're prepared to pay for the privilege. Keep the peace for us, keep things safe and friendly. We're not looking to see berks murdered in the street, just kicked out or made to behave-"

"Serve 'em right if they did get scribed..." Mother Xero mutters darkly.



Grum frowns at her for a moment, then continues: "For this service we offer you room and board, and jink depending on exactly what kind trouble you have to handle. And should the worst happen, we promise to give you a good and worthy funeral. So, do we have a deal?"

Now's the time for PCs to ask any questions they may have regarding the job. Paraphrase the following information for the PCs:

The Room & Board - The party will be staying at the *Whispered Word* in one of Grum's private rooms. Each room sleeps three people. If asked about what food they'll be getting, Glum will say that the 'board' included is wholesome, but not exactly exciting: Black bread, cheese, thick gruel, 'mystery meat gumbo' and the like. *"It won't kill you, but you want better food, you have to earn it - same applies to drink."*

Monetary Rewards - Glum initially refuses to be specific, saying that he will reward the group with a sum the *Voices* deem appropriate at the end of each week, depending on how well they've done and how dangerous the work has been. He stresses that the folk here aren't rich, but they are fair. Suspicious PCs might well demand a more concrete answer however. Eventually he'll reluctantly admit to the rough amounts listed under 'REWARDS' below.

If any of the PCs require an advance, the *Voices* aren't prepared to give them actual jink, but *will* get some very basic equipment for them - to a total value of just 10gp each (and even that's taken out of any future reward money they may earn). You can't by much with trust in the Hive.

If any PC seems too greedy, mercenary, or untrustworthy, then both Silent Brom and Mother Xero will both take a dislike to them. Although Brom will keep his opinions to himself, Xero will scoff that *"you're no better than sodding bloodcrows!"* and storm angrily out of the inn.

The trouble afflicting the area includes a band of barmies capering around pretending to be Funerary Guildsmen, a mysterious attacker who has assaulted several residents in Rattling Alley, an influx of thieves and thugs throwing their weight around with local merchants, and a sudden increase in berks brawling in the street. Most worryingly of all, a fiend gang called the *Proud Pariahs* recently moved into a nearby area and the *Voices* think that a show of strength in the Grey District will help to keep them away. The *Voices* advise the PCs to talk to the locals in the bar for further details of what's afflicting the area.

The *Voices* expect the PCs to patrol the district from time to time (at least three times a day), and to be available in case of trouble. Their 'beat' will be mainly Wailer's Square, Rattling Alley, and Shuffle Street.

REWARDS

The Dungeon Master can adjust these rewards up or down depending on the relative wealth level of his campaign, perhaps further modified up (or down!) by an opposed *Diplomacy* check between Bald Grum and the lead PC if any haggling occurs (Glum gets a +2 bonus to this because of his merchant experience). Remember that the Wailer's Square folk aren't the most well-heeled crowd, although the *Voices* are comparatively rich and donate much of the money themselves.

These rewards come partially in coin (mainly copper and silver pieces), and also in the form of various basic goods supplied by the populace, which the PCs can exchange at stalls and shops along Shuffle Street for the given amount of cash.

WEEKLY REWARDS

- Party is visible and friendly: +1d10gp per week
- Party shows 'a visible concern for the people and a strong sense of duty to those in their care' (note that this is different to being friendly or successful): +2d10gp each week.
- Party's general performance rated 'excellent': 1d6gp *per party member*.
- Party general performance rated 'acceptable': 2d4gp
- Party general performance rated as 'poor but at least they tried': 1d4gp
- Party general performance rated as 'unacceptable': nil.

REWARDS PER INCIDENT

- PCs frighten off a band of thugs: 1sp for each thug.
- Subduing a brawl: 1d6sp per enemy defeated
- Driving off a violent foe: 1d3gps
- Dealing with the Beast of Rattling Alley: 50gp
- Driving off the Joculars: 100gps
- Catching a pickpocket: 1d6sps
- Dealing with Sougad Sodkiller: +2d20gp
- Saving people from the Tentacle of Doom: 30gp
- Being publicly thanked by Dykos: 2d6gp

No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

As the adventure progresses, the party will discover that the people of the Grey District respond in different ways depending on how they approach their task. Every time the DM decides that the PCs have won over more of the district, they get +1 to all Diplomacy, Gather Information, and Reaction checks for the rest of the adventure. Likewise if they lose the trust of the people, give them a -1 penalty (or more). Sample events are given below:

Positive Events

- Making an effort to be friendly with the locals
- The party is highly visible and takes steps so that everyone feels safer (bonus lasts as long as the feeling of safety does)
- The party has an impressive public victory (defeats the Joculars, stops rioting gang, etc)

Negative Events


- PCs use excessive force (e.g. takes a battleaxe to an urchin) or unleashes a spell without concern for the collateral damage (uses Fireball in a built up area).
- The party suffers a visible defeat (e.g. by the Joculars)
- Character acts like an imbecile or otherwise makes an ass of himself (Clueless are immune to this one, at least for a while. They're supposed to all be naive idiots...)

The party can gain a maximum modifier of +/- 5pts in this way. These modifiers apply to the whole group, as all characters tend to be 'tarred by the same brush' in both positive and negative ways, unless they go out of their way to be treated differently.

TALKING WITH THE LOCALS

Once the PCs agree to the job they are free to mingle in the tavern. Clearly the PCs' arrival is something of an event and people are quite eager to talk. Many of the district's residents have come out to see them and will want to clasp hands, exchange names, and give their greetings. Assuming the PCs are coordinating their efforts, have the best score in the group make a *Gather Information* check, with assistance rolls by the others (each PC could also roll separately if they're too paranoid or contrary to cooperate). There's a lot of information given here and it's unlikely that the PCs will get it all in a single sitting. Additional information can be delivered by various NPC as the story develops.





Regardless of their charisma, any character who spends time trying to be friendly with the locals tonight gains a +1 bonus to *Diplomacy* and *Gather Information*, as well as 1d3 minor gifts such as scarves, woolly hats, flowers, cheap charms, a lucky copper piece, or just a free drink. There's also an *additional* +2 bonus to all *Gather Information* checks at this first meeting, as that's the main reason most berks have turned up.

GATHER INFORMATION: SUCCESS NUMBER 10 OR LESS

Chaos seems to be descending on the whole district, making everyone tense and jumpy. Seems like just about everyone is upset, on edge, or angry for one reason or another. The Dustmen seem just as disturbed as everyone else, which makes a sodding change.

The Grey District specializes in various funerary services and is loosely connected to the *Funerary Guild*. Before the Faction War of course, this was Dustmen turf and many residents are still members even though they don't call themselves a Faction anymore.

Trouble's been brewing between residents and the new immigrants for quite a while now. This situation is probably the result. Most people blame the newcomers for stirring things up, but there's no disputing that they've brought life to the District... (Opinion tends to be strongly divided on this subject).

The PCs can learn the names of various prominent locals and get directions to major buildings in the area, as well as hear loads of useless gossip (e.g. *The Scold's Bridle* is a rough and disreputable bub-box, laundry services are available from various washerwomen at Beater's Corner, and that baths can be had at the *Three Tubs*). The PCs will also be warned not to attract the wrath of Deadwick or The Deathmonger.

The PCs are warned that undead come and go through the area, especially at night. "*But they mostly don't trouble berks who don't trouble them.*"

SUCCESS NUMBER 11+

Most people feel that the PCs presence is a good thing, but a few think that hiring sell-swords will cause more trouble than it solves. As usual, the local Dustmen don't care much either way.

Three *Xaosetics* have been running around the area, dressed as Funerary Guildsmen but capering and cackling, playing pranks, engaging in petty vandalism, and stealing anything that's not nailed down. On at least three occasions they have used magic in their crimes (*Daze*, *Flare*, and *Color Spray* respectively, although the victims can only describe the spells' effects, not supply their names).


Mother Xero is a kindly old tiefling, a mortician who can make the most carved-up corpse look like Sune Firehair herself. "*Normally she's never a bad word for anyone, but her store got wrecked yesterday and she's been running a red one ever since*" (if Mother Xero stormed out of the inn during the meeting, it will also be commented by many people that this was most unlike her).

Hitchskirt Alley is the nearest place to find jinkskirts and jinkshirts.

The biggest gang hereabouts is the *Greenjackets*, lackeys for a local crime lord known as 'Old Toadface'. There's also the undead-idolising *Bloodmouths*, and the new *Immigrant Protection League*. Although the latter doesn't call itself a gang, it has all the trappings of one.

Hal Haigherty, owner of the *Three Tubs* bathhouse thinks he's the new Harys Hatchis.

SUCCESS NUMBER 15+



Bald Grum is a *Taker*, though he rarely admits it nowadays. He's also a member of the Guild of Tavernkeepers. He was quite the prizefighter in his day ("*There has to be some excuse for a face like that, eh?*") Despite his Faction, he's a good man who believes in an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

They say that Silent Brom is dying, from some vile pox caught on the Grey Waste in his adventuring days. "*Terrible waste of a good man. But at least it's not catching, eh?*"

There are two wizards for hire in the area: Deadwick the necromancer and protector Nymon. Deadwick is by far the most powerful and Nymon is terrified of him.

There are three top-shelf touts in the district: Narma the Loud, best for general enquiries; Gnarlybone the Rogue, who knows all about the underworld; and Deadwick, who knows all things dark and terrible.

"*Sounds like Old Toadface isn't coming back...*" The PCs learn about Tad'Faddamfa and that trouble's brewing because of his extended absence: All the gangs are now throwing their weight around, both with each other and the local shopkeepers (see APPENDIX II for more details).

Beware of The Deathmonger - 'He' is a black hearted beholder who runs *The Swords Salute*. Deathmonger trades in misery and ending lives, and deals with all manner of terrible monsters. He'd dearly love to control the district, so the PCs had better watch out if they cross paths with him.

Several residents have been attacked at night by something that hissed and spat at them in the dark. It roughed them up, but then shouted something like "*no...no... no!*" and ran off. It moved on two legs and was roughly man sized, but no more detailed descriptions are available. Locals are already calling it "*the Beast of Rattling Alley.*"

A Sodkiller came touting his services a few weeks ago, just when all the trouble was starting. People are worried that he or his fellow crow-feeders might return.

SUCCESS NUMBER 20+

A serious looking ("*aren't they all?*") githzerai warrior has been seen lurking around, but won't discuss his business.

It's rumored that the Dustmen are re-organizing and reuniting their Faction in all but name. It's certainly true that they're out and about again, although there are still far fewer here than before the Faction War. "*A few peery berks are even going so far as to keep half an eye out for Her Serenity - she's sure to take offence.*"


Many locals use the services of Granny Marduk, a 'wise woman' and fortune teller on Shuffle Street. It is said that she used to be a member of the Mercykillers, but now wants nothing to do with *any* sect or Faction.

The 'Beast of Rattling Alley' hadn't actually hurt anybody seriously until recently, only roughed them up and left them scared. But the other day it maimed a local merchant called Dykos. The victim became a virtual recluse and now refuses to leave his home (number 8, Rattling Alley).

The *Proud Pariahs* are a fiend gang lead by a Tanar'ri known as *Rash Redwelt*, easily notable because of the huge crimson blisters on his skin. They're based in a ruined area known as 'the Pyres' and thankfully terrify the other end of Shuffle Street where it peters out into the slums. But that's still far too close for comfort.

SUCCESS NUMBER 25+

Glory the jinkskirt will ask to speak to the PCs privately when the meeting breaks up. See 'A TALE OF BLOOD & GOLD' IN ACT II.



Someone confides in the PCs that they haven't seen a Dabus in the district since the troubles started. They don't know if it's related to the current problems, but it seems that they have stopped delivering bundles of firewood, cropping razorvine, and the hundred other jobs that The Lady's servants normally do. Their contact also says he told the Voices about his suspicions a few days ago, but they just asked him to keep quiet about it (see 'CONSUL+ING +HE DABUS' for more information).

GETTING TO WORK

The gathering eventually breaks up and the PCs are left to their own devices. Bald Grum will show the party up to their rooms, handing over a large iron key (one for each room, although he has spares). Each key opens a room's crude door lock (*Pick Lock* DC 16). Within each chamber is a small round window of thin horn, polished to translucence. More light is provided by a crude iron lantern in the shape of a skull, firmly chained to the rafters. A threadbare carpet covers most of the floor between three pallet beds that have shrouds for blankets. Each room also contains a sturdy coffin that serves as a combined storage chest, bench, and table. A large rusty padlock secures it, opened by the same key as the door.

Although they can settle in and plan for a bit, Bald Grum will certainly ensure that the party doesn't rest on their laurels tomorrow morning. He expects them to get organized and keep him informed of their plans. How exactly they go about keeping the district safe is largely up to the PCs, but he's happy to offer advice and encouragement - and condemnation if he thinks anyone is slacking. Ideally, he'd like to see the PCs set up a base of operations where locals can report any trouble (probably the *Whispered Word*) and have the PCs patrol the district a couple of times a day and at least once at night. If the party does more than this, he will be pleased.

LOCAL TOUTS


Faced with so much going on in the district, canny cutters (especially those without a good *Gather Information* score) might well consider hiring a tout to lann them to the local darks and show them around. There's no problem with this, but of course anyone they use will slant the information for their own purposes - especially if they're a member of a particular Faction, religion, or organization.

Of the three touts mentioned above, **Narma the Loud** is the easiest to get hold of and probably the most generally knowledgeable. He'll also work for just a handful of silver pieces if the PCs have a good reputation in the district (he sees it as helping out the Voices). **Gnarlybone** is a good source of information on the underworld, but is cautious of people trying to seek him out and it always takes a few days to track him down (he also doesn't like the thought of being a mere hireling). **Deadwick** on the other hand, is always open for business but hardly the first choice of the sane - and he refuses to dish out 'fishwife gossip' to the PCs. He only touts in his area of specialty: necromancy, poison, evil magic, and the Pyres.

Of course, just about any resident with a gift for flapping their bone-box and a little entrepreneurial spirit will be prepared to show the PCs around and wax lyrical on points of interest. This doesn't mean they're *good at it* however (make a *Gather Information* check for them as normal, using the stats in APPENDIX 11). They may not learn much but most berks just want to help. The only danger is if they accidentally make contact with one of the area's many **Sly Berks** - he or she will promptly lead them into an ambush.

CONSUL+ING +HE DABUS

There's a long-standing belief in the Cage that as emissaries, servants, and henchmen of The Lady, the Dabus know *everything* there is to know about the city and what goes on in it. A *Bardic Lore* or appropriate *Knowledge* check at DC 10 reveals this to PCs.



This is a good opportunity to show off the unique flavour of Planescape and the Dabus' unusual method of communication. There's just one problem: *No matter how long PCs look for one in the Grey District, they'll never see a Dabus as long as the Thurible is in circulation.*

This isn't immediately obvious; the Dabus don't hang around on every street corner. But they are normally out and about doing tasks here and there: hammering up guttering, repairing cobbles, cropping razorvine (and delivering dried bundles of it to official buildings for distribution), shoring up crumbling housing, and various other repair and maintenance jobs in the background of daily life. If a player asks specifically if there are any about, the DM should tell them "not a present" and ask them to make a *Spot* check to represent them keeping an eye out for one as they roam around. None *ever* appear however, and after a few days of searching, Planar characters may well get more than a little nervous about their continued absence.


If they make general enquiries, use a *Gather Information* check: on a result of 20+, they talk to someone else who has noticed the absences, but all they will say is to talk to the Voices about it. On a result of 25+ they learn the above, that the Dabus stopped coming here about three weeks ago (shortly after the Joculaors turned up), and that the Voices know this and have been actively covering it up. If confronted the Voices initially deny anything is wrong, but with a *Diplomacy* check (DC 18) will get them to admit that they have been hiding this from everyone for fear of creating even more panic. None of them have any idea why the Dabus have abandoned them, but fear that it means the Lady herself is about to descend on the district if things don't get sorted out - and they beg the PCs to stay and help them.

The simplest solution to finding a Dabus is to leave the Grey District and find one elsewhere. This means a trip into the Hive proper of course, which has its own dangers. Eventually however, the party should be able to locate a Dabus and question it. The DM can have any Dabus encountered be as helpful or terse as he or she likes, but if the party asks about their absence from the Grey District they always get the same disturbing answer - an image of the Lady of Pain. This should definitely put Sigilite and Planar PCs on edge, and suggest to the group that something more than the obvious is going on.

GE++ING +HE PAR+Y LINE

Of course, the PCs aren't just talking to individuals when they flap their bone-boxes in Wailer's Square; they are speaking to members of Factions, sects, religions, and other holders of strong beliefs. Several characters in the district can introduce PCs to a Faction or Guild - perhaps very quietly try to tempt a PC into signing up:

<i>Bald Grum</i>	- Fated, Council of Innkeepers, the Sigil Advisory Council
<i>Granny Marduk</i>	- Mercykillers, Sodkillers, and the Sons of Mercy
<i>Lannixz the Deathmonger</i>	- the Harmonium
<i>Mother Xero</i>	- Funerary Guild
<i>Silent Brom</i>	- City Guard, Primer viewpoint
<i>Sougad Sodkliller</i>	- Sodkillers
<i>Grimjaw the Githzerai</i>	- Minders' Guild, Xaosetics
<i>Gnarlybone</i>	- Revolutionary League, rogues and the underworld
<i>Mother Xero</i>	- Dustmen, Funerary Guild
<i>Narma the Loud</i>	- City Guard



Use these NPCs as mouthpieces to deliver information on Sigil, the Planes, and Belief in general, as well as their own particular philosophies (especially if your players are clueless as much as their characters). They can also update more experienced players on changes since the Faction War.

With some effort characters can also illicit the opinion of a particular Faction or Sect on the troubles. Although possessing no official powers in the Cage anymore everyone still knows who the Factors and Factotums are, even if they don't claim that title in Sigil and don't recruit there anymore. Characters who are members of a Faction or Sect can learn pretty easily what their organisation thinks about events:

*"IS EVERYBODY OUT HERE A
SODDING PHILOSOPHER?"
~ PETUBASTIS
"YES. BUT EVERYONE EXCEPT
ME IS WRONG"
~ BALD GRUM*

ATHAR: When trouble strikes some parasitical god-monger is sure to follow, preaching false hope and subservience. See that the Powers' lackeys don't take advantage of the situation down there - and keep a peery eye out for death priests; there's far too many of them in that area.

BLEAK CABAL: The poor berks of the Grey District clearly need our help. See to it. Assist the Dustmen if you can, but nothing too high-profile. We don't want to attract the wrath of anyone right now - especially The Lady!

DODDING GUARD: All things fall apart, even the quietude of the Dustmen. See that the degeneration of the Grey District stays to its proper pace: Perhaps from the destruction of the old order, something better will arise? Remember also that entropy is our province and ours alone - bring destruction to the neat little plans of whoever's behind this, and if some weapon is being used see if you can't secure it for our new armoury.


DUSTMEN: The living are not our concern, and yet... recent events seem to trouble our brothers and sisters more than it should. Something is going on and it is an affront to the peace of the True Death and those who abide in our shadow. Things must be made quite again. They *will* be made quiet again, one way or another. If agents such as yourself cannot bring peace back to the district, then we have means at our disposal to create a *permanent* quietude among the locals.

FATED: Chaos means change, and change means opportunity. You don't really need me to tell you that do you, berk? This could be the end of the Grey District as we know it, so make sodding sure you're at the centre of things - and that I get my cut! Pick a side and make damn sure they know your help was crucial in their win. Oh yes, and while you're at it try not to make us look like a bunch of power-crazed maniacs, okay?

FRATERNITY OF ORDER: Chaos and wilful disorder must be brought to heel and taught the power of Law. The Dustmen are generally peaceable folk, and bring order to an otherwise forsaken area of the Hive. Assist them in restoring order - but remember to keep it all within the law, berk!

HARMONIUM: Oh for the days of our guardianship, when such things were a simple matter of troop numbers. That time may be over (for now), but show the flag and let the people know why they need us and will one day want our help again. This area of the Hive is surprisingly ordered and well-maintained; we cannot allow it to be lost!

INDEPS: If I were a Factotum (which I aint, berk!) I'd suggest that a good Indep would keep this trouble from spilling over onto the honest common folk and clueless. Dustmen business is Dustmen business - whatever they're calling themselves now. You look after the Free down there, but don't give the law any excuse to come stomping in either; we've got some sweet deals brewing down there these days and we don't want to get our cutters pinched.



MIND'S EYE: All of life is a test, berk. Put yourself at the heart of this matter and resolve it, growing stronger as you do. We bare this new 'Funerary Guild' no ill will, and *of course* we'd never dream of causing trouble in Sigil these days... but any remaining Dustmen, well they should be embracing life, not denying it - unless of course, death is the final test. Explore this theory in the Grey District and get back to us.

REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE: Something's definitely going on down there, more than just an influx of barmies or thugs. Find the truth and let the people know! Also, we were blamed for the *Six Day Fire* down there during the Faction War - see if you can't clear our names over that. The truth is out there cutter; all you have to do is set it free.

SENSATES: Well it's about time the Dustmen got a good shakeup. Feel free to stick the boot in to those miserable sods on our behalf, but the situation down there does seem quite interesting - explore its potential and be sure to report any interesting experiences.

SODKILLERS: Too long has this area been a lair of weakness and injustice, and these are the consequences. Purge the Mortuary's shadow of criminals and corruption, but watch out for the so-called *Voices of Wailer's Square* - they've refused our help more than once and some wickedness is surely the reason behind such reluctance. Fortunately we already have an agent in the area: That poor powers-cursed basher, Sougad Sodkiller. He'll help you if he can. Work with him to get a contract to protect the area with either us or our half of the City Guard... and make sure the people see the virtue of our philosophy over those lily-livered Sons of Mercy.

SONS OF MERCY: The Hive remains a terrible place, desperately in need of hope and redemption. Sinister though they may be, the Dustmen at least kept their turf a little more wholesome than the rest of that place. If that's no longer possible then we need a champion to step into the breach and take their place - that'll be you, cutter! Return peace and security to the streets, and whatever happens don't let the Sodkillers muscle in.

TRANSCENDENT ORDER: Go, be, do. Hear the cadence and act accordingly.

XAOSSETICS: This for place bad chaos is a no thing. These berks got to glory and wake up - see the multiverse! Humour and danger, the ignore of it! Deny it and you'll suffer. All teachers, tutors, and sensei, wise men and mystics we are. The *Tanar'ri* rather you would teach it? Place is a terrible apathetic this, but embrace let's the vigour of chaos and have a laugh for once let's make them.



Opinions Before the Faction War

Most of the Factions have the same opinions before the War, with more emphasis on using their secular powers, getting even with their traditional enemies, and helping their traditional allies (see the *Planescape Box Set* and *Factol's Manifesto* for more details). A few Factions have obviously changed or disappeared since then however. See below for these:

If all of the Faction opinions have one thing in common however, it's that the Mortuary area is "Dustman turf" and they'll be unwilling to step on their toes without a *very* good reason. Instead they prefer to have the work done by agents such as the PCs. Characters who do well in fulfilling their Faction's aims can expect to receive a small increase in rank or status.

BELIEVERS IN THE SOURCE: Use the writeup for the Mind's Eye above, but be sure to stress that the Dusties and Godsmen are dedicated enemies. Believers will need to be cautious.

HARMONIUM: Sadly our temporary alliance with the other Factions of Sigil means we can't just kick in the doors and bash the berks that need to be brought to heel down there. We have to accept for the moment that it's Dustman territory. That's where you come in: Bring Harmony back to the district and make damn sure they know it was us as did it! Alliances aside however, that area of the Hive is surprisingly ordered and well-maintained; we cannot allow it to be lost!

MERCYKILLERS: Use the *Sodkiller* writeup (minus the city guard angle, of course), but if the member in question would likely be a *Son of Mercy* in the future, then you can use their opinion instead.

REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE: Use the writeup as given, but the *League* is also adamant that its agents shouldn't let the hardheads get a grip on the district!

SIGN OF ONE: Events seem to be unfolding in accordance with a powerful will, one determined to see chaos erupt - but that's hardly a difficult task in the Hive. Study the world-view being created here and decide whether we should endorse or eliminate it. Make yourself the centre of that world.



ACT II: HITTING THE STREETS

From this point on, the adventure is fairly freeform. Several days will likely pass as the PCs get organized, get to know the locals, and get into various kinds of trouble.

A number of plot-related encounters are described below. The DM should intersperse these with random events and allow plenty of time to pass if the PCs need it. At least initially, Eyes Desire's plot should only lurk in the background of daily life, which can be dangerous enough in the Hive. Let the adventure to unfold at its own pace - and let that be languid if the Player Characters are enjoying interaction with the locals and protecting the streets. Other groups may prefer to head for the heart of the problem with minimal distractions, and this is fine too. It's all a matter of style.

SLIPPING THE BLINDS

The main way the PCs can mess up in the initial stages of the adventure is to get caught doing something untrustworthy, barmy, or downright criminal, or to go into a minor encounter heavy-handed like the streets are an open-air dungeon. In both cases, the party will be summoned before the Voices to explain themselves. Grum and the others will give them a fair hearing, even if their words are rough. This may be a respectable district, but it's still the Hive and life is cheap. Unless the PCs were doing something totally unconscionable, they'll be let off with a warning.

PLOT-BASED ENCOUNTERS

*"SOMETHING IMPORTANT'S
GOING ON...
I JUST HAVE NO IDEA WHAT."
- BRIG AP NUDD, CLUELESS*

The following encounters can occur throughout the PCs' time in the district, and deal specifically with Eyes' plot and the *Thurible of Desire*. Some encounters come finding the PCs, while others will require the adventurers to seek them out. A summary of what triggers the event is included with each encounter. See the table below for

a summary:

Encounter	Trigger
'A TALE OF BLOOD AND GOLD'	Glory approaches the PCs (<i>Gather Information</i> check 25+) The PC befriends Glory or the jinkskirts The PCs specifically investigate trouble among the Dustmen or jinkskirts.
'DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS'	Random encounter The PCs go looking for the <i>Joculators</i> The <i>Joculators</i> come looking for the PCs
'DYKOS THE MAIMED'	The PCs trace victims of the mysterious attacker in Rattling Alley
'GNARLYBONE THE ROGUE'	The PCs hear about Gnarlybone and seek him out. The PCs defeat the <i>Joculators</i> without having visited their lair
'NARMA THE LOUD'	The PCs seek out Narma
'SCENE OF THE CRIME'	The PCs investigate the scene of <i>Joculator</i> crimes
'SHADOWS & PORTENTS'	The PCs go to get their fortune's told by Granny Marduk or use similar divination magic to reveal what's going on
'WANDERING FINGERS'	PCs encounter Fingers the ghost in a random encounter PCs stake out Rattling Alley looking for the creature that attacked Dykos The PCs find Fingers' lair in the cellar of Blighthouse (see Appendix I)

“A TALE OF BLOOD AND GOLD”

Triggers:

Glory approaches the PCs (a Gather Information check of 25+)

The PC befriends Glory or the jinkskirts

The PCs specifically investigate trouble among the Dustmen or jinkskirts

The PCs are contacted by a girl called *Glory*, a prostitute who works in Hitchskirt Alley. Three nights ago she was approached by a handsome man in Dustman’s robes, searching for ‘a special service’ from her:



“Posh berk, he was. Unusual enough in these parts. But the thing is he wanted to drink my blood. Just a little, he said. He was swaying back and forth, all unfocused, like he was drunk; practically drooling down my bodice, though I’m no stranger to that. His eyes were red as coals and he had fangs like a fiend; I didn’t like the way he looked at me - and that’s saying something in my line of work. So I told him to pike it, nice as I could. He begged me, seemed desperate - grabbed me so hard by the shoulder that I still have the bruises! I thought he was going to kill me but then he just let me go, threw me off like it was me attacking him. Suddenly he was in tears and telling me to get away from him. I blitzed it out of there quick as I could. Sodding barmy... Still, I’ve seen a lot worse.”

Blood-drinking, burning eyes, and supernatural strength are all classic signs of the vampire, but Primers will probably know more about this creature (at least in legend) than most Planars, given the general rarity of undead in the Planes. If questioned further *Glory* can reveal that she’s seen the man coming and going from the Great Mortuary several times before, but he’d never seemed interested in her wares or anyone else’s previously. She can easily furnish them with his description:

“He always wears a heavy cloak, with a deep pointed hood and red edging. Underneath it he wears black silk and lace, expensive. I’d have said he was about fifty cycles old, handsome but savage-looking. Skin sickly pale, dark hair, clean chinned but with braided mutton-chop sideburns. He wears a heavy iron amulet, the Dustman sign. He was always polite when he turned us down before.”

Glory and the other jinkskirts have seen the figure coming and going from the Mortuary for as long as they can remember, although his visits are generally a several weeks apart. She can also tell the PCs where the Hitchskirt Alley is (if they don’t know already), adding: *“Those sodding chaosmen were running through there that morning, so the whole place stank of perfume.”*

If the PCs ask after the mysterious stranger at the Mortuary, they will receive a polite but firm “no comment” from the gate guards - those that can speak, anyway. The Guild treats information on its undead as strictly confidential, and the same applies to any other Dustman/Guild member the PCs talk to unless the PCs make a persuasive argument (*Diplomacy* check DC 20). If they manage this, the guard or guildsman promises to look into it for them. Sometime later, the PCs receive word through Mother Xero that the subject of their questions has agreed to meet them at the Mortuary, at Antipeak that very night. Read or paraphrase following to the PCs:

Though short, your journey is not a pleasant one.

Only blue-white witchlight illuminates the streets at the heart of the Grey District, casting a harsh bladed shadow of the Mortuary down the street towards you. To nervous mortal eyes it looks like a great fanged maw opening wide to swallow you up... And into that maw you must walk.

If the PCs have visited Granny Marduk before this point, they may well feel that this description fits in with Granny's prophecy, and they'd be right.

'AN ASSAUL+ A+ AN+IPEAK'

Encounter Level 6

As the PCs approach within 60ft of the Great Mortuary's steps, a whispered chant reaches their ears. On the steps and under the watchful gaze of its giant guardians, the PCs will see five figures, seemingly engaged in some elaborate silent dance: A trio of dark forms dance around two figures at their centre - one on the floor with hands clasped to either side of its hood, the other stood protectively over its companion. The three twirling figures seem to be the source of the whispered chant; they seem to be almost *flying* in a circle around the unfortunate pair, waving their robe-enshrouded arms in a macabre and disturbing jig.

Search checks at DC 16 reveal the kneeling Dustman as a grey-skinned human with an agonised expression on his face, that his motionless companion is a skeleton, and that the three pirouetting figures seem to be nothing but writhing blackness inside their robes - and they really *are* flying. PC's who approach any closer than 60ft will be affected by the *Babbling* (see below), and even if the PCs aren't altruistic enough to intervene just because they see someone in trouble, they'll need to pass right by the group in order to enter the Great Mortuary.

PCs who approach within 10ft of the 'dancing' will be attacked by the Near-Transcended, who flail at them with incorporeal limbs. One round after any combat begins, Brother Solace and Brother Bones join the fight on the PC's side. Each is armed with a *Ghostwood Staff* (see sidebar for details).

Brother Solace: Use *Dustman* Stats from Appendix II.

Brother Bones, CR ¹/₃

Medium Undead (Dustman)

Neutral

Init +2; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +2; Darkvision

Languages: Understands Planar Trade

AC 14 touch 12, flat-footed 12

Hp 9 (1 HD); **DR** 5/bludgeoning

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +2

Immune to mental effects

Speed 30 ft

Melee: Ghostwood Staff +1 (1d6+1)

Base Atk +0; **Grp** +1

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 14, Con —, Int 3, Wis 14, Cha 3

SQ: Darkvision 60 ft., immunity to cold, undead traits

Feats: Dead Truce

Skills: Profession (Servant) +3


Possessions: Dustman robe, Faction symbol, Ghostwood Staff

Ghostwood Staves

For centuries the Dustmen have used *Ghostwood Staves* to gently herd incorporeal undead around the Great Mortuary. Said to be crafted from a sliver of Yggdrasil that was drained of all its life as it passed through Niflheim, these items act as a *Ghost Touch Quarterstaff* in combat, but grant no bonus to attack or damage.

Market Value: 800gp

Once they become aware of others within range of the Near-Transcended, Brother Solace immediately shouts out a warning. He initially engages the creatures in melee with his *Ghostwood Staff*, but doesn't argue if a PC takes it off him to attack the creatures more effectively. Brother Bones also moves to assist any PCs in melee, using the *Aid Another* maneuver to grant someone a +2 AC bonus (simply getting in the way between two



combatants doesn't break the *Dead Truce*). He too is armed with a *Ghostwood Stave*, but hands it to any character being attacked who clearly can't defend themselves against the Near-Transcended.

If a PC attacks *any* of the figures in the fight, the Gate Guardians immediately move to defend the victim from the 'invaders' (the Near Transcended are still Dustmen, after all) but thankfully Solace or Bones will order them to stop before the giants can actually attack. The Guardians take no other part in the combat, being unable to attack the Near-Transcendeds because of their *Dead Truce* ability, even if ordered to do so.

After 5 rounds of combat with the PCs, help will arrive on the scene (dustmen clerics and undead orderlies armed with more *Ghostwood Staves*). If the party can stand firm that long, these reinforcements soon get the situation under control.

Maddened Near-Transcended Dustman (Allip), CR 3 (see MM, p10)

26hp (4HD); CN (Dustman)

Even with help from two Dustmen, this is a tough fight and the PCs are perfectly welcome to retreat at any time: The Maddened Near-Transcended are too insane to follow for more than a round or two. Unfortunately the creatures will then sweep randomly through the buildings of Shuffle Street causing madness wherever they go, until Brother Solace or another Dustman manages to call in enough Dustmen to re-capture them. In this case the PCs will also miss their meeting; Lord Madrigore will be long gone by the time the commotion settles down and the Mortuary is open to visitors again.

AFTER THE BATTLE

If the PCs are victorious (either defeating the enemy or stalling them until help arrives), it won't take long to ascertain what happened and the Dustmen will not blame the PCs for their actions. Although Guildsmen won't be very forthcoming, PCs who press the issue will be told that these particular Dustmen philosophers were very close to the True Death and normally completely harmless. No one knows why they suddenly went on an insane rampage, although they'll assure the PCs that the matter will be looked into.


During the aftermath and explanations, have every PC make a Spot check at DC 20. Those who succeed will notice a gaunt chalk-white figure watching them intently from a Mortuary balcony high above the scene. This is **Quartermaster Ambergris** (see AC+ III) keeping an eye on the situation.

Once the kaffuffle is over, the PCs will be able to gain entry to the Great Mortuary. Assuming they dealt with the threat at the gates by some method other than running away and hiding until it was all over, they shouldn't be too late to make their appointment.

'THE CON+AC+ IN +HE CRYP+'

The party will be escorted through the Mortuary by a pair of grey-robed guards, who will not insist that the PCs relinquish their weapons unless they're renowned as undead-hating fanatics. They'll be warned that what they see in the Mortuary is Mortuary business however, not the business of the living. They'd better show caution and restraint unless they've come seeking the True Death.

Your journey takes you through dark corridors echoing with mournful dirges and chanted eulogies. The passages are chill as tombs, and in places ice crystals form strange patterns on the walls. The dark monotony is broken intermittently by a groan or a scream, or the sudden presence of an indistinct incorporeal form passing across the corridor - in through one wall and out through the other. Your escorts remain silent unless questioned, and answer only in terse whispers even then.



The meeting takes place in a crypt well below street level. Lit only by faintly glowing braziers, the gloom will loom oppressively around the PCs, edged with an undulating blackness that even Darkvision cannot penetrate (close examination reveals only that there seem to be *layers* of darkness moving sinuously over one another). The only furnishing in the room is a large stone sarcophagus, behind which waits a figure whose black robes leave him barely visible in the gloom. As the PCs enter, he leans forward and a pale, cruel face is revealed; identical to the visage carved on the sarcophagus lid. His appearance also matches Glory's description:

Lord Madrigore (Vampire Spawn), CR 7

32hp (5HD) Neutral Evil (Dustman)

Of course Lord Madrigore will not introduce himself as a member of the blood-drinking undead, he just won't deny it if asked. He's is a stuffy and hidebound creature who speaks slowly and deliberately. He came to the city two hundred years ago and joined the ranks of the Dustmen a short time later. Although he now dwells in a baroque lair beneath Lower Ward, Madrigore often visits his tomb and his Faction's old headquarters. As far as he is concerned, the Faction War was nothing significant in his quest for the True Death. To him the Dustmen's status as Faction or Guild matters not at all.

If asked about the incident with Glory, Madrigore considers their words for some time before answering in a hollow emotionless voice:

"The thirst came on me suddenly, in a way it has not these past two hundred years. Not since I learned the Way of True Death and set aside my longings. I was passing that alley of whores, as I have a thousand times before... But that night a cloying scent filled my nostrils. Suddenly I remembered the dark and misty streets of my immortal youth, and the... the pleasures of sanguine wine. I do not remember much of what happened next, though I remember the girl. I think I would have killed her, drained her dry and sought another if I could. But then I was suddenly struck by sorrow and wept for the first time in centuries as I contemplated my sins. If there had been sunlight or fire I would have sought it out but there were neither. I returned to my sanctum and spent three antipeaks in meditation. In time, I became myself again."

Madrigore has no idea what caused this outburst of emotion. He had done nothing out of his normal routine, and this sort of thing has never happened to him before. He can tell the PCs little more than he already has, and in fact was hoping that they could tell *him* the cause of what occurred. A *Spellcraft* check at DC 10 reveals that undead (even the intelligent kind) are immune to mind-affecting magic, which makes the whole affair even more perplexing.

If the PCs have been courteous and professional during the interview, he also presents them with a parting gift:

"Recent events have weighed heavily on my mind," says Madrigore. "It seems there are things I have yet to relinquish in my quest for the True Death... Your appearance is an opportunity to rid myself of another. Consider it a reward for tonight's inconvenience, and your ongoing discretion regarding the girl."

With frighteningly easy strength, Madrigore slides open the great stone lid of his sarcophagus and draws out a purple velvet sack, wrapped in ribbons of night-black silk.

"Silverbeak and Wisdom's Cap, heirlooms of my house. A link to the past and to the false life I must expunge. All these years I could not bear to part with them. But now the time has come at last. Call it penitence, a bribe or gift, or whatever you will. This interview is over - take them and begone."

Within the bag are a curving silver dagger with a raven's head pommel (an *Adamantine Dagger*), and a light helm sporting a raven's head crest (A *Helm of Understanding Languages & Reading Magic*). Madrigore is roughly aware of the properties of each, but is in no mood to elaborate.

SLIPPING THE BLINDS

If the PCs try to extort more reward from the vampire, or are rude or grossly indiscrete then he will not gift them with the heirlooms, instead becoming a dedicated if minor enemy. Although he won't descend on them from the shadows like a monster, he will see to it that his fellow Faction-members learn of their ill manners.

"DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS"

Encounter Level 6 (7 including Grimjaw)

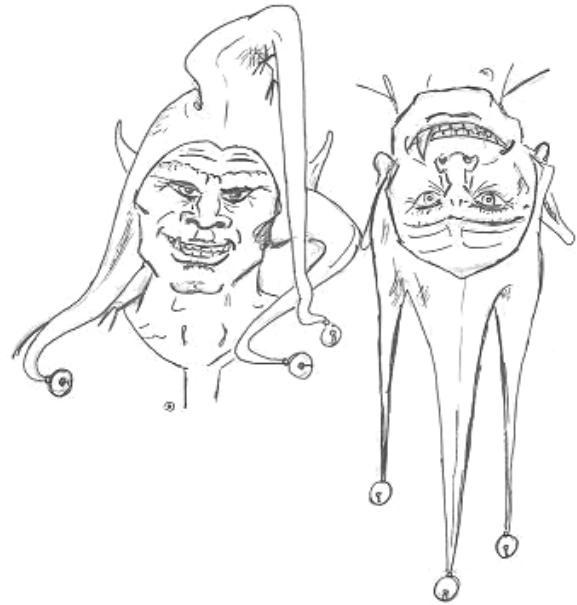
Triggers

Random encounter

The PCs go looking for the Joculators

The Joculators come looking for the PCs

The *Joculators* are a loose association of Xaosetics who work as jesters and jongleurs - and as pranksters for hire. After a recent incident where a 'joke' resulted in serious injury to a senior Harmonium officer however (they hid a bear trap in his privy), they were expelled from the Entertainer's Guild and forced to flee into the Hive. Normally they call kip in the *Chaos District*, where they are one of the local gangs (although they still consider themselves entertainers). A small party of them have been hired by Desire's agents to 'cheer up' the Grey District, a task they're relishing. They've been well paid but are having far too much fun to quit now anyway. They also enjoy having Grimjaw the Githzerai around for protection. Philosophically the *Joculators* favor the approach to chaos advocated by *Quake Lavender* (see planewalker.com for more information) but as chaosites they're hardly consistent.



The *Joculators* come in various shapes and sizes but these ones are all Chaonds, thick-bodied and savage looking humans with uneven facial features and asymmetrical bodies. As befits a race spawned by shifting Limbo they are swift, dexterous, and wildly changeable (see PSCS, chapter 2 for more details of their race). Each of them is a trained rogue who is also learning the ways of sorcery and *Wild Magic*. See PSCS chapter 4 for more information on Wild Magic.

The *Joculators* were never particularly reserved or sane, and prolonged exposure to the *Thurible of Desire* has made them even less stable. Although they're not really trying to *hurt* anyone, their pranks are starting to get out of hand. They've been up to various mischief so far:

- Painting graffiti on buildings
- Ambushing Dustmen and forcibly dressing them in brightly colored clothes
- Running around with sheets over their heads, pretending to be ghosts
- Throwing brightly colored paint at the mortuary walls and various monuments
- Disrupting a funeral procession by urinating on it from a rooftop
- Blinding passers-by with *Color Spray* spells
- Running past people, hitting them with their 'relics' (including the Thurible)
- Stealing carts, wagons, and pony carriages to race them

- Stealing corpses and propping them up in comedic and obscene vignettes
- Performing mock 'recruitment speeches' while pretending to be Dustmen

They've also stolen a great deal from the Grey District folk - mainly money pouches and jewelry, and random household goods. The material value of these possessions may not be much, but many had some sentimental value and the citizens of the district are pretty torqued off about it.

PCs will most likely encounter the *Joculators* engaged on one of their 'happiness patrols' around Wailer's Square, but once they hear that the PCs represent law and order, the gang will actively seek them out for a good seeing to.

PCs are likely to hear the *Joculators* before they see them:

"Happy dusties, that is we, we do not laugh and we do not pee. Teeth like tombstone slabs, when we die our jaws hit the floor in dribs and drabs! Blessings of the none-day to you berk! May you die soon but begin not being not living with a laugh!"

From a distance the *Joculators* might be mistaken for Dustmen, but a *Spot* check (DC 10) reveals that they are actually wearing black-dyed jester's motley under their robes. Of course, they're also shouting and capering and acting like total barmies most of the time too. Each *Xaosetic* wears an excessive amount of amulets and funerary jewelry, including a dozen cheap holy symbols. They also carry a selection of large funerary equipment that can double as weapons: A skull-shaped brazier, a huge ceremonial candlestick, and a censor cast in the shape of the Mortuary (the *Thurible of Desire*).

Currently they're calling themselves Ajax, Rembrandt, and Swan.

Joculator, CR 3

Medium Humanoid, Chaond* (extraplanar)

Chaotic Good

Init +5; Senses Listen +4, Spot +4; Darkvision

Languages: Slaad, Planar Trade, Githzerai

AC 15 touch 15, flat-footed 10

Hp 12 (3 HD)

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +1

Resistance to Acid/Cold/Sonic 5

Melee: Unarmed +1 (1d3+1)

Melee: Improvised -3 (1d6+1)

Base Atk +1; Grp +2

Special Atks: Backstab, Shatter, Unlikely Event

Sorcerer Spells Known:

"Ajax"

1st level (5/day): *Sleep*, *Charm Person* (all save DC 12)

0 level (6/day): *Acid Splash*, *Arcane Mark*, *Daze*, *Flare*, *Prestidigitation* (all save DC 11)

"Rembrandt"

1st level (5/day): *Ventriloquism*, *Colour Spray* (all save DC 12)

0 level (6/day): *Disrupt Undead*, *Ghost Sounds*, *Light*, *Prestidigitation*, *Ray of Fatigue* (all save DC 11)

"Swan"

1st level (5/day): *Silent Image*, *Grease* (all save DC 12)

0 level (6/day): *Ray of Frost*, *Dancing Lights*, *Daze*, *Mage Hand*, *Prestidigitation* (all save DC 11)

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 20, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 6, Cha 13

SQ: *Shatter* (1/day)

Marrotte of Prestidigitation

This item is a wand, designed to mimic a *marrote* (stick with a carved jester's head on the end, complete with motley-cap and jangling bells). When activated (by being shaken at an enemy) the *marrotte* can produce a wide array of minor magical effects. The *Marrotte* is effectively a *Wand of Prestidigitation* containing 50 Charges.

Market Value: 375gp

Feats: Wild Spell, Unlikely Event

Skills: Climb +5, Escape Artist +8, Hide +6, Spellcraft +6, Tumbling +11, Move Silently +6, Perform (Acrobatics/Jestering) +6, Use Magic Device +7.

Possessions: Jester's motley, Dustman robes, various funerary gear large enough to wield as an improvised weapon (one is actually the *Thurible of Desire*), Bag of Caltrops, *Tanglefoot Bag*, *Marotte of Prestidigitation*.

Incense Victim (su): All the Joculators radiate *Faint Enchantment* magic, and their robes carry a *Lingering Aura* of the same kind. Any *Sense Motive* check of 23+ detects that their emotions are being affected by magic. They are actually so impregnated with incense that anyone hit in melee combat must make a save or become infected by the incense. See 'ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information.

Shatter (sp): 1/day a Chaond can use Shatter as a sorcerer of their character level.

Unlikely Event (ex): On any d20 roll with the potential for an automatic success or failure, a natural 19 or a natural 20 is considered an automatic success, and a natural 1 or a natural 2 is considered an automatic failure. This does not increase the threat range of weapons.

Wild Magic: roll 1d20 whenever a spell is cast. Compare the results of the roll to the Ability Modifiers and Bonus Spells table in Chapter 1 of the *Player's Handbook* and add the modifier to the caster level of the spell (minimum caster level 1). If the range of the spell becomes too short to reach its target it simply fails in the case of a targeted spell or activates prematurely in the case of an area-effect spell. If a 1, 5, 10, 15, or 20 is rolled then chaos has infected the spell and a wild surge has occurred. See PSCS Chapter 5, p10 for rules on Wild Magic.

When the Joculators are at large, Grimjaw the Githzerai is never far away. This basher is their bodyguard and a member of the Minder's Guild. Although trained as a monk, he dresses as a common laborer. Grimjaw's not exactly handsome, with a large flat nose, wide jaw, and close-cropped straggly beard. His mottled yellow skin also gives him a jaundiced and unpleasant look. Most people note the dangerous look in his eye and give him a wide berth.

