

PLANE SCAPE

# TORMENT



Character creation is just the beginning - throughout the game your character adapts to fit your own personal gaming style.



The Planescape universe is a setting you've NEVER experienced before, filled with sharp-edged visuals, bizarre adversaries, and strange magics.



Encounter inventory items with personalities. Manage an unpredictable party of the strangest allies to walk the faces of alternate planes.



You can regenerate, speak with the dead, and have magical immunities. You're a power to be RECKONED with. Unfortunately, so is everyone else.

An Advanced Dungeons & Dragons® computer roleplaying game

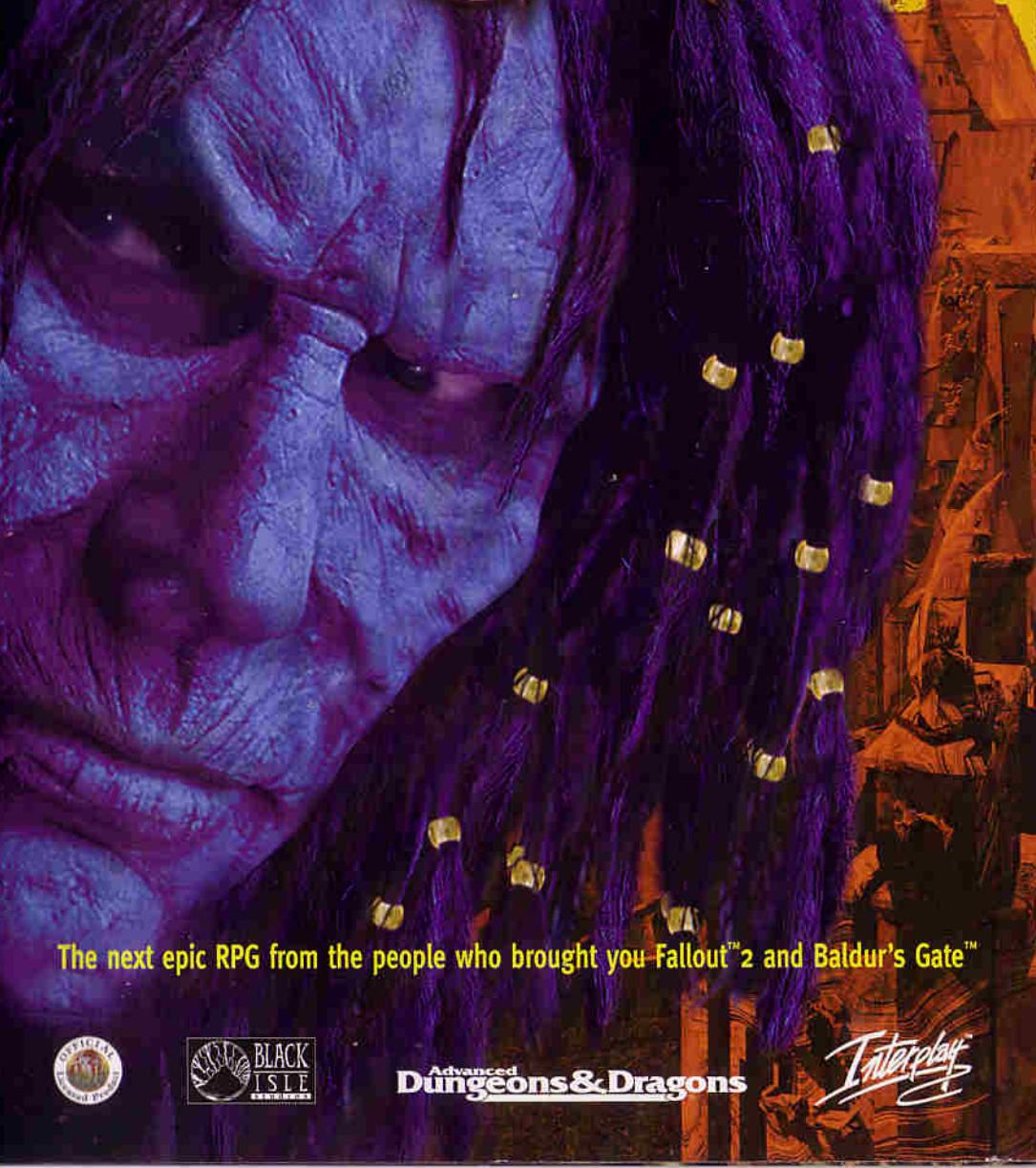
First computer game ever set in the AD&D World of Planescape

Built with the BioWare™ Infinity Engine™, the same game engine used in Baldur's Gate™.

