



### 33. First Week of Sacrilegion

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*exclusive*

## BLACK FEATHERS RUSTLE ON

*by Arafel*

**Sigil (Hive Ward)** -- Factor Ansdak of the Bleak Cabal reports an unusual complaint among many of the barmies at the Gatehouse: all night long, these sods claim they hear feathers rustling in the wind. Apparently, it is so disturbing that hundreds of the inmates are howling all night in despair. Mass hallucinations are nothing new at the Gatehouse, but it seems that the noise is permeating much of the Hive. The Bleakers have so far been unable to control the situation or discover its cause (not that motivation to do anything about it runs high among members of this faction).

Chant is racing throughout the Hive that people are dreaming of black feathers, rustling wind, and round dark eyes all around them. All of the stories use the same words to describe the feelings. There are also reported sightings of large dark grey birds, not unlike ravens, creeping out of rooftop crevices and flying around in the dark.

The Bleakers are encouraging the hunting of these birds. Factor Ansdak says, "The Gatehouse, and the Hive around it, is getting tense. You can feel the disturbance in the air. More and more will go barmy, and we will be unable to care for them all. If somebody thinks they can stop these things, they are welcome to try, but they will probably end up in the Gatehouse as well unless we run out of room and are not all barmy by then."

On a relate note, talismans have been showing up in the Grand Bazaar that are being sold as charms to keep birds away. Their effectiveness has not been proven, but trade of the charms has been brisk.

Author: [Arafel](#)





# newsbriefs

## CROWS FOR SALE

A **new flock** has just been imported and the hatchery is full.

I have many *young and fully trained crows* (normal and giant sized) for any interested parties.

Guaranteed **perfect health** and a variety of dispositions for any cutter. Advanced training free of charge once every three months for those who request it. 15GP and up.

Author: [Bill David](#)

## ROAD BLOCKS & RED TAPE

by *Arafel*

**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- Roads were blocked for hours last week when The People for Ethical Treatment of Non-Sentient Beings (PETNSB) in their annual parade met up with the Anti-Defamation of Magic and Wizardry League (ADMWL) during their own First Annual March. The problem came when neither was able to leave the scene! Both causes had obtained appropriate licenses for their demonstrations and duly registered their proposed routes in advance with the Fraternity of Order. They had, however, registered in different offices of the local Court. The PETNSB registered in the Market Ward, and the ADMWL registered in the Guildhall Ward. Apparently the Guvners never noticed that their routes intersected over the course of several blocks.

## BLOOD WAR TAINTS YSGARD

by *Darlath Coberrl*

**Bytopia (Centerspire)** -- As I wrote in last week's issue of SIGIS, the Blood War incursion into the prime sphere of Theracia ended when the baatezu managed to lay their claws on the enchanted fiendish armors that Sir Veidner had spirited away. I can hear all you berks out there screaming that the Prime isn't worth spit and their problems mean nothing to us. Well, I tell you that they do, and as you read on with this story, you will see what I mean.

The chant on the streets of the Cage was that a Solar has been recently abducted from Ysgard. I know it is typically foolish to listen to the chant on the street, but this one piece of chant had a morsel of the truth in it.

I found a young aasimar named Al'Solartrian Quellernatharian who had more on the story. Quellernatharian has dedicated his life to the defense of the innocent and the veneration of the All Father, Odin. A member of the Ysgardian knightly Order of the Blue Eye, Quellernatharian looked the part: his skin was a rich deep blue and his troubled, silver eyes belied his young age. A celestial sword at his side told of his vocation. Quellernatharian was the paladin who was sent by the temple of the All-Father to investigate the happenings in Theracia.

According to Quellernatharian, Ysgard had indeed lost one of its most powerful guardians. Salsorithanis the



*PETNSB Member*

The Harmonium had assigned guards to the processions and these guards had, naturally, reviewed the laws pertaining to parades and demonstrations rather

been captured by the baatezu, while trying to liberate the armors the fiends had taken.

Quellernatharian and his companions managed to track the course of the baatezu as they carried Salsorithanis, bound in chains of pure darkness. The dark of the matter was that there were too many baatezu for Quellernatharian and his companions to confront alone: a pit fiend, three glabrezu, and a host of lesser fiends dragged the proxy away. "If we had moved against them then, we would have been cut to pieces before we taken a dozen steps", the aasimar told me. Instead, the paladin and his friends traveled to Bytopia and found the Astral Deva Killyanthis, leader of the celestial host known as the "Wings of Glory". Even before they spoke to him, Killyanthis was preparing to move to rescue Salsorithanis. With this new information in his possession, Killyanthis rallied his celestials around him with all possible speed and set out to crush the patrol escorting the imprisoned Solar.

"A mighty battle ensued, and the powers of the celestials ultimately triumphed," recounted Quellernatharian. "The Solar was freed and a number of the fiendish armors were reclaimed." However, as I found out, the victory was not quite complete. The leader of the baatezu war band, now identified as the pit fiend Zaggutch, managed to escape the carnage, and no less than three dozen celestials of the Wings of Glory had been written into the dead-book.

I traveled to Bytopia to see if I could scrag comment from the Wings of Glory, since they had been so instrumental in the rescue of the Solar. When I neared Centerspire, the large single spire that connects Bytopia's two layers, a shimmering in the sky caught my attention. As I stopped and looked, a massive gate opened, not more than a hundred yards from the fortress I was heading for. For a moment nothing happened; then, to my utter shock and amazement fiends began pouring through the opening. Led by a huge pit fiend bearing a flaming sword, the baatezu fell onto the castle in a frenzy catching the celestials completely by surprise.

