



31. Third Week of Catechism

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exclusive

HARBINGER HOUSE EXPLODES

by Darlath Coberrl , culler

Sigil (Clerk's Ward) -- Harbinger House, the Godsmen's asylum was all but destroyed last night, as an explosion rocked the peace of the Clerk's Ward. Among the fatalities was the custodian of the asylum, Bereth, and several of the powers-in-the-making the Believers of the Source keep interned there. The explosion was apparently caused by the destruction of a powerful magical item, kept by the Godsmen in the mansion, called the 'focrux'. No Godsmen we asked would tell us any more about this item other than its name.

When asked to comment, Factol Ambar said, "It is a tragedy, but one that we must learn to live with. Bereth, the factor in charge of the House, died doing what she believed in, helping and protecting these powers-to-be." When we asked about the reported appearance of the Lady of Pain over the site during the incident, Factol Ambar shrugged and said, "It is well known that the Lady does not allow Powers in the Cage. When one ascends, she will ensure that he leaves the City of Portals."

Charrtzic Zzrathnas, a slaadi resident of the area described what she saw. "Many blades I saw in the shadows coming the house over. Gods there are many and the Lady not like. Ran I did into the street the blades seeing up looking. Charrtzic Lady with blades see. Then boom! Eyes from her explode roof." Another of the citizens of the ward told this culler that it was terrifying. "We heard the explosion and ran out into the street. A shadow covered the entire street and it seemed to fight with a bright light that was struggling to fly from the ruins of Harbinger House. The Godsmen are going to have a lot of cleaning up to do."

Fren Tristan, a Godsmen who works at Harbinger House, told SIGIS he could not think of any reason for the explosion. "It is hard to say exactly what happened but I think it's unlikely that anything that

occurred in Harbinger House was responsible for this tragedy," he commented. "There is nothing I can think of going on here that could have led to this."

However, SIGIS uncovered information that may dispute this position of the Believers of the Source. A Harmonium source told SIGIS that the body of custodian Bereth was covered with thirteen slashmarks. According to official reports, the weapon used was a large metal blade, possibly a scimitar. It was similar to the weapon used in what has become known as the "Lawshredder Murders".

Sougad Lawshredder was a barmy who made a name for himself a decade ago after committing a series of grisly murders in the Cage. He stalked, terrorized and killed members of factions who had a lawful outlook on the multiverse. Each of the eleven victims was terrified at the time of the murder and each was killed with the same weapon: a large steel scimitar. The first victim had a single large slashmark on him, the last had eleven. A note accompanied each of the bodies written in the victims blood. It read, "Chaos is the only law, washed clean in the blood of order."

According to the Godsmen, who kept Sougad interned after the murders, he believed he needed to spill the blood of thirteen beings of law in ritualistic manner in order to become a Power of Chaos. However, when asked about Sougad Lawshredder, Fran Tristan refused to comment.

Lawshredder's killing spree was interrupted before he could reach that goal, but now it appears that perhaps he may have found a way to complete his ritual and the words of Factol Ambar also seem to indicate this. The body of Sougad Lawshredder was not found in the ruins of Harbinger House. Perhaps it was annihilated by the blast. Or perhaps he truly ascended to Powerhood. Someday you might just find a few barmies asking you for some jink for their Power of Chaos, and then you will know the truth.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



HARMONIUM SCRAG ROCK

by *Sim Underwood*

Sigil (Clerk's Ward) -- There was widespread shock as the Harmonium proudly announced they had made the latest arrest in their hunt for the notorious Cipher Slayer, and presented a palm-sized stone, closely guarded by a handful of Sensate hireswords. With little more than a nod to the onlooking crowd of Sensate factioneers (who had been rudely displaced from local bars and eateries as Harmonium agents had hastily sealed the area just minutes before), the assembled crowd of heavy-swords tromped off towards the Lady's Ward. I was just able to pry one of the Sensate guards away with the promise of an exclusive interview