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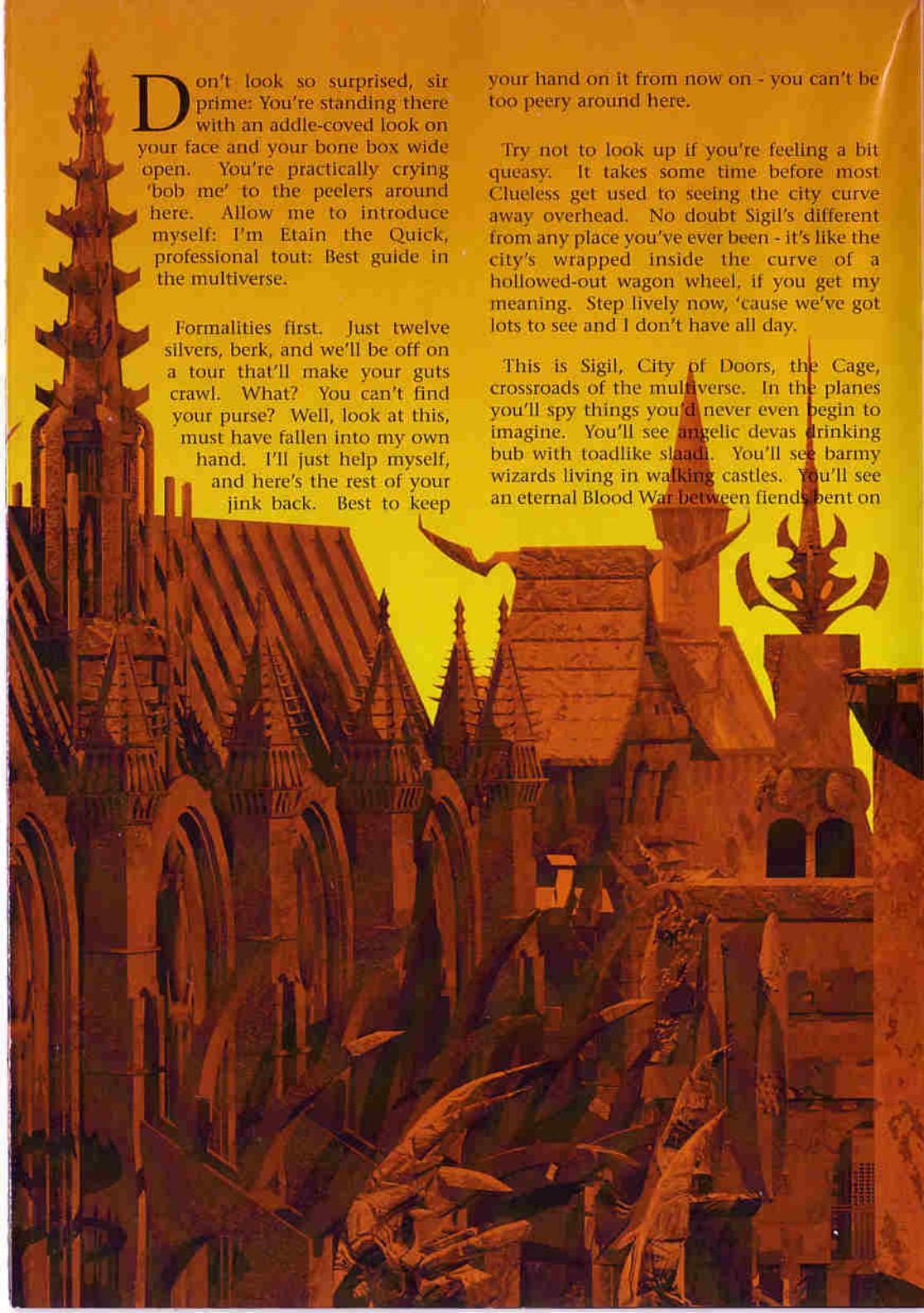


The next epic RPG from the people who brought you *Fallout™ 2* and *Baldur's Gate™*



