

S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Third Week of Regula

MISSION: SPARE THE OUTLANDS REQUEST FOR MILITARY SERVICE

THE HONOURABLE Lady Erin Darkflame Montgomery requests the service of all able-bodied and willing warriors, wizards and priests to join the forces of the Lady's Guardianship travelling towards Tir Na Og to protect and defend helpless burghs from the invading forces of Rigus. Commissions shall range from **50 to 500 jinx per day of service** commensurate upon experience. Special bonuses apply to those proficient in the magical arts.

All motivated parties are encouraged to sign with the Guardianship in the **Civic Feshthall** over the next two days (weapons and armour not provided). The Guardians are led by seasoned veterans of Blood War battles hailing from the Upper Planes. Come join the Lady's exotic and multifaceted forces in the glorious defence of exquisitely beautiful **Tir Na Og**, sure to be the experience of a lifetime! (sk)

DURKAYLE GRILLED OVER VIGILANTES

YESTERDAY, SIGIS CULLERS learned that Factor Warneck Durkayle, a Mover Four of the Harmonium, was called to answer questions before a panel of Guvner Justices at the City Court. The chant gathered from bashers in the know at the courthouse is that the Guvners are investigating rumours of Hardhead vigilantes roaming the streets of the Hive Ward putting Indeps in the dead-book. Although the situation has a number of cagers upset, the aides and administrators we spoke with down-played the importance of the hearing as only preliminary in nature. "No charges have been levelled at Factor Durkayle," said Bureau Chief Jamis of the Ad Hoc Bureau of Courts. "Some of the officers under Factor Durkayle's command are accused of the crime of vigilantism and the justices are curious as to the Factor's knowledge of his officers

activities over the past few weeks. The tribunal is in no way peery of the Factor." However, Guvner Jamis admitted that this was the first instance in fifty years that a Hardhead of this high a rank has paid any kind of music at the courts but she dismissed the importance of this fact. "Factor Durkayle's rank is irrelevant to these proceedings. The tribunal is merely interested in the dark of these rumours," Jamis said. This morning, however, the situation appeared ready to turn stag on Guvner Jamis's assurances to the press. Factor Durkayle arrived at the City Courts escorted by two Barbazu, armed with eight foot long tridents. A small crowd of Indeps gathered around the steps waiting for news of the hearing stared in stunned silence for a moment before giving the trio a wide berth as they ascended the steps. The arrival of the Factor surrounded by Baatezu gave

instant confirmation to the rumours floating around the Cage of Harmonium involvement with the fiends. As the trio continued to ascend the steps, members of the crowd recovered from their shock and started shouting angry words about Durkayle and the Harmonium in general. For the Factor's part, he seemed to ignore the words and was the embodiment of purpose and confidence as he entered the courts. He did not answer any questions put to him by cullers lining the steps. The general thoughts of the crowd were summed up by an Indep named Glin who had waited since morning for the arrival of Durkayle. "Who does that berk think he is? Showing his cross-trading face with sodding Baatezu! The Guvner's are gonna throw him in a birdcage for sure!" But a few members of the crowd expressed doubts of this Continued on page 2

ANGRY THOTH SMITES RIGAN ARMIES

THIS IS A TRAVELOGUE submitted by culler *Daaras Intwood* who has been following the incursion of fiend-led forces from Rigus into the realm of the Egyptian power Thoth.

DAY 1

The cloud of dust from the approaching Rigus army continues to grow in the baking sun of the desert. I can see the cloud for many miles across the featureless sand and it will soon block out the sun. Every now and again, I see specks of red, green and black darting in and out of the cloud - I presume these specks are Abishai. Why the Abishai have not advanced to terrorise the slower refugees remains a mystery to me. I suspect that the strict command of a powerful Baatezu high-up is the only thing that might serve to curb their bloodlust. Yesterday, I journeyed out of Thebesty by camel following the river Ma'at and moved against the current of humanoids flowing towards the safety of their power. Many of them stare at me and shake

their heads in disbelief as I pass by. They no doubt wonder what kind of barmy would move in the path of a fiendish army marching from the merciless burgh of Rigus. Caravans of bashers wearing long robes leading camels or pulling carts seem to stretch for miles along Ma'at. At the moment, there seems little hope that these poor sods will give the Rigans the laugh and, from the look on the faces of the refugees, they seem to be aware of this. Not a minute passes where I don't see some petitioner kneeling in prayer to Thoth asking for deliverance from this mysterious foe. They better get an answer soon or a lot of these berks will be lost by dawn.