Grimjaw the Githzerai, CR 3

Medium Humanoid

Lawful Neutral

Init +8; **Senses** Listen +3, Spot +6, Darkvision

Languages: Githzerai, Planar Common

AC 19 touch 19, flat-footed 14 (includes +4 from *Inertial Armour*)

Hp 21 (3 HD)

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +4

Spell Resistance 8

Speed 40 ft.

Melee: Unarmed +4 (1d8+2)/Flurry of blows +3/+3 (1d8+2)

Ranged: Shuriken +7 (1d2+2)/Flurry +5/+5 (1d2+2)

Base Atk +2; **Grp** +4

Special Atks: Deflect Arrows, Flurry of Blows, Stunning Fist

Psionics (Sp): 3/day - Daze, Featherfall, Shatter.

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 6

SQ: Darkvision 60ft, Psionics, Monk Abilities (Stunning Fist, Deflect Arrows)

Feats: Improved Initiative, Power Attack



Skills: Bluff -2, Concentration +4, Hide +8, Move Silently +6, Tumble +8

Possessions: 8 mwk shuriken, rough labourer's outfit, *Potion of Cure Serious Wounds*, *Potion of Bulls Strength*, *potion of Cure Light Wounds*, tanglebag, 2 thunderstones

Inertial Armour (Sp): Githzerai can use psychic force to block an enemy's blows. This gives them a +4 armour bonus while they remain conscious. This is equivalent to a 1st level spell.

Incense Victim (su): Grimjaw radiates *Faint Enchantment* magic, and their robes carry a *Lingering Aura* of the same kind.

Any *Sense Motive* check of 23+ detects that their emotions are being affected by magic. They are actually so impregnated with incense that anyone hit in melee combat must make a save or become infected by the incense. See 'ACT III TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information.

TACTICS (Joculators): The *Joculators* aren't really trying to *hurt* anybody; they just want to bring the joy of chaos (and comedy) to a depressing district. They focus their spells on distraction, confusion, and befuddlement rather than harm. They use their magic to make the party seem as foolish and ineffectual as possible. Low level parties will be particularly vulnerable to their *Sleep* and *Colour Spray* spells, and the *Joculators* will take full advantage of this. PCs who are incapacitated will find themselves robbed and then either stripped naked, dressed in inappropriate clothing (women's undergarments, theatrical villain costumes, etc) and left in whatever position the party are likely to find least amusing when they wake.

See THE BENEFITS OF RANDOM CHANCE in Appendix I for more details on the gang.

TACTICS (Grimjaw): Grimjaw doesn't involve himself unless the *Joculators* get into trouble. When he does take action, he will ambush whoever is proving the most threatening, in an attempt to subdue them and distract everyone else; lethal force will only be used if necessary (although it certainly doesn't bother him). Grimjaw will also make efforts to remove any unconscious or dead *Xaosectics* from the scene, and cover the retreat of the gang from pursuit. He has some of the *Joculators'* caltrops, thunderstones, and tanglebags to assist him in this.

AFTERMATH


If captured, the *Joculators* will initially refuse to talk, or at least talk anything other than random babble. They'll seem even barmier than other *Xaosectics*, alternatively giggling, weeping, and raging. Persuasion or intimidation will get them to spill the dark of their plans - to cause chaos and disruption (and have fun!) while dressed as *Dustmen*. Pressing them on *why* they are doing this or who put them up to this will reveal that they met a man who suggested the idea, and even gave them outfits, props, and a sack full of jink. If asked to describe him, the party can *eventually* make out that they met someone young, blond, clean, 'nice smelling', who had a small red birthmark on his cheek. All other details of the description are hopelessly confused - even reading their minds produces jumbled and contrary images.

Grimjaw the Githzerai is more taciturn and pragmatic than his clients. At first he will tell the PCs to pike it and little else, but will then admit that he was hired a couple of weeks ago by the *Xaosectics* to be their bodyguard: They paid a sizeable amount in advance to his Guild, and now he's stuck with them. He doesn't like them and does not share their lair "because that incense they use sends them crazy."

"TAKE IT TO THE SPIRE AND
PIKE IT, SODFACE"

~ GRIMJAW THE GITHZERAI

SLIPPING THE BLINDS



Depending on the level difference between the PCs and the *Joculators*, the party may well come off worse against them - several times. The Xaosetics will happily continue prancing around the district until the PCs stop them, possibly even dropping by to poke fun at them for earlier defeats. PCs might require several encounters to get the better of these pranksters, giving the DM ample opportunity to play them as a minor but highly irritating nemesis for the group.

“DYKOS THE MAIMED”

Trigger:

The PCs trace victims of the mysterious attacker in Rattling Alley

Use of the jawbone knocker on number eight Rattling Alley, at a sensible hour of the day, will eventually produce a dwarven face with skin the color of limestone and a close-trimmed beard, which gruffly tells the PCs to pike it. Basic *Diplomacy* (or a good kick to the door) will gain them entry, but the dwarf isn't who they are looking for. He is Grykas, the victim's nephew. He's been looking after his uncle since Dykos was attacked, as the older dwarf has suffered a nervous breakdown.

Dykos & Grykos, CR ½ (see MM, p91)
6hp (1 HD); LN (Funerary Guild)

Word that they are upon the Voices' business will persuade Grykas to let the PCs see his enfeebled uncle, although he warns them that Dykos has been badly injured and is not himself:

Before you is slumped a palsied dwarf, his features as pale and angular as cut white marble. He flinches as you enter, then struggles to recover his nerve. His face is badly bruised but he also has a far greater wound: His left hand is wrapped in a bloodstained bandage, and clearly missing at least three of its fingers.

“Who-who are you?” he stutters, trembling as you approach.

Dykos is part of a small clan of dwarves living in Sigil but originally from a Prime world called *Aebrynis*. He is a trader in headstones, but in no state to run his business: Currently Dykos stutters and babbles, mixes up dates and events, mutters fearfully to himself, and displays all the symptoms of someone in the midst of a severe mental breakdown. Grykas has been taking up the slack, but lacks both his uncle's knowledge and contacts in the trade.

Careful questioning will reveal the information below, but it will be mixed up and jumbled in terrified mutterings. To get a clearer story, the PCs will need to spur on Dykos' recovery somehow. Several options present themselves: Emotion-control spells, a bard's *inspire confidence* ability, plying him with mummerwine from the *Whispered Word*, or just some good role-playing from the players. If the PCs succeed in soothing Dykos' troubled mind, they can hear the coherent story given below. If not the DM should intersperse it with whatever rambling and stuttering they deem appropriate:

“It was late. I had just closed a deal at the Whispering Word and was heading home. No escort; I had no jink with me, just parchment and everyone knew it.”

“I was halfway down the alley when some fiend leapt at me from behind, grabbing me about the neck and shoulders. It- it hissed and spat some scree about ‘needing it again’ and threw me against the wall. I was struck unconscious, I think.”



"I came to my senses with a pain in my hand and the thing crouched over me, jabbering and slurping. It-it was... gnawing on my fingers... on w-w-what was left of my-my fingers. When it saw that I was awake, it covered its face and ran. I don't remember much more, or how I made it home."

Dykos can add little else. He wasn't robbed, has no real enemies, and doesn't suspect his business partner of the night. If asked for more of a description of the creature he says:

"It was shaped like a man, but far too lean and leathery, with a hideous frog-like mouth. Fangs like a shark, blind white eyes. And looking back on it... this will sound odd, but I'm sure it stank of death and rose petals. Yes, I'm sure of it. The smell was overpowering."

Dykos will be quite insistent in this last fact, although his addled mind is actually describing the mix of ghastrich and *Three Suns Prayer*. If the PCs supply him with a sample of the incense however, he will instantly be able to identify it- but it also sends him briefly hysterical with fear. The affect is sudden and shocking to onlookers, but might give them a clue that the incense is responsible for all the outlandish behavior going on.

A F † E R I I A † H

If the PCs speed Dykos' recovery, he will not forget them. Several days later (whenever the DM wishes) he will venture forth from his house and thank them publicly for their efforts. Although he offers no coin, he will promise to supply each of them with his finest quality headstone when they die. His heartfelt words also make the populace even friendlier towards the PCs - or help them to forgive any past indiscretions.

"GNARLYBONE † HE RØGUE"

Triggers:

The PCs hear about Gnarlybone and seek him out

The PCs defeat the Joculars without having visited their lair

Statistics for Gnarlybone and his lair can be found In Appendix I

Gnarlybone is well known locally as a scoundrel, but tolerated because he never steals from the folk of the Grey District. What's *not* widely known is that he has a hideaway at the end of Rattling Alley, where it meets the ash-choked rubble of the Pyres. Here he keeps a stash of goods and equipment (see Appendix I for details), trusting that the area's terrible reputation means he won't be disturbed. PCs can set up a meeting with Gnarlybone by making a *Gather Information* check (DC 20) or by asking Narma the Loud or the Voices to set it up.



Gnarlybone is a friendly but cautious young half-elf; charming, precocious, and unashamedly cowardly. He is skeletally thin and sports a partially shaven head, prominent joints, and long fingers. He usually wears nondescript ragged garments of poor quality. Only seventeen years old, Gnarlybone is still a child by the standards of his race, but experienced in the ways of the Hive. He grew up as an urchin in the Grey District and genuinely loves the Wailer Square folk. 'Gnarlybone' is the moniker the other urchins gave him as a boy. He doesn't remember his parents or know his real name.

Gnarlybone sometimes works as a tout, and knows a lot about the violent underworld of the Hive, including Old Toadface, the *Proud Pariahs*, the *Joculators*, and the local gangs. He can supply PC rogues with equipment and fence any goods they may have to sell (taking a 20% cut for himself). Although he knows where the *Joculators* have made their lair, he considers telling the authorities (as he sees the PCs) as against the code of the alleys. He won't reveal their location unless his life is threatened, he's offered a very large garnish, or is persuaded that some bigger threat is at work in Wailer's Square.

**OPTIONAL ENCOUNTER:
RAIDING THE JOCULATOR LAIR**

If the PCs have defeated the *Joculators* without ever exploring their lair in the Pyres then Gnarlybone may well come to *them* looking to mount an expedition to find it. He initially asks for an equal share of any loot found, but if he needs to persuade more lawful berks he'll admit that most of the goods the gang had stolen probably belong to Grey District residents.

AFTERMATH

As mentioned above, Gnarlybone is actually quite well liked in the district. PCs who torture or brutally murder the young rogue will receive the cold shoulder from many folk, as well as petty harassment from the local urchins: Thrown stones and excrement, name-calling, telling tales on them etc.

"NARMA THE LOUD"

Trigger:

The PCs seek out Narma

Narma is a professional mourner, hired to accompany funerals to show how well-loved the deceased was. Many a not-so-well-loved berk has also put aside a few 'stingers' (silver pieces) to hire folks like Narma as well, to wail and gnash their teeth as the body wagon goes by. Narma has no direct involvement in Eyes' plot, but is a very useful contact for the PCs and can help them out in various ways.

Narma the Loud, CR

Male human bard 3

N Medium human (Dustman)

Init +0; Senses Spot +1, Listen +4

Languages: Planar Common, Lower Planar Trade

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 bonus versus 1 opponent)

hp 16 (3 HD)

Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3

Speed: 30ft

Melee sickle +2 (1d6)

Ranged mwk dart+3 (1d3)

Base Atk +2; Grp +1

Special Actions: Countersong, Fascinate, Inspire Courage, Inspire Competence

Spells Per Day (CL 3rd)

1st (2/day) – *Cure Light Wounds*, *Disguise Self*, *Comprehend Languages*

0 (4/day) – *Dancing Lights*, *Ghost Sound* (DC 12), *Lullaby* (DC 12), *Prestidigitation*, *Daze*


Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15

SQ: Bardic Class Features

Feats: Skill Focus (Perform), Skill Focus (Heal), Dodge

Skills: Bluff +6, Concentration +4, Disguise +5, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Heal +10, Hide +2,

Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (the planes) +4, Listen +4, Perform (wailing) +11



Possessions: Shortsword, 3 mwk Darts, mwk mourner's outfit, mwk healer's kit, +1 Amulet of Armour (in the shape of a crying skull); 26 gold pieces, 8 silver pieces.

Narma's not a handsome man, but has great skill in contorting his face and body into grief-stricken poses and flinging his scrawny body around in mock-anguish. A lifelong resident of the Hive, he's perhaps fifty cycles old but looks much older and frailer than that. Narma works throughout the city, but advertises his services with free demonstrations in Wailer's Square alongside his fellows Guildsmen. He is their *de facto* leader by virtue of his organizational ability and superior skills. Narma can perform a number of services for the PCs:

- He can arrange a meeting between Gnarlybone for the PCs, provided he doesn't believe they'll just scrag the young thief.
- If anyone asks him about Dustmen acting out of character, he knows that Glory the jinkskirt had trouble with a customer in Dustman robes the other night (see 'A TALE OF BLOOD AND GOLD')
- He can identify Brunathel's *Wizard Mark* on the *Thurible of Desire* and knows that the artificer lives in Lower Ward near the Great Foundry.
- He can tell the PCs all about the Voices and major features of the local area like Deadwick, Nymon, Old Toadface, *The Damsel's Decent*, etc.
- He can provide lots of general information, using a *Bardic Knowledge* score of +4

In addition to information, Narma knows the *Cure Light Wounds* spell and acts as something of a healer in the district. He will treat bruised and battered PCs, but uses non-magical means unless the PCs are very badly hurt or specifically request it. Although he'll heal them with magic once or twice for free, from then on he'll charge a small fee (20gp per casting).

“SCENE OF THE CRIME”

Trigger:

The PCs investigate the Jocular crimes

It's likely that the PCs will visit the aftermath of at least one *Jocular* attack. Each scene will vary, but a number of clues can be found at every location. Depending on how they approach their investigation, they can make *Gather Information*, *Search*, or *Sense Motive* checks to learn the following:

A cloying smell hangs around the location; any religious characters will recognize incense, if not the particular type. After a few visits to crime scenes, this smell will start to faintly hang around the PCs too - and they'll begin to suffer from its effects (see 'ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES').

Witnesses describe three wild-eyed *chaonds* running amok, dressed as Dustmen but acting like total barmies. They were swinging ceremonial funerary gear around wildly (see *planewalker.com* for more information on the Chaond race).

Damage done is usually minor - general mayhem, vandalism, petty theft, goods pulled down or pushed over, and the occasional blow to a hidebound victim. The DM can go wild with random details (see 'DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS' for more information).

There's a 50% chance that among any crowd of gawkers and bystanders is Grimjaw the Githzerai, keeping a peery eye on things. If a PC specifically pays attention to the crowd, have him or her make a *Spot* check, opposed by Grimjaw's *Hide* skill (+8) to notice him. If they beat his score by 5pts of more, they'll even know that the githzerai was deliberately trying to keep out of sight.

A successful *Sense Motive* check (DC 23) while talking to any victim(s) reveals that something is making them more agitated and excitable than they should be. This effect is more noteworthy on characters that normally keep their emotions under wraps, but not very noticeable in either case.

“SHADØWS & PØR+ËN+S”

Trigger:

The PCs get their fortune’s told by Granny Marduk

PCs use divination magic to reveal what’s going on

Statistics for Granny Marduk can be found in APPENDIX II

It is possible that the PCs may seek clues to their future, by their own magic or the services of a soothsayer. Granny Marduk is a local NPC where such things are available, from a tiny shop on Shuffle Street hung with carved wooden masks and dangling bronze charms.

Granny’s flesh may be marred by a mass of wrinkles, but her eyes and smile are bright. Her bead costume rattles as she shuffles a deck of tattered cards with ancient but still nimble fingers. She lays them face down on the table before her, the faded image of a bladed face looking imperiously out from their backs.

The playing cards do indeed depict the faded image of Her Serenity, which might well make some berks nervous. Although their design mimics the images of a *Deck of Many Things* (and this is how Granny refers to them) in fact the cards themselves are not magical - Granny is.

Granny Marduk turns the cards one by one, nodding and mumbling as though their images merely confirmed what she already knew.

“Passion is written upon these cards; Desire is the key to your troubles! As to the specifics, mmm... The Flame Card indicates that an old and powerful enmity is the source of your woes. Now the Jester and the Void and the Knight... Mmm, your enemy is far removed from here, I think, and uses others in their game. Chaos is their chosen weapon, and it threatens the innocent... and the not-so-innocent. The source of this enmity, is belief, ah yes I see now, it is a conflict of-”

The old woman suddenly hack and spits, scattering the cards and tracing a warding sign in the air. “Blek and sod it, you unlucky berks! I see the shadow of three Factions looming over you! Get out before their hubris taints me too. Get out! Out! OUT I SAY!”

Granny will only stop shouting until the PCs have left her shop, although if necessary she’ll flee from *them* - the old woman is clearly terrified and desperate get away. Repeat visits to Granny will prove equally unproductive, as she will simply refuse to see or help the PCs. She doesn’t know what Factions are involved and doesn’t care; if necessary she will pack up and leave the district temporarily to avoid the party.

Other fortune tellers or PC divinations will provide similar results to that described above, although without Granny’s extreme reaction.

“WANDERING FINGERS”

Triggers:

PCs encounter Fingers the ghost in a random encounter

PCs stake out Rattling Alley looking for the creature that attacked Dykos

The PCs find Fingers’ lair in the cellar of Blighthouse (see Appendix I)

The party encounter Fingers the Ghast wandering the streets. He walks right past them, mumbling distractedly - but that's unlikely to be the first thing they notice:

It's the eye-watering stench that first attracts you to this odd passer-by: The figure reeks of death and incense, a cloying scent that becomes overpowering as he draws near. He's a Dustman but seems highly agitated - Hissing and muttering issues constantly from beneath his filthy hood:

'No no no... failing... failing... not falling to dust, Fingers is.... Fingers... fingers.... Mmm..... The True Death, the True Death... mustn't give in, mustn't know it. Need the quiet hole where it was... fingers must be good and not-not...like that again...no, oh no no no....'

This is none other than the 'Beast of Rattling Alley' himself, Fingers the ghast.

Currently Fingers wears a Dustman's robe over ragged knee-length pantaloons and a filthy shirt and waistcoat. He walks along with hood up, head bowed, and claws concealed in the wide sleeves of his robe. His elderly face is bruise-colored and leathery, with hideous jagged teeth and white eyes almost blind from cataracts. Fingers is extremely weak sighted, but has other means to detect his prey (see below).

Fingers mutters to himself constantly; about the True Death, about failing his vows, and about his previous favorite subject - eating fingers. It's possible that the PCs will encounter Fingers before they learn of Dykos the Maimed, but if they encounter him afterwards it's likely that they will leap to the (correct) conclusion that this is the creature responsible for attacking the merchant. The dark of things is a bit more complicated, however:

*"Y@U'RE THE REAL M@NSTER
HERE!"*

** SH@UTED AT A CLERIC WHO
JUST TURNED FINGERS THE
GHA@T*

those who wouldn't be missed. Like many primers, he found the city awesome and frightening but wanted to know more.

Fingers explored the streets and the Mortuary and overheard many conversations between Dustmen. He liked what he heard, and eventually being a Dustman has become more than a mere disguise: Fingers is on the verge of embracing their philosophy for real. Trying to put aside his passions, he had abstained from feeding for almost a month when he encountered the *Joculators*, who established a lair above his own. Unfortunately the chaotic trio regularly dump incense (and worse things) on him as a joke, and the enchanted *Three Suns Prayer* has impregnated his clothes and body and reawakened his hunger for living flesh.

Several times he has attacked solitary individuals in Rattling Alley, but so far managed to hold himself back from feeding - a truly heroic effort for a hungry ghast. The incense's effects are overcoming his inhibitions however; a few days ago he attacked Dykos the dwarf merchant and partially devoured his hand. Fingers feels genuinely ashamed of this; not because of the harm done to Dykos but because it represents his failing to put aside his desires and because he almost gave death to someone not yet ready for it.

Having stumbled through a portal two months ago, Fingers found himself in the Mortuary. Disguising himself in a Dustman's robe (after eating its previous occupant), the ghast has prowled the guildhall and its surrounding streets for weeks. Seeing the many dangers of the Hive, he became a cautious hunter, feeding only off





Fingers the Ghast, CR 3

Medium Undead (Dustman)

Neutral

Init +3; Senses Listen +8, Spot -8; Lifescent

Languages: Common, Planar Trade

AC 17 touch 12, flat-footed 14

Hp 26 (4 HD)

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +6

Speed 30 ft

Melee: Bite 2 claws +3 (1d8+3, Paralysis)

Base Atk +2; Grp +5

Special Atks: Paralysis, Stench

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 17, Con —, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 7

SQ: Darkvision 60 ft, Incense Victim, Turn Resistance, Undead traits

Feats: Lifescent, Multiattack

Skills: Balance +5, Climb +5, Hide +8, Jump +7, Move Silently +8

Possessions: Dustman robe, Faction symbol. Other treasures are at Fingers' lair in *Blighthouse*.

Ghoul Fever (su): Disease - bite, Fortitude DC 10, incubation period 1 day, damage 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex.

Incense Victim (su): Fingers radiates *Faint Enchantment* magic, and his robes carry a *Lingering Aura* of the same kind. Any *Sense Motive* check of 23+ detects that Fingers' emotions are being affected by magic. Fingers is actually so impregnated with the stuff that anyone he hits in melee combat must make a save or become infected by the incense. See 'ACT III TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information.


Lifescent (ex) - Fingers is nearly blind, and suffers a -10 penalty to *Spot* and *Search* checks. To compensate however, he has developed a magical sense that can "smell" the life force of living creatures. Medium creatures can be detected up to 60-foot radius, with as much accuracy as if he were able to see them. Halve this range for every size category below medium, and double it for each category above it, up to a maximum of 960 feet for a Colossal creature. Fingers' sense of smell can permeate walls and inside objects, provided that the area is not air-tight or separated by more than a foot of stone

Paralysis (ex): DC 10 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 1d4+1 rounds. Even elves can be affected by this paralysis.

Stench & Incense (ex): The mixed smell of ghast stench and *Three Suns Prayer* is bizarre and awful but not quite as deadly as normal: Living creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 10 Fort save or be sickened for 1d6+4 minutes. A failed save automatically infects a character with the smell and magic of *Three Suns Prayer* (See 'ACT III TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected by the ghast's stench for 24 hours. A Delay Poison or Neutralize Poison spell removes the effect.

If confronted, Fingers at first tries to get away. If cornered however, he attacks his enemies frantically - but restrains from using his bite attack - have the PCs make a *Sense Motive* check at DC 16 to realize that he's deliberately holding back from biting them, with some difficulty.

If captured rather than killed, Fingers confess his crimes. He claims to have given up eating his favorite food ("*fingers!*") but just couldn't help himself the other night; the hunger has come back worse than ever in the last couple of weeks. Amidst his rambling (or if asked about the smell on his robes) Fingers mentions that a band of "*dancing dustmen*" keep hitting him with a smelly metal thing, pouring pungent powder and worse things on him, and constantly shouting and singing while he's trying to have a quiet think at home. They moved into the ruins above Fingers' house two weeks ago, and have been bothering him ever since. If spared,



he's even prepared to show the PCs where he lives. It's a ramshackle inn called *Blighthouse* at the heart of the ruinous *Pyres*. See Appendix I for more details.

A F + E R M I A + H

Caring PCs might take *Fingers to Mortuary*, where a pair of *Dustmen* will take him into custody. Unfortunately these very *Dustmen* will later be involved in an angry exchange with their fellows as they too are affected by the incense clinging to them. The characters can hear about this from *Mother Xero* or any other *Dustman* of their acquaintance.

Under the care of the *Dustmen* and away from the affects of the *Thurible*, *Fingers* will eventually recover from his hunger and even his muttering madness will subside a little. If they encounter him again once the *Thurible's* affects have worn off, *Fingers* will be grateful for their help, although not very passionate about it. They will now have a contact and minor friend in the *Mortuary* (albeit a slightly barmy one) should they ever need it. *Fingers* would make an excellent 'project' for a PC *Dustman* seeking to advance in rank.

SLIPPING + HE BLINDS

Seeing a monster (and not even a harmless one) lurking in the district, it's quite likely that the PCs will simply attack *Fingers* and kill him, although as the *Voices* pointed out when they were hired, this isn't actually what they're being paid for. They should also know by now that many undead are part of the *Dustmen*, and if they execute *Fingers* just because he's undead, that's *murder*. *Dustmen* or good-aligned PCs should be concerned with helping the ghoul stick to his new beliefs.

RAND O M ENC OUN + ERS IN + HE GREY DIS + TRIC +

Eyes Desire's plot isn't the only thing happening in the *Grey District*; there are plenty of minor encounters to occupy the party's time: Helping drunkards home, driving off urchins, carrying the shopping of old ladies, and the like. There's also a 50% chance once each day and once each night of a more significant event. Some of these are related to the incense's effects, others are not. Statistics for the majority of encounters can be found in Appendix II.

Roll 1d20 on the table below:

1) ASSAUL + IN PR OGR ESS (EL 2): The PCs encounter some typical 'hive ward entrepreneurs' shaking down a local merchant. A typical gang consists of 4 *Violent Berks*, use *Average Berk* statistics for their victim. Roll 1d4 to see exactly which gang is involved:

1. Greenjackets
2. Bloodmouths
3. Immigrant Protection League
4. Unaligned thugs




2) **BRAWL (EL - see below):** An argument turns into a fistfight. The situation may or may be aggravated by the presence of *Three Suns Prayer* (if it is then PCs can make a *Wisdom* check at DC 12 will detect the faint smell). Roll 1d8 to see exactly who's involved:

1. Residents versus new immigrants
2. Bubbers from the *Scold's Bridle*
3. Funerary Guildsmen versus Day Labourer's Guild
4. Beggars
5. Residents
6. Rival Collectors
7. Mister Tuck and Mister Ku (50% chance of supporters on each side)
8. Gangs (see *Assault in Progress* above to determine which gangs are fighting. It's entirely possible that all the brawlers are from the same gang).

All the encounters above are with *Average Berks*, except the gang fights, which are between *Violent Berks*. There are 6 berks involved on either side. The Encounter level against *Average Berks* is 4 if the party taken all twelve brawlers, or 2 if they attack only one side. Against a pair of warring gangs, the EL is 5 and 3 respectively.

3) **BUBBED-UP CLIENT† (EL ½):** The PCs notice one of the local jinkskirts (a girl named Glory) having trouble with a drunken 'client' in an alleyway. He's swaying and staggering as he slurs insults at her, waving a half-empty ceramic bottle. A successful *Sense Motive* check indicates that he might well become violent. If the PCs intervene on her behalf, Glory will warm to them and confess the tale of her encounter with Lord



Madrigore (see 'A TALE OF BLOOD AND GOLD'). She'll also become rather attached to the most heroic-seeming PC (male or female). If the PCs do not interfere, the bubber will briefly assault Glory with fist and bottle, leaving her lying stunned on the ground.

Glory the Jinkskirt: Use *Average Berk*

Bubber: Use *Violent Berk*

4) DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS (EL 7): The party runs into the handiwork of the Xaosaic trio (see 'DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS' above). Roll 1d4 to determine exactly what the party encounters (if Grimjaw has already been dealt with this encounter is only EL 6):

1. The aftermath of a prank.
2. A prank in progress.
3. Joculators capering about on 'happiness patrol.'
4. Joculators ambush the PCs.

5) FALSE REPORT (EL ~): Panic spreads throughout the district, as news hits the alley's that the *Proud Pariahs* fiend gang are coming to sort out the PCs and make Wailer's Square part of their territory. Shops are closed, windows are shuttered, and berks flee the streets. If the PCs are brave enough to stand and await the fiend gang however, no one shows up... this time.

6) FUNERAL: A long procession of black-robed priests carrying candles, silver censers, and bronze gongs makes its way down Shuffle Street, accompanied by professional wailers who scream, thrash, and pray loudly for the soul of the deceased. Traffic comes to a virtual halt as they make their way to the Great Mortuary (if the DM wishes, the funeral might prove too tempting a target for the *Joculators*, who attempt to disrupt it).

Use *Average Berk* statistics for the mourners and wailers (Narma the Loud might also be present). If they are lead by a cleric, see the statistics under *Encounter 10*, below

7) GANG TROUBLE (EL varies): The constant skirmishing between gangs flares up into a more serious trouble. This is usually a pre-arranged event, held out of sight or late at night (at the DM's discretion this encounter might be with the fight itself or just the start of things... whispered words, perhaps a firebombing and assassination or two, then the battle itself). If the PCs manage to diffuse the situation without resorting to violence, the DM should consider awarding them from half to full normal XP for 'defeating' the encounter anyway.

Roll 1d4 on the table below to see exactly what's going on (the *Thurible of Desire* may or may not be involved in these events, at the DM's discretion):

1. *Greenjackets* against *Bloodmouths*. Six Violent Berks on either side make for an EL 5 encounter if the PCs take them all on.
2. Sixteen *Greenjackets* versus the three ogre brothers who run the *Scold Bridle* (they have refused to pay them any protection money). Each side is an effectively matched at EL 6.
3. The Immigrant Protection League (6 Violent Berks) versus a coalition of bigoted locals (12 Average Berks). This makes an EL 7 encounter if the PCs try and take on everybody at once.
4. Roll again.

8) GUILD TROUBLE (EL 2): The PCs come across an altercation between Jaime Foul tongue and some thugs from the *Day Labourers' Guild*. At the moment they're sparring with just words, but Jamie's constant cursing is riling them more and more. A brawl soon develops (award 20% less XP for the fight if Jaime fights alongside the PCs). If the PCs have to subdue Jaime too, this becomes an EL 5 encounter.

Jaime Foultongue, See Appendix II

4 Rough-looking guildsmen: Use *Average Berk*

9) **PICKPOCKET+** (EL 5): The PCs are targeted by a trio of professional pickpockets, who try and dip a PC's purse. They work as a team: one man distracting the PC(s), one lifting the purse, and another receiving it and making her escape. If detected, they scatter and flee.

3 Pickpockets: Use *Sly Berk*

10) **PILGRIMAGE**: A solemn procession of priests wends its way through the Grey District, then up Shuffle Street to the doors of the Great Mortuary. Trouble erupts when the priests (all primers) are told that the portal they were expecting to use no longer exists! Heated arguments ensue, and if the party do not intervene to cool things down, the priests eventually try to force their way in. The fight lasts only 1d3+1 rounds - until the Gate Guardians intervene and the battle is quickly (and bloodily) finished. Afterwards, people mutter darkly that "*this never would have happened before the War.*"

Dustmen & Gate Guardians: Use the statistics in Appendix II

Primer Clerics of Death, CR 1

Medium Humanoid

Neutral

Init +0; Senses Listen +1, Spot +1

Languages: Common

AC 15 touch 10, flat-footed 15

Hp 6 (1 HD)

Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +3

Speed 20ft

Melee: Scythe +1 (2d4/x4)

Base Atk +0; Grp +1

Special Atks: *Smite* 1/day

Cleric Spells Per Day:

1st level (DC 12) - *Doom, Divine Favour, Domain Spell (Cause Fear)*

0 Level (DC 11) - *Guidance, Resistance, Virtue*

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 12

SQ: Death Touch, one other Granted Power of DM's choice


Feats: Combat Casting, Improved Turning

Skills: Concentration +3 (+7 in combat), Heal +3, Profession (Priest) +5, Spellcraft +3

Possessions: Hooded black robe, chainmail, holy symbol, ceremonial scythe

Death Touch (su): You must succeed on a melee touch attack against a living creature (using the rules for touch spells). When you touch, roll 1d6 per cleric level you possess. If the total at least equals the creature's current hit points, it dies (no save). Useable 1/day.





Smite (su): 1/d you may declare an attack to be a *Smite*, granting +4 to hit and +1 to damage.

These clerics worship Death as a philosophy rather than a specific power, but could easily be changed to priests of a specific deity (Aravn, Hades, Hel, Kali, Kelemvor, Mictlantecuhtli, Nerull, Osiris, Yen Wang Yeh, or Wee Jas). Other options for processions include attacks by a rival faith or the Joculators.

11) RAGPICKER SHIVS (EL 2): The sound of a fight attracts the PCs. A vicious knife-fight has erupted in a nearby alley, over a dead body and a pile of rags. Six Ragpickers are trying to kill each other over the prize.

Six Ragpickers: Use *Average Berk* statistics

The body in question is of an emaciated beggar, who died of exposure - although several of his fingers have been gnawed off (the work of Fingers the Ghast, who didn't kill the beggar, just nibbled on his corpse). An eye-watering stench of incense and excrement hangs heavy in the air.

12) HIVE WARD HAZARD: The PCs encounter one of the numerous hazards of life in the Hive. Roll 1d4 and consult the table below:

1. **Falling Blade** - One of the countless rusty blades adorning a building overhead breaks off and comes tumbling down, causing 2d10 damage unless those below make a REF save (DC 15).
2. **Ooze Puddle** - The character must make a *Spot* check (DC 14) to notice the faint sickly glow ahead of them, if not, then they will step into an ooze puddle, which immediately tries to suck them into the Plane of Ooze. This first round will be a surprise round, and the character is automatically considered grappled by the *Ooze Mephit* reaching up through the pool (its strength 14, with a Grapple check of +1):

Ooze Mephit, CR 3 (see MM, p183)

19hp (3 HD); N

Oozing Cover - the puddle provides cover for the attacking mephit (+4 to AC, +2 Ref Saves, and it's not subject to *attacks of opportunity*).

Award +10% XP for this encounter.

3. **Smog Bank** - The party catches sight of a thick bank of choking smog drifting in from Lower Ward. Within 1d6x10 minutes it has covered the district in sulphurous black mist, which lasts for 1d3 days. This should certainly make things more 'interesting' for PCs out on patrol. See ACT III for details of Lower Ward Smog.
4. **Razorvine** - a loose cobble or other mishap sends the character stumbling into a patch of razorvine. The unfortunate character takes 3d6 damage, minus their natural armor and *half* the non-magical protection value of any armor worn (Ref Save DC 15 for half damage). Afterwards a perceptive Planar may note that the razorvine seems to be growing rampant in the Grey District of late... (See CONSULTING THE DABUS in ACT II for the reason why).

13) LAUGHING DUSTMEN: The PCs witness a Dustman acting strangely: Laughing, weeping, raging, or displaying some other outburst of emotion. The Dustman is bundled into the Mortuary by his companions before the PCs can interfere. Guildsmen in the area deny everything.

14) RESTLESS DEAD (EL ½): Infected by the *Thurible*, one of the district's zombies develops desires and a vague awareness. It wanders the streets mumbling to itself, restless and unhappy but still almost completely mindless.

Zombie, CR ½ (see MM, p266)
16hp (2HD); N

15) SΘUGAD SΘDKILLER (EL 4): Sougad Sodkiller is a bitter berk, genuinely unlucky and convinced that his lot in life is to receive the short end of the stick. For example, Sougad happens to share his name with a famous serial killer of Sigil's recent past (see the adventure *Harbinger House*) and gets rather annoyed by berks making uncomplimentary references to him, those events, and his current Faction.

Sougad's been trying to get several streets in the Hive to employ the Sodkillers (or at least their portion of the city guard) for protection, but so far has had little success. He came to Wailer's Square a few weeks ago but was rudely rebuffed by the locals. Now he's back having heard that chaos is still plaguing the streets. He's had several setbacks in his career (see his *Luckless* trait, below), and is starting to get desperate for some success.

Award 10% less XP for any fight with Sougad, as his various hindrances make him less of a challenge.

Sougad Sodkiller, CR 4

Male Human Fighter 4
Init +4; Senses Spot +5, Listen +3
Languages: Planar Trade, Khaasta

AC 16*, touch 8*, flat-footed 16 (*+1 dodge bonus v 1 opponent)
Hp 34 (4 HD)
Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +2

Speed 20ft
Melee +6 Cursed Battleaxe, 2-handed (1d8+4/19+)
Base Atk +4; Grp +7
Atk Options: Armour Spikes, Flask of Curses

Abilities Str 16, Dex 6 (10), Con 15, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 10
Special Qualities: Luckless
Feats: Cleave, Dodge, Endurance, Eye For Injustice, Improved Initiative, Power Attack
Skills: Handle Animal +2, Intimidate +6, Sense Motive +2


Possessions: Cursed Battleaxe -2, Spiked Halfplate, *Ring of Clumsiness*, a *Flask of Curses* (see DMG, p275), and two Potions of *Cure Moderate Wounds*.

Eye For Injustice (ex): 1/day Sougad can make a *Sense Motive* check to determine if an individual has knowingly committed any crimes in the past 24 hours (DC 10 + number of hours since the crime was committed). If the criminal is actively trying to hide their crime from him, add their Wisdom modifier (if positive) to the DC. This check does not reveal the exact crime, but it does reveal its magnitude.

Luckless (ex): Sougad is one of those bashers that chance and fortune simply *hate* - the multiverse just seems to have it in for him. On any check he makes where a natural roll of 1 is an automatic failure, a roll of 2 or 3 is *also* classed as an automatic failure. Poor sod.

Sougad will patrol the district, looking for an opportunity to prove the value of his beliefs and the benefits of signing up for Sodkiller protection, occasionally stopping to preach at shopkeepers or passers-by. He's a passionate speaker, but doesn't handle unexpected questions well. He also refuses to use shields, after a bad





fumble with one (which he refuses to elaborate about) which almost cost him his life. Despite his comical nature, Sougad is a more than competent warrior if the PCs try to be rid of him by force.

16) THIEVING URCHINS (EL 3): The PCs witness a raid for food or equipment on a roadside stall, carried out by ten of the Grey District urchins. They scatter in all directions if confronted, fighting only as a last resort. Fleeing urchins will be supported by other of their kind, who assault the PCs with stones, dung, and name calling during the pursuit.

Use the *Urchin* statistics in Appendix II for these thieves. They will duck and weave through the district, dropping their stolen goods rather than being caught. After a long chase through every alley and ruin in the Grey District, they eventually scabble into a hole to escape medium-sized PCs. Anyone who pursues them further will find themselves surrounded by 10 feral children armed with broken bottles and rusty knives (an EL 3 fight).

PCs who are overly brutal with the urchins in public will receive the undying wrath of the other street children, and some condemnation from the locals as well. The party will receive minor harassment by urchins for the rest of the scenario.

17) UNEXPECTED PORTAL: A sudden golden light heralds the opening of a previously unknown portal, one of many with a new key and destination since the *Tempest of Portals*. The DM can make up the location, or roll 1d6:

AVERNUS AWAITS: A blasted fiery landscape is revealed, and PCs glimpse an armored knight struggling amidst a scrum of roaring fiends. A glowing icon, bright and holy is held out towards the portal in his bloody hand. Before either he or the item can pass through however, he is yanked back by his attackers and the portal closes.

BAD BUB BOX: A baroque tavern full of hubbub and cheer - but the drinkers are all Tanar'ri! From across the room a succubus turns and winks alluringly at the group before returning to its game - throwing darts at a crucified figure pinned to the wall (if the PCs later explore the tavern, it can be a jumping off point for *The Deva Spark* adventure).


UNEXPECTED ARRIVALS (EL 4): Two wounded young adventurers flee out of the portal, pursued by a horde of 16 kobolds. The kobolds arrive at the rate of 2d4 each round, but will scatter if over half are killed or disabled, although once they've regrouped they'll run amok in the district for days (EL 4).

Cedric and Dagobert, CR 1 (DMG, p117)
3 out of 8hp (1HD); NG

Kobold, CR ¼ (see MM, p161)
4hp (1 HD); LE

If they survive the encounter, both Cedric and Dagobert will be overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of the Hive. Injured, frightened, and suffering in Sigil's filth and bad air, they won't recuperate until this adventure is over, after which they'll begin looking for a way home. Any surviving kobolds will infest a nearby empty tenement, plaguing the district with murderous thieving. The Voices will make their eradication an immediate priority for the group.

SADDENED SOLAR: The portal opens into a swirling vortex of darkness, a palpable wave of evil billowing out of it. A single bright speck appears, rushing forward, and suddenly one of the mighty *Solars* emerges from the portal. It cleaves the arch in twain, looks around sadly, then spreads its wings and flies away.



A WAY OUT? The portal reveals a beautiful pastoral vista, a scene of humbling peace and serenity. People suddenly start running towards the portal, desperate to escape to a better life. Only a handful make it before the portal closes, but for weeks afterwards a small cadre of hopefuls sits vigil before it, hoping they will get another chance to escape the Hive.

TENTACLE OF DΘΘΠ (EL 4): A massive tentacle forces its way through the portal, thrashing blindly in the street. It crushes several unlucky passersby and badly damages the surrounding buildings, but thankfully the rest of the beast is far too large to pass through the portal. The portal stays open for 1d6 rounds.

Tentacle, CR 4

Huge Aberration

Chaotic Evil

Init +1; Senses n/a

Languages: n/a

AC 13 touch 8, flat-footed 12

Hp 76 (8 HD)

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +11

Melee Thrashing Tentacle +8 (1d10+4)

Base Atk +12; Grp +22

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 12, Con 20, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Feats: Blind-Fighting

Skills: n/a

Possessions: see below

Thrashing Blind (ex): The tentacle thrashes mightily but blindly, although it still strikes with uncanny accuracy for a creature that shouldn't be able to see or hear the PCs. The tentacle suffers all the normal penalties for being blind, including a 50% miss chance (its *Blind Fighting* feat allows it to roll twice however, like any other character).

TREASURE: If the characters somehow manage to defeat the tentacle (severing it and causing the stump to withdraw through the portal, which immediately closes), they can examine its slimy, warty flesh and foul-smelling black meat. Inscribed intermittently on the flesh by some unknown means of scarification are a number of magical runes (which can be deciphered with *Read Magic*). A few are still readable; many more cover the flesh but have been damaged beyond use. The readable runes contain innate magic and can be 'read' as if they were a scroll containing a random 3rd level spell (each flesh-scroll dissolves after one use). 1d3 arcane and 1d3 divine spells are present on the carcass.

18) WANDERING FINGERS (EL 3): The PCs encounter a muttering figure swathed in ragged grey robes. This is Fingers the ghastr, see the 'WANDERING FINGERS' above.

19) ZΘΠBIΘ HUSBAND (EL ½): The ancient widow Sha'ref has been a washerwoman for decades, living alone since her husband was taken by plague thirty years ago. Although dead, he's not far away: His corpse was sold to the Dustman and animated as a zombie, and is used for cleaning moss and razorvine from the Mortuary walls.

Widow Sha'ref is quite content with this arrangement. She sees her husband regularly and always gives him a pleasant nod and hello, although so far he's never answered her. But the *Thurible's* effects have worked their magic on his corpse, and it has developed a faint awareness and desire to be with its wife once more.

“What? Eee, get away! Stop it, Kalin. Stop it, I say! Aaaaah! Get off! Get away from me you great stinking lump! That’s not on! Help! Help!”

The PCs are alerted to trouble by the screams of Widow Sha’refer, and will probably assume that her attacker is a living man. On running to her assistance, the party will discover the old woman fending off a zombie that appears to be trying to embrace her, mumbling “wife...” again and again under its fetid breath.

Kalin the Razorvine-draped Zombie, CR ½ (see MM, p266)

16hp (2HD); N

Draped in Razorvine (ex): This corpse is draped in razorvine! The zombie’s physical attacks cause an additional 1d6 points of slashing damage. Unarmed attacks (or touch attacks) against Old Man Sha’refer also inflict 1d6 damage on the attacker, unless they beat its AC by 4pts or more. Anyone foolish enough to grapple the zombie takes 3d6 damage, just as if they had fallen into a patch of razorvine (see *Hive Ward Hazard* for more details). Award +15% XP for this encounter, as the razorvine makes the zombie a slightly more significant threat.

The PCs can rescue widow Sha’refer however they wish, after which she will explain how her ‘husband’ followed her home today and suddenly attempted to kiss her. She’s no idea why his corpse has chosen today to go crazy, and is actually worried that the Dustmen will want back their money back.

An examination of the corpse will reveal the smell of *Three Suns Prayer* incense and a lingering aura of enchantment magic. A successful *Search* check (DC 15) also reveals the distinctive imprint of the *Thurible* in the side of the zombie’s head.

20) ZOMBIE THEFT (EL 5): The PCs come across some scruffy, suspicious-looking berks carrying 3 long cloth-wrapped parcels. Each parcel is carried by two thieves, actually thugs from the Day Labourers Guild. Their illicit cargos are bodies - zombies in fact, stolen from Jaime’s yard.

PCs are likely to stop the rogues based purely on their shiftiness, but *Spot* checks (DC 15) will confirm that their parcels look suspiciously like bodies. When challenged, the thieves will either drop their cargo and run (if the PCs outnumber them or are well-known killers) or make ready for a fight. The thieves can’t control the zombies, but will just send them lurching forward at the PCs. The zombies themselves will stagger forward for a few rounds (potentially looking quite menacing), but then just stand there.

10 Thieves: Use *Violent Berk* stats.

Stolen Zombie, CR ½ (see MM, p266)

16hp (2HD); N

The thieves are workers at the Day Labourer’s Guild, and have decided to rob Jaime as a way of whittling down the competition and making a few coins on the side. Although they will claim to have been sent by the Guild and alternatively promise rewards if they’re let go and dire revenge if they’re not, they Guild actually has no involvement with their actions.

ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES

"I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I BECAME INCENSED!"

" GUIN AP NUDD EXPLAINS THE THURIBLE'S EFFECTS

take if they get hold of it. Here the characters might even track the plot down to its originator - and maybe take their revenge for all the chaos they've caused.

The PCs will probably first come across the *Thurible* in the hands of the *Joculators* - when one of them hits a PC with it, scattering pungent incense everywhere. They can also pick up traces of the incense (and its magical effects) by visiting various crime scenes, Blighthouse, and Fingers the ghost.

Most victims of the *Thurible* become mildly impulsive and over emotional, but Dustmen in particular will become more animate, have slightly more exaggerated reactions and be highly uncomfortable with them. Actual undead become more 'animated' by their original (or sometimes new) memories and personality traits - often with dangerous results (see *A TALE OF BLOOD AND GOLD* for an example). Other creatures that spend a lot of time around infected folk or locations are likely to pick up a mild dose of it, which works as above but only lasts a few hours, depending on how much of the incense they've been around.

The *Thurible* is currently loaded with an Arcadian incense called *Three Suns Prayer*, whose pleasant but strong smell persists for three days. Characters exposed to the incense must also make a WILL Save every 24 hours they are infected, unless it is removed.

This section deals with the *Thurible of Desire* and various actions the PCs might



Three-Suns-Prayer Incense

Three Suns Prayer Incense is created by priest-chemists in the city the Heliopolis, home of the Pharaonic Powers Osiris, Isis, and Horus. Its floral scent is so potent its almost choking, but it has powerful cleansing and sanctifying properties. A single bloc of powdery resin (its normal form) burns for three whole days. The incense is reddish-purple colour and has a strong odour even when unlit.

A single block of *Three Suns Prayer* incense burns for exactly 72 hours. Its powerful smell generally permeates to a 30ft radius. The smell is strong enough to reduce the range of any *Scent* ability in the area to ¼ normal, and grants a +2 bonus to all Saving Throws against olfactory-based spells and effects (*Ghost Stench*, *Stinking Cloud* spells, etc).