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons





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

Formalities first. Just twelve silvers, berk, and we'll be off on a tour that'll make your guts crawl. What? You can't find your purse? Well, look at this, must have fallen into my own hand. I'll just help myself, and here's the rest of your jink back. Best to keep

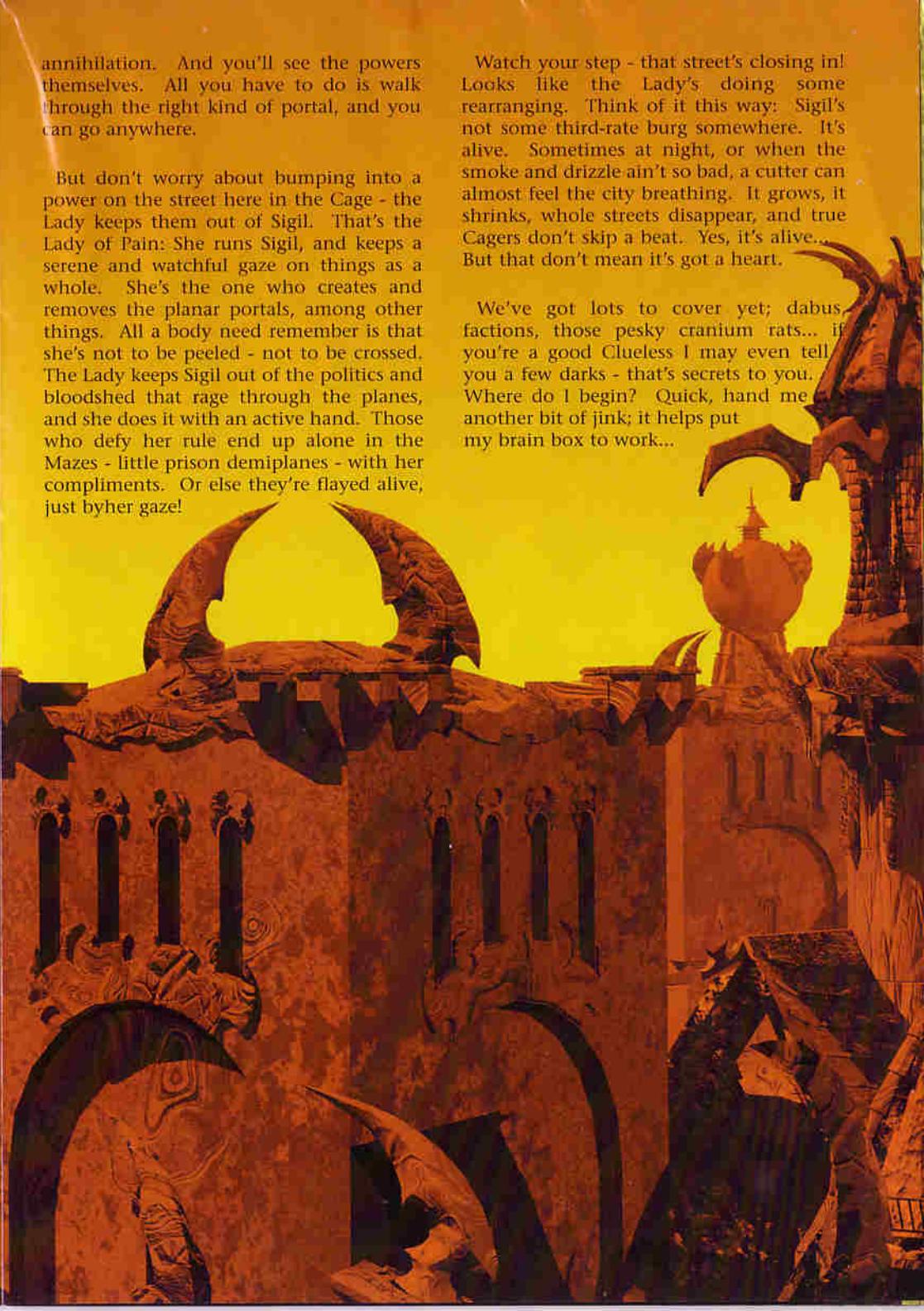
your hand on it from now on - you can't be too peery around here.

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

This is Sigil, City of Doors, the Cage, crossroads of the multiverse. In the planes you'll spy things you'd never even begin to imagine. You'll see angelic devas drinking bub with toadlike slaadi. You'll see barmy wizards living in walking castles. You'll see an eternal Blood War between fiends bent on

annihilation. And you'll see the powers themselves. All you have to do is walk through the right kind of portal, and you can go anywhere.