Today, word on the gutter net is that a Mercykiller Justicar named Engledoc is up on charges by the Harmonium; my Mercykiller namer friend told me Engledoc will be in Court tomorrow, merely for mentioning Coreseeker's name. Seems the elf-sod Engledoc was on Arborea recently, on a ride to arrest known criminal khaasta lord Pic-Shad Soul-Shaver. When Justicar Engledoc filled out his paperwork at the Prison, he mentioned an old graybeard he had known for ages, an old sage named Belthazar. When the Hardheads read Engledoc's reports, they ran a name check in the Hall of Information, and did a little reading at the Great Library; the dark of it is, this old Belthazar may just be Coreseeker.

This information is deemed dangerous to the welfare of Sigil, for if the giths were to find out such chant, they might just raze Our Lady's fair city, searching for any link they can get to Coreseeker and his band of rebels. But I've a feel you've no need to worry, cutter. That wouldn't sit too well with the Lady, ya think?

in this esteemed journal and snatch a few words. Here is a transcript of my conversation.

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWED DELIGHTS



Sensate Guard

"Lady's Grace, might I pose a few questions to your busy self, fair Sensate?"

"Who're you, half-man-ling?"

"Err, that's just halfling, thanks. I'm a culler for the esteemed SIGIS. Our readers would like you to answer a few..."

"That rag? Where's the Tempus Sigilian culler?"

"Otherwise detained, sorry. But SIGIS is..."

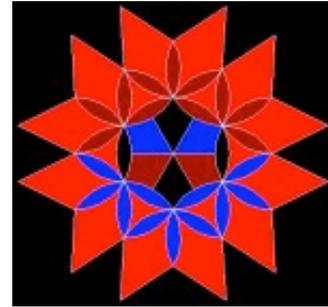
"What do you want to know? Will this be the headline story?"

"Oh, most assuredly. The Cipher killer is big news."

"And you want to know about the suspect?"

"The rock, yes. What's that all about? I don't think the Hardheads have made many friends amongst the Cipher protestors this morning."

"Who? Oh, those scruffy niks who've been



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Author: [Arafel](#)

HIVE SCRAGGING LEADS TO HARMONIUM - SIGNER CLASH

by, Darlath Coberrl

Sigil (Hive Ward) -- Reports from a reliable source inside the Harmonium told SIGIS today that a suspect had been scragged in the Hive, and charged with murder. The victim, or rather victims, of his alleged crime were a group of dabus repairing a series of buildings in the quarter. Our source, who wishes to remain anonymous, went on to say that the basher was caught in the act and there was really no doubt as to his guilt.

Walton Harggard, a merchant in the Hive, was an eyewitness to the scragging: "All's of a sudden-like, them Hardheads comes runnin' round the bend and I looks to see who they was after. An' all's I sees was this basher, his dagger dun' covered in blood, standin' at the corner. He didn' even resist. Them Hardheads had him down and bashin' him an' kickin' him in no time flat. They drug him away. A bloody mess he was. I hear' them talkin' when they was druggin' him by me stall. One of them said they would be feedin' this one to the Wyrms." Messer Haggard did not

Never did have much time for Ciphers. Strange bunch, them."

"Yes, but the rock?"

"Oh, that. Just a Sensorium stone."

"What is it, evidence?"

"No, the suspect. That's what the Hardhead spokesman said. Weren't you listening? Look, why don't you interview him, I'm busy."

"Can't. Restraining order is still in place after last time. Please humour me here, I'm desperate for a story, and I don't want to make the 'and finally' section this time, the editor'll kill me. This is supposed to be a serious piece on the Cipher murders."

"Hold on to your hairy feet, little cutter. Look, I'll tell you straight, much as I know. That ain't no ordinary Sensorium stone, but they found it in one of the archives, a real nasty one where only the real sense-seekers go. Sense-rocks are enchanted to stop working after they're removed from the Sensoria, but that one's still a-buzzing with malevolent energy. The graybeards have taken it down for examination, but they're being careful about touching the thing; it's already fried one Hardhead and it's radiating evil so strong that even I can see it!"