Weight: 0.2lbs

Price: 600gp per block

BRUNATHEL'S THURIBLE OF DESIRE

The *Thurible of Desire* is an enchanted censor cast in the shape of the Great Mortuary, connected to a short steel handle by a stout length of chain. It radiates strong *enchantment* magic. Based on its construction alone, the piece is probably worth about 300gps.

If the PCs attempt to break the *Thurible*, it has Hardness 15 and 30 hit points (Brunathel does superlative work). It can be used as a flail in combat, but is badly balanced and has a -4 attack penalty. A successful attack doesn't have to penetrate its target's armour to cover it in incense however - a melee touch attack is all that's required for this.

Careful examination of the item (*Search* check DC 20) reveals a series of tiny glyphs: The name of the item and Brunathel's personal *Wizard Mark*. A *Bardic Lore* or *Knowledge (Arcana)* result of 17+ identifies it, and that Brunathel is a renowned artificer based near the Great Foundry.

Powers: When its top is sealed, the *Thurible* automatically enchants any incense within it, and also causes the block to smoulder. Those exposed to the incense's smoke receive a *Suggestion* effect subtly encouraging them to give in to their emotions. Creatures normally without emotions suffer a more pronounced effect, creating strong emotions that surface intermittently, but most often in the face of an appropriate provocation. The DC of both saves is 18. Characters who make a Will save are immune to the effects of the *Thurible* for 24 hours.

Those who fail gain the special trait below:

Incense Victim (Su): The character suffers heightened emotions, as described in ACT III. The victim radiates a lingering aura of enchantment while effected. The character suffers a -2 penalty to all Will saves against spells or effects that provoke or produce emotions, and the DC of all *Sense Motive* attempts against them drop by 2pts. Other characters who make a *Sense Motive* check of 23+ (this includes the modifier above) will notice that the victim is being affected by something.

Aura: Strong Enchantment.

Weight: 5lbs

Market Value: 15,000 gp.

AFFECTING THE PCS

It is almost inevitable that the PCs will be infected by the incense to some degree or other, but the effects will be minor unless one of them is a worthy Dustman, a depressed bleaker, or has lost their emotions to the Grey Waste. There are a number of ways that party members can be affected:

- Being hit with the *Thurible* in combat (a melee touch attack)
- Having incense dumped onto their heads by a giggling *Joculator*
- Hands on examination of three or more crime scenes where the *Thurible* was used
- Searching the *Joculator* hideout
- Melee combat (especially grappling) with a heavily infected person such as Fingers or a *Joculator*
- Extensive search of an infected person's clothing or equipment
- Taking the *Thurible* apart to examine it

Infected PCs will not initially notice any change in their own behaviour, but their companions can spot it with a *Sense Motive* check of 23 or more. There's a+4 bonus if an observer specifically states they are looking for a heightened emotional state in the victim.

WASH DAY BLUES

Infected characters will possibly try to remove the pungent odour by bathing and laundering their clothes. This will create some interesting complications.

Firstly, a 'quick wash' will do little to remove the smell, and most of the washerwomen of the square won't be too bothered by this, much preferring it to the usual stench of sweat and filth. The PCs will need to specifically request a thorough scrub to remove the smell if they want it out. The washerwomen will also wash multiple sets of clothes in the same tub unless warned otherwise, and everyone else's washing and whoever does the laundry be infected as well.

The same applies to bathing. A hard scrub is required to get the smell out of the PC's hair and skin. This will likely be done at the *Three Tubs*, and unless they warn Haigherty beforehand he too will be enamoured with the incense-flavoured water. In fact he'll bottle it as cheap scent and sell it! If they warn him however, he'll throw the dirty bathwater out (into the alley behind his premises) where it will cause the local Cranium Rats to enter a frenzy of odd behaviour.

If they hadn't figured it out before, then these events should suggest to the PCs that there is something odd about the censor or its contents.

AN UNWANTED GIFT

Given the *Thurible's* design and obvious quality, the PCs may well decide to sell it - either direct to the Funerary Guild or via someone else (Gnarlybone or one of the Shuffle Street traders, both of whom will offer only about a third of its market value, as its rather distinctive and they'll think it's stolen Guild property). If the PCs sell the *Thurible* direct to the Dustmen however, they can get a better price.


Wherever they sell it, eventually the censor will make its way into the Mortuary where its magical nature will not be spotted at first (unless the PCs revealed it). A few days of sudden arguments, fights, and incidents however, will convince them that something is up. After detecting the *Thurible's* magical aura, they will swiftly trace it back to PCs. If the characters have a good working relationship with the buyer, they may get a little advanced warning that the Guild has been asking questions about them and it, otherwise the first they'll learn of it is the encounter below:

QUARTERMASTER AMBERGRIS

This former Factotum has changed little since his Faction gave up that status. He still considers the smooth running of the Grey District to be his personal quest, and he's still the ruthless suspicious cutter he always was, always looking for enemies of his Faction to defend against and strike out at. He is in essence *exactly* the sort of person who brought about the Faction War in the first place.

If the PCs let the *Thurible* loose in the Mortuary (accidentally or otherwise), then Ambergris will take it upon himself to





investigate the matter, and it won't take him long for the adventurers to reach his attention; he'll summon them to a meeting in whatever manner is most likely to disturb them and display his power - like having them roused from their beds in the middle of the night to find him waiting downstairs in the *Whispered Word*.

Ambergris is a half-hobgoblin, an albino, a dedicated warrior in the *Kriegstanz* (when outside Sigil these days, of course), and an arrogant berk to boot. He grew up among the Four Furnaces of Gehenna, a place of arrogance and cruelty where the slightest weakness or squeamishness meant death. He applies this philosophy to his dealings with the PCs, but fortunately he's a good Dustman and almost totally emotionless; he's too withdrawn to be truly evil, but has no time for law, chaos, or goodness either:

A quintet of threatening figures await you: A lean, frog-mouthed albino half-something in Dustman robes, and four squat giants whose naked grey flesh is taut across bulging muscle. Each of the heads, necks, and collar bones of the four ogres have been entirely stripped of flesh, leaving polished skeleton exposed - a gruesome and unmistakable symbol of Dustman allegiance.

Stinking of death and embalming fluid, these monstrosities flank their master with arms folded, hollow eye-sockets flickering with malevolent crimson light.

*"I am Quartermaster Ambergris," the pale Dustman announces. With a heavy clank, he tosses something onto the table before him. You recognise it the *Thurible* you 'acquired' from the *Joculators*.*

"Explain this." He demands.

Ambergris is observing the PCs carefully for signs of guilt or falsehood (*Sense Motive* +7). He all but accuses the party of attempting to harm the mortuary staff by sending them the *Thurible*, and threatens dire vengeance if he even *suspects* the PCs of wronging them deliberately. Attempts to verbally assault Ambergris will fall on deaf ears; physical assaults will be met by *subdual* attacks from his ogre zombie guards: Ambergris is more than prepared to beat the PCs into submission before making his point, but would rather not kill them. At the moment he wants the party alive to do his bidding, and of course giving them False Death achieves nothing.

"This item is cursed, and powerfully enchanted. It strikes at the heart of our ideals, harms both we who follow the Way of Death and those who dwell around us. And I promise you, it will be the cause of harm to you too... if you do not rectify the chaos you have caused."

After letting the PCs vent their anger and giving them opportunity to explain themselves, Ambergris delivers an ultimatum: Find out where the *Thurible* comes from and who has sent it against the Dustmen "or you shall be judged to be the instigators of this." Ambergris doesn't care how unfair his ultimatum is, and will add that he expects a result within three days. He will leave the *Thurible* with the group when he leaves. Attempts to dissuade or intimidate Ambergris will fail utterly, and he's indifferent to almost any taunt or jibe the PCs might try on him. A *Diplomacy* check will at least persuade Ambergris that the PCs are not his enemies, merely played fools.

If he feels the need to put further pressure on the PCs, Ambergris will see to it that all co-operation between the Funerary Guild and the PCs cease until they complete their task: No healing from Narma the Loud, no zombies for hire, no further information from Mother Xero or anyone one else in the Guild. No Dustmen will drink in the *Whispered Word* either, which will cut into Bald Grum's profits significantly.

The party will meet Ambergris again in three days time, and they had better satisfy his demands. Depending on the tale they produce, have them make a *Diplomacy* or *Bluff* roll to convince him. Fortunately Ambergris is a firm supporter of the *Kriegstanz* and will believe just about any story that includes a Faction plot... as long as there's nothing to obviously contradict their lies.

If not satisfied, Ambergris will set his ogres upon them: a single additional warning (in the form of a good beating), followed shortly after by an attack to kill. Locals sympathetic to the PCs will warn them to flee the area before this final assault (possibly terminating their employment, if that's what it takes to save their lives). The PCs will need to comply with Ambergris' orders or flee the area for good.

Undead Ogre Bodyguard, CR 3 (see MM, p267)
55hp (1 HD); NE
Slam Attack +9 (1d8+9, lethal or subdual as ambergris requires)

Factotum Ambergris, CR 9
Medium Humanoid (half-hobgoblin)
Neutral (Dustman)
Init +0; **Senses** Spot +2, Listen +2
Languages: Daemon, Khaasta, Lower Planar Trade, Orc, Planar Trade

AC 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17
Hp 58 (9 HD)
Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +10
Immune to spells that affect emotions

Speed 20ft
Melee +10/+5 Quarterstaff (1d6+4/20)
Base Atk +6/+1; **Grp** +9/+4

Cleric Spells Memorised (CL 9th):
5th level (DC 18): *Flamestrike*, *Slay Living**, *True Seeing*
4th level (DC 17): *Death Ward*, *Discern Lies*, *Dismissal*, *Divination**
3rd level (DC 16): *Animate Dead*, *Bestow Curse*, *Dispelling Magic*, *Magic Vestment*, *Speak with Dead**
2nd level (DC 15): *Calm Emotions*, *Death Knell*, *Desecrate*, *Detect Thoughts**, *Spiritual Weapon (scythe)*, *Status*
1st level (DC 14): *Cause Fear**, *Command*, *Deathwatch*, *Doom*, *Hide from Undead*, *Remove Fear*
0 level (DC 13): *Detect Magic*, *Guidance* x2, *Inflict Minor Wounds* x2, *Read Magic*

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 17, Cha 8
Feats: Dead Truce, Greater Dead Truce, Iron Will, Numb
Skills: *Diplomacy* +3, *Intimidate* +5, *Concentration* +12, *Heal* +8, *Knowledge (Factions & Guilds)* +10, *Knowledge (the Planes)* +11, *Knowledge (Religion)* +8, *Sense Motive* +7, *Spellcraft* +8

Possessions: Black iron *Breastplate of Command* engraved with the Dustman heraldry. *Robe of Bones*, *Wand of Ghoul Touch* (34 charges remaining), faction badge

Domain Powers: Death Touch 1/day, all knowledge skills are class skills

Rebuke Undead (Su): Able to channel negative energy to rebuke or command undead with a successful turning check.

Spontaneous Casting (Su): Able to convert any non-domain clerical spell into an *Inflict* spell of equal level.

The 'nice' Quartermaster Ambergris

The basic encounter structure here assumes that the party has come to Ambergris' attention for all the wrong reasons. It's possible however that *they* may approach the Dustmen about their discovery, working closely with the Funerary Guild to return peace to the district. In this case Factotum Ambergris will still be their contact, but he will be considerably less threatening, if not exactly 'warm.'

In this case, he urges the party on rather than making demands but at least promises them a reward if they solve the mystery to his satisfaction. He'll actually pay them approximately the same amounts that Eyes Desire will if they can report her involvement in the affair (to his satisfaction, not necessarily a court's) but he'll *definitely* want the *Thurible* out of action as part of the deal

SLIPPING THE BLINDS

Ambergris is an abject lesson in an uncomfortable truth: The PCs aren't the most powerful creatures in the universe, and sometimes the more powerful force their will on those who can't prevent it. This won't be the last such encounter in the PCs' career, unless they want to be suicidally leatherheaded about it.

Having dealt with adventurers before, Ambergris is prepared for them trying something foolish - such as attacking a *Factotum* and his four undead ogres. Fortunately he doesn't hold grudges, and although he has no warm feelings about the group he's reluctant to give them death when they so obviously cling to life. He's happy to smack them around however.

PCs who utterly refuse to assist Ambergris could well be in trouble: He considers it imperative that the Dustmen (sorry, 'Funerary Guild') make an example out of *someone* for this attack. This is a point that the Voices or another wise NPC can lann the party to the dark of. They can also reason that it's whoever is behind the *Thurible* that's caused their troubles, not the arrogant Quartermaster... and that if they play him right, he can help them get revenge on the real troublemaker *and* get paid considerably more than the Voices could ever afford. NPCs can also advise the PCs to bite their tongues and bide their time if they want revenge on Ambergris, or tug on their heartstrings about how the area will be undefended if the Dustman kills or drives off the group.



FINDING BRUNATHHEL THE WORTHY

PART I - WELCOME TO LOWER WARD

Brunathel's personal mark adorns the inside of the *Thurible*, which can be identified by Narma the Loud if the PCs can't manage it themselves. Aside from learning that he is a powerful artificer from the Foundry however, they will probably have to go to Lower Ward to learn more:

The portal to Lower Ward emerges in the shadow of the Great Foundry, which looms like a great black beast belching smoke and ash. Greenish-black smog, hot and foul smelling, hangs over everything; so thick you suspect you might need a knife to cut your way through it. Eyes watering, skin already turning red, you take an experimental breath... and it tastes like a hundred charred serpents are trying to wriggle down your throat, each spitting venom as they go.

Despite the awful smog, the world around you teems with vibrant life, quite different from the lifeless air

of desperation and lethargy that grips the Hive. The clank of great machines, the ringing sound of hammer on anvil, and the smell of countless fires and forges fill the air. Shouts (and coughs) echo out of busy shops, and looming out of the mist are creatures from a dozen races - many of them from the Lower Planes and seemingly unharmed by the smog - who scurry too and fro on apparently urgent business. A sizable number wear ornate leather and glass masks against the smog.

"BLUUUUUURGH!"

~ TYPICAL REACTION ON TAKING
YOUR FIRST BREATH IN LOWER
WARD

Fortunately the smog today isn't 'that bad' by the standards of Lower Ward, because it's not eating into the ironwork. But it's still enough to render a newcomer insensible through vomiting. Use the following rules for the party's trip through Lower Ward:

Smog obscures all sight (including *Darkvision*) beyond 20 feet, and creatures 20 feet away have *concealment* (attacks against them have a 20% miss chance).

Creatures *Immune* to poison or who do not breathe are not affected by the smog.

When exposed a character must make a Fortitude Save (DC 15, +3 bonus to natives of the Lower Ward or Hive) or become *nauseated* for 1d4 rounds. If the character manages to find somewhere clear to recover (see below), then they will need to make the Saving Throw *again* when they next step into it.

The foul air is barely breathable, and soon leaves a character gasping for breath. After a number of minutes of exposure equal to their CON score, travelers find themselves *Fatigued* (can neither run nor charge, -2 penalty to Strength and Dexterity) from simple breathlessness. They remain in this state until they spend three times as long *out* of the smog as they spent in it. Actions that would normally leave a character *fatigued* instead make him *exhausted* (moves at half speed, -6 penalty to Strength and Dexterity).

Very vigorous exercise (running, combat, etc) requires the character to make a Fort. Check every other round (DC 15) to avoid becoming *Fatigued*. Characters who continue in strenuous activity become *Exhausted* if they fail another Save.

The easiest way to cope with the smog is to wear a *Smog Suit*. These consist of a thick leather cassock, breeches, gloves, and tunic, and a mask of leather and glass shaped something like a Vrock's face - the 'beak' holds an alchemical filter and a few pleasantly scented herbs. Smog Suits can be bought in many local shops, weigh 10lbs, and sell for 25gp each. A *Smog Suit* grants the wearer a +5 bonus to Fort Saves due to Smog and add 5 minutes to the time they can stay out in the smog before becoming *Fatigued*.



INFORMATION ON BRUNATHHEL

Once the players have finished puking their guts up and taking in the sights and sounds of Lower Ward, they can begin to ask about Brunathel the Worthy using their *Gather Information* skills. This process takes 1d3 hours, but each inquirer will have to endure numerous sales pitches and buy 1d6gp worth of nuts, bolts, cogs, gears, and other merchandise before they learn anything:

SUCCESS NUMBER 10+

Brunathel the Worthy is a powerful artificer, both a cleric of and a mighty wizard.

SUCCESS NUMBER 15+

Brunathel is known as 'the worthy' because he is said to enjoy the favour of Hephaestus, his patron Power. He also has his Power's gift for creating magical items. Some people suspect that he's actually a *Proxy* of that god.

Directions to Brunathel's shop on *Foundry Shadow Lane*, very close to the Great Foundry.

He's an innovator, but refuses to make copies - every item he crafts must be unique and tailored to the individual client.

His premises are guarded by golems and other constructs, which crush fools who waste his time.

Brunathel used to be a member of the *Believers in the Source*, but was never more than a *Namer*. He has not taken up with the *Mind's Eye* despite their repeated attempts to recruit him. He has a low opinion of most factions - and most *people*, come to that.

Once they know the location, the PCs can be on their way. Of course unless one of them is already familiar with Lower Ward, they'll need a tout, pony-carriage, or several sedan chairs to take them there (if necessary use *Average Berk* statistics from Appendix II, but better dressed). Finding the place won't prove difficult, but fate has an exciting encounter for them along the way...

FINDING BRUNATHHEL THE WORTHY

PART II - NOTHING IS EVER EASY...

*"IF IT WAS EASY, ANY BERK
COULD DO IT."*

- WYCK, BARIUAR ADVENTURER

party has never been to the district before, it worthwhile taking some time out to describe the grime, the ash, the constant clank of machinery and craftsmanship, and just how *different* everything is from the Hive.

The journey through Lower Ward can be as quick or as drawn out as the DM desires, but if the



There are plenty of shops here too (among them the famous *Friendly Fiend*), with a better than average chance that the goods weren't stolen. Metalwork and smithing are the crafts most on offer, but acquisitive PCs can pick up just about anything from the Ward if they make an effort. This is a good opportunity for the party to sell any superfluous items they may have acquired in the adventure, and to purchase any new equipment they need or just desire. Weapons and armour of the highest quality are available direct from the new bladeling tenants of the Great Foundry, for example. And if the group fancies a drink in a place that isn't decorated like a tomb (or an ogre squat) then there are plenty of taverns - including the infamous *Styx Oarsman* if they're feeling brave. See the PSCS chapter 7, page 55 for a cornucopia of ideas and diversions for Lower Ward.

Eventually, the group will get near to Brunathel's abode, right underneath the poison-spewing chimneys of the Foundry. There's just one problem: They're not allowed into the street where he lives:

Finally you arrive a Foundry Shadow Lane, a place so dark you almost miss it entirely. Here the smog is at its thickest and most foul, and combined with the gloomy shadow of the Great Foundry and its belching smoke, you can see barely twenty feet in front of you.

You find yourself stood outside a labourer's tavern called 'The Green Gnome' - the sign showing its namesake as green as a goblin and caught in the unpleasant act of explosively emptying both stomach and bowels. On the opposite side of the road is a T-junction, where the wider main thoroughfare is joined by a narrower passage. An arch above it says 'Foundry Shadow Lane' in rusty iron scrollwork, but that's all you can make out: Blackness and smog conceal everything that lies beyond.

Well, almost everything: Stretched across the entrance to the lane is a length of spiked chain upon which is hung an improvised sign saying ROAD CLOSED. Behind the barrier, just visible in the fog, are a number of lean humanoids in spiked armour - or maybe it's their bodies which are spiked or bladed; at this distance it's hard to tell.

Waiting just behind the chain are four young Githyanki warriors, part of a larger group which has occupied the lane and its tributaries. They've temporarily closed the street, and come to an 'understanding' with the local City Guard (involving a fair amount of garnish) that they shouldn't be disturbed. The reason they have officially given is that they're hunting down a criminal mindflayer - but the truth is that it's really a band of Githzerai they're after. And since they're basically just murdering people in the dark, they *definitely* don't want to be disturbed.

The Githyanki here are all quite young, and particularly typical of their race: Spiky, punkish, proud of their warrior-culture, and contemptuous of anyone else's. This is something of a rite of passage for them, and several are already 'blooded' and have their faces and armour painted with the lifeblood of their racial enemy.

QUESTIONING THE LOCALS

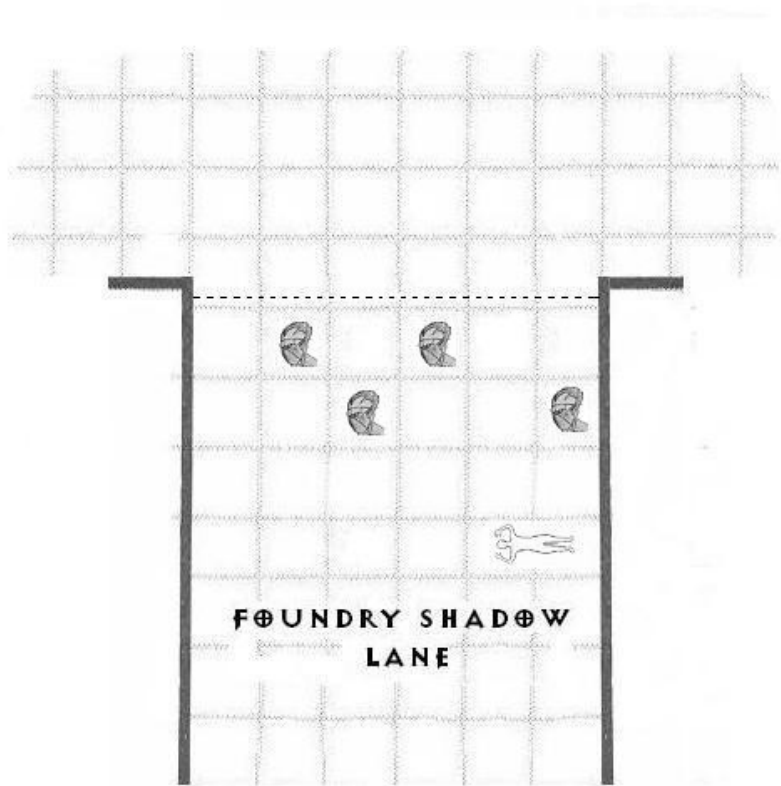
The party is probably best retreating into the *Green Gnome* to discuss their options, as the Githyanki stare imperiously at anyone nearby (and react badly to anything they overhear). In the *Green Gnome* are a mix of labourers, stevedores, and apprentices. They don't want to be involved in trouble with the Githyanki or anyone else, but are more communicative than their new neighbours. A *Gather Information* roll of 12+ reveals the following:

A squadron of githyanki blocked off all the entrances to Foundry Shadow Lane yesterday morning. Nobody's allowed in, but they've escorted some residents *out* (Brunathel wasn't among them. Apparently he *never* leaves his shop). They've not caused any other trouble, although sounds of combat are occasionally heard from within.

The githyanki are hunting a mind flayer that's gone to ground somewhere in the Lane. They've garnished the local Guard to leave them to it. Nobody knows when they're leaving.

Some shifty-looking githzerai families moved into the street a couple of months ago, fresh out of Darkwell Court in the Hive. Things are probably looking bad for them... (Nobody feels too bad for the githzerai however; local opinion is that coming from the Hive they were naturally all spivs, bobbars, and Knights of the Post).

None of this would have happened in the old days, when the Harmonium kept the



streets safe for honest berks.

⊕BSERVING THE GITHZERAI

If the characters move closer they can identify the creatures as Githyanki wearing spiked breastplates and carrying greatswords. Their helms incorporate a herbal breather similar to the mask of a *Smog Suit*, but not quite so effective as those made by native Cagers (gives only +3 bonus). Four Githyanki are present at the chain, but a few dark shapes can be seen moving in the smog some way behind them, and the occasional clipped order in 'yanki sword-speak can also be heard. Anyone who speaks Githyanki can make a *Listen* check (DC 13) to hear that the Githyanki seem to be looking for multiple hiding persons, who seem a lot more timid than your average illithid.

An even better clue is available if an observer makes a *Spot* check. At DC 16 they see a clearly humanoid corpse lying at the very edge of normal human vision beyond the chain, where the smog meets the darkness. If they make a DC of 20, they'll see it's actually a pair of githzerai, a man and a woman.

If they raise the subject with the Githyanki, then the warrior strides over to the nearest body and pokes it with the tip of his greatsword, explaining: "*This? This is just trash.*" The bodies disappear down a sewer grate the first chance the Githyanki get.

Every 2d6+10 minutes, a new squad of Four Githyanki comes to replace the old one (giving them chance for a breather somewhere out of the fog). Characters could time an attack carefully and perhaps catch a squad that is *Fatigued* just before relief arrives.

TALKING T⊕ THE GITHYANKI

Anyone approaching within 5ft of the barrier is curtly challenged in heavily accented Planar Trade. They're told that the road is closed, and that anyone trying to cross the barrier "*will be in immediate danger.*" If the group makes a successful *Diplomacy* check of DC 15, the Githyanki will also say that they are hunting a Mind Flayer, that they've cleared this with the City Guard, and that no one is coming across the barricade for *any* reason without a fight.



Githyanki PCs get this extra information without a roll (and will recognise the murderous rite of passage going on here). If the group contains a visible githzerai however, the party suffers a -5 to any negotiation attempts. Githzerai PCs should know better than to approach their racial enemies: They get nothing but insults and sneers - and a polite invitation to cross the barricade alone if they'd like.

CR⊕SSING THE LINE

The barricade is strung out at about 3ft high, so anyone taller than that will have to duck underneath or *Jump* over it (DC 12 with a run-up; 24 without). Either of these options subject the PCs to an *attack of opportunity* from at least one of the Githyanki, who will take it without further warning once their initial challenge has been given. Trying to sunder the barricade is also possible: it has Hardness 10 and 10 Hit Points, and a Break DC of 28. The thick and well-made chain is actually rather valuable; if the party somehow makes off with it, they can get 100gp for it. The 25ft of chain here weighs 10lbs, although the numerous spikes make carrying it much more awkward and dangerous than this number suggests.

As mentioned above, four Githyanki guard the chain, equally spaced along the width of the lane with the one at each end just within sight of the others. If combat begins, the githyanki to either side of the one attacked move in to assist while the others shuffle sideways to cover as much of the remaining chain as possible. They also shout for assistance in their clipped battle tongue of their people: “*Ajak! Ajak! At’ee izi!*” (“A fight! A fight! Converge here!”)



Githyanki Punks, El 4 (see MM, p127)

6hp (1 HD); CE

Award +20% XP for this encounter, because of the darkness, smog, and the squad’s advantageous formation and tactics.

3d3 rounds after any alarm is raised, another squad of Githyanki arrive to investigate the disturbance. The party will need to make themselves scarce or fight a similar group to the one above. As noted above, the squad on the chain also changes with four fresh Githyanki every 2d6+10 minutes.

Fighting in Gloom & Smog

The Darkness and Smog combine to limit vision (even Darkvision) to 20ft. Creatures 20ft away have *concealment* - attackers have a 20% miss chance (this stacks with the various factors below)/ The semi darkness around the Lane’s entrance gives characters without Darkvision or Low Light Vision a 20% miss chance.

Within the Lane, character’s without Darkvision are effectively blind. Blind characters suffer a -2 penalty to AC, lose any Dex bonus to AC, move at half speed, and have a -4 penalty to most Str and Dex-based skill checks. Opponents have *Total Concealment* (50% miss chance).

In the depths of the lane, characters with *Low Light Vision* can see 5ft, with a 20% miss chance.

List of Light Sources: PHB, p65, Concealment Rules: PHB, p152

See the start of ACT III for more rules on fighting in smog


G⊕ AR⊕UND?

Several dead-end alleys stretch off Foundry Shadow Lane, which twists and turns back upon itself like a coiled snake, but there are only three true entrances to the area. It takes some wandering around and a *Spot* check at DC 14 to find them, but each is also blocked by a squad of Githyanki just as described above.

CLIMB ⊕VER?

It’s not hard to find a relatively low and easy climbing point, but clambering up 20ft of spiked, razorvine-infested brickwork is still quite a challenge. The DC is only 13 but this results in automatically brushing some of the razorvine for 1d6 damage each round. Climbing *and* avoiding the razorvine is DC 18. Also note that climbing down into the lightless depths of the lane inflicts a -4 penalty on characters without *Darkvision* or *Low Light Vision*.

SNEAKING THRU⊕UGH?



All is dark and silent in the Lane save for roving Githyanki. Most of the shops and tenements are locked and shuttered, although several have been broken open. Blood pools among the cobbles and is splattered across doors and walls, but there are no signs of any bodies; these have all been dumped into the polluted sewers beneath the Ward. Most of the victims were Githzerai (men, women, and children), but anyone who tried to stand up to the Githyanki (or witnessed their crimes) have also been dealt with. Most of the residents and shopkeepers have been escorted out; those who wouldn't leave have barricaded themselves into upstairs rooms and cellars to wait it out.

Githyanki patrol the area in squads of four, and anyone carrying a light source is spotted immediately. If the PCs travel in the dark however, Githyanki Darkvision is limited to 20ft by the Smog just like everyone else's. Characters can sneak through with a successful *Move Silently* (DC 9), and *Hide* (DC 12). If the Githyanki spot anyone, they immediately take up a fighting stance and call out "Zech! Las'cha!" in their native tongue ("Stop! Prove yourself!") The correct response to this is "Dai'vikch'a Gisir-Thech!" ("Long live the Queen!") The party spokesman will also need to make a *Bluff* check at DC 10, but assuming the party can pass for a unit of Githyanki in the dim light this is enough for them to be let through.

If they discover 'civilians' on the loose the Githyanki are very suspicious and aggressive, demanding that the PCs' surrender. Only some fast talking (*Bluff* of 18+) persuades them to let the PCs go - which means immediately being kicked out of the nearest barricade. Characters who give the warriors any excuse for violence instantly trigger combat. The same applies to groups with a recognisable Githzerai amongst them.

SLIPPING +HE BLINDS

Assuming that the PCs don't just give up and go home, the biggest worry here is if they attract too many Githyanki at once. Fortunately the enemy will have trouble locating fleeing opponents in the smog (the party might have difficulty finding each other again as well!) and won't pursue them beyond the barricades. If the PCs manage to eliminate three full squads of Githyanki, then their commander will pull out early, leaving the lane to them. This won't endear the group to the locals or City Guard however, who at least initially believe that a rogue illithid is still loose in the Lane.

Canny cutters might also decide to just wait out the Githyanki, perhaps taking lodgings at the *Green Gnome*. In this case patience will pay off, although good aligned adventurers will undoubtedly find the regular (and not at all illithid-like) screams that come from the Lane disturbing. If the 'heroes' wait it out for another day and a half then the Githyanki will depart, their bloodlust sated. Covered in blood and sporting smug grins, the young warriors march out (taking their chains with them) in the early hours of the morning. Within an hour they have returned to the Astral Plane via a local portal, and both the PCs and the local residents can discover the gore-stained truth behind their visit.

FINDING BRUNATHHEL THE WORTHY

PART III - THE MAN HIMSELF

Fortunately the Githyanki have learned to leave Brunathel's shop well alone over the last few days, and even if the adventurers are chased right to his doorstep, they won't follow the group inside: They'll wait patiently for the PCs to come back out.

Brunathel's shop is nothing more than a tiny door with the symbol of a hammer and anvil worked upon it. Beyond the door is an antechamber crowded with polished braziers, gleaming armour pieces, and glowing lanterns of stained glass. Light sparkles off a hundred metal articles - including two bulky figures flanking the door, warriors so still and silent and heavily armoured in interlocking plates that you suspect they might be golems. The long but narrow room ends at a sturdy desk, which stretches

from wall to wall. Behind this sits a bizarre cube-shaped creature made of pallid grey flesh and steely metal; cogs, wheels, and less definable artefacts. A mostly clockwork face smiles at your approach and as the thing lifts its four hands in greeting, accompanied by the soft sound of whirs and clicks:

“A welcome to the forge of Brunathel the Worthy; sincerely wishing that Hephaestus’ blessing is set upon all visitors’ needs. How best may needs of customers be expedited?”

Brunathel’s assistant is a *Rogue Modron* (although it would never accept that description of itself), identifiable only by the fact that certain of its visible metal parts seem to have been replaced by bronze components, and by a small greensteel plaque on its front, which says *ASSIGNED TO ARMOURY99* in jagged Baatorian script.

Armoury99, CR 3

Medium Outsider

Init +2; **Senses** Spot +14, Listen +10; **Darkvision**

Languages: Celestial, Modron, Planar Trade

AC 16 touch 12, flat-footed 14

Hp 22 (4 HD)

Fort +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +5

Resistance to Acid/Cold/Fire 10

Immune to Critical Hits, Mind Effecting, Ability Damage, Ability Drain, Energy Drain, Subdual Damage

Speed 30ft

Melee 4x claw +7 (1d4+3)

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +7

Abilities Str 16, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 11

Special Qualities: All-Round Vision, Modron Traits, Outsider Traits, Superior Multiweapon Fighting

Feats: Exotic Weapon Prof (Pistol), Rapid Shot

Skills: Diplomacy +5, Knowledge (Planes) +5, Profession (poet) +5, Search +10, Sense Motive +6


Possessions: key to Brunathel’s shop

Official Modron statistics can be found at the Wizards of the Coast website, as a web-enhancement for the Manual of the Planes: <http://www.wizards.com/dnd/files/modrons.zip>

Armoury99’s never speaks of itself by name or as ‘I’ and only refers to characters as generic ‘visitors’ or ‘clients’. The creature’s primary function is to stop Brunathel being bothered by visitors. It was rescued from a pile of junk on Avernus (first layer of Baator), brought to the Cage and sold for spare parts. Brunathel the Worthy repaired it to a semblance of its previous working order, but so far cannot return the quadrone to its former link with Primus despite an awful lot of tinkering.

Armoury99 does not consider itself to be in any way a ‘rogue’ and firmly believes that it is either a) damaged, b) in the middle of a change in hierarchy, or c) operating under special instructions that preclude self-knowledge of its current rank. It has absolutely no curiosity regarding its state and will suffer a severe mental breakdown should it ever encounter normal Modrons and see their reaction to it. As befits a quadrone, it has four main functions in Brunathel’s service:

- *To greet visitors politely*
- *To provide basic information about Brunathel and his services*
- *To calm irate visitors with samples of its poetry*
- *To prevent interference with the stock and unauthorised access to portal on the back wall*



Armoury99 is always impeccably calm and courteous (even as he is being attacked). In fact it always warns everyone with a cry of *“Warning! Danger of injury!”* before it attacks. This statement is very accurate indeed, as characters who disturb Brunathel’s shop are also attacked by the two *Iron Golems* on guard beside the door (see *SLIPPING THE BLINDS* below for more information). Most Inquiries outside the modron’s designated function receive the response: *“Perhaps that is a matter visitors should speak to the proprietor about.”* This includes any but the most basic questions about the Githyanki occupation.

DEALING WITH ARMOURY99

Gaining an audience with Brunathel is *relatively* simple once the PCs learn how to deal with his very literal-minded receptionist. The modron is utterly truthful and forthright, but any conversation will be an exercise in equal measures of logic and frustration. All queries are taken *utterly literally*, without any regard for the normal assumptions and niceties. Armoury99 completely ignores statements like “I’d like to see Brunathel” as they do not involve an action coterminous with its own function, and answers questions like “Can I see Brunathel?” with “that has yet to be determined” (it’s not sure how acute the questioner’s vision is, you see). Characters should soon get the idea once questions like “Is Brunathel in?” are answered with literal interpretations such as “in what?”

Unfortunately, characters who show visible anger or frustration immediately derail the conversation, as Armoury99 announces *“Stress detected. Subject terminated.”* It then asks if they’d like to hear a sample of its poetry (and provides some even if they say no). Its compositions include *‘Shall I Compare Thee To An Aesthetically Pleasing Geographical Location In An Appropriate Seasonal Circumstance?’* The ode *‘A Rose By Any Other Name Would Have An Exactly Identical Olfactory Signature’* and *‘I Did Not Wander, Nor Was I Lonely, For I am Only A Mass of Condensing Vapour.’* Although they sound odd, the poetry is technically perfect and rather pleasing in a strange sort of way.

DMs lacking the desire to engage in convoluted word-games with their Player Characters can instead call for a *Diplomacy* check at DC 20 to successfully convince Armoury99 to summon Brunathel. This check uses the character’s INT rather than CHS modifier, however, to better represent the logical arguments required. A PC can ‘Take 20’ on this roll providing his companions are prepared to wait for over an hour.


Brunathel’s workshop is actually in another location, connected to the shop by a portal among the mass of valves and pipes behind the desk. The key is an elaborate series of turning valves, which Armoury99 operates should the PCs finally convince it to summon Brunathel’s attention:

“Of course, visitor. The proprietor shall be notified of your arrival immediately.” So says the strange automata, and on queue an echoing gong sounds somewhere beyond the far wall, accompanied by various clanks and creaks from beneath the desk.

A sudden golden light illuminates a gap in the maze pipes that form the back wall. From it merges a burly human figure accompanied by a wave of heat, the smell of hot metal, and the light of forge-coals. Olive-skinned and stocky, the man is naked save for a loincloth, a leather crafter’s apron, and some golden jewellery. He is also covered in layer upon layer of sweat and grime.

“I am Brunathel the Worthy,” he says, in a deep rolling brogue. “What are your needs?”

Brunathel is a devout worshiper of the Power Hephaestus, and believes that each item he produces is a prayer to his God. He rarely concerns himself with the uses his devices are put to, only the beauty of their form and function (much like his patron). He’s not really callous, just more concerned with his work than with people. If the PCs can actually bring home to him the chaos that his *Thurible* is causing, he’ll be prepared to help.



Brunathel's manner is brusque, curt, and pretty rude. He's annoyed with having to see the characters, who are clearly of insufficient means to purchase any of his superlative stock, and he's no time to chat with random berks. Only if the PCs produce or mention the *Thurible* will he be interested in talking to them.

Brunathel can identify the item as his own work, and will admit that he crafted it quite recently. He will be unwilling to tell them more however, unless they give him a good reason. What business is it of theirs who he crafts for? If the PCs explain that the *Thurible* is being used to stir up trouble among the Dustmen and that people are being hurt from the item's effects, he will sympathise - *especially* if they say they believe the item is involved in the plotting of Factions:

"The Factions, eh? That makes sense. They're all shiftless politickers and mischief makers. Not a dram of sense in any of them."

Of course, the PCs could just make up some tale to gain his help, but Brunathel is a hard man to peel (*Sense Motive* +12). Although he'll rebuke lying berks, he'll be interested enough to demand the truth instead. Read or paraphrase the following to the PCs if they convince Brunathel to help them further:

"It's called The Thurible of Desire. I finished just over a month ago; it was a request from the Civil Festhall care of some place called Eyes' Desire."

"It's designed to reawaken the desires of Sensates who have lost their passions to places like the Grey Waste. I wanted to cast it in the shape of the Festhall, but they insisted on it looking like the Great Mortuary for some reason. Anyway, the enchantment is passed into any incense burned within the thurible, and onto those who experience the smoke or smell. The effects are mild and only temporary, but once a berk has experienced his emotions again a few times, they should take hold naturally and he'll be right as rain."

"It's a simple device and not the sort of thing I'm usually interested in, but the challenge to restore lost emotions to those who cannot experience them was what attracted me."

If the PCs mention the effect the *Thurible* is having on Dustmen and undead of the Grey District, Brunathel agrees that this is in line with its effects, but adds that *"if you use the item outside of its specifications, that's your own fault."*

SLIPPING +HE BLINDS

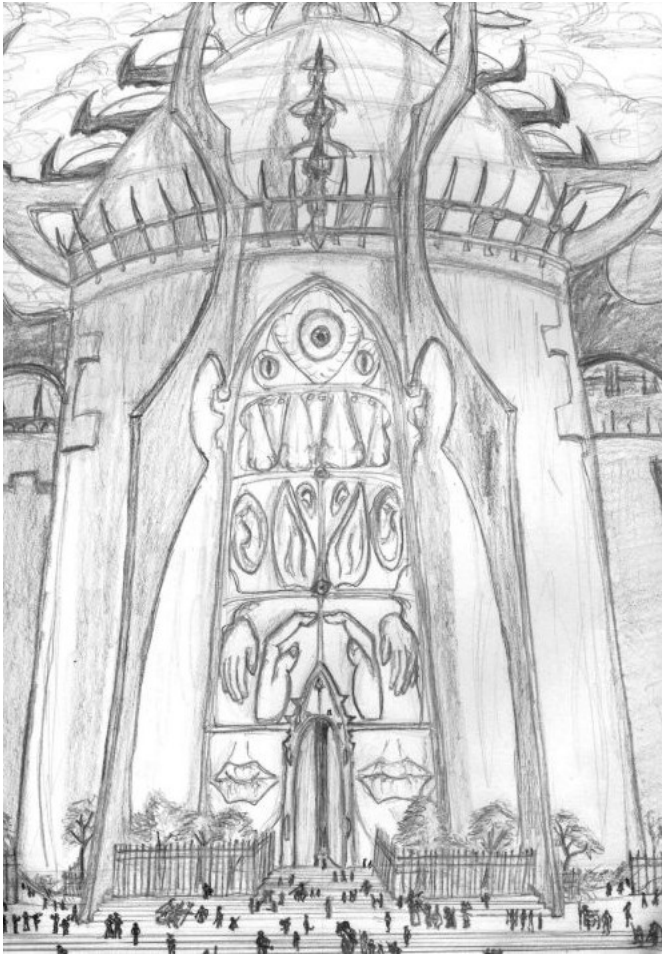
Characters who cause trouble will be ejected from the shop by the Iron Golems that guard the store - with whatever force the DM thinks the PCs deserve for being so foolish. See the *Monstrous Manual*, p136 for more information on the constructs.

Of course, having got the information, the party now has to get out again. This could be easy or hard depending on how much noise they made and how many bodies they've left behind. Brunathel doesn't consider the presence of the Githyanki in Foundry Shadow Lane to be his problem, but one thing's for certain: Having a shootout in the doorway of Brunathel's shop isn't going to happen. Armoury99, the Iron Golems, or Brunathel himself will put a stop to any fracas.

Climbing, fighting, or sneaking their way out of the Lane is dealt with above. The PCs could also deliberately attract the attention of a passing squad and claim to be residents who wish to leave the street; this requires a 14+ *Bluff* check, no cause for alarm among the Githyanki, and for the group to not have a Githzerai among them. If they meet all these criteria, the soldiers simply usher them out.

Brunathel's Statistics are largely unnecessary. He is a planar human, Lawful Neutral, and has far better Armour Class, Saving Throws, and Hit Points than anything the PCs can currently throw at him. Under no

circumstances will Brunathel leave his shop, deal with the Githyanki, let the PCs into the back room, sell the PCs anything they could possibly afford, or show any interest in being further involved with their affairs. If the party tries to give him back the *Thurible*, or get him to speak to Quartermaster Ambergris on their behalf, he'll gruffly tell them to go find this *Eyes' Desire* place at the Civic Festhall instead. It's their item, after all.



ACT IV: THE CIVIC FESTHALL

*"NOW THIS CULT I LIKE,
MUCH BETTER THAN THOSE
BORING DEATH-WORSHIPPERS!"*

*~ GUIN AP NUDD, ON MEETING
THE SENSATES*


If the PCs make it to the Festhall (by portal or a very long carriage ride), they'll find it a riotous place, more like a noisy market than the beautiful 'hall of a thousand wonders' from Sigilian myth. Entertainers jostle and shout, brokers scream at each other over contracts, and rival companies of actors roll brawling on the floor. Anyone who remembers the Festhall before the Faction War will likely be appalled. *Jink* seems to be the primary motivator here now.

Keen-eyed visitors however (*Spot DC 20*), will notice a secluded memorial tucked away in the shadows of the great entrance hall, small but well-tended. It is filled with candles, flowers, and other offerings dedicated to the memory of Erin Montgomery. Messages are

scrawled all over the alcove, and a few devotees are even now lighting candles before an exquisite portrait of the vanished Factol. Few people seem to acknowledge the shrine (indeed, quite a lot of people go out of their way to *not* notice it), but it nevertheless remains a tiny island of calm amid the bustle. There's nothing religious about the shrine, just sincere love and affection from berks who've lost the centre of their world.

LOCATING EYES DESIRE

Polite enquiries won't avail the PCs in the Festhall today, they're going to have to shout and demand if they want to be heard! How the party presents themselves will also have a large effect on how they are received: Jobbing actors and other entertainers will be listened to far more than cheap sell-swords who stink of the Hive. Have the best *Gather Information* skill of the group make this check with an assistance roll by the other party members. Each person rolling or assisting is going to have to buy 1d6gp worth drinks, snacks, tickets, posters and playbills, etc in order to learn anything of worth.



If a character is a Sensate, bard, or entertainer they get +5 to this roll:

*SUCCESS NUMBER 15**

Eyes Desire is not a place berk, she's a person! Eyes is a broker and dealmaker for the Guild, with a stable of talented young artists.

She is a 'mostly human' planar woman who was something of a rising star in the Sensates just prior to the Faction War.

*SUCCESS NUMBER 17**

Previously she held the rank of *Factotum*. She still has her fingers in a lot of pies, but as a talent scout and broker rather than a Sensate.

She dwells in the private upper chambers of the Civic Feshall; earning a place through her control of a number of prized sensory stones she acquired during the chaos of the Sensate exile.

Not a woman to cross. It's said she has quite a temper.

*SUCCESS NUMBER 20**

Eyes is *still* a *Factotum*, though she keeps her affiliation very low profile since The Lady's edict. It's rumoured that she's an aggressive combatant in the *Kreigstanz* and still involved with numerous Sensate plots across the Planes. She wants to see her Faction back in the Cage as soon as possible.

Back around the time of the Faction War (or just before, no one can remember exactly), Eyes was seriously torqued off by some high-up at the Mortuary. She's been running a black one for the Dustmen ever since.

Sidebar: Benden Maul

If the group has already played through *The Eternal Boundary*, then they *might* have ended that adventure with a good relationship with sinister Sensate Factotum Benden Maul (now former Factotum of course). If so, the night-skinned tiefling can tell them all the information presented above. Whether he'll need garnishing to do this is up to the DM and the characters' previous dealings with him, but unless they have a very convincing reason, he'll also inform Eyes Desire of the party's interest in her.

Once they know who she is, PCs can easily make an appointment to see Eyes Desire if they pretend to have some legitimate business (mentioning the *Thurible* or chaos near the Mortuary to one of her lackeys also gets them an audience). They will *not* be allowed to see her if dressed poorly or covered with the filth from the Hive, however. At the DM's discretion, excessively armed characters will also be asked to surrender their weapons for 'complimentary polishing' by Feshall staff. The DC to persuade them otherwise is 17, modified by exactly how obviously 'tooled up' the character is. Use the most appropriate skill out of *Diplomacy*, *Bluff*, or *Intimidate* depending on how they approach this obstruction.

Assuming the PCs are prepared to meet these conditions, someone will guide them up to a waiting area on the great balcony that encircles the gigantic main hall. Amidst lush plants and elegant statuary the PCs can relax and observe the heaving masses beneath them. They'll be some delay before Eyes is ready to see them, but there are low tables and long coaches in the Olympian style, and handsome feshall servants to keep them supplied with wine and sweetmeats while they wait.