DAY 2

I was awakened today by triumphant shouts and cheers all around me: Thoth has apparently answered the prayers of the faithful! During the night, the Ma'at rose an extraordinary ten feet allowing the passage of hundreds of craft carrying villagers fleeing Continued on page 2

CULLERS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

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DURKAYLE GRILLED OVER VIGILANTES

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assessment. "Durkayle'd be barmy to go into the courts if he didn't already know he could slip the blinds on the tribunal," said another Indep standing nearby. "Did you see the smirk on that sods face? Cutters have been spotting fiends waltzing in and out of Durkayle's kip for months now, he's just decide to come out in the open with it. He's up to some cross-trading all right." [SIGIS attempted to question this particular basher further on his knowledge of Durkayle's activities, but the tiefling had disappeared into the crowd.]
It turned out that the hearings were closed to the public so SIGIS was unable to report directly on the proceedings, but in addition to the Guvner justices, bashers wearing the colours of the Harmonium and the Mercykillers were observed to enter the room where the tribunal deliberated.

A mere hour later, Factor Durkayle emerged from the City Courts with a triumphant grin apparently exonerated by the tribunal. Flanked by the two Baatezu, Durkayle stopped to answer questions put to him by waiting cullers. The Factor reported that on the basis of his testimony, the panel had completely dropped the investigation of his officers. "There will be no further credence given to the barmy chant of Hardhead vigilantism," stated Durkayle. "These are lies obviously spread by Anarchists and no attention should be paid to them." When asked about possible fiend involvement with the Harmonium, Durkayle praised the Baatezu's sense of law and order saying many had done great service to the goals of harmony in the Multiverse. These answers enraged the crowd standing outside the courthouse and started a whole

new round of slurs and accusations. SIGIS cullers reported that the Indeps seemed on the verge of rioting as the Factor left the courts but were held in check because of Harmonium nearby and the threat the Barbazu posed to any foolish enough to threaten Durkayle directly.
Glin, the Indep interviewed earlier was in complete disbelief at the verdict. "This is outrageous! The bloody Hardhead strides into the City Courts with a bunch of fiends and with a few words the leatherheaded justices free all his cross-trading scumbag officers! Where's the justice for the Indeps lying dead in the Mortuary?!" If Durkayle was truthful in his statement, which no one has reason to doubt, then the answer to Glin's question is that there will be no justice for the time being. (sk)

XAOISITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

THE BIZARRE ACTIVITIES of the Xaositects over the past three days can now be understood. The first clue came when the Xaosmen themselves stopped referring to their construction as "the secret" or even "the BIG secret", or "the surprise!", but as "the Spoke".
Combined with the fact that the two construction sites are located diametrically opposite one another in Sigil, it appears that the Xaositects have decided to "bridge" the City of Doors across its centre.
The first tower, the one near the Great Foundry, is now nearly 200 feet high, and its counterpart across Sigil near the Hall of Records is now pushing 50 ft. So far 14 people have been killed and over 30 seriously injured due to on-site accidents. Harmonium patrols are beginning to evacuate residents from the areas around both towers.
Exactly why the Xaosmen have suddenly decided to undertake a project of this magnitude for which they are so ill prepared remains a mystery, probably even to themselves. (ta)

