



## 26. Second Week of The Pivot

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# exclusive

## ATHAR TRIAL SPLITS FACTION

by *Vido Togarini\**, *Political Culler*

SIGIL (Lower Ward) -- This past week marked the beginning of a strange and tumultuous *Defier trial* in the halls of the Shattered Temple. Under the charge of conspiracy and treason is Flogisto, athasian elf and factor of the Athar, prosecuted for his questionable connections with the exiled Godslayers, the faction's extremist and fanatic branch. Betrayal of faction ideals and information is not a crime as far as the Guvners are concerned, but high-ups within the Athar have made a solemn pledge to uphold Defier beliefs and face "excommunication" from the faction for breaking this pledge.

During this trial, no visitors are allowed in the faction's headquarters; access has been prohibited both to non-Defiers and even to modest namers. (Apparently, this is one of the few occasions where the faction doesn't want the rabble roused.) And thanks to Hardhead Mover Five Tonat Shar's support, the Temple's internal surveillance has been tripled. Only Defiers or higher-ranked factioneers are allowed on the Main Terrace this morning. Interestingly though, the defiers let in a small number of cullers from reputable newsrags, and I was granted the possibility of attending the assembly as a professional culler for S.I.G.I.S.



Defier Flogisto advanced to factor status less than three months ago as a reward for a, still

dark, political manoeuvre. Officially, as a faction high-up, his job was the recruitment of new namers to the Athar. At the trial, his assistants and colleagues spoke well of him. "He's a real top-shelf boss, sod, trust me. Not like all the leatherheaded screed-slingers that usually climb up their faction's hierarchy just by rattlin' their bone-boxes in a committee", said the githzerai Gild Kleimt, one of Flogisto's most impetuous subordinates.

The prosecutor is Factor Gadlik Tress, commander-in-chief of the Shattered Temple's internal security. He has been one of Terrance's most loyal servants for almost twenty years. According to sources close to the case, Tress is said to have a couple compromising documents for the defendant in his armoured hands.

Factor Flogisto appeared in the Athar courtroom wearing his duty uniform: a flowing blue robe with the grey and green symbol of the guild sewn over his chest. His long, black hair was tied up by a tiny golden ring, and his pointed ears were adorned with silver earrings (known as "Athasian ear-drops"). His long elven face wore a simultaneously frigid and indifferent look as he calmly listened to the indictments. When he was asked whether he acknowledged his guilt or not, he stated, "It is my aim to demonstrate during the trial that my faithfulness to the cause of the Athar is unquestionable. Somebody will pay for this wicked plot." At this statement, his supporters in the court went wild, and Factor Tress had to wait several minutes before he obtained the right to speak.

The first witness summoned by the prosecutor was Ridgath Ro, head of internal security in the Athar Astral Citadel. Ro testified: "Ah've seen Factor Flogisto go to and fro' at least a dozen times in less than a fortnight. He told me he was interested in studyin' the dead gods floatin' in the Astral, and said he dinnae want an escort with him. Ah tried to insist, but he dinnae change his mind at all. Ah found that rather odd".

Factor Flogisto didn't raise any objections during Ro's questioning, remaining impassive throughout. And he continued to show no emotion even when Factor Tress announced that, without Factor Terrance's consent, he had had Flogisto shadowed by a several namers during some of Flogisto's journeys through the Silver Void. All of them testified, in writing, that Flogisto did not once go to examine a single "divine" corpse.

"So where has our fine, upstanding member of the faction been travelling to all this time?", asked Tress rhetorically. "And why has he been lying to his fellow factioneers? There is only one explanation for such secretive behaviour: Factor Flogisto has been travelling to the headquarters of the exiled Godslayers. Therefore he is a traitor!" Gadlik Tress ended with a triumphant shout, pointing at the silent elf while the audience rose in an uproar. At this point, the faction broke up in two dissenting parties, and their arguments became so enraged that Factor Terrance was forced to adjourn the trial for a week.

Clearly, things are taking a bad turn for Factor Flogisto, though he appears unconcerned. Should we expect a stage trick? Or is he just disheartened by the testimony? I hope to find out the answers to these questions when the trial resumes.

\* *Vido Togarini is also a factotum of the Society of Sensation.*

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



newsbriefs





## GOD OF WAR TARGETS PEACEFUL ELVES

*by, Rual'tri-est, Tiefling Indep, Planewalker*

ARBOREA (Arvador) -- A recent, probably Anarchist, tip put me on the trail of a couple of addle-coved Guvners travelling from Sigil to the beautiful lands of Arvador, home of freedom and expressionism. The Guvners trail, not exactly difficult to follow, led me to a place of unrivalled beauty: the Elven town of Aerquislas (Air-kiss-las), which lies enclosed at the bottom of an exposed cliff face shaped in an arc about 2 miles across. Five waterfalls, fuelled by the waters of the Silverflow River, tumble majestically from the cliff edge the water dancing off the innumerable crevices, outcroppings and overhangs causing the air to be saturated with water droplets. The droplets appear forever in conflict, rapidly forming what seem to be sentient clouds, and firing out rainbows through the air that land deep within the rock and are believed to reflect the very feeling of the town below. Unfortunately, I was unable to read the turmoil in these reflections, or I might have known what to expect below.

Well cutters, upon reaching the cliff edge for the final 1000-foot drop to the floor and town below, the promises of seeing this beautiful burg raised the hairs on my back as I began the descent. I whispered a penitent verse to Tymora to bring my hide some good fortune.

However, as I travelled down through the clouds breaking out just above the tree line, I realised that all was not well in Aerquislas. The air was thick and heavy with the smell of smouldering fires. A simmering layer of heat could be seen locked between the clouds and the floor of the rock face, tainted with a grey lustre. The trees seemed to bear no ill will poking through what appeared to be an impenetrable soup of greyness. So I continued in pursuit of what lurked below still unaware of the darks hidden beneath their silent boughs. As I reached the floor of the cliff face the atmosphere dropped to a saturnine level, visibility became a premium limited to 10 or 20 feet. My olfactory senses were assaulted with air thick with gray

Factor Ariella Myrystyl has informed me out of a population of 984, only 7 remain in the town and were residing within in the Sensates HQ. Two of these are the Guvners who arrived yesterday to take detailed notes on the whole affair (as ever, daft sods). Ariella arrived three days ago with her betrothed Aborex, a tall, white-eyed human-like individual wrapped up in silvery-grey fur robes. Both Aborex and Ariella had buried all of the fallen populace within the roots of the ancient trees surrounding Aerquislas. The other three, the only Elven survivors of the assault, were two young Elven women and a newly born child. These tormented souls have spent the days since Ariella and Aborex arrived staring into the grey mists, the poor sods merely rocking back and forth lamenting the loss of loved ones. They also can be heard continuously rattling their bone-boxes about seeing a beautiful young male Elf, wrapped in blue silks, wielding a long sword and long bow. They ramble on that it was he who felled those humans lying around the town and prevented the invaders from destroying the Temple and the House of Soporific Enchantments.

Ariella has informed me that they are awaiting the arrival of a defence force of Elven Bladesingers, Eladrin, and a number of Priests (each a member of the Celedrine) that will be protecting Aerquislas for the near future. The Guvners have also been in action, although they were loath to inform me of any plan to prevent all out upper planar "War of Proportions", as they put it, which could rival the Blood War if the source of this Chaos is not unearthed.