"Oooo, that's great, thanks. Oh, what was your name?"

"Poll Frolallit. Five L's. Make sure you spell it right, shorty."

So there's my exclusive. I'm sure there'll be more to follow and I'm chasing the Harmonium convoy now. When I catch up I'll send more news.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)

know whom the basher had killed, nor did he know why he had not run from the Harmonium officers.

Another eyewitness to the scragging told us that: "the man had been walking around the block continuously that morning and [the one prior to the crime], constantly muttering to himself as if he was barmy. He kept fingering this jeweled dagger at his belt, as if he were afraid that someone would steal it."

After we had been informed of this scragging, SIGIS kept a close eye on the movements of major Harmonium forces and it would appear that a good many of them have taken up patrol routes that take them by the Hall of Speakers. Also, several Signers have been arrested in the last few hours since the original scragging. It is obvious to anyone that there is little love lost between the Harmonium and the Sign of the One, but the Hardheads have never before stooped to such underhanded and obvious harassment of the Signers. Factol Darius, of the Sign of One, was fuming when we reached her for comment. "This is just another tactic by the underhanded authoritarians who are the Harmonium dogs, to undermine to validity of our claims here in the Cage," she told us during a brief announcement she made to the press. "They disagree with a single person and find everyone who that person has been in contact with and throw them in the brig! Is this their idea of justice? Or have Tonat Shar and all the other high-ups taken total leave of their senses? This will not stand in the Hall." Meanwhile, the basher initially scragged in the Hive remains unnamed, by either the Harmonium or the Sign of One.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)

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Lord General Evan Robinson, Sword and Bolt

Author: [Zach Taylor/ Jeremiah Evans](#)

REPORTS OF THE CORESEEKER

by Ear to the Gear

Sigil -- Chant has it that when a sod dies, his memories collect and form in a cluster of other memory cores somewhere on the Astral. Well, the graybeards of Sigil may just finally be able to test their barmy theory. It is said that only a githyanki may have the ability to find these memory cores.

There is a legend banging around the Cage of an ancient githyanki known as Zodd-Thrall Coreseeker. The chant is that he and his unlikely band of vicalantes defied the githyanki lich-queen long ago and have been on the run ever since. And while some say that the lich-queen Vlaakith slays all githyanki that reach a certain cusp of power, seems that this Coreseeker and crew have slipped through her fingers for more than five hundred years.



feature

BLESSING OR CURSE

by Achillesx

Sigil (Merchant Ward) -- Many in the City of Doors claim that cranium rats are the most dangerous pests the City of Doors has to offer. Others will tell you it's a dead heat between wererats and Taker tax collectors when it comes to pestilence. Everyone may soon have to revise their lists thanks to an apprentice wizard at a pet shop.

Finnius's fine pets is owned and run by one Finnius Dugal. Mr. Dugal, a jovial, balding human with a shockingly loud speaking voice, is a Merlain. Merlains are a brand of wizards that specialize in the changing and augmentation of living things. Normally such people end up creating monstrous beasts that terrorize the countryside. Not so with Mr. Dugal. Beloved by neighbors, local children and his customers, Mr. Dugal has spent the last thirty two years creating and selling unique but harmless pets for those that can afford them: canaries with metallic feathers and cooing monkeys that fit in the palm of the hand have always been favorites.

In the last few weeks something new has come out of the back rooms of Finnius's pet shop, razorvine eating slinkers. For those who have never had the pleasure, a slinker is a pest from the prime, usually found on spelljamming ships, craft that fly between prime worlds. The obnoxious little creature is the size of a good size rat and looks like nothing so much as a plucked, hunch-backed chicken with a rat's tail. Its sole positive attribute is the ability to reproduce at a rate that would shame a rabbit. At least that was its sole attribute before Finnius's nephew, and apprentice, Billic, got hold of them.

