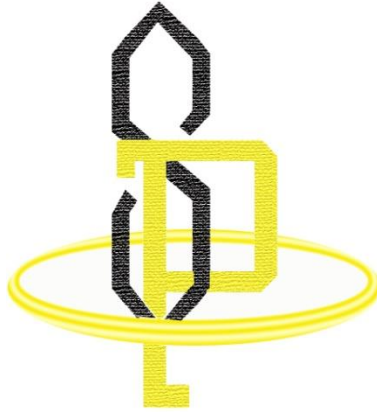




An Introduction to Sigil Prep

Sigil Prep



(A campaign setting by Patrick Duke)

(this document mentions IP owned by Wizards of the Coast. It is intended for humorous and "in my campaign" purposes only. Non-WotC content copyright Patrick C. Duke)

Morgan Ironwolf gripped her sword tightly. The tunnels so far had been dismal, but they had been at least dimly lit. Now, it seemed light had simply given up on them, and the way, already uninviting, seemed to be actively hostile.

"This can't be the right path," Sister Rebecca said, shrieking as she stepped on something slimy which then scuttled away.

"It's exactly as the old wizard told us," Morgan insisted. "Silverleaf, would you?" The elf nodded, despite the fact that his companions couldn't see, and cast a light spell. "Ah," Morgan said, "Here we go." She brushed some cobwebs off an old, hand-painted wooden sign affixed to the wall by some unknown means. 'Housing Department', with an arrow pointing ahead. "You see?"

Sister Rebecca nodded solemnly, girding herself as they headed forward. They journeyed another thousand feet before reaching a chasm, the bottom long since engulfed in darkness, its depth impossible to judge. A narrow earthen bridge stretched across it, without benefit of railing, and barely wide enough for a halfling to cross. "How is there even this much underground!?" Rebecca challenged. "The old wizard said this was, 'the subbasement!'"

"Well," Black Dougal grinned, his teeth startlingly white beneath his cloaked and shadowed features, "this is below the basement, after all." He took the first step onto the bridge, using his highly focused agility to make the first few steps seem easy. Rebecca swallowed and followed him, Morgan and Silverleaf close behind.

Bats swooped down from the impossibly high ceiling, swarming around them, dogging their steps. Rebecca screamed, started to fall, but felt Morgan's firm grip around her wrist, holding her up. "Sleep!" Silverleaf bellowed, and the bats began to fall into the deep chasm.

"See," Dougal laughed heartily. "Nothing to worry--" His words were cut short as the largest bat Rebecca had ever seen swooped down and snatched him off the bridge, flying into the distance with him.

"I'd suggest we hurry," Morgan said. They hustled across the bridge as quickly as they dared, Morgan swinging her sword fiercely as the giant bat's brothers threatened to share Dougal's fate with them. Morgan and Rebecca reached the stability of the other side just as the bridge crumbled beneath Silverleaf. His eyes widened with surprise as he fell, but Morgan hastily grasped outward, clutching his shirt and pulling him, one-armed, onto solid ground.

Rebecca buried her face in her hands. "We lost Frederik to the arrow trap, and now Dougal..."

"I'm pretty sure the medical plan covers this," Morgan said. "At any rate, onward."

"Through what!?" Rebecca barked. "We've already faced a collapsing ceiling, a pit of poisoned spikes, and that exploding lock on the door marked 'Subbasement J'. The office hours were even posted! It's supposed to be open now!"

"I suspect our tribulations are over," Morgan said, triumphantly, pointing across the massive cavern to a desk and filing cabinet, sitting awkwardly in the middle of the vast chamber. "Although the housing director doesn't seem to be in."

The small party approached cautiously. The desk and cabinet, and many other furnishings one might find in a typical office, were set appropriately to one another, oddly centered around a twenty-foot stalagmite which towered above them. A plaque on the desk declared it the property of 'Stah'nlee Roper, Housing Superintendent.' Suddenly an eye opened in the stone column, and a gaping maw appeared. "WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS!?"

"The old wizard..." Morgan began, for the first time as startled as Rebecca had been all along, "That is... Professor Bigby said that we needed to see Mr. Roper in the Housing Department. Is he..."