The Guvners have involved the Mercykillers in an attempt to apprehend the Captain of the Ares Warriors. Thus, the air around Aerquislas was infused with an all too different kind of chill when the Red Death sent a basher by the name of Justiciar Erst'tara. This must be proof that the Mercykillers have a sense of humour,

smoke, smelling of singed flesh and wood. One of the first sights I noticed as I meandered cautiously through the damp, boggy turf underfoot were fleeting glimpses of diminutive fires fuelling the fiendish, necrotic atmosphere whose stench overpowered Sigil's Great Foundry.

The chilling lack of Elven revelry and liveliness was also apparent; the water was falling with a saturated solemnity in tune with the passing of some woebegone atrocity here in Aerquislas. The water in the lake surrounding the town has taken on the sickly, red colour of blood. Further investigations revealed a litter of *Human bodies* and a distinct *lack of any Elven bodies!* All the human bodies I found had shaven heads, and a symbol in the form of an ornate spear tattooed down the full length of their spine. Apparently, they were all warriors of the Olympian Power Ares!

I was only able to investigate these barmy events for a brief period before being apprehended by what I first took for some sodding wing sporting celestial high up patrolling what I understood to be an adroitly extinguished Elven town. After getting the smoke out of my eyes I was granted sight of one of the rarest of Elven beauty, a Female Avariel. This winged vixen introduced herself as Ariella Myrystyl, Factor of the Society of Sensation, explaining to me that all survivors were currently being housed in the faction's House.

According to Ariella, the whole place was levelled by the Ares warriors in about 40 minutes, and the ruthless beasts put 3 of Aerquislas' high-ups in the dead-book: L'l'elrih an female Elven mage, Isatris a Priest of Aerdrie Faenya and L'iteruz a Priestess of Hanali Celanil. A fourth, a Priest of Corellon Larethian is missing, and presumed dead, and these mad bashers are also believed to have captured a Ghaele Eladrin by the name of Jelraz who was residing in the town at the time of the assault. This should be a warning to all those who approach these frenzied Warriors: they are not inept in battle.

with half of a Tiefling's visage in a stinking state of decimation. The other half of her face is held in the immaculate perfect beauty of the succubus who attempted to possess her during the transformation to lichdom (I didn't find out exactly how this state of lichdom was achieved). Why the Red Death decided to send such a one to the land of Arvandor is beyond comprehension, but Factor Nilesia of the Mercykillers has made stranger decisions before.

The Mercykillers have also brought more recent and powerful recruits, which suggests the involvement of some high-up Bloods, and they are definitely out to feed some daft sod to the Wyrms. Ariella believes there is no real reasoning behind the attack, and that Aerquislas was a victim of unfortunate circumstances. She said she would be surprised if they were attacked here again. (Of course, there is very little left to attack at the moment.) However, she couldn't hold out the same hope for any other Elven settlements throughout Arvandor, or any Bloods throughout the whole of Arborea or the Upper Planes, if Ares has some grudge to settle.

Erst'tara mentioned to me in a sickening, liling rasp that she had (what was left of) a nose for a Fiend in this matter. She claimed she could smell the stench of one of those sods a layer away, and up to 1000 miles in any direction. (Sounds incredible, but who am I to question a lich Mercykiller?). She was off to find something anyway, and Powers help the poor sod that gets in her way or participates in her enquiry's.

Well cutters, no-one really seems to know what in Baator is going on here. We lament the passing of the fair folk here in Aerquislas, and I wait in anticipation for what Justiciar Erst'tara finds; it's sure to cause some stir anyway, a Lich wandering around Arvandor!

[Author: [John Kyle](#)]



## BAATEZU ISSUE BOUNTY ON "INFANTA'S HAND"

by fiendish correspondent Bur'loth Ja-Kar

BAATOR -- In a highly irregular move today, a spokesfiend for the Lord of the Nine Bel issued a bounty of 200,000 jinx for the capture of a ragtag band of planewalkers calling themselves the "Infanta's Hand". The group, pictured right, consist of a burly half-giant believed to be of Athasian stock, a kender named Whistler, a dandy human mage-fighter and a priest of the Torilian power of love, Sune.

This culler is puzzled as to why the Baatezu have issued this massive bounty, rather than deal with the group themselves or using more traditional agents. One can only assume the pit fiend Bel has his reasons, for this smacks rather of a last resort. How four prime planewalkers can pose such a menace to the Baatezu race is also dark, though this culler has done some digging.

The group themselves seem no more special than any other band of adventuring primes, save for their name. The *Infanta* are a legendary race of immortals from Arborea, known through history for their great animosity towards all things Baatorian. Whether these primes are acting as assassins for the eladrin or the presumed-extinct race of Infanta are actually alive and well, is anyone's guess. The sheer scale of the bounty suggests to this culler that Bel takes any possible threat very seriously indeed.



**Artist's Impression of the *Infanta's Hand***

[Author: Jon Winter]

The fact remains, however, that a huge amount of money has been pledged to the blood who manages to capture these cutters without killing them. It sounds likely that every hard-up Cager sword-for-hire this side of Limbo will be out scouring the Great Ring for a sniff of these bashers. Good luck to 'em, I say!



## UMPLEBY CONVENIENTLY DISRUPTS COUNCIL VOTE ON WEAPON TAXATION

SIGIL (Hall of Speakers) -- A vital vote on the taxation of armaments was disrupted this week by a crazed umpleby. Apparently, the beast stumbled through a long-forgotten portal from the darkest forests of Acheron right into the middle of a council meeting in the Hall of Speakers. The beast, dazed and distressed by its sudden journey, promptly electrocuted nearby councillors, and reports suggest that Factol Erin of the Sensates was one of the injured. Sensate factors played down the rumours, admitting Erin's peacock-feather headdress was badly singed by a lightning bolt, but claiming her newfangled rubber bodysuit (all the rage in Sensate circles this week), deflected most of the charge.

The confused umpleby was quickly dispatched by T'koi, a beholder-mage factor of the Harmonium, with a *death spell*. Unfortunately, a nearby Xaositect speaker (Xzara, an argumentative half-elf already on suspended contempt of council sentence for refusing to utter any word containing the letter 's') was also slain by the ray, a circumstance that caused tempers to flare further. Factol Karan promptly called a vote of no confidence in the council, claiming T'koi killed his factor intentionally. The motion was defeated, and the entire Xaositect contingent turned themselves *invisible* in disgust.

As officials attempted to restore order in the courtroom, Factol Darkwood accused the



**The Umpleby, mid-electrocution**

[Author: Jon Winter]

Doomguard of deliberately planning the disruption to prevent the taxation vote (which would have doubled the price of weapons-grade steel in an attempt to curtail the stockpiling of weapons many observers claim the Sinkers are undertaking). Factol Pentar then became enraged, ripped out a bannister and lunged at the Duke. Sensing the meeting was rapidly degenerating into a brawl, Darius hastily adjourned the vote for a further month, to boeing and hisses from Indeps in the viewing gallery.