EYES' PREPARATIONS: While the party relaxes, Eyes Desire is preparing. She casts *Detect Thoughts* and has a subtle probe of their minds to see if she can locate anything useful or incriminating (this is standard practise for her and she does it even if she's no reason to be suspicious of the group). If she learns something to make her suspect trouble, she instructs her minions to expect an attack, identifies any characters who should be priority targets, and also drinks her *Potion of Mage Armour* before the meeting begins.

Eventually a handsome young aasimar approaches the party and informs them that lady Eyes Desire now has time for a short meeting with them between her other appointments. He leads the PCs into one of the Festhall's many business offices, which are built into the wall beneath the balcony and also overlook the main hall. The aasimar joins another of his kind flanking the beautiful jewelled door, but not before opening it and introducing the PCs to the villainess behind the plot:

This circular chamber is adorned with cushioned couches and silk awnings, the air alive with exotic scents. Opposite the doorway is a wide window, whose gauzy curtain somehow veils both light and sound from the tumultuous hall below. Light is instead provided only by a single lantern - but it is an exquisite thing, a perfect replica of the Festhall crafted from silver and stained glass. It rotates slowly on a clockwork base, sending its shadow in a slow spiral over both yourselves and the lavish chamber.

Behind it rests an alluring figure; human with perhaps the subtle touch of something else. She wears a sheer silk wrap of black and red, highlighted with gold jewellery that sparkles with unnatural brightness in the dim light. Although she appears unarmed, eight handsome young aasimar stand discreetly around the room, dressed as harem attendants in sashes and silk. Although they play the role of attendants and entertainers, each also has a freshly oiled falchion in his sash.

"Welcome," the lady purs, gesturing to a long couch across the table from her own. "Please sit, and let's begin. Would you like a little wine?"

Each PC should make a *Spot/Search* check at a DC of 22. Those who succeed will notice that one of her minions is particularly beautiful, with curly blond hair and a small red birthmark on his cheek. He and one other attendant always hover close by their mistress, and keep a peery eye on the PCs through the meeting. The minion with the birthmark is **Strawberry**, whose description matches the one given by the *Joculators* of the man who paid them and gave them the *Thurible of Desire*. If the PCs specifically ask if any of her guards look like the man the Xaosaic's described, they get a +5 bonus to their roll.


THE MEETING

RULE OF THREES: *If any PC who has heard Granny Marduk's prophecy may invoke the Rule of Threes at this time, saying that they have now stood in the shadow of three Factions, this gives the whole party a +1 bonus to any and all rolls during this meeting.*

How this meeting goes depends entirely on how the PCs play it - what they say, what information they give to Eyes Desire, and whether they come across as top shelf cutters or fourish clueless berks.

Eyes comports herself like a princess, although the overall impression that the PCs will get is of a big cat lazing around after a kill. Little can affect her composure, at least in the party's presence. As far as Eyes is concerned there's simply no way the PCs can threaten her physically, morally, or legally. Any attempt to do so will receive a threatening glower, but then she will laugh and try to make light of the situation.





Although she won't explicitly confess to hiring the Xaosectics or giving them the *Thurible of Desire*, she is clearly pleased if the PCs describe the chaos around the Great Mortuary. She'll happily admit that she commissioned the item from Brunathel, although she claims to have "*misplaced it.*" She immediately asks for it back, saying in an off hand way that a finder's fee is probably appropriate. If they hand the *Thurible* over, Eyes will be more friendly and forthcoming.

If the PCs refuse to give over their only evidence, Eyes will shrug it off and claim "*oh well, it's a mere bauble, of no matter.*" She will make another attempt to get the PCs to "*give back my stolen property*" before they leave however: If they refuse again she will let out an exaggerated sigh and attempt to have it bought, stolen, or forcibly removed from them by her agents during the next few days.

Eyes wants to hear *everything* about the PCs' tale and asks numerous questions, not all of which are related directly to the *Thurible* - her real interest is in the experiences they've had in getting here, not the fact that they've made it. Intrigued that her plot has come full circle, Eyes will drop enough hints that they'll know she was behind things and that she holds no grudge over any suspicions they may have voiced so far. Depending on how impressive and professional the party are, she might even hint that she would consider using such canny cutters as themselves for work in the future (especially if she thinks that will impress them). She also offers a more tangible reward:

"You have produced a most interesting tale, full of danger and intrigue. A worthy and valuable experience for us all. If you are amenable, I would like to purchase these sensations from you. A fitting reward, I think, for all the trouble you've enjoyed in getting here."

A servant enters. "Excuse me ma'am," she says demurely, "but Shemeska the Marauder is here to see you."


Eyes Desire lets out a regretful sigh. "Alas, it seems that for the moment our time together is at an end. But please don't leave without enjoying one of the Festhall's many excellent bars, and do see one of my people if you would like to take me up on my offer. The sensoriums are entirely safe and painless, I assure you."

After this, the PCs are escorted out, one way or another. Some Player Characters may be unhappy with this end to the interview, but there's simply not much to be done about it... For now at least. Further revenge on Eyes Desire is beyond the scope of this scenario, but the party is certainly welcome to try.

If they take up her offer, Eyes Desire will be true to her word and pay each PC for a sensorium recording of their adventure (around 500gps each, depending on how much they impressed her), as well as a finder's fee if they return the *Thurible* to her (a massive flawless pearl from the elemental Plane of water, worth 900gp, for each party member). She plans no tricks or traps for them in the sensorium, although the PCs may well suspect one. In truth, she merely wishes to experience the adventure through their actions and learn how her plans came full circle. The PCs' actions at the meeting and as experienced via their sensory stones will determine exactly how Eyes feels about them. Unless they give her reason not to however, she will dismiss the group as beneath her concern and not seek revenge for their actions.

SLIPPING +HE BLINDS

Canny adventurers may take several approaches to dealing with Eyes Desire, from subtle word games to outright attack. The DM should adjudicate any plans on a case by case basis, but bear in mind that Desire is *at least* a match for them in cunning. She'll see through most ruses and just laugh in their faces but if the PCs manage to pull off something utterly astounding, it will probably catch her by surprise too.



Plans like persuading Eyes Desire to confess everything “just for the experience” are ploys that she’s well-lanned to, and she’s no more likely to confess than to boil her head in acid or do any of the other myriad terrible experiences that Sensates know are out there but aren’t that keen to try *right now*. Only a spectacularly good argument from a player, backed up with a very high *Bluff* or *Diplomacy* check could possibly persuade her - and even then it would be the fun experience of confessing *and still getting away with it* that would attract her. The PCs might also try to get at her by using the *Thurible* - although this will prove difficult. Eyes has to make a Saving Throw like everyone else in the room, but is fully aware of the item’s effects.

The most likely problem DMs will encounter here however, are PCs attempting to physically assault Eyes Desire, especially if they have received the ultimatum of Quartermaster Ambergris. Eyes and her guards are a tough fight, and even if successful the PCs will only buy themselves a few moments (3d6 rounds to be exact) before the Festhall’s guards arrive on the scene.

COMBAT TACTICS: Eyes is well prepared for trouble - this isn’t the first time one her schemes has come back to haunt her. She and her guards have long-planned against an attack on her person:

Eyes’ bodyguards leap to her defence at the first sign of danger. Strawberry and one other aasimar always hover near her, protecting Eyes Desire from anyone coming too close (often with the *Aid Another* manoeuvre to give her a +4 AC bonus in combat). They remain with her while the other six guards engage the PCs, calling loudly for help. Once the two Aasimar outside become aware of trouble, one runs off to summon assistance (this takes 3d6 rounds), while the other pulls the door open and attacks the group from behind.

If the party tries to attack her, Eyes’ first tries to calm the situation using *Suggestion* and *Hypnotism*. If this fails she immediately takes her *Potion of Sanctuary* (and *Potion of Mage Armour* if she hasn’t done so already). She then casts *Charm Person* on the warrior she thinks will be most vulnerable to it, and if this fails offers anyone approaching her the *Elixir of Love* with a *Suggestion* to “drink this!” After turning some of the party against each other, she again tries *Hypnotism* to stall the group and make her escape. She obstructs any other adversary nearby by throwing her vial of *Sovereign Glue* at their feet

Eyes doesn’t engage in melee unless absolutely necessary; she’s no coward but detests physical combat, seeing it as beneath her. If confronted by serious physical violence to her person, she retreats using her *Whip Token* to defend her. She’ll also throw powdered poison from her ring into an attacker’s face if someone comes within range.

If wounded for more than 10pts of damage, Eyes flees the room by leaping out of the open window and throwing down her *Tree Token*. The mighty oak tree immediately springs into life beneath her, catching her in its thick canopy (which also gives her 20% *concealment*): Eye Desire takes 1d6 damage from the fall and immediately begins to climb down the remaining 60ft to the floor, then makes for the nearest unit of guards. She’ll happily summon Festhall warriors or even the City Guard to assist her, confident that she can charm or garnish her way out of any accusations.

If the PCs actually manage to apprehend or kill Eyes Desire, award them +30% more experience than normal, due to the various plans and situational modifiers that make this encounter so hard.

Eyes Desire, CR 7
Medium Human
Init +2; **Senses** Spot +1, Listen +2;
Languages: Planar Trade, Celestial, Lower Planar Trade

AC 19 touch 18, flat-footed 17 (includes *Mage Armour*)
Hp 23 (7 HD)
Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +6

Speed 30ft

Melee Dagger +4 (1d4)

Base Atk +3; **Grp** +3

Atk Options: Poison Rings, Whip Token. Also see *Tactics*, below.

Abilities Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 16

Feats: Eschew Components, Sensorium Scholar, Silent Spell, Still Spell

Skills: Bluff +12, Concentration +5, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +7, Hide +8, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcane) +6, Knowledge (factions & guilds) +10, Move Silently +7, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +8, Tumbling +5

Possessions: Courtier's outfit, mwk silver dagger, 2,000gp in mundane jewellery, including three large hollow rings containing poison (Dark Reaver Powder, Sassone Leaf, and Carrion Crawler Brain Juice). She wears an *Amulet of Natural Armour* +1, a *Broach of Shielding*, a *Ring of Protection* +1, *Bracelets of Armour* +1, and two of *Quall's Feather Tokens* (Tree & Whip). In her beautifully embroidered purse she keeps a *Potion of Cure Light Wounds*, a *Potion of Mage Armour*, a *Potion of Sanctuary*, an *Elixir of Love*, and a vial of *Sovereign Glue*.

Eyes' strives for control - of her emotions, her life, and her dealings with others. She has a formidable temper, and although she can disguise it with sweet words she finds it harder to keep the anger from her dark expressive eyes. Although courteous and seductive, her manner never quite loses the air of threat. She may act as if her plotting is an elaborate game and pretend not to care much for the outcome, but defeats cause her to seethe and rage in private. She clings to grudges and *always* seeks revenge, although in her opinion it's a dish best served cold and painstakingly prepared.

Her origins have been deliberately left mysterious and are ultimately up to the DM to decide. Her motives at present are relatively simple: Continue the *Kriegstanz*, increase her own power, watch and prepare for an opportunity for the Sensates to return to the Cage. In her dealings with the PCs she's happiest if she thinks she's in control (through charm, wealth, or the threat of her guards). If they appreciate who's the boss (or just pretend to), she'll be *much* easier to deal with.

Aasimar Bodyguard, CR ½

Medium Outsider (Native), Aasimar

Init +7; **Senses** Spot +2, Listen +2; Darkvision

Languages: Planar Trade, Celestial

AC 13 touch 13, flat-footed 10

Hp 9 (1 HD)

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +3, Will -1

Resist Acid/Cold/Electricity 5

Speed 30ft

Melee Falchion, 2h +8 (2d4+6)

Base Atk +1; **Grp** +5

Abilities Str 18, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 15

SQ: Oiled Up

Feats: Improved Initiative

Skills: Knowledge (Factions & Guilds) +1, Pose +6

Possessions: Baggy silk trousers, mwk silver falchion

Oiled (ex): The handsome naked torsos of Eyes' guards are slick and glistening with scented oil. Increase their AC by 2pt against grapple attacks.

All Eyes' guards are utterly loyal. They will fight to the death to protect her, as she has privately promised them that any who give their lives loyally will be *raised*. They're also all apprentice Sensates, so tales of chaos among the Dustmen are unlikely to bother them.

FESTHALL GUARD SQUAD (EL 6): Although they normally keep a low profile, the Festhall has more than its share of professional warriors. Guards patrol the building in groups of three and thanks to extensive divinations by the powers-that-be, a unit arrives within 3d6 rounds to any serious trouble occurring in a public area (including Eyes Desire's meeting room). They're not part of Eyes' plot and merely want to subdue and expel troublemakers as swiftly and professionally as possible. If in doubt they attack to subdue and ask questions later.

*"BEEN THERE. DONE THAT.
BOUGHT THE TABARD."*

- A FESTHALL GUARD

Beneath their jovial exterior these guards are cynical professionals who've seen it all before and heard every line in the book of bluff. Sensate guards are trained primarily to deal with belligerent bubbers and people out of their brain-box on drugs or bub, as well as berks who've had a bad time with sensory stones. While their primary goal is to restrain and subdue such folk, they'll happily respond with sharp steel if the PCs make capturing them too hard.

Festhall Guard, CR 3

Medium Human

Init +2; Senses Spot +6, Listen +5;

Languages: Planar Trade

AC 16 touch 12, flat-footed 14

Hp 35 (6 HD)

Saves Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +5

Speed 30ft

Melee *Festhall Friendly* +8/+3 (2d6+2 subdual damage)

Melee Mancatcher +9/+4 (special)

Ranged Net +8 (special)

Base Atk +6/+1; Grp +8

Atk Options: Improved Disarm

Abilities Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 14

Feats: Combat Expertise, Exotic Weapon Prof. (net or Mancatcher), Improved Disarm, Improved Grapple

Skills: Diplomacy +6, Intimidate +5, Sense Motive +6

Possessions: Chainmail Shirt, entertainer's guild tabard, Mancatcher or Net, *Festhall Friendly*, Silver Shortsword, Cold Iron Shortsword. *Helm of Comprehend Languages & Read Magic*, a handful of *Dust of Appearance*. A *Quall's Feather Token* (Bird). Three *Potions of Cure Moderate Wounds*, a *Potion Expeditious of Retreat*, a vial of *Sovereign Glue* and a vial of *Universal Solvent*.

"The Festhall Friendly"

Most berks that a Festhall Guard has to deal with are just idiots with too much ale inside them or poor barmies who have 'seen too much' in one of the *sensoriums*. For this reason the Sensates long ago armed their police with +1 *Merciful Truncheons*, known in the chant as a 'Festhall Friendly.'

These weapons inflict 2d6 points of subdual damage when they hit, although the guards can suppress the *Merciful* property if they wish and just use them as +1 *clubs*. Almost all of these weapons are in the hands of guards at the Civic Festhall (and each still bears the Sensate heraldry), but many were illicitly sold to spivs and footpads after the Faction War. Such miscreants prize the *Specials* greatly, as they make bobbing berks all the easier.

COMBAT TACTICS: If things don't look too serious, the guards try to talk the offender(s) down and just escort them out of the building, but if it's a major disruption or things look dangerous, they just shout a challenge and attack. Initially two of the guards attack with their nets while the third advances with his mancatcher. If this fails and the PCs are merely brawling they use their truncheons - but berks who cause too

much trouble often have ‘accidents’ nonetheless. If they get their hands on someone while there are still active enemies about, they often glue them to the walls with a vial *Sovereign Glue*.

Once any enemies are subdued, they’ll usually just march the offenders out of the Festhall and bar them from entry again (how long for depends on how badly they behaved), but if the party actually killed anyone then the guards will thrash them to within an inch of their lives and dump them on the edge of the district with a warning never to return.

CONTACTING THE AUTHORITIES

Once the party have confronted Eyes Desire and learned the truth, their investigation is effectively over. One step they might well consider however (especially Lawful berks), is contacting the authorities about her plot. This will prove utterly ineffectual however - especially if the group has just been thrown out of the Civic Festhall for attempted murder.

The PC’s tale will either be disbelieved or simply not cared about; the overstretched, under-funded, and factious City Guard have better things to do than investigate proofless accusations and minor disturbances in the Hive. *At best* they’ll get a sympathetic ear and someone who’ll take a statement, although they’ll actually have to stump up the jink for the parchment and ink themselves.

“LOOK BERK, RESOURCES ARE TIGHT AT THE MOMENT. DO YOU WANT TO LODGE A COMPLAINT OR NOT?”

~ A LESS THAN HELPFUL CITY GUARD

The officer will at least applaud the PCs efforts in the Grey District and encourage them to keep up the good work. He may well try and get them to sign up ‘officially’ to the Guard or one of its component Factions (or just warn them off those groups). Truly persistent PCs will eventually get a promise that the City Guard will send someone round - although this is *exactly* what the Voices didn’t want to happen!

ACT V: ONE LAST JOB

Once the PCs know the truth (or have got as far as they can), they will likely be more than a little torqued off. Give them a few days to calm down and sweep up any loose threads, perhaps with some minor incidents from the *Grey District Random Encounter Table*.

If they’ve been largely successful, then the DM can also point out that things seems to be finally getting back to normal (normal for the Hive anyway) and there’s even talk of a collection is going round to reward the PCs for their efforts. Make the party feel good about themselves - they’ve saved the Grey District from chaos, after all...



And once they're suitably relaxed, the DM can spring one final surprise on them:

For once you can put your feet up in the Whispered Word and relax without brawls or barmies interrupting your ale. The fire is warm, the company good, and even the grim décor is starting to look homely. With a wide smile, Bald Grum sets down another round of foaming tankards on your table.

"Relax," he says as you reach for your pouch. "You've earned it."

You smile and start to reply, but both are suddenly cut off by a blast of chill air as the tavern door bursts open. An urchin staggers in; breathless, shaking, and pale as a ghost.

"They're coming!" she gasps. "They've got Sharky and Dru all strung up like hogs and they're coming to get us!"

"Who?" Grum demands.

"The Proud Pariahs!"

Alas, the urchin is right. The fiend gang is on its way into the Grey District with murder on its mind. With Old Toadface gone or in the Dead Book and his Greenjackets weakened by internal strife, Rash has decided that the time is right to strike. He's also enjoyed the reports of chaos coming out of the district and refuses to let the PCs bring law and order back to the streets.

Once the urchin has calmed down a little and caught her breath, she can fill the party in on what's occurring: The *Proud Pariahs* are marching up Shuffle Street like a parade, killing everyone who won't bow down and call them master. They've got the leaders of the *Bloodmouths* and *Greenjackets* with them, trussed up on poles like living banners. They're telling everyone they pass that the *Pariahs* are taking over the Grey District, and plan to celebrate by painting the town red... using the adventurers' blood.

Grum's first question is simple: *"Are you staying or going? We've got no right to hold you to this kind of trouble."*

The PCs have a little over an hour to decide.


DRAWING THE BATTLE LINES

A flood of people will soon start running up Shuffle Street looking for the party, confirming the grim news. PCs can go and scout the gang themselves, send one of the local shifty types to look for them, or just use *Gather Information* (DC 15) to learn exactly what's on its way: It's Rash himself, something approaching a dozen chaotic fiends and monsters, and about twice that number of barmy tiefling beggars from the Pyres. They have *Dru* (leader of the *Bloodmouths*) and *Sharky* (boss of the local *Greenjackets*) as prisoners and there's no sign that either of those gangs or anyone else is going to stop them. At first glance the situation looks utterly hopeless - the fiends are far too numerous and powerful to even consider fighting. Before PCs panic and run however, they'll discover that they don't have to fight alone.

If the party has been honourable mercenaries, done their jobs, and made friends in the district then more than a few residents are prepared to stand in the street beside them. If they haven't been up to scratch however, the situation may well look bleak - but hey, that would be their own fault:

*"WHEN THE GOING GETS
TOUGH...
SOMEBODY LOOK AFTER MY
EUNUCHS"*

~ PETUBASTIS



Sven-Ole, Stunt-Bosi, and Ygg will be the first to sign up for a fight. The ogre barmen of the *Scold's Bridle* have *never* paid protection money or backed out of a fight, and have no plans to start now. Any current feud with the PCs will be forgiven in the face of the greater threat.

Silent Brom will certainly fight alongside the PCs, regardless of what he personally thinks of them. This is *his* district, and he'll die before seeing it ravaged by fiends. Brom will volunteer to lead a force of local men and women into battle (see below), unless a PC warrior would prefer to do so.

Jaime Foul tongue will volunteer, unless all seems hopeless. His zombie workers might also be put to good use by canny PCs.

2d6 locals can be persuaded to fight alongside the PCs - a mix of immigrants, guildsmen, and a few thugs from the local gangs (treat half as *Average Berks*, half as *Violent Berks*). They're not skilled combatants and will be slaughtered if pitted against fiends, but can soak up some of their minions. PCs can add to their numbers with a CHS check (+1 local per full 5pts of result by each recruiter).

These people at least will stand with the party (unless the group has somehow got them all killed), but things will still look bleak against a dozen fiends and an army of cannibal tieflings. The PCs might well seek further reinforcements: Jink, impassioned speeches, and the calling in of debts *might* enlist the following support for their cause, at the DM's option. The chief factor here is how well they have done protecting the district (which is different to how successful they were against Eyes Desire), and how many friends they've made. Remember that the party only has about an hour until the *Pariahs* arrive, so there's no time for any long trips. At least no other significant events will have drained the heroes' resources that day, so they should be at full strength.


The Funerary Guild is sympathetic, but more concerned with locking up its property and hiding its goods than fighting. The few guildsmen available and willing to fight are included in the numbers above.

The Deathmonger is initially unhelpful ("the squabbling of lesser carnivores is nothing to me"). The Gauth and his gladiators plan to hole themselves up in the *Sword's Salute* and just wait out the commotion. If Rash wins the day, Lannxiz will make a deal with him as he did with Old Toadface. If the PCs triumph, its business as usual. It *might* be possible for a very persuasive party to convince the Gauth to help, but this would take an amazing *Diplomacy* check or a huge garnish. As a Lawful creature (and an Orthorian one at that), the Deathmonger despises Tanar'ri and this is the best approach the PCs have to convince him to help. Deathmonger has price for his help that's non-negotiable however: Lannxiz demands to be made one of the District Voices in exchange for his help.

The Dustmen will *not* provide any help to the defenders, saying that the affairs of the living are not their concern - who rules in the alleys is nothing to them. This message will be delivered by Ambergris himself, and the PCs have *one* chance to convince him otherwise. Only a *Diplomacy* check of 30+ will persuade the Factotum to assist them. The difficulty is so high because of Ambergris' emotionless conviction and the fact that passionate speeches mean nothing to him. If convinced, **Quartermaster Ambergris** will stay and assist the PCs.

He doesn't help *too* much (otherwise he'll steal the limelight from the PCs), but provides some selective support throughout the battle: *Bestow Curse, Cause Fear, Dismissal, Doom, Slay Living, Spiritual Weapon*, and perhaps a handful of *Cure* spells. Perhaps most importantly, he can also cast *Calm Emotions*, which can bring the battle to a virtual halt for a few rounds, allowing the PCs to heal (and trade insults with Rash's gang - a great roleplaying opportunity).

If they were kind to him, **Fingers the Ghast** will join the battle on their side, no matter what the Dustmen say.



Narma the Loud can be persuaded to lend a hand, but only with healing and bardic abilities not outright fighting. He'll retreat if directly attacked during the battle.

Protector Nymon flees as soon as he learns the demons are on their way. He, his stock, and his *Charmed* guards immediately head for a hideaway outside of Wailer's Square, but unless he hates the PCs, he sends them a parting gift. Each character receives a potion or scroll from Nymon's stock (this time labelled correctly): whatever he thinks they will find most useful in a fight.

Other minor allies might also be available, depending on how the adventure has progressed. **Bald Grum**, **Mother Xero**, and **Gnarlybone** will volunteer, but won't take a direct role in the fighting. These three will help coordinate the forces defending the *Whispered Word*, which is soon filled with frightened refugees. A few of the citizens (including Gnarlybone) hiding in there have bows and crossbows however, and are prepared to shoot from the upper storey windows if the PCs set up anywhere nearby.

Deadwick will *not* involve himself in this barkle, regardless of what the characters say or offer to pay. It suits his humour to watch them struggle and die, but he might offer to animate their corpses as zombies afterwards. Although he'll emerge onto his balcony to observe the fight, he won't intervene unless the PCs somehow trick the *Pariahs* into attacking his tower... but even the fiend gang will give him a wide berth.

THE BATTLE OF SHUFFLE STREET

"HEROES DON'T RUN."

- WYCK

Shutters slam, doors are barred, and scared berks cower behind makeshift barricades. The *Whispered Word* is hastily transformed into a last redoubt and Bald Grum passes out what weapons he has to the refugees and staff: sickles and scythe-blades, confiscated knives, even broken bottles and clubs made from chair legs. Children and the infirm are sent upstairs (along with the handful of bowmen), and the rest guard every door and window. Knives are passed out among the women guarding the children; they are to slit the throats of the youngsters rather than allow them to fall into the clutches of demons.

The PCs may set up their defences however they wish. Cautious or paranoid adventurers may already have made plans for just such an invasion, or they may be improvising with little time to spare. The major NPCs will council the party if required, but the final plan is ultimately up to them. Gnarlybone or other canny locals can also lann the PCs to the gang's probable tactics:

"This is a turf war. They'll come up the main street bold as brass and talking big. Rash's a sly berk, but there's a certain form to these things, even if you're a demon. He'll want to do this out in the open, where everyone can see and the outcome is not in doubt. It's not just about killing you - it's about doing it as bloodily and publicly as possible."

The *Pariahs* are having a good time on their way up Shuffle Street, so our heroes will have a short wait before the big event. Just before the fiends arrive a fine drizzle starts to fall on the Grey District, accompanied by a chill fresh breeze that seemingly blows out of nowhere. The normally pervasive haze recedes a little, and the characters can take a few breaths of good clean air before the fight:

"Well look at that," says Silent Brom, glancing upwards. "You can see right over to the streets of Lady's Ward. Never been clear enough for that before. All them parks and palaces, what a sight... I wonder what they're doing up there right now?"

"Same thing we are," Jaime laughs. "Except all dressed in silk."

Shortly after this, the PCs get their first look at the gang:

A terrible screeching tune is the first sign of the Pariahs' approach - if you can call such a dire cacophony 'music' at all. Howling, banging, and clanging, the Proud Pariahs make their way up Shuffle Street like a carnival coming to town; a carnival accompanied by terrified screams the smell of burning flesh. As the last refugees come fleeing past, you get your first good skeg at the fiend gang that's here to put you in the Dead Book:

The mass is easily thirty strong, and swaggers up the street with easy confidence. First come a wave of cackling imps, gibbering and laughing as they fly from lintel to lintel. Behind these come a pair of blubberous fiends, like the bloated corpses of obese dwarves. They wave their long spears like banners, and tied to each is a blackened figure, broken by torture and seared by fire. They moan and twitch in wretched agony with every step - Sharky and Dru, leaders of the Grey District gangs.

The rest of the Proud Pariahs fill the street behind these heralds - a mix of misshapen fiends and monsters surrounded by scabrous tieflings smeared with ash. These capering beggar-musicians clash gongs and cymbals of copper, sound battered horns, beat drums made from freshly harvested flesh, and tap out a jaunty beat with bloody bones.

Rash himself strides along in the centre of his mob, clad in bloodstained finery. A gaunt figure covered in sticky red gore and giant crimson blisters, his skull-like face grins beneath a tall velvet hat with a bobbing white feather stuck in the top. He cheerfully waves a conductor's baton to direct the dreadful noise, dancing up the street towards you.

The PCs can open fire as soon as they see the fiends, or can lure them in closer with talk. Rash will happily rattle his bonebox with them, as it gives him a chance to talk big. Any attempt at negotiations will be utterly fruitless however, as Rash's conditions include robbing everyone, humiliating the locals, and the dead bodies of the player characters. Sooner or later, blood will have to be spilled!

Each DM should tailor the exact difficulty of this final battle to their particular group, based on PC numbers and combat ability, their available magic items (especially magical weapons), and any allies present. Use reinforcements from the Quasits, a new wave of local volunteers, or even the unexpected return of Sougad Sodkiller to help balance out any combat which turns suddenly too hard or too easy. The fight should be difficult but not impossible unless the PCs are alone for some reason - but DMs should also remember that this encounter *should* be easier if the PCs have behaved in a friendly and honourable way - heroic groups will really gain the benefit of their higher example here, as the district valleys round them. Thugs and knights of the post meanwhile will be on their own and only getting what they deserve.

However many allies they bring, remember that the PCs should be the centre of attention and not allowed to just sit back and watch the fight. A full roster of *Proud Pariahs* is listed below, and DMs should feel free to 'mix and match' these enemies to create an appropriate challenge for their group. See page 49 of the DMG and below for a rough guide, and remember that this should be a combat that the PCs are proud of for good long time. The district certainly won't forget them in a hurry, win or lose.

Below is a sample setup for the fight, which assumes that the PCs have at least *some* allies standing with them and some basic defences/barricades from which to fight from. The Encounter Levels are high, but many of the Pariahs refuse to fight to the death or have motivations other than killing the party. Crucially for the PCs however, the battle is fought in a series of waves, allowing time between

Whoops! We Have No Allies...

If for some unfathomable reason the PCs are stood alone in the street when the *Pariahs* come, then they're going to have to fight the whole gang at once and are doomed.

Running is the only non-suicidal option. Instead of a battle, the DM should run a frantic chase through the district, as the fiends pursue the party all the way out of the Hive

combats for the heroes to regroup and heal.

HOW THINGS MIGHT PLAY OUT - A SAMPLE BATTLE

Once the talking is done, Rash orders the *Proud Pariahs* to attack. He sends in his troops against the defenders in three waves:

"I CAST REMOVE FEAR... ON MYSELF!"

- PETUBASTIS, ON SEEING THE PROUD PARIAS

THE FIRST WAVE

Rash first tests the defenders' metal with a wave of berserk tieflings. Many of these will be soaked up by the party's allies, but the PCs will certainly get their share: **6 tiefling beggars** will assault the group (EL 3), lead by **Gerr the Troll** - who has no patience and attacks even if

Rash orders him not to. If the PCs have only minimal reinforcements or have positioned themselves badly, they must fight both the beggars *and* Gerr (EL 6); otherwise their allies can deal with the reckless troll, but probably not without losses - the PCs are welcome to help if they want to prevent this.

Optional Encounters - During this time, **Tar Mouth** takes occasional pot-shots (from cover) at the defenders and various **Quasits** make strafing attacks. Assign this damage randomly (or by DM fiat) among the defenders. Arrows also begin to rain down from archers on the *Whispered Word's* balcony, inflicting some casualties among the other tieflings and Quasits.

The levy and major NPC defenders will also handle their fair share of Tieflings, eventually sending the enemy fleeing back. Although the fighting probably doesn't cease entirely, the party will have *at least* three rounds of breathing space before the next assault - possibly much longer if they've done well and Rash has to spend some time rallying his minions again.


SECOND WAVE

Having got a measure of the defenders (and being slightly surprised that they haven't crumbled before him), Rash orders the rest of his troops in: Another wave of tieflings, this time lead by Retch and Puke. The PCs will fight six Tieflings and the two Dretches (an EL 5 encounter). If the PCs have minimal reinforcements or the defenders have already taken heavy casualties, double the number of tieflings (making the EL 6).

Optional Encounters - **Tar Mouth** continues to snipe at the defenders. Meanwhile **Snatch & Voop** (EL 6) try to slip around behind the PCs. If the PCs have thoughtfully provided barricades or troops to watch their flanks, then these demons are unable to enter the fray. Otherwise they begin to assault from the rear, further reducing the PCs allies unless the PCs feel like taking them on.

Again, the heroes will have a few rounds breathing space once the combat is done. Locals like **Narma the Loud** (or anybody with a spare *Potion of Healing*) will try to patch the defenders up as best they can. In the meantime Rash beats the tieflings into rallying for a final attack and **Tar Mouth**





continues to keep the defenders' heads down by shooting at them from its cover.

THIRD WAVE

The final assault contains Rash himself, who's lost too many troops to retreat now. He risks everything on a final desperate assault. First in are Féregnyúlván and the last of the tieflings (six of them for the PCs). This encounter is EL 6, although the Spellslinger Demon only fights until he can get somebody to torture (not necessarily a PC). They are also backed up by Tar Mouth, unless he's been driven off by the PCs or their allies.

Rash himself spends 1d3 more rounds hurling verbal abuse and blister-grenades, then *Teleports* into the midst of the PCs, trying to flank whoever's torqued him off most during the fight so far. Any surviving allies will do their best to hold off the other enemies while the PCs deal with their leader.

SLIPPING THE BLINDS

There are three main dangers here: Firstly, the PCs might turn and run, dooming the district. If they choose this option, feel free to make them feel like the low-down dirty scum they are by having their allies call disbelievingly after them - only to be overwhelmed and cut down by the fiends. Turn the battle into a climactic chase through the Hive instead; Rash is determined to make the PCs suffer and won't let them get away as easy as that.

Secondly, a couple of bad tactical choices (or just unlucky rolls) could see the party overwhelmed and anticlimactically killed out of hand. Use the party's NPC allies to take the pressure of the group for a few rounds in this case, driving back a wave of attackers long enough for the PCs to recover - and don't forget to dish out healing from NPCs to the group. Everyone here's aware that the adventurers are the backbone of the defence and need all the Hit Points they can get.

Thirdly, there's a lot of dice going to be thrown around in this fight, and it's important that the DM keeps up a flow of suitably heroic descriptions; otherwise the game becomes just a grind of melee mechanics and shouted numbers. Hopefully the PCs will also care about at least some of the NPCs fighting beside them, and will be interested in how the fight is going for them. DMs should sprinkle lots of heroic descriptions into the fight, such as:

Sven-ole the ogre loses an eye to Gerr the Troll but just laughs it off and starts to Rage

Jaime leaps in front of a wounded PC, taking on all opponents until the character can catch their breath

A wounded tiefling tries to flee the battle but Rash tears out her throat with his claws

An ogre scoops up a tiefling that is fighting a PC and starts to wield him like a club

Silent Brom duels one of the Pariahs, but then begins to collapse from the strain on his disease-ravaged body.

Gauth the Deathmonger appears and blasts some enemies with his eye rays (a good means to rebalance the battle if all suddenly seems lost).

A new wave of defenders charge out of the Whispered Word, emboldened by the heroes' success

A nameless NPC dives forward and takes a blow meant for a badly-wounded PC

Narma braves the melee to run up to a PC/NPC and use a Cure Light Wounds spell on them

Quasits break into the Whispered Word and try to carry off some of the children cowering upstairs, but are driven off by a frenzied attack by their mothers and grandparents

Don't go over the top with NPC heroics however. This is the heroes' moment, and they deserve to be the stars of the show.

THE PROUD PARIAHS

Rash, Tar Mouth, and Féregnyúlván are all deserters from the Blood War. They hooked up with Gerr and the hordlings shortly after arriving in the Hive, and the tieflings and quasits are both occasional minions when the need arises. Each of the gang has their tactics detailed below, but they are also summarised here:

"WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO COME DOWN HERE AND MAKE LAW AMONG THE LAWLESS?"

"THIS IS THE HIVE, YOU SODS ~ EVEN THE HARDHEADS NEVER DARED COME HERE IN NUMBERS LESS THAN TWENTY!"

"YOU EXPECTING THEIR HELP? OR MAYBE A LEGION OF ARCHONS TO COME SWOPPING IN AND SAVE THE DAY? WELL TWO MORE GREENS AND UP GOES THE FHORGE, BERK."

"YOU SOULBAG MORTALS GOT NO PLACE OUT HERE IN THE PLANES, AND THOSE OF YOU LEATHERHEADED ENOUGH TO COME ANYWAY NEED TO GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND LEARN WHO'S IN CHARGE..."

~ RASH REDWELT

RASH REDWELT

Rash leads the Proud Pariahs with a mix of brutal intimidation, bold speeches, and half-decent planning. He's inventive and cunning rather than a skilled tactician, but also theatrical. Rash enjoys putting on a show for his victims.

Rash Redwelt, CR 6

Medium Outsider (Chaotic, Extraplanar, Evil, Tanar'ri)

Init +1; Senses Spot +1, Listen +19; Darkvision

Languages: Tanar'ri, Lower Planar Trade, Planar Trade

Féregnyúlván looks for a suitable victim to torture. *Féregnyúlván departs the battle as soon as he has a victim or two to torture. It flees if reduced to 20hp or less.*

Gerr just roars and charges the nearest enemy. *Gerr fights to the death.*

The Quasits fly around above the battle, laughing and taunting and only occasionally getting involved. *The Quasits flee from anyone who shows them stiff resistance*

Rash initially concentrates on ordering his forces around, hurling insults and blister-bombs, but once things start to go badly he Teleports up to the PCs. *Rash fights until wounded to 10hp or less.*

Retch & Puke lumber forward to attack, wielding their banners. *Retch & Puke fight to the death.*

Snatch & Voop pick a rich victim to assault and rob. *The Hordlings flee if reduced to 20hp or less, but if one is killed outright the other fights to the death.*

Tar Mouth looks for cover and then uses his crossbow. *Tar Mouth flees or surrenders if reduced to 15hp or less.*

The Tieflings Barmies are sent in first, as an expendable test of the defenders. *The beggars break off their attack if reduced to a third of their original numbers.*

AC 19 touch 11, flat-footed 18
Hp 66 (7 HD); DR 10/cold iron or good
Saves: Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +6
Spell Resistance 14
Immune to Electricity, Poison
Resistance to Acid/Cold/ Fire 10

Speed 30ft
Melee 2x claw +12 (1d6+5), bite +7 (1d6+2)
Base Atk +7; Grp +12
Atk Options: Alchemical Boils, Sneak Attack +2d6

Abilities Str 21, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 16
SQ: Protective Slime, Telepathy 100ft
Feats: Cleave, Multiattack, Power Attack
Skills: Climb +15, Disable Device +12, Disguise +13, Escape Artist +11, Hide +19, Move Silently +19, Open Lock +11, Sleight of Hand +11, Survival +1 (+3 following tracks), Use Rope +1 (+3 with bindings)

Possessions: Ragged noble outfit, a twisted black *Wand of Summon Monster I* that always summons Fiendish creatures (Rash can't invoke its magic and uses it as a conductor's baton). Three *Potions of Cure Light Wounds*.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7): at will - *Darkness*, *Dispel Magic*, *See Invisibility*, *Greater Teleport* (self plus 50 pounds of objects only).

Alchemical Boils (ex): Rash's virulent red boils act like a living alchemical lab, producing (among other unpleasant things) alchemical fire, acid, and unholy water. It takes 3 days for the liquid to brew to fruition, during which time Rash must consume various components equal to 1/3 the market price of the item being produced. He can have up to five boils 'brewing' at once; he currently has three alchemical fire boils and two pustules of unholy water.

Protective Slime (Su): 1d8 acid damage (ignoring hardness) to all weapons striking Rash's coating slimy red jelly - magic weapon get a DC 18 Reflex save to avoid. A creature who strikes Rash with an unarmed attack, unarmed strike, touch spell, or natural weapon takes this damage as well (Reflex Save as above negates).

TACTICS: Rash spends most of the battle herding his uncooperative and chaotic forces against the PCs, but whenever he has a moment he taunts them or hurls a blister. When the time comes for him to be personally involved, he makes straight for the PCs using his *Teleport* to best effect. Rash fights until reduced around 10hps, then retreats via *Teleport*. Being AWOL from his post in the Blood War, Rash will not use his *Summon Demon* ability during the battle.

If forced to flee, Rash swears undying vengeance upon the PCs but will have pressing concerns of his own for a while - the Hive isn't easy to survive when you've taken a battering, even if you're a fiend.

TAR MOUTH

Tar Mouth is a highly unusual dretch, the match of Rash in cunning if not intelligence. His lower jaw is bruise-coloured, loose, and distended, and constantly foams with thick black drool giving him a slurping lisp. Survival is Tar Mouth's primary aim but his real skill is in appearing too useful to be expendable. He usually serves as a combination of lickspittle and second in command.

Tar Mouth, CR 4

Small Outsider (Chaotic, Extraplanar, Evil)
Chaotic Evil
Init +1; Senses Listen +10, Spot +10; Darkvision
Languages: Abyssal, Planar Trade

AC 17 touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +1 size, +5 natural)
Hp 26 (4 HD); DR 5/cold iron or good
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +5
Spell Resistance 14
Immune to Electricity, Poison
Resistance to Acid/Cold/ Fire 10

Speed 20ft
Melee 2x claws +9 (1d6+3), bite +6 (1d4+1)
Ranged heavy crossbow +6 (1d10)
Base Atk +4; Grp +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 10
SQ: Summon Dretch, Telepathy 100ft
Feats: Multiattack, Weapon focus (claws)
Skills: Hide +12, Listen +10, Move Silently +8, Spot +10, Search +7, Survival +3 (+5 following tracks)

Possessions: Mwk heavy crossbow (of abyssal manufacture and pretty evil-looking), 10 cold iron bolts. *Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds*.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4): 1/day— *scare* (DC 12), *stinking cloud* (DC 13).
Summon Demon (Sp): 1/day - 35% chance of success

TACTICS: Tar Mouth prefers to hang back, firing his heavy crossbow once he finds some decent cover. He'll happily brawl with anyone who attacks him but looks to retreat or surrender if he takes more than a dozen or so points of damage. Once the battle looks lost, his first priority is escape. If cornered he will beg for his life, promising in pitiful slobbering tears to serve his captures faithfully. He'll do *anything* to ensure that he doesn't die or get sent back to the Abyss.

FÉREGNYÚLVÁN

Féregnyúlván is a *Karaycai* or *spell-slinger demon*, a worm-like grey monster who served as torturer for Rash's Blood War unit before it absconded. It communicates via telepathy but cannot control this power: everyone within ten feet of the creature hears what it "says" - a constant mantra of the hideous tortures it plans to perform. See planewalker.com - *Creature Codex* for more information.

Féregnyúlván, CR 5
Small Outsider (Chaotic, Extraplanar, Evil)
Chaotic Evil
Init +9; Senses Listen +13, Spot +13
Languages: Special

AC 20 touch 16, flat-footed 15
Hp 60 (8 HD); DR 10/cold iron or good
Saves: Fort +9 Ref +11 Will +10
Spell Resistance 17
Immune to Electricity, Poison
Resistance to Acid/Cold/ Fire 10

Speed 20ft

Melee Bite +11 melee (1d3+3)

Base Atk +8; Grp +6

Atk Options: Spellslinging

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 21, Con 16, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 16

SQ: Telepathy 100 ft.

Feats: Boost Spell Resistance, Improved Initiative, Iron Will

Skills: Bluff +14, Concentration +14, Diplomacy +16, Hide +20, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Listen +13, Move Silently +16, Search +15, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +17, Spot +13, Swim +13

Possessions: none

Spell-like Abilities (CL 10): 3/day - clairaudience/clairvoyance, darkness (DC 15), desecrate, detect thoughts (DC 15), fly, shield, suggestion (DC 16), telekinesis (DC 20).

Spellslinging (Su): When a spell is cast within 60 ft. of the karaycai, the caster must make a Spellcraft check against DC 15 + spell level. If the check fails, the spell is absorbed with no other effect. The karaycai can then unleash the same spell as a spell-like ability (using the original caster's level and save DC) as a standard action within 24 hours of absorption. A karaycai can store up to 5 such effects at any one time. It currently has two spells stored: *Fly* and *Command*.

TACTICS: Féregnyúlván attacks the weakest and most terrified victim it sees - and if it can't find a defender it happily settles for one of its own band. Once an opponent is weakened it strikes to subdue; it prefers to drag away a victim for torture, virtually ignoring the battle around it. Féregnyúlván flees if reduced to less than 20 hit points. Like Rash, Féregnyúlván will not use its Summon Demon abilities during the fight, for fear that its fellow Tanar'ri will try to drag it back to the Blood War.

GERR THE TROLL

Gerr is a typical troll - foul, gangly, and violent; he's more scarred by fire and acid than most of his primer kin (planars being a canny lot) but is otherwise much the same as trolls everywhere: He's reckless, violent, and has little sense of his own mortality.

Gerr the Troll, CR 5 (see MM, p247)

63hp (6 HD); CE

TACTICS: Gerr charges the nearest enemy and fights to the death.

RETCH & PUKE

Retch and Puke are particularly strong but mindless dretches, with a superficial resemblance to the bloated corpses of beardless dwarfs. "Want kill..." is about as sophisticated as they get. They only take orders from Rash or Tar Mouth - Retch and Puke both feel a strange mix of jealousy and reverence for Tar Mouth because he can speak.

Retch & Puke, CR 2 (see MM, p42)

13hp (2 HD); CE

TACTICS: Retch & Puke are dumb, even for Dretches (INT 3). Initially they fight with their long spears, at a -4 penalty due to the body tied onto it (+0 to hit, 1d8+1 damage). After three rounds of melee however, Rash notices this and orders them to use claw attacks instead.

They both fight to the death unless ordered otherwise.

SNATCH & VOOP

These hordlings are the last survivors of a pack that once haunted the Pyres. Their fellows were massacred by the *Pariahs*, but these two were spared because Rash saw the usefulness of a pair of skilled thieves - skilled but small and weak enough to push around. The pair steal effectively but almost instinctively, like jackdaws. Their statistics are drawn from *planewalker.com* - *Creature Codex*.

Snatch & Voop, CR 4 each

Small Outsider

Neutral Evil

Init +2; Senses Listen +4, Spot +6; Darkvision

Languages: Lower Planar Trade

AC 14 touch 13, flat-footed 12

Hp 39 (6 HD)

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +5

Speed 30ft (Voop has *Fly* 40ft, *Average*)

Melee 2x claw +9 (1d4), Bite +4 (1d6)

Base Atk +6; Grp +2

Atk Options: 10ft reach (Snatch); Acid Spittle (Voop)

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 3, Wis 11, Cha 8

SQ: Darkvision 60ft and see below

Feats: Great Fortitude, Improved Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills: Climb +9, Jump +4, Hide +12, Move Silently +8 (Snatch also has Sleight of Hand +10, and Voop has Pick Lock +8)

Possessions: none

Snatch looks like a hideous halfling, buried under the loose folds of his own flesh. He can stretch himself taut however, gaining another five feet of height and a 10ft *reach*. He's skilled in unarmed combat and attacks in a tangle or limbs that can send opponents crashing to the ground.