The fighting was over in minutes, but the slaughter took more than three hours. By the time most of the fiends had left, the fortress lay in smoking ruins. Corpses littered the courtyard. Dozens, hundreds of celestials lay dead or dying, their blood seeping into the bytopian ground. After the battle, I ran into the building and up the stairs as far as I could, looking for survivors, finding none. At the top of the stairway, I heard voices and inched closer.

I saw the mighty Killyanthis, standing tall, but held fast in the claws of two glabrezu. His face was covered in blood, his armor torn and his sword broken at his

thoroughly before their assignments. The law, it seems, prevents public demonstrations, including parades, from turning off of their registered route for any reason. Messengers were promptly sent to register new routes for each of the groups.

The members of the two groups settled down to wait while the normal traffic of Shipper's Way was rerouted to side streets. The local merchants were none too happy with the loss of business. Many hours later the messengers finally returned with the necessary permits. The merchants were furious when the Hardheads determined that the two, now extremely delayed parades, could not continue. "This is the typical blind miscarriage of justice found in Sigil these days!" fumed Herdinard Verspachin, a local business owner. "Who will pay me for the day's loss in patronage to my restaurant when the Hardheads and the Guvners cannot find a simple solution to a simple problem?"

"It is a problem of law, and the law cannot be ignored for convenience!" Measure Three Boriscov, Officer in Charge, said. "The law states clearly that no procession can be allowed using streets designated as 'residential' and both of the routes now licensed include residential streets as their first turn from here. This must be corrected."

A discussion ensued between the leaders of the various parties and Boriscov, for which they retired to the Blue Chip Inn, Verspachin's restaurant. It was found that in order to re-route the processions to suit the law, each would have to double back on their own route for at least 10 blocks in order to reach an acceptable alternative that would bypass the other's route. Neither group was willing to be the one that backed up. Word of the proceedings reached the street outside by way of the many customers who entered and left with food and drink for the hungry and tired demonstrators outside. Eventually, after much negotiation, it was agreed that ADMWL would reverse itself, and PETNSB would follow until the League reached a turning point. In exchange, PETNSB would carry some of the League's banners, promoting its cause. During the course of the negotiations, the steady stream of outside customers slowed to a trickle.

When the leaders returned from this discussion, ready to send messengers for one more attempt at a permit for an alternate route, it was to find traffic returned to normal, and no more than a handful of faithful followers ready to continue their marches. The leaders of the two parties gave murderous looks to Measure Three Boriscov, then stormed off down their respective streets, various party members in tow. The Officer grinned. "Short duty day, troop!" he called to the rest of his men, and lead them back into the Inn to the sound of cheers. "The Law has been upheld!"

feet. His wings had been shorn off and lay in a pile behind him. More than a dozen wounds seeped blood that soaked into his white clothes.

Before him, with his back to me stood a figure that could only have been the pit fiend that had led the assault. A freezing terror swept over me, but I remained and listened as the arch-fiend spoke in his hideous voice: "You brought this upon yourself, meddling deva!" Then the fiend slashed his burning blade across Killyanthis's chest. I stood transfixed as I watched the pain in his eyes, but he did not cry out. Through clenched teeth he said, "This murderous act will not go unavenged, Zaggutch. You have accomplished, in a few hours, what I have been trying for centuries". Then with a slight bow of his head, the Deva thanked the pit fiend and let out his dying breath.

The glabrezu released him to the floor and Zaggutch merely looked at him before kicking him aside and striding out of the room right past me. Once they were gone I went to Killyanthis, but he was already beginning to dissolve and merge with the plane. I had heard of this happening, but had never actually seen it.

I wondered what, exactly, Killyanthis had meant with those last words, but I would not find any answers here as a rumbling in the tower announced its imminent collapse. I dashed outside, unable to do anything but watch as this once might building became a heap of stone and ash before my very eyes.

Draw what conclusions you will. The fact of the matter is that the Wings of Glory will never fly again.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



## GREEK TEMPLE FOUND UNDER CELTIC KIP

by *Daemon Chaas*

**Sigil (Lower Ward)** -- The ruins of an ancient temple to the Greek Powers were discovered late last week below a newly acquired temple to the Celtic Power Arawn in the Lower Ward. The followers of Arawn, now living in the temple known as "Arawn's Arrival", were startled to find an enormous case dedicated to the entire Greek Pantheon right below their feet.

According to Arawn's Arrival's spokesman Semeron, a githzerai priest, the Arawn followers had no idea that an entire temple lay buried below their feet. "We have been down to the catacombs [in Arawn's Arrival] many times treating the dead and noticed nothing strange," said Semeron. "No hollow sounds, no stairs or secret passages. Arawn's Arrival itself used to be a shrine to

Herdinard Verspachin, who had been looking happier during the meeting, with business flowing well, looked a bit concerned as he hurried to follow his new customers into his establishment.

Author: [Arafel](#)

## **SATTERBOW'S BOTTLES**

**Don Tankred Satterbow** the centaur, is now importing wines *from the Realm of the Secret Gates!*

4612 Massons Row in the Guildhall Ward

Broadest variety from one individual producer in the Cage ever.

Author: [Bill David](#)

## DEATHS MAR ASCENSION OF FORTITUDE

by *Darlath Coberrl*

**Arcadia (Gate-town of Fortitude)** -- It was to be a grand festival. Great rejoicing was to fill the hearts of all beings that revered Law and Order. The power of the Law and Goodness that is embodied in the plane of Arcadia was to wash over all and draw them fully into its embrace. Unfortunately, the waters that washed over the populace of Fortitude came more from the filthy Styx than the cleansing Oceanus.

The Ascension of the gate town to Arcadia, sometimes referred to as 'The Egg' because of the burg's layout, has occurred at regular intervals throughout recorded history. Over time, Fortitude tends to become more and more like Arcadia, and as time passes, more and more lawful beings make their home there. The city, suffused with the ideals of Arcadia, then slides gracefully into the plane and another gate town gradually takes its place to begin the cycle anew. Thus has it been for countless turns of the Great Ring.