## TRIPLE REALM SEALED

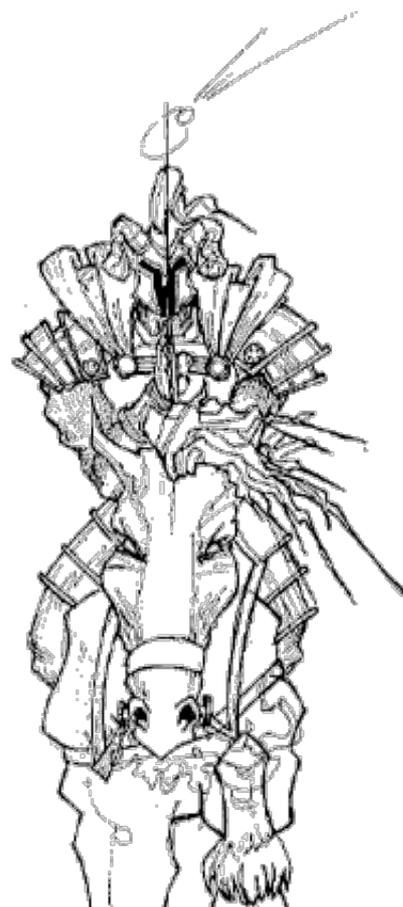
*by Maija Intwood*

ABYSS (Triple Realm) - In the wake of the chaos following the revelation that the Abyssal Lord Graz'zt is seeking a mate (SIGIS Issue 25, "Graz'zt seeks bride") the aforementioned Abyssal Lord has sealed his realm off tight. No cullers or fiends have been able to enter any of his three layers as far as we know. This is not for lack of trying. All sorts of fiends have tried to enter portals, but most of them wind up dead either because the portals are uniformly booby-trapped, or because they are dead-booked by other fiends also trying to enter the realm of his Infernal Majesty.

Direct investigation of 25 different portals, known to lead to the Triple Realm, found all of them trapped, or unresponsive to their portal keys. Typically, this is not a problem for fiends who can use their teleportation skills to go anywhere they please. However, it seems that Graz'zt has somehow managed to block all teleportation into his realm. Now one knows why Graz'zt sealed off his realm, but the speculation is that he wants to keep out other fiends who think they would be better mates than the ones he has chosen.

Meanwhile, word out of Broken Reach is that the forces of the burg have been under continual siege for the last week [See last issue, "Broken Reach Under Siege" - Ed.]. Apparently, Red Shroud, the leader of the burg, and her top-fiends have retreated to safety in the tunnels below the streets of Broken Reach where they are continually gating in squadrons of tanar'ri to protect the town. Bashers in Mithrengo, another burg on the first layer of the Abyss, say that the battle stretches for miles in every direction.

"You can literally see hills of dead-booked fiends through the dust-cloud of the battle", said planewalker Velia Teel. "Fiends are fighting each other hundreds of feet in the air, and the losers are falling like flies into the fray. The magical explosions are shaking Mithrengo like earthquakes. Every fiend in this town



**Mounted Fiendish  
Fighter  
at Broken Reach**

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]

headed straight for Broken Reach when word of the siege broke - the taverns were emptied in seconds. Actually, a whole bunch of planewalkers showed up and looted the town in the meantime. Naturally, as a Sensate, I just came for the experience of watching a Blood War battle." Teel's bulging pockets seemed to betray her true purpose in Mithrengo, but several other bashers corroborated her description of the battle.

Although the battle seems little more than a tremendous Abyssal riot, other information we have gathered suggests that more organised forces may be involved in the take-over. Word from Plague Mort indicates that the Blood War forces of Graz'zt's other potential bride, Rynin Blackscale [See last issue - Ed.] are part of the besieging force. This may be the competition Graz'zt wanted to see before choosing his mate: whoever comes out on top gets his hand in marriage.

Blood War sages suggest that this whole event may have serious consequences in the Blood War. These pundits say that while the tanar'ri are fighting each other, the baatezu may be able to launch a successful invasion into the Abyss for the first time in centuries. Chant has it that even now, baatezu forces are amassing on the Styx for just such an invasion.



## **RIBCAGE BROKEN?**

*by Rual'tri-est, Tiefling Indep, Planewalker*

**OUTLANDS (Ribcage)** -- Listen up all you berks, it looks like the stoic military atmosphere of Ribcage may have finally been kick-started into action: a massive explosion rocked the Outlands Gate Town to its core a few moons ago, and this immediately started bone-boxes flapping about an imminent Baatezu hoard spilling through Lord Parsaq's Gate from the Nine Hells, sprawling towards Plague Mort and beyond.....

As the penitent masses waited in trepidation for the onslaught, fearing a breakdown in the rigid agreement between the ruler of Ribcage and the Baatezu, a hush came over the crowds. Stopping further speculation was the realisation that the east wing of one of Lord Parsaq's closest allies, Chancellor Gelrequ, had been destroyed. Nobody has been allowed close enough to obtain an accurate report of exactly what state the aforesaid Mansion House lies in. However, reports are coming in that the whole east wing melted into the ground after an intense silver-flamed explosion was seen outside the walls

Information just in suggests that Veshelruth had two apprentice Mages, of what competence has yet to be revealed. However, the first was a human male by the name of Ril'athara, who is believed to have perished in the blast. Some of the sources suggest that his death may have been part of a macabre sacrifice. Other chant says he may have been assassinated because of some comments he made about an aura of unease and tension between Veshelruth, Lord Gelrequ, and the second apprentice.

Information on the second apprentice is coming in slowly and appears to be exceptionally hard to come by. Few people are exactly sure of the nature of this individual. The best information we could scrag is that this apprentice is a Tiefling who has trained under Veshelruth for an extended period of time. However, we think it is likely that the exact description of this second apprentice is well known to the high up bloods of Ribcage. Now two days after the accident this has begun to add a level of

surrounding the family estate. The chant on the street claims even Chancellor Gelrequ is indeed in the dead-book along with his own son Ehral and nephews Trichiv and Zanre. If these revelations prove true, this could spell disaster for the current ruler of Ribcage, Lord Parsaq, and suggests a potential power struggle after losing the support of one of his most devoted allies. It would be unlikely that the Gelrequ household could stabilise their own ranks and rally to support the town's ruler, after such a tragedy. Could we see potential infighting and power struggles falling into the streets of Ribcage after such a cataclysmic event? Ribcage waits with baited breath.

One of our sources in Ribcage, a Tiefling freedom fighter going by the name of Al'acath, said "The result of this 'disaster' is that security is being stepped up 10 fold. This has caused major problem in our work to release more from unjust servitude in this Hell-hole. I'm not sure [the explosion] was an attempt to display power and prevent release of those held in bondage within the walls of Ribcage, but that is certainly the effect the event has had. Whether accidental or sinister, it has set back the work of my people for many months. If intentional, I would love to lay my claws on the sod responsible."

Lord Parsaq quickly held a public meeting, more than likely to quash the fears of an impending Baatezu invasion. Accompanied by a strong contingent of Ribcage militia he tried to dispel any outlandish theories and speculations, and attributed the whole affair to an unfortunate accident involving the head Magister to House Gelrequ, a maiden by the name of Veshluruth. At the time of the conference, Magister Veshelruth was reported missing. However, she was not presumed dead, and there lies the dark of the situation. This is where I suspect fiendish play.

I sent a close associate, a Gnomish friend of mine (with the most exquisite) by the name of Llil'asterock-a'fore-littleroc'qa'frelal-altair (called Llil-al for short). He was garnished with the right amount of jink, in the most appropriate pocket, and sent off to find a description of this Magister. According to Llil-

revolutionaries (ones who are keen on a potential martyr) and there are suggestions that Lord Parsaq is holding back more information.

A number of cutters who have settled in Ribcage or are "in residence" either by choice or servitude, believe something major is afoot. They whisper in dark taverns that Chancellor Gelrequ may have come a whisker to close to the source of this something, and he was silenced to avoid critical information being leaked out. Who (or what) exactly may be involved remains a mystery, but it is clear that the missing Magister Veshelruth and her Tiefling apprentice are in this up to their bone-boxes.

