

Sights and Sounds of Ravnica

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NIVIX

VITU-GHAZI

NEW PRHAV

Sightseeing in the City of Guilds
by Richard Malena-Webber



SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF RAVNICA

BY RICHARD MALENA-WEBBER

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ALWAYS SOMETHING TO SEE IN RAVNICA!

"Diversity is Ravnica's greatest strength. Each Guild has a place here, and we could no more do away with the brutality of the Gruul than the law of the Azorius. Our unity is what makes us unique in all the planes."

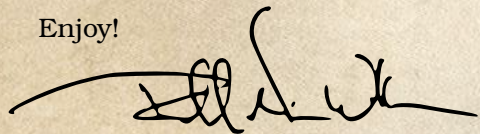
—Jace Beleren, *Living Guildpact*

THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS

Ravnica is a vibrant and diverse city, filled with the absolute wonder, near-constant rivalry, and unique challenge that comes from the ten Guilds packed together on a single set of labyrinthine streets. As your players race around this wonderful city, you've got to make sure that they're always looking around corners to find something new and exciting! Give them some fantastic sights to see.

My hope in writing this little guide to Ravnica is simply to help flesh out the world. Maybe your players just want to see what the Simic are up to in the middle of their battles against the Cult of Rakdos. Or maybe your team of Boros Guards need to a few quick patrols before they get into the heart of your adventure. Either way, with this book and a quick roll of the dice, you should have plenty of events to get fill your city with some serious Ravnican delights.

Enjoy!



SIGHTSEEING

To bring the city to life, read some of the following events to your party as they travel throughout Ravnica during their adventures. These events are each tied to one of the ten Guilds described in the *Guildmaster's Guide to Ravnica*. You may also roll randomly using either the **Guild Die** or a d10 on the following table.

1d10	Guild	1d10	Guild
1	Azorius	6	Izzet
2	Boros	7	Orzhov
3	Dimir	8	Rakdos
4	Golgari	9	Selesnya
5	Gruul	10	Simic

Once you've selected a Guild, either choose an event within that section or roll 1d4 to select one at random. Each of these prompts has the potential to lead players into new adventures and meet new characters during their travels. Some of these events may make more sense in certain Precincts than others. However, as Guild influence is widespread throughout Ravnica, these have intentionally been left without a specifically tied location.

To give players a visual prompt, each of these events contains links to Magic: the Gathering card art from Gatherer, the official online card database. Both the **title** and **bold text** link to the same card.

Azorius



HAUGHTY ACOLYTES

Two **Azorius acolytes** dressed head to toe in House blue and white stride through the crowd with imperious faces. As they glance at their clipboards to ensure everything is running to schedule, it becomes hard to ignore their sneers of contempt at the masses beginning to assemble for the upcoming festival. The acolytes attempt to regain a sense of stoicism as they turn towards the Grand Cathedral.

PRIDE OF THE CLOUDS

Far above the city, a **small pride of golden lions** leaps from cloud to cloud. Their long manes stream behind as they soar in front of the sun. You shade your hand from the sudden glare and when you look back to the sky, all you can see is a sudden scattering of graceful blue birds. Nearby, two Azorius trainers speak in low tones as they take notes on the performance. One whistles a sharp note, and the birds gather and follow the trainers down the street.

JUSTICE OF THE ARBITER

A nearby crowd cheers loudly as a series of halberd hafts slam down onto a wooden platform. Walking the stage is a massive figure dressed in the **robes of an Arbiter**. *"Since neither claim may be verified, each shall bear the burden of their actions!"* With a gesture, the Arbiter's guards close the stocks around the necks of two distraught fighters. *"Maybe shame will teach you respect for the logic of justice."*

HALLOWED FOUNTAIN

A momentary silence provides a respite from the usual chaos that fills the streets. You see a long, wide path leading towards a beautiful statue in a large, **marble fountain**. The fountain burbles softly in the distance. Though clearly a work of beauty, the celestial sculpture stands in the middle of an empty lane. Suddenly, the statue turns with a shocking grace to look right at you. *"You shouldn't be here."*