While the Ascension of gate towns happens regularly, it is also rare. It is unlikely that any mortal cutter will get the opportunity to witness such events, even though they happen all around the Outer Planes. A basher wouldn't want to see this happen to a gate town to one of the Lower planes. The lower planar gate towns descend so erratically, that it would be pure, unfortunate, happenstance for one to be present when it occurs. I have never heard of Excelsior sliding into Mount Celestia and Automata slides according to such a complex schedule that you would have to be a modron to figure out its next move! So that leaves Fortitude. It is the only town that publicizes such events

must have been unaware of the enormous temple below them or they would never have sold it to Zadara the Titan."

Zadara, in turn, sold the shrine for a hefty profit to a Lower Ward land developer named Telmound, a shadowy figure about the Cage. Chant has it that Telmound sat on the purchase for several cycles before his gambling debts overwhelmed him and he was forced to sell the former shrine at a loss before giving his bookies the laugh. The Celts, looking for a presence in the Cage, scragged the kip and made it into a Temple to Arawn, God of Death. The priests who bought the building advertised it as a mortuary that treated the dead with respect. Naturally, this purchase must have really ticked the Greeks off: it is no secret that the two Pantheons do not get along.

Although the Celts claim they were surprised to find this ruin beneath their building, the Greeks may have known about it for some time. Early last week, locals reported sounds of battle in and around Arawn's Arrival in the wee hours of the night. Sorie, a local bariaur mum, said she heard yells and screams from within the Arrival just around anti-peak. "My little lambs had just gone to sleep when I hears this ruckus out me window," recalled Sorie. "I can see the temple from me window, and I sees this fire and smoke boiling out. I slammed the shutters closed and prayed to Diancecht [Celtic Power of Healing] for help for the temple."

All day long, before the commotion, residents claim they saw groups of armed warriors dressed in mail skirts and carrying short swords or spears staking out the old shrine.



and makes a celebration out of them and so makes it the perfect target for a culler on the case, such as myself.

The office of Tonat Shar of the Harmonium issued a press release on the matter, which we, at SIGIS, published in a previous issue (see advertisement in SIGIS 32). So I was assigned to make a trip to Fortitude and cover the event for those not fortunate enough to be present.

First, allow me to give a brief description of the gate town itself. In the center of the town a tall tower holds aloft a rotating circular globe that radiates light on one side and dark on the other to simulate a perfect light/dark cycle. It is similar to a Prime invention called a lighthouse, which is used to ensure that ships do not run aground. The purpose here is quite different, but the principle is the same. The gate to Arcadia stands, a shimmering light, at the top of a pyramid close to the center of town.

The city was buzzing with excitement at the celebration, which encompassed it in its entirety. There was much bub available, but as far as I could see, very few bashers were actually drunk. And those that were, were quietly and carefully escorted to the local jail by the Harmonium to sleep it off. Absolute order reigned.

The inhabitants of the burg seemed extremely excited about the prospects of the ceremony: "I can't wait to see the celestials in all their glory as they come to the ceremony. And then, living in Arcadia: It's like a dream come true..." Others seemed more guarded and concerned. One man confided in me that: "I have heard that Daneel is not here and that no one has seen his sword Guardian in a long time. How can we have the ceremony without them?" This basher's fears were unfounded, however, as Daneel and his sword arrived soon after.

As the city folk gathered in the central square before the House of Law to conclude the celebration with the ceremony of Ascension, they marched up the street in careful file and order. It was strangely disconcerting, if not downright disturbing. Unless you are a Hardhead, of course.

A perfectly constructed oak platform had been erected for the purposes of the ceremony, close to the center of the square. Upon the platform stood the paladin Daneel, the sword Guardian hanging in a sheath by his side. Beside Daneel, sat various officials of the burg and highups in the Harmonium.

Daneel began to speak, addressing the crowd in a triumphant tone, speaking of the glory of law and how the Ascension would change the lives of the people of Fortitude. Gradually, ghostly wisps of Arcandian countryside became visible around the area: Trees,



### *Warrior of Ares*

"They were marching by like Hardhead patrols," said a local tiefling bubber. "You say they might be Greeks, but they were not like any Greek I ever saw. Most Greeks like to have a little fun, but these bashers were all business and they were waiting for something. Pushed me around all day. 'Get out of our way, sod.' I was going to give them a little taste of my knife, then I thought better of it when I saw their swords."

Following the lead of some Lower Ward cranium rats I happen to be friends with (don't ask!), I found some strange passages in the sewers below the Ward that led in the direction of the temple. The hallway was filled with the scent of a poisonous gas, according to my little friends. These rats told me that all sorts of warriors tramped through those tunnels in the weeks before the fighting. The origin of the gas remains unclear, but I suspect that the Greeks were using it to reclaim their temple. I followed the tunnels as far as I could and found traces of blood and booted prints all over. I even discovered a broken spear shaft with a little symbol of Ares near the pointed tip. The tunnels led almost all the way to the temple before a big pile of rocks blocked the way. But my little friends said the ruined Greek temple lay just beyond.

I suspect that the Greeks recently discovered the location of the old temple and were trying to reclaim it by force. Neither the Celts, nor the Greeks, were willing to comment on the battle and both sides deny that any such thing took place at all. However, the Celts are not denying the presence of the Greek temple, and plans are afoot to make money off tours. This has really annoyed the Greek priests of the Zeus temple in the Market Ward, and they are going to fight the Celts in court over rights to the ruins.