"I AM THE MR. ROPER OF WHOM YOU SPEAK!" the monster declared, viney tentacles whipping about beside him as he spoke. Or... well, not 'spoke' so much as 'bellowed'. "STATE YOUR BUSINESS AND THEN REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY PRESENCE!"

"Well, see..." Morgan looked around. "There are... were... five of us, and we were all assigned to the same room. Which, you know... it has only two beds. Two... single beds."

"AND THIS CONCERNS ME HOW!?"

"Well, we all paid for on-campus housing..."

"AND YOU RECEIVED IT! YOU ARE WELCOME!"

"Sure, it's just... well, two of us are female and the other three male, and it's just unusual for..."

"WHAT CARE I FOR SUCH THINGS!?"

"And Rebecca is supposed to maintain a vow of chastity and all..."

A burly, tall man crossed the room, wearing a tunic of the Sigil Prep school colors --Gold and White-- with the number 34 on it and 'Sigil Prep Planeswalkers' along the back. Across the man's shoulders was a dire elk, which he tossed adjacent to the desk. "Hey, Mr. Roper," he said. "I was wondering if I could have a room in Triton Hall? Y'know, a spare, just to keep kegs in."

The monster's giant eye glanced down at the massive elk carcass. With astonishing speed, its tentacles whipped down, enveloping the elk, and drew it up with its massive mouth, biting the head off the ruminant with its rows of razor-sharp teeth. As it chewed, Mr. Roper said, "I BELIEVE THIS REQUEST IS REASONABLE," bits of blood and flesh sprayed over the room, causing Rebecca to nearly puke.

Morgan eyed the display with passive interest, then said, "If we bring you one of those, can Rebecca and I get our own room?"

Roper slobbered and chewed noisily. He glanced at Morgan as a man might glance at a stain on his shirt. "AND A PIE! A PIE GETS YOU A ROOM." Morgan smiled. "TWO PIES GET YOU A PRIVATE BATHROOM."

What Is Sigil Prep?

Sigil Prep is an RPG setting.

Sigil Prep is a comedic role-playing setting, set in a large university for adventuring students, intended for (and poking fun at) the *Dungeons & Dragons* role-playing game. It plumbs all facets of all editions of the game for its humor. It uses names, locations, and events from throughout D&D's various settings and history as a basis for its own events and humor. Combining broad comedy with high fantasy, Sigil Prep brings the bawdiest of college humor to the worlds of the D&D multiverse. The setting is a mixture of medieval fantasy and modern college life, rife with anachronisms and jokes at the expense of D&D rules.

The Sigil Preparatory University is situated in the middle of Sigil East, a small suburb of the City of Sigil. It's the largest adventuring school in the known multiverse, with majors in every significant (and numerous insignificant) field of adventuring. Its doors are open to students from all campaign worlds from across the D&D multiverse.

Because Sigil Prep is an adventuring school, while you may take maths and sciences, your major is usually going to be in magic or combat. The Sigil Preparatory University offers majors in every career in Adventuring, from the basics of Fighting to the rigors of Wizardry, to whatever weird-ass class you might have uncovered in that splatbook that nobody else bought.

Sigil Prep is a parody of D&D tropes, along with modern college life. And cheesy college movies.

As with (the stereotype of) any contemporary American university, it's all about parties and sports, and sometimes going to class. Fighters join fraternities, dwarves have all night keggers, student religious clubs have all out wars in the student union building. And in between all that, they go adventuring. For course credit. Imagine if *Revenge of the Nerds* or *Animal House* was set at Hogwarts. With orcs. And Demiplanes of Dread here and there.

The structure of the school is much like the structure of a modern US University (I'm American, it's what I know), complete with the typical "modern" college town surrounding it. Anachronistic elements abound (sneakers, trashy magazines, pizza and nachos, and especially modern sports), though often with a D&D twist.

Sigil Prep is inclusive.

One of the points of the setting is that all the options are available. It was originally conceived during the 3.5 edition era of D&D, and part of its mission was to make every class, race, feat, spell, and even regional background not only available, but easily available without adaptation. Students can come from any D&D setting, past or present, be it Eberron or the Realms, Krynn or Blackmoor.

This current iteration is aiming more at the 5th edition experience, although it should be easily adapted to any rules set.