Boros



PATROLLING THE STREETS

A trio of well-armored **Boros guards** haul a grinning jester through the crowd by his blood red cape. The clown hands out grimy pamphlets which invite any and all to come see the delights of Rakdos circus in Precinct Six. Before anyone can read the cryptic text, a fourth Boros guard calmly confiscates each pamphlet, saying *"Nothing to see here, please move along."*

GOBLIN RECRUITS

"Again!" shouts a Boros sergeant standing near some kind of urban obstacle course. **Three young goblins** grit their teeth and charge through the debris, leaping skillfully across the course before battling their way up a set of ropes to be the first to reach a golden bell. A second soldier laughs and rolls his eyes. *"Keep it civil, soldier,"* says the sergeant. *"All are welcome in the Boros ranks. Especially since those goblins each ran this course faster than you ever could."*

COURIER HAWK

With a piercing cry, a **trio of hawks** dives and weaves between the chimneys and balconies above the city streets. One hawk veers above a loxodon bakery, flaps to a sudden stop, and carefully drops an envelope of spices through the window. The baker steps out and tosses a morsel of meat into the air. The courier hawks catch the reward and quickly tear it apart before continuing down the street.

FIREMANE ANGEL

Many visitors to Sunhome wonder why the Legion would build a lighthouse in the middle of a city. A beam of radiance shines across Precinct Four from atop the tall spire. As you watch, the light stops and focuses on a point in the distance. Suddenly, the light launches across the sky on **wings of golden flame**, drawing a sword as the Boros angel prepares for battle.

Dimir



MEMORY MERCHANT

You walk past a conversation between a Selesnyan noble and a **Dimir merchant**. The Dimir claims to be able to “*make you forget any memory you wish!*” As he further explains that the Selesnyan will have to reveal the secret to the merchant before any transaction can occur, the noble leaves in a huff. The Dimir nods to an accomplice across the street who makes an almost illegible note in a little, black book.

NEGOTIATING A BARGAIN

A tall, lanky figure beneath a midnight blue cloak stands outside a market stall. A merchant sits at a ramshackle table before a parchment covered in tiny letters. In her right hand is a **spidery quill**, with golden legs that pierce her wrist. The spider legs tremble, drawing small beads of her blood into a small reservoir. With a dusty voice, the shadowy figure speaks. “*Just sign right here and House Dimir will make all your financial troubles just disappear.*” The merchant trembles, then signs in blood.

DIMIR CUTPURSE

“*Where’d the creature go?*” Three Gruul soldiers quickly push aside hanging carpets and cabinets filled with trinkets in a small market stall. “*It pinched my gold and it’s hiding somewhere in this mess!*” The merchant begins to shout for help as one soldier tears down a rack filled with colorful doublets. Across the crowded lane, you see a smiling figure **dressed in rags** heft a clinking pouch. It watches the soldiers for a moment longer before fading to dust.

HOUSE OF SHADOW

A harsh breeze momentarily stops you in your tracks. The winds of Ravnica blow strongest in the Tenth District, drawing dust down through the cold iron grate to the Undercity. Deep below, the augurs of **Duskmantle** sift through the wind, pulling secrets and whispers from the air. You watch passers-by pull their collars close, shuddering against the ill wind.

Golgari



THE GARDENERS

Three **Golgari druids** stand beneath a few recently pruned trees in a nearby courtyard. As you watch, the druids run their fingers along the pruned branches, which quickly begin to sprout with new leaf buds. The druids smile to each other, but as they turn and see you watching, their smiles turn to sharp-toothed growls before they turn back to their work.

BLOODBOND MARCH

The entrances to the Golgari subterranean home are easy to locate from the overwhelming smell. The stench of centuries-old rot hardly seems to bother the **three Devkarin elves** guarding a darkened stairwell. Moss grows from the skin around their eyes, and each stands eerily still even in the bright sun. A priest emerges from the stairwell and tips a cup of gruel and blood into each mouth, providing gruesome sustenance for the mostly-dead soldiers.