Of course, this still leaves the origins of the temple unexplained. The Guvners have absolutely no records about plans for a subterranean temple in Sigil. Indeed, the legal action take by the priests of Zeus may backfire, as the Fated might try to sue them for lost tax revenue over hidden assets, and the Guvners may try to level a hefty fine for not having proper building permits. But it is also possible that the Greeks really did not know of this temple. Lissandra the Gate-Seeker, a true sage of Sigil's portals, said the Greek temple may not even be in Sigil at all. "No one has checked the temple for any kind of portals," said

bushes and even animals appeared all around us. The more Daneel spoke, the more solid these became.

To seal the ceremony and bring Fortitude fully and permanently into Arcadia, he drew his blade, Guardian, from its sheath and held it aloft while he spoke. From my vantage point, I saw a large red globe, about the size of child's leather ball, magically materialize from the blade and plunge into Daneel. The paladin abruptly fell silent. Then, his eyes burning with a fierce light, he began to speak again. This time his tone and manner were completely changed and there was no kindness underlying his voice as there had been before. "So, you want to slide into Arcadia, eh, Flagoes?" said Daneel. I felt the crowd recoil. In fact, I had trouble believing what I was seeing myself. The trees and scenery that surrounded us began to fade again. Becoming nothing more than wispy dreams.

Daneel's hands came together and a ball of fire leapt from his fingers and exploded in the crowd. But the creature that had once been a paladin of Light yelled above the din of the screaming masses: "What is your precious Goodness doing for you now, eh, Flagoes?" And then it clicked: 'Flagoes' was a term used by baatezu to make disparaging remarks about one's lineage. But how was a baatezu able to possess Daneel?

I had some time to ponder this as I leapt under a stationary wagon and covered my head with my hands. This was not supposed to be a dangerous assignment! From my cover, I saw two celestials pushing their way up to the platform where Daneel was; both had bare steel in their hands. One was blue skinned and both seemed to be totally devoid of body hair.

Just as they got closer to Daneel, the once paladin looked up and saw a gateway forming through which poured a half dozen celestials. With nothing more than a look from Daneel, the celestials exploded into flame and fell to the ground screaming in mortal agony. This was definitely not what I had signed on for.

The two celestials had reached Daneel by this time, but as soon as they swung at him, he disappeared. The blue celestial made a motion with his hand and within seconds a loud flapping announced the arrival of a small dragon, which landed for him to mount. He swung into the saddle and conferred with his companion momentarily before taking to the air.

I breathed again. "Was it all over?" I wondered. A few minutes past before I was able to get to my feet and see what had happened. I walked over to the charred celestials and almost wept. The acrid smell of burning flesh filled my nostrils. The mountains of Arcadia, barely visible now, no more than smoky images, had almost a dream-like quality to them.

Lissandra. "I bet you a hundred jink that this temple really sits somewhere in the Outer Planes, built by an old Greek sect that abandoned it long ago. How the portals opened up to it from that old shrine is anyone's guess."

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)

## **A TEIFLING HOMELAND**

### **WANTED**

**Teiflings** needed to help with major project on the **Ethereal Plane**. Experience required in *Ethereal survival, Demi-plane Exploration and Creation* a plus.

Combat experience and ability to wield magic of any sort is also very desirable.

Project has 18 month time table. We supply food and shelter. You supply your own weapons, armor and spell components.

**Payment is in the form of**

**Large Estates**

within the demi-plane once completed. The demi-plane will bar all sentients except teiflings. *No other races need apply.*

Author: [John Worfin](#)

Harmonium guards were everywhere; trying to calm people down, trying to restore order to a place that had supposedly embodied enough to slide into Arcadia. It was some time before order was restored, but it was restored. Upon the platform, a battered and dispirited Daneel was charged with multiple counts of murder, attempted murder and disturbing the peace. Instantly he was sentenced to death. Justice works swiftly in Fortitude.

I was surprised when the blue celestial dragonrider, who now held a brightly glowing Guardian tightly in his right hand, and his hairless companion moved to speak on behalf of Daneel. They announced that the paladin was not responsible for the destruction that he had caused and that he had been possessed by one far more powerful than himself. The Harmonium listened and weighed what they said, finally decided to allow Daneel to atone for his actions.

A dispirited voice from the crowd shouted: "But how do we Ascend to Arcadia without Daneel and Guardian?" The dragonrider turned away from the Harmonium judges and answered: "Is it not the power of the belief of the entire city that has made Fortitude worthy of Ascension? Why are the beliefs of one man more important than those of the rest of you? YOU have the power to ascend. It was never granted by Daneel or by Guardian!" As he spoke, a murmur of approval went through the crowd. The trees began solidifying once more, the Arcadian mountains became more real in the distance. The dragonrider's companion spoke to the people lecturing on the power of belief and of Goodness. Again the people began to smile and, almost suddenly, the entire city was engulfed in the bright sunlight of the Arcadian sun.

Fortitude had completed its ascension. It was a rocky ride getting there and this culler sometimes feared for his life, but life would be boring if it was always ordinary, would it not?

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



# **THE RULE-OF-FOURS**

**EXPANDS!**

Come down to the Rule of Fours and help us **CELEBRATE** the opening of

**FOUR NEW CHAMBERS!!**

We've added four brand new barrooms to our main elemental rooms:

### *SMOKE, OOZE, ICE & MAGMA!*

These new rooms, all fully equipped bub-houses, bring the exotic atmospheres of the **Paraelemental Planes** straight to you for your drinking pleasure. All the new rooms feature a "paraelemental tube" allowing a **360 degree viewing** of paraelemental action in the center of the room. Our new design features *three different floors* with excellent views on each level.