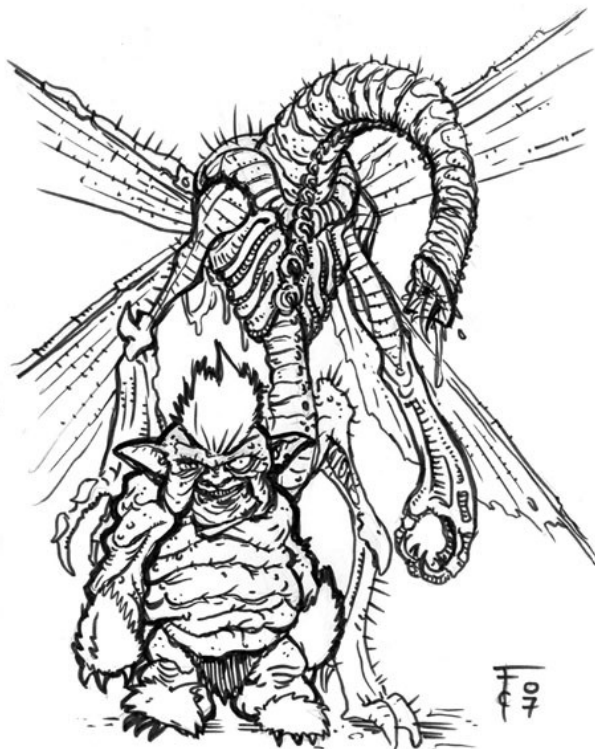
Telescopic Attack (Ex): Snatch may be able to extend its arms telescopically, thereby increasing the reach of its claw attacks to 10ft.

Trip (Ex): If the hits with a claw attack, it can attempt to trip the opponent as a free action without making a touch attack or provoking attacks of opportunity. If the attempt fails, the opponent cannot react to trip the hordling.

Voop has mottled skin like a crocodile, wings like a dragonfly, and a face that's a cross between a leech and a tentacle. Voop can spew a stream of acrid vomit on opponents for 2d4 acid damage, and also use his 'tongue' (a thin prehensile tendril set with thorn-like hooks) to pick locks.

Fly (ex): 40ft, Average manoeuvrability

Spittle, Lesser (Ex): The hordling can spit at a target within 10 ft. as a ranged touch attack, dealing 2d4 points of acid damage.



TACTICS: Snatch and Voop work as a team. Snatch normally attacks first to *Trip* an opponent, supported by Voop with his acidic spittle. If they bring down an opponent with no other threats nearby, they'll spend 1 round tearing any treasure off the corpse before moving on. Both hordlings have absolutely no loyalty to the gang and will flee if significantly injured. If one is killed however, its companion attacks the killer in a fit of berserk rage, fighting to the death to avenge its only friend.

BARMIY TIEFLING BEGGARS

These cannibalistic barmies certainly aren't effective combatants, but they attack en masse in a frenzied wave of sharp teeth and rusty knives. They wear only threadbare rags and are smeared in ashes. Most of them are disfigured one way or another. The beggars are pressed into service by the Pariahs and serve only out of fear. Whenever a number of tieflings are mentioned above, assume that at least the same number are on hand but acting so madly as to make no worthwhile contribution to the fight - the caper, wail, tear flesh from corpses, or just curl into a foetal ball as the fight sweeps over them.

Award 50% less XP for the tieflings, as they are weak and poorly armoured and armoured.

Mad Tiefling Beggar, CR ½

Medium Outsider (Native)

Chaotic Evil

Init +2; **Senses** Listen -2, Spot -2; Darkvision

Languages: Lower Planar Trade

AC 12 touch 12, flat-footed 10

Hp 3 (1 HD)

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will -2

Resistance to Cold/Electricity/Fire 5

Speed 30ft

Melee Dagger +4 (1d4)

Base Atk +1; **Grp** +1

Atk Options: *Darkness* (1/day)

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 10, Wis 6, Cha 3

Feats: Weapon Finesse

Skills: Bluff -2, Diplomacy -4, Hide +4, Move Silently +3, Profession (Beggar) +2, Sleight of Hand +3

Possessions: Ash-smeared rags, knife, handful of personal objects worth 1d10cp.


Darkness (Sp): A tiefling can use darkness once per day (caster level equal to class levels).

Diseased (ex): Fort Save (DC 12), or catch *Filth Fever*. See DMG, p292 for details.

TACTICS: The beggars attack as a single mass, but it's a scrum of competing blows not a coordinated assault. Although individual beggars fight to the death, as a group they break if more than two-thirds of them are slain. They use their *Darkness* ability randomly throughout the combat.

THE QUASITS

These Quasits are part of a nest that lairs in the Pyres. They're greedy and playfully wicked, filled with spiteful cruelty. They're an anarchic mass with even less organisation or plan than the beggars. Their nominal leader is a Quasit called *Black Eye*, who has one orb that's shrunken and squinting and one swollen to three



times normal size. The Quasits hide their treasure in nooks and crannies across the Pyre District, not carrying any with them for fear it would be stolen by the *Pariahs*. If Lord Winsome is still with the party for some reason, he immediately seeks out Black Eye and attacks him - the pair are old enemies and the grudge goes deep.

Quasit, CR 2 (see MM, p46)
13hp (3HD); CE

TACTICS: Much as Rash would like to think otherwise, the quasits aren't really under his control. They don't answer to anyone, although Black Eye is their usual spokesman in negotiations with the gang. Mostly the quasits flap around above the battle, throwing rocks and faeces at the defenders, picking off stragglers and the wounded, and stealing any treasure they see. The Quasits can take as much or as little part in the battle as the DM needs; use them as a *deus ex machina* to help balance difficulty of the fight.

AFTERMATH: ENDING THE ADVENTURE

If the *Pariahs* are defeated, the party will be rightly hailed as saviours of the district. They can enjoy free ale and hospitality for many days, and receive a friendly welcome for the rest of their lives. A party atmosphere (almost) grips the Grey District in the wake of the fiendish retreat. The tale of their battle grows even more with the telling, and soon local graffiti artists are daubing the walls with images of the party in celebration. Whenever they go out in the Grey District now, they're always met by friendly greetings or a nod of respect, even from the gangs.

*"I LOVE THE SMELL OF
ALCHEMICAL FIRE IN THE
MORNING.
SMELLS LIKE... VICTORY"*

~ SERUSHI

If the *Thurible* has been removed from circulation, the incense's effects will soon wear off and things will return to normality: Ignore any random encounters that involve the *Thurible's* effects. Although much quieter now, they'll still be plenty to occupy PCs who want to continue working in the district - this is still the Hive, after all. Ultimately the party's contract with the Voices of Wailer's Square will last as long as the DM wants it to, or until the PCs get bored or rich enough to move elsewhere. Even the Grey District of the Hive is not a particularly nice place to live once a berk gets a reputation and some decent jink in his pouch.


On the other hand, the party might feel rather attached to the people of the District, and *want* to stay. Once the chaos has died down, Bald Grum and the others will be happy with the PCs taking more of a backseat role in keeping the area quiet, with plenty of time off for adventures unless emergency threatens again. Of course, they'll have to pay for their rooms and board now, but the district will keep rewarding them in small ways: occasional free food and drink, scarves and sweaters knitted by friendly old ladies, and of course should the worst happen they'll always be entitled to a free funeral attended by the entire Wailers Guild.

Once the PCs embark on a proper career as adventurers, the monetary value of these rewards will swiftly become negligible, but it's the *friends* that count.

REWARDS

The PCs may have had several patrons during the adventure, each of whom has a different criteria for success:

Survivors of the battle of Shuffle Street: Heroes who stayed and fought will reap the benefit here. A week or so after the *Battle of Shuffle Street* - just as the parties are dying down - the Voices will reward the PCs with a small selection of minor magical items, donated by locals or bought by their hard-earned jink. The DM should award each character an item (preferably a permanent one) of whatever type the locals think is most



appropriate, up to a value of about 2,000gp each. This treasure represents every last copper the district could scrape together as a reward... but it's willingly given.

If news of the plot leaks out, **the Dustmen** will be friendlier with the PCs, in their usual dry way. Regular workers of the Funerary Guild will also be well disposed to the PCs.

The Voices of Wailer's Square will be happy if the PCs stayed and fought the *Pariahs*, and if the chaos caused by the *Thurible* subsides. They're especially impressed if the PCs can explain *why* it all happened, but they're not concerned with revenge.

Ambergris will be satisfied once he knows who is responsible, especially if the PCs can give him Eyes Desire's name. He'll be content with the words *Sensate plot* however, and begin working on vengeance of his own. He's prepared to use the PCs as agents if they're amenable to this, but they'll have to be patient while he schemes up some appropriate retribution. In the unlikely event that he's paying the party for their trouble, he'll offer roughly the same as Eyes Desire for their efforts - about 1,000gp each

Eyes Desire will be happy if the PCs give her the *Thurible*, make sensorium recordings of their adventure, and show some level of discretion regarding her name afterwards. Whatever the outcome however, she'll only consider vengeance against them if they unduly aggravate her or launch a physical attack.

DISPØSING ØF ðHE THURIBLE

Assuming they actually managed to finish the adventure with the *Thurible of Desire*, the PCs will have obtained a valuable magical item and quite a bit of interest in it.

The Dustmen and Eyes Desire will both want the item (to destroy it and to use it again respectively) and will send agents to purchase it, intimidate the PCs into handing it over, or simply steal it. If the PCs are strong enough to hold out and force a good price off the people involved, they can get 15,000gp for their troubles - but this is probably an adventure in itself. If the PCs go for a quick sale or to someone who thinks the item is stolen (and Eyes will see that this information gets out if she can - it *is* her legal property, after all), then the sale will net the PCs far less: about 3,000gp.


If the PCs think to approach the Gatehouse however, about using the *Thurible* for its original purpose (healing those who have lost their emotions to the Grey Waste), then the staff will happily take the item off their hands, giving the PCs a good price (about 8,000gp) and a good feeling as well.

FURTHER ADVENTURES

Various parts of *Desire and the Dead* or the Grey District Gazetteer can be used by the DM as jumping off points for future adventures:

BLØØD & AMBERGRIS - The arrogant albino half-hobgoblin is unlikely to end up friendly with the PCs, but if they convince him that they're innocent and capable adventurers, he might make use of them in the future. Ambergris might contact them for help in getting back Eyes Desire, especially if the PCs have plans of their own in that direction. On the other hand, the group might want revenge on *him*.

CI+IZEN DEÄ+HMIØNGER - if the PCs promised him a post as a District Voice (and let's hope they okayed this with the other Voices) then Lannxiz the Deathmonger (location 33) will immediately begin his quest for power over the district. Regardless of his political aspirations, the Gauth will also try to seize control of Old Toadface's territory too, using his gladiators to intimidate the surviving Greenjackets. The PCs can be part of all this or dedicated to stopping him. They might even go on a quest into the slums to bring back Old Toadface - a case of 'better the devil you know...'



CURING BRØM - Silent Brom's supernatural wasting disease is resistant to all generally-available magical cures. Only a trip to the Grey Waste to speak with the denizens of the Oinos can provide the information/ingredients required to make the withered hero well again, but what price would such evil berks demand?

DYKOS +HE MAIMED - In the aftermath of the Tempest of Portals, Dykos' caravans have had to take some circuitous and occasionally dangerous routes. He might well contract the PCs to accompany them, or to scout a better road.

EYES DESIRE - If the PCs showed intelligence and bravery during the adventure and professionalism and discretion during their meeting, Eyes will consider them for a number of minor jobs in the future. Of course she, the PCs, or both sides may finish the adventure looking to even the score.

GLADIA+ORS - The Deathmonger decides that the PCs would make a good addition to one of his bloody arenas on the dark edge of the Great Ring. The party wake up one morning to find themselves imprisoned and on their way to a gladiatorial school in Ribcage. If they can't escape, they must earn their freedom in the arena, a hard task in so wicked a berg.

GNARLYBØNE'S BIG ADVEN+URE - The young half-elf contacts the PCs about a dangerous job. He needs their help for a robbery he could never accomplish alone... maybe he's found Old Toadface's treasure vault? On the other hand perhaps Gnarlybone has 'accidentally' robbed the wrong berk and needs some tough-looking cutters with a reputation to act as intermediaries, to help him square things with the offended party.

IN+Ø +HE GREAT UNKNØWN - One of the disused portals activates, becoming a two-way Gate to an unknown location on some far off Outer Plane. Everyone's interested: The merchants want to see what markets can be exploited, the Guild want to know if it leads to anybody's underworld, the criminals want to know if there's something worse stealing there, and several ordinary citizens are just looking for a place to escape the Hive. Brave explorers can earn considerable jink.

NA+HRI VENGEANCE - If a player character has taken Shamanfang from Naxur the Nathri then the tenuous truce is now broken. The Nathri are desperate to retrieve their lucky talisman: If they can't steal it back from the group, they'll hold the whole district ransom with a plague of murders and thefts.

PUBLISHED PLANESCAPE ADVEN+URES - Characters with contacts at the Mortuary (or with the appropriate starting background) are ideally placed to take part in *The Eternal Boundary*. The portal that leads to the tavern in the Abyss (on the random encounter table) might lead to the bar from *The Deva Spark*. The Voices might also contact the heroes again if chaos returns to the streets during *Something Wild*.

RA+TER GOES MISSING - Something nasty has made its lair in the sewers beneath the Grey District. Ratter's Boss reports several of his best dogs as missing to its fangs/claws/tendrils, and the Voices contact their old saviours for help once more. Something that big and bad *has* to have a horde in its lair, right?

SWEA+SHOP SPAR+ICUS - The PCs are approached by a starving halfling, who's escaped from one of Old Toadface's sweatshops deep in the slums. She begs the characters to save her family before starvation and the lash sends them all to the Dead Book.

THE TOAD RE+URNS - as suddenly and mysteriously as he vanished, Tad'faddamfa returns. Unscrupulous PCs could be hired by The Toad to purge his gang of disloyal *Greenjackets* and strike out at those who tried to take advantage of his absence (like Lannixz the Deathmonger, the *Bloodmouths*, or any surviving *Pariahs*). More virtuous groups could be hired by a secret cabal of residents to assassinate the Alley Lord before he can resume his powers in full.

APPENDIX I: THE PYRE DISTRICT

"THERE'S A PLACE THAT'S EVEN WORSE THAN HERE?"

~ BRIG AP NUDD

This area contains two locations that the PCs might visit: *Gnarlybone's Lair* and *Blighthouse* (home of the Joculars and Fingers the Ghast). It's not necessary for the party to come here in order to complete the adventure, but characters brave enough to venture in may well find the results to be worth the risk.


WELCOME TO THE PYRES

As it leaves the Grey District, Rattling Alley peters out into a maze of blackened ruins called the Pyre District or simply *the Pyres*. One of countless minor battlefields in the Faction War, it was site of the terrible *Six Day Fire* near the end of the war, when a Harmonium strike force met a mixed band of the 'enemies of peace.' There was skirmishing in the streets and buildings, and while the fighting was at its fiercest someone set fires throughout the area. The resulting conflagration killed almost all the combatants and anyone else who hadn't fled already. No one knows for sure who was actually responsible; both sides claimed the arsonist belonged to the other. Several large explosions accompanied the fire, blasting otherwise stable buildings to rubble. The chant at the time was that stockpiles of explosives or alchemical weapons were detonated by the flames; the Hardheads claimed this as proof of Anarchist involvement in the area, and the rumour stuck.

In the chaos that followed The Lady's Edict no investigation was made, no reclamation begun. In the absence of even the Hive's usual low standards of civilisation, even worse types took up residence - sociopathic barmies, ferocious monsters, savage fiends. It's from this area that the *Proud Pariah's* originated, and they still call kip in the ruins. The district gets its name from the many bodies still rumoured to be buried in the area, entombed in a maze of ash almost a mile in diameter. Brave collectors still search the area occasionally, but all too often fail to return.

Characters who head here will soon find themselves missing the relative comfort and stability to be found in the Mortuary's shadow. The Pyres are a labyrinth of collapsed tenements and blocked alleys, covered in hardened black slime. The upper stories lean together in a web of burnt beams and cracked stone leaving street level in darkness. Nooks and crannies abound and every glance reveals a hundred potential places where danger could be lurking. There are no streets - only twisting trails through the rubble and a forest of untended razorvine. Occasionally, a traveller finds himself in an open space, the remains of a city square or major building. These are at least somewhat brighter and less claustrophobic, but frequently stalked by monsters.





In drier (mainly indoor) areas, the ash still exists in its natural form and billows up into choking clouds at the slightest disturbance. Here and there gaps in the ever-present ash reveal a grim silhouette where bodies have been pulled free. Apart from this occasional sign of work however, no attempt seems to have been made to repair or renovate the area.

GA+HER INF@RMA+I@N (THE PYRES): SUCCESS NUMBER DC 10+

The Pyres are a ruinous area beyond Rattling Alley. The Anarchists burned it down during the Faction War. There are countless bodies still trapped within the rubble. Collectors occasionally search the area for them, but many fail to return.

It's a bad place, cursed. Only terrible monsters and dangerous barmies dwell their now. *"Not even the Dabus go there anymore."*

SUCCESS NUMBER DC 15+

The Pyres are a mile or so in diameter. The Proud Pariahs used to call kip in there somewhere, but even *they* moved on once they found easier pickings.

It was the site of the 'Six Day Fire' near the end of the Faction War: *"The flames took everything, stone and flesh, either side. Ash blew down on us for days."*

The Hardheads and Anarchists were fighting in the area when the fire broke out. Several large explosions accompanied it. *"It was like half the cellars were packed with smoke powder or something."*

The area used to be part of the Grey District. It was a meeting place for those interested in death - not Dustmen but death priests, necromancers, and various scholars interested in the afterlife.

SUCCESS NUMBER 18+

When the fire broke out, the Hardheads were in the midst of battle over the district, fighting the *"enemies of peace"* as they claimed at the time. No one knows for sure who was really responsible for the fire, although many blame the Revolutionary League.

Chant says that a portal to Acheron has recently opened up in there. If true it doesn't bode well.

The PCs are told they should talk to Gnarlybone the rogue, who knows a lot about the area.

SUCCESS NUMBER 20+

The area was also home to several undead who didn't embrace Dustmen philosophy. Deadwick was one of them (see Grey District map, location 32). *"There used to be a half-decent kip in there too, called the White House Inn. I heard that it's still standing at the heart of the Pyres; probably the lair of some god-awful horror these days."*

There's a healer in the district who serves the various monsters, but little is known of him.

NAVIGATI@N IN +HE PYRES

No maps are provided for the Pyre District; its ash-choked paths are a maze of twists and turns, scrabbles over ruins and clambers through tunnels formed from collapsed houses. The darkness and oppressive surrounds make it hard to head in a specific direction and harder still to avoid being turned around and lead into numerous dark holes and dead ends.

The Pyres count as a *Shadowy* area at best. Because of the ruins and twisting path, PCs can generally see only 1d6x5 feet in any direction.

Navigating in the Pyres requires a *Survival* check, DC 18 to avoid getting lost.

Overland movement is significantly slowed by the uneven terrain, misleading switchbacks, and frequent climbing needed. This reduces PCs to ¼ their normal overland speed if they stay to the paths. They can increase this a little if they make their way through and over the ruins, but note that this latter approach will also mean them clambering through the actual *lair* of many monsters. Its also extremely hard work (counts as *hustling*) and it's almost impossible to be quiet when climbing over the loose debris (-8 to *Move Silently* checks).

Even if the PCs make an accurate map or mark their trail, the paths seem to twist and change to betray them. This doesn't occur fast or close enough for them to actually see it happening, but often enough that the party's route *from* Blighthouse will be different from the way they took *to* it. PCs who try and leave marks or a trail to follow on their return will find that one or more of the local monsters have deliberately re-laid their 'breadcrumbs' to lead them into an ambush.

RANDΘM ENCΘUNTERS IN THE PYRE DISTRICT

There's a 1 in 6 chance of an encounter every hour that the PCs hang around in the Pyre District. The chance doesn't vary much by day or night, but increases considerably if the party are noisy. If the party rerolls an encounter having previously killed it, assume nothing happens or that they encounter a *Hive Ward Hazard* instead.

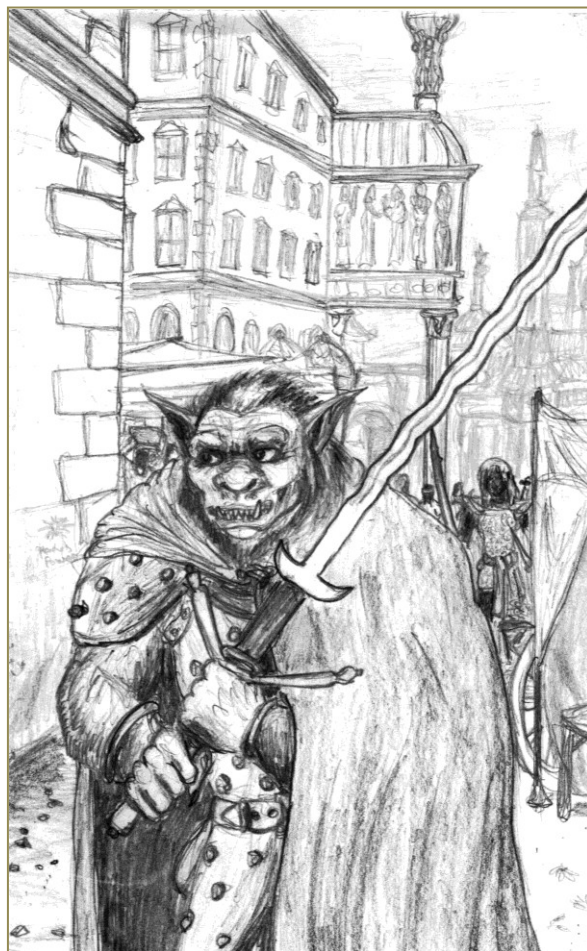
Roll 1d12 on the table below:

I. BUGBEAR BΘBBERS (EL 4)

The characters are surprised by a pair of local entrepreneurs - two bugbears (brothers in fact) called *Gugov* and *Maphenuk*. They ambush the party as it passes through one of countless awkwardly narrow sections: It's barely one man wide and the brothers appear at both front and back of the party:

With a sickening thump, a bloody corpse in Collector's robes flies across your path and slams into the wall opposite. As it slides wetly to the ground, a hideous bulky figure steps into the alleyway behind it, filling the narrow concourse entirely.

"That," it growls in rough planar trade, "is the last berk as torqued me off. Yer bobbed berks, pony up yer jink or it's the dead book. Now."



This is *Gugov*, speaking almost all the Planar Trade he knows. At the same time his brother emerges behind the party, and is particularly cheerful if he finds himself facing a mage or other lightly armoured character. Being even less proficient in Planar Common he just grins

evilly and brandishes his pitted blade. The brothers initially demand *all* the PCs visible junk and any nice-looking items they can see, but will settle for less if the group makes a successful *Bluff*, *Diplomacy*, or *Intimidate* check. If denied an appropriate prize, they attack.

If both bugbears are wounded below ½ hps they will retreat, but if either is killed outright the survivor will roar “*you killed my brother!*” and fight until slain.

Bugbear, CR 2 (see MM, p29)
16hp (3 HD); CE

Gugov and Maphenuk are armed with rusty *shortswords* (melee +5, 1d6+2 damage).

AFTERMATH: Each bugbear carries 30gp worth of bronze-plated trinkets. Gugov is carrying a *flamberge* (wavy-bladed greatsword) slung over his back. Maphenuk is carrying a scythe crafted of black iron and bleached white wood. Runes burned along the haft say “*Hail to the Reaper of Flesh, for all are his subjects in the Kingdom of Worms.*” Still attached to the haft is a blood-splattered parchment tag upon which is written ‘*DEATHMAN, RAT ALLEY, HIVE*’ in lower planar trade.

This is a ceremonial weapon used in rituals sacred to the Oerthian Power of Death, Nerull the Reaper. It is a +1 *Scythe* crafted on the Plane of Carceri, and can also be used in place of an unholy symbol or divine focus in spells. The weapon’s market value is 2,343gp.

The scythe was on its way to The Deathmonger when its courier was intercepted and slain. The PCs will receive a 1000gp reward from the Gauth if they return it to him (if asked about it, he’ll explain with a toothy smile that it’s just a little stage dressing for an upcoming event one of his contacts is staging). If the PCs currently enjoy a good relationship with the Dustmen however, they may take it there instead (although the Gauth won’t like this if he finds out). The Guild will purchase the weapon at market value.

2) CHALLENGE OF THE NATHRI (EL 6)

The PCs cross paths with some of the Nathri pack, who have laid an ambush in one of the district’s many rubble-strewn squares - a *Knowledge: Planes* check DC 17 identifies a Nathri.

Alley Fighting

The narrow confines of the alley make fighting with many weapons difficult. There isn’t quite enough room to use most slashing and bludgeoning weapons; characters will find their attacks skittering off brickwork and catching on the rotted remains of beams.

Characters using medium sized slashing or bludgeoning weapons suffer a -2 *penalty to attack and damage* rolls. Large weapons of the above types suffer a -4 penalty.

All Ref saves also have their DC increased by 2pts because of the limited movement available.

These modifiers make any encounters more difficult. Adjust any XP awards earned by +10%

“JUST MEANS YOU’RE A BIGGER TARGET FOR ME.”
~ SEKUSHI, ON THE VIRTUES OF SMALL SIZE

The small creature before you is mostly made up of teeth, ears, and a shock of unruly hair. Looking like the unwholesome union of a Halfling and a goblin, it’s dressed in rags and dragging an enormous bundle of junk along behind it. It looks up surprised, then snarls showing needle-like teeth; ready to bolt at the slightest move - but at you or away, you couldn’t say.

This is Fyzl (one of the rogues), who’s deliberately hanging around in the open acting as bait. Naxur is out of sight and Fyzl’s fellow rogues are hiding in various cracks and crannies near the square’s entrance, hoping that the PCs will pass them as they approach. These other rogues are also *Invisible*.

If someone approaches Fyzl (who'll abandon the sack and retreat if the PCs approach), Naxur reveals himself and challenges the party. Naxur claims that the PCs have invaded nathri territory in violation of the truce and must now pay recompense in tribute or blood. Although this is a lie, the PCs will find him unnervingly cold-eyed and unafraid for such as short basher (*Intimidate* +7). Fyzl meanwhile ducks out of sight, turns invisible, and joins his pilfering companions.

If the PCs try and negotiate, Naxur suggests a duel to settle the matter - pointedly picking the character he guesses will feel most honour bound to accept (obvious paladins, knights, barbarians, etc). Naxur is reluctant to come down from the pile of stones on which he stands (it grants him +1 to hit for being on higher ground), but does so if necessary to continue the charade. He won't fight to the death as part of the ruse, but will concede or flee, offering the sack of junk (sight unseen) as recompense (the junk here is worth 2d20cps and weighs 50lbs).

While Naxur talks (or fights), the rest of his band are creeping up on the party and attempting to steal anything they can get with their *Sleight of Hand* skills. If they succeed undiscovered, they creep away and sound a distinctive barking call to their leader, who withdraws immediately, ceding passage to the party and claiming that danger comes and they should hurry on.

These Nathri are of the non-psionic variant (see PSCS, chapter 2)

Naxur (4th level Nathri barbarian), CR 4
Small Humanoid
Chaotic Neutral
Init +3; **Senses** Listen +0, Spot +0; Darkvision, Ethereal Vision
Languages: Nathri, Planar Common

AC 19 touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+1 Dodge bonus v 1 opponent)
Hp 38 (4 HD)
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +1
Spell Resistance 9

Speed 30ft
Melee Longspear +7 (1d6+3/x3)
Melee Handspike +7 (1d4+1 plus poison)
Ranged: Dart +8 (1d3+1)
Base Atk +4; **Grp** +2
Atk Options: Invisibility, Poison, Uncanny Dodge

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 13
SQ: Ethereal Vision, Psionics
Feats: Dodge, Stealthy
Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +7, Hide +9*, Intimidate +8, Jump +7, Move Silently +7

Possessions: Ceremonial champion's cape, chain shirt, 6 throwing darts, *Shamanfang*.

Rage: Naxur can Rage 2/day, for 7 rounds. He gains +2 to hit and damage (+3 with his two-handed weapon), +2 to Will Saves, and +8hp, but his AC also drops by 2pts. See PHB p25 for more details.

Poison Spike (Ex): Nathri can poison creatures using a small barb on their right hand that deals 1d4 piercing damage. Nathri poison (Injury DC 11, 1d2 Dex + 1d2 Int, 0).

Ethereal Vision (Ex): Nathri are able to see creatures in the Ethereal Plane from any plane coexistent with it. Ethereal objects appear hazy and are easily distinguished from objects in the current plane.

Sidebar: 'Shamanfang'

Shamanfang is a +1 Ghost Touch Longspear, sized for a small creature (1d6 damage). Named Shamanfang in nathri runes along the haft, it is also decorated with carvings, beads, and feathers - it is the traditional weapon of their tribal champion and fervently believed to be a source of great good fortune for the tribe. They will immediately begin seeking for it if Naxur does not return.



Psionics (Sp): 3/day - Featherfall, Invisibility. Caster level equals class level/Hit Dice

Nathri Rogue, CR 1

Small Humanoid

Chaotic Neutral

Init +3; **Senses** Listen +4, Spot +4; Darkvision, Ethereal Vision

Languages: Nathri, Planar Common

AC 16 touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +2 armour),

Hp 7 (1 HD)

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +0

Spell Resistance 6

Speed 20ft

Melee Handspike +2 (1d4+1 plus poison)

Ranged Dart +4 (1d3+1)

Base Atk +0; **Grp** -2

Atk Options: Backstab (+1d6), Invisibility, Poison,

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 8

SQ: Darkvision, Ethereal Vision, "Psionics", Spell Resistance 6

Feats: Skill Focus (Sleight of hand)

Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +5, Hide +11*, Move Silently +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Tumble +7

Possessions: Leather armour, 6 poison-coated throwing darts, improvised but serviceable thieves tools.

For Racial Traits, see Naxur above.

TACTICS: If their plan is discovered, the rogues simply flee (using their *Tumbling*) only hanging around in melee to grab something from a PC so as not to leave empty handed. After distracting the party for a round or two, Naxur turns *Invisible* and creeps away. If cornered, he uses his *Rage* ability and fights to the death. Any other nathri who sees *Shaman Fang* unattended will attempt to snatch it up and return it to the tribe, dropping any other booty they have taken.

3. DUSTMAN MONKS (EL 6)

The PCs encounter a trio of sinister black-robed women, hands and faces buried by voluminous black robes. As they approach the party will glimpse fleshless skulls beneath their hoods, although a successful *Spot* check (DC 16 in the gloom) reveals that this is actually just white face paint against their dark skin.

Although sinister in appearance these women mean no harm to the PCs. Atula, Faarishta, and Tahira are aesthetic monks, worshippers of the Vedic Pantheon who have combined a religious devotion to escaping the endless cycle of reincarnation with the tenets of Dustmen philosophy. They are patrolling the district to contemplate and absorb the energies of death here. All three are capable warriors, but move cautiously nonetheless. If the PCs attack them on sight they'll respond in kind, but will cease combat the moment the PCs do. If the party has a good reputation with the Funerary Guild, the monks will be moderately helpful. If not they will merely wish the PCs a speedy journey to the True Death and be on their way.

Dustman Monk, CR 2

Medium Humanoid

Lawful Neutral (Dustman)

Init +2;

Senses Listen +8, Spot +8

Languages: Planar Trade

AC 16 touch 15, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +3 Wis, +1 natural)

Hp 11 (2 HD)

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +6

Melee Unarmed Strike +2 (1d6+1/x2)

Melee 2x Flurry of Blows +0 (1d6+1/x2)

Base Atk +1; Grp +2

Atk Options: Flurry of Blows, Evasion, Stunning Fist, Deflect Arrows

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 7

Feats: Blind Fighting, Numb

Skills: Concentration +7, Diplomacy -2, Hide +7, Knowledge (Arcana) +5, Move Silently +7

Possessions: Black robes, *Amulet of Abandoned Flesh*.

Amulet of Abandoned Flesh

Each monk wears this bulky amulet beneath their robes. Cast from bone and iron in the shape of an elongated skull, these are *Amulets of Abandoned Flesh* are icons of the Dustmen philosophy, assigned from the Faction vaults to worthy members. They render the wearer's flesh hard and numb, and inexplicably unwholesome to the touch.

Aside from these cosmetic effects the DM can treat them as +1 *Amulets of Natural Armour*, but should warn planar characters that these symbols are regarded as Dustman property, and also that their belief in the Way of Death has been poured into them - they *might* have other effects if worn for a long time. The truth of this is left for the DM to decide.

4. HIVE WARD HAZARD

The PCs encounter one of the numerous hazards of life in the Hive. Roll 1d4 and consult the table below:

1. **Falling Blade** - One of the countless rusty blades adorning a building overhead breaks off and comes tumbling down, causing 2d10 damage unless those below make a Reflex save (DC 15).
2. **Ooze Puddle** - The character must make a *Spot* check (DC 15) to notice the faint sickly glow ahead of them, if not, then they will step into an ooze puddle, which immediately tries to suck them into the Plane of Ooze. This first round will be a surprise round, and the character is automatically considered grappled by the *Ooze Mephit* reaching through the pool

Ooze Mephit, CR 3 (see MM, p183)

19hp (3 HD); N

The puddle-portal provides effective cover for the attacking mephit (+4 to AC, +2 Ref Saves, and it's not subject to attacks of opportunity). Because of this award +15% XP for this encounter.

3. **Smog Bank** - The party catches sight of a thick bank of choking smog drifting in from Lower Ward. Within 1d6x10 minutes it has covered the district in sulphurous black mist, which lasts for 1d3 days. This should certainly make things more 'interesting' for PCs out on patrol. See ACT III for details of Lower Ward Smog.
4. **Razorvine** - a loose cobble or other mishap sends the character stumbling towards a patch of razorvine (Ref Save DC 15 to avoid). The unfortunate character takes 3d6 damage, minus their natural armour and *half* the non-magical protection value of any armour worn.

5. LØRD WINSØME (EL 2)

"SIR, YOU ARE A DRETCH ØF A MAN!"

** LØRD WINSØME ENDEARS HIMSELF TØ A PASSING ADVENTURER*

The party is approached by a Quasit calling itself 'Lord Winsome'. It doesn't attack, claiming that it's come only to parley. Although hideous and clearly a wicked creature, Winsome speaks with charming skill and a slightly upper-class accent, as if he really were the aristocrat he claims to be.

Lord Winsome the Quasit, CR 2

13p (3 HD); CE

Alternate Form (Su) - Lord Winsome can assume the form of an evil-looking medium-sized giant centipede at will, as a standard action.

Lord Winsome strides along lintels and window frames above the party, but never comes within melee range if he can help it. Its real desire is to entice a wizard or sorcerer to accept it as a familiar, but will settle for employment by the group as a scout or tout. The creature is otherwise only interested gaining power, loot, and having a good time (by Tanar'ri standards). Winsome will actually work quite hard while profiting by it, but will betray the group as soon as its bored or a better opportunity comes along.

If the PCs refuse to deal with Lord Winsome (or mock his manner, title, or name), then the quasit will threaten to alert every monster within a mile of their presence unless paid off. If an appropriate bribe is not forthcoming, Winsome returns with either *Yavaka* (encounter 5) or the *Bugbear Brothers* (encounter 1) within an hour to exact his revenge.

If caught and compelled to bargain for its life, Lord Winsome will reluctantly lead the characters to its horde. The treasure is stashed high up in a blocked chimney, all that remains of some necromancer's lair. Although difficult to retrieve and guarded by both a *Falling Block Trap* and a *Box of Brown Mould* (see 'traps' in DMG, p72), the horde is considerable: It contains a horde of coins, nuggets, shards, and brick-a-brack equivalent to 17,000 copper pieces, and 1,000 actual silver pieces (that's 360lbs of loot so far...) There's also a selection of silver-etched mugs and jugs worth 400gp (weighing 20lbs in total), and miscellaneous baroque jewellery worth 900gps. One of these is actually an *Amulet of Inescapable Detection*. There are also three mouldy but still serviceable scrolls: *Blindness/Deafness*, *Halt Undead*, and *False Life* (all at CL 9).

Stealing Winsome's horde earns the whole party his hate and enmity. Winsome will want revenge no matter how long it takes - even if it is upon the groups' descendants.

6. LØS† BEGGAR (EL 3)

The party encounters a frightened beggar by the name of Veese. Stuttering with abject relief, he begs them to save his miserable soul. After calming down a little, Veese will stammer out that he's a primer who stumbled through a portal and found himself in the heart of the Pyres, surrounded by terrible monsters.

Cautious PCs who make a successful *Sense Motive* check versus his *Bluff* of +10 (or +14 with *Detect Thoughts*) will detect no lies but suspect that Veese is leaving something out. His story is true... except for the fact that 'Veese' is actually a *Doppelganger*. The creature knows nothing of the Planes, and is almost as scared as he pretends to be. Although he'd amassed a fortune back on the Prime, he had absolutely nothing on him when he accidentally activated the portal that brought him here. He's very confused and genuinely needs help.

Veese has been lurking around reading the minds of those he spies on in an effort to learn more about the Cage - and find a suitable victim to disguise himself as (preferably a local underworld figure with access to some jink). Unfortunately, everyone who fits the bill around here seems much too tough for him to take on. If the PCs agree to help him, Veese will be as friendly and helpful as possible, although he continually begs to

be taken somewhere more civilised. If they leave him alone with a suitable victim (such as a prosperous-looking PC or NPC) he will attempt to kill them and assume their form.

Veese the Doppelganger, CR 3

22hp (4 HD); N

Veese is a dangerous opponent for a solitary *surprised* PC of 3rd level, or for even a whole group of 1st level characters. The doppelganger might well be victorious if he manages to get a character alone. If the PCs show a level of caution that prevents Veese from ambushing anyone, award them half the Doppelganger's CR award even if they didn't realise what he really was.

At the DM's discretion, a character who succumbs to Veese's claws can be offered the chance to continue playing as the doppelganger for a short time (until they return to the Grey District and 'Veese' absconds). His aims are simply to learn about the Planes, pocket whatever loot he can, and locate ever higher status victims.

7: MAD TIEFLING BEGGARS (EL 4)

The PCs have the misfortune to come upon a band of barmy beggars, who eke out an existence in the rubble. The beggars immediately try to swarm the group, tearing off any possessions they can get their hands on. They're also not adverse to a little cannibalism:

You don't see the people at first, so caked are their clothes and faces in ash. They stare listlessly at you from corners and doorways and alcoves, huddled in meagre rags. Poverty and wretchedness is all that unites them, otherwise no two look the same: They are mostly human, but each is marked by a touch of Fiendish blood: Yellow fangs, budding horns, or eyes that glow like smouldering coals.

"Food..." one mutters, gesturing weakly at you. "Food!"

His cry is taken up by others, and suddenly a hungry gleam appears in their red-rimmed eyes. A forest of crude shivs appear in their hands; improvised blades that are chipped, rusty, and fouled with who knows what.

"Food!" They cry, almost screaming with delight.

There are 12 beggars involved in the attack. Although others are present, they cower in the darkness and will not approach the PCs. The tieflings attack as a mob, trying to overwhelm one or two of the group to loot and eat. They have nothing to lose and will fight until slain. Once half are incapacitated however, the rest will ignore the PCs and turn their attention to their fallen comrades.

Award PCs 50% less XP for this encounter, due to the limited resources of their foes (no armour and only a weak weapon) and the fact that they fight only until half of them are incapacitated.

Mad Tiefling Beggar, CR ½

Medium Outsider (Native)

Chaotic Evil

Init +2; **Senses** Listen -2, Spot -2; Darkvision

Languages: Lower Planar Trade

AC 12 touch 12, flat-footed 10

Hp 3 (1 HD)

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will -2

Resistance to Cold/Electricity/Fire 5

Speed**Melee** Dagger +4 (1d4)**Base Atk** +1; **Grp** +1**Atk Options:** *Darkness* (1/day)**Abilities:** Str 10, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 10, Wis 6, Cha 3**Feats:** Weapon Finesse**Skills:** Bluff -2, Diplomacy -4, Hide +4, Move Silently +3, Profession (Beggar) +2, Sleight of Hand +3**Possessions:** Ash-smeared rags, knife, handful of personal objects worth 1d10cp.*Darkness (Sp):* A tiefling can use darkness once per day (caster level equal to class levels).*Diseased (ex):* Fort Save (DC 12), or catch *Filth Fever*. See DMG, p292 for details.**8. MIS+ER CLICK, EL 4**

The party comes face to face with Mister Click the ettercap physician - see *Blighthouse* for statistics and more details.

Looming from the darkness is a hideous beast covered by gore-streaked plates of vermillion chitin. Its face is a terrible insectile visage, drooling black spittle over the body of a large rat, which it holds in one claw. Its other 'hand' is clasped around a mottled leather bag, such as those carried by healers and surgeons. It wears a tall hat and a voluminous coat hangs from its shoulders, but these do little to hide its awful form. It spits the half dissolved rat's head from between its mandibles and grinds its serrated jaws at you, emitting a series of clicks and hisses.

Mister Click is on his way home after a successful hunting trip (at *Blighthouse* as it happens), and means the PCs no harm. Although wary, he's polite and courteous to those who show they mean no harm, although he can communicate only in gestures and clicks. Characters can use the *Bluff* skill to communicate basic concepts with Mister Click. More detailed interaction requires magic or the ability to speak Ettercap.


9. PA+IEN+ GAMBLERS (EL 4)

Ahead of you the oppressive gloom is broken by a faint flickering light - a lantern swinging gently from an arch in the side of the alley. The sound of low conversation also drifts through the air, accompanied by the faint smell of rotting meat.

PCs that make a *Listen* check (DC 16) as they approach can make out talking in Lower Planar Trade: Two voices mutter to each other in a clipped, familiar way about past adventures, where they hope to be heading next, and joking insults about each others lineage and personal hygiene.

Characters seeking a stealthy approach must make a *Move silently* roll DC 13 to avoid alerting the occupants.

The arch was once an elegant doorway but now leads only to a single ruined chamber. The corners are blocked with rubble, but the centre has been cleared. Here sit a pair of inhuman bashers playing some kind of game, using a combination of cards and a handful of painted knucklebones. A small pile of copper coins and trinkets are piled between them, on top of some bulging leather sacks that serve as both table and chairs.



These bashers are Yoogah and Suuth, a gnoll and a troglodyte respectively. Adventurers and bloodcrows by trade, they've been doing some business in the slums and are now waiting for their captain to open the portal (the archway) back on Acheron so they can head home (the portal can only be opened from Acheron, but is two-way once activated). Neither monster is particular looking for a fight, but nor are they afraid to finish one if someone else starts it.

Unless the party approached with stealth, they will find the pair ready for them. If alerted to someone creeping up they'll continue to chat casually, but the PCs will find the pair carefully watching the archway with hands on weapons. If they manage to approach silently then the pair will still be engrossed in their game.

TACTICS: If a fight breaks out, Suuth immediately charges to hold the archway (only one person wide), attacking with his handaxes. Yoogah snatches up his longspear and fights over his companions shoulder, especially targeting any spellcasters or lightly armoured characters that come within reach. Their main aim is to make the group back off; they only want to leave with their boss' loot... unless bloodlust gets the better of them.

Suuth the Troglodyte, CR 2

Medium Humanoid (Reptilian); Ranger 1

Chaotic Evil

Init +6; **Senses** Listen +3, Spot +0

Languages: Troglodyte, Lower Planar Trade

AC 20* touch 12, flat-footed 18 (add +1 Dodge v an opponent)

Hp 20 (3 HD)

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +0

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2x Mwk Hatchet +2 (1d6/x3) and bite +0 (1d4)

Base Atk +2; **Grp** +3

Atk Options: Stench, +2 damage v humans

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 10

SQ: Stench

Feats: Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Two Weapon Fighting

Skills: Hide +8(+12 rocky/underground), Move Silently +3

Possessions: Enough scraps of cured khaasta skin to count as *Leather Armour*, secured by 13 tiny golden clasps, worth 5gp each. Two *Masterwork* quality handaxes, one of cold iron and the other of silver. Runes on the blades name them as 'Brother Left' and 'Brother Right' respectively. *Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds*

Favoured Enemy (human): +2 bonus on weapon damage and +2 bonus on *Bluff*, *Listen*, *Sense Motive*, *Spot*, and *Survival* against humans.

Stench (Ex) - DC 13 Fortitude save or -2 penalty on all attack rolls, weapon damage rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks. Creatures that successfully save cannot be affected by the same troglodyte's stench for 24 hours. A *delay poison* or *neutralize poison* spell removes the effect from the sickened creature. Creatures with immunity to poison are unaffected, and creatures resistant to poison receive their normal bonus on their saving throws (Yoogah is very familiar with Suuth's stench and gets a +2 bonus to his save).

Yooguh the Gnoll, CR 2

Humanoid (Gnoll); Fighter 1

Chaotic Evil

Init +0; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +3; **Darkvision**

Languages: Gnomish, Infernal, Lower Planar Trade, Planar Trade

AC 17 touch 10, flat-footed 17
Hp 17 (3 HD)
Saves: Fort +6*, Ref +0, Will +0

Melee Long Spear +7 (1d8+3/x3)
Melee Battleaxe, 2h +5 (1d8+3/x3)
Base Atk +2; Grp +4

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8
SQ: Stench Resistance
Feats: Power Attack, Weapon Focus (Longspear)
Skills: Intimidate +0

Possessions: Banded Mail, Battleaxe, Mwk Longspear, Shortbow and 12 arrows. *Potion of Cure Moderate Wounds*. Backpack containing rope and grappling hook, two flasks of water, a large sack, some loose parchment leaves (on which are a number of hastily sketched maps - although none of the district), a week's provisions, a bedroll and winter blanket, some herbal bandages, and a pouch of 16gps.

Stench Resistance (Ex): Yoogah is very familiar with Suuth's *stench* and gets a +2 bonus to his save.

TREASURE: The bulging sacks beneath their game contain 30 bundles of crossbow bolts (5 to a bundle), 20 tough leather bedrolls, 200gp worth of supplies for repairing armour (spare mail rings, etc), three full Healer's Kits, 600ft of hemp rope, 200lbs of 'miscellaneous preserved meat' (best not to ask what kind) a small keg of ale, and 100gps of minor adventuring kit (lanterns, locks, tankards, unholy symbols, etc).

10. TORQUED-OFF WOLF (EL 4)

The characters are followed by a scrawny but very large wolf-like beast, whose clumpy fur is clearly ravaged by lice, ticks, wounds, and disease. Identifying Yavaka as a barguest requires a successful *Knowledge (Planes)* check at DC 20 (18 if a character has low light vision, 16 if they can negate the gloom completely).

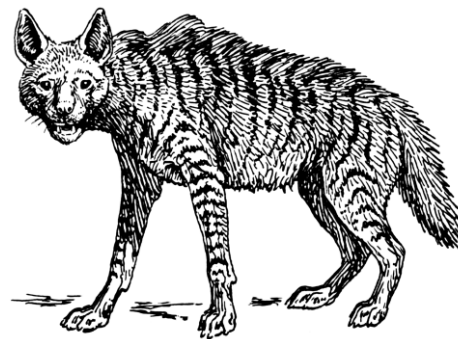
Yavaka came through the portal from Acheron (see ENCOUNTER 10: THE PATIENT GAMBLERS, although she's not with them) to hunt a juicy Sigilite or three but has been bouncing from one dangerous encounter to another in the Hive, catching quite a beating (and a dose of *Filth Fever*) in the process. She's pretty torqued off by now and looking for souls and flesh to appease her temper. She stalks the party from behind, hoping to catch a straggler. Pit Yavaka's *Move Silently* against the PCs' *Listen* skills to see if she ambushes them successfully.