"You see, it was all to help my mum," said Billic as he tried to defend his pet project. "There's this razorvine bush out in front of her house and every couple of days she'd have to take a hatchet to it or it would block the front door. Her poor hands are just a cross-hatch of scars. And she's getting on in years. She can't keep doing that. So I figured I'd do her a favor and make something that would eat the stuff and give the old gal a break. I didn't see how it could do any harm. I mean, I haven't yet met anyone who likes slinkers. their vile looking little things. Even those Wylder nuts that are protesting outside think they're as ugly as a Balor's backside."

"And as for their diet, please! It's razorvine! Nobody likes the stuff. It's always in the way, you can't get rid of it, and if you're not careful it'll slice ya to ribbins. How can any sane person be angry to see it go?"

But there are those who are outraged at the thought of something eating up Sigils razorvine. The Wylders, a nature oriented sect based in the Beastlands, has a few sympathizers in the City of Doors. These bashers are often seen protesting the pet shop when they're not making a ruckus in the Hall of Speakers. They have also been agitating the Guvners in the hopes that charges can be brought against the young mage.

"It's an utter outrage against the natural order!" proclaimed Tiss Morglen, herbalist and Wilder sympathizer. "Razorvine is an integral part of outer-planar ecology. Take away the razorvine and the entire ecosphere of the Multiverse could be thrown out of balance. People with any concern for nature, like myself, have always warned that living things should be left alone. But no one ever listens. Time and again 'thinking' creatures try to shape the world to their liking. But all they ever do is end up cutting the web of life out from under themselves. There'll be Hades to pay for this in the end, mark my words."

It may be that Hades pays young Mr. Billic however. There are unconfirmed rumors that several fiends have approached the mage in question about producing more of the altered slinkers. "It makes sense. The lower planes often lack a reliable food source and razorvine is in endless supply there. Besides, chard slinker served with an oxblood and hemlock sauce is utterly divine, if you'll forgive the pun,"

remarked an unnamed tiefling passing by the pet store.

As for any legal action against Bellic Dugal, well that's a whole other barrel of slaadi. At first it would seem that Mr. Billic's little experiment poses a real threat to private property (even if that property is just razorvine) and that's more than enough to get anyone sent to the prison. However there is a largely forgotten, centuries old law offering a bounty to anyone who could get rid of all razorvine in Sigil. "It's a seeming paradox in the cities laws. It has a lot of the Guvner upper ranks in a bit of a snit. Paradoxes in the law isn't just a legal problem for my faction, it's a bit like a crises of faith. It could be decades before this is all sorted out," proclaimed Crete Bollg, Guvner factor.

For now Billic Dugal's future seems up in the air. His uncle Finnius has cast him out of his shop and will no longer speak to him. "Merlains often cause problems for those around them by selfishly making things to increases their own power, and so the names of Merlains are often spoken like a curse. I've spent my whole life, more than three decades trying to change that. People in this town had come to see my work as safe, honest and useful. Now in one fell swoop my reputation is shattered. I'm sorry I ever took him in, sisters' son or no"!

I'll bring you more on the Sigils slinker situation as it arises.

Author: [Todd Lynch](#)



editorial

JINK AND FIRE: A PROPER ENDING TO A PROPER ROW

by Zeines Pauch

What is it about anarchists that makes them lean toward poetic justice? I must say, I was off-Cage on assignment when our little gnome added the punctuation mark to his "run-on sentence" of destruction against the jinked elite of Sigil [See issue 30 "Prison Go Boom!"]. However, after picking up the last issue of Sigis, I must say I laughed out loud.

True, the final bombing was a tragedy, but how ironic is it that bloodthirsty Cagers, bent on revenge and the desire to see two men hanged to death found themselves in the dead book before the show had even started? How ironic is it that the Mercykillers planned Zibby's final operation? Perhaps Ms. Intwood (Sigis culler covering the story) is right in assuming that the Red Cell still holds sway within the Prison. But, what if they don't? What if that mad tinker gnome actually, by some strange design, enlisted the entire Red Death to be unwitting members of his own short-lived cell?