In fact, a recent event suggests that the tiefling apprentice may play a most key role in the affair. Yesterday Llil-al made some remarks to me about the missing apprentice at Lord Parsaq's second evening brief. Well word got around to the Black Guard, and Llil-al was subsequently removed from the throng of local dignitaries, "investigators" and militia. He came to me later only slightly worse for wear with three broken ribs, a readjusted nose (which now looks slightly less majestic), a twisted ankle, a number of large footprint-like bruises, and welts across his back. (He's now heading in a direct line back to Sigil for an overdue respite). Apparently, Parsaq doesn't want too much said about this apprentice.

Well cutters, at the moment we have lanned only the etchings of this affair across some barmy film. Hopefully, we will be able to splay open the ribs of this burg to get to the bottom of this mess (without getting caught by the local militia of course). A difficult task without Llil-al (please send your regards to him) but I have the help of Al-acath and his gang here, so we'll try to keep all you bashers posted with the latest chant.

[Author: [John Kyle](#)]

al's chant, Veshelru is a (suspiciously) stunning beauty, with hip length purple, platted hair, piercing red eyes. She is approximately 6 foot tall, and wears an amulet around her neck fashioned into the face of what has been reported to look like a screaming Elfin figure.



## GUVNERS LIKE IT DEAD

*by Zebnasch Sunstream, planar guide and culler for S.I.G.I.S.*

SIGIL (Hall of Speakers) -- A long time after the strange event on the Prime known as the **Time of Troubles**, when the powers of the Prime sphere known as Toril were forced to walk among mortals, it seems that Toril is still a topic discussion in the Cage. A decade or so ago\* the theft of the *Tablets of Fate* (a powerful artifact whose theft precipitated the Time of Troubles) by one of Toril's Prime powers filled the Red Death with indignation, and made the Athar rejoice.

Now, ten years later, the Dustmen are the faction agitating (as much as Dustmen can agitate, that is) and they are "sodding piked off" according to sources in the Hive. Apparently, many Dusties are vexed by the spread of Kelemvor's church all over the Great Ring. For those of you who haven't heard the story, I'll try to spill you the dark: Kelemvor Lyonsbane was the petitioner of a Torillian prime basher who, through a series of very strange events during this Time of Troubles, actually *became a Torillian Power*. (The Athar really love this story because it just "proves" that the Powers are just overrated mortals.) Kelemvor inherited a portfolio of Death and the Dead for Toril, since the previous owner of these spheres was dead-booked during the Troubles.

Kelemvor's present attitude, however, is rather demagogical, and most traditionalist Dustmen (such as factor Oridi Malefin herself) don't twig it very much. The power wants to make Death no different from Life, so that clueless Torilians might overcome their old fear of the netherworld. The Dead's spokesman, factotum Larz Tutpik, has stated that such an absurd aim clashes with both the Balance of the Multiverse, and the Dustmen

Because of this, the faction's representation in the Hall of Speakers has requested that the Factols forbid any Kelemvorite priest from building a temple or shrine in the City of Doors. Suggested punishment for guilty berks: life imprisonment. (According to Tutpik, putting a priest of Kelemvor in the dead-book would be very little punishment; sort of like sending a paladin to Mount Celestia.)

Interestingly enough, the harshest opposition to factotum Tutpik's proposal didn't come from the Indeps, but from Ramallin Dablan of the Fraternity of Order: "Kelemvor's purpose is to subject Death to Law and Order. This is an admirable goal, and we intend to support it", he declared to the audience. Chant is that an envoy of the Celestial Bureaucracy is also on his way to Sigil to speak on Kelemvor's behalf tomorrow afternoon in the Hall of Speakers.

*[\* Editor's Note: 0.59 cycles of Mechanus.]*

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]

*advertisement*

## ON YOUR MARK CUTTERS!

*Sedan chair racing bouts* are now in session, first one 'round Sigil wins the cup. Each team will have runners set at pre-described intervals around the Cage. Registration is to be held in all six wards. Ask a local tout for the dark of things.

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]

philosophy. Tutpik points out that if there isn't any distinction between Death and Life, there is also no difference between True and False, or Good and Evil. Apparently, the Power also wants to put red tape all over the process, and create a "bureaucracy of Death".



## feature

### PAGES FROM THE MAZES

*Author Unknown*

*[This next piece was transcribed from a mimir found by a tout in the Market Ward. The origins of the mimir are unknown as is the speaker. The story told by the mimir appears to describe a journey through the Mazes of the Lady of Pain. Given how rare it is to get information about these Mazes (most sods who enter never return) we thought this would be of interest to the readers of SIGIS. Enjoy! - Ed.]*

#### *Mimir Transcript*

Damn! I can't see a thing. Everything is as dark as Baator's deepest pit. If only I had joined that sodding Sensates! At least now I'd be able to see a bunch of infrared spots. Hope that a light spell will do all right. Much better now. Let's have a look around. Hmm, it doesn't look like Sigil. The buildings display the same architectural pattern, but there is no ring-curvature. And no thin air. I can't see much far over my head, too dark, but I guess I wouldn't see the other side of the Cage anyway. Pretty sure. So I'm not in Sigil. Where am I, then? And most of all, why am I speaking to that sodding silver skull? Of course, there's no one else around. After all, that pitiful toy for the clueless could turn out to be useful.

I can't even remember a thing. Why am I here? This doesn't look like any other place I've been before. All I see is a maze of shadowy streets and a few -- wait. Did I say a maze of streets? Damn! A Maze! I'm in a Maze! One of Her Mazes! I can't believe it. I didn't suspect I was such a



I can't wait for the githlady to stumble over me without doing anything. Vartus Timlin has been imprisoned for centuries, and still is. I must do something. Fortunately I've got all my equipment with me. Even my portable hole filled with -- wait. I've got a portable hole, a two-way gate for a pocket dimension. That's interesting. Greybeards have never fully explained what happens when you open an ethereal pocket from inside a demiplane. I've read many different theories about that. I could be cast away on another plane or disintegrated by the opening of a nexus to the Negative Plane. Or a lot of things in between. It's risky. Very risky. But it's worth trying.

threat for the Lady. I mean, I'd liked to be, but I thought... Well, that's flattering. She fears me. She fears my power, my knowledge, my wealth. She has probably discovered I've been cross-trading with the 'loths to earn some chant about her personal history. She knows I know!

Keep calm. I've nothing to lose.  
Let's try. Let's stick the hole to this wall. It's easy.  
What the hell?!?

*[End of recording.]*

[Author: David Fontana]

[A long series of curses are uttered at this point of the transcript.]

Keep cool. I've overcome worst situations. Well, maybe not, but this doesn't mean I can't make it. Let's demonstrate Her Serenity that I'm the toppest-shelf blood she has ever come across. Planographers say the Mazes are in the Ethereal. But they've got no gates or conduits. And of course, neither vortexes nor colour pools. And planeshifters are equally piked. I wonder if Mazes have an ethereal curtain. This could be helpful to know.

I heard once of a githyanki spiv who sells maps of the Mazes in the Cage. Apparently, she's able to pop in and out from the Mazes at will. If must find her. But how? I'm Out-of-Touch both from Sigil and the Astral and I've got no way to let anyone know I'm here. Even if they tumble to I'm vanished they will never realise I've been tossed in a Maze.



