

The Bilgezaar is an open secret for most Celesteians, with most residents and even some frequent visitors being aware of the existence of this dubiously legal market deep within the lowest levels of the city. Down, deep down within the bowels of the hydrostatic generators that maintain the underwater city's atmosphere lies a section of criss-crossing walkways, catwalks, and rotting gantries that form a three-dimensional maze of commercial scaffolding. Getting down to the Bilgezaar itself takes some effort, since no major or convenient turbolifts run that far. However, knowing the right turns to take and the private maintenance elevators to ride will lead to a dark and gloomy deck level that reeks of brine and kelp, and the runoff of the affluent above.

Nestled in various shacks and stalls, the merchants of the Bilgezaar offer a bewildering multitude of nicknacks and curios, seemingly drenched from the bottoms of the galaxy's oceans. All manner of weird and wonderful items find their way here along the currents of trade, washing up in a dingy stall or hawked from the deep pockets of street vendors plying the walkways.

The air hangs heavy with a mix of seawater and lubricants, the sting of ozone from the hydrostatic generators seeping into the air to clear out some of the worst pollutants, but leaving the general ambiance thoroughly unpleasant to the uninitiated. The dampness permeates everything, making reptilian species more at home than mammals, but all the same a wide variety of species are represented among both vendors and clientele.

A droning hum dominates the background, with clangs of metal walkways and the drip of condensing water adding to the otherworldly ambiance. Light is scarce, not least for the fact most of what is on offer would not survive its piercing scrutiny, but also as a respite from the glamour and glitter of the streets above. For those who enjoy the dark and the wilder side of life, the Bilgezaar offers untold potential, nourished by the opulence of the city's wealthy elite.

As the local saying goes: *In the end, all good things run into the Bilgezaar.*