By the veracity of his crimes, he played puppeteer to the Cage, and specifically to the Mercykillers, leaving them only one option: to gather together those that most hated what the Cadre accomplished, and those that the Cadre had specifically targeted for the final act in his destructive play. It's too beautiful a hit to not be planned. Zibby was not the "mad bomber" or the Red Cells pawn, when he gave a little gnomish smile and pulled the pin on his final joke. He accomplished more than all the infighting, cross-purpose cells spread across the Cage. He united Anarchist and Mercykiller in a mission of such perfect execution it will be studied and talked about in taverns and dark back rooms for a long time. It staggers the imagination just to think on it.

Author: [Ragboy](#)





the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



TRANSCENDENT ORDER

by Aileron Locke

A once-congenial debate between friends recently turned into a near catastrophe this week when two Cipher factotums exchanged hostilities within a small household in the Clerk's Ward.

Adrius, a druid and long-time member of the Transcendent Order, and Kei Sai, one of the top martial trainers in the Great Gymnasium, apparently were having a long-standing disagreement about the purity of thought and action. Supposedly Kei Sai, a master of the mind, had been very adamant about teaching his students both the concepts of martial combat and of mental harmony. According to his peers, Sai was very fixed on the idea that only through physical mastery can a body find peace within the mind. His lessons taught that the actions of the muscles are a direct reflection upon thoughts in the brain, and he felt this was the ultimate level of purity all Ciphers should eventually attain (he is equally known among peers-mostly of other factions-as being a touch arrogant).

His druid counterpart, Adrius, has taken on a stance more akin to those within his profession. He feels true purity of thought can only be found when one thinks on an instinctual level; to a druid, this comes across as functioning on an animalistic level. Kei Sai-and many other faction members-find this ridiculous. After all, they say, what would be the point if no one could think for themselves? The multiverse would be a walking march of modrons.

Adrius insists that Sai's view is very close to the truth-but that it is blocked by a barrier of fear. Namely, a fear of greater acceptance in instinct and less reliance on rationalization.

This debate has continued on for many years without much that seemed relevant to the Cage's

There has yet to be any official reaction from the Fraternity on this point, either on their conceived ulterior motives or otherwise. However, many of Sigil's top-shelf bloods seem to think the Anarchists are yet again working behind the scenes. After all, who better to sniff out an underhanded scheme than the masters of deception?

Author: [Craig Stalbaum](#)



HARMONIUM

by Aileron Locke

She was hairy, she was large, and she was determined to sell me whatever in the Lady's name she was holding. No, thank you, I repeated for probably the hundredth time before finally slipping away into an alley. I almost felt guilty for letting her wrath spew out across the thousands of innocents in the Great Bazaar, but I just knew I wasn't in a mood to be martyred at the time. That being said, I went on about my business as if nothing had happened.

Two weeks later, amidst a discussion with several colleagues of mine, I caught wind of a strange chant. It seemed that several Harmonium Measures were screaming at the Barracks to send more men into the Hive to stop the Bleakers. When I asked around as to what these Hardheads were rattling about, I found a little bit of dark. How much is just screeed? Well, that's for you, the Cagers, to figure out.

It seems that the Factol Lhar and a few of his factors have been seeing an increase in the number of somewhat disillusioned and depressed individuals in the Hive. If you've ever been there, this doesn't seem like much of a stretch. Anyway, Lhar has allegedly started a campaign to lighten the load of many of these would-be barmies. The

population at large. Only days ago, however, the confrontation suddenly erupted. Apparently Kei Sai had been instructing a large group of students with his principles. During the discussion, one of these students brought up the subject of the druid and those with similar beliefs. Sai apparently made several derogatory comments, many of which this student classified as "bad enough to insult a Clueless who didn't speak the cant."

One day later Kei Sai apparently found Adruis waiting for him at his home.