## feature

### **ELYSIAN SPORT COMES TO SIGIL**

*by Tellus Ambrose*

**THE NEWEST** craze sweeping through the Upper Planes is about to land in Sigil. Next week, the sport known as "Vonce" will make its debut in Sigil. Haven't heard of Vonce before? Frankly, neither had S.I.G.I.S. until the announcement came from Penny Tenderfoot, a public relations officer of the Transcendent Order, that the Ciphers would be hosting the upcoming match in a specially prepared courtyard of the Great Gymnasium. Here is the explanation of Vonce, as told by Miss Tenderfoot:

Like wildfire, factions, guilds, races, and kinsfolk from the entire Release from Care vicinity formed teams of Vonce players and began to challenge each other. Higher profile matches began to draw larger and larger crowds of spectators, and two Ecstasy native Ciphers, Sylvio and Havian Crocklehoss, converted an entire field of their land into a permanent Vonce court, complete with spectator seating.

The exhibition match next week, between the two top ranked teams in RFC manned by the

"Vonce was developed by Ursinal mediator Klaritonicus and Cipher poet Elekov the White (who refers to himself as a 'world-class daydreamer') as a tool for peacefully settling a dispute in the Elysian town of Release from Care between a regiment of Harmonium troops and a party of Shierre Eladrin. The sport is essentially a team version of the classic Prime game known as croquet, but with four players per team, and a number of other changes. Strategy and skill are more important than size or strength, and magic is expressly forbidden."

The Harmonium team won that initial match, and they celebrated boisterously that evening. Their boasting was overheard by four Sensates who were also dining in the tavern, and the Sensates, led by a half-elven cobbler named Teleran Doubletree, challenged the Hardheads to a match of their own.

Sensates and the Cheesemaker Guilds respectively, is intended to introduce this exciting (so I'm told) game to the populace of Sigil. The Ciphers hope that this non-violent, strategy-based form of entertainment will be a welcome change for most Sigilians, as well as providing valuable income for the Great Gymnasium.

The match will start promptly at 6 after peak, and admission is 3 stingers. Information on the exact day of the match, and details on the rules, are available at the Great Gymnasium.

[Author: [Adam Reeve](#)]



## editorial

### TANA'S RELIGIOUS REPORT

*by Old Tanaburs*

**GREETINGS** most blessed readers! It is time once again for my little report on the various religions around the Great Ring and other places. As a quasi-delegate for the Celtic pantheon I get to talk to a whole lot of priests, so here is the latest religious chant (or screed if you are an Athar).

**Item 1:** As most of you know, the Norse pantheon is one of the most influential in the multiverse. They try to protect their beloved Ysgard from all harm (read: law), and it seems they have taken quite a dislike to O-Kuni-Nushi and Hachiman parking their lawful lands in the Land of Bravery. It is unclear what will become of the feud, but it probably won't come to war. However, some of the more violently disposed Norse gods might attempt some "forceful negotiations" with the Japanese powers.

**Item 2:** Recently, the Abyssal power Demogorgon attempted an invasion of

**Item 3:** This week marks the Troglodyte holiday of Slobber Fest, honouring Lagozed. For those of you who don't know, Lagozed is the sole god of the Troglodytes. His godly job is to watch over the process of eating. Residents of Sigil, and other areas where Troglodytes have a population, are cautioned to remain indoors during this holiday, as most of the beings will attempt to eat anything (even rocks and wood) in order to impress Lagozed. For those of you who enjoy such holidays, the last day of the festival is open to all reptilian creatures wishing to have a feast. These feasts will be held around most large Troglodyte population centres, and the only requirement to be invited is to eat your body weight in mammalian creatures in front of the feast giver.

In keeping with the Rule of Threes, this is all the interesting news for this issue. Go in balance with nature and may the Gods bless you.

Arborea. The attempt was unfruitful, and the fiends and priests of the deity were beaten back by a large host of Shiere knights. The portal used in the attack was permanently closed to prevent further invasion at that point. It is believed that Rilmani agents made the attack possible for unknown reasons.

[Author: [Greg Lopez](#)]



## Letters



### TRULY SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

*Good Editors of SIGIS:*

Let it be known that Steuban Tuekston is in fact a cherished member of our faction. He is currently to be found investigating the Godsmen deaths on the ninth ring of the Land at the directive of Tia, Factor of the Godsmen in Ecstasy. After speaking with Garrox, the Foundry Archivist, I discovered that the reason nothing could be found concerning Steuban Tuekston was that our Foundry files are sorted by last name first, something that was undoubtedly beyond the scope of the narrow-thinking modron investigator of the Hardheads sent to find the dark on good Steuban Tuekston. Let it be known that Tuekston, Steuban, is a Godsmen in good standing. He is a druid who uses the natural flora and fauna of the Outlands to gain information, currently on a band of cutters and their unfortunate encounters near Faunel (see SIGIS #25).

As to the story concerning Moff Neaxalder, a previous member of our ascending faction, our Steuban Tuekston denies the writing of that story, as he has been about the Land seeking stories, and has not been in the Cage for several years. But in an infinite Multiverse, who is to say whether there is another Steuban Tuekston. Perhaps it is an alias for some Anarchist following his ascendant plan to bring the truth to Sigilians despite the efforts of Big Brother Hardhead.

### NEW SHOP OPENING IN THE HIVE

Have any of you poor sods been unfortunate enough to have lost an arm in one of multitudinous Blood War Armies? Thievery lost your arm or thumb? Sladd bitten your leg off? Well cutters, you have to look no further than *Aarystra's Limb and Wing Replacement Clinic*, situated at 4-6 Ollapodrida Street in the Hive Ward. Don't let your Planewalking careers be curtailed, fiendish skulduggery terminated, or Celestial endeavours obstructed due to a missing appendage. Now you have the perfect opportunity to extend your shelf life and impress your superiors; for the next two weeks only we have a number of special offers available: 2-for-the-price-of-1 on human eyes (a wide range of sizes and colours available, pick and mix option available). 20% off first-time-customer arm grafts (discount applies to the first arm where two are missing). Buy-2-get-1-free on teeth, yours punched out? ... We can help, don't miss out on this fabulous offer (does apply to fangs ... see details in our premises as to what exactly come under the fangs category).

**JUST IN** Fancy flying around the planes rather than walking???? Then our wing-grafts may be exactly what you're looking for. We have all sorts of shapes and sizes (and origins!) and for a limited period only, book 4 introductory flying lessons and get the 5th free.

**SPECIAL** Don't miss our racial offer of the month, just for Gnomes. Are you sick of your nose? We now have the capability to offer

Signed,  
Kreg Garotte  
*Factotum Assistant of Tia*  
*Godsmen Factor of Ecstasy*



## STOP THE POTATOES

I'm getting a little tired of all these potatoes and the bunch of barmies that keep throwing them everywhere. They're spreading faster than razorvine! Some of those Xaositect freaks have even taken to setting them on fire, throwing slices like discuses, tying them to cats, or all of the above. This must stop! I hope the Hardheads hang these berks from the leafless tree soon. I hate potatoes.