Likewise, within the setting, the school opens its doors to anyone interested in studying there, be they a Halfling barbarian, a half-orc bard, or a mind flayer with a desire to find himself. The ideal character isn't necessarily the most optimized, but the most quirky and fun.

And the professors are the best of the best. Mordenkainen, Storm Silverhand, Merrix d'Cannith. The biggest names from throughout the many worlds of D&D. And some smaller names that have comedic potential. The Handbooks for each major detail the major members of each department's faculty.

Sigil Prep is a labor of love.

The idea for Sigil Prep came to me in 2005. My last successful campaign had been blended genres (D&D in modern Miami), and I was looking for another genre that might mix interestingly with FRPGs. When the idea to mix it with the *American Pie*-style of teen sex comedy popped into my head, I tinkered with it until I had something I liked.

I presented Sigil Prep initially on the Wizards of the Coasts message boards, and had one of the most replied-to and positively received threads on the site for a while. By June, I had launched a play-by-post game on the now-defunct site Plothook.net, in a game that ran for six years, with dozens of players, many of whom played from day one to the bitter end.

For years, I had a modestly popular web site describing the setting, which I made the horrible decision to completely tear down and try to rebuild as a 4th edition setting, never regaining the momentum of the original SP. Soon enough, it died.

But now, I reintroduce Sigil Prep as an organically growing (I hope) setting, focusing on 5th edition, but with options for running it in any version of D&D, from the white box to whatever comes out tomorrow. It's a continuous work in progress, so the various documents herein will update frequently, but the blog will keep you informed.

Sigil Prep awaits!

Applications are open, admissions are being accepted. Welcome to Sigil Prep. Hope you survive your stay. And even if you don't, the resurrection may be covered by your medical plan.

The Lay of the Land

In the City of Sigil, there's a small suburb called Sigil East, that you may not have noticed before. It's actually fairly sizable once you're visiting, but somehow, it's easy to miss. Most people only talk about it when they're looking for the school that sits smartly in its center.

That school is the Sigil Preparatory University, called Sigil Prep by most. A visitor to the school from Modern Earth would recognize it as a university right away; it has all the hallmarks and landmarks of a modern school, from the world class athletic stadium, to the cafeteria and the infirmary, to the lofty library tower with the clock faces that you can read from any point on campus.

Visitors to whom Universities are a single building full of studious scholars may recognize it as the rawest sort of Chaos outside of the planes of Limbo. Either way.

A full tour of the campus can be found in the *Student Life* book.

People of Sigil Prep

There's every sort of person here from every sort of place. Unlike other schools throughout the planes, there is no "typical" Sigil Prep student. She might be a flighty chaotic good Deva who mistakenly believes herself to be a lawful evil Erinyes, or he might be a chipper beholder in a ballcap baking cookies for his friends. You might meet an in-over-his-head young half-elf from a backwater village who is overwhelmed by the majesty and diversity, or a jaded tiefling local who can't believe anyone thinks this is out of the ordinary.

Every character you meet in Sigil Prep is a potential surprise, defying expectation, or exaggerating expectation to an extreme degree.



Text and concept by Patrick Duke

Art and logo design by David Cummings

Dungeons & Dragon and all related properties ©Wizards of the Coast

Special thanks to: all my players over the years (especially Chris, Calvin, Ronnie, Caleb, Allie, Tim, Alex, Herman, and so many others); David Cummings, artist and goodest of good friends; Ghostwheel, who saved most of the 3.5 Sigil Prep information, and posted it where I could get to it; guildsbounty from the codemonkeyreport.com boards who saved a lot of 4e content and whom I might have stolen some jokes from on accident; Tyger and Judas Goat-Baali, whose motivational posters saved a whole lot more of my 4e jokes; all the guys on the WotC message boards (notably Reinforcements, who created Coach Klank, DeeL, manyfist, a Man in Black, Gilganarz the Reporter, Jandor1, Madrion, Dagda Mor, theOne333, scwolf, Kodiak_Claw, ravendm, Dogurasu Thanatos, and many others) who helped me brainstorm this thing in the first place; the Wayback Machine, for preserving much of the old website. And thanks to anybody I forgot to thank. (If I stole a joke from you and you aren't credited, contact me so I can thank you by name).