DOWSING SHAMAN

A Selesnya soldier cleans blood from the head of her spear as a pair of Rakdos bodies cool on the city streets. She looks up and nods wearily as an **elder centaur** strides up and hands her a pile of coins. Finding the sum acceptable, the Selesnya turns and wanders off into the city. The centaur druid moves his gnarled staff along the bodies, smiling slightly as bright, arcane sparks flow from bracelet and necklace, up the staff, and form a silvery halo around the druid’s head.

GRAVE-SHELL SCARAB

You hear a shout up ahead as the crowd in the street comes to a sudden halt. Before you can wonder what the shouting is all about, an **enormous beetle** rises and towers above the nearby building. A drover sits atop the great scarab, pulling on a long set of reins as the beast clambers forward onto the street. The beetle drags a sledge filled with corpses, destined for a Golgari rot farm deep in the Undercity.

Gruul



FIGHT CLUB

A small crowd stands around a twenty foot square of barbed wire and tattered red ribbons in an alley behind the market. Inside, a **massive loxodon** trades punches with a lightning-quick goblin, both dressed in the green and red of the Gruul Clans. With a loud trumpeting blast, the loxodon finally slams a thunderous stomp down on the goblin, bringing an abrupt but satisfying end to the competition.

SHAMAN OF THE BURNING TREE

"Anyone who wishes to join mighty Gruul must first sacrifice to the flames!" An **imposing centaur** with antlers tied tightly to his head stares down at a long line of nearly naked recruits, each clutching a burlap sack with their belongings. *"The Burning Tree only keeps what they can rip and tear from the world! We leave civilization behind."* You watch as bright-eyed recruits in rags throw in their last, lonely possessions, slowly catching flame as they rejoin the wild.

GRUUL NODOROG

An eerie silence falls on the streets around you as everyone stops walking and perks up their ears. A **gravelly bark** can be heard, just at the edge of hearing, and then another coming swiftly closer. The crowd immediately turns and silently scatters into the buildings around them. One merchant pounds on a house door, and when the matron cracks it open, the terrified merchant speaks a single word. *"Nodorog."* Her eyes grow wide as she pulls the merchant inside and bolts the door.

NARBULG THE SCARRED

Even from a distance, the guttural cries of Gruul berserkers are completely unmistakable. Loud shouts are punctuated with the shrill screech of metal grinding against metal. Plumes of dust reach into the sky as a small horde shove a **cruel, spiked plow** through the wreckage of a ruined building. As they race past, you see a towering ogre, scarred from innumerable wounds. The ogre bellows and the horde pushes the war plow onward and out of sight.

Izzet



MUSEUM OF THE WEIRD

Four wagons are set in a semi-circle, sharing the newest advances from the Izzet League. In the first, a model city hovers above a glowing silver plate. The second and third each pulse with elemental energy as the Pyrologists and the Arcane Geometers duel for the crowd's pleasure. In the last, glass columns house **mysterious Weirds**, flashing back and forth from bright fire to liquid ice in a chaotic, magical flux.

INVOKE THE FIREMIND

A loud scream sends the crowd racing away from a darkened street, where a magician stands rigidly with her hands held over her eyes. The energy from her final spell pours through her fingers, burning its way into the sky **like an arcane storm**. The magician falls to her knees as fire erupts from her skin. In moments, all that remains is a swirl of ash in the street, blowing slightly as the arcane energy disperses into the sky.

ACHRONAL DISPLACEMENT

"This entire area is under quarantine." Four members of the Izzet League scurry inside a dark house slowly overflowing with a foamy green slime. A **Chronarch** spins an hourglass, allowing the sand inside to strangely begin flowing from the bottom to the top. As you watch, the slime shrinks and constricts, flowing back inside the house and out of sight. *"Quarantine under is area entire this,"* says the Chronarch as the League members smile and begin walking backwards up the street.