*Signed, Lysa Feldwater*

[Author: [sable](#)]



# streetchant

## "THREE DOT" NEWS FROM THE GREAT RING

*by Streebo*

*[Ed. Note: This just arrived via astral stalker bearing the signature of Streebo, harried culler and fugitive from the Harmonium for alleged crimes committed during the Great modron March's pass through Fortitude and Arcadia. Look's like he's given them the laugh, at least for now!]*

Greetings, loyal primes, planars and petitioners of the Cage and beyond! Streebo here, intrepid culler and champion of the free word, keeping the chant flowing and the darks spilling. I managed to give the Hardheads the laugh outside of the rigid anthill of Fortitude and have resumed my way along the Great Road, following the boxes with a swagger and a dagger. (Looks like yours truly needs to remain a bit peery for a stretch, so don't rattle your bone-boxes too much if you don't get the full chant immediately. Unity of Rings will bring it around soon enough.)

extensions, no longer will you be scoffed at among other Gnomes, you will be able to hold your head high with pride. This comes with a money back guarantee and we'll even put your nose back the way it was without charge if you're not happy. We also offer Illithid supplies; however, these must be arranged by letter at least 3-4 weeks prior to an arranged delivery address or pick-up up date (this rule is steadfastly adhered to and any dispute will result in no further dealings with the party involved ... thank you).

So don't forget these offers are for a limited period only, feel free to come-on-down to our surgery for a free consultation on any of the above offers, or to view our wide range of services. Trade enquiries welcome.

*Aarystra El'Ackron,  
4-6 Ollapodrida Street (just off Whisper Way,  
near to the junction with Two-Lamp Lane),  
The Hive Ward, Sigil.*

Rolling Mausoleum



The March has done its share of attraction, drawing in bashers, berks, and barmies like a new law posting draws Guvners. I've had the need for screed lately and (wouldn't ya know it?) managed to get the chant from some of these March Conies who make it their business to trail the churned path of the GMM. One Dustman named Hesper Viadem, a spellslinger who either suffers from a rotting disease or wants to appear dead, twigged to a jink-making idea: he's rigged up a mobile kip called the "Rolling Mausoleum", a titanic wagon pulled by a team of undead Arcadian ponies. The thing keeps moving along day or night, and one can park her ears in the coach level, or visit Untamo in the continually dark upper level. All for only two yellow jink a week. Not a bad way to rest the legs while following the march...

Also riding in and out of the March followers are some horse-riding nomads of the Hinterlands. Not much for chant, but they sure know how to ride. Just for grins, I tried to get their darks, but they don't like to wigwag about their ilk. I'll see what darks I can lann you about if I catch any...

Course, it was bound to happen: some paladin knight basher named Sir Kaspar of the Planes-Militant has decided to "protect the lawful March against those who would wilfully oppose its righteous path". Him and his spivs fly their banners and strut about like they're minders or something, but the boxes don't pay them no mind. They make me a bit peery, though...

In other news, I overheard this at the Mausoleum during peak grind: "Hey Hesper, where'd you get this bub? It tastes like it's already passed through a sod!" Hesper: "Pay the music, it'll bring you closer to a truer Death."...Not too many "Thought Guilds" buyin' into the March so far, but maybe they're just not organised yet...



## OUTLANDS STREETCHANT

*by Louis Forget (Louie Forjhay)*

**THE OUTLAND** City of Obyss (located somewhat near the similarly-named plane) floundered in the dirt and filth of its worn cobblestone streets. An ominous cloud formed from a plethora of coal burning stoves

"You have asked that a culler visit you for a story most profound. I am, no other." I stated the facts.

"I want you to go to the old Myrlockovian

Looks like Tradegate's ready for the March: chant is the jink-grubbing merchants have been selling cases with the best view of the path of the March for five to ten times the usual rate. Should be called "Cross-Tradegate"...

Ok, that's it for now. Streebo's gotta get out of town for now, chant mongers. I'll post ya from the other side of the burg after we've crossed the portal to Bytopia. I hear Golden Hills is lovely this time of the plane. Gnomeward bound!

[Authors: [Tim Perrotta](#) and [Dana Winston](#)]

and open furnaces. It hung above the city like a dark crown, a crown that choked the life from both the citizens and all living things surrounding within a mile of this open sore.

As I made my way through the front gate, with nary a "by your leave" from the guards, I soon found myself way down the hill past the Church of the Flaming Sword. (I don't know, probably a temple of some tanar'ri lord or other. I did not bother to stop and rattle the old box. If you want to know more, I'd be happy to supply directions). The City Guard was out in numbers as per usual, but none felt the need to question my antics, allowing me to pass without warning.

Many a grinning crook-nosed gargoyle leered down at my approach to the sorcerer's villa, and for the first time after leaving the Cage I felt dirty. "What is it that you require oh great one," I bowed sarcastically, "He who cries poverty to the masses, while counting mounds of gold in the seclusion of his own vault." I called out because of my agitation more than my bravado. I didn't fancy the trip by any means.

"Save your melodrama," The sorcerer sneered back at me, rising from the dais, "for the cattle that dwell in this most fair of cities."

you might write down the events that you witness." The Sorcerer stated flatly, "You know them?"

"Yes," I responded, "but..."

"This story you will be writing will have great dealings with your sacred cage, and those who dwell there will fall to their knees when they read what has been deferred until now."

"What are you rattling on about?" I bemoaned.

"Go, and you will bring the word back to your Cage and reveal to them the dark of what I speak."

Well, needless to say, this cutter's a bit on the barmy side, but I have decided to take a short leave to find out what it is that the sorcerer spoke of. I will try to be back in touch for the next issue with the results. Until then bloods!

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]



## feature

### TALES OF THE STALKER

*From the Editor in Chief: SIGIS is proud to introduce a new force in culling, Thomas Stalker. Stalker, in his unique reporting style, uncovers the seedy sides of the Cage and the factions every week in "Tracks of the Stalker". (Assuming he isn't dead-booked by his subject matter.) We think you'll find his articles a refreshing take on the activity of the Cage's inhabitants. Enjoy!*

#### **THE BEATINGS**

*by Thomas Stalker*

I'd only been back in the Cage for about a

I hadn't yet reached the Ditch when I heard the lockstep beat of marching feet. It was the Harmonium, and more of them than I'd seen in one place in quite some time, a full company or more, all heading straight for the Hive. But there was something odd about this group; they didn't swagger, and some of them were out of step. Then it hit me. This wasn't any normal group of Hardheads. This was the Beatings.

The Beatings are the ugly, hidden secret of our city's self-proclaimed enforcers of the Law. Every two weeks the Hardheads take their almost graduated recruits out to the

however - when the hammering began at my door. I ignored it. Only religious crazies and Takers are insane enough to keep at it, and I was in no mood to deal with either one. I was sober and hung over at the moment, and a body needs to be properly bubbled-up to take the yammering and bleating of the Power-pushers or the incessant demands for jink from the Heartless on Taker's Day.

Unfortunately, waiting was proving to be an exercise in futility. The berk at my door identified himself loudly as my editor from SIGIS, a being whose name I refuse to speak in polite company. He went on to inform me in his distinctive and loud fashion that I owed him an article for the next issue and that, if I didn't produce one in the next twenty-four hours, he would have me bent into peculiar and painful positions for the amusement of the masses.

Escape seemed a perfectly rational option. But that would mean bounty hunters and a lifetime of hiding from SIGIS and the Red Death, who would certainly jump at the opportunity to stomp your writer for breach of contract. It would also provide a great deal of sadistic merriment for the Editor Not To Be Named In Polite Society. No, I wouldn't run. I am a Culler and, like it or not, there was a Story somewhere in the Cage that needed writing. And it needed to be written in 24 hours.

So I began walking towards the Hive Ward. I personally enjoy the Hive Ward, because it is the only honest part of our fair city. When you get right down to it, every Ward is filled with violence, degenerates, liars, sociopaths, and sentient misery of the worst stripe. The reason that so many look down on the Hive is that it doesn't bother to wear a mask. The golden palaces of the Lady's Ward hold every bit as much sin and corruption as the Hive; the Hive merely has the bad manners to be open about it.