Witnesses say the two exchanged several words, most spoken in sharp but hushed tones, before moving inside. From this point details are somewhat sketchy, but all witnesses reported hearing growling sounds the likes of which would make a goriostro proud. Several smashing explosions and a cacophony of screams followed. By the time a Harmonium patrol arrived on the scene, the battle was long since over.

The Measure in charge of the investigation reported that Kei Sai was lying upon his table, slashed and bleeding in every visible location. Many of his furnishings were destroyed, as if he'd been thrown around by a great beast. Standing above him was a man in a thin green cloak and simple clothes. The man, Adruis, proclaimed in a dark tone, "Has your mind found peace yet?"

The patrol attempted to apprehend the druid, but he was able to shapeshift and disappear before their wizard could hold him. A warrant has been issued for his arrest. Kei Sai, for his part, recovered within a local temple but was unwilling to comment on the incident.

Author: [Craig Stalbaum](#)



FRATERNITY OF ORDER

by Aileron Locke

In response to the recent desecration of the Justice's Bench in the City Court, the Fraternity of Order has proposed a plan to reconstruct and re-divide certain sections of the Hive-sections which the Xaositects are known to frequent. Why the reconstruction? Well, as was speculated in the last issue of SIGIS, several Anarchist agents are

is always squirming for funds (and motivation) to build another addition.

The half-orc's methods are what the Measures are questioning. Apparently, they've heard rumors that the Bleakers are in fact selling strange, exotic fruits in the various market districts in all wards, though primarily the Hive. They are coated in a type of venom that alters the emotional state of most that eat it. Now, it may take a varying amount of time depending upon how much a body weighs and how healthy he is, of course, but it seems to have a positive emotional effect upon most humanoid races in the Cage.

The Harmonium officers are furious. They say the fruits are a deliberate movement by the Bleak Cabal to convert more people to their ideologies, exactly the opposite of the information I've gathered. Now, as hard as it is to stomach the idea that the Bleakers could start a movement of any kind, the entire situation has Harmonium high-ups scratching their brain-boxes.

That's the chant. Take it how you see it, cutter. As long as you stop and think about what you're doing the next time you're confronted by an unidentifiable woman selling a barmy-looking fruit, well, I've done my job.

Author: [Craig Stalbaum](#)



BLEAK CABAL & SOCIETY OF SENSATION

by Lady A'vel

Isolation Sensation

Xavia, a lovely lass eager to join the Sensates, has finally been accepted.

Some of you may know that the requirements for joining involve recording unique sensual experiences. Xavia has passed her testing in a unique way, much to the dismay of the Bleakers!

Yes, the Bleakers. Xavia decided that the best way to advance the cause of the Sensates, was to experience nothingness and bring that experience into her own world. So she went off to catch a skeg of the Bleak Cabal. What she found was

reported to have organized the Chaosmen vandalism in the Guvner's headquarters. But after several weeks of investigation and even more Harmonium arrests of suspects, the fact remains that the Fraternity can't find any sodding evidence to support their theory.

And so chant has it that the Guvners have decided to let the Anarchists go but kill two other Abyssal ravens with one magic stone: one, clean up what is obviously the least organized section of the Cage, and two, get a little revenge against the Chaosmen directly responsible for the graffiti. All of this comes from a concerned Hive-dweller named Koriasis, a rather burly Xaositect warrior.

"Here's the problem," he insists. "The graybeards over in the Court might know how to distinguish between Abyssal layers or even exactly how much pressure a berk can place on a piece of Baatorian green steel before it breaks, but they don't know a sodding thing about life in the Hive. They might want to try and get some revenge on us for 'vandalizing' their precious Court, but I, for one, ain't worried about it. Why? It's pretty simple, berk. The day those leather-headed graybeards set foot in the Hive is the last day they walk on their own two feet. Why? Here in the Hive things are REAL. There ain't no Harmonium to watch your back and their sure as Avernus ain't no street signs to point you in the right direction. They think they can organize this place? I say, 'Let 'em try.'"