**And you are never far from the bub!**

Enjoy **HALF PRICE DRINKS** every night this week, and a free shot of paraelemental bub:

**Masticate a Magma Mixer**

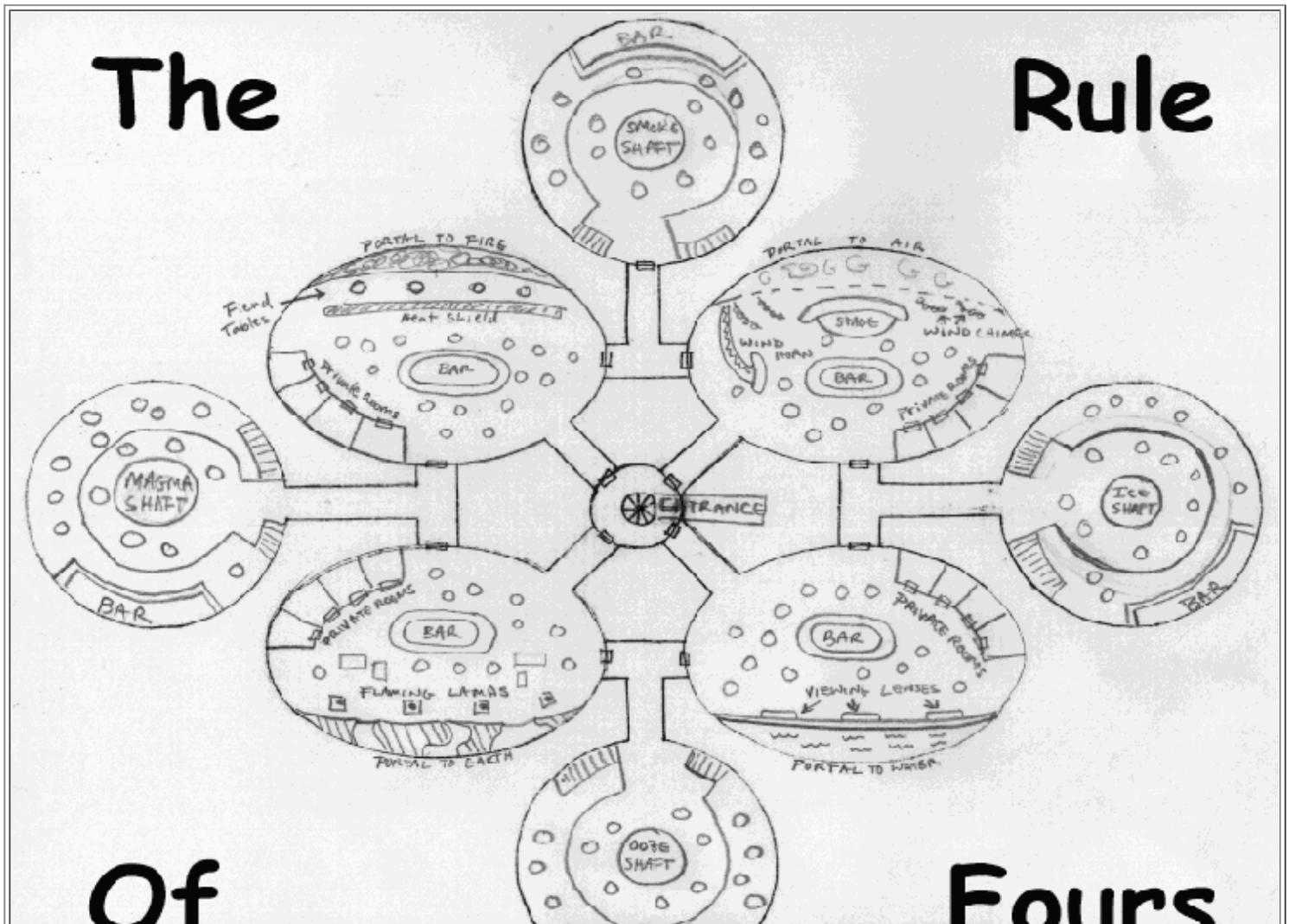
**Slam down a Smoker Shot**

**Imbibe a Nicer Icer**

**And Ogle an Order of Ooze!**

All the rooms feature exotic entertainment, including **dancing mephits**, **paraelemental music**, and **paraelemental magic!**

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)





# Letters

## WHO DO THE HARDHEADS THINK THEY ARE?

Dear Editor,

In the last few days the Cage has seen a mobilization of Harmonium forces against the Sign of One such as I have never before witnessed. People are being picked out of the streets simply for displaying the faction symbol of the Signers. Businesses are being harassed and forced to shut down, and any basher who rattles his bone box in the face of a Hardhead is liable to end up in the dead-book!

Just this morning, I saw a fellow Signer - a factotum, no less! - dragged out of his own home and beaten almost to death, without so much as a word spoken on the part of his Harmonium attackers. Just merry as can be, they took him by the hair and smashed his face into the paved street, before beating him to a bloody pulp and dragging him, unconscious, to the jail.

How is this upholding the law? How is focused aggression on the part of one faction toward another anything but terrorism in its most primal form? What is it that has made the Hardheads so afraid, I ask you? Is it perhaps that they have figured out that their highly touted orderly universe is nothing more than a figment of their imagination?

Let's look back at what triggered the crash. About a week back now, in an incident covered by Signer Darlath Coberrl for SIGIS, a berk was arrested on the streets of the Cage and beaten. This man was a Signer, merely the first of a long line.

The charge was ostensibly murder. The guards that beat him talked about feeding him to the Wyrms before he had even been tried. Due process means nothing to these fiends...

Today it is us. Tomorrow, it could be you. Beware.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)

### OBITUARY

Thadious Jameskon was slain three days ago. He was 48 years old and survived by his three children Gorbin (8), Shykla(5), and Ramadon (2). Services will be private and held at an undisclosed time. Jameskon, a former Blood War mercenary suffered a terrible death in his Lady's Ward home at the hands of some vengeful Tanar'ri who blamed him for turning stag on them in the Fields of Nettles seven cycles ago.