Hive with truncheons and swords for a little exercise in "crowd control techniques". They claim it's merely an opportunity to teach the new recruits how to work together to suppress riots, but it's really nothing more than an opportunity to put the red on their armour. Usually the high-up men with them feed them street gangs, but bubbers and random bystanders are fair game if they can't be found.

It was an interesting trick following a company of nervous Hardheads through the streets of the Lower Ward without getting caught, but I did it. No, I won't tell you how. A body doesn't need to shine a light on all his darks. We'd soon crossed into the Hive, and the mood of the Lobsterbacks was getting ugly. Coarse jokes and boasts about their dark deeds were bandied about, and anticipation hung thick in the air. The few residents wealthy enough to live on the edges of the Hive were scuttling into their slums, shutting doors (when they had them) in hopes of keeping safe.

Ahead I saw a small gang of humans and tieflings, none appearing older than 15, armed with clubs and crude knives and bad attitudes. They were hurling taunts and insults at the Hardheads, attempting defiance of the established order. I'd been where they were now, and I knew what was coming next. With a shout the Bloody-boys drew steel and charged.

I won't dignify what I saw next by calling it a battle. It was a rout; a slaughter. The Hardheads crushed the gang within seconds, scattering the survivors and hunting them down, laughing and joking the whole time. There was ugliness and naked blood lust in the faces of the recruits; a realisation of the power they could now wield. They enjoyed it. And then we left. The Harmonium recruits to their beds to dream of the new world they will build, and your correspondent to write the article the Editor With No Name demanded.

[Author: [Richard Gant](#)]



## the faction extraction

## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### ATHAR

by Skeg, a Soapbox Preacher

*[Overheard at outside Fortune's Wheel]*

"Don't tell anyone, cutter, but we're going to post our 999 theses on the Temple of Hermes sometime this week, and then have a big rally about his falsity. It should be fun... all those Greek sods frolicking around, not knowing what to do - seeing their power so denounced. Just don't tell anyone."

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#) ]



### BLEAK CABAL

by Otum the Mad

A pretty week in the Gatehouse, this was. The barmies will be screaming for help, and the inmates themselves will probably be up to their usual tricks. Hopefully, the ceiling won't cave in on us this week. The floral clock in the gardens is supposed to bloom, and that usually draws quite a crowd. Pekan, the groundskeeper at the Gatehouse, is planning a field trip. We're going to go see the standing stones on the Outlands. He says they move if you watch long enough. I doubt it.

Sigil'll probably fall off the Spire and squish us while we're down there, but that happens, I guess.

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

### HARMONIUM

by Daemon Chaas

It seems that yet *another* high-up member of the Harmonium has fled the Cage for parts unknown. As you might recall, Mover Four Wermak Durkayle fled the Cage just recently under suspicion of faction treason and fiend-conspiracy. He was later found dead-booked in the Outlands. Now it seems that his replacement for the position, Catrina de la Coeur (a prime), has also vanished.

I discovered this as I tried to get an interview with her recently at the faction's Tower of the Claw. The Hardhead guards said she was too busy and turned me away. However, after chatting with a few local berks, I discovered that the new Mover had just been seen heading towards the Market Ward in a taxi with an "old friend". I grabbed a griffon and crossed the Cage to follow. As the griffon settled down upon the Red Lion Inn, I spotted the taxi in a back alley. I snooped up on a nearby building and spied the Mover getting out of her cab accompanied by this stern looking human in white robes. He had this strange silver breastplate and carried a morning star; ready for business I guess!

Moments later, the Mover pulled out what must have been a portal key, and the two of them left the Cage through the back door of a fish house. No one seems to have the chant on the portal, and the Hardheads aren't talking. How many more Movers need to flee the Cage before the Hardheads realise something is really wrong? Or perhaps this job is just too much for a Prime and she needed a vacation...

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE HALL OF RECORDS

## BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

by Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand (Factor of

Aram Oakwright, factotum of the Fated wishes to inform every Cager that, owing to an urgent and unexpected personal engagement, Duke Rowan Darkwood, Factol of the Fated, will not be able to attend his monthly oration at the Hall of Speakers. Factor Glark Tik'lant'k will speak instead.

We apologise for the inconvenience.

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



## **DOOMGUARD**

*by Sco'rut Morthus, Culler*

Since last week's announcement by Justiciar Tragus Cul that the Mercykillers are interested in taking dead criminals and resurrecting them, there has been a flurry of activity at the Prison. Sinkers have been bringing in a variety of corpses in the hope of collecting a retrospective bounty once they have been revived. After handing out the first few pouches of jink, the Mercykillers began to smell a rat. Scragged before reaching the prison by this culler, a Sinker agreed to answer a few questions.

SIGIS: Why exactly have the Doomguard been bringing in corpses to the Mercykillers?

Doomguard: It's the jink, pure and simple. We figured that we could do a public service and make some cash at the same time.

S: Is this an official faction activity?

D: Course not. This is just an idea that some of my mates had. So we go out and give some criminal a dose of Entropy then bring him in to the Red Death.

S: I see. So you don't think, contrary to the views of many among your faction, that resurrection's a reverse of Entropy?

D: You're pretty sharp for a culler. Actually, I do, but since the Mercykillers are going to kill the sods we scrag anyway, it doesn't make a difference, does it?

S: I suppose not. But what do you say to reports that your bodies aren't always of

Greetings bloods! Looking for the latest chant in the Cage? Well, close those bone-boxes and open up your listening devices, because have I got an astral whale of a tale for you! Rumour has it that somewhere down in the Hive one of those barmy Xaosmen has gotten his hands onto some sort of secret Baatorian document, one detailing how the various types of Baatezu move between the ranks. Not interesting yet? Well, it seems that the Xaosman is working on a way to move normal mortals up through the ranks of ascension! Whether he's trying to mimic our benevolent faction, trying to create super beings, or just sodding mad, no one can tell. By Baator, it may all just be screed spread by the very same Xaosman who is in the tale! But then again ... a blood can never tell out in the planes.

[Author: [Jason M. Black](#)]



## **DUSTMEN**

*by Jyde*

I am Jyde. A rag and bone man if you get my meaning. I'm a collector of the hollow shells you be walkin' 'round in. We send 'em to the flame. You gotta respect the flame, boy!

There have been rumours going round 'bout us having killed a blood up the brixton road ... and I'm telling you it ain't so. Can't kill what's already dead. When you do see us with our carts taking care of such business, don't be comin' 'round botherin' us, less you want to join 'em. We be amiable enough to help in such matters.

As for you smart bloods that be dumping bodies in the ditch, let me tell you it be a hard job collecting 'em. We be keepin' an eye out for ya, so do us both a favour and don't be tryin' to help us so much. You bring out your dead and we'll collect 'em. I guarantee!

Questions have been asked concerning the violation and trespass a few days ago of our citadel on the elemental plane of fire, by a trio of cross trading knights. Two of their number had become so highly excitable that they

D: I don't know anything about that. We're supposed to dead-book the sods, and make sure that they're really knights of the post.

S: Right, so what exactly is your method for apprehending these criminals?

D: Mind your own business. I've got a deader to get off the streets.

The Mercykillers were unavailable for a comment at the time of press. Perhaps they're trying to come to grips with the idea of Sinkers working for the law?