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



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

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

## THE WEEPING STONE CATACOMBS

Where do the dead in Sigil go? There's got to be some burial ground that's safe from the prying hands of the Collectors and the death-greedy

Dustmen, right? There is - or there was - and this is it. The Weeping Stone Catacombs, a lightless labyrinth of crypts and coffins, filled with the dead of Sigil's past.

Rumor is that more than the dead lie down here - that there's something more. Abyssal bats, undead... and cranium rats.

## CRANIUM RATS

What's one rat? It's nothing. It's vermin, a piece of furry garbage to be kicked aside. Two, five, even ten of them: it don't make much of a difference. That is, it don't make a difference unless they've got glowing brains exposed on their heads. That's a different story altogether. See, cranium rats get smarter the bigger their groups get. Two rats still ain't much of a challenge - but put ten to twenty of 'em together, and suddenly they've got brains and magic. They waylay drunkards for their dinner, topple houses, and start raising the Nine Hells. That's only twenty of 'em.

There've been whispers that thousands of these filthy creatures live in the Weeping Stones.

## SIEGE TOWER

Word has it that nothing can break the barriers that keep Sigil separate from the rest of the planes, that there's no power in existence that can make it past the Lady's watchful wards. So why is it that this battle-scarred and war-smoking tower crashed down in the middle of the Lower Ward not too long ago? The thing's carved round with runes and symbols, and the never-ending, street-shaking crash of metal on metal inside makes a body wonder what sort of deviltry's going on. It's a war machine, to be sure, and its sides are melted from acid and flame, pieces shattered by intense cold, and strange geometries warp around its corona, like some

sort of weird eldritch magic.

One thing's for certain about the siege tower: Nobody in their right mind gets anywhere near the place.

## THE SMOLDERING CORPSE TAVERN

Everyone needs a place to go and kick their feet up for a while, right? Just sit back and reflect on the meaning of life, death, and injustice, a place where everyone's accepted as they are. That's the Smoldering Corpse, where the prime attraction's the title of the place. They've opened a channel to the Elemental Plane of Fire through an unfortunate pyromaniac who thought he could burn Sigil down, and his body twists and burns for the amusements of the patrons.

## EBB CREAKKNEES

Where do old soldiers go when they're too old to fight and too hard to die? In Ebb's case, he comes to the Smoldering Corpse. He'd been a member of the Harmonium - one of Sigil's factions and its police force - for years, 'til his knee finally gave out on him. Now he conducts walking tours of the city from the comfort of a bar-side seat, tellin' folks what they need to know about the fair city and its downfalls. He's a good fellow to know, and he ain't as judgmental as most folks'd have the Harmonium be. He's a friendly, open man, and he'll steer a body right. Buy him a drink or two and have a listen to his tales.

## AETHELGRIN AND TEGAR'IN THE THRICEDAMNED

Every war has its secret agents, its informants, and its deserters. It ain't clear what function these two abishai-gargoyle-like fiends - serve, but they've taken up residence at the Smoldering Corpse and seem determined to make good on their time away from the Blood War that rages hellishly across the Lower Planes. It's said a body can approach them for information, buying or selling. It's also said that they offer contracts to certain individuals - the kind of contracts and individuals most folk steer clear of. It's what anyone who wasn't desperate would do.

## FELL'S TATTOO PARLOR

The twisted alleyways of the Hive hide surprises for the unwary, and few sane folk trust their feet on any street here, day or night. It's a dangerous place, full of dangerous people... but it's got a few wondrous surprises.

One of these is Fell's Tattoo Parlor, tucked away in the grimy Hive Ward, nestled in a twisty street. This ain't just any tattoo parlor; those are common as disease. This is Fell's. He's the cutter who can make his tattoos come to life.

## FELL

Fell is a dabus, one of the servants of the enigmatic Lady of Pain who speak in rebuses. Only... chant has it he's stripped of the Lady's favor for daring to serve one of her chief rivals, the dead and flayed god Aoskar. Unlike most of those who cause problems for the Lady, though, Fell's still alive and kicking - and he's discovered the power of grafting his floating word-symbols onto people. Give him a picture of what you want, and he can make it reality. Just be careful of what you get grafted on to your body - you don't want a dead warrior leaping from your back, howling for your blood.