Author: [Bill David](#)

### HELP NEEDED

The **elderly grandmother** of the late **Thadious Jameskon** is looking for **experienced planewalkers** to escort her and her 3 grandchildren out of the city. She fears further retribution from **Tanar'ri merchants**. Please **contact Parson Freighson** at the Temple of Fraya in the Clerk's Ward as soon as possible.

Author: [Bill David](#)



## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### ATHAR

by *Chickory*

One berk says it, and its just a addle bone box rattling. But, as my old culler mentor Turgid the Sniffer used to say, if three berks say the same that deserves checking. And way more than three berks have spilled the chant that the Shattered Temple suffers a broken foundation. Now that isn't big news I know. But what is new is the fact that earthquakes have been felt all about the rubble. Some are saying that, through anti-peak, they could hear the Cages stomach growling like a Vor. Others are feeling the shakes beneath their feet as they stand near the old Temple.

While people have been avoiding it before, they are doing so even more now. They fear that the Lady has had enough of those Athar using it as their headquarters and now its time to maze them all. Most Athar seem unconcerned. Many of the Lost have suggested, in private conversations behind locked doors, that they have awoken the dead god. Others have suggested that the Dabus are expanding the catacombs for some unknown reason. Or perhaps some barmy Dwarf is building his own catacombs beneath the broken rubble.

Author: [Bill David](#)



### BLEAK CABAL

by *Ear to the Gear*

Absolutely nothing of importance occurred. And who would care if it did anyway? Not the Bleakers!

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



### FATED

by *Lady A'vel*

The Fated are holding meetings among the upper levels to consider a new financial project, the idea of one of their newer Factors, Rubel Hordonious. The claim is that the project is a way to make money while paying for the losses of any business that joins the project and has a fire, robbery, or other mishap.

### MERCYKILLERS

by *Maija Intwood*

A new sect of break-away Mercykillers has set up kip in the Hive. Actually, they aren't all that new, just new to the Cage. They call themselves the Blood of Lei Kung (yes, the Chinese God of Thunder and Vengence) and they hail from the burg of Resounding Thunder in Acheron, home of the Power Lei Kung. Although Lei Kung is know for his harsh treatment of lawbreakers, even those simply accused of breaking the law, the Blood seem to represent a new face of the Power. According to chant heard down at the Rule of Fours [a bub-house in the Lower Ward] the Blood focus all their attention on bashers who put themselves above the law! You could say the Blood go after the "Untouchables", the cutters who have enough political clout, jink or might to get away with just about anything. Chant has it that one or more of these bashers took down the corrupt Hardhead Durkayle (see SIGIS 24, Stop press "Durkayle in the Dead-book?") and may have been involved in the recent Grazzt affair. The sect is lead by a blood named Wei Do who has some kind of secret case in the Lower Ward. Your old cutter here tried to visit this kip and happened upon the three Wei Lo brothers: Wei Lo Lung, Mung and Chung. Maybe it was some kind of practical joke played on yours truly, but if these three dorks comprise the Blood of Lei Kung, Shemeshka the Marauder has little to worry about.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



### HARMONIUM

by *Ear to the Gear*

The Hardhead high-ups were having quite a feast the other day. They commandeered the whole top floor of Fortune's Wheel for some secretive celebration. Cullers couldn't come within fifty feet of the door or Mover Two Simon Skullbiter would clock their noggins. I waited around with the other cullers for hours, drinking the finest bub on the menu courtesy of the Harmonium, but not one of us saw a single basher enter or leave the top floor. Nice of the Hardheads to pay for our drinks, but I started getting peery that they were just bubbing us up so we'd miss something. I crept outside to get a look-see and, sure enough, I spied the fancy carriage of one Mover Four Catrina de la Coeur (chief of Fiend Investigations for the

attached to this idea, and discussion flies around the Hall of Records.

An interview with Factor Hordonious produced the following explanation. "Each of the business contributes a certain amount of jink on a periodic basis to a central fund. We Fated administer that fund, using part of the jink to make more jink by using it for loans, purchase and sale of property, and other such business. The remainder of the profits remain available to any of the contributing businesses to replace their costs in the event of a fire, theft or other specific events that impact their business. Everybody wins!"

Comparisons are being made to other situations, in which businesses have paid their jink to prevent damage to their establishments. The Fated contend that this is entirely different, as no threats are involved, and it is actually much more profitable if no damage comes to the customers. However the business owners will feel so much more secure knowing that they cannot lose if something bad were to happen to their property, Factor Hardonious insists.

Meetings continue among the higher ups of the Fated, and it seems sure that many more will be held before this questionable idea finds acceptance.

Author: [Arafel](#)

Harmonium; see [Issue 27](#) for her mug.) pull up to the back of the Wheel. The Mover stepped out of the carriage in a luscious little red number, obviously tailored in the Lady's Ward, and walked in a secret backdoor entrance escorted by her blue skinned aasimar bodyguard. If not for the bodyguard, I'd have made a move for the Mover myself! The way she strutted her stuff, I figure she must have been the guest of honor. Could she have been involved in the Grazzt business? Or perhaps she was being wooed by Duke Darkwood of the Fated? I hear he is hornier than a Hydra in heat!

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## HARMONIUM

*by Chickory*

More Harmonium news coming at you. I can't vouch for the reasoning behind it, but the facts are that the hardheads have been patrolling the streets of the Hive heavily. Well, admittedly, three groups isn't a lot, but is more than usual, and enough to take note of. One guard's bone box, greased with ale, shared a lot of chant, the interesting of which was that there was a suspected insurgence of Kytons in the Cage. This could be supported by a bit of chant overheard last week that the Kytons were suffering a food shortage due to Baatorian embargos. So when you hear chains rattling by your window at night, it may not be the Ghost of Cycles past!