[Author: [David Byrne](#)]



## stop press

### HINTERBANDIT WANTED BY HARMONIUM

*by Twilight, culler in Sigil*

SIGIL (Lower Ward) -- The Harmonium is currently looking for a wanderer who goes by such names as Joshua Banks, Shifty Pete, Lathier, Orb, and many others. Below is a composite sketch from witnesses. It is believed that this person has brought back something dangerous from the Hinterlands, which has caused numerous deaths here in Sigil. He is reported to carry this mysterious something in a bag of holding, so if the thing is alive it does not breath like most living things. Alternatively, it could be a magical weapon or artifact of some kind. Victims across Sigil were found dead in their homes, scarred and scratched with numerous slashing wounds. It is still dark whether the stranger is actually linked to the deaths, but witnesses have placed him at the scene of several of the murders.



attacked some of our faction members and sent them to the next stage. They were unable to help any more of us advance when they were stopped by a run in with unavoidable combustion. The remaining deadhead was captured and is currently being questioned by the proper authorities.

I'll try and keep you apprised of any other events that might raise their heads.

[Author: [Gary Dawkin](#)]

### GNOME BOMBER TRIAL STARTS, CLOSED TO PUBLIC

*by Terrich Swainwrith, independent culler*

SIGIL (Clerk's Ward) -- The trial began today for Zibby the Fan, notorious Anarchist bomber and tinker gnome leader of the now defunct Cadre cell. The Fan's indictment last month caused some controversy as the judge, Opin Yop, ruled that only persons directly related to the prosecution and defence would be allowed in the courtroom, and all communication concerning the trial would come through her office. A spokesperson for Yop's office had this to say:

"The anarchists and their cell Cadre held Sigil in fear for almost a full rotation. They're plan was to use public fear and destruction to spawn general sedition. Her Honour Yop sent down a ruling that best serves law and order in the Cage. You can guarantee that the Cadre's mad leader will get a fair trial, and once found guilty, will receive swift punishment for his policies of anarchy."

While the Guvners' faction line mirrored Yop's policies, SIGIS has obtained and verified chant concerning the biggest trial since the



### **The Wanted Wanderer**

"Yesterday I saw him leaving the shop of my brother Duncan around noon. Curious what business the man had for Duncan, I went into the house, and found him dead on the floor covered in scratches. I ran to find the man, but I haven't seen anyone who even resembles him in the Cage" -Dr. Hearthfoot, dwarven Indep.

The Harmonium is offering 500 jink for this person or information leading to his capture. Chant has it that an Anarchist cell is offering 600 but this is unsubstantiated.

[Author: [Sable](#)]



## **DISTURBANCE IN THE PRIME AFTER BROTHEL RAID**

*by Blondie Blutheim*

SIGIL -- SIGIS can this week confirm that Matron Daratzia's Hall of Pleasure in the Rue des Vetements en Cuir was indeed a centre for a slaving operation. A portal discovered in the cellar by Harmonium agents is thought to have lead to a drow colony-world where hapless punters at the festhall were taken for sale. Unfortunately, the portal's interplanar connection had collapsed by the time it was discovered, leaving forensic mages attempting in vain to trace the missing customers.

A day after the raid, stellar cartographers on the mapping vessel *Esoteric* reported a massive explosion in the crystal sphere of Gnuvarspace. The cause of the explosion is not clear, but preliminary thaumographic readings indicate a similar magical school signature in the explosion to that found in the

trial of Omar the Anarchist. [The basher who managed to become Factol of the Harmonium.] The prosecution team will include special investigators Havrm Ghex and Christopher Verdue. Additionally, the prosecuting counsel heralds Umble Riggis from the bowels of Baator. Riggis assisted in prosecuting the original Harmonium infiltrator, Omar, and has handled similar trials close to Sigil's Order Triumvirate (Harmonium, Mercykillers and Fraternity of Order). No chant is available on Zibby's defence counsel, strategy, or if he has either of these. While cullers from all of Sigil's rags lounge around the City Courts waiting for dribbles of chant, none stay too close to the actual courtroom, in case the inventive little gnome has an exclamation point to add to his poetry of violence across the Cage.

[Author: [Paul Wolfe](#)]



## **DOOMGUARD'S SUSPICIOUS COLLECTION OF RUST MONSTERS**

*by CrazyEddie*

SIGIL (Armoury) -- A friend of mine was at the Doomguard high-up meeting at the Armoury when this Chaosman just wanders in and says, "You could throw a bunch of Xaositects at 'em, a Xaosman and a modron might just cancel each other out!" How he gave the sinker sentries the laugh is one good question, another is how he knew that the high-ups were talking about the Modron March. The Chaosman's first idea nearly got the sod put in the dead-book, but the Chaosman's next suggestion set the Sinkers all grinning. "There ain't nothing more likely to unsettle a berk's lunch more than a room full of grinning sinkers!", said my informant friend.

My friend and several other sources reveal a disturbing dark: upon the suggestion of this chaosman, the sinkers have twigged to the idea of collecting a herd of rust monsters to stop the Modron March, and put as many as the gear boxes in the dead-book as possible.

portal in the festhall cellar. The *Esoteric* went to investigate, and we have had no reports since.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## SIEGE MENTALITY GROWS IN HIVE

by *Blondie Blutheim*

SIGIL (Hive Ward) -- Following last week's vicious killing of Mercykiller Veelik Noshbrothot in the Hive, the Harmonium and the Red Death have been jointly investigating the crime. They are being hampered in their search for clues or culprits by Hivers building barricades in the streets, boarding up their own front doors and generally obstructing justice. I myself witnessed how the Bergmanstrasse has been completely blocked by a ten-foot wall of broken tables, doors, half-burnt roof beams and the like. Several dessicated humanoid corpses also seem to have found their way into the barrier, and rumour has it that the *agents provocateurs* of the Hive are searching around for a necromancer or appropriate priest to animate them. The original crime remains unsolved, and parts of the Hive are completely cut off by rubble, barriers or sniper alleys patrolled by crossbow-wielding anarchists. The investigating officers are thought to be searching for a portal to take them into the heart of the Hive, to see for themselves what is being concealed by the insular inhabitants. SIGIS promises to bring you all developments as soon as possible.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

threat reached City Court, the Guvners immediately called a closed session. This culler can only guess what the Guvners are thumping their brain boxes about, but it's a sure bet the bashers are trying to tumble to a solution to the Doomguard threat. It's this humble culler's opinion that the Guvners could go either way. Who knows? The Guvners have had their eye on Mechanus for awhile.

[Author: [Cliff Brannon](#)]



## CLARION MISSING

by *Blondie Blutheim*

SIGIL -- Clarion the Guardian has vanished. His regular contacts at the Fiend's Salute Tavern are keeping the truth dark, but it seems he has set off for an unknown prime destination without warning. Nobody is sure of his reasons, unless they're keeping very quiet about it, and one popular rumour suggests that he has had to prevent the resurrection of an evil god. The aasimar's sudden disappearance from his regular haunts has prompted much speculation from cagers as to the true nature of this blond spymaster.

"He's actually the son of a god from Chronias. He's running away because the Harmonium want him executed for denouncing their strictness." - Biratt Notmore

"He's a member of an ancient and secretive race called the Old Ones, who are watching everyone else, with some kind of grand plan. He's gone to the Prime to retrieve a secret holy symbol for them." - Roopec Grisin

"He's a yugoloth agent. He works for Shemeshka the Marauder, getting her enemies to confess their plans to him." - Para Noid Roid, Bleak Cabal

SIGIS will reveal Clarion's destination as soon as possible, but SIGIS will not encourage further speculation about his identity.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



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