AERIE OF THE FIREMIND

As the sun sets, the streets of Precinct Four remain lit by the crimson energy crackling in the sky above the **tower of Nivix**. A visitor to the city begins to mutter but his friend quickly laughs and points to the tower's apex. *"Feel free to ask the mighty dragon Niv-Mizzet to calm it down if you like. The Izzet always need new volunteers for their experiments."* The visitor takes a last look at the shining tower before shuddering and turning away.

Orzhov



THE HONORED DEAD

A covered palanquin moves down the lane, carried by a small troop of acolytes in gray. Beneath the plain cover sits a **ghostly figure**, looking out over the crowd with disdain. As the palanquin passes, you hear the figure speak, complaining about the city's squalor. *"Back when I was alive, this level of filth and chaos would have been a disgrace. Did anyone truly believe the pathetic Boros were up the job?"* The acolytes quickly mutter along in agreement and continue down the path.

AGENT OF MASKS

A narrow doorway leads into a dim shop covered from top to bottom in masks. Grinning wooden masks with curled horns, and painted porcelain masks with the sharp tusks of a loxodon. The wide variety of masks shows a breathtaking span of emotions carved by a master crafter. A **woman with an ivory mask** steps forward and silently tilts her head at you. She whispers and the door slams shut.

CONJURER'S BAN

"Your emotions make you weak, my friends. Draw upon the power of your ancestors and find peace." Standing on the stairs is a cheerful man in the stern robes of an **Orzhov pontiff**. He gestures, and a figure staggers out of a nearby alcove, the wisps of ghostly fingers sliding free of his skull and returning to the shadows. The figure rights himself with a face devoid of feeling and walks away. *"Wonderful. Who's next?"*

GRAVEN DOMINATOR

A sudden movement grabs your attention, but as you look up at the roof of the Orzhov basilica, all you can see is the ring of **silent gargoyles** along the rooftop. *"Best keep clear,"* whispers a veldaken as she passes. *"They say that when the statues fall and shatter in the street, you go weak in the knees. Easy prey for a hungry ghost."* She hastily casts a defensive cantrip and hurries down the street.

Rakdos



DANCING IN THE STREETS

With a hoot and a laugh, **five dancers** burst forth from the crowd, bringing applause from delighted passers-by at their crazed antics. After a short performance, one dancer grins and brings forth a curved knife, slicing their own arm and holding it aloft. The dancers shout in glee as blood drips to the cobblestone path. The crowd slowly thins as the dancer offers the knife to anyone who wants to join in the entertainment.

ANTHEM OF RAKDOS

As you walk through the city, a slow thumping sound begins to pound in your ears and echo in your chest. A chant pours from a rough chorus, weaving around the drumbeat in a frenetic counterpoint. Suddenly, the street clears as a meandering parade shouts the **Anthem of Rakdos** in a terrifying harmony. The crowd stands ready to defend themselves, but the chorus merely stomps their way around the corner and disappears in the distance. The crowd breathes a sigh of relief and gets back to work.

WALKING THE DRAGON

Four Rakdos performers stroll down the street with chilling smiles, each wearing heavy plate greaves and pulling a long chain. *"We need the poor girl to get used to people before our show tonight."* As one tugs on the chain, a **barrel-sized dragon** waddles forward, growling and blowing smoke in the air as she glares into the crowd. *"Otherwise, she might accidentally kill someone! See you at the show?"*

KRAVEN THE RATCATCHER

"Hey there. Got any rats?" You quickly turn around to see a **dark, hooded figure** grinning at with grime-covered teeth. His thick rags are caked with blood, and his hands show a web of bite marks from hundreds of viciously nibbling rats. He steps back in surprise. *"Begging your pardon, your highness. Mistook you for someone else."* The ratcatcher turns away, hobbling down the sidewalk.