Yavaka, CR 4
21/33 hp (6 HD); LE
AC 16

Disease and injury have cost Yavaka 2pts of CON and DEX and 8hps, making her slightly easier to deal with. Award the PCs 10% less XP for this encounter. Characters wounded by Yavaka or who search her body (especially slitting her open) must make a Fort Save (DC 12), or catch Filth Fever. See DMG, p292 for details.

"I HAVE NOT HAD A GOOD DAY"

- YAVAKA



Although planning to tear apart the party to sate her pain and frustration, Yavaka *could* be reasoned with by canny planewalkers. If they offer to heal her up and cure her ills, she's prepared to leave them alone, for now at least.

11: WANDERING FINGERS (EL 3)

The PCs encounter Fingers the Ghast on his way too or from *Blighthouse*. See ACT 11 for details.

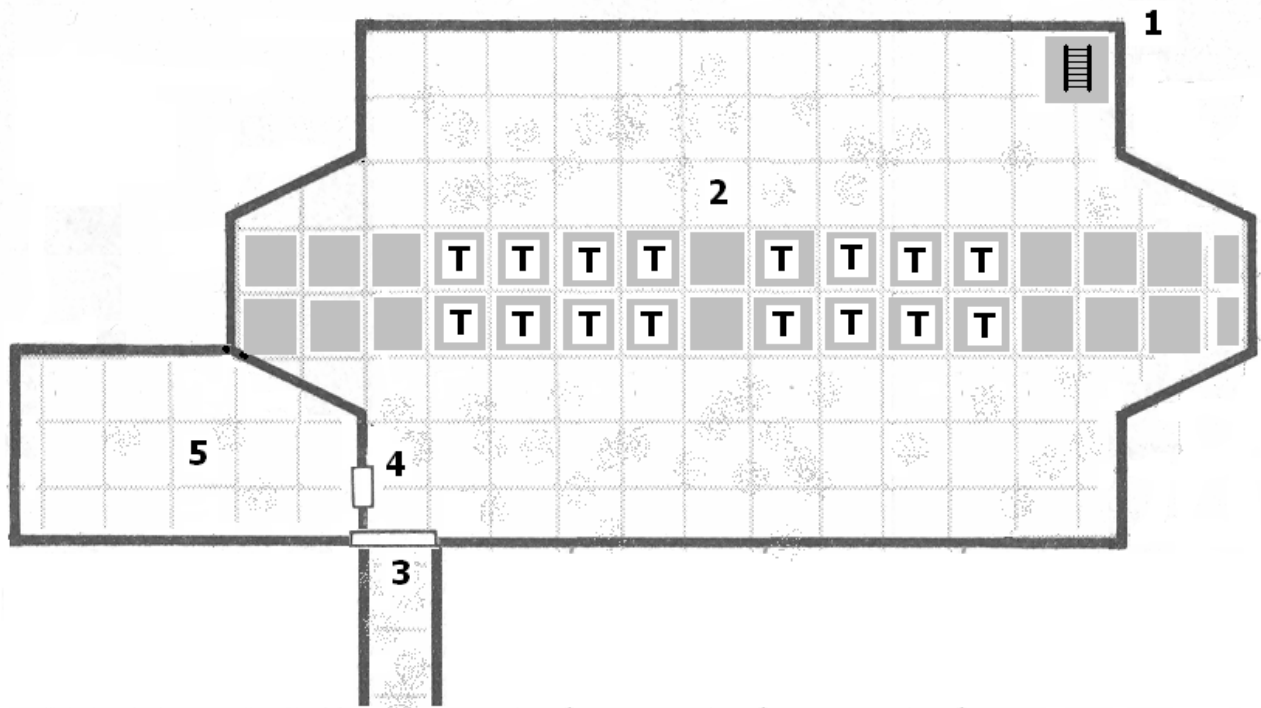
12: WILD DOGS (EL 4)

A dozen scrawny dogs trail the PCs looking for a chance to attack. Although easily intimidated by a large party, they will go for anyone caught on their own or who is left behind, especially familiars or other animals.


Scrawny Hound, CR ½
6hp (1 HD); N

Each dog flees if reduced to half hit points. If the PCs give ground after any dogs have been slain, the rest of the pack will stop to devour their fallen fellows.

GNARLYBONE'S LAIR



Where the blackened house fronts of Rattling Alley meet the ruins of the Pyres, a gutted house with most of its front wall missing conceals the entrance to Gnarlybone's lair. Only a few thieves and beggars know the approximate location (enough to start searching from); getting this information requires 30gp of garnish to various street folk and a *Gather Information* check at DC 25.



With this information it takes a *Search* check, DC 18 to find the entrance. This takes at least a couple of hours, during which time at least one horrible thing from the Pyres is likely to come and see what the noise is about - roll on the *Pyres Encounter Table* above to see what transpires.

Gnarlybone has no intention of ever taking the PCs to his secret hideout, no matter how friendly they get. The party might end up here in several ways however: They might go hunting for the young rogue, decide to bust him despite his relatively good reputation, or larcenous types might just try to rob him. Gnarlybone certainly won't have a meeting the characters anywhere near his lair, but he could be shadowed home afterwards. Trailing Gnarlybone to his lair requires a *Move Silently* and *Hide* roll, opposed by his *Listen* and *Spot*. He won't head to his lair if he suspects he is being followed.

1. GRATE LEADING DOWN

A hole in a broken iron grate leads down into a blocked off section of sewer, beneath what was once a luxurious indoor bathing room. The opening is a long but narrow rectangle, needing an *Escape Artist* check to wriggle into (only DC 10, but remember to apply Armour Check penalties).

It seems that this section has been blocked off from the rest of the sewer system, and the stench of decay is mercifully weak. The chamber beneath you is rather tall and it's quite a drop down to where planks have been fixed across the effluent channel. Thankfully a notched wooden beam has been jammed half upright between the hole in the ceiling and the floor, forming a steep ramp down. The chamber seems otherwise bare, save for a couple of exits in the corner, across from where the beam comes down.

Clambering down the beam is a very easy climb, but might become hazardous if rushed or attempted in heavy armour - or by a very clumsy berk. The *Climbing* DC is only 4. Its 20ft to the floor from the hole in the ceiling.

2. BLOCKED OFF SEWER


The sewer chamber into which the PCs descend seems far too large for a regular sewer unless its attendant was a giant. Despite its grand scale however, it does seem to fit the same basic layout, and the smell is certainly recognisable:

You find yourself in a large chamber that seems at odds with your expectations of a typical cramped Sigilian sewer. Arching walls meet some 20ft above the floor, and the room runs maybe 80ft long and 40ft from side to side. Thick wooden boards have been nailed across the centre of the chamber, covering the effluent channel and dulling the stench somewhat. Arches at either end of the room have also been bricked up, sealing the room from the rest of the network. It all looks surprisingly clean and dry.

Above you in the ceiling are several grates, but all save the one you entered by are blocked with rubble. Other useable exits are in the far corner from where you entered: A patched wooden door, and a heavy-looking sheet of iron, which seems to block another hole in the wall. Both are also sized as if for a giant.

Characters who make a successful *Listen* check (DC 20) will hear the occasional scrabbling sounds of movement below the planking. If Gnarlybone is in then any characters who make a DC of 25 will also hear the faint sound of conversation just audible from area 5.

TRAP: The planking over the effluent channel has been sawn almost through in several places, creating a crude but effective pit trap. Any character who walks across the planks will find the central portion collapsing



around him: A Ref Save DC 18 allows the character to grab onto a secure section of board; otherwise they disappear into the (thankfully dried up) effluent channel beneath.

Camouflaged Pit Trap: CR 1; mechanical; location trigger; manual reset; DC 18 Reflex save avoids; 10 ft. deep (1d6, fall); Search DC 22; Disable Device DC n/a.

The bed of dried sewerage lies 10 feet below the planking. A few bones (many animal, some humanoid) lie scattered in the mud. The brick wall at one end of the channel (leading away from the lair) has a hole in it, leading to a working sewer judging by the smell and damp.

The pit is home to an otyugh that Gnarlybone has lured into the area with offerings of filth and garbage. 1d6 rounds after a character falls into the pit, the creature comes to investigate:

Otis the Otyugh, CR 4 (see MM, p204)
36hp (6 HD); N

3. SLIDING PANEL

A massive iron door has been turned on its side and used as a crude sliding panel. It extends back through a crack in the corner of the wall (into Gnarlybone's lair), but looks like it might slide if pushed with enough force. The raised designs on its surface are so worn and rust-filled, they are now impossible to identify.

The simple mechanism for operating this door is located in Gnarlybone's lair, but characters can overcome it with a successful STR check, DC 22 (up to two characters could combine their efforts on this). Alternatively, they could choose to just bash it open, but the reverberating clangs will certainly alert both Gnarlybone and the Carrion Crawler. The panel has Hardness 10 and 100hps, the Break DC is 40

Behind the panel is a semi-circular tunnel (only 4ft high), once a minor sewerpipe. It's blocked off by rusty iron bars, which is fortunate because 1d6 rounds after the panel is opened, a Carrion Crawler comes running up the corridor. It can't get out of the tunnel, but its tentacles can easily pass between the bars and attack anybody trying to use the door to Gnarlybone's Lair. If the PCs explore the side-tunnel they will eventually make their way into the sewers beneath the Grey District.

Calvin the Carrion Crawler, CR 4 (see MM, p30)
19hp (3 HD); N

The Carrion Crawler is semi-domesticated by Gnarlybone, and knows to come when it hears the iron door banged or slid open (although it will also happily attack him). The carrion crawler retreats if badly wounded.

4. DEVILISH D⊕⊕R

This giant-sized (10ft high) heavy wooden door has been patched with new wood several times, and has clearly seen better days. An examination of the door reveals that the entire section around the lock has been replaced, and a new lock and handle have been installed. If Gnarlybone is in, PCs who make a *Listen* check (DC 10) near the door will hear what sounds like an interrogation is going on in the room beyond:

"Ah Sir Daneel, we meet at last... I applaud your tenacity, but your paladin skills were no match for my band of deadly assassins! Make peace with the Powers, Fiendslayer - for now you die!"

The door has Hardness 5, 12hps, and a break DC of 15.

The new lock is cast in the shape of a snarling devil's face, with its open mouth as the keyhole. It's made entirely from Baatorian green steel - an *Appraise* or *Knowledge (Planes)* check (DC 15) identifies this, and that

the lock itself is rather valuable (2,000gps) - and that it's almost certainly trapped in some hideous devilish manner. The DC to pick the lock is 30 (and any *medium* sized rogue will need to stand on something to reach the 6ft high keyhole; apply penalties as appropriate). Failed attempts, or any interference with the lock or door, sets of the trap:

Large Devilish Lock (CR 3) - Burning Hands trap as 5th-level wizard, 5d4 fire. DC 11 Reflex save for half damage, automatic reset; Search DC 26; Disable Device DC 26.

5. THE RØGUE'S DEN

This is Gnarlybone's living area, in which he fantasises about being master of a powerful guild of thieves:

Irregular sections of cut carpet are strewn across the floor, beneath a variety of surprisingly good home-made furnishings. A horde of canvas sacks hang from pegs on the walls, as does a large net with a blanket thrown over it - a serviceable makeshift hammock. Everything in here is human-sized, however.

Wanted posters for various infamous Cagers are plastered over the walls, alongside playbills and cheap parchment adverts for taverns and inns. A massive iron lantern in the shape of a winged demon hangs from a hook in the roof. In the centre of the room a leather armchair. In front of it is a desk upon which several small statuettes stand.

A simple rope and pulley system allows the iron panel outside to be pulled open (into this chamber) and locked in place. The door can also be pushed back into place from here, but this requires an opposed STR check if the Carrion Crawler is in the way.

If the PCs surprise Gnarlybone, add the following description:

Sat with his feet up on a desk is a half-elven youth stroking a large white rat:

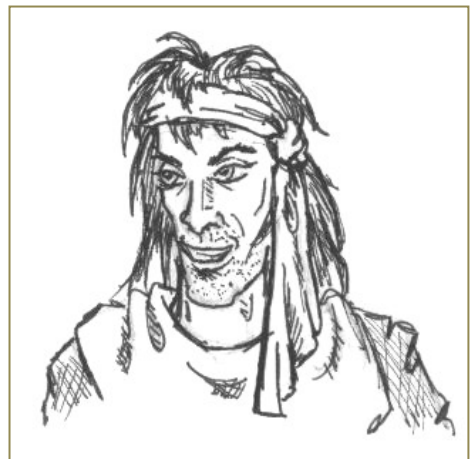
"Take them to the Otyugh pit!" he commands with a theatrical wave and evil laugh. His comments appear to be directed not at you, but to the collection of figurines on the table before him.

This is Gnarlybone and his pet rat, Skiffy:

Gnarlybone, CR 2
Planar Half-elf
Chaotic Neutral (Good); no faction
Init +; Senses Listen +2, Spot +3; Low Light Vision
Languages: Planar Trade, Lower Planar Trade

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12
Hp 10 (2 HD)
Fort +0, Ref +5, Will -1 (+1 against enchantments)
Immune sleep spells and similar magical effects

Speed 30 ft.
Melee dagger +1 (1d4/19-20)
Ranged shortbow +3 (1d6/20)
Base Atk +1; Grp +1
Atk Options sneak attack +1d6



Abilities Str 10, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 8, Cha 14

SQ trapfinding

Feats Deft Hands

Skills Climb +2, Diplomacy +6, Disable Device +4, Gather Information +8, Knowledge (local) +5, Open Lock +6, Search +3, Sleight of Hand +7, Use Rope +4

Possessions: 2 daggers, shortbow and quiver of arrows, key to the fiendish lock, masterwork thieves' tools, *Potion of Invisibility*. He also owns some *Oil of Slipperiness*. Concealed about his person are a sunrod, 2 smokesticks, and a vial of holy water.

Skiffy the Albino Fiendish Dire Rat, CR ½

Small Magical Beast

Neutral Evil

Init +3; **Senses** Listen +4, Spot +4; Darkvision

Languages: n/a

AC 15 touch 14, flat-footed 11

Hp 5 (1 HD)

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3

Spell Resistance 6

Resistance to Fire/Cold 5

Speed 40 ft, Climb 20ft

Melee Bite +5 (1d4+1 plus Disease)

Base Atk +1; **Grp** -3

Atk Options: *Smite* *Good* (+1 damage, 1/day)

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 3, Wis 12, Cha 4

SQ: Scent

Feats: Alertness, Weapon Finesse

Skills: Climb +11, Hide +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Spot +4, Swim +11

Dire rats can always choose to take 10 on Climb checks, even if rushed or threatened.

Disease (Ex): *Filth fever* – bite, Fortitude DC 11, incubation period 1d3 days, damage 1d3 Dex and 1d3 Con.

TAC+ICS: If caught unawares, Gnarlybone's reaction depends entirely on what - if anything - he has heard about the PCs. If he knows them or they have a good reputation with him, he'll be peaceful; otherwise he runs. He begins by hurling his pet albino dire rat at the group to distract them. He follows this up with the best plan he can think of at the time: Throwing a smokestick down at his feet, drinking his *Potion of Invisibility*, and *tumbling* pass them out of the room. He fights only as a last resort, and much prefers to use his Sneak Attack than any other strategy. He's unlikely to escape and knows it, but expects to be crippled or tortured to death if captured. If he escapes from their initial 'invasion' and the PCs loot his lair, Gnarlybone first tries to rob their rooms to get the treasure back, and if this fails arranges for several local thugs to assault the PCs (use the statistics given in Appendix II for these braves).

If the PCs have alerted Gnarlybone to their presence - by making too much noise in Area 2 for example, the young rogue will first pull back the panel and release the Carrion Crawler, then grab some jink and retreat to behind the door. Once the party enters the room, he'll attempt to slip out and away using his *Potion of Invisibility*.

TALKING +⊕ GNARLYBØNE

Gnarlybone is annoyed by the discovery of his lair, and any negotiations with the PCs will have to include compensation and a vow of silence as to its location (and he'll start looking for a new haven, even then). Once past this however, Gnarlybone is prepared to be quite helpful - See 'GNARLYBONE THE ROGUE' in AC+ II for more information.

TREASURE: A search of the room reveals various loot and items of equipment, most of it mundane items (worth a total of 500gps - the DM should improvise from the PHB equipment lists). There's also a silver ewer worth 50gp and a horde of miscellaneous purloined cutlery worth another 50gp. An old wardrobe contains a several changes of clothes (actually simple disguises) and Gnarlybone's thieves' tools, plus a rope and grapple, and two large sacks.

The statues on Gnarlybone's desk resemble giant chess pieces, depicting various famous planar figures (Daneel the Fiend Slayer, Mordenkainen, Grazzt, and Gith). These are worth about 20gps each as curiosities. Although impressive, the demonic lantern is non-magical and of average quality.

BLIGH+HΘUSE

The party's destination is at the very heart of the Pyres:

This building seems to have once been a prosperous boarding house. The square surrounding it is relatively clear, containing only chunks of rubble and cobbles cracked by fire's heat. The only other feature of the square still standing is a blackened stone plinth, topped with a statue that's been cut off at the knees.

*The structure is two stories tall, although much of the roof seems to have fallen in. It's streaked with soot and ashes, but seems to have survived the blaze reasonably intact. A sagging wooden porch has also survived the somehow, though it's blackened and full of holes. Time has taken its toll however, and the building is still a ruin. Nailed to the crumbling remains is an old sign, wiped clear of the soot. Once it read 'the White House Inn' but has been vandalised and now says merely **BLIGHTHΘUSE***

Light can be seen from behind the tattered shutters of the top floor, right above the once grand entrance. The rest of the building looks dark and deserted.



Blighthouse's outer walls are built of Sigil's ubiquitous grey stone, as are the interior walls and ground-level flooring. Above this only the outer walls are stone; the upper storey floor and interior walls are crafted from warped and blackened wood. None of it looks particularly sturdy.

A section of stone wall has Hardness 7 and 80 hit points. The warped wooded walls have only Hardness 3 and 30 hit points. The wooden floors also creak alarmingly, inflicting a -5 penalty on all *Move Silently* checks.

Unless mentioned otherwise all the doors are 'wrecked wood' - warped, creaky, blackened by fire and mould and barely standing. None are locked unless this is mentioned in the specific room description. The doors have Hardness 3 and 5hps, and the DC to break them down is only 10 (12 if they're locked).

Unless a location says otherwise, it's almost pitch dark inside Blighthouse so PCs will need to rely on *Darkvision* or artificial light. Rooms lacking shutters or a roof are slightly lighter. These areas only count as 'shadowy' for purposes of vision and the *Hide* skill.

THE BENEFITS OF RANDOM CHANCE

The Joculars are firm believers that random events control the life of everyone in the Multiverse, and the makeup of this encounter reflects their beliefs. There are several ways this encounter could play out, each determined by random chance:

- There's a 50% chance that the Joculars are absent from the tenement when the PCs arrive. If so there's a 50% chance that they return while the PCs are exploring the inn.
- If they are in residence, there's a 50% chance that a Jocator is by a window and can make a *Spot* check to see the PC's coming.
- If the Joculars are in residence when the PCs arrive, there's a 50% chance that Grimjaw also arrives shortly afterwards.
- There's a 50% chance that any complex plan the PC's have is ruined by some accidental occurrence, bad timing, or other random chance.
- Make a Will Save (DC 15) for Fingers the Ghast. If successful he is in residence and meditating. On a fail, Fingers is prowling The Pyres or Grey District, unable to contain himself. He returns 1d6 hours after the PCs arrive



JOCULATOR TACTICS: The irrepressible Xaosetic jesters apply much the same strategy to defending their lair as they do on the streets - embarrass, incapacitate, and dance away. Of course this might change if the PCs have already brutally murdered one or more of the troupe.

If they become aware of the PCs, one Jocator watches for them through the hole above the entrance hall (and holes in the floor above other rooms), while the second guards the top of the stairs, and the third peeks out on the porch roof while keeping an occasional eye on his partners. None of them are particularly stealthy, and will actually call out taunts, off-colour jokes, and witticisms at the PCs with fair regularity.

Potential strategies include:

- *Charm Person* - On the party's warrior/leader.
- *Daze* - On anyone who's balanced in a precarious position.
- *Grease* - especially if they see someone on the stairs or porch roof.
- *Minor Image & Ghost Sounds* - to distract the party (such as combining their efforts to create a mock *Sphere of Annihilation* to chase them about)
- *Sleep* - as the PC's charge them, or if someone is stood by or climbing out of a hole.
- Peeing on characters below them.
- Trying to burst through the rotten doors, to make an impressive entrance or exit.
- Dropping *Three Suns Prayer* incense on the PCs.
- Dropping their captive Darkmantle on a PC.
- Pushing people down holes in the floor.
- Using any equipment belonging to the PCs that was stolen or captured earlier.

- Shouting “I surrender!” to any obvious paladins or lawful folk, then capering around getting in everyone’s way.

See DANCE OF THE JOCULATORS IN ACT II for more information.

CAPTURED!

Depending on their level, the party might find themselves on the wrong end of some *Sleep* spells and captured. The Joculators will find this particularly amusing if the PCs had tracked them down in revenge for a previous attack. They’ll be sure to point this out.

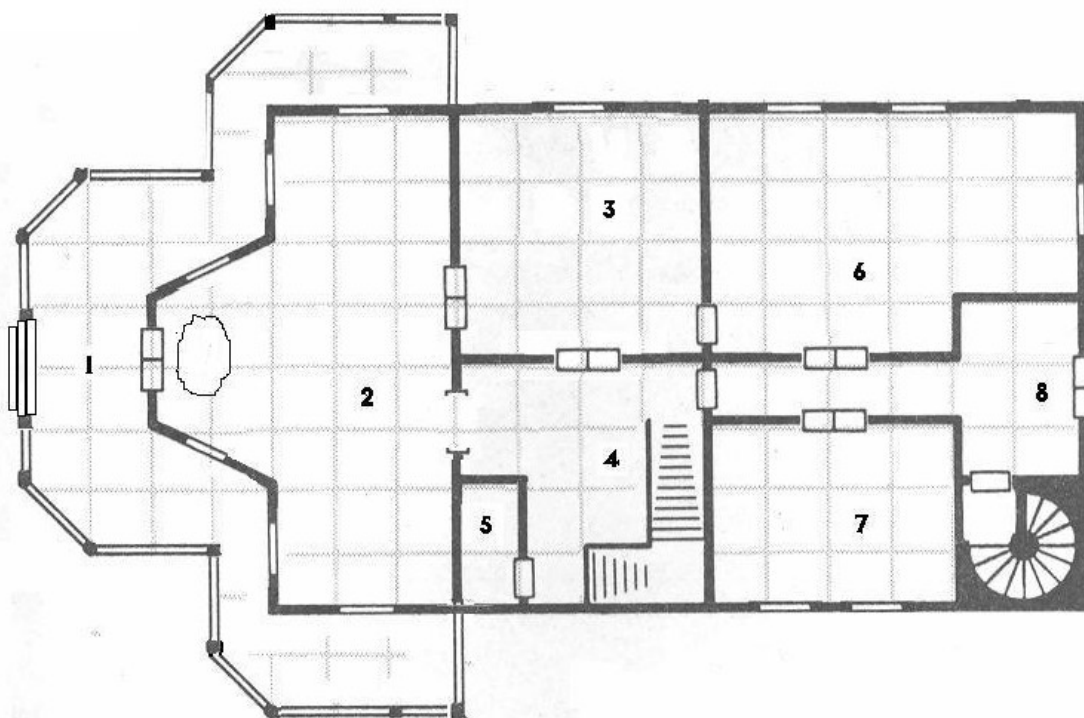
If the Joculators capture the whole group, they will rob them of their weapons and armour (which will be stored in Yip’s room (area 11), bind them all up in a large fishing net, and then dangle it from the plinth in the square. They will then make endless fun of the heroes from the top of the porch, throwing various objects at them as well. Less amusingly (for the party), a pack of hungry wild dogs also gathers at the foot of the monument.

See ENCOUNTER 10, above for statistics.

Characters will need to disentangle themselves from the net and climb down before fighting the dogs; if they fall, they will take 1d6+1 damage. Only if the party manages a persuasive plea for help them will the Joculators help - perhaps by throwing down bits of equipment, possibly just by shouting encouragement. The amount of Joculator aid (if any) depends on the party’s prior relationship with them... You reap what you sow.

The DM should adjust the XP award of the dogs by +10 to +30% depending on how much of a disadvantage their unequipped state is (a party of monks and psionicists would be in less troubled than average, for example).

THE GROUND FLOOR



I: PØRCH

The porch groans like a wounded man as you step onto it, accompanied by a rain of ashes from the roof. The skeletal remains of ironbound doors and a web of nailed planks partially block the way ahead. A small person might be able to wriggle through the remains without disturbing them, but it also looks like a decent shoulder-charge would send it all tumbling down.

Examining the skeletal remains of the doors reveal a cheap padlock and chain securing what's left of the doors on the outside; its rusted to a single solid mass and not pickable. The doors can also be forced off with a Strength check of DC 16, but the clang of falling metal will certainly alert the inhabitants (and it will fall through the hole into area 21). Characters can also squeeze inside without disturbing the doors using an *Escape Artist* check, DC 15.

TRAP: The DC to clamber onto the porch is only 7, but it looks distinctly creaky and unsafe. Anyone clambering across its roof has a 10% chance each round of causing the 5ft section around them to collapse, dumping them onto the ground with a 10ft fall. This chance rises to 50% if the character's total weight plus encumbrance is 200lbs or more.

If a PC decides to just charge down the doors, see the **TRAP** in Area 2.

2: EN+RANCE HALL

A wide hall awaits you, covered in soot. You can just make out the shape of fittings and the remains of decorations; once this place was impressive and surely cared for by many servants. Now only a strange smell greets you - a powerful mix of ashes, incense, and human waste.

The floor immediately in front of the main entrance has collapsed leaving a gaping hole; there is a similar wide hole in the ceiling as well, covered by a carpet in the room above. Light filters through its dusty fibres. The stink seems to emanate from below.

Flanking the main entrance are two huge windows, long since boarded up. On the opposite wall stand two doorways leading further into the house, although only one seems to have any doors left hanging from it.


TRAP: Any character who charges in through the front door (such as making a *Break* check against what remains of it) will tumble straight into the hole unless they make a Ref Save, DC 17. They will take 1d6 damage from the fall and find themselves in area 21. Character's who fall all the way from the Upper Parlour will take 2d6 damage instead.

CLUES: Closer examination of this chamber will reveal nothing of use, although all the shutters have been nailed closed. A *Spot* check at DC 20 (10 if using bright light) reveals a number of marks in the debris. If a character examines the dirt for tracks, have them make a *Survival* roll:

DC 10: Numerous creatures have traversed this hall.

DC 13: Some of the tracks are old, some recent.

DC 18: The tracks are very varied: small animals, general vermin, and several sets of booted feet - and something clawed that walks like a humanoid - this is Mister Click.



This roll can also be made in most of Blighthouse, should the PCs initially fail to spot the tracks or look for clues among them. If the PCs approach the archway to Area 4 (from either direction), they have a rather startling encounter (EL 1):

The empty doorframe ahead is suddenly rimmed in golden fire, and bright light fills the room - it reveals a blank white void and a figure flying out of it onto the floor. It rolls to a halt on the floor before you in a snarling crouch. Behind it, you glimpse a number of small black dots rushing up in pursuit, but the portal closes before they get close enough to identify. If the PCs are currently in darkness or using only a very dim light (such as a shuttered lantern), then treat the sudden change in light as a Flare spell affecting everyone in the room - including the new arrival.

CREATURE: *Tumbling* into the room is a female Githyanki warrior in breastplate and sword. Broken manacles jangle from her wrists. Everyone - including the Githyanki - is surprised. On her next action however, she attacks the nearest person with her greatsword. Anyone who has a higher initiative check than Vash'anwé can make a *Sense Motive* check (DC 18) to notice that she looks as tired and scared as she does angry:

Vash'anwé - Githyanki Escapee, CR 1
7 hp (1 HD); CE

Vash'anwé is a Githyanki 'rebel' on the run. She's an exile who supported the wrong side in one of the many internal battles of her people following the sudden death of Queen Vlaakith. She is fleeing a band of Knights who want her head, but fortunately they don't know the key to this portal. Vash'anwé is panicked and angry, but after her initial instinctive attack, will seek only to escape. She'll target any Githzerai in the group over other characters, but after fighting her way through the party, she'll flee.

If held off or subdued, Vash'anwé can eventually be persuaded that the PCs mean her no harm, and will depart in peace to make her own way in the Cage. She fills the stereotypical image of the violent and xenophobic Githyanki, and if she makes it out of the Pyre District alive she will be an unwelcome addition to the Grey District and just the sort of basher the Voices don't want around. The PCs will likely have to deal with her again later on.

It's possible that this battle may alert both Fingers and the Joculars (if present) to the party's presence.


3: LΘUNGE

The ravaged remains of upholstered chairs are scattered throughout this room, their leather torn and the exposed stuffing covered with mould. All the other furniture has been deliberately smashed up and used to start a fire beneath one of the windows at some point. It is otherwise empty.

If anyone takes the time to search, they'll notice with an appropriate *Survival* check (DC 15) or druidic ability that several of the mushrooms growing in here are edible. The spider-webs in the corners of this room are also laced with a slick fuzz called *Spiderbeard Moss* that has antiseptic properties. Gathering the webs produces 1d4 'doses' that can be added to a bandages, each granting it a +1 to any *Healing* checks when used.

4: S+AIRWAY

A staircase sweeps up to the next floor. Unlike the rest of the interior there are few signs of fire here; this chamber seems to have escaped almost untouched by flame, if not by time.



The stairs are serviceable, but as warped and creaky as the floorboards upstairs (-5 to *Move Silently* checks). If the Joculars are aware of the PC's presence, then anyone climbing the stairs is in for a surprise (see location 10)

CREATURE: Characters who approach the archway to *Area 2* will trigger the portal and encounter *Vash'anwé* the githyanki (see area 2 for details).

5: CLOAKROOM

The door to this small chamber has been smashed open, revealing a cloakroom full of empty pegs and a single ragged black cloak, upon which a scrap of parchment has been pinned. Whatever else this room contained has long ago been looted or rotted to nothing.

The parchment has the words *MAGIC - NOT DO FORGET ON WAY OUT* scrawled on it in barely legible Planar Trade. Any character donning the cloak soon discovers that it's infested with lice, which quickly migrate to their hair, armpits, groin, and other equipment. Any wearer must make a Will Save at DC 15 every hour, or suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls, weapon damage rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks due to severe itching. The cloak itself has no magical properties.

There's nothing else of interest here except a shoe-bench that tired characters could sit on.

6: DINING ROOM

The door to this room seems to be locked. The mechanism is actually just broken, but it can be unlocked with a Pick Lock roll of 16+

Broken windows fill this room, blocked now only by mouldy boards nailed haphazardly across naked frames. Debris and muddy ash covers everything, piled around a huge blackened table that's broken down the middle. In one corner the ceiling has collapsed, leaving a slope of rubble and beams.

Clinging to the wall beneath the ceiling gap is a nightmarish creature: Its body is roughly humanoid but its face is a terrible insectile visage. A voluminous leather coat hangs from its shoulders, but does little to hide its awful form. Two massive rats thrash and wriggle in a web that stretches from the creature's underside - a third rat kicks weakly in one of the beast's claws. The creature clicks its mandibles and grinds serrated jaws at you, pulling the entangled vermin closer.

CREATURE: Present in this room is Mister Click, the enterprising ettercap; a local resident and actually rather friendly (he's giving a jaunty hello in the description above). Click lives in the Pyre District because of his eating habits, which include the meat of intelligent races (still living, for preference). As a connoisseur of flesh, Click has become something of an expert on anatomy and serves as a healer for the monsters of the area, among whom he is well respected.

Mister Click the ettercap, CR 4
Medium Aberration; 2nd level Expert
True Neutral
Init +3; Senses Listen +4, Spot +8; low-light vision
Languages: Ettercap, Monstrous Spider

AC 14 touch 13, flat-footed 11
Hp 35 (7 HD)
Saves: Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +9

Speed 30 ft, Climb 30 ft.

Melee +5 (1d8+2 plus poison) and 2 claws +3 melee (1d3+1)
Ranged Web +7
Base Atk +4; **Grp** +6
Atk Options: Poison, web

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 6, Wis 15, Cha 8

SQ:

Feats: Multiattack, Skill Focus: Profession (Apothecary)

Skills: Bluff -1 (+3 to communicate by hand gestures), Climb +10, Craft (trapmaking) +5, Knowledge (Anatomy) +7, Heal +11, Hide +9, Profession (Apothecary) +8

Possessions: Black leather doctor's bag containing a masterwork healing kit, a half-eaten dire rat, and the following potions: *Barkskin*, *Bear's Endurance*, and four potions of *Cure Light Wounds*.

Poison (Ex): Injury, Fortitude DC 15, initial damage 1d6 Dex, secondary damage 2d6 Dex.

Web (Ex): An ettercap can throw a web eight times per day. This is similar to an attack with a net but has a maximum range of 50 feet, with a range increment of 10 feet, and is effective against targets of up to Medium size. The web anchors the target in place, allowing no movement.

An entangled creature can escape with a DC 13 Escape Artist check or burst the web with a DC 17 Strength check. The web has 6 hit points, hardness 0, and takes double damage from fire.


Ettercaps can also create sheets of sticky webbing from 5 to 60 feet square. Approaching creatures must succeed on a DC 20 Spot check to notice a web, or they stumble into it and become trapped as though by a successful web attack. Attempts to escape or burst the webbing receive a +5 bonus if the trapped creature has something to walk on or grab while pulling free. Each 5-foot-square section has 6 hit points, hardness 0, and takes double damage from fire. An ettercap can move across its own sheet web at its climb speed and can determine the exact location of any creature touching the web.

Click is happily feasting on the Dire Rat nest that lives in the area, and isn't looking for trouble. If attacked, he'll web opponents and clamber up onto the floor above before making his escape. If the PCs persist in attacking him however, he will consider them fair game.

When Click leaves the room, a pack of 6 *Dire Rats* emerge to lay claim to it.

If approached with *Diplomacy*, Mister Click will respond with incongruous courtesy and politeness, like any friendly professional. He understands Planar Common, but can only get his mandibles around the clicking language of ettercaps and monstrous spiders, and must otherwise communicate by sign language. He'll happily perform basic medical services for the PCs; he can treat them for poison, disease, and simple wounds in exchange for appropriate recompense. He doesn't except coin however, only barter (preferably an





interesting creature to dissect and eat). He maintains strict neutrality to the squabbles of the area however, and won't become directly involved in PCs battles against the Joculators or Fingers the ghastr.

TREASURE: Digging around in the stones will reveal the bones of a nathri, and his sack of looted goods. Although the purloined wood and cloth has rotted to uselessness, the sack also contains a solid silver tea service worth 500gps (weighs 40lbs).

7: KI+CHEN

The door only opens a crack before banging to a halt against a pile of debris. It requires a STR check, DC 14 to force open.

The whole ceiling of this chamber has collapsed, covering the room in rubble and debris. From the utensils rusted to its walls and mould-covered clumps overflowing from its shelves, it appears that this was once a kitchen.

A search of the room reveals a mouldy human foot; complete with a well made (but solitary) fur boot of the kind beloved by barbarians everywhere (see **TREASURE** below), rusty pots and pans, the remains of a couple of chests (empty), some mouldy mattresses, and a collection of Dire Rat droppings. In one corner is a dumb waiter and winch, designed to bring goods up from the cellar (area 18). Fitting in the elevator or clambering down the shaft requires an *Escape Artist* check (DC 10) and/or a *Climb* check, DC 5. Climbing up to the floor above (Area 9) is a DC 20 check.

TREASURE: On the severed foot is a *Boot of the Winterland*. The other boot is among the junk in the *Upper Parlour* (location 12)

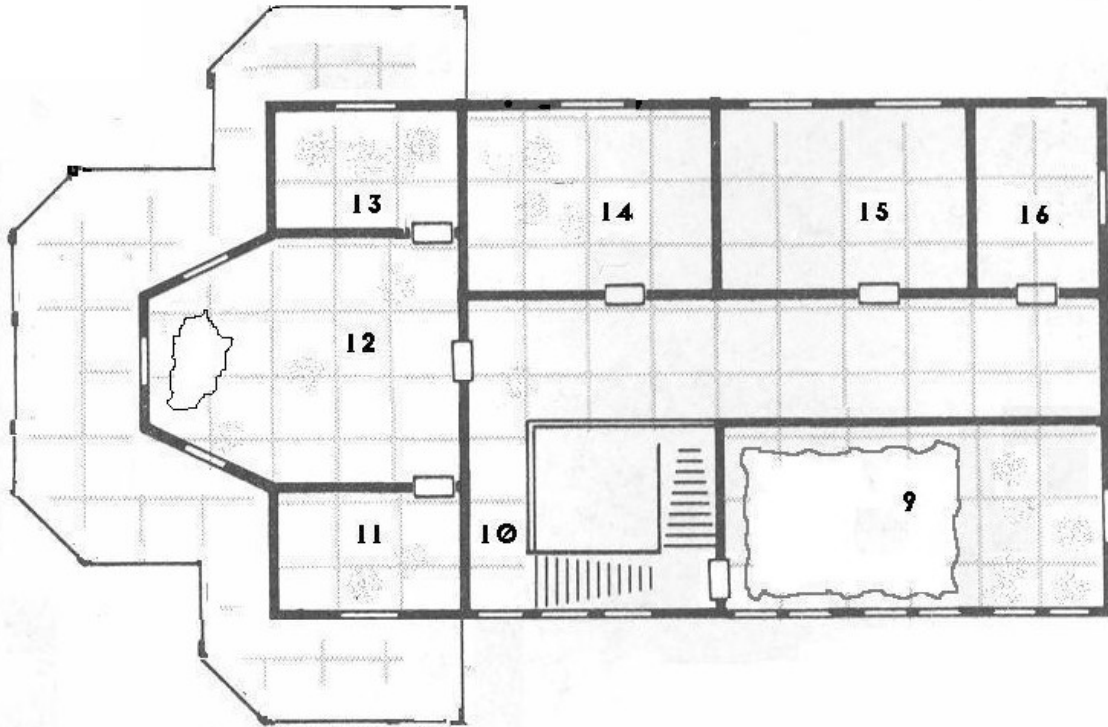
8: BACK EN+RANCE

A small square chamber awaits you, scattered with ash and mud. In one corner huddles a porter's snug, in the other a spiral stone staircase. A passageway leads further into the building; fire blackened and scattered with debris.

These doors are sturdier and more intact than the front ones, and although streaked with soot they are still firm and strong. A large lock secures it shut, old and a bit rusty but recently made serviceable by someone or something. There are also two tiny peepholes built in, one at eye level of *medium* creatures, the other set for a size *small* person.

The Back Doors: Hardness 5, 15hp. Break DC 23 (locked). Pick Lock DC 18.

Once they have gained entry, the PCs can make the same search for tracks here as they can in the Entrance Hall. See Area 2 for details. Somewhat incongruously there's also a wheelbarrow in here, covered in flecks of multicoloured paint and smelling heavily of incense.



9: COMMON ROOM


The far side of this room is recognisable as an inn's common room, complete with pallet beds and foot-ches. Immediately in front of the door however, the floor has collapsed leaving a gaping hole. Whatever furnishings that portion had have plunged into the room below.

HAZARD: Anyone charging into this room will find themselves falling through into the Kitchen (area 7), taking 1d6+1 damage unless they make a Ref Save at DC 19. The hole covers the first 20ft of the room, with only a few inches of floorboard hugging the wall to either side. It takes a *Balance* check (DC 14) to carefully negotiate them, but every round there is a 10% chance that it gives way, plunging the PC into the kitchen as above (rising to 50% if the character and equipment weigh more than 200lbs).

Of the three small chests remaining intact, two contain only mouldy clothes and a few ruined personal items, but the third is far more interesting.

TRAP (EL 3): The third chest contains a box of reinforced wood, secured by a small internal lock (DC 30). Its Break DC is 18, and it has Hardness 5, and 10hps. It's also protected by a trap: The various jars of alchemical fire explode, spewing their contents out into the room:

Alchemical Fire Trap - CR 3; alchemical device; automatic trigger (opening the chest); single use; alchemical effect (as burning hands, 5th-level wizard, 5d4 fire first round, 2d4 second round if fail first save; DC 11 Reflex save half damage on both rounds); Search DC 20; Disable Device DC 22. See alchemical fire for more information.



Inside the padded interior of the chest is a large flag, depicting the conjunction of two curving, bladed designs in gold in red (symbol of the *Revolutionary League*) Beneath it is a masterwork-quality disguise kit, a stack of propaganda pamphlets, a pile of balaclavas, and six ceramic jars - each wax sealed and marked with the Anarchist heraldry in bright paint. These contain *Alchemical Fire*. Written on the pamphlets are proclamations against the ‘Oppressors of Sigil’ and an urging for the people to rise up and take back the streets from the tyrants who have enslaved them.

IØ: LANDING

A wide corridor runs off from the stairs, sporting numerous exits. A few strands of carpet and cracked ceramic vases flank each of the doors off it. The smell of incense is strong up here, but at least it's mostly free of ash.

If the party has not alerted the Joculars to their presence, then they will also find a large stone head balanced precariously over the top step, glaring down at the stairway with an ugly devilish face.

TRAP: At the top of the stairway (out of sight from the floor below) is the large stone head of a devil (a Barbazú in fact). It's actually the head of the statue from the square outside, but the Joculars have placed it here as a trap. If touched by a living creature, it shouts “*Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum! I smell the blood of a hero come!*” (a *Magic Mouth* spell). The head radiates weak enchantment magic because of the spell upon it.

The Joculars plan to push the stone head down the stairs at any approaching creatures. If they have alerted the Xaosetics, one of them hides behind the head ready to push it down the stairs at anyone coming up (setting off the *Magic Mouth* as they do so).

If it comes bouncing down the stairs, anyone in its path must make a Ref Save (DC 15) or be struck for 1d8 damage. Anyone failing their save by 10pts or more also falls off the stairway entirely, taking an additional 1d6 damage if they were more than halfway up.

II: GUEST ROOM

This small chamber contains a four-poster bed and a large wardrobe. The frame of a painting hangs on one wall, but the canvas itself has been crudely cut out. A pile of rags decorates the bed, which is covered in animal hairs. A strong musky smell wafts off them, mingling with the already cloying scent of mould and incense.


This is the lair of *Yip the Manic Dire Weasel*, although he spends most of the time in the Upper Parlour (area 12) taunting the Darkmantle. Here the Joculars will stash the PC's possessions if they manage to capture them. If they are here for any length of time, such possessions will all be chewed up and covered in pungent weasel urine and discarded hairs (and *Three Suns Prayer* incense, of course).

12: UPPER PARLOUR

Junk is piled in every corner of this room. Black robes and funerary gear are also mixed in with the bric-a-brac and flotsam. Unlike the rest of the upper floor, some carpeting seems to have survived, though it is sagging and threadbare.

Depending on circumstances, they may also notice the following:

Squashed into a large cage hanging from the ceiling is a leathery creature that seems to be mostly a mass of twitching grey tentacles. Running round and around beneath the cage yipping manically is a large weasel, almost four feet long.



The creature in the cage is a captive *Darkmantle*, which the Joculars are thinking of involving in their next prank (see 'tactics' below). The dire weasel is *Yip* (their pet), which will attack any unfamiliar creature that enters this room, barking loudly as it does. The *Darkmantle* attacks the nearest creature when its cage is open. A Jocularator may well aim it at the PCs.

Yip the Manic Dire Weasel, CR 2 (see MM, p65)

19hp (3HD); N

Manic - Yip is even faster than most Dire Weasels (Dex 20), and too hyperactive to be *stealthy*. Replace this Feat with *Improved Initiative* (raising his Initiative to +9); also change his Bite attack to +7, and his AC to 17.

Darkmantle, CR 1 (see MM, p38)

6 (1 HD); N

TRAP: Thick carpet covers a hole in the floor beneath the central window, but any significant weight on it causes it to fall through, toppling those unlucky enough to be on it all the way down to the wine cellar (Area 21), for 2d6 damage. Any character leaping heroically into the room via the front window will almost certainly trigger it.

Simple Concealed Deeper Pit Trap - CR 1; location trigger; manual reset; DC 17 Reflex save avoids; 20 ft. deep (2d6, fall); Search DC 16; Disable Device n/a.

TREASURE: There's a lot of stuff in the Jocularator lair, but little of it would qualify as 'treasure' to a respectable adventurer: Sorting through the junk will eventually produce a ladder, three books of torrid comedy poetry, a barrel of rotting fish, 102 items suitable in juggling (beanbags, batons, torches, meat cleavers) seven sacks of marbles and caltrops, a dozen various items of funerary gear, and enough outfits, costume jewellery, and generally useful items to be worth 1d10 x 1d10 gps if the PCs are prepared to cart it through the Pyres in wheelbarrows and to market (the items weight a total of 10 x their value in lbs).

Pinned to the back of the parlour door is a note scrawled in an unsteady hand (See Appendix III for the handout). It reads as follows:


THIS PAY AND ATTENTION READ !

STRAWBERRY BERK WORTHY HEFT-JIINK THAT SOME PAID, ALRIGHT?
SO DO THE LET'S CUTTERS LIKE JOB

ANYONE SMELLS WHO SURE IS GOOD THE TOP- SPIRE AS TO A SHELF
THAT BLOOD CONNECTED. AND THAT'S THE GUILD INTO OUR BACK
WAY

IT'S BESIDES, AND A GOOD AND GREAT! PRANK INCENSE THIS
WORTHY IS

If a player can decode this note, all well and good (DMs should give them a small story award, based on their level). If not, a *Decipher Script* check of 16+ will do the work for them.



Translated from the randomised Xaosetic scribble, the note says: “*Read this and pay attention! That berk Strawberry paid some heft-worthy jink, so let’s do the job like cutters, alright? Anyone who smells that good is sure as the spire connected to a top-shelf blood, and that’s our way back into the guild. Besides, it’s a good and worthy prank, and this incense is great!*”

Also present are numerous purses and pouches ‘borrowed’ by the Joculators over the last few weeks. Their contents add up to: 36gp, 187sp, and 690cps. About half this money was stolen from the folk of the Grey District, the rest was acquired elsewhere.

Among the junk are three *Potions of Protection from Law* (labelled ‘*anti-modron juice*’), an *Elixir of Love* (although it’s labelled “*healing, plenty good!*”). There is also a single *Boot of the Winterland* (matching the one in the kitchen below) and a small collection of thunderstones and tanglebags for use in pranks (1d6 of each).

And finally, there are 2d6 packets of *Three Suns Prayer* incense. See ACT III for details.

13: GUEST ROOM

This chamber contains a four-poster bed and a large wardrobe. The walls, floor, ceiling, and furniture have all been daubed with multiple layers of coloured paint. The overall effect is as if a rainbow exploded in this room. A brush and pot sits on the bed.

CREATURE: If the PCs somehow enter this room without alerting the Joculators (such as sneaking in through the window), this room is occupied by one of their number (usually Rembrandt), meditating on the beauty of chaos and idly flinging more paint onto the walls.