Author: [Bill David](#)



## stop press

### PSEUDO-POWER EVICTS SELF FROM HARBINGER HOUSE

*by Pillthroat*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- The events surrounding the fiasco at Harbinger House became increasingly complex today. In a surprise announcement before the Hall of Speakers, The Godsmen admitted to the escape of one of their special projects from the confines of Harbinger House after the explosion (see SIGIS 31). Harbinger House, now known as the case where the Godsmen kip-up primordial powers, has suffered such loss of containment before, but never in such an unusual way. The missing "power-to-be",

### AIR TRAVEL IN QUESTION

*by Chickory*

**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- Yesterday, several prankster mages took a fly about the city dropping all manner of little "bombs" on random citizens. Everything from apples to stones. Their joy ride was quickly brought to a stop, however, when they bobbed a small group of nasty clerics (worshippers of the dark Babylonian Power Anshar) of several flasks of water. In jest, they poured the water on a group of celestials conducting trade in the grand bazaar. Turns that the water had a less than holy aura and was more effective at provoking (and injuring) the celestials than making them laugh. An extraordinarily brief combat ensued in

Knight of Somnambula", is said to be a deviant Signer with the power to create his own reality around him. He manipulates variables such that his own "world" becomes real. Storen was a member of the Somnambulate (or Sleepwalker) Sect, believed to be extinct among the planes after their great Sectol Hargrave created a pocket prime dimension to which the sect could migrate.

Apparently, while Keltarin and her band were dealing with another power to be named Lawshredder (see article "GODSMEN COVER MURDERER" stoppress last issue) the Sleepwalker somehow obtained a whip, which he then used to threaten his way into the room holding his "knightly goods". These included weaponry and some unusual turtle shell armor. Sir Storen bid farewell to his "goodly chamberlain" and promptly vanished from the House. (An anonymous bariaur attendant indicated the Knight briefly appeared before him as well, calling him his "faithful steed" and promising to return later to "retrieve his livery".) The Godsmen continue their search for the shell-clad soldier among the Cage. Thus far, we have only heard unconfirmed chant of the Knight exiting the Cage in the company of a group of lawful adventurers. The Godsmen of Harbinger House do not consider him a threat to good sods. "He was becoming the Power of Arms, Armor, and Super-Ego," said the Godsmen spokesbeing. "Be cautious around the Knight because crossing him will surely get you put in the dead-book." Any chant concerning the whereabouts of this truant Knight of Somnambula should be forwarded to the Harmonium.

Author: [Tim Perotta](#)



## GRACEFULL WINDS

*by Chickory*

**Abyss (Hive Ward)** -- For several weeks now a company of halflings has been giving food out in the hive. A huge white warehouse was converted to a soup kitchen, giving away creamy stews heavy with meat of some kind in large bread bowls. That's right, free food to the indigent, and free meat at that. These halflings must be well backed to be able to give such a commodity away in the Hive. Some great magics are in effect there too, as the usually cold damp streets are now warm and dry. Those without shelter are taking up residence in the nearby alleyways because of it. But clouds abound. Seems as though a group of Takers decided they needed to shut the place down because they presented false documents claiming that such activities were illegal in the Cage, and demanding taxes. Well the hivers were all over them

which the transgressors were captured and turned over to the Hardheads for justice. Later it was learned that the jesters were apprentices to a mage in the Lower Ward named Garvisses. The master has gone on record as saying: "Well I am sure whatever judgements the courts make will teach them next time to not get caught."

Author: [Bill David](#)



## MUSICAL MAYHEM ON THE PRIME!

*by Lady A'vel*

**Prime (Random Sphere)** -- I've just received a report from one of my long distance cullers. He came across some chant I want to share with you. It's not very often that good chant comes from the Prime, and let's hope the subject of this story stays there!

It seems there's this ogre who's smarter than the average ogre, which admittedly isn't saying much. Well, this ogre's clan captured a bunch of clueless for their food bin. They feasted, and in good time they set aside a lucky sod for breakfast. As luck would have it, the sod happened to be a bard. Our smarter than average ogre was assigned guard duty, and the rest of the clan went to their kips to sack out.

During the night, Mr. Breakfast started rattling his bonebox. The ogre became fascinated with the stories of life as a bard that this berk was laying on him, and by morning he had actually let the lucky sod go.

The rest of the Ogrish clan weren't too pleased to lose their breakfast, and not impressed at all with our ogre's attempts to explain about the wonder of bards, they exiled the sod. And that's where the trouble starts. You see, this homeless ogre, in his slightly more intelligent than average brainpan, got the idea that he wanted to be a bard. Have you ever heard an ogre sing?

This ogre, Bartok the Elloq...Ellac...Ella...Talks Good, traveled about the land discovering that if he sang and played his chosen instrument, an allophone (a gigantic horn designed to echo from mountain tops) the innkeepers would hurry to give him something with which to fill his mouth! They were all anxious to give him referrals to other places to sing, as well! Occasionally he ran into other itinerant ogres who were impressed with his ability to get food so quickly and easily. It seems that he actually has some small talent for song writing, as well, at least in Ogre. To the dismay of all who hear them, he has accumulated a following of other ogre would-be bards. Because of

like an army of hags on plump larvae. The bariaur guards stopped the riot fast enough and pulled them back into the kitchen, what happened after that is a gull's guess. Seems as the persons involved include a red horned tiefling some 6 feet tall, a Gith woman, and a human of no note.

Author: [Bill David](#)

leather and hide clothing to simulate the bright clothing of other bards, they have become known as the Blue Ogre Cult.