Selesnya



HEART OF THE FOREST

A pair of centaurs stride through the crowd and pound on a large, wooden set of double doors. After a moment, they slide open revealing a gathering of elves and fey, laughing and drinking in the heart of a **hidden forest**. The centaurs stride through and the doors begin to close of their own accord. A shadowy figure races from an alley and tries to slip through, but flees from a sudden hail of tiny arrows.

BIRDS OF PARADISE

As you pass down the city streets, a brightly dressed quartet begins performing a beautiful song on a nearby corner. A flute trills while the hum of strings plays a quick, cheerful tune. One of the bards casts a handful of seed into the air, and a flock of birds swoop down on **rainbow-colored wings**. Only rarely seen within Ravnica, the birds of paradise hover and chirp along with the melody before fluttering away.

THE NURSERY

A massive tree stands in the very center of a sapling grove alongside a secluded home. As the sun's rays beat down, the tree spreads her branches, giving shade to the new growth beneath. Small dryads walk amongst the saplings, watering their roots and cleaning their leaves. All the while, **the elder shade tree** speaks in a low voice, telling a tale of four ancient treants and the day they allied with Selesnya.

CHANT OF VITU-GHAZI

A circle of hooded druids gather in a desolate street. Against the laws of Ravnica, the Selesnya have torn up the cobblestones to the soil beneath. As the druids raise their **voices in harmony**, a shimmering curtain begins to form above the dirt. As the chant grows ever louder, a towering tree begins to push through the portal, sending new leaves and branches into the deforested city. Roots embed themselves in the newly turned soil as the song finally dies out.

Simic



HARVESTING ACOLYTE

You walk beneath an archway and a drop of blue ooze hits your shoulder. You look up to see what you took for ornamental vines were really terrifying rows of hissing teeth attached to a long, wormlike carapace. Suddenly, a **Simic acolyte** steps in front of you and traps the worm to the roof of the arch with a narrow pitchfork. *"Sorry about that. Harvesting always gets a little exciting."*

SIMIC ASSAULT ZEPPELID

A shadow falls upon the street, and as you look, you see a disturbing form blocking out the afternoon sun. An **interconnected net of seedpods** has inflated and lifted into the air, taking with it an entire city block of Ravnican stone that rains dirt and pebbles back into the street. Striding between the ballooning seed pods, you can just make out a pair of Simic mages using powerful gusts of wind to propel the aerial battering ram across the sky.

PROPHETS OF CHANGE

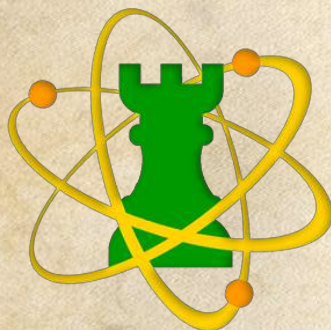
As the sun rises to its zenith, the **Oracles of Zameck** slip from the Simic stronghold and make their way to five large rocks surrounding a shallow pool. Heating themselves on the sun-warmed stones, the Oracles begin shouting cryptic phrases at the waiting crowd. Each phrase is a minor truth, meant for a single citizen of Ravnica, though the Oracles never reveal the intended audience. The faithful crowd does their best to follow each small prophecy, just in case.