TREASURE: The paints are actually a set of *Nolzur’s Marvellous Pigments*, although there’s only 80 cubic feet worth of paint remaining. Also in this room is a sketchpad, containing caricatures of various people from the Grey District (possibly including the PCs). Amidst the random scribbling are three pages of shifting magical runes that make most viewers instantly queasy - these function as a *Scrolls of Colour Spray*, *Confusion (lesser)*, and *Dancing Lights*. These scrolls all use the rules on *Wild Magic* however - even if the caster isn’t a student of that discipline.

14: GUEST BEDROOM

The blackened frames of a bed and some other furniture lie here, among a pile of debris that’s clearly been sorted through many times. Animals and squatters have also used the room over the years, and the smell of waste is palpable despite the empty window frame.

This room is empty of anything of interest.

15: GUEST BEDROOM

The door to this chamber has been nailed shut with boards, and painted over the top are numerous barely identifiable scrawls. The legible ones read DANGER, KEEP OUT, and ABSOLUTELY NO TREASURE IN HERE!

Physically, this chamber resembles *Area 14* although its roof has fallen in completely, leaving it mostly open to the sky.

Squatting here amidst the cloying black mud is the most scrawny and hideous bird you have ever seen; it looks like a large bald turkey, but with a malformed head and a long naked tail that flicks about behind it. Once it had wings, but these have been clipped off, leaving only twitching stumps. It mews in a pathetic voice then scrabbles to its feet and makes for the open door. Behind it trails a leather leash, connected to a green hide collar that is studded with tiny pale stones.

The beast as actually a cockatrice.

Cockatrice, CR 3 (see MM, p37)
27hp (5HD); NE

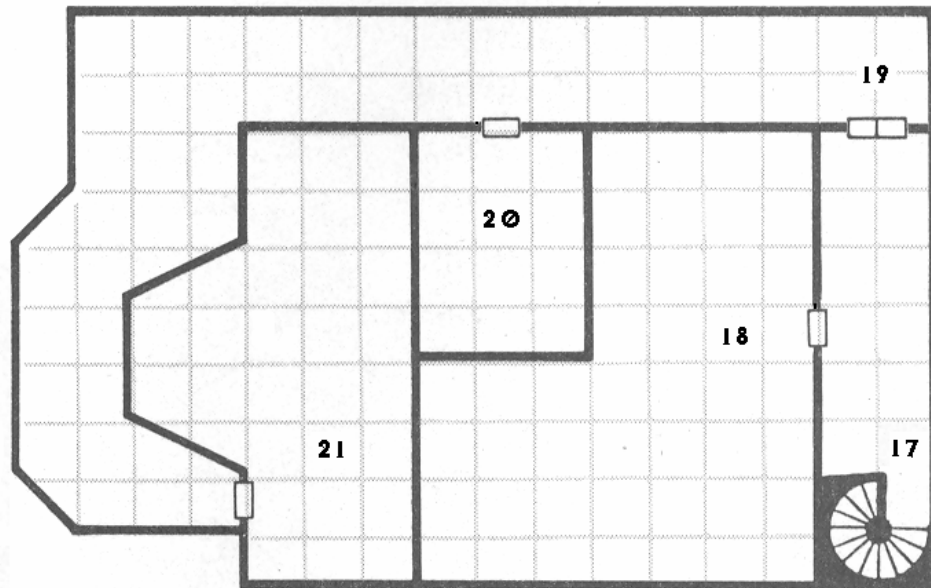
It immediately tries to escape, cawing loudly as it runs for the door and attacking anyone who gets in its way. Its slaad-hide collar is studded with cheap pearl shards, worth 100gp. It was locked up here by the Joculators, who found it wondering the streets; the escaped pet of some gruesome alley lord. It's quite vicious for an animal and utterly untameable by any sane being - if it ever was tame in the first place.

Silent Brom has a *Stone to Flesh* scroll that the party might use to free a *petrified* companion (providing they think to ask and Brom thinks the PC is worth saving...) If for any reason the PCs are not on good terms with him, Protector Nymon can acquire one for them at the price of only 1,650gp.

16: COLLAPSED GUEST BEDROOM

This bedchamber is identical the Location 14, except that its floor has partially collapsed, allowing access to the Dining Room below (area 6) by means of a sloping beam, some rubble, and some disturbingly large strands of sticky web. (Climb DC 5). Character's who peer down into the hole will see the hideous Mister Click staring back at them. See *Area 6* for more details.

THE CELLARS



17: S+AIRWAY

The spiral stair leads down into a panelled corridor, although most the wood has been stripped away, leaving only rough grey stone slick with slime and moisture. A rusty chain hangs from the ceiling, but the lantern which once adorned it is gone.

A foul animal smell pervades the area.

A *Survival* check at DC 11 identifies the odour as guano and damp fur (DC 15 to identify it as probably belonging to bats). The stench increases as the party makes its way down the corridor. At the end of it is a pair of double doors, originally of sturdy construction. They are still firmly locked but their lower halves have rotted away entirely, allowing even armoured creatures to slip easily beneath them. Warped and broken double doors: Hardness 5, HP 8 Break DC 14

18: S+ΘRE RΘΘIII

One corner of the ceiling is cracked and bent alarmingly as if under a great weight, but otherwise the chamber seems sound. It was clearly a major storeroom of some kind, and the rotted remains of food and supplies lie scattered about you. In a corner to your left under the cracked and sagging ceiling is an odd square alcove of some kind, backed with wood.

In the far corner, the stone floor has been churned up like freshly ploughed earth. Sat happily in the centre of this mudhole is a pot-bellied creature made of earth and slime, with rough dwarfish features. It has a beard of earth, stony fangs, and its black eyes that glitter like obsidian. It stops its wallowing and glares at you imperiously. You can't help but notice the glimmer of coins and gems half-buried in the mud around it - nor can you miss the humanoid bones that lay scattered around.


This is 'Sublune of the Third Great Delve' - a playful Earth Mephit who's decided to make the cellar into his temporary lair.

Sablune of the Third Great Delve, CR 3 (see MM, p182)
19hp (3 HD); N

TREASURE: Sablune has amassed quite a horde: 800 copper pieces, 90sp, 12gp, and a collection of quartz crystals worth 300gp. All are scattered about him in the mud. Sablune likes to wave around a 'royal sceptre' that's actually a *Wand of Acid Arrow* (a clay shaft hung with rhubarb leaves and the skin of snakes, but effective nonetheless. It has 6 charges remaining - although Sablune can't actually use it himself, the PCs won't know that). If in trouble, the mephit pulls a creature from his *Grey Bag of Tricks* and burrows down into the mud while it distracts the PCs.

Sablune presents himself as a "*Mighty Lord of the Earth Realm!*" - only deigning to speak to the likes of the PCs because the other company in these parts of despicably low character. Providing that the party panders to this conceit, Sablune will be quite forthcoming. He knows quite a lot about Blythhouse and its current inhabitants, but to get it the party will have to bow and scrape as if dealing with a Prince of the Dao.

Sablune claims that the Joculars are jesters in his employ, Mister Click is his personal physician, and Fingers but a lowly wretch and feeble servant. He has similar opinions on anyone the PCs bring up in conversation, regardless of how ridiculous and contradictory his stories may be (for example, he claims that the bat swarm are mounts for his royal legion of Jermaline cavalry).



Sablune knows where both Fingers and the Joculators call kip, if the PCs ask nicely enough. If they annoy Sablune however, he directs them to the Midden (area 20), with whatever lie he thinks most likely to get them to go there.

19: C⊕RRID⊕R

This corridor stinks of guano, which is splattered liberally across the walls and floor. Its source is a living carpet of fur and leathery wings: From the ceiling hangs a massive flock of bats.

Ⓜ⊕NS+⊕R: The swarm of bats reacts instantly to any disturbance by flocking around biting and scratching, with a deafening communal shriek. Sneaking past the bats without disturbing them requires a *Move Silently* check, DC 21

Bat Swarm, CR 2 (see MM, p237)
13hp (3 HD); N

If defeated, the bats make for the stairway and flutter all about the ground floor until they find a way out. This will make a lot of noise and certainly attract the attention of anybody upstairs.

2⊕: ⓂIDDEⓂ

This chamber contains four long stone troughs, where in previous cycles the inhabitants of the White House Inn disposed of waste and harvested mushrooms. Now the troughs are overflowing with toadstools and hairy fungi.

If someone scrutinises the room from the doorway, have them make a *Spot* check DC 16. Those who succeed will notice what looks like a plate-mail gauntlet half buried in one of the troughs. If they enter, the PCs disturb the rooms inhabitants:

Ⓜ⊕NSTER: Anyone who enters the room will discover more than they bargained for: Buried in the midden troughs are the bodies of Harmonium officer in rusty armour. They attack if anyone moves within 5ft - bursting out of their troughs to take the PCs by *surprise*.

6 Harmonium Zombies, CR 3
16hp (2 HD); LE

Armoured Up - These zombies wear the blackened and rusty remains of Plate Armour, enough to give them a +5 armour bonus (AC 16) and reduce their shambling to 20ft per round. If sold, the PCs can get about 100gp each for these damaged suits... although selling what's obviously Harmonium armour might have consequences.

These Harmonium troopers fought in the brutal house-to-house skirmishing against the Enemies of Peace, even as the streets burned around them. They were eventually killed and their bodies dumped in the White House's cellar, but a combination of hate for their foes and all the necromantic energy flying around during the battle reanimated them. Normally they remain in their midden troughs, but whenever disturbances in the Blighthouse get too great, they emerge to "restore order" to the area - by bludgeoning everyone to death. In what passes for their minds, the soldiers still firmly believe that they are serving officers in the Harmonium, but their beliefs have become warped and insane. They now see harmony and conformity only in the utter obedience of mindless undead. Free will is a symptom of a disease called life - and they are the cure!

21: WINE CELLAR

The mixed stench of mould, vinegar, human waste, and incense strangles the air so strongly that it takes a few moments for your tear-filled eyes to clear. This chamber was once a wine cellar, although the racks have collapsed and a sea of fungus and bottle-shards is all that remains of their contents.

If the PCs look in the alcove to their left, or look down from Area 2, add the following:

This alcove is filled with rubble from the floors above, and has only a gaping hole for a ceiling. Stinking piles of blek have been poured onto it from above, and fungus and toadstools sprout from the hideous mass like a miniature forest. Thankfully the stench of incense is so strong here, it blocks the smell somewhat.

CREATURE: Fingers the Ghast is the only resident of this dismal abode. Normally he sits and meditates on the stinking mound, muttering to himself, at other times he wanders the streets muttering to himself, drawn by unholy hunger for living flesh. He finds these desires abhorrent - and the guilt that follows them almost as unbearable. He's afraid of approaching a Dustman (or anybody else) for help, however.

Make a *Will Save* (DC 13) for Fingers the Ghast. If successful he is in residence and meditating. On a fail, Fingers is prowling The Pyres or Grey District, unable to contain himself. He returns 1d6 hours after the PCs arrive.

See 'WANDERING FINGERS' in ACT II for more information and his probable tactics. Fingers' statistics found in that section, but are also repeated below:

Fingers the Ghast, CR 3
Medium Undead (Dustman)
Neutral
Init +3; **Senses** Listen +8, Spot -8; Lifescent
Languages: Common, Planar Trade

AC 17 touch 12, flat-footed 14
Hp 26 (4 HD)
Saves: Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +6

Speed 30 ft
Melee: Bite 2 claws +3 (1d8+3, Paralysis)
Base Atk +2; **Grp** +5
Special Atks: Paralysis, Stench


Abilities: Str 17, Dex 17, Con —, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 7
SQ: Darkvision 60 ft, Incense Victim, Turn Resistance, Undead traits
Feats: Lifescent, Multiattack
Skills: Balance +5, Climb +5, Hide +8, Jump +7, Move Silently +8

Possessions: Dustman robe, Faction symbol. Other treasures are at Fingers' lair in *Blighthouse*.



Ghoul Fever (su): Disease - bite, Fortitude DC 10, incubation period 1 day, damage 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex.

Incense Victim (su): Fingers radiates *Faint Enchantment* magic, and his robes carry a *Lingering Aura* of the same kind. Any *Sense Motive* check of 23+ detects that Fingers' emotions are being affected by magic. Fingers



is actually so impregnated with the stuff that anyone he hits in melee combat must make a save or become infected by the incense. See 'ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information.

Lifescient (ex) - Fingers is nearly blind, and suffers a -10 penalty to *Spot* and *Search* checks. To compensate however, he has developed a magical sense that can "smell" the life force of living creatures. Medium creatures can be detected up to 60-foot radius, with as much accuracy as if he were able to see them. Halve this range for every size category below medium, and double it for each category above it, up to a maximum of 960 feet for a Colossal creature. Fingers' sense of smell can permeate walls and inside objects, provided that the area is not air-tight or separated by more than a foot of stone

Paralysis (ex): DC 10 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 1d4+1 rounds. Even elves can be affected by this paralysis.

Stench & Incense (ex): The mixed smell of ghastr stench and *Three Suns Prayer* is bizarre and awful but not quite as deadly as normal: Living creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 10 Fort save or be sickened for 1d6+4 minutes. A failed save automatically infects a character with the smell and magic of *Three Suns Prayer* (See 'ACT III: TERRIBLE TROUBLE WITH THURIBLES' for more information). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected by the ghastr's stench for 24 hours. A Delay Poison or Neutralize Poison spell removes the effect.

TREASURE: Fingers' faction-symbol is made of solid silver worth 20gp, although it's so covered with tarnish and grime this is hard to notice (*Search/Appraise* 16+). He also has a heavy ring of keys that open various mausoleum doors in and about the Mortuary. Larcenous types in the Grey District will pay 50gp for them.

Fingers' other meagre possessions are a few mementoes of his previous victims and the tools of the Dustman he killed. Among the latter is a well-thumbed book entitled *False Life, True Death* containing an introduction to the Dustman philosophy. A dog-eared scroll is being used as a book mark: it contains the clerical spells *Deathwatch*, *Death Knell*, *Detect Undead*, and *Speak with Dead*.

APPENDIX II: THE GREY DISTRICT


Below is a brief description of locations and NPCs to be found in Wailer's Square, Rattling Alley, and the Mortuary end of Shuffle Street - heart of the Grey District and home of the PCs during *DESIRE & THE DEAD*. A map is provided below, but given the shifting nature of Sigil's streets this information can easily be changed or added to by the Dungeon Master.



THE HIVE is dirty, desperate, and choking on a diet of evil and despair. Many who dwell here choose to live as far away from the forces of law and goodness as is possible in the Cage, while others have fled here to hide amidst the crumbling tenements or to indulge their perverted lusts upon the weak and never-missed. It is home to exiles, malcontents, rogues, madmen, and fiends from every Plane, and the inhabitants know that it's a rare moment when they can feel truly safe, even in their own homes. Contrary to popular prejudice however, there *are* good and hardworking people here; most of them are simply too poor or feel too hopeless to dwell elsewhere.

THE GREY DISTRICT surrounds the Great Mortuary. It is home to many Dustmen and Funerary Guildsmen, and those who practice various crafts relating to the dead. Corporeal undead are also relatively common, both mindless laborers and intelligent creatures. Many of these are Dustmen themselves or have business with them, and do not overly trouble the populous. Most berks here make their living one way or another via the funeral trade, and the district is busy if not exactly 'full of life'. Even at the busiest times however, it seems quieter than almost any other inhabited portion of the Cage, as if the looming presence of the Mortuary casts a hush over the streets.

The Grey District is named for the grey and lifeless cast to both its buildings and its inhabitants - at first glance, it seems that both flesh and stone have had all the life sucked out of them. Ironically, this makes the area comparatively quiet and law abiding - mainly because it's seen as impoverished and unexciting by the average rogue. The new Funerary Guild also looks after its own, and no one likes to mess with people so influential in the ways of death.



Since the Factions were banished, new blood has trickled into the district and the inhabitants see more strange faces and hear many more languages and dialects than they once did. A number of formerly empty tenements are now inhabited by newcomers trying to carve a niche outside the areas traditional trades. Many residents are less than welcoming of the new immigrants, but despite this a certain vigor is starting to grip the district, competing with the age-old air of apathy and lifelessness.

See chapter 7 of the PSCS on *planewalker.com* for more information. A description of the Grey District (especially the Great Mortuary) can also be found in 2nd Edition adventure *The Eternal Boundary* and the video game *Planescape: Torment*.

Π⊕VERS & SHAKERS

The Dustmen / Funerary Guild

Officially the Dustmen maintained a neutral stance during the Faction War, quietly cleaning up the bloody messes left by other groups. In the wake of the Lady's Edict they simply gave up their badges, recruitment drives, and their seat on the council... then continued as normal. True, a number of *namers* abandoned the philosophy and just worked the funeral trade, but little has changed within the Mortuary. The new incarnation of the Dustmen remains a constant, almost reassuring presence in the otherwise ephemeral chaos of the Hive.

Although it's sinister and grim, the Funerary Guild is well behaved and brings considerable security to the Grey District. Many a basher is afraid to make trouble in the Mortuary's shadow for fear that the berk they try and bob turns out to be a lich or worse. No particular personages are in charge of the area from the Guild's point of view, but several high ranked individuals coordinate various aspects of their work (funeral processions to other planes, cremations, the work of collectors, etc) and deal with specific problems as and when they arise. A former factotum by the name of *Quartermaster Ambergris* is perhaps the best known of these high-ups: He's a half-hobgoblin who ruthlessly protects Dustman interests in the area. Unfortunately he is little-motivated to sort out the district's rampant crime problems so long as the criminals keep a low profile and don't overly disturb Guild members.

The Voices of Wailer's Square


The district Voices are a council of three reputable and popular representatives elected by common assent each year. The current incumbents have all served for several cycles and few people bother to stand against them anymore. They are Bald Grum, landlord of the *Whispered Word* (location 1), Mother Xero the Dustman mortician (location 29), and retired adventurer Silent Brom (location 31).

The post comes with no written authority or monetary reward, only the duty of representing the district and its people. The Voices are unofficially recognized by Sigil's authorities, who prefer to have any dealings with the locals through them. The meeting place for the Voices (and general gatherings of the locals) is at the *Whispered Word* inn.

Old Toadface

The other major 'dignitary' in the area is a grinning green rogue called Tad'Faddamfa - known colloquially as *Old Toadface*. Tad'faddamfa is one of countless alley lords in the Hive, controlling illicit businesses and several gangs of thugs.

It's said that Old Toadface has a honeyed voice and dark eyes that promise mischief and danger, and that his oft-smiling maw reveals shark-like fangs and the rotting chunks of his previous victims. Description paints him as some kind of giant bloated amphibian, but his actual race is a matter of speculation: Some say he is a Slaad, others say Tanar'ri. Some even think he is a wizard's familiar grown to massive size and malign



intelligence. Rumours also persist that he is somehow crippled or diseased, but the specifics haven't made it to the average berk in the street.

The nearest most rogues come to dealing with Old Toadface is a meeting with one of his agents, creatures of various races who all wear jerkins of green-dyed snakeskin. These *Greenjackets* watch over The Toad's interests and take a cut from all the rogues who work his turf. Only those who have especially pleased or angered Tad'faddamfa meet the boss in person, but he casts a long shadow over the Grey District and has done so for years.

Old Toadface has been known to grant a favor to those who can find him and dare to ask for one in person. Some of those brave enough to approach him have found him useful ally; many more merely *thought* they had and ended up as shredded meat between his teeth. Chant claims that Tad'faddamfa has some magic to enforce repayment of his favors, and some claim he may even be a Ring Giver. Most berks say that's pure screed; Toadface certainly showed no anger or interest when a member of that faction was murdered near his store last year.

It's rumored that Tad'faddamfa is looking for something in the Hive, though no one knows exactly what. His various criminal activities are said to be merely entertainment for him while he continues his mysterious quest. Old Toadface owns the *House of Shrouds* (location 36) and several other businesses in less honest sections of the Hive, but many shopkeeps and stallholders also pay him protection money. Although feared by the mortals of the area - and quite a few of the immortals as well - Old Toadface is usually seen as the lesser of many worse evils at large in the Hive. He respects the underworld's truce with the Funerary Guild and doesn't allow his Greenjacket thugs to get *too* out of hand - and he's stood firm time and again against fiend gangs when they've tried to muscle their way into the area. It's therefore a cause for some trepidation that Old Toadface has not been heard of in the Grey District for several months, a long absence by his standards. People are beginning to suspect that some ill has befallen him, and although he's certainly not loved many people fear that someone even worse will try to usurp his rule.

THE GANGS

There are three major and a dozen minor gangs vying for jink and status in the Grey District. The lesser gangs are rarely more than half a dozen strong and their name, style, and leadership changes regularly with what Hive Ward chant considers cool each month. It's rare for such gangs to last more than a few weeks; those who do usually move on to bigger crimes in more lawless areas, or get sucked up into the area's three established bands:

THE GREENJACKET+S are footsoldiers for the Toad's criminal cartel, easily recognizable because of their snake-skin armor and arrogant walk. They own the alleys and know it, but Old Toadface keeps them on a relatively tight leash (or used to, see above). They respect the power of the Dustmen and the delicate balance of acceptable extortion they can get away with. Their leader is a fang-mouthed tiefling called *Sharky*.

Since Old Toadface's disappearance, Greenjacket fortunes have taken a turn for the worse. Sharky has lost the support of his boss and faced several challenges for leadership. The gang has also suffered losses in personnel, as people who previously feared to challenge them have started to test their reduced strength. The gang's income is also down and the footsoldiers have been 'taxing' local merchants heavier and being rougher than ever before to make up for it.

THE BLOODMOUTH+S are the second biggest gang in the district, smaller but sicker and harder to deal with. They style themselves after the hungry dead (especially vampires and ghouls), dress themselves in stolen grave-finery, and smear blood around their mouths as a sign of membership. Their leader is brooding

psychotic called *Dru*, an aasimar with skin so pale it's faintly translucent. He dresses in blood-splattered velvet and lace, and has a malicious sense of humor.

THE IMMIGRANT PROTECTION LEAGUE claims it's not a gang, but is in all but name. It's made up of newcomers to the Grey District who have no interest in joining the Funerary Guild. Local prejudice and threats from the Greenjackets have inspired a number of them to *"take a proactive stance in protecting the Independents of the district"* - in actual fact they're just a mob with an axe to grind and a chip on their collective shoulder, but no real leadership and direction. Most of them are Indeps of a lowly and criminal sort, extorting 'donations' from both newcomers and long term residents alike.

THE GREY DISTRICT GAZETTEER

WAILER'S SQUARE is site of the Grey District's largest and most regular market, held once every ten days or so. Grave goods from as far away as Heliopolis and Tir Na Og go on sale here, and visitors can purchase everything from Viking death ships to enchanted mummification tools. With the population on the increase since the end of the Faction War, more normal Cager tradesmen have also started to make for the square, providing food and other necessities, and even a few relative luxuries.

"GREY IS THE NEW BLACK!"

*~ MORTLAKE, FORMER
NECROMANCER (NOW DUSTMAN)*

The square is named after the Wailer's Guild, a tiny organization that exists within the much larger Funerary Guild (and was closely associated with the Dustmen before that). These men and women perform extravagant displays of mourning to honor the dead, jostling with each other for potential business in the Square. Competition is fierce and often unseemly; brawls have been known to break out over lucrative contracts.




SHUFFLE STREET is a major thoroughfare that extends away from the Mortuary, eventually petering out into a maze of crumbling courtyards and broken alleys. Several portals line this road, connecting to the prime and planar realms of various faiths, especially those with a heavy interest in death. Priests regularly make processions to the Mortuary in order to deliver deceased high-ups to their ultimate reward, or on pilgrimages to see their Powers. Of course there are also many *unknown* gates here since the Tempest of Portals. More than one group has had to be turned away because their portal no longer exists, and more than one group of unlucky pilgrims have found themselves stranded in the Hive.

Shuffle Street is named for the long lines of animated bodies that march along its length from time to time, heading to or from the Mortuary. The populace knows to avoid these grim processions, as the undead stop for no-one and unfortunate berks get trampled to death. Fortunately Dustmen walk ahead of these zombie armies, ringing eerily off-tone gongs to herald their coming.

The crumbling grey tenements of Shuffle Street are mostly abandoned, but there are a smattering of booths and shops, mainly those offering various funeral services and supplies, necromancy, or other moribund professionals. These peter out the farther one gets from the Mortuary, replaced by more normal stalls and premises selling food, cheap household goods, and various junk snatched from corpses. Between these and the many abandoned buildings are tenements occupied by Dustmen and other Hive folk. The area detailed on the map is only part of the Grey District, but the rest of the area is much the same.

RATTLE ALLEY is named for the magical knocker which adorns each house on this twisting street, a remnant of more prosperous times. Each door is of black lacquered wood, now cracked and faded, and adorned with a skull upon whose forehead is carved a number. From each skull dangles an iron knocker

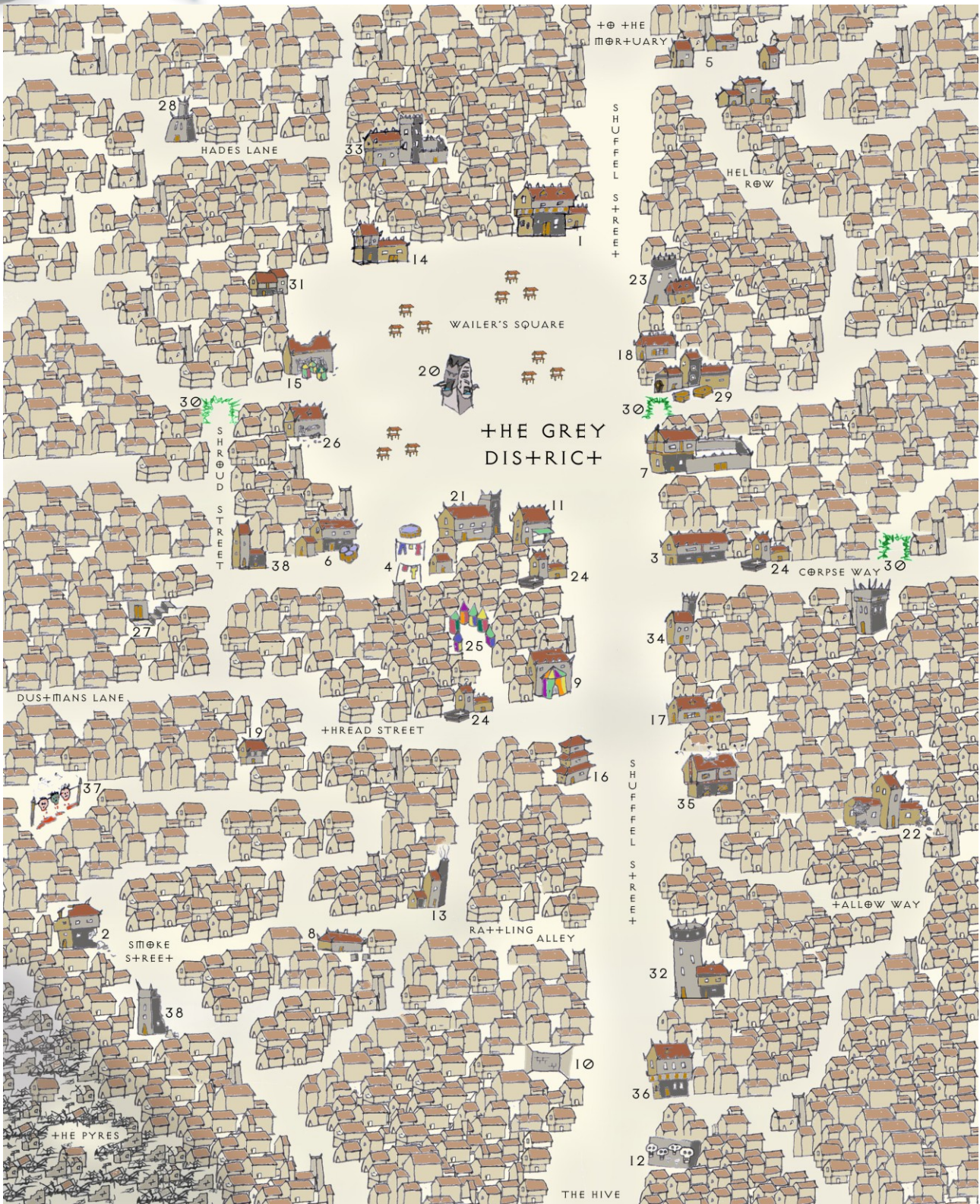


shaped like a jawbone, which rattles at the slightest breeze (and sometimes without one). The house numbers don't run in sequence, and in fact some unseen prankster changes them around on the doors from time to time.

The Alley itself is narrow and twisting, with many even smaller offshoots. Its walls are blackened and soot-streaked, and notable for their relative lack of razorvine, although there's still enough of the lethal weed about to endanger bubbers who stagger too much on their way home. Rattling alley is quite a prestigious address (for the Hive), and some of the houses actually use indoor privies rather than just emptying their bedpans and slop buckets directly into the street.

THE PYRES are an ash-stained ruin, dangerous and dark. Once part of the Grey District, it was the site of several battles and a terrible fire during the Faction War. Destroyed by conflict and conflagration, only fiends, monsters, and barmies live there now. A Nathri pack also migrated there during the Tempest of Portals: They plagued the Grey District for a time but were eventually driven into the ruins, where they now remain thanks to an uneasy truce. Sadly no such truce holds local fiend gang the *Proud Pariahs* from venturing out of the district.

Various major landmarks of the district are detailed below. There are many unnamed locations on the map as well, however. The DM can fill in these blank spaces as needed during the adventure. Wherever there is no numbered location, assume some average dwelling looks out - a rough shop, abandoned frontage, or a crumbling tenement.



I. THE WHISPERED WORD

A quiet inn and tavern whose sign depicts a shrouded maiden with a finger raised to her lips, her features entirely obscured save for a pair of luscious lips. The *Word* goes in heavily for the area's funerary motif: It is bedecked with iron skulls, white shrouds, headstones benches, and coffins-lid tables. It may be dark and shadowy, but it's not disreputable - at least not by the standards of the Hive. Behind the bar are about 30gp worth of bare-knuckle boxing trophies, won by innkeeper in his younger days.

The *Whispering Word* has a selection of cheap ales but specialises in *mummerwine*, a strong liquor rumoured to be made partially from fermented embalming fluid. Unlike most bub, those drunk on mummerwine tend to become quiet rather than loud, and move in a slow shambling gait. It also creates 'a numbness of the soul' which many Dustmen and Bleakers find pleasing. Treat excessive consumption of mummerwine as a poison:

Mummerwine (Fort DC: 18) 1d4 Chs + 1d4 Dex

Special - Those under the effects of mummerwine 'poisoning' gain a +2 bonus to Saves versus effects that create emotions, but are unable to benefit from bardic songs.

The *Word* is owned and operated by *Fated* merchant Bald Grum, who employs a handful of locals as staff. Work here is considered a great prize; sources of honest and reliable employment are rare in the Hive. Only a moderate amount of illegal activity goes on here, and Grum insists that the sly berks keep it discrete. Grum and his staff don't stand for trouble; a cold iron flail is kept under the bar for emergencies, left by an adventurer many years ago to settle his debt.

Barman/Serving Girl: Use Average Berk stats

Bald Grum, CR 4
LN Medium Humanoid (Fated)
Init +1; Senses Listen +5, Spot +3
Languages: Planar Trade, Lower Planar Trade

AC 13* touch 12*, flat-footed 11 (*+1 Dodge v 1 opponent)
hp 44 (20 HD);
Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +5

Speed 30 ft.
Melee: Punch +7 (1d3+3)
Melee: Mwk Flail +8 (1d8+3)
Base Atk +4; Grp +7
Atk Options: Combat Expertise, Dodge
Combat Gear: Masterwork Cold Iron Flail, Padded Armour

Abilities Str 16, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10
Feats: Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike, Improved Grapple, Combat Expertise, Improved Disarm
Skills: Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +5, Knowledge (boxing circuit) +5, Knowledge (local) +6, Profession (Taverner) +10, Sense Motive +8

Possessions: Most of Grum's wealth is tied up in the *Whispered Word*, but he could easily lay his hands on 300gp (mostly in copper) and about a thousand more by calling in debts, stripping the inn's furnishings, and diving into his well hidden strongbox (buried beneath a flagstone in the cellar).





2. GNARLYBONE'S LAIR

This ruined house contains the entrance to Gnarlybone's hideaway, a drainage grate leading down into a sealed off section of sewer. It stands at the very end of Rattling Alley, where the street peters out into the ash-soaked ruins of the Pyre District. See Appendix I for details.

3. THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE

A very rough drinking hall. It's a new feature of the district, popular with quarrelsome bashers (many of them monsters) or folk who don't 'fit in' to the district stereotype - mostly immigrants. Its sign is just some cracked tankards dangling from a bridle nailed up beside the door, but the smell of sweat and cheap ale is unmistakable. Brawls and knife-fights are common in the *Bridle* - the only items of furniture are rough hewn tables and benches, and a handful of smoky braziers. Beer barrels are simply stacked in one corner, guarded by three Ysgardian ogres (brothers) who run the joint.

Ysgardian Ogre, CR 4

Large Giant, Barbarian 1

Chaotic Neutral (evil tendencies)

Init -1; **Senses** Listen +2, Spot +2

Languages Giantish, Planar Trade

AC 18 touch 9, flat-footed 18

hp 40 (4HD)

Fort +9, **Ref** +0, **Will** +1

Speed 50ft

Melee: Mwk Greataxe +10 (3d6+7)

Space 10ft; **Reach** 10ft

Base Atk +4; **Grp** +13

Atk Options: Power Attack, Rage

Abilities Str 21, Dex 8, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 12

SQ: Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision

Feats: Improved Unarmed Strike, Power Attack

Skills: Climb +5, Intimidate +6

Possessions: simple chunky jewellery (100gp), chainmail shirt, masterwork greataxe


These ogres all hail from Ysgard, home of the Norse pantheon. Each has tanned skin and braided blond hair. They wear sleeveless chain shirts and when their fists aren't enough they fight with massive rune-etched greataxes. *Sven-Ole* is the eldest, cleverest, and most talkative of the three (and has a decent command of planar trade); his brothers *Ygg* and *Stunt-Bosi* have only a limited grasp of that language. They all love ale and fighting, and are rough and violent rather than outright evil. Other than their dedication to the giantish pantheon and its bloodfeud with the Powers of Valhalla, they are little different to humans of Norse culture.

4. BEATERS CORNER

This irregular nook is used by the district washerwomen, who scrub and beat wet cloth on a handful of flat-topped stones. They're terrible gossips, constantly discussing the doings of everyone from local beggars to Golden Lords. The widow Sha'ref (location 19) is one of them.

Washerwoman: Use *Average Berk*.

5. HITCHSKIRT ALLEY



Collection of alleys, snickets, and ginnels used by prostitutes. A web of ancient beams overhead is the only remnant of whatever building once occupied this space; now the beams hold up the leaning tenements to either side; the girls and boys of the alley hang sheets over them to create private areas for themselves and clients.

Jinkskirts & Jinkshirts: use *Average Berk* stats for most of them, but a few of the professionals here lift purses as well as skirts. Use the *Sly Berk* statistics for these individuals.

6. THE THREE TUBS

Small bath house containing a water pump, three large barrel-baths, and a very primitive (and unreliable, and noisy) boiler. A bath is 3 cp (5cp for piping hot), with soap and oils extra. *The Three Tubs* is run by an enthusiastic entrepreneur from Tradegate called Hal Haigherty, another newcomer to the Cage.

Hal Haigherty: Use *Average Berk*.

7. F⊕ULT⊕NGUE'S YARD

This small covered yard is home to Jaime Foultongue, a former *namer* in the Dustmen who no longer even pretends to follow their ways. He's a decent enough berk, but an *Isarnu* (a tribe renowned for their cursing and disputatious nature) from the Outland realm of Tir Nan Og. He's terribly foul mouthed, which about half the population finds amusing and half find grossly offensive. Jaime's a big fan of the new wave of immigrants, which hasn't endeared him further to his neighbours. He's suffering harassment by the Day Labourer's Guild, over earnings they've lost to his zombie workers.

Jaime's yard is home to 24 undead workers, which he hires out as labourers across the Grey District for 7cp per day each. 2d12 zombies are available to hire on any given day.

Jaime Foultongue, CR 3

LG (indep) Human, Monk 3

Init +0; Senses Spot +3, Listen +3

Languages: Elvish, Planar Trade (with a heavy brogue)

AC 15*, touch 14*, flat-footed 11 (*+1 Dodge bonus versus 1 opponent)

Hp 21 (3 HD)

Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +4

Speed: 40ft

Melee +5 Punch (1d6+3)

Melee +7 Mwk Claymore (2d6+4/19+)

Base Atk +2; Grp +5

Atk Options Flurry of Blows

Abilities Str 16, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 14

SQ Evasion, Monk Abilities


Feats: Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (two-handed sword), Toughness

Skills: Craft ('zombie Repairs') +6, Climb +9, Intimidate +5, Perform (singing) +4, Profession (merchant) +5

Possessions: Mwk Claymore (normally kept in his office), Torc of Natural Armour +1, holy symbol of Arawn (celtic god of the dead), Funerary Guild badge, plaid kilt.

Is Jaime *really* a monk?

Jaime Foultongue certainly doesn't fit the usual image of a 'monk' - a meditative and aesthetic practitioner of mysterious martial arts. Despite his very secular outlook however, he's an honourable warrior dedicated to his craft, a skilled brawler, and fights both athletically (lots of shouting and jumping about) and without armour (or *clothes* - he prefers to do battle 'skyclad' in the traditional manner of his people). Despite the cultural differences and a brawling style, fellow practitioners of the martial arts will recognise a kindred spirit in Jaime if they see him fight.



Geas (su): Jaime is under a *geas* (a special Celtic magical restriction, not the spell of the same name) to “*let no challenge pass unanswered.*” He gets a +1 bonus to any opposed rolls he must make in a challenge, duel, or contest - but if he breaks his *Geas*, treat him as under the effects of a *Curse* spell.

8. DYKOS' HOUSE

This squat windowless apartment is the house of Dykos the dwarf, most recent victim of the *Beast of Rattling Alley*. His business is headstones, plain or cut to order. It doesn't make a lot of jink but has contacts with mining operations across the planes, and employs a good portion of his clan as caravaneers.

His nephew Grykas is lodging with him while he recovers from the attack that's left him maimed.

Dykos & Grykos, CR ½ (see MM, p91)
6hp (1 HD); LN (Indep)

9. GRANNY MARDUK

This tiny shop is the domain of Granny Marduk, an ancient *Maztican* woman who used to be a Mercykiller. She's a cartomancer by trade, telling fortunes with a deck of cards designed along the lines of a *Deck of Many Things*. Some unknown tragedy occurred to her during the Faction War, and she not only abandoned her Faction but also became highly phobic of *all* such organisations.

Granny Marduk, CR 2
True Neutral Human, Expert 2
Init +2; Senses Listen +6, Spot +6
Languages: Planar Trade

AC 12 touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)
Hp 6 (2 HD)
Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +4

Speed 30ft
Melee+ Quarterstaff +0 (1d6-1)
Base Atk +1; Grp +0
Spell-Like Abilities: *Eye for Injustice* (1/day)

Abilities Str , Dex , Con , Int , Wis , Cha
SQ: *Touch of the Oracles*

Feats: Deft Hands, *Eye for Injustice*

Skills: Bluff +7, Knowledge (Factions & Guilds) +5, Profession (Fortune Teller) +6, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +9

Possessions: Quarterstaff, bead dress, deck of fortune cards

Eye for Injustice (ex) - once per day Granny can make a *Sense Motive* check to determine if an individual has knowingly committed a crime in the past 24 hours (DC 10 + number of hours since the crime was committed). If the criminal is actively trying to hide their crime from you, add their Wisdom modifier (if positive) to the DC. This check does not reveal the exact crime, but it does reveal its magnitude, allowing you to differentiate between a petty thief and a murder with some accuracy.

Gift of the Oracle (su) - Granny can use the *Divination* spell 3 times per day, but never more than once per day on the same subject. Her chance of a correct *Divination* is 72%

10. NEW WALL

The Dabus recently sealed over the entrance to this alley, for reasons unknown. Razorvine and graffiti are competing to cover the blank grey mortar as fast as possible. The words *NAMELESS LIVES!* are scrawled prominently on it.

11. SELQUINT'S EEL SHOP

A tiefling called Selquint has taken over this property. He sells albino eels on a stall out front, pickled in vinegar or sour wine. Nutritious but an acquired taste to say the least... Selquint also sells drugs, but its mostly harmless stuff, at least by Hive Ward's standards.

Selquint: Use *Sly Berk* statistics

12. SHRINE OF SKULLS

Over two dozen ancient skulls of various kinds have been nailed to a section of wall here. No one knows why, they've been here for years and the Dabus show inclination to move them. Local urchins sometimes run up and tap the skulls as a dare, for some are said to bite if the living stray too near.

13: HOUSE OF RATTER'S BOSS

This house is yellow-stained and reeks of rotten eggs. Its home to the local fumigator and ratcatcher, a githzerai with absolutely no sense of smell. His lead dog is a vicious terrier called Ratter, so scarred its almost hairless. The githzerai is very peery about handing out his name, and so is only known as "Ratter's Boss." He has keys to various sewer grates and access doors in the district, and has been known to take adventurers down into Undersigil if the price is right.

Ratter, CR ½ (see MM, p271)
6hp (1 HD); N

Ratter's Boss, CR 2
CN (faction unknown) Medium Humanoid, Ranger 2
Init +3; **Senses** Listen +5, Spot +5, Darkvision 60ft
Languages: Githzerai, Slaad, Planar Trade, Lower Planar Trade

AC 18 touch 17, **flat-footed** 15
hp 12 (2 HD) Spell
Spell Resistance 7
Fort +4, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3

Speed: 30ft
Melee: Mwk Shortspear +2 (1d6+1)
Ranged: Sling +5
Base Atk +2; **Grp** +3
Atk Options
At Will - *Inertial Armour*
3/day - Daze, feather Fall, Shatter

Abilities Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 6
SQ: Psionics, Ranger Class Features
Feats: Self Sufficent, Rapid Shot (Ranger bonus Feat)
Skills: Concentration +6, Craft (alchemy) +7, Heal +5, Hide +6, Move Silently +8, Planar Sense +6, Survival +10, Swim +6
Possessions: Padded Armour, short spear, sling. Lantern with *Continual Flame*, 2d6 dead rats. 1d4 animal

traps, tanglebag, 3 vials of acid, 3 *Fume Bombs*, 1 flask of alchemist's fire. *Potion of Delay Poison*, *Potion of Cure Disease*.

Ranger Abilities: *Track*, *Wild Empathy*, *Favoured Enemy (animals)*, *Rapid Shot*

Psionics (Sp): 3/day - *daze*, *featherfall*, *shatter*, cast as a sorcerer of the githzerai's character level.

Inertial Armour (Sp): Githzerai can use psychic force to block an enemy's blows. This gives them a +4 armour bonus while they remain conscious. This is equivalent to a 1st level spell.

Spell Resistance (Ex): A githzerai has spell resistance equal to 5 + 1 per character level.

The Boss' foul smelling and sulphur-stained hovel contains an improvised but serviceable alchemical laboratory, as described in the PHB. He makes his own tools of the trade and sells any surplus alchemical goods on the side - including a 'fume bomb' of local renown:

Fume Bombs

These homemade alchemical devices weigh 3lbs each. When lit, they produce a choking yellow smoke that smells unbelievably vile (treat as a *Stinking Cloud* spell, caster level 1). The method of their creation is a trade secret, but Ratter's Boss sells them for a price of 60gp each. 1d3 bombs are available for sale each week. Double this number if the PCs are prepared to pay over the odds, but that represents all of his available stock.

14. JOSIAH GRIN, COFFIN MAKER

Josiah is a coffin maker and general carpenter to Wailer's Square. A friendly chap, despite having lost his right leg below the knee to an ooze puddle as a child.

Josiah Grin: *Average Berk*

15. THREE RAG STALLS

This ruined building contains three crude stalls used by ragpickers to sell junk and tattered cloth. Stalls are set up first thing in the morning, on a first come first served basis. Fights often break out when too many stallholders try and set up at the same time (it's a prime spot).

Rag-pickers: Use *Average Berk* or *Sly Berk*.

16. KU'S TALISMONGERY

"PIKE IT, PØX-FACE!"

~ MISTER KU

and business rival, Mister Tuck of location 17, and often has flaming rows with him over poached customers.

Ku: use *Average Berk*

17. TUCK'S AMULETS

Tuck is a thin man with an oversized nose and pox-marked face. A long time resident of the Grey District, his shop sells holy symbols and lucky charms that he claims help ward a body against sudden death. He hates his neighbour and business rival, Mister Ku of location 16, and by extension all the recent immigrants.

Tuck: *Average Berk*

18. GOUCH THE KNIFEGRINDER

Home of a Primer orc, neither particularly large, stupid, nor brutish. He's actually a rather nervous fellow, ill at ease in the awesome Outer Planes and frankly frightened by his people's traditional enemies (elves and dwarves), of whom he has countless horror stories. As well as sharpening knives, he sells various poor-quality blades (-1 to hit and damage, half normal cost). There's one more noteworthy however, the sword *Cringeworthy* (see sidebar).

Gouch the Orc, CR ½ (see MM, p203)
8hp (1 HD); CN (Indep)

19. HOUSE OF WIDOW SHA'REF

Tiny hovel in which the widow Sha'ref dwells. This bent-backed old woman is rumoured to be a witch by the local urchins, but really just the kindly old lady she appears to be. She's courteous and nice to everyone, but tough as old boots and wise as the canniest blood in the Cage; she's survived countless plagues, three husbands, eight kids, and seventy years of living the Hive. She presently makes her living as a washerwoman in Beater's Corner.

Widow Shar'ef: *Average Berk*

20. THE WEEPING FOUNTAIN

A pump-operated public fountain. The stonework is carved in the image of some three faced demon from the Vedic pantheon, mouths open and tongues sticking out. Each tongue is actually a pump, and working it causes the face above to 'weep' water into a trough below. Each of the statue's faces is cracked, broken, and covered in scars and graffiti.

*"PIKE YΘU, YΘU SΘDDING
SΘDDER!"*

- MISTER TUCK

Cringeworthy

Among the cheap blades hanging in Gouch's shop is a pitted and rusty shortsword with a poorly crafted replacement hilt. This is *Cringeworthy*, a -1 Cursed *Shortsword*. Once wielded by a nobleman who used it for disreputable deeds, the blade was cursed to always reflect the poor condition of this villain's soul. No matter how hard an owner cleans, repairs, and polishes the weapon, it swiftly returns to an embarrassing condition: This inflicts a -1 penalty on any CHS checks made by the bearer (it otherwise functions as a Cursed Sword as in the DMG). The curse also seems to entail the weapon coming back to Gouch's shop once *Cringeworthy* gets its current owner killed, so the orc normally refuses to sell it unless the customer torques him off. If he warms to the group however, He might offer it to them with an explanation and a warning.