Sensates.

The Bleakers have been working on a device. It was supposed to cure the barmies by giving them relief from the false reality around them, pure peace and quiet in which to remember the reality within themselves, which is the only thing that matters anyway. Things didn't turn out quite the way they expected.

Xavia reports that she was placed naked in a black chamber, resting in water kept the same temperature as her body, in absolute darkness and absolute silence. No sensation of any kind. An unusual experience for an aspiring Sensate, to be sure! The dark of it is, it doesn't stay that way. After a few hours, as Xavia recorded, the senses begin to create their own sensations. Fantastic lights, strange sounds, even exotic scents wafted through her nostrils. Every sense came to life, creating its own reality there in her isolation.

When she was removed from the chamber the Bleakers were understandably disappointed, but it seems by Xavia's report that all of their trials have had the same results! The mind insists on sensations, making them a critical part of our existence! Factol Erin Darkflame Montgomery was elated at this evidence of the correctness of her order's chant. Factol Lhar has suspended all further testing of the chamber.

Author: [Lady A'vel](#)



stop press

"DEATH ROCK" REVEALS TRUE COLOURS

by *Sim Underwood*

Sigil (Lady's Ward) -- Sim Underwood here, a bit of an urgent report. I was telling you earlier about the rock that the Hardheads arrested. Seems they took it to a mindbender in the Great Bazaar called Axarax the Augur. This Axarax berk is a known Hardhead agent, and the beholder is a master of mental and magical powers. Well, the rock was carried into the Augur's tent, but the

NIGHT WINGS

by *Lady A'vel*

Sigil (Clerk's Ward) -- There's a new critter prowling the skies of the Cage. It comes out in the dark, and drifts on silent wings. A blood I know was out walking late one night when he heard a shriek from around the corner. He took a peery gander around the edge of the wall, being a rorty cutter, and saw a flock of birds! Now, there just ain't too many of our feathered friends in this city of ours, so he kept watching. These feathered beasts worked together and air lifted

Axarax was there waiting for me when I tried to sneak in the back way -- sodding psychics!

That was probably for the best, though, because after some rather dull waiting around, the buzz of the Great Bazaar was shattered by a terrible bang and screech. If that's the sound of an observer in pain, I don't want to hear anything like it again. Thick black smoke billowed from beneath the purple tent cloth, and Hardheads blundered out moments after, choking and retching violently. As the tent collapsed (leaving the almost-amusing shape of beholder-wrapped-in-tent hanging in the air) a dark form materialized not ten feet from me. Tall and menacing, and black as baatezu blood, the shadowy monster made not a sound. I kept out of its way!

One of the Hardhead mages, far braver than sensible, challenged the shadow creature. The eight-foot beast grabbed the cutter by the throat and lifted him straight off his feet.



Shadow Monster Scraggs Mage

Needless to say, I ran for cover! From under a nearby vegetable cart I heard sounds of metal and growling and explosions, and once the dust had settled the bleeding corpses of Hardheads and onlookers were strewn all around like corn bales in an Arcadian field. The dark monster was gone, but nobody seemed to know where. I'm going to find out more, don't you worry.

their catch up to a roof where the whole flock shared in the catch! And not a sound did they make!

Now, I'm as cadgy as the next blood, so I went out myself last night to do some bird watching of my own. It's true! After some time, I finally caught a skeg of a shape as it passed in front of the lights of the Civic Festhall across the Ring from me. I managed to follow it to its roost, and made out the other members of the flock, gray on gray and about the size of a raven. They perch up against chimneys and gargoyles where they're hard to lay your eyes on, and they don't land on the peaks where they'd be silhouetted. Canny birds, they are!

I found out something else that bothers me a bit more. They weren't hunting your garden variety Sigil rat. They were hunting cranium rats! I watched one fly down and sit beside a hole, staring at it. After awhile, here comes a single big-headed rat, right into his talons. Now how does a bird do that, I ask. I ask, but I'm not sure I want to know!

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