OCULAR HALO

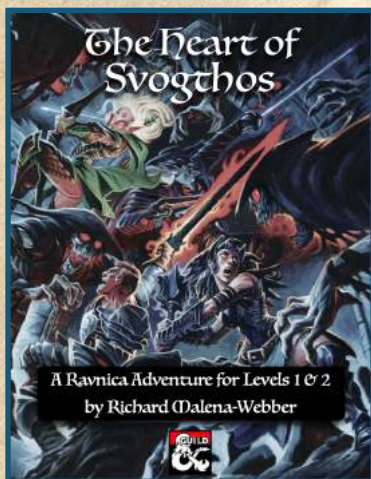
"Pardon me, friends, but have you seen my glasses?" The sudden voice belongs to a lanky veldaken patting his coat and looking at the ground beneath him. Hovering around his head is a **ring of floating eyes** of every color, looking outwards and upwards and away at everything except the spectacles resting on his brow. *"I'm sure I dropped them, but there's just so much to see. I'm having trouble focusing..."*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Richard Malena-Webber is an academic, puzzle and game designer, and presenter. He's designed puzzles for everything from the launch of the Tomb Raider movie to live interactive crime-solving mysteries. Rich created and hosts [Atomic Game Theory](#), a video series devoted to game analysis, and he created the Puzzle Keyring, an educational decryption tool for codes and ciphers. In addition to developing his own projects, he's contributed to RPGs and board games like Keith Baker's [Phoenix: Dawn Command](#) and Avalon Hill's [Betrayal at the House On The Hill: Widow's Walk](#). Currently, you can find Rich co-hosting the tabletop news podcast [Going Last](#) and the RPG actual play podcast [Gosh Darn Fiasco](#), teaching math to high school students, and playing lots and lots of board games. If you can't find Rich on the internet, you may be able to find him at a convention near you.



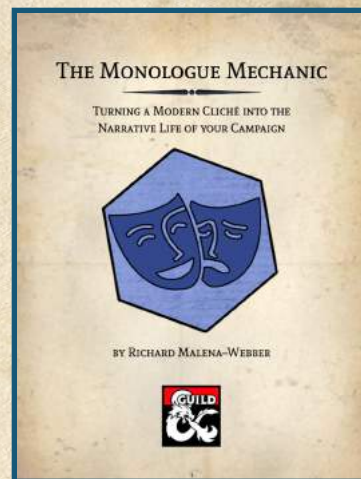
FIND MY OTHER PROJECTS ON THE DMS GUILD!



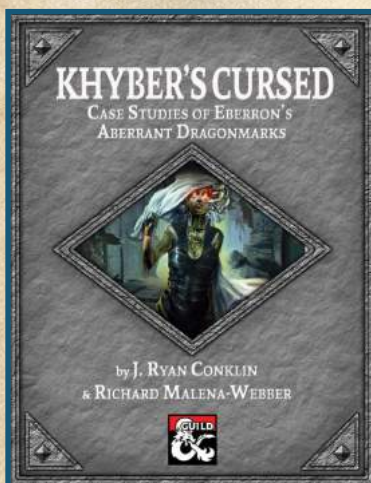
THE HEART OF SVOGTHOS



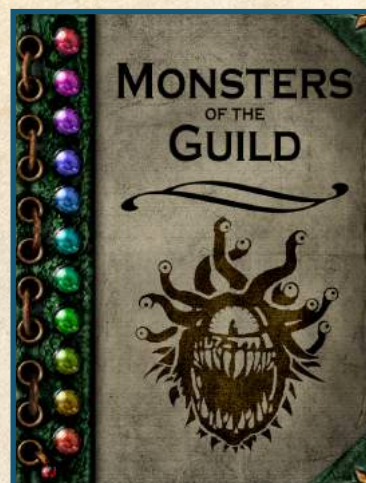
RISE OF THE CHAMPIONS



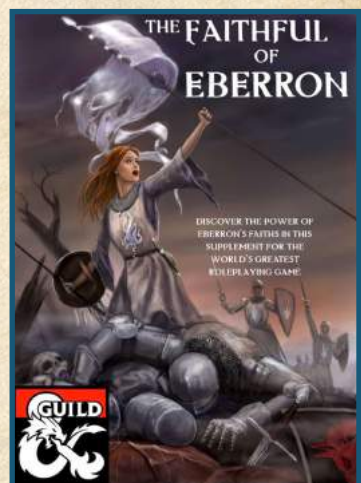
THE MONOLOGUE MECHANIC



KHYBER'S CURSED



MONSTERS OF THE GUILD



THE FAITHFUL OF EBERRON