Only when used by "a true hero, pure of heart, upon a virtuous quest, doing one good deed for every vile one it has done before" will the curse be lifted (transforming it into a regular +1 *shortsword*). Whether a character in possession of it meets those criteria during this adventure is up to the DM.

Narma the Loud (location 21) is aware of the sword's curse.



21. WAILER'S GUILD

A small hall containing rows of benches and several crudely locked cupboards. These hold various bits of make-up, dark rags, and other professional aids (like onions to help the wailer's weep). 1d6 wailers sleep here most nights, for the discount price of 1cp each. Narma lives in a small apartment in the back.

Wailer: Use *Average Berk*

Narma the Loud, CR 3

Male human bard 3

N Medium human (Dustman)

Init +0; Senses Spot +1, Listen +4

Languages: Planar Common, Lower Planar Trade

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 bonus versus 1 opponent)

hp 16 (3 HD)

Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +3

Speed: 30ft

Melee sickle +2 (1d6)

Ranged mwk dart+3 (1d3)

Base Atk +2; Grp +1

Special Actions: Countersong, Fascinate, Inspire Courage, Inspire Competence

Spells Per Day (CL 3rd)

1st (2/day) – Cure Light Wounds, Disguise Self, Comprehend Languages

0 (4/day) – Dancing Lights, Ghost Sound (DC 12), Lullaby (DC 12), Prestidigitation, Daze

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15

SQ: Bardic Class Features

Feats: Skill Focus (Perform), Skill Focus (Heal), Dodge

Skills: Bluff +6, Concentration +4, Disguise +5, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Heal +10, Hide +2, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (the planes) +4, Listen +4, Perform (wailing) +11

Possessions: Shortsword, 3 mwk Darts, mwk mourner's outfit, mwk healer's kit, +1 Amulet of Armour (in the shape of a crying skull); 26 gold pieces, 8 silver pieces.

22. THE DAMSEL'S DESCENT

Tucked away at the far end of a narrow twisting alley (mostly clogged with razorvine) is the ruined remains of brothel called the *Damsel's Descent*, which closed about forty years ago. The outside is nondescript but the interior was once luxurious: Lavish furnishings now lie broken and rotten, and the erotic paintings on the walls are marred by damp and peeling. Most of these depict succubae and female asimon of exaggeratedly voluptuous form, in various acts of wanton behaviour. Chains and manacles - once chased in gold and silver and set with jewels - dangle from pillars and even the ceiling, giving the whole place the look of a cross between a metallic spider's web and an obscenely luxurious torture chamber - which is exactly what it is.

The *Damsel* was a private club run by some foolish young rakes from Lady's Ward. They set the place up and used it as a hideaway for their own private entertainment; that is, until some local barmy or jackal lord killed them all one bloody night. The locals fear this place and think it haunted, and adventurous urchins or beggars who investigate the ruins sometimes fail to return. In truth the place *is* haunted, but not by a ghost: *The Damsel's Descent* is lair to a *Kyton*, left over from Powers-know-what perverted entertainments that took place here (or maybe the final bloody night when they were brought to a halt). No one knows of its existence, as it has so far killed or evaded any who strayed into its lair. If the player characters enter its lair the *Kyton* stalks them, trying to pick them off one by one while concealing its presence as much as possible. It tries to

capture rather than kill intruders, preferring to savour their deaths over an extended period of torture. There are plenty of chains scattered about this place for it to use.

Lusthook the Kyton, CR 6 (see MM, p53)
52hp (8 HD); LE (Indep)

Lusthook is armed with a *Masterwork Cold Iron Spiked Chain* (value: 350gp)

There's significant treasure in the Damsel's Decent if the PCs can vanquish the 'haunting' - as well as scrapings of gold paint worth 20gp, there are 500gp in semi-precious inlays (roll 1d100 And ½ result on table 3-6 on p55 of the DMG), two silver ewer (50gp each), a dozen silver pins (3 gp each), three obscene carved bone statuettes (40gp each), a velvet mask studded with citrines (100gp), three brass goblets set with jade inlay (250 each), a leather-bound and gold-leafed cover version of *Fiendish Females* (a book of erotic art by 'Anon Tiefling') worth 30gp, a *Wand of Enlarge Person* (8 charges remaining, 150gp) and a silver and gold box (10 gp) holding peppery-looking dust that's actually a powdered *Potion of Bear's Endurance*.

23. PROTECTOR NYMON

"TRUST ME."

~ PROTECTOR NYMON

This Knight of the Post claims to sell enchantments and protective magics, especially those for use against necromancers and the undead. He is actually just a petty sorcerer with a gift for peeling berks. He's charismatic enough that the locals aren't wise to his schemes, believing him the genuine article. Fortunately his services are too expensive for most residents to use, so he mainly preys on visitors. Nymon is utterly terrified of Deadwick (location 32), who's far more powerful and ruthless than he can ever dream of... and knows Nymon's secret.


Protector Nymon, CR 3
CN Medium Humanoid, Tiefling (Indep)
Init +2; Senses Listen +0*, Spot +0*; Darkvision 60ft
Languages: Planar Trade

AC 12 touch 12, flat-footed 10
hp 5 (2 HD)
Resist Cold, fire, electricity 5
Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +3

Speed: 30
Melee: Dagger +0
Base Atk +1; Grp +0
Spell-like Abilities: Darkness 1/day
Sorcerer Spells Per Day
1st level (DC 12): 5/day - *Charm Person*, *Nystul's Magic Aura*
0 Level (DC 11): 6/day - *Ghost Sounds*, *Mage Hand*, *Resistance*, *Read Magic*, *Prestidigitation*

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 13
SQ: Cold, Fire, Electricity Resistance 5,
Feats: Silent Spell, Still Spell
Skills: Bluff +12, Hide +4, Knowledge +6, Sense Motive +2, Spellcraft +2
Possessions: Keys (for house and treasure chest), *Potion of Invisibility*, *Potion of Eagle's Splendour*. Scrolls of *Animate Rope*, *Calm Emotions*, *Comprehend Languages*, *Disguise Self*, *Magic Weapon*, *Misdirection*, *Protection From Arrows*, *Read Magic*. See below for details of Nymon's other stock.

* While his familiar is within reach, Nymon gains the Alertness Feat (+2 Spot and Listen)



Nymon is a classic looking tiefling: handsome, swarthy, small ivory horns rising from the brow and a short pointed beard kept neatly oiled. He dresses in good-quality robes and always presents himself as cultured and polite. In the event of complaints he blames his suppliers (“the plenipotentiaries of Oneir” - an entirely fictional city of powerful wizard lords). Nymon uses *Charm* and *Suggestion* to fleece customers as much as he dares, but always takes pains to look like an honest businessman. His familiar is a viper

Diambahla, Nymon’s Viper Familiar

N Magical Beast (see MM, p280)

1 hp (1/4 HD)

Nymon sells goods out of his house, leaning through the small window (which lets him keep his hands out of sight for spell casting). Goods are displayed on a special shelf just outside, but always securely fastened down with leather thongs. Nymon’s stock holds some genuine magical goods as well as many fakes and knock-offs. Many of his potions are in fact lesser versions of what he claims them to be, while others are entirely fake (imbued with his own version of the *Nystul’s Magic Aura* spell). His stall is part of Old Toadface’s operation and a couple of Greenjackets are always on hand in case of trouble. Since Toadface disappeared, these guards are always thoroughly *Charmed* by Nymon and will die to protect him.

Charmed Greenjacket: Use *Violent Berk*

Most of Nymon’s genuine items are usually sold at more than normal cost, as he claims they are of greater than normal. APPENDIX III contains a handout of what Nymon *claims* to sell:

“*Delay Poison*”: 400gp

“*Featherfall*” (fake): 100gp

“*Greater Magic Weapon*” (actually Magic Weapon): 1,500gp

“*Lesser Restoration*”: 300gp

“*Magic Circle Against Evil*” (actually Protection from Evil): 750gp

“*Neutralise Poison*” (actually Delay Poison): 750gp

“*Nondetection*” (fake): 800gp

“*Remove Fear*” (fake): 50gp

“*Resist Elements*” (actually Endure Elements): 300gp

“*Sanctuary*” (fake): 50gp

“*Undetectable Alignment*” (fake): 300gp

Unlike the majority of potions, Nymon’s stock of scrolls is more genuine - if equally as inflated in price:

Disguise Self (claims to be ‘Extended’): 50gp

Unseen Servant (claims that the servant is ‘particularly strong’): 50 gp

Daze Monster: 150 gp

Delay Poison: 200 gp

Detect Thoughts (claims that it ‘includes a spell penetration effect’): 300 gp


False Life: 300 gp

Misdirection (fake): 150 gp

Protection from Arrows: 150 gp

Resist Energy: 150 gp

At night Nymon’s goods are locked securely away in his cellar, behind a locked door (Lockpick DC 18), guarded by Greenjackets (although Nymon keeps the key). They are kept in a formidable looking treasure chest (Hardness 7, Hit Points 20, Break DC 25, lock DC 20), trapped with both a *Fusillade of Needles Trap* and *Phantasmal Killer* (both supplied by Old Toadface). The guards believe that a powerful demon is bound to the chest and will kill anyone who touches it. They freely pass on this information if interrogated or Charmed.



Phantasmal Killer Trap - CR 5; magic device; proximity trigger (alarm covering the entire room); automatic reset; spell effect (phantasmal killer, 7th-level wizard, DC 16 Will save for disbelief and DC 16 Fort save for partial effect); Search DC 29; Disable Device DC 29.

Fusillade of Needles - CR 5; mechanical; location trigger; manual reset; Atk +18 ranged (1d3+1, dart); multiple targets (2d4 darts per target in a 10-ft.-by-10-ft. area); Search DC 19; Disable Device DC 25.

24. DUSTMAN STORE (multiple locations)

This is one of several stores in the district selling funeral equipment: biers, candle-holders, coffin hinges and latches, death masks, sarcophagi, and so on. Each is manned by a Dustman or two and some zombie labourers. Each store also serves as a base for what would have been called a 'Faction Tout' before the War, as a 'guild office', and finally as a very passive recruiting station: The storekeeper answers questions from potential applicants and helps new members keep to their beliefs with a few choice words, but those wanting to actually join the *Faction* are always taken to a Dustman holding on another Plane. *No one* is inducted inside the Cage anymore.

Storekeeper/Tout: Use *Dustman*

Aside from funerary equipment, each store also provides a number of services:

- They buy corpses for the Guild, for use as a zombie or medical cadaver (from 1d6cp to 20gp depending on the 'freshness' and any unusual racial or physical traits).
- PCs can sell their right to an afterlife (immunity from any *raising*, *resurrection*, *reincarnation*, or existence as a Petitioner - *best not to ask how...*) for between 20 - 100gps.
- They can hire a Funerary Guild necromancer, with a 20% discount to the rates listed in the DMG - but the Guild won't provide services in conflict with Dustman ethos.
- They sell bundles of dried razorvine (supplied by the Dabus and a few independent contractors), for use as free firewood.

And of course they can arrange funerals- anything from a few copper pieces (a quick blessing and a trip to the crematorium) to 1,000gps or more for a full blown procession with banners, wailers, and gladiators fighting to the death in honour of the deceased.

25. PEDDLER'S NOOK

This overhang is used by several itinerant peddlers who visit the district. There's usually someone selling something cheap (and probably stolen) here.

26. VACANT SHOP (multiple locations)

This vacant shop has a wrecked door and the window broken. It's used as a kip by beggars (assume 2d4-2 in residence each night). If any PC is even remotely nice or generous to them, their numbers triple the next day and they canvass the party for jink incessantly until driven away.

Beggars: Equal chance that each beggar is an *Average Berk*, *Violent Berk*, or *Sly Berk*.

27. SEWER ENTRANCE

Narrow stairs lead down to a rusty ironbound door on which the words *KEEP OUT!* have been scrawled in several languages. The door is firmly locked (DC 22), although both Ratter's Boss and Silent Brom have a key. It leads to the sewers beneath the district.

The Sewer Door: Hardness 7, hp 13, Lock DC 22

28. HOUSE OF THE DEATHMONGER

Home of The Deathmonger, a very well secured house with large circular ironbound door and blocked-up windows. It's rumoured that this 'house' is merely the front for a warren that runs both above and below ground, designed around the unique physiology of its owner and filled with traps and treasure. Various uncomplimentary things have been scrawled on his door. See location 33 for full details of The Deathmonger.

29. MORTICIARY OF MOTHER XERO

Home and business of Mother Xero: Tiefling mortician, Dustwoman, and one of the district Voices. She's a kindly old tiefling, always prepared to chat over a cup of nettle tea. She's the most philosophically minded Dustman at large in the district and happy to discuss the benefit of their beliefs with interested Clueless. She's also a worshipper of Wee Jas and grew up in her bleak realm on Acheron.

Mother Xero

N Medium Humanoid, Tiefling (Dustman)

Init -1; Senses Listen + Spot +; Darkvision 60ft

Languages: Planar Trade, Infernal, Celestial, Lower Planar Trade

AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9

hp 23 (6 HD)

Resist Cold, fire, electricity 5

Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +8

Speed: 30ft

Melee +4 *keen scalpel* (1d3-1, critical on 18+)

Base Atk +4; Grp +2

Spell-Like Abilities (CL3):

1/day – *Darkness* (DC 14)



Abilities Str 6, Dex 8, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 15

Feats: Dead Truce, Greater Dead Truce, Skill Focus (Profession)

Skills: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +11, Gather Information (she calls it 'gossiping') +11, Heal +5, Hide +9, Knowledge (local) +11, Knowledge (Factions & Guilds) +8, Move Silently +7, Profession (mortician) +15, Sense Motive +12

Possessions: Dustman robes, faction symbol, holy symbol of Wee Jas. For the rare case of trouble she can't hide from or talk her way out of, Mother Xero carries a +1 *Keen Scalpel* (used for making 'adjustments to corpses with damage resistance). She also uses both *Dust of Illusion* and *Sovereign Glue* in her work, and always carries a dose of each "just in case."

30. A DISUSED PORTAL (multiple locations)

This razorvine hung arch used to be a well known portal, but no one has been able to activate it since the *Tempest of Portals*. Local residents and bored urchins occasionally toss trash and bric-a-brac at it, to see if they can get it to open again.

31. SILENT BRØM'S HØUSE

Small apartment belonging to Silent Brom. It is exactly neat and kept warm and dry with braziers. It also smells strongly of medicinal herbs and ointments. Trophies and mementoes from a dozen planar campaigns are on display, lovingly maintained by their owner.

Silent Brom, CR 4

LG Human (Indep)

Init +6; Senses Listen +1, Spot +1

Languages: Common, Planar Trade

AC 18* touch 13*, flat-footed 15 (*+1 Dodge v 1 opponent)

hp 11 (4 HD);

Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +2

Speed 20 ft.

Melee: Walking Stick +2 (1d6-2)

Melee: Bastard Sword +2 (1d10-2, two-handed grip)

Base Atk +4; Grp +2

Atk Options: Cleave, Combat Expertise, Power Attack

Combat Gear: Chainmail, Bastard Sword +1

Abilities Str 6, Dex 14, Con 4, Int 12, Wis 13, Chs 14

Feats: Cleave, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness

Skills: Craft (blacksmith) +6, Diplomacy +3, Handle animal +7, Intimidate +5, Profession (barfly) +6

Possessions: Thick robes, stout walking stick, bottle of medicine, pouch containing 2d6gp in copper and silver. Brom wears real arms and armour only in times of great danger.

Brom is a long-time member of the Free League, originally just so he wouldn't be bothered by factioneers all the time. He's a firm believer in their philosophy, but doesn't agree with the attitude taken by more militant Indeps (such as the Immigrant Protection League) and those who actively court trouble with the Harmonium or city guard. Since Sigil became Faction-free, he's been giving his beliefs in freedom of individuality a lot of thought, and will happily share them with interested parties for the price of a drink or two. When he's not propping up the bar in the Whispered Word or helping out the various craftsmen of the district, Brom is one of the Voices of Wailer's Square. These days his main duty seems to be mediating between the newcomers and the long-time residents.

TREASURE: Buried beneath Brom's cellar floor is a chest containing the last of the loot from his adventuring days, although he's not dug it up for years. Within the chest are 346 gold pieces, a *Scroll of Stone to Flesh*, and two *Potions* that he never got identified (roll randomly on the *Minor Potions* table), The scroll may become useful if a PC falls foul of the cockatrice in *Blighthouse* (see Appendix I).

32. DEADWICK'S TØWER

Skin as taut and dry as paper, a few strands of frail white hair, a skeletal frame and a lipless rictus grin.

These are the traits that visitors remember, if they return at all from Deadwick's tower. They also speak



*"LIFE IS A DISEASE... CAN I
ØFFER YØU A CURE?"*

~ DEADWICK

of bubbling poisons, smouldering brimstone, and the guttering of torch, lantern, and spell - for even magical light falters in the gloom of his abode. His many-spiked tower serves as both home and place of business; from there Deadwick sells necromantic components and items, as well as poisons of all kinds and his own considerable skills. In his spare time Deadwick snoops and eavesdrops around the district (deep down, he's as gossipy as the washerwomen) and also enjoys tempting and corrupting those who catch his eye. The folk of Wailer's Square would dearly like to be rid of him, but dare not risk his wrath.

Deadwick (real name unknown) is a withered corpse in Dustman robes, who rumour says is a lich or something even worse. His glowing eyes and wicked grin promise nothing but malevolent power, but these traits and his wizardly skills are for hire throughout the Hive for causes right or wrong, although he definitely prefers the latter. He hails from the Prime Material Plane, but emigrated to Sigil after prolonged questing on the Grey Waste for the secret of lichdom.

Deadwick's take on Dustmen philosophy is rather different from the norm. He believes strongly in balance: water balancing fire, air balancing earth, law balancing chaos. In his view the Planes are all in conflict because they are *out of* balance - and living things are the problem. 'Life' is just a symptom of an imbalance of positive and negative energy in organic matter. The ideal state is undeath, animate but with neither creation or entropy. Only when *everything* in the multiverse is undead will existence be at peace and in its proper balanced form. Deadwick will happily discuss this philosophy with anyone, and is a little more animated than most Dustmen (not that his mocking, sarcastic personality is a welcome one). Although he tries to act with the traditional dispassion of his Faction, Deadwick still takes a childlike glee in acts of wickedness. As a result, he's still only a *namer*, even after many years of devout belief.

Hiring Deadwick

Rich, foolish, or simply desperate groups may try to hire Deadwick's services. The lich charges *at least* market price for any assistance, and frequently more if the client looks well-heeled or desperate. There are no freebies, and all jink must be paid in advance. Deadwick also makes a point of rendering 'assistance' in as cruel and horrid a fashion as possible. The lich does have his uses, however:

Deadwick used to call kip in what's now the Pyres. He knows the area well and will even act as a guide if the PCs are brave or foolish enough to employ him. For this service he will charge 100gp per trip per day and he'll only serve them as a guide, not protector or assistant. He will not cast even the smallest spell for the PCs unless they pay him the standard rate (more if the situation looks desperate) or unless it suits his malicious sense of humour.

Deadwick, CR 14

NE Medium Undead (Lich, Dustman)

Init +2; **Senses** Listen +10, Spot +10; Darkvision

Languages: Abyssal, Common, Daemon, Infernal, Planar Trade

AC 18* **touch** 13*, **flat-footed** 15 (*+4 with *Shield* spell)

hp 72 (12 HD);

Fort 4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +8

Speed 30 ft.

Melee: Touch +8 (see below)

Base Atk +6/+1; **Grp** +8

Atk Options: Fear Aura, Paralysing Touch

Combat Gear: *Bracers of Armour* +2, *Mwk Quarterstaff*, *Wand of Dispel Magic*

Wizard Spells Usually Memorised:

6th level: *Circle of Death* (DC23), *Symbol of Fear* (DC 20), *Undead to Death* (DC 23)

5th level: *Contact Outer Plane*, *Dismissal* (DC19), *Magic Jar* (DC20), *Wave of Fatigue* (DC20)

4th level: *Animate Dead*, *Bestow Curse* (DC 18), *Contagion* (DC19), *Enervation* (DC21)

3rd level: *Gaseous Form*, *Halt Undead* (DC18), *Hold Person* (DC17), *Ray of Exhaustion* (DC 18), *Vampiric Touch* (DC 18)

2nd level: *Blindness/Deafness* (DC17), *Command Undead* (DC20), *Detect Thoughts* (DC16), *Pyrotechnics*, *Ray of Enfeeblement* (DC17)

1st level: *Charm Person* (DC 15), *Detect Undead*, *Identify*, *Ray of enfeeblement* (DC 15), *Shield*

0 level: *Detect Magic*, *Disrupt Undead*, *Mage Hand*, *Prestidigitation* (x2)

Abilities Str 14, Dex 12, Con -, Int 19, Wis 11, Chs 16

SQ: Damage Reduction 15/bludgeoning, Fear Aura, Immunities, Paralyzing Touch, Turn Resistance, Undead Traits

Feats: Brew Potion, Dead Truce, Death Focus, Greater Dead Truce, Heighten Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus, True Name Lore (see PSCS, chapter 4).

Skills: *Concentration* +11, *Craft (poison)* +10, *Decipher Script* +13, *Gather information* +6, *Hide* +9, *Intimidation* +10, *Knowledge (arcana)* +19, *Knowledge (planes)* +16, *Knowledge (poison lore)* +13, *Move Silently* +9, *Search* +12, *Sense Motive* +8, *Spellcraft* +19

Possessions: Combat Gear plus component pouch, satchel containing vials of poison and a few alchemical tricks (tanglebag, alchemist's fire, etc), Dustman faction symbol, a grey *Robe of Bones*, a *Hand of the Mage*, and a *Wand of Dispel Magic* (25 charges remaining).

Paralyzing Touch (Su): 1d8+5 points of damage to living creatures; a Will save DC 19 halves damage. Any living creature hit must succeed on a Fortitude save or be permanently paralyzed (also DC 19)

Fear Aura (Su): Creatures of less than 5 HD in a 60-foot radius that look at the lich must succeed on a Will save DC 17 or be affected as though by a *fear* spell from a 12th level sorcerer.

Turn Resistance (Ex): A lich has +4 turn resistance

Damage Reduction (Su): 15/bludgeoning and magic.

Undead Immunities (Ex): Immune to cold, electricity, polymorph (though they can use polymorph effects on themselves), and mind-affecting attacks.

TREASURE: In addition to his personal items, Deadwick usually has between 5-10,000gp in minor magical items (mainly potions and scrolls, but anything suitably nasty or cursed) in his very well guarded shop, along with most of the basic poisons (DMG p296). Deadwick's grimoire contains his memorised spells plus whatever other magic the DM wishes (his forbidden schools are Illusion and Evocation).

The Bloatlamp Fly, Deadwick's familiar

Deadwick's familiar is a six inch long undead firefly native to the Grey Waste, called a 'bloatlamp fly.' It is a truly hideous creature: Large compound eyes, a leech for a snout, a stinking slime-covered hairy body with a fly's wings, eight hairy legs, and a bulbous abdomen that glows with sickly blue light. The very sight of it can make those of frail disposition nauseous.

Deadwick shows his familiar little kindness or courtesy, not even giving it a name. It normally resides in a lantern-sized metal cage at the top of his staff, although he also enjoys sending it out at night to spy on his neighbours. The Bloatlamp Fly grants Deadwick a +2 to *Spot* checks. Like its master, it too is undead and half-rotted, making it even more hideous than normal.



Deadwick's Familiar

Tiny Undead
Neutral Evil
Init +4; **Senses** Listen +9, Spot +4; Darkvision
Languages: Understands Planar Trade

AC 22 touch 16, flat-footed 18
Hp 36 (1 HD)
Saves: Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +8

Speed 10 ft, *Fly* 40ft
Melee: Touch +7 (attach)
Base Atk +1; **Grp** -11 (+1 when attached)
Atk Options: Attach, Drain Fluids.

Abilities: Str 3, Dex 19, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 6
SQ: Attach, Drain Fluids, Darkvision 60 ft, Familiar Traits, Undead Traits
Feats: Alertness, Weapon Finesse
Skills: Hide +14, Search +8

Attach (Ex): If it hits with a touch attack, the bloatlamp uses its eight slimy legs to latch onto its opponent's body. An attached bloatlamp is effectively *grappling* its prey. It loses its Dexterity bonus to AC and has an AC of 12, but holds on with great tenacity. Bloatlamps have a +12 racial bonus on grapple checks (already figured into the *Grapple* entry above).

An attached bloatlamp can be struck with a weapon or grappled itself. To remove an attached bloatlamp through grappling, the opponent must achieve a pin against it.

Bloody Lamp (ex): The bloatlamp's bloody glow is usually as strong as a candle, but increases to that of a torch after it feeds (see below). This enhanced illumination lasts for 1 hour per point of CON drained.

Drain Fluids (Ex): The Bloatlamp fly drains vital bodily fluids to power its glowing abdomen; it can deal 1d4 points of Constitution damage in any round when it begins its turn attached to a victim. For every round it drains blood in this way, its glow grows a little brighter.

Familiar Traits: The bloatlamp has all the powers of a familiar belonging to a 12th level wizard: Alertness, Improved Evasion, Share Spells, Empathic Link, Deliver Touch Spells, Speak With Master, Speak with Animals of its Kind, Spell Resistance, +6 natural armour, INT 11.

Undead Traits: See MM, p317


33. THE SWORD'S SALUTE

The image of two gladiators with swords raised marks the business premises of 'The Deathmonger' - a *Gauth* (lesser beholder) called 'Lannxixz' with a distinctive spiked red carapace. 'He' is actually fairly civilised (for a beholder), as he hails from the prime world of *Ortho* (homeworld of the Harmonium - although he's certainly not a member!) Here beholders and their kin are a major race. His business methods are brutal and as trustworthy as a devil's, but few in the Grey District speak ill of him openly... mainly because he's been known to tear apart detractors with his teeth.

*"BRING ORDER TO THIS DISTRICT
OR I WILL"*

- LANNXIXZ THE DEATHMONGER

The Deathmonger's trade is in the lives of men: He provides bashers to serve as gladiators, fighting to the death over a deceased high-up's grave (an ancient tradition in several religions). He also supplies a few truly



desperate berks who'll publicly commit suicide to honour or accompany a berks' passing. For this service, he pays their families as much as 30 pieces of gold.

The Deathmonger always has a squad of gladiators on hand to discourage trouble. More and more of them have been seen around the Sword's Salute since Old Toadface disappeared, and many residents suspect that he might even try to become the new alley lord if the PCs don't keep a lid on things.

Gladiators: Use *Violent Berks*, but arm them with outlandish armour worth +5 AC and various martial and exotic weapons. Lannxixz usually has 6 hanging around, for an EL 4 encounter, excluding the Deathmonger himself (if Lannxixz is present the EL is 7).

Lannxixz ('The Deathmonger'), CR 6
LE Medium Aberration (see MM, p26)
45hp (6HD)

Treat Lannxixz as a normal Gauth, except for the cosmetic change of a red spiked carapace (reminiscent of Harmonium armour) and slightly more civilized behaviour. The Gauth sees himself as a businessman first and a beholder second, and is far more concerned with Law than with Evil or Good. Lannxixz will make it clear that if the party can't keep order in the alley's *he* will. In fact, he'd love to bring the district under his power - especially now that Old Toadface seems to be out of the picture; plans are already forming in his brain for how to replace the Toad and take advantage of a 'leaderless' district and Lannxixz will happily discuss an alliance with the PCs to achieve his aims - like all beholders, the Deathmonger craves power and authority.

See 'The Ortho Project' at planewalker.com for more details on Orthorian beholders and their kin.

34. MUD THE MUTE

Silent and dark-skinned earth *genasi* with a half-melted appearance. He never speaks and shows little care or interest in the outside world, but a more than passable stone carver, especially when he moulds the stone *by hand*. Mud's history and the cause of his demeanour is a mystery left for individual DMs to decide.

Mud the Mute
Medium Humanoid (Genasi)
True Neutral
Init +; **Senses** Listen +1, Spot +1; Darkvision
Languages: Understands Planar Trade

AC 12 touch 10, flat-footed 12
Hp 21 (2 HD)
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1 (+1 to all saves versus earth-based attacks)
Resistance to Acid 10

Speed 10 ft
Melee: Pick +7 (1d6+5)
Base Atk +2; **Grp** +7
Atk Options: Improved Sunder, Power Attack
Combat Gear: Heavy Pick

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 3
SQ: Genasi Traits
Feats: Improved Sunder, Power Attack, Skill Focus (craft)
Skills: Craft (Stonecarving) +7

Soften Earth and Stone (Sp): 1/day, as a 2nd level druid.



35. PLAGUE HOUSE

This tenement is nailed shut and unlike most abandoned houses, it hasn't been broken into or simply had the wood stolen. The reason might be the big black skull and crossbones daubed across the doorway, indicator of plague within. The building has been sealed for as long as anyone remembers and no one can recall exactly what pox it was that killed all the residents, and no one has yet risked breaching the doors to find out if it's safe.

36. HOUSE OF SHROUDS

A large and prosperous store, kept immaculately neat and tidy. It is owned by Old Toadface and guarded by a squad of his Greenjackets. The shrouds on sale are produced by halfling workers enslaved in crowded sweatshops elsewhere in the Hive. The store is run by a skeletally-thin tiefling girl named Barla, who lives in absolute terror of her occasional meetings with the boss.

Barla Waifquick: Use *Average Berk* statistics

Greenjackets: Use *Violent Berk*

37. ROPE BARRICADE

This alley is blocked by mouldy ropes and the gruesome warnings tied upon them: Six severed heads. Three shriveled nathri heads face away from the district, and three human heads face towards it. This barricade is the icon of an uneasy truce between the folk of Wailer's Square and a pack of raiding nathri who took up residence in the Pyres shortly after the Faction War. The agreement is simple; humans do not go further into Nathri territory, the nathri do not raid Wailer's Square, and nobody else has to die.

See planewalker.com for more details of this race. If necessary, sample nathri statistics can be found in Appendix I.

38. RING GIVER'S GRAVE

Last year a charitable Ring-Giver named Tilf was providing free soup and (non-magical) healing in this abandoned shop until he was murdered by persons unknown. It's had an unlucky reputation since then, and most berks now avoid it.

Unknown to anyone in the district, Grimjaw the githzerai is currently using its attic as a hideaway. There's only a 1 in 6 chance that he's here on any given night however, as he normally stays with other contacts outside the district (and outside the Hive, if he can manage it).

Grimjaw the Githzerai: See 'Dance of the Joculators' for more information



SAMPLE NPCs

Below are a pair of purely random tables, which DMs can utilize to create random encounters with NPCs in the Grey District. Use them (or not) to generate witnesses or passers-by for encounters, or if the PCs suddenly ask who's walking around in their line of site. Hive dwellers - even the honest ones - tend to keep odd hours, so the table can be used both day and night. There are two tables; one for named NPCs and one for the unnamed masses:

Named NPCs

1. *Plot Encounter* - equal chance of Gnarlybone, Grimjaw, or Fingers the Ghoul.
2. 1d3 of the ogre tavernkeepers from the *Scold's Bridle* (area 3): Sven-ole, Stunt-Bosi, and Ygg.
3. Bald Grum (area 1)
4. Barla Waifquick (area 36)
5. Jaime Foul tongue (area 7)
6. Deadwick (area 32)
7. Gouch the knife-grinder (area 18)
8. Granny Marduk (area 9)
9. Hal Haigherty of the *Three Tubs* (area 6)
10. Josiah Grin, the coffin-maker (area 14)
11. Ku (area 16)
12. Tuck (area 17)
13. The Deathmonger (area 33)
14. Mother Xero (area 29)
15. Mud the Mute (area 35)
16. Narma the Loud (area 21)
17. Protector Nymon (area 23)
18. Ratter's Boss (area 13)
19. Selquint (area 11)
20. Silent Brom (area 31)

Unnamed NPCs

1. Barmy
2. Beggar
3. Bubber
4. Clueless (roll again to determine profession)
5. Collector
6. Day Labourer's Guildsman
7. Dustman
8. Funerary Guildsman (50% chance also a Dustman)
9. Gang Member
10. Greenjacket
11. Immigrant Worker
12. Jinkskirt/Jinkshirt
13. Merchant
14. Peddler
15. Rag-picker
16. Thief
17. Thug
18. Urchin
19. Washerwomen
20. Zombie Messenger

Most of the NPCs in the Grey District can be run using one of the sample statistics below:

AVERAGE BERK

The ravages of disease may have taken their toll on the average Hive dweller, but these berks are still no push-over: A life of ducking and diving in the Worst of All Wards breeds tough folk.



Average Berk, CR 1/3
N Medium Human
Init +0; Senses Spot +5, Listen +3
Languages: Planar Trade

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10
hp 6 (1 HD)
Fort -1, Ref +0, Will +1

Speed 30 ft.
Melee +0 Dagger (1d4/19+)
Base Atk +0; Grp +0

Abilities Str 10, Dex 10, Con 9, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 10
Feats Alertness, Toughness
Skills Hide +3, Profession +5
Possessions Poor quality outfit, dagger. 3d10 cp.

DUSTMAN

For the typical Dustman, very little has changed except giving up the word 'faction' recently; attachments are a distraction from the True Death and most of them are neither excited nor disappointed by their recent change in status. Grey-robed, morose, and frequently of a sickly-looking grey pallor, these former factionmen (and women) are a ubiquitous presence on the streets. So much so that grey robes and a glum expression can be a good disguise for travellers (about 10% of all Dustmen encountered are actually non-Faction members using the robes as a disguise).


Dustman, CR ½
N Medium Human
Init -1; Senses Spot +1, Listen +2
Languages: Planar Trade

AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9
hp 10 (2 HD)
Immune Fear
Fort +1, Ref -1, Will +5

Speed 30ft
Melee +1 knife (1d4)
Base Atk +1; Grp +1

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 9, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 7
Feats: Dead Truce, Iron Will
Skills: Craft (varies) +5, Hide +3, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (Planes) +5, Knowledge (Factions & Guilds) +5, Profession (varies) +6
Possessions: Grey Robe, Faction Badge, Knife, 1d10x2 tarnished copper coins, all in pairs





Dead Truce (ex) - unintelligent undead will not attack the Dustman

DUSTMAN ZOMBIE

Dustman Zombies are somewhat better-preserved than most shambling undead, although many still show signs of damage and disrepair - and the crude bolts, splints, and stitching used to keep them up and running. Each zombie also has a number carved into its forehead (usually three figures or more), and is recorded in a great tome somewhere deep in the Great Mortuary. The statistics below are for the most common zombie encountered, based on a medium sized humanoid. Originally it may have been one of any number of races.

Dustman Zombie, CR ½ (see MM, p66)

16hp (2 HD); no alignment

Note that players of *Planescape: Torment* may well be under the impression that (almost) all zombies contain hidden treasure, notes, clues, and other valuable materials inside their lifeless bodies. DMs may indulge this belief as much or as little as they wish.

MORTUARY GUARDIAN

These two monstrous skeletons guard the Great Mortuary and its personnel from attack. They usually stand flanking the main gates, but sometimes one or the other will stomp a circuit around the building. Their race is uncertain, having a generally humanoid form but with hunched backs and elongated horse-like skulls. They wear ancient bronze plate armour of exotic design and stand 18ft tall. Each is armed with a massive steel pole topped with a spiked version of the Dustman symbol, which they wield like titanic morning stars. The mouth and eye sockets of their weapons burn with an eerie blue light, equivalent to a *Light* spell. When darkness or smog blankets the district they serve as animate lighthouses, lighting the way to the Mortuary.

Mortuary Guardians, CR 7

N Huge Undead

Init +6; Senses Listen +10, Spot +10, Darkvision 60ft

Languages understands Planar Common

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 16
hp 110 (17HD); DR 5/bludgeoning
Immune to Cold
Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +10

Speed 40ft
Melee Gargantuan Faction Symbol +18 (4d6+18)
Ranged Thrown Hunk of Masonry +8 (2d8+12)
Space 15ft; Reach 15ft
Base Atk +8; Grp +28

Abilities Str 35, Dex 15, Con —, Int 5, Wis 10, Cha 1
SQ Undead Traits, Oversized Weapon
Feats Improved Initiative
Skills -
Possessions Giant-sized bronze plate armour, enormous lantern/faction symbol/mace.

SLY BERK

This tiefer is more at ease in the Hive - he or she 'walks the walk and talks the talk' as it were. He's more an opportunist and smart talker than a real thief however; specialisation is for cutters higher up the food chain. Sly Berks have to do a little bit of everything to get by: They're typically practical and utterly without conscience.

Sly Berk, CR 2

CN Medium Humanoid (Tiefling)

Init +2; Senses Listen +4, Spot +2, Search +4

Languages: Planar Trade, Lower Planar Trade

AC 14*, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (*+1 dodge bonus v 1 opponent)

hp 6 (1 HD)

Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +0

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +0 Dagger (1d4/20)

Ranged +2 Thrown Dagger (1d4/20)

Base Atk +0; Grp +0

Abilities Str 10, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14

Feats Stealthy

Skills Appraise +4, Bluff +7, Disable Device +4, Gather Information +3, Hide +9, Move Silently +7, Open Locks +4, Sleight of Hand +6.

Possessions Masterwork Leather armour, buckler, 4 daggers, thieves' Tools, 20gp (coated with Carrion Crawler Brain Juice), dirty ivory & knuclebones, satchel of counterfeit maps said to detail the locations of portals in Sigil (they are old Guvner maps, now obsolete since they predate the Tempest of Doors). *Elixir of Sneaking and Hiding*.

URCHIN

Orphans of the Hive, these urchins either have no family at all or no family they *ever* want to see again. Even in the Grey District (where charity and work can occasionally be found), life is extremely hard. The urchins live rough in abandoned tenements and dried up sewer pipes, surviving through petty theft and a well-honed skill at running away. Crime or prostitution are the only likely futures for these young berks, who long ago lost their innocence.

Urchin, CR ½

CN Small Human

Init +2; Senses Spot +3, Listen -1

Languages: Planar Trade

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (inc. size bonus)

hp 3 (1 HD)

Fort -1, Ref +2, Will -1

Speed 20ft (run at x5)

Melee -1 Improvised small knife (1d3)

Base Atk -1; Grp -5



Abilities: Str 6, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 12

Feats: Run, Stealthy

Skills: Climb +0, Knowledge (local) +3, Hide +9, Move Silently +5

Possessions: Rags, Improvised Knife, trinket or toy worth 1d8cp

VIOLENT BERK

Psychopath, wannabe gang-member, bruiser, or bravo. Not exactly the sharpest bolt in the quiver, but notably tougher than the average berk. Poorly equipped however - DMs may consider adjusting experience awards down by 10-20%



Violent Berk, CR ½

CN Medium Human

Init +0; **Senses** Spot +2, Listen +0

Languages: Planar Trade

AC 13*, **touch** 10, **flat-footed** 13 (*+1 dodge bonus v 1 opponent)

hp 9 (1 HD)

Fort +3, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 club (1d6+1/20)

Base Atk +1; **Grp** +2

Abilities Str 12, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 11

Feats Dodge, Toughness

Skills Hide +1, Intimidate +4

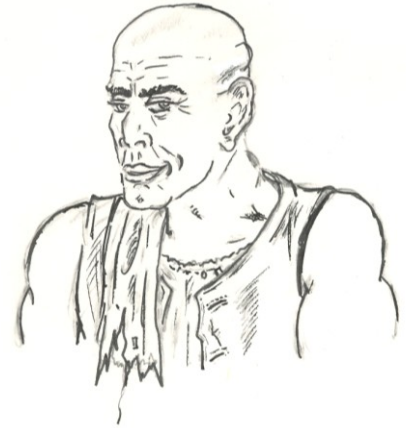
Possessions Poor quality outfit, leather armour, buckler, dagger, club, trinkets & jink worth 3d10 sp.



Silent Brom



Mother Xero



Bald Grum

THE VOICES OF WAILER'S SQUARE

THE BABBLING ORIGINAL...

THIS PAY AND ATTENTION READ!

STRAWBERRY BERK WORTHY HEFT- JIINK THAT SOME PAID, ALRIGHT? SO DO THE LET'S CUTTERS LIKE JOB

ANYONE SMELLS WHO SURE IS GOOD THE TOP- SPIRE AS TO A SHELF THAT BLOOD CONNECTED. AND THAT'S THE GUILD INTO OUR BACK WAY

IT'S BESIDES, AND A GOOD AND GREAT! PRANK INCENSE THIS WORTHY IS

...AND THE TRANSLATED VERSION

READ THIS AND PAY ATTENTION!

THAT BERK STRAWBERRY PAID SOME HEFT-WORTHY JINK, SO LET'S DO THE JOB LIKE CUTTERS, ALRIGHT?

ANYONE WHO SMELLS THAT GOOD IS SURE AS THE SPIRE CONNECTED TO A TOP-SHELF BLOOD, AND THAT'S OUR WAY BACK INTO THE GUILD.

BESIDES, IT'S A GOOD AND WORTHY PRANK, AND THIS INCENSE IS GREAT!

By Royal Appointment to the mighty

Plenipotentiaries of Oneir,

the great city of Sigil is proud to host

PR⊕TECTOR NYM⊕N

Vouchsafed a as trader of the highest standard

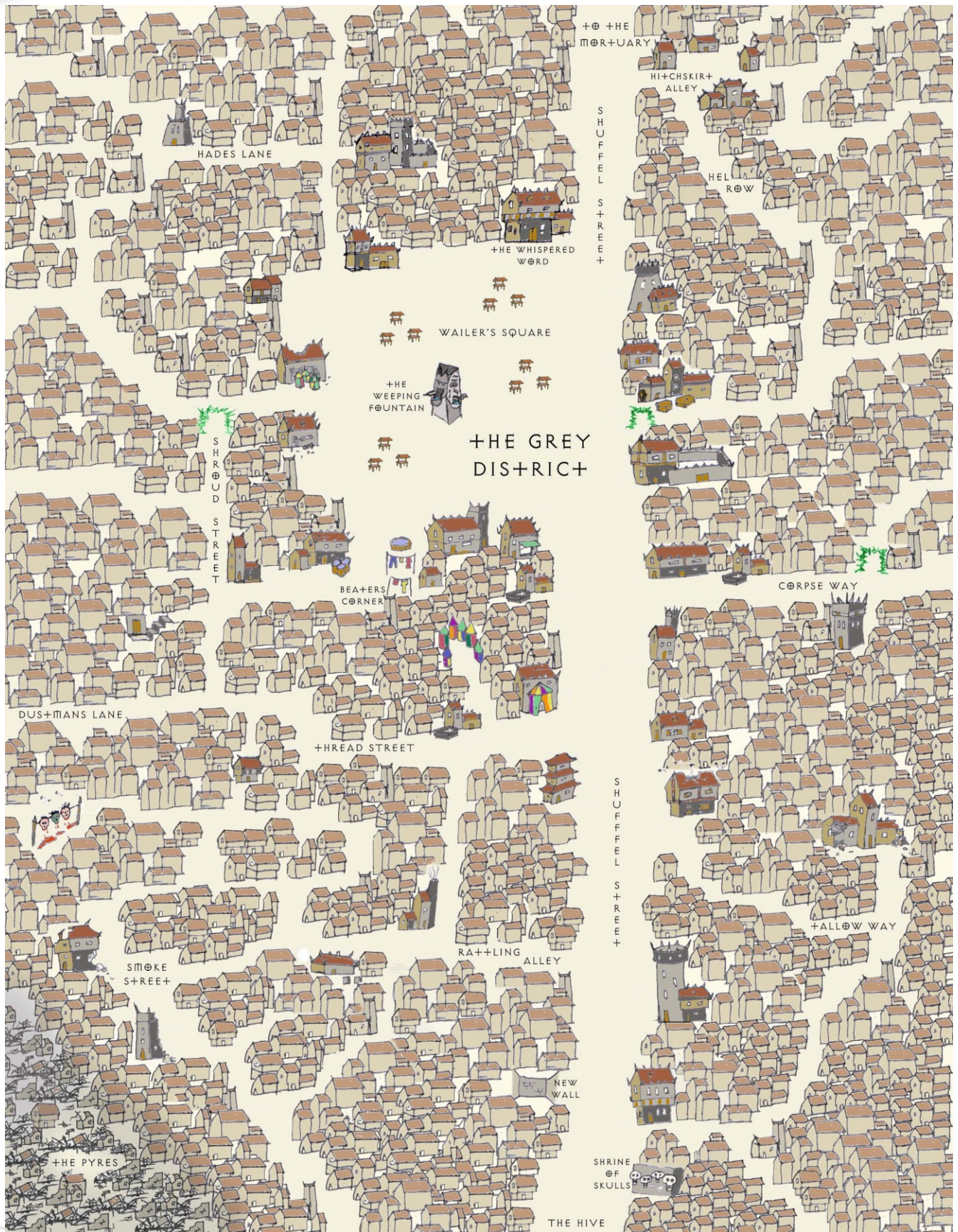
by the honourable magi of the city of Oneir the Bejewelled

POTIONS

- Delay Poison - 400gp
- Featherfall - 100gp
- Greater Magic weapon - 1,500gp
- Lesser Restoration 300gp
- Magic Circle Against Evil - 750gp
- Neutralise Poison - 750gp
- Nondetection - 800gp
- Remove Fear - 50gp
- Resist Elements - 300gp
- Sanctuary - 50gp
- Undetectable Alignment - 300gp

SCROLLS

- Disguise Self - 50gp
- Unseen Servant - 50gp
- Daze Monster - 150gp
- Delay Poison - 200gp
- Detect Thoughts - 300gp
- False Life - 300gp
- Misdirection - 150gp
- Protection from Arrows - 150gp
- Resist Energy - 150gp



FOR 4 TO 6 CHARACTERS OF 1ST TO 3RD LEVELS

DESIRE AND THE DEAD

by Dan Voyce

"I am known as Bald Grum," says the big man in taverner's robes. "This is Silent Brom and Mother Xero. We are known as the 'Voices of Wailer's Square' - we're not factols or jackals or golden lords, but we speak for the people here, and we need you. This used to be a quiet district, silent as the grave in fact! But trouble seems to have taken to walking our streets of late: Chaosmen, thugs, and worse.

We would like this place to be quiet again - that'll be your job. Now we don't want the Sodkillers or Sons of Mercy running things here. We want to sort out our own affairs our own way, and we're prepared to pay for the privilege. Keep the peace for us, keep things safe and friendly. We're not looking to see berks murdered in the street, just kicked out or made to behave

For this service we offer you room and board, and jink depending on exactly what kind trouble you have to handle. And should the worst happen, we promise to give you a good and worthy funeral. So, do we have a deal?"

Desire and the Dead is a Planescape adventure for a party of four to six adventurers who are of levels 1 to 3.

This supplement was designed with three main objectives: To provide extensive guidance for novice Dungeon Masters - both those new to the setting and those new to Dungeons & Dragons; to create a 'living setting' where the characters' actions have long-lasting effects, which will continue to exist after the adventure is done; and to produce an adventure that's as different from a 'dungeon crawl' as possible.

The scenario is set post-*Faction War* using the PSCS material, but notes are provided to adapt it to other time periods. Whenever possible, the adventure utilizes information taken only from the three core Dungeons & Dragons 3.5 books and the planewalker.com website. Occasional references are made to other sources, but these are not essential to play.

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