ANGRY THOTH SMITES RIGAN ARMIES

Continued from page 1
the fiendish-led forces of Rigus. But the shouts were for the more amazing demonstration of Thoth's wrath that appeared in the desert this morning. Where we had seen the marauders last night, a sandstorm of tremendous size and power had blown straight into the face of the oncoming troops, blasting the sods with sand and lancing them with lightning. Thankfully for the villagers, this battle may be over before it has properly begun.
DAY 4
It seems my conclusions of two days ago were premature. The sandstorm abated late last evening and, to my amazement, the Rigans had not abandoned their march. In fact, it seems they actually made some progress through the storm. I can only suppose that fiendish abjurers provided a measure of protection from the storm and lightning, the fiercest this land

has seen in many an age. Even so, after the tremendous lightning storm, many of the sods are piles of charred ashes blowing slowly away in the wind.
By this time, the refugees have managed to slip the blinds on the marauders but I'm no longer convinced that putting Thoth's petitioners in the dead book or invading Thoth's realm was the goal of the Rigans. They continue to march steadfastly in the direction of the villages along Ma'at and I aim to discover the dark of their purpose. From what I have so far observed, I can only guess at two possible explanations: Thoth made these berks reconsider attacking his petitioners or the fiends have always had some other purpose. Either I'll have the chant soon or I'll find myself dangling from a leafless tree in this blazing heat. (sk)

The Dark of the Stones - continued

[Response to Tenemus Al Karak's Piece printed last week]

THERE HE GOES AGAIN. Good old Tenemus trying to find meaning in a senseless Blood War battle. Face it berk, the fiends love to put each other in the dead-book for no good reason. Why fight over a bunch of stones in a swamp? Because that's what fiends do and any excuse to do it is reason enough. None of the sods have ever been able to hold the hill and Cronus probably lets them fight over it just amuse himself: not much else to do in prison. Letting one side take over the hill for a short time, particularly the Tamar'ri who never have, might incite more battles and more entertainment for the Power. How could the Tamar'ri on a bunch of sleds take the hill? Luck and skill pure and simple. They used their brain-boxes and slipped in under the noses of the Abisath overhead.
As for the portal business, only an addle-coved leatherhead would think that the Tamar'ri could organise themselves enough at the right place at the right time to mount an invasion. Could you imagine Tamar'ri exercising enough patience to do that? More likely one of the portals opened into a layer of the Abyss and lots of the sods just charged at the smell of Baatezu. No, like all the other battles of the Blood War, this one has no meaning and no greater significance no matter how hard you look. It is just further proof in the senselessness of the Multiverse.

- Juam Toll
Factioneer of the Bleak Cabal (sk)

Stop Press

XAOISITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

THE "SPOKE" being constructed by the Xaositects with the intention of spanning Sigil from the Great Foundry to the Hall of Records reached new heights last night; but already the first half of the structure is showing signs of instability. The side of the tower near the Foundry is starting to develop a distinct lean...a lean which the Xaositect builders seem to be attempting to correct by heavy reinforcing of the lower parts of the structure.
"There's no way they can do it," architect Humbert Edd of the Guvners said this morning. (ta)

"The lean of the first half of the spoke puts it out of alignment with the second half by a factor of over six-and-a-half degrees already, and this is widening by the hour."
Unperturbed, the Xaositect faction has garnished a bunch of Signer telekinetic psionics to help stabilise the spoke. Despite this support, the collapse of the tower seems imminent. The Harmonium has completed the evacuation of all nearby parts of Sigil, and the Dabus remain ready to pick up the pieces when it falls. The death toll has now reached 44. (ta)

ANGRY THOTH SMITES RIGAN ARMIES

DAY 5

THROUGH SOME LUCK and a bit o' cross-trading, I've managed to worm my way into the ranks of the Rigan army and what I've discovered gives me pause. The army is composed of thousands of bashers: fiends, tieflings, goblins, humans and even dwarves march to the music of a Pit fiend named Gomory.
After operating as a mercenary for a short time, I now know at least some of the dark on these sods - all day and night we've

been busy bobbing the villages of all that's movable and then some. I've seen berks taking everything from jink and jewellery to bricks and wrought iron. Systematically, the Rigans have loaded everything of value onto carts pulled by camels and foot soldiers and sent it packing towards the sea of Tir fo Thuinn. Seems they've scared off the villagers in order to raid their kips and cases without wasting any of their strength.
My overall impression of this tidy little operation is that the fiends are preparing for some massive operation in the days ahead. The chant is that the army is planning to bob more burgs on the way towards Tir fo Thuinn. The berks that I've chatted with (mostly foot soldiers) are grumbling for some action. The way these bashers are itchin' for battle makes me think the next villages we come to won't have it so easy as the last. (sk)

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