The bard who started Bartok on his new career, instead of writing a song about his narrow escape, has disappeared entirely. It seems he has no wish to be recognized as the cause of this cacophonous disaster! The dark of it is that the bard's guild of that land has offered a reward of considerable jink for the name of the sod who loosed Blue Ogre Cult upon the land. He may yet wish that he had landed in the ogre's stew pot!

Let us all pray to whatever powers we may know, that this Blue Ogre Cult never happens across a portal that would loose them on an unsuspecting Multiverse!

Author: [Arafel](#)



## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### I. Wanted

EXPERIENCED ADVENTURERS WANTED: The Wrecking Crew is looking for 1 or 2 new probationary members. Must have experience and high skills to offer. All races and classes considered. Respond with resume to [Lady A'vel](#), c/o Talking Turtle Inn, Merchant Ward. You will be contacted for interview. (A)

VOLUNTEERS! Join our staff! Become part of the rapidly growing Bleak Cabal agency providing quality care to the dying of Sigil. The most precious gift given is yourself. Rewarding, fulfilling, challenging. Contact Factor Endilard at the Gatehouse. (A)

STYLIST/MANAGER needed for NEW Lower Ward salon. Must be able to style hair/horns/nails/other appendages as well as manage the salon. Guaranteed salary & commission. Contact Vicki at the civic festhall (C)

ARTIST'S MODEL wanted, temporary, part time. Humanoid race preferred, but

### II. FOR TRADE

WOLFF SUN BEDS! PRODUCES SUNLIGHT AT HOME! Beautify the skin! Protection from UNDEAD! Grow your own veggies and save! Guaranteed to give steady daylight for 3 years, specially grown glowmoss with magical enhancement. Buy DIRECT and SAVE! Commercial/Home units from 4 Mobius! Low Monthly Payments! Come visit or send a tout for info to Wolff's Home Magic in Market Ward. FREE Color Catalog (A)

USED PEWS. From destroyed Lathanderian temple. All Abyssal pine wood planks, 10', 100 Jinx pew. Contact Drechlian at the Lost Inn in Hopeless. (C)

FREEDOM ARMS Crossbow, Magna ported, trigger job, Cherrywood grips, 42 Jinx OBO. Contact Fred, box # 3908 (A)

MAGICALLY POWERED wheelchair. An opportunity not to be missed! If you have trouble getting around, this is for you! Contact Adrian @ box #4451 (C).

ARBOREAN PETRIFIED Wood. Only 5 Jinx per lb. Contact Hall @ box #9836 (C)

HOME BREWING EQUIPMENT 4 Tap Bar. BeverageAir 4 Keg Stainless Back Bar. 500 Jinx obo. Box # 5349 (A)

### III. MISCELLANEOUS

BIRD HUNTERS! Rid Sigil of the foul menace haunting its skies! Bounty offered for gray crows by the Bleak Cabal. Bring birds to the

not required. For classroom work. See Instructor Stippler at the Academie Artiste, near the Civic Feshhall. (A)

NOW HIRING: Lingerie & Figure Models. Almost all races/sexes. No Slaadi need apply. No experience necessary. Contact Althac Halruua @ box# 2492. (C)

WANTED: DENTAL TRAINEE. Multi-species office looking for good trainee. Experience helpful but not required. Must have good hand eye coordination and fast reflexes. Poor sense of smell helpful. Will train on fangs, incisors, and molars. Apply care of SIGIS, box # 839. (A)

SECURITY SUPPORT STAFF needed, experience wanted. Must be able to work all shifts, providing support and supervision to juveniles and adults. See Mercykiller Prison satellite office, Clerk's Ward. (A)

BANQUET SETUP and wait staff wanted. Guaranteed all banquets screened for similar species menu before assignment. Will train. Eves and weekends. Contact Interplanar Caterers, 392 Bedeerow Way, Merchant's Ward. (A)

AN INNOVATIVE MULTIPLANAR Marketing Company. seeks local sales executive to work their neighborhoods to build exclusive sales territories with local merchants. Must have experience dealing with yugoloths. Experience with ad sales, direct mail or yellow pages a plus. We will train. Contact Karashalach @ box #2263 (C)

GMOC Mortgage Seeking a FULLY MULTILINGUAL (Planar Trade Common/Elven/Dwarven/Other) SALES ASSISTANT. Outlands office. Organizational skills, customer service oriented & mortgage exp pref'd. FT. Wage DOE. Please contact Oscar Rodriguez at box # 3820 (A)

INVESTIGATORS WANTED: Mustang Security & Investigations. Magical experience in disguise and divination a plus. Prior experience in Law Enforcement encouraged. Will train. Contact Lews Therin at the

LOST at Public execution, 2nd week of Catechism. Black Planar Trade Consortium shoulder bag. Call Liz at the civic festhall. No questions. Please return personal items. WARNING - DANGER: DO NOT unscrew scrollcase! REWARD! (C)

MEET THE Gehreleth of your dreams! Contact 'Interracial Consummations'. We will match you with the One. Call on Darren Oliver, 4487 Frankenstren Way, Hive Ward. (C)

CALL FOR BIDS: The Sigilian Humane Society is soliciting SEALED BIDS until mid-dark, 7th cycle from today, for construction at its site, No. 6607 Skagsetter Way, Lower Ward. Construction plans may be reviewed at the site. The project consists of constructing a pad, installing a crematory on the pad; constructing a non-flammable building around the crematory; trenching and installing approximately 1,100 feet of 8-in. water pipe and a fire hydrant at the construction site. Work must proceed rapidly to accommodate the current backlog of strayed creatures to be disposed of. (A)

(A) = [Arafel](#)

(C) = [Constantine Markides](#)

***Cullers wanted for SIGIS***  
***Must be literate and on the